

THE BATTLE OF THE WOLVES.

Taken from the Norwegian of Jacob Bull.

My father was a minister in the small parish of Upper Rendale, in Norway. When we first settled at Upper Rendale the parsonage had been uninhabited for years by wolves. The old fence that had once protected the dog kennel had fallen to decay, and it had not been thought worth while to have it replaced.

We had two dogs at the parsonage—Ajax and Hector. Ajax was a common labrador, white and black saddle. He was medium sized and the most sprightly animal I have ever known.

We snail hounds had many a merry tussle with him. Often when he had bounded far beyond us to fetch a ball or stick one of us had cast he would lunge, his head between his jaws, his eyes beaming with roguishness, to wait until we caught up to him. As soon as we were near enough to touch him he would dart nimbly away, and so he would keep it up until we dropped down, unable to make another leap. Then he would lie flat on the ground with us, burling over his snout. He was never known to nip or maul at us, no matter how rough he might be.

He flew at every dog, large or small, that appeared on the road. Swift as lightning, with jaws that gripped like a vice and with an indomitable will, he usually came off victorious; when he did get into a pinch Hector came growling to his rescue, and that settled the matter.

Hector was a large, yellow St. Bernard, of the long-haired kind. We children rode him, drove him and did pretty much as we pleased with him. He followed us like a shadow. The approach of strangers was usually announced by him with a few puff bars, and then he permitted Ajax to furnish the rest of the music. Smaller dogs than himself Hector never harmed, and larger ones there were not for miles around. For Ajax he cherished a faithful, patient friendship. At night Ajax kept in the dog kennel, while Hector kept guard outside.

One cold, starlit evening in February, 1886, my brother and I, two small boys, were coasting on the hill north of the parsonage, our pointed caps drawn down over our ears, our fingers protected by coarse woolen mittens. The crisp snow crackled and groaned under our heels as we went up the hill, and shrieked beneath the steel runners of our sledges as we made our daring flights downward. Shapely defined shadows were cast on the snow by the moon, and Hector and Ajax, our constant companions, looked with intelligent eyes on the fairland scene about us.

From the parsonage woodshed stole the head glow of the pine torch. The steady rattle of chopping there gave us that reassuring sense of security the nervous

of people always brings. Otherwise, the surrounding stillness was undisturbed save by the occasional growling of some heavily laden vehicle on the road or the slamming of a door in the distance. Suddenly my brother seized my arm.

"Hark!" whispered he.

"THE WOLVES! THE WOLVES!" From the thicket above us a long, hungry howl was ringing through the night air. It was promptly answered from a point still further up the slope, and presently from the opposite side of the valley. Throwing back his head, Hector listened intently. Ajax bristled and growled. We boys knew the sound and shuddered.

"Let's go home," said my brother, lashing our sleds together.

We were on our way down the hill when some one called us from the parsonage.

At the door father was waiting for us. He patted Hector's head, helped us boys put up our sleds and back up the snow, and then hurried us into the house.

"The wolves are about," he said quietly to mother, as he took up his paper.

She seemed uneasy and questioned us children pretty closely. A series of wolf stories followed, one of them about a man who had a narrow escape from a wolf which had sprung at him one dark night on the public highway.

"You see, children, you cannot be too careful," said mother, as she rang the bell for the maid to bring in supper.

While we were still at the table, Ole Johnson, one of the farm hands, came in from the woodshed and stood in the doorway shivering.

"It might be well to keep the dogs indoors to-night," said he.

"Have you seen any wolves?" asked father.

"No, but I heard them a while ago," replied Ole.

"Take Ajax into the servants' hall," said mother, "and Hector may sleep in the nursery."

To have Hector in our room seemed to us boys the safest, most delightful thing imaginable. We were quite sure he was the strongest dog in the world, and could dispose of twenty, aye, a hundred wolves. As we went up to bed, however, our courage was somewhat shaken by the distant howling we heard, and when Hector came upstairs with Marit, the nursemaid, we screamed aloud with fright. We actually thought of the wolf had broken in.

Long after we had crept into bed we lay shivering with cold and dread, until finally the warmth of the fire Marit had kindled pervaded the room, and the crackling flames mingled with Hector's heavy breathing lulled us to rest.

How late it was when I started up in a panic of terror I cannot say. A confused blending of snarling and howling filled the air, and on the window was plainly outlined the huge dark head of some animal with wide open jaws.

Clapping my hands over my eyes I

shrieked out. Marit was roused by my cry, and coming to my bedside asked drowsily what was the matter.

HELP FOR AJAX.

"Look!" I cried, pointing. At this moment Hector, for it was his head I had seen, barked loudly, and standing on his hind legs with his fore-paws on the window sill, made a desperate effort to see through the frost painted glass.

Moving toward the window, Marit cleared a space and stood peering out into the night. In an instant I was at her side, barefoot and trembling. To my dying day I shall never forget the sight we saw.

In an open space on the hillside, north of the parsonage, a dark mass was writhing and tossing on the snow amid screams and howls that rent the air like the roar of a distant waterfall.

"Wolves!" murmured Marit, grasping my arm.

Just then mother opened the door leading into the hall, and Hector, darting past her, sprang down the steps and was only stopped by the front door.

Mother gave orders to put the children's clothes on, and it was not long before every one in the house was dressed and at the window commanding a view of the struggle.

Famous for all time in the parish was that battle fought between six or seven wolves and the fiercest dogs in the vicinity. Long drawn howls, shrill, excited yelps and smothered groans woke the echoes of the night. I quivered in every limb as I watched the thrilling spectacle presented by the strong, gaunt wolves contending with the small dogs that sprang into the air, came floundering down, rolled over and over and darted forward again.

Suddenly a man was seen running from the direction of the servants' hall. It was Ole Johnson.

Father threw open the window and peremptorily ordered him to go back into the house.

"Ajax is with me," called Ole, halting.

"Let Hector loose," he cried presently.

Then, hastening to the woodshed, he seized an axe and was about starting for the scene of combat.

"Stay where you are! Have you gone stark mad?" shouted father.

Ole stood for a moment irresolute. Above the din there now arose a high pitched shriek from a voice we would all have known among hundreds. It gradually became more and more smothered and finally resolved itself into a gurgling moan.

"They are killing him!" screamed Marit, sobbing aloud.

At this Ole started off as fast as he could go. Hector, too, had recognized his comrade's call. With a hoarse bark he flung himself against the hall door, tearing and scratching with teeth and claws, determined to get out.

"Then, in Heaven's name, let him go."

cried father, and Marit flew down stairs to open the door.

IT WAS A BATTLE ROYAL.

The huge animal bounded northward with vigorous leaps, past Ole, and not resting until he had found him whom he was seeking. Then followed a matchless display of indomitable strength and ferocity.

Four dogs were engaged in mortal combat with one tall, powerful wolf, who was just about to get the better of Ajax. With head proudly erect, Hector sprang to the group, seized the savage brute and flung it high into the air. As it came sprawling down he throttled it and slapped the ground with it like one gone mad, making the snow fly in all directions.

Suddenly he relaxed his hold—the wolf was dead.

At the door of the servants' hall stood Ole, with Ajax in his arms. Hector bounded toward them, sniffed at the trembling, bleeding Ajax, and then darted back into the thicket of the fray. Laying the wounded hound on a cushion, Ole hurried northward again, taking with him two other lads, each armed with an axe.

When they reached the battle field the result of the combat was decided. Four wolves lay dead or dying, among a heap of mangled dogs. The others had skulked away, but their hideous howling was still making the night dismal. Hector moved from group to group, sniffing at the dead and fawning over the injured dogs that lay in the snow licking their wounds.

For more than half an hour he paced to and fro, laid down, got up again and showed every sign of intense excitement. Not until all the living dogs had gone home did he relinquish his post and present himself at the house door. As soon as he was admitted he found his way to Ajax, and with much demonstration of affection fell to licking the little fellow's wounds. This task accomplished, he dropped down with a long and weary sigh, and began to attend to his own.

Ajax crept quivering between his big comrade's legs, turned uneasily a few times, and finally curled himself up comfortably. He was pretty badly hurt, having a deep gash in the back, with a long, gurgling rent in the throat.

The next morning traces of the conflict were widespread. Blood dyed the snow; mangled, lifeless wrecks were strewn around and tufts of hair drifted about in the wind.

People gathered from all parts of the parish. Some lingered about the woodshed, where Ole narrated the blood curdling events of the night while he dressed the wolf's skin.

All this happened some years ago, but even to-day in that far away little parish in Norway the people speak of that night, and if you should go to the parsonage you would see, close to the gate of the little garden to your right, two low mounds where lie the faithful dogs, Hector and Ajax, who fought the famous battle with the wolves.

Gooderham & Worts "1884 SPECIAL." Fully Matured in Wood,

AND GUARANTEED
TEN YEARS OLD

JOHN LABATT'S ALE AND STOUT

NINE GOLD, SILVER AND BRONZE MEDALS

ELEVEN DIPLOMAS

ORIGINAL FLAVOR GUARANTEED PURITY

Recommended by Physicians for Table and Medicinal Use

MOST WHOLESOME OF BEVERAGES. ALWAYS THE SAME, SOUND AND PALATABLE. ASK FOR THEM

BREWERY AT—LONDON—CANADA

PRINCIPAL AGENCIES...

MONTREAL—P. L. N. Beaudry, Manager, 123 DeLorimier Ave.

QUEBEC—N. Y. Montreuil, 277 St. Paul Street.

LEVIS—P. J. Montreuil, 160 Cote du Passage.

ST. JOHN, N.B.—Frank Smith, 24 Water Street.

WINNIPEG, MAN.—Strang & Co., 150 Portage Avenue.

TORONTO—James Good & Co., 220 Yonge Street.

KINGSTON—James McParland, 341 King Street.

HAMILTON—R. H. Labatt, 81 Hughson Street South.

BRANTFORD—J. H. Adams, 135 Colborne Street.

REGINA, ASSA.—Charles Howson, Broad Street

JOB Printing The Advocate

JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IS NEW
AND COMPLETE IN EVERY
RESPECT

Special Attention to the Trade

ESTIMATES FURNISHED
FOR ALL CLASSES
OF WORK

All Classes of.....
Printing, Lithographing and Engraving

**FINE PRINTING -
A SPECIALTY**

LOUIS P. KRIBS, Prop.

41 Adelaide Street East Toronto

TELEPHONE 1800

**THE CANADIAN
PHOTO
ENGRAVING
BUREAU**

17 MOORE ST. TORONTO
ALEXANDER ST. W. TORONTO
ADELAIDE ST. W. TORONTO

COPPER
ZINC
& WOOD
ENGRAVINGS

HALF-TONE SPECIALTY
ELECTROTYPE

ADAMS & BURNS
Wine and Spirit Merchants
41 Front Street West, Toronto.

CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO.
PRESTON, ONT.

FOR MARK-OFFICE, SCHOOL, CHURCH & LODGE FURNITURE
SPECIALTY IN THE
MANUFACTURE OF
SCHOOL FOR CAPITALISTS

CURE FITS!
Valuable brooms and bottles of medicine sent Free to any
Subscriber. Give Express and Post Office address, No. 44
KOO'7, Mc L., 188 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

J. W. Lang & Co.

Importers of ..

WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS

59, 61 and 63 FRONT STREET EAST, Corner Church Street, TORONTO

Sole Agents for...

CALIFORNIA WINE CO.'S

Black Cherry Wine

Alcoholism is a Disease

PATIENTS ARE EASILY AND
THOROUGHLY CURED AT THE...

Gold Cure Institute

For full particulars
apply to...

253 WELLESLEY STREET

WILLIAM HAY, Manager

Correspondence
Strictly Confidential.



FOR **IRON FENCING,**
Bank & Office Railings
And all kinds of Iron
Work, address
**TORONTO FENCE AND
ORNAMENTAL IRON
WORKS**
75 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO

Grand & Toy

**STATIONERS
PRINTERS**

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS
OFFICE SUPPLIES
Cor. Wellington and Jordan Streets
TORONTO.

ould not
clude
upply of
OIL
sect Bites,
euralgia,
...
he Oil after
both
t you...

VOGATE"
nates
T. TORONTO

falo, and New
el population.
el population,
s reasons, has
an city.

POLIS HAS

ce people have
making people
ests has adapted
me which will

The chances
er well-most
nother by official
is is the scheme

h.—Mayor Em
rovement in his
orning put it in
n is along the

keepers, and to
hold a court
his office. The

report of all
city, and these
of the offender's
places in which

He to-day de
one responsible
, and to carry it
views with saloon
drunkenness has
acts that the pla-

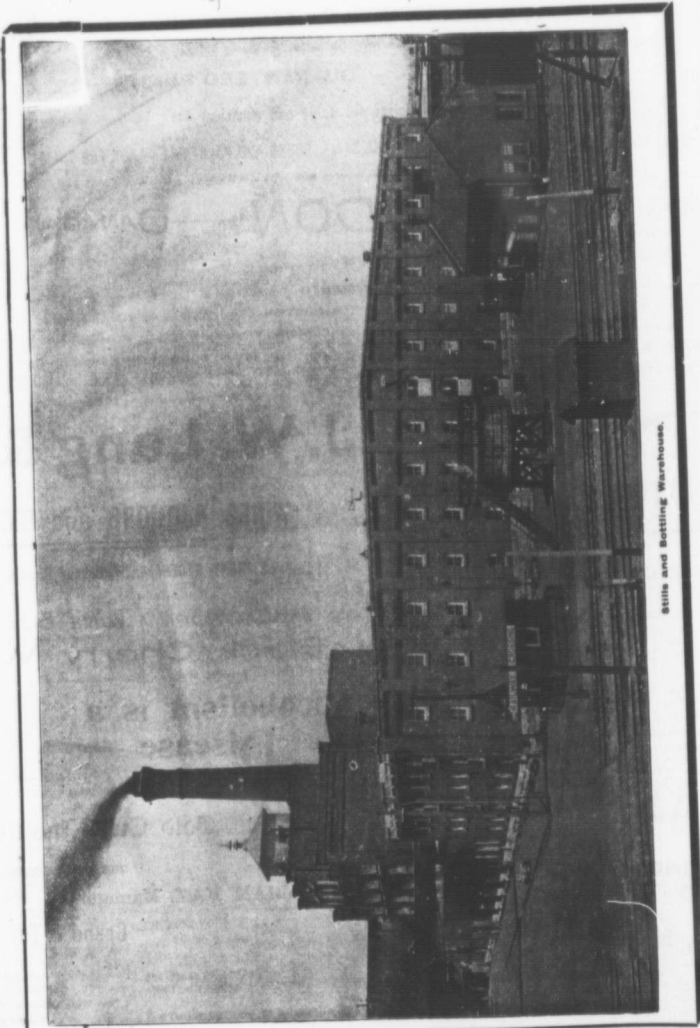
will still further
keepers prevent
drinking in their

MORRY
IT
ashing

IGHT
AP

much trouble
comfort and ease
clothes and hands
washing powder

GOODERHAM & WORTS (LIMITED)



Distillation and Bottling Warehouse.

Established
1832



TORONTO



CANADA



Our

Potable =
Whiskies

Are all Fully
Matured in Wood

DISTILLERS MALTSTERS, ETC.

Trad

is W... of the Roy... eight str... the left che... tool to his

HARRY N... 89 the... a drink... there on Su... bought the... gas' lever... \$10... London

A FIRE b... (entr) H... morning, ab... the interior... each room... indicated t... Collins, own... will lose abo... covered by

The city... one ago out... square (1... the thirde... night of a br... pence. Ju... Higerman... tower has a... all of who... harts.

"The Lan... at the name... capital of \$5... most of ind... west hotel... floor from... members an... booking, re... family, con... merchant, M... al railway

Jacob R... now brew... purchased \$... system entr... and within... New York,"... \$75,000... any three... be incre... It is c... report inte... to an attrac

Os Millan... owns one o... is the... and on Tu... Dr. B" wh... The magnifi... known G... Dr. B." is... missed at... resident of... eta. The... "Dr. B."

C. C. GRE... been at we... thine, thin... which will p... as enough... smoking by... ple." It is... esk, makin... is twenty... wide. Th... thine consi... require on... hops are p... and free... inventor fo... machine h... would equ... our or sever... hours.

know; rec... of the trad

Trade AND OTHER Notes.

On Wednesday last Mr. Jas. McCabe of the Royal Hotel, Barrie, received a slight stroke of paralysis, which affected his left hand. He has since been confined to his room but is improving greatly.

HARRY Nelson, of Stratford, was fined \$10 the other day for having purchased a drink and a cigar at the Windsor Hotel there on Sunday. He admitted that he bought the stuff for spite, and Mr. Hodgson never had an information against \$10 and costs being the reward. *London Free Press.*

A FIRE broke out in the stable of the Central Hotel, Collingwood, Monday evening, about two o'clock and destroyed the interior of the stable and burned to ash seven horses, among which was the celebrated trotter, Dolly G. Mr. Thos. Collins, owner of the stable and horses, is loss about \$1,500 by the fire. Fairly covered by insurance.

The city of Rhinelander, Wis., some time ago caused an action to be brought against O. A. Hagerman, president of the Rhinelander Brewing Co., to test the right of a brewer to retail beer without license. Judge Barber discharged Mr. Hagerman October 14, holding that a brewer has a right to retail as well as to sell at wholesale. It is different in Ontario.

"The Laurentian Summer Resort Co.," the name of a new organization, with a capital of \$50,000, applying for letters patent of incorporation to run summer resort hotels along the St. Lawrence River from Murray Bay to Gaepo. The promoters are T. D. Shipton and R. M. Mackay, railway agents, Quebec; J. M. Gossely, contractor, and J. M. Dufresne, merchant, Montreal, and A. R. McDonald, railway superintendent, Frasnville.

JACOB REPPERT, one of the best known brewers of New York city, has leased South Brother Island, at the western entrance to Long Island Sound within the limits of the "Greater New York," for which he is said to have paid \$75,000. The island contains about twenty-three acres, which area can be filled up to be increased to about seventy-five acres. It is currently reported that Mr. Reppert intends to transform the island into an attractive summer resort.

On Millan of the City Hotel, says that one of the finest teams of carriage horses in the city. The pair was completed on Tuesday by the purchase of the pair by a 240 mark—at the sale of the magnificent stock owned by the well-known Gananoque horseman, Beach. Mr. B.'s is a son of "Donnybrook," purchased at the same sale by Dr. Bowen, president of the Gananoque carriage club. The figure paid by Mr. Millan for "Dr. B." was \$125. *Kingston News.*

D. C. GREEN, of Utica, N. Y., who has been at work perfecting a hop picking machine, thinks he now has a machine which will pick hops fast enough and strong enough to make its use preferable to picking by hand. The machine is very simple. It is mounted upon wagon wheels, making it easily portable. The hop is twenty-three feet long and three feet wide. The picking part of the machine consists of five sections, and it requires one man to feed each section. The hops are picked one by one and are cut and freed from stems and leaves. The inventor found that with his five-section machine he can pick a pint a second, or would equal seven and one-half boxes or twenty-five boxes in a day of hours.

Among recent deaths among members of the trade in England and the Can-

tinient, we note the following: John Price, manager, Original Brewery, Limited, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, England, aged sixty-seven; Franz Rons, director Bohemian Breweries, Limited, Lissabon, Austria, aged forty-seven; Anton Legit, Komotau, Austria, aged forty-nine; Michael Mayer, Bucha, W., Germany, aged forty-two; Hon. Mitchell J. G., managing director of Henry Mitchell & Co., Smethwick, Birmingham, England.; Adolf Moser, director City Brewery, Pilsen, Austria, aged sixty-eight years; Gustav Edmund Baumann, brewmaster, Hkendorf, Germany; Count Rudolph Chotek of Chotkowa, president Brewing Industry Association, Bohemia, aged sixty-eight; Josef Danek, brewmaster at Chlumetz a. d. Cidl, Austria, aged twenty-six years.

"THERE ain't no 'Paw'nrit' Arus,' as I know on," remarked 'Arry to a gentleman outside the Metropolitan Railway Station, Chapel Street, W., the other day. "There's the 'Paw'nrit' a few doors up," was the reply. "Then you thank you," was the reply. "Then you enquire call it the 'Paw'nrit' for!" enquired 'Arry in tones of disgust. And people better educated than 'Arry may well ask the same question. But there it is. In high life, the intemperance of the 'Paw'nrit, just as Gower is Gore, Beau-champ, Beecham; Majorjunks, Marchbanks; Cholmondeley, Chumleigh; Levenson, Luson; and so on till, like Jack Jones, we, in regard to the pronunciation of many proper names, "dunno" where we are. Possibly we may live to be told that the "B-l-a-c-k H-o-r-s-e" is pronounced as "White Cow." Verily are we in a state of orthographical an eccentric folk. *English Eclog.*

THE New Hotel Quinte is shortly to be opened in Belleville. It is said that the hotel will be one of the finest and best equipped in the country. The stock company who have it in hand have spared no expense to make it absolutely perfect in every respect. The hotel is furnishing the hotel at its own expense, and has engaged for manager one of the most competent hotel men in Canada, Mr. Charles Hunter. The hotel, with its furnishings, etc., will cost between sixty and seventy thousand dollars. The carpets, curtains, etc., alone cost \$2,000, and the kitchen appliances, which will be up to date, will cost nearly \$1,000. A separate building has been built for the largest and best equipped in Canada. The names of the officers and directors are: H. Corby, president; W. H. Biggar, vice-president; J. E. Thompson, secretary-treasurer; Thomas Richards, John D. V. Rivers, directors; Richie and Col. Lazier. The hotel will be opened before Christmas.

ABOUT one o'clock yesterday afternoon Mr. Geo. Mowat, night clerk at the Revere House, awoke to find a young lad named James Atkins in his room and busily engaged appropriating what money he could handily reach. Among other articles confiscated was a purse containing some small change. The intruder beat a hasty retreat and was making his exit by a back entrance when captured by Mr. J. C. Bann. He was let go, however, on playing drunk, but was soon pursued when Mr. Mowat explained the circumstances of the case. The chase, which was a hot one and participated in by several citizens, finally ended near the Laborer's grounds, where the culprit was captured by Thurman Darling, who has more than once led the police a hot chase, and is known as a strong runner. In his flight he was taken by Mr. Robert Picken and handed over to the police. The offender came before the police magistrate this morning and upon pleading not guilty was remanded. Atkins is the son of an old washerwoman, often employed at the

Revere, knows the hotel well, having been around there considerable, and is now supposed to have been the author of several petty robberies which have been reported to Mr. Bann of late. He is said to have been in similar trouble recently at Kingston, but escaped prosecution. *Brookville Recorder.*

JABEZ'S JEREMIAH.

Yes! Chief Inspector Tonbridge's long holiday in Argentina is now nearly over, and he is coming back with Jabez—that is, of course, if the aforesaid Jabez is prevented from carrying out his threats to bank suicide, in which case the inspector would return without his prisoner, whose bulky and villainous body would scarcely be considered worth the freightage. The good news of the decision of the Supreme Court in Argentina to grant Balfour's extradition on every count claimed was made known in this country on Sunday, and except amongst a certain section of the teetotal party, who are shaking in their shoes, the intelligence has everywhere been received with signs of the liveliest satisfaction. That decision seems, however, to have been altogether unexpected by Jabez, whose lamentation over the result of the protracted proceedings in the Argentine Courts has been loud and long. If all goes well, he should be safe under lock and key in England before Christmas. Fifteen days from the date of his commitment to prison to await the warrant of the Supreme Court for his surrender must elapse, according to the terms of the treaty. Therefore, should no further obstacle arise, Chief Inspector Tonbridge will receive the fugitive in custody on the 18th inst. for conveyance to London. If the same route be followed by the chief inspector as that observed by him on the outward journey, Jabez Balfour may be expected in London on the 21st or 22nd of December, in time to eat his first Christmas dinner in goal.

We have said that a certain section of the teetotal party are shaking in their shoes on account of Balfour's early surrender and return to this country; and, doubtless, they have reason so to do. It is beyond all dispute—the fact has been established and cannot be disproved—that a gigantic series of frauds were carried on for a long period of time, and which involved the ruin of thousands of innocent people. During the investigations that have taken place into the affairs of the Liberator and the group of teetotal societies or companions connected with it, all the honorable and revered gentlemen concerned in their management, as with one accord, threw the blame on the absconding director. So far Balfour has said but little in defence, for, being practically a free man, he has had small occasion to open his mouth. But now the case is altered, and he will have to fight for his liberty. It is, therefore, scarcely probable that he will be led like a lamb to the slaughter, and not open his mouth to disclose the part played by the other principal Liberator swindlers, for, as a contemporary points out, "there is something more than a suspicion in the public mind that there are men still at liberty who have connection with the Liberator frauds was a guilty one." In fact, some of them were pretty distinctly pointed to in the trial of Messrs. Hobbs and Wright, and when Jabez Balfour comes before the Official Receiver he would be more than human if he refrained from making the identity of these individuals as clear as the light of day. Hence the flutter in the teetotal dovecots is more real than apparent—much more so. *Licensing World.*

WE WANT YOU

to SAMPLE OUR COAL. WHY?

BECAUSE Every Sensible Man Considers Well His Best Interests. HAVE YOU TRIED "OUR SPECIAL" GRADE? You will Find What You Have Been Long Looking For—The Best Coal in the Market. Its Heat Producing Qualities are surpassed.

ACTUAL TRIAL IS THE BEST TEST.

RING UP 1836

Order a Sample Lot and be Convinced that We Make Things Hot For Our Customers.

The STANDARD FUEL CO. 68 King Street East

No Bar.

Or, perhaps, to be more technical, no conditions, as to habits of life, or manner of death, are placed upon the Insured who holds one of our Unconditional Policies. They are also non-forfeitable after the first year from any cause whatever.

To all Men...

The future is a sealed book, and the advantage of having a policy which will be paid, if the premiums are paid, unconditionally, is beyond prophecy. Get a sample policy from Head Office.

MANUFACTURER'S LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Cor. Yonge and Colborne Sts. Toronto

GEO. GODDERHAM, President.

Coal AND Wood



CONGER COAL CO.

General Offices:

6 KING ST. EAST

The Markets.

Barley.

There is no change to report from last week. Prices remain as before both local and foreign.

MARKET PRICES.

Barley, malting	30.00 to 30.40
" feed	28.00 to 28.50
Montreal, malting	30.00 to 30.50
" feed	28.00 to 28.50
New York State, six rowed, 18 lbs.	30.00 to 30.50
" two rowed.	30.00 to 30.50
Western	30.00 to 30.50

Hops.

The foreign market is stiffer if anything, but no change in prices. Canadians unchanged.

UNITED STATES MARKET.

State N.Y., crop of 1891, prime	10.00 to 11.00
N.Y. State, crop medium to prime	8.00 to 9.00
" choice	7.00 to 8.00
" prime	6.00 to 7.00
" medium to med. m.	5.00 to 6.00
" old idls.	4.00 to 5.00
Pacific Coast, crop 1891, choice	10.00 to 11.00
" medium to prime	8.00 to 9.00
" crop of 90, choice	7.00 to 8.00
" prime	6.00 to 7.00
" medium	5.00 to 6.00
Havarian, 1891	21.00 to 25.00
Boltonian	18.00 to 21.00
Almanack	18.00 to 21.00

CANADIAN MARKET.

N.Y. choice 1891, duty paid	17 to 19
" prime	16 to 18
Washington choice 1901, duty paid	17 to 19
" prime	16 to 18
Oregon	16 to 18
Havarian, prime, 1891, duty paid	21 to 23
" choice	20 to 22
Boltonian	18 to 20
Waremberg	18 to 20
Canadian, 1891	8 to 11
" 1891	8 to 11

Prices Current.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Oats	\$2.01 to \$2.32
Hay	1.00 to 1.50
Clover	1.00 to 1.50
Straw	1.00 to 1.50
Beef, case	8.00 to 9.00
Pork, forequarters	8.00 to 9.00
" hindquarters	8.00 to 9.00
Mutton	8.00 to 9.00
Veal, spring Lamb	8.00 to 9.00
" Veal	8.00 to 9.00
Hog, dressed	8.00 to 9.00
Turkeys	8.00 to 9.00
Sheep	8.00 to 9.00
Chickens	8.00 to 9.00
Ducks	8.00 to 9.00

PRODUCE.

Butter, creamery, tubs	20.00 to 22.00
" creamery, 16 lbs.	20.00 to 22.00
" dairy, tubs, choice	17 to 18 1/2
" spring, tubs, common	15 to 16
" pound rolls	20 to 21
" large rolls	18 to 19 1/2
" stage cracks	18 to 19 1/2
" Cheseb. old	11 to 12
Eggs, fresh, new laid, per doz.	17 to 18 1/2
" old	13 to 14
Beans	1.25 to 1.75
Onions, Egyptian, per bag	0.50 to 0.60
Potatoes, per bag	0.50 to 0.60
Honey, extracted	0.07 to 0.08
" section	0.12 to 0.13

PROVISIONS.

Bacon, long clear, per lb	\$0.98 to \$0.99
" short cut, per lbs	1.00 to 1.00
Hams, smoked, per lb	0.14 to 0.12
" pickled	0.15 to 0.12
Breakfast Bacon	0.11 to 0.11
Ribs	0.10 to 0.10
Corned Beef	0.08 to 0.08
Lard, pure, per lb	0.08 to 0.08
" packets	0.08 to 0.08
Tallow, refined, per lb.	0.08 to 0.08
" rough	0.08 to 0.08

LIQUORS DOMESTIC.

All quotations are duty paid.

SPIRITS.

In Wood.	Per Imp. Gal.
Pure Spirit, 50 over proof	5.70
" " " " " " " "	5.70
" 25 under proof	5.90
Family Proof Whisky 20 under proof	1.04
Old Bourbon	1.04
Old Rye	1.04
Old Tolly	1.04
Old Malt	2.22
Rye Whisky, 4 years old	2.32
" " " " " " " "	2.32
" " " " " " " "	2.32
" " " " " " " "	2.32
Quarts.	Per case.
Manufacture of 1861	7.00
" 1868	6.75
" 1867	6.25
" 1866	6.00
" 1865	6.25
" 1864	5.75

Pints.	Per case.
Manufacture of 1861	\$1.50 to \$2.25
" 1868	5.50 to 9.00
" 1867	4.75 to 8.50
" 1866	4.00 to 8.00
" 1865	4.75 to 8.50
" 1864	4.00 to 8.00

ALDS.

India Pale, per Imp. gallon	\$0.30
" under 4%	0.30
India Pale, quarts, per doz	1.30
" Amber	1.40
India Pale, pints, " " "	0.80
" Amber	1.40
" " " " " " "	0.80

LAGER.

Lager, per barrel	8.00
" bottled, per dozen, quarts	8.00
" " " " " " " "	8.00
Back, per barrel	8.00
" bottled, per dozen, quarts	8.00
" " " " " " " "	8.00

LIQUORS FOREIGN.

All quotations are duty paid.

BRANDY.

In Glass.	Per Case
HENNESSY.	\$13.00
" " " " " " " "	10.00
" " " " " " " "	18.00
V.O.	3.50
" In Wood.	Per Gal.
" " " " " " " "	5.00
" " " " " " " "	5.75

MAITRELL.

In Glass.	Per Case
" " " " " " " "	13.00

BAZARAC.

In Wood	Per Gal.
" " " " " " " "	4.10
" " " " " " " "	4.25

JULES ROBIN.

In Wood	Per Case
" " " " " " " "	10.00
" " " " " " " "	12.00
" " " " " " " "	4.10
" " " " " " " "	4.25

PINEY CASTILLON.

In Glass.	Per Case
" " " " " " " "	10.00
" " " " " " " "	12.00
" " " " " " " "	4.10
" " " " " " " "	4.25

F. VALLE.

In Glass.	Per Case
" " " " " " " "	7.00

LA GRANGE.

In Glass.	Per Case
" " " " " " " "	9.00

MULLIER & CIE.

In Glass.	Per Case
" " " " " " " "	8.00
" " " " " " " "	11.00
" " " " " " " "	3.75
" " " " " " " "	4.00

J. S. HAMILTON.

In Glass.	Per Case
" " " " " " " "	10.00
" " " " " " " "	4.50

A. MATIGNON & CO.

In Glass.	Per case
" " " " " " " "	9.00
" " " " " " " "	10.00
" " " " " " " "	11.00
" " " " " " " "	4.00

HUM.

In Wood.	Per Gal.
JAMICA.	4.50
C. W. Harris, Seville Estate, 32 O.P.	4.00

SANTA CRUZ.

In Wood.	Per gal.
" " " " " " " "	4.00
" " " " " " " "	8.50

GIN.

HOLLAND.	Per case
J. DeKuyper & Son	11.00
Red Cases	5.00
" " " " " " " "	6.00
" " " " " " " "	6.00

HDS.

In Glass.	Per case
" " " " " " " "	3.25
" " " " " " " "	3.25
" " " " " " " "	3.00

A. J. NOLB.

In Glass.	Per Case
" " " " " " " "	5.50
" " " " " " " "	9.50
" " " " " " " "	2.50
" " " " " " " "	2.50
" " " " " " " "	3.00
" " " " " " " "	3.25
" " " " " " " "	3.25

In Glass.	Per case
Red Cases	5.00
Green Cases	5.00
Blue Cases	5.00
Bell & Dunlop.	5.00

In Glass.

Red Cases	5.00
Green Cases	5.00
Blue Cases	5.00
Crown Brand.	5.00

In Glass.

Red Cases	5.00
Green Cases	5.00
Blue Cases	5.00

In Wood.

Red Cases	5.00
Green Cases	5.00
Blue Cases	5.00

In Wood.

Red Cases	5.00
Green Cases	5.00
Blue Cases	5.00

ELAMOUTH L.A.N.

In Glass.	Per case
" " " " " " " "	10.00

SCOTCH WHISKY.

GLENASKY.	Per case
" " " " " " " "	8.00
" " " " " " " "	9.00

In Wood.

Gr. Casks	4.00
" " " " " " " "	4.00
" " " " " " " "	4.10
" " " " " " " "	4.25

MITCHELL & CO.

In Stone Jars.	Per case
" " " " " " " "	9.00
" " " " " " " "	9.00

GREENLEIGH BROS.

Heather Bell.	Per case
" " " " " " " "	9.00

MULDOCH, LADE & CO.

In Glass.	Per case
" " " " " " " "	8.50

GREENOCK DISTILLERY CO.

Quarts, round.	4.00
" " " " " " " "	4.10
" " " " " " " "	4.25

ROBERT BROWN.

Four Croons.	Per case
" " " " " " " "	9.00

HEISH WHISKY.

" " " " " " " "	8.00
" " " " " " " "	11.00

BURNSVILLE.

In Glass.	Per case
" " " " " " " "	8.50

BANNAIGER.

In Wood.	Per gal.
" " " " " " " "	4.25
" " " " " " " "	4.50

W. JAMIESON & CO.

In Wood.	Per case
" " " " " " " "	4.25
" " " " " " " "	4.50

HANSON & SONS.

In Glass.	Per case
" " " " " " " "	9.00

WINES.

In Wood.	Per gal.
" " " " " " " "	3.50
" " " " " " " "	4.00

H. THOMSON & CO.

In Glass.	Per case
" " " " " " " "	7.75

WINES.

Port.	Per gal.
" " " " " " " "	2.75
" " " " " " " "	3.25
" " " " " " " "	3.00

FEUERBERG.

In Glass.	Per case
" " " " " " " "	18.00

COMMENDADOR.

In Wood.	Per gal.
" " " " " " " "	11.00

Invalid.

In Glass.	Per case
" " " " " " " "	11.00

PAGES & SONS.

In Wood.	Per gal.
" " " " " " " "	1.50
" " " " " " " "	1.75

OLD TARRAGON.

Superior Old Spanish.	Per gal.
" " " " " " " "	3.00

THE ONTARIO BREWING AND MALTING CO. (Ltd.)

INDIA PALE ALE

AND

- PORTER -

WE GUARANTEE

That this ALE and PORTER is brewed from pure Malt and Hops only.

BOTH IN WOOD AND BOTTLES

ASK FOR IT.

131 King Street East, - - TORONTO

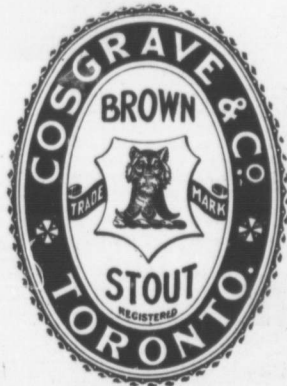
THE... COSGRAVE

---- BREWING COMPANY OF TORONTO, Ltd. ----

Maltsters

Brewers


Bottlers



Highest Award of Merit at Paris Exposition, 1878
 Medal at Industrial Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876
 Medal at World's Exposition, Antwerp, 1885

OFFICES, BREWERY AND MALT HOUSES

NIAGARA STREET, TORONTO

“CANADIAN CLUB”

Distilled and Bottled by

HIRAM WALKER & SONS,
LIMITED,
WALKERVILLE, CANADA.

TRADE MARK

W

MARK

WHISKY

LONDON: 69 & 70 Mark Lane, E.C.

NEW YORK: 1232 Broadway

CHICAGO: 223-224 Monadnock Block.

LOUIS

B

9) AD

Per

C

Troy

THE

We m
 open to
 London s
 portance
 because o
 if the ad
 usually y
 matter ;
 the succe
 the defen
 Governm
 depend u
 this inste
 stances g
 is the co
 subject th
 last sight
 were that
 urative
 The cir
 eratives
 not, had
 for the fir
 they had
 uncom
 leader, at
 two lines
 The Liber
 toverme
 but they
 Prohibiti
 P.P.A. pr
 flow the
 in first h
 was conce
 ough Pro
 lar genera
 to the Fron
 in London.
 We may
 P.P.A. is c
 is. Our p
 the breade
 but we do
 ion of the
 imply that
 ent these o
 tions of
 they no o
 but therein
 if they
 but this n
 P.P.A. br
 strall, the
 man issu
 We had
 the issue o

The Advocate.

LOUIS P. KRIBS
Editor and Proprietor

ISSUED EVERY WEEK

HEAD OFFICES

9) ADELAIDE STREET EAST
TORONTO, CANADA
Telephone 1800.

Subscription:

Per Year, in Advance, \$2.00

Advertising:

Card of Rates on Application.

Toronto, Thursday, November 29, 1894.

THE LONDON ELECTION.

We may be pardoned for taking some space to deal with the aftermath of the London election, first, because of the importance of that campaign, and secondly because of the extreme interest of some of the admissions it has brought forth. A bye-election is a very simple matter; it adds one to the strength of the successful and one to the weakness of the defeated. Rarely does the fate of a Government or the issue of a policy depend upon one constituency. But in this instance the combination of circumstances gave an overwhelming importance to the contest, and in dealing with the subject these circumstances must not be lost sight of. For London meant much more than a mere Reform victory or Conservative defeat.

The circumstances were that the Conservatives, who had previously held the seat, had a new party leader who was here for the first time to declare his policy; they had selected as a candidate a pronounced Prohibitionist and P.P.A. leader, and they made the fight in the two lines of Prohibition and P.P.A.ism. The Liberals needed the seat to make the Government of Sir Oliver Mowat secure, but they resolutely refused to discuss Prohibition as a living issue, or the P.P.A. propaganda, as practical politics. Here there was a new leader, fighting his first battle on, so far as Prohibition was concerned, a new policy; for although Prohibition was mentioned in the late general campaign it was never forced to the front as an issue in the way it was in London.

We may say here that so far as the P.P.A. is concerned we have nothing to say. Our personal opinion is in favor of the broadest liberality of religious opinion and we do not believe that the constitution of this country can be wrenched away from those of another. The fierce denunciations of Roman Catholics by Mr. Essery no doubt contributed to his defeat and therein lies a lesson for our politicians if they will but heed it, and leaving all this much we are done with the P.P.A. branch of the subject, which, after all, though an important, was not the main issue.

We had, then, the two sides ranged on the issue of Prohibition. For that Mr.

Marter, the Conservative leader, was wholly and solely responsible. He forced the issue, he even journeyed back to London a second time to make it plain that the party must follow his lead or select a new leader. "Is this plain enough?" he demanded, and the Liberal Conservatives of London reluctantly took him at his word. A majority of 803 against him may teach the member for North Toronto that the Conservative party will not follow him on this question, and that his resignation of the leadership will not be unacceptable. When London is lost for the Dominion as well as for the local through this egregious blunder, that resignation may be demanded.

Mr. Martin cannot complain that in his first effort he did not have loyal support from the working forces of the party. The *Empire* placed its columns unhesitatingly at his disposal, and gave to this one election as much space, and spent upon it about as much money as it would have in the same time had there been a provincial campaign on. The *London Free Press*, which never did believe in Prohibition, swallowed its personal predilections in the party interest, and fought as brave a battle as ever it did. Mr. Whitney journeyed from the St. Lawrence to give perhaps the best speech of the campaign. Mr. Howland and Mr. Sheppard likewise took the platform, and the local committee did its work thoroughly and well. There was twice as much stump oratory on the part of the Prohibition campaign as their opponents relieved themselves of, and the largest vote ever polled in the Forest City was brought out.

Nor can the temperance forces be blamed. True, the *London Advertiser* and its Prohibition Saturday attachment preserved a most significant silence, but the *Templer* outdid itself in support of Mr. Marter while Prohibition influence was showered upon the devoted city from all sides. Nobody pretends that eerything was not done that could be done, and yet, mark you, that 803 majority the other way and every man jack of them a Conservative. Yes and 135 others besides. Is or is not that conclusive as to whether the Conservative party will follow Mr. Marter's lead, when he turns off on the Prohibition path, and is or is it not decisive as to the view of that constituency at any rate, of the fact?

Now we come to the admissions this result brought out. Mr. Marter would have been astounded could he have heard the expressions of leading Toronto Conservatives. One of them summed up the situation thus: "It shows that the party cannot be run on fads or by faddists." The organ, the *Empire*, made the best it could of the disaster, but frankly admitted the impossibility of winning an election on Prohibition lines. Perhaps the most telling statement was that of the *Free Press*, which, as we have said, had fought the battle most strenuously. The *London paper* said the day after the polling:—

"Nor is it easy to resist the impression that the end for which the supporters of

Mr. Essery set out, namely, a change of rulers at Toronto, was marred and weakened by untimely platform deliverances. It should have been thoroughly understood that the great Liberal-Conservative party did not intend to commit itself, through Mr. Marter, Mr. Essery or any other leader, to Prohibition as a distinctive policy in this country, and equally clear that it will not as a party, whither individuals within its ranks may propose upon their own account, enter upon a crusade against the fundamental constitution of the Dominion so far as it affects the vital existence of the Catholic schools. It was regarded as at the least impolitic to have imported so strongly as was done by certain of the speakers, these issues into the discussion. If Liberal-Conservative principles are to rule in this Dominion, they must remain steadfastly upon lines of the broadest religious toleration."

Surely that is plain talking enough. Nobody can accuse the *Free Press* of not being a most devoted adherent of Conservatism. Yet, equally significant was the studied insult of Mr. Essery to the temperance people. "We have," he said, "had the picture to-day of the Christian temperance people and the saloon keepers walking arm in arm to the polls." Which is probably quite true, and there is no reason why it should not be, but it was meant as an insult all the same. At the same time the marked contrast between the utterances of the London candidate and the London organ is one of the marked features of the campaign.

It would take too much space to deal with all of the newspaper utterances, but perhaps a quotation or two from the *Templer* may be forgiven. That journal, of course, is charged, but not the less amusing and instructive. It has an idea, in speaking of the result, apparently that it don't amount to much anyway, and that if anything the victory will lead to the undoing of the Liberals. Carrying out this idea it says: "It would not take many more such victories to turn the tide of honest sentiment in this province against the Government." Bless us! Compared with this, the *Globe's* old time "moral victories" are as Toronto Bay water compared with G. & W. 1884 Special. Many more such victories would leave Sir Oliver without an opposition at all, honest or otherwise. Later on, however, Bro. Buchanan comes down to strict business. He says:—

The active spirits in the Prohibition movement in London are Liberal sympathizers. The Liberal organ, the *Advertiser*, has always been a great friend of temperance and its editor, Mr. Cameron, a greatly respected fellow soldier in temperance campaigns. The *Home Guard*, a temperance paper is a supplement of the *Advertiser*, and under Mr. Cameron's control. Nearly all the forces which make for temperance in the Forest City have been affiliated with the Liberal party.

On the other hand the organ of the Conservative party, the *Free Press*, has been an hereditary foe to temperance, backed by the brewers and the Carling influence.

Liberal Prohibitionists tried the party strongly commended in certain quarters,

that of working in the party for the nomination of a satisfactory candidate. Conditions were peculiarly favorable to the Prohibitionists, for they had a man at hand who was strong and popular and the natural local leader of the party. But, he was an out-juggernaut Prohibitionist, and therefore distasteful to the liquor men. The wirepullers of the party who care only for success at the polls, and not a fig for principle felt certain that his nomination would mean a "bolt" of the liquor fraternity and they are equally certain that the Prohibitionist would not bolt, no matter who got the nomination. Consequently the Prohibitionists were defeated in the convention, and Hobbs got the nomination. He is successful, well party which gave them their licenses and protected them in their war upon social interests.

May we be permitted to point out this: If nearly all the forces that make for Prohibition are to be found in the Liberal ranks, and yet the Liberals were afraid to nominate a Prohibition candidate, what did those forces amount to? And in that face right, if the *Templer's* plan of putting up a straight Prohibitionist as against the two party candidates—though how this could have been carried out in view of the stand taken by Mr. Marter and Mr. Essery passes comprehension—had been adopted how many votes would he have polled? Possibly a dozen.

The *Templer* gives this final stab:—"But the deceitful, immoral and debasing policy of mixing whiskey and water triumphed again." It is no doubt sad, but the fact is that we have always favored mixed a fair quantity of water with our whiskey. Some prefer soda, but we are of simple tastes, and the plain deceitful, immoral and debasing water is good enough for us.

Finally, brethren, to come to the end of a long sermon, the members of the Trade have seen what organization can do. The Trade as a body, we believe, voted against Mr. Marter's Prohibition proposition and they changed a Conservative majority of 135 to a minority of 803. With good organization we can do the same thing all over the Province.

THE PRESENT DUTY.

The leading editorial in the last issue to hand of the *London (Eng.) Licensing World* is so apropos that it might have been written with special application to this country. In part we append the *World's* remarks which we commend to the careful consideration of every Ontario member of the trade:—

"To prepare for war in times of peace is always a wise course, and it is not only

wise but absolutely imperative, when war has once broken out, to take advantage of every lull in the actual fighting to strengthen one's defences and weapons of attack, and generally to put one's self in the best possible position to carry the war to a successful issue. There is such a lull just now in the long struggle between the Trade and its unscrupulous and vindictive foes, and we and all concerned in the Trade's defence are bound to utilize the interval in the wisest way by preparing for an early resumption of the fight, unless we are to prove untrue to the vast interests entrusted to our charge.

Our foes are making use of the interval to gather in the sinews of war with almost feverish haste, and the defenders of the trade can by no means afford to lag behind in this most necessary work. Expert and keen as the U.K.A. Executive is, and always has been, in the art of begging, it has never displayed those qualities more systematically and all pervasively than it is doing to-day. The 'Temperance' Leaguers, the Good Templars, the C.E.T.S., the Manchester and Westminster Committees, and all the other sections of the teetotal army, national, provincial and parochial, are following the example of the U.K.A., and sending round the hat with an adroitness which shows how much they have learned from the practised skill of the older association.

"These preparations are of themselves a sufficient proof that a more than usually determined attack upon our interests is in contemplation, and may be looked for in the near future, and there is abundant of other evidence pointing to the same conclusion. New schemes are continually being launched against the trade by all sorts of would-be legislators, from the veteran brigands of the U.K.A. to the most callous of fledglings who take up 'Temperance' as a ready means of wafting themselves into a spurious notoriety, and the sheaf of bills directed to the regulation, restriction, reformation or destruction of the Trade premises soon to overwhelm us by its mere bulk. All these are signs which he who runs may read, and we should be stupid indeed if we mistook their import. We must be prepared, as soon as Parliament meets, to be shot at from all quarters by a multiplicity of foes possessed of replenished coffers."

SUNDAY BEER.

MR. MOONEY was wrong, unintentionally no doubt, when he said that Sunday street cars had brought in their wako Sunday saloons in New York. The bars are closed in that city on Sunday, that is, the law says they are to be closed, and at times the police close them. But the great moral regenerating wave that has just swept Tammany off the earth is going to bring the open Sunday saloon. The German element in New York was a great factor in the recent movement, and they propose no longer to submit to a restriction which to them seems unnecessary, and to which in the Vaterland they

were unaccustomed. He can see no reason why he should drink beer openly on Saturday and have to sneak after it on Sunday, and does not propose to do anything of the kind. Having shown his strength at the polls, he proposes to show it in the Legislature, and there is no shadow of doubt that he will be successful.

The saloon keepers, however, do not care to have open sale all day. They suggest that the hours be from six to nine in the morning and from two in the afternoon to ten at night. They further suggest that the blinds be drawn on that day, the front door kept closed though of course not locked. This latter is done now in St. Paul and appears to work well though there are no closing hours. Some such plan at any rate will be adopted in New York.

THE CAPTIOUS ONE.

THAT most excellent writer in the *Sunday World*—we violate no confidence in saying that he is equally well known as a Good writer and a Good sporting authority—who makes his deliverance under the above caption, makes some remarks in the last issue that are especially good to our way of thinking. Speaking of the proposal to advertise Toronto as a summer resort or place of visit, he says: "My own belief is that largely owing to our hypocritical sanctimoniousness, and to narrowness in public affairs, we offer mighty lull to the Nomads of the earth to come to us; and later, referring to the sporting fixtures as an attraction:

Seeing that the yachting and rowing people choose to bestow their favors elsewhere—a fact that I would like Mr. Mulock to remember when he next speaks of our being indebted for our racing to a resident of another city—I do not know that we have much to advertise in a sporting way that outside people are interested in beyond the race meeting at Woodbine and the amateur championship athletic meeting at Rosedale. We will have a few lacrosse matches that, judging from this year's experience, are hardly likely to rebound to our credit, and two or three bicycle meetings at which the advertising of certain wheels will be the most prominent feature; but beyond these things I really don't see what we have to offer visitors in the way of delectation. Of course the sail across the lake and the natural beauty of the city and its suburbs count for something, but to set against them there is our lack of public spirit, our pettiness and our narrow-minded Puritanism. If Toronto would be great she must be liberal. Bigotry is detested the world over, even by its best professors when they are on the roam. Else would they forego a little of their comfort and lodge at temperance houses.

With all of which we most heartily and cordially agree, as also to a great extent with the following:

By a natural sequence this brings me to the recent visit of most genial and large-hearted man, the Very Reverend S. R. Hole, D.D. It had surprised and grieved me that more importance was made of the occasion. Elsewhere Dean Hole has been lionized to an extraordinary extent. Here His Lordship, the Bishop of Toronto, treated him to a street-car ride! It was hardly treatment worthy of one of the first cities of Great Britain

to one of the foremost and most learned dignitaries of the church of the parent country. No wonder the Dean lost no time in scurrying away. Bishop Sweetman, who, it cannot be said, appeared to that there were 26,000 Episcopals in Toronto. I do not credit the statement, but of a surety the number is large enough to promise a bigger turn-out than there was on Monday night at the Massey Music Hall. Twelve hundred would include the whole, and of that I fully believe there were five or six hundred of other persuasions. The manager was not to blame. He advertised the lecture sufficiently, but the church people themselves were as usual apathetic. It is no wonder that the English Church compared with other denominations in Canada is at a standstill. In New York the Dean was starfished with hospitality and receptions. At Detroit it was the same. At Chicago this week he is to be publicly dined at the Auditorium, to be received by the Twentieth Club, and to be otherwise sumptuously entertained, while at Boston he is to be given a public reception in the Music Hall. This last affair is to be on a particularly magnificent scale. It is to be what is called a "rose" reception." The Dean is a great flower-turk and his fancy is to be surrounded with a gorgeous display of his favorite flower—the rose. This will be at once a graceful and becoming compliment. It is possible that his reverence's well-known liberal views may have had something to do with the lukewarmness that attended his visit here. If that is so, it is well that the narrow-minded and the bigot did not attend, for they would not have been gratified by certain home thrusts they would have received, nor by the applause that followed them. Dean Hole at seventy-five years of age is a splendid specimen of a man. Hale, hearty, robust and genial, he stands six feet four inches, and in wit, variety and point rivals that other liberal dignitary of the church—the revered and never-to-be-forgotten first editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, Sydney Smith, who, like Dr. Hole, was the trust of Democrats. With men like them in liberty all people are equal; there are no privileged classes.

HE DARES TO SPEAK.

HIS GRACE of Rochester has made a declaration that will call down upon his devoted head the withering invective of the whole line of prohibition fanatics. He has actually dared to declare that a workman should be able to get beer on Sundays. Dean Hole, in an interview at Detroit, said:

"While I cannot agree with the opinion of many, that saloons should be open all day Sunday, I certainly think they should be open a part of that day. I don't know to what extent your laboring people drink beer in this country, but the workman in England must have his beer with his Sunday dinner, and I cannot see any wrong in that. Some say, 'Let him buy it on Saturday night,' but he wants it fresh. The rich man can get his soda, his brandy, his whiskey, his wine at his club on Sunday; why must he have privileges the workman may not have? Therefore, I say, have a certain time before the customary dinner hour when he can get it as he wants it."

And no roof fell and crushed him, no rent in the earth appeared to swallow him up, no lightnings blasted him; he simply

went on his way and did not seem to care a rap whether his views pleased the goodly-goodies or not.

Now give politics a rest and business a boom.

Now, Bro. Buchanan, is Mr. Marter a Moses or a Joshua? Or is he a Jonah?

Verily there are more shovels to be had in keeping a drug store in a prohibition town than in running a saloon in a great city.

One of the most noticeable effects of Prohibition is the wonderful development of the fatal eye habit in persons who enter drug stores.

BELLEFONTAINE is one of the towns that enjoy the blessings of Prohibition. Seventeen empty whiskey barrels taken from the cellar of a single drug store were the net results of a six months run of the soda water fountain.

A CHEMIST has found a way to solidify whiskey and form it into tablets. Now if he would go on and find a way to solidify wisdom into chunks and place it within the reach of Prohibitionists, it would be better than the old style of plugging a brick within a plug hat for the energetic to kick at.

MR. ALD. STEPHEN ROBERTS, one of the governors of the Incorporated Society of Licensed Victuallers of England, has just been elected Mayor of his native city, Richmond. In what a deplorable state must be the wretched denizens of that city to elect to the chief magistracy the vile agent of an accursed traffic! Let us all weep.

THE REVELATIONS in an English pilot court recently present the ardent teetotaler in a new light. It was proved that a vendor of temperance beer was selling a liquor that contained rather more than seven per cent. of alcohol, a quantity in excess of the alcohol contained in ordinary beers, and some three per cent more than is found in lager beers. The conscience stricken teetotalers who have been imbibing these too exhilarating fluids will have learned another lesson in the universality of alcohol.

LET THE whole line advance. That we are in for a campaign for license reform is evident. The proposition to reduce the hours in which liquor may be legally sold commends itself very strongly to many friends of temperance. The more these two clear lines of attack upon the liquor traffic open to our front throughout the country, and we urge they do all in their power to secure victory along either or both lines.

The above is from the *Templer*, the leading organ of the Prohibitionists in Canada. Again we warn the Trade to prepare for this fall's campaign. Reduction of licenses, and of the hours of selling is the temperance idea, and they propose to work through the municipal councils.

J. E. SEAGRAM

DISTILLER



SOLE MANUFACTURER OF

THESE RENOWNED BRANDS

"OLD TIMES"

"WHITE WHEAT"

DIRECT IMPORTER OF

WINES...

AND

LIQUORS

Conceded by Connoisseurs
to be the choicest flavored
Whiskies in the Market



**Malt and Family
Proof Whiskies
Old Rye, Etc.**



J. E. SEAGRAM, - WATERLOO, ONT.

Guaranteed by the Government

WISER'S CANADA WHISKEY

Prescott Distillery

PURE SPIRITS, RYE AND PROOF
ALCOHOL TRADE MARK WHISKIES

Fully Ripened

and Matured

in Wood

J. P. WISER & SONS, (Limited).

ONTARIO, PRESCOTT. CANADA.

• • • • •

- - OFFICERS - -

- J. P. WISER, - - - - President.
- HARLOW G. WISER, 1st Vice-Pres.
- ISAAC P. WISER, 2nd Vice-Pres.
- E. FRANK WISER, - Treasurer.
- ALBERT WHITNEY, - Secretary.

• • • • •

• • • • •

• • • • •

CANADA IS THE ONLY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD WHERE WHISKEY IS BOTTLED **IN BOND**, AND THE ONLY COUNTRY THAT CERTIFIES TO BOTTLED WHISKEY. THE GOVERNMENT CERTIFICATE, WHICH IS ON EVERY BOTTLE, GUARANTEES THE AGE, STRENGTH AND QUANTITY.

MR. MOODY.

Mr. Moody has been here, has held a three weeks' session, and has gone to Hamilton where he is probably more needed. It is well known to all the people of the earth that Toronto is a golly city and set upon a hill, while Hamilton is wicked and rests in the shadow of a Mountain. It is true that aldermanic hoodlums is more prevalent in Toronto, but then Hamilton runs Sunday street-cars and refuses to cut itself off from Dundas on the Sabbath, and in other ways is perverse and stiffened of neck. Mr. Moody, as we have said, has come and gone, and Toronto is probably neither better nor worse for his visit. His coming made some stir, his departure some pomp, and there was the due infusion of Sam Blake taking up the collection with his plug hat, and the usual set of pious Pharisees in the front row. Mr. Moody tried hard to get at the ordinary everyday sinner, and it is not his fault if he did not to any great extent succeed. The church-going sinners monopolized his time.

Far be it from us to depreciate Mr. Moody's work. We doubt not for a moment the earnestness of his purpose or the honesty of his intentions, nor that in his way he does good. But even a Moody can become slightly ridiculous when discussing social questions. What could be more absurd for instance than his blaming Sunday cars as the cause of open bar-rooms and Sunday theatres. Because a man has a chance to go out from the city and breathe the pure air he is perforce to become vitiated morally and debased in appetite. Surely where fanaticism begins logic ends.

Chicago, it appears, is an accursed city because "trains and steam cars take people out for recreation." We have been in Chicago on Sunday and have this to say, that anybody who could get out of that city on Sunday, and don't do it deserves to be accursed. The one thing that saves the town at all is the facilities offered the hard-working people for getting out of it one day in the week. If the Sunday cars have emptied the churches what does it show? That the worship of God in Nature's tabernacle is more acceptable to the people than the worship of fashion in a mortgage-burdened cathedral.

"I believe," says Mr. Moody, "the greatest curse in American cities is the Sunday newspapers, and I also believe that your great dailies which bring out these enlarged sheets on Saturdays have done as much harm as Sunday papers." So the Saturday *Globe* and *Mail* and *Empire* are the greatest curse of this country, because upon that day they try to be a little better than upon an ordinary day. The truly good will pardon us if we say, Booh! For a wise man Mr. Moody talks awfully like a fool.

The evangelist predicted that open saloons and Sunday theatres would follow in the wake of Sunday cars. Possibly. This town has been humbugged so long with the measly hypocrisy of a certain

class, that there is no telling how far it may swing the other way once it starts. One thing is certain, the people will have exactly what they want. And once they take Sunday cars, which they will do when the vote is next polled, they may take a great deal more. Meanwhile, thoughtful people are contrasting Mr. Moody and Rev. Dean Hole.

ANOTHER CANADIAN TROT-
TING STABLE.

ANOTHER Canadian is about to enter the Canadian trotting ring, and is apparently intending to come in on the ground floor. We refer to Mr. Alexander McLaren, of Ottawa, who within the past week has made some important purchases across the line. His first bid was for the celebrated pacer Clayhoughts, which he secured for \$6,500, from Smith & Guernett, of Watkins, N.Y. The horse is a chestnut gelding by Pochontas Boy, is rising five years old and has a mark of 2.11. Last season he started in eighteen races, winning thirteen firsts, four seconds and one third. On the same day Mr. McLaren purchased from Clark M. Smith the mare Susie C. for \$1,000.

On the following day at the Madison Square Garden sale in New York, the Ottawa man secured the mare Wistful 2.13, for \$6,000, after a hot bid. These steppers will live things up a bit in Canada next season.

CAINE IN CONVULSIONS.

It is very amusing to read the reports of Mr. Caine's speeches at teetotal meetings held throughout the country just now. Mr. Caine, representing the U.K. A. party, is here, there, and everywhere, denouncing the Bishop of Chester's scheme, and fighting a forlorn hope in endeavoring to resurrect the Veto Bill. He invariably makes a point of comparing the drunkenness in Gothenburg with that in England, and in doing so, unaccountably, of course, proves the sobriety of this country, and thereby demonstrates the truth of our contention that there is no occasion for any legislation on the restrictive and confiscating lines of the defunct Veto Bill. Mr. Caine even cites the House of Commons to show how vast has been the improvement during the last decade in the drinking habits of the nation. Ten years ago, he says, tea drinking in the House of Commons was a thing almost unknown, whisky and soda being the one favorite and predominant drink. Now it is nearly all tea and no whisky. We don't, however, vouch for the accuracy of Mr. Caine's statement in this respect, because we are mindful of the fact that the last published balance-sheet of the Refreshment Committee of the House of Commons shows that a very large sum was received from the members for the supply to them of alcoholic drinks; and we have reason to believe that the increase in the tea drinking at the House is due to the increased afternoon attendance of ladies in the terrace and the demand for tea which their presence involves. We do not think that the members indulge in tea drinking to any very great extent. Still, we do not wish to upset Mr. Caine's argument to the contrary; and if it be as he says, the excessive tea drinking, conducive as it is to

lunacy, may possibly account for the impotence of the present Parliament and for the number of idiotic teetotal legislative proposals put forward session after session for dealing with a well-conducted trade.

Mr. Caine is a great talker, principally of nonsense. In fact, he talks too much, and in consequence often makes himself ridiculous. For instance, speaking at the recent annual meeting of the Methodists and District Temperance Council, he said in reference to the Veto Bill and the 180,000 people who would be ruined by the passing of the Bill, and whom he admitted were of spotless reputation, that it would be to the interests of the public to set them on fire when they lost their licenses that they had plenty of business of another sort. He said the dispossessed publican could be a draper, a grocer, or a no serious comment. It is on all fours with the stupid remark by the same brilliant legislator that the beer engines could be used to pump up paraffin oil when the teetotal party had closed all public houses. But just fancy the public being robbed of all his worldly possessions, re-starting life as either one or the other—especially as a Deputy Shepherd—and having principally to depend for his means of livelihood on the tender mercies and patronage of those who had stolen from him his life! Such an idea is worthy only of an inmate of Colney Hatch—and Mr. Caine.—*Licensing World.*

AFTER LONDON.

BEFORE election-day, wise heads
Were shaken slow, in doubt,
And no one seemed to know
What bold things might turn out.

But now that the returns are in
And clear results we see,
We lots of us who know
Exactly how 't would be!

SIR AUGUSTUS SPEAKS OUT.

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, speaking in London last week to a large gathering, said among other things: "One clique thought that pure water was an excellent thing, but pure water was not to be got in London. Were they to drink the Thames water, or should they think themselves safer in taking something that they would assess carefully prepared? Those had been more carefully prepared? Those well-meaning people, who did not at all seek for notoriety, who wished to hold their light under a bushel, and who would not have their names mentioned for the world, whose one index was chastity, purity, sobriety and every other 'lety,' which they themselves had a great predilection for—those people were a great deal better than they were, and they were ready to bow down and admit it, except in a case where now and then one of them were found in the dock at the Old Bailey, and then they were rather surprised to learn that he or she was not the great moral personage they pretended to be. He would assert that that person was only one among a million who belonged to very much the same class. But there were others that meant well, who in their youth had allowed ginger to taste warm in the month, and had lots of cake, and had other things, until their digestion had been ruined and their appetites had disappeared. Now, when they took anything, they said that it disagreed with them, and was bad for them. Therefore, they would say, 'Don't you have any more, too.' He dared say that sometimes those liked to return just to see if a little nip of the old enemy would do them any harm, and accordingly they went on nibbling and nipping until they found that it did do them great harm. Then they said,

"I have had a very bad headache this morning; drink no more, my brethren." This was the sort of policy which at the present time found much favor with those who did not know better. It was a well-worn thing to think that in this 19th century, a country such as Old England, which in the past had risen against oppression of every kind, and had said, 'No; we will have no mastery of the soul as we will be willing to sit down, bow, scrape, grope, and praise those who by caresses, combinations, and by every other diabolical combination conceivable, would oppress and make them go home to bed at six o'clock and have a nice glass of wine or cold water for their supper."

SIR WILFRID'S WAINING INFLUENCE.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON does not appear to gain in popularity. We read that he is going to pay "gallant little Wales" a visit, and that Taffy is not overjoyed at the intelligence. At least, the Wales Disestablishers are not, if we are to believe the *Western Mail*, which declares that they, the Disestablishers, are annoyed that he should be coming among them just at this time. Says our Cardiff contemporary: "Sir Wilfrid doesn't use threepennyworth of gin for Disestablishment, and he cares his heart full for Lord Veto. This of itself wouldn't matter much, but the teetotal baronet has just a way of his in showing that Disestablishment is not a tenth part as urgent a Local Veto, that the Liberatorists and Confiscationists are rising on end with a stiff back and angry face." After such discouraging intimations as this, we should think the Beerless Baronet would abandon his projected visit, and remain at home and silently "eat the leak" of disappointment. By the way, he might go to Southampton to assist at the trial of the feeble Jack back to his native shore. For he is coming at last.—*Licensing World.*

HOW SUNDAY CLOSING WORKS
IN WALES.

The *Western Mail* (Cardiff) gives in a recent issue a brief but graphic paragraph, which shows all too plainly the effect of this piece of legislation upon the state of the industry in our contemporary's own words. "A crowd of sailors and others of a lower class congregated on a piece of private land off Forster street, Calcuton-Barry, and organized a 'beer do.' A nine-gallon cask of beer was provided, and this, being 'horsed' on an adjoining wall, the company was liberally supplied with 'foaming brew' by means of jugs, glasses, etc., which were used as handed round. Everything went as being a marriage bell—music and shouting being indulged in—till a show of rain set in; and a cry of 'Police' being raised, the 'marriers' suddenly abandoned off the 'niner' to a neighboring house."

STUDENT (returning after a nip at the tavern).—"Waiter, you have charged me for twenty glasses of beer, and I drank only fifteen. I made a mark for each one on the table." WAITER.—"Quite true, and five you were under the table on the floor."—*Floppin's Blatter.*

MISS SWIFT.—"Since you have spent your money I think we had better leave our relations."

DONALD.—"I've broken all of mine to-day."

REINHARDT & CO.

Lager Beer Brewers - - Toronto



Only Brewers in Canada of those justly Celebrated Brands, viz :

Export **"SALVADOR"**

Select **"HOFBRÄU"**

Genuine **"BOCK"**

Original **"BAVARIAN"**



Liquor Merchants and Leading Hotels throughout the Dominion handle these Goods

J. E. Doyle & Co.
Manufacturers of

Corks

Importers of
CAPSULES, CORKING MACHINES
TINFOIL,
BOTTLING WAX AND WIRE

101 St. James Street, - - Montreal
P.O. BOX 502

Corks of any Size Cut to Order

HARVIE & CO.

- Box Makers -

SHEPPARD STREET, - - TORONTO

Brewers' Cases a Specialty....

Best Workmanship - - - - - Best Materials
- Self-Sealing Fasteners -
- Address, etc., Printed on Cases to Order.
Low Prices - Prompt Delivery.

For particulars to
HARVIE & CO.

OWEN SOUND BREWERY

PALE ALES
EXTRA... DOUBLE STOUT

EATON BROTHERS
BREWERS AND MALTSTERS

PRINCIPAL AGENCIES:
TORONTO - J. A. THOMPSON, 244 Yonge St.,
Wholesale Agent.

" WE BEAR, 79 Yonge Street,
Retail Agent.
HAMILTON - JAMES OSBORNE & SON,
PORT ARTHUR - W. H. DAVIS.



Our WINES are the best produced in Canada.
No Wine shipped until at least two years old.
J. S. Hamilton & Co., Brantford, Sole Gen. Agts.

Smoke CONN BROS.' Great 5c. Cigar
DON RAMIRO
FACTORY - 93 Lombard St., Toronto

FIRSTBROOK BROS.

TORONTO, ONT.

Manufacturers of.

Dovetail

and . . .

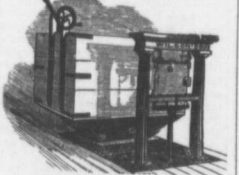
Packing Boxes

TELEGRAPH AND
TELEPHONE TOP PINS, SIDE BLOCKS
AND CROSS-ARMS

Wood Printers, Etc.

SHIPPING CASES
With Our Patent Hasp for Seal Fastener.

HIGHEST AWARD AT CHICAGO



Brewery and Hotel Scales
LAGER BEER REFRIGERATORS

C. WILSON & SON
87 Esplanade Street, Toronto

M. McConnell

WHOLESALE IMPORTER

- OF -

Wines, Liquors

AND CIGARS

OFFICE AND BONDED WAREHOUSE:

46 Colborne Street, - - Toronto.

BOWIE & CO.

BREWERS

Brockville, - - Ontario

R. BOWIE A. G. BOWIE

everything before
made for him
better on the
average, wining
0,000 a year, and
followed by the
had the highest
of form, and the
of the showing
fortune of any
in his employe
the starting
number of year
n, now a popular
role for the
McLaughlin has
being able to
him in any
a mount, and fa-
that, with betan
was being prom
the
his employe, ac-
count on the par
for him as usual
bet were made
the race, was c
at Sheepshead B
years ago, when
ette, ran his
one of the
ons of the Turf
purchased by
ing the Tenness
Island Derby.
of \$60,000 of M
he struggle and
Laughlin role de
faced the state
\$20,000 have be
angers. As the
the necessitating
as many times
like Grattan or
of other plun-
he will not let
the long and
to win or for a
finish first, sec-
when placed in
ing into the m
Chub has been
betting by the
allow turfmen
eyer is not a pro
a sociable nature
a acquaintance
and three. Rich
personal friend
my chief is of
and a well-known
famous plunger
fifteenth years
to the up-town
He is of the
gray. He is sh
patronizes the
k.
who is known
years of age, st
fortune would
a novel. Ben
employed in a
In common with
monkey city, wh
ing tendency, he
in thoroughbred
and some
egan placing
the met.
Pittsburg and Al
the New York
he performed
ed almost from
the betting
place in the s

to let on the horses in the pool rooms of
Pittsburg, and it was in laying pools
that he first became known as "Phil,"
going that name to the auctioneer instead
of his own, whenever he purchased at
sale.
Soon the Pittsburg newspapers spoke
of Phil's success, and when he had amassed
something like \$15,000, a large sum
for the time, he had been working
for \$5 a week, he went to New York,
where he had but one or two acquaint-
ances, and began playing the races at
Manhattan Park. He made sensational
amuse on Eolian, Cyclops, Banner-
et, Canbyes, and other well-known
performers, and the metropolitan dailies
were filled with the talk of the turf and
of a new plunger, who is known as
"Pittsburg Phil." "Phil" had a re-
markable adaptability for selecting horses
of good blood, and it was common thing
for him to beat a 10 or 20 to 1 chance, and
to win as much as \$5,000 or \$10,000 on at
the odds.
In the next season he won over a quarter
of a million dollars, and he became ambitious
to own a racing stable of his own. He
thought his mother and sisters on the
Pennsylvania, bought a handsome house
in the city of New York, and presented it
to his mother, with whom he lives.
The Belmont horses were sold at
Baldwin, some five years ago, "Pittsburg
Phil" was one of the bidders, and secured
a two-year-old colt King Cadmus, by
Judge out of Carris. In the early
evening he told his friends that he thought
King Cadmus would be a first-class
racehorse, and finally one day at Morris Park
he entered him in a race, and secured the
victory over Fred Farnel, the well-known
saddle to ride him. He had commis-
ioned different men in twenty cities in
the United States to place his money for
him on the colt, and besides this, half a
million of dollars in the hands of the
commissioners bet large sums
on the race at Morris Park. After the
race, which King Cadmus won by a
hand, "Pittsburg Phil" himself acknowl-
edged that he had won \$80,000. This
was only one of three very successful coups
which he had pulled off in the last
year. The young Eolian, a Venezuelan
saddle within the past four years, and in
the time passed he added to his stable
what he had half a dozen crack perform-
ers, and at the beginning of the sea-
son of 1893 he was considered a very
rich man.
In late years he has not been so suc-
cessful, and this year he has bet rather
stolidly, and is now ahead for this sea-
son. His worst day recently was when
he lost \$25,000.
Riley Grattan, the youngest, and cer-
tainly the most sensational of this year's
plungers, is a product of Kentucky, and
his Blue Grass stable certainly never fur-
nished more striking illustrations of
luck than when he sent this pale-faced
colt to battle with the world, from his
stable in Paris, twenty-six years ago,
when he was a tailor, in that town, he
thought he ought to earn his own living,
and when seventeen years of age he
traveled to New Orleans, and was a bell-
boy in the St. Charles hotel. Here he
attracted the attention of bookmaker
Ray, who was the first to introduce the
game of betting on systems or forms
of odds, which shows the different posi-
tions of the horses in races from the start
to the finish. Grattan was a bright, alert
boy, and he lay saw in him the making of
a life, wide-awake man. He was in
Paris only a very short time, when
he met El Applegate, of Kentucky, one
of the most prominent horsemen and
smackers in the south. Applegate had
confidence in Grattan's ability, and five
months later Memphis, gave him enough
money to start the field book at the
track. Grattan was always a close ob-
server, and from the very start he was
aided in his new line.

For a long time he confined his atten-
tion to the west, but he always had a
desire to go to the vicinity of New York
and meet the heavy bettors of the east
on their own betting ground. On the open-
ing day of the Brooklyn Jockey Club's
meeting at Gravesend he had the good
position \$110,000. Like all western men,
he was full of Clifford's greatness, and it
was a portion of his money which sent the
son of Bramble to the east a warm fa-
vorite of the Brooklyn handicap, his com-
mission being \$10,000. He not only bet
\$10,000 on Clifford, but he also held him
out in his book, taking all the money any-
body cared to lay on the other candidates,
and it was said at the time that if Clif-
ford won Grattan's profits would have been
\$50,000. Clifford, however, was left at
the post, and for the next three weeks it
was lively talk between the young
plunger and the eastern plunger.
He won a number of heavy wagers from
M. F. Dwyer, and finally felt to sending
sarcastic messages to that plunger, with
the result that he was heavily hit over
several races, and he had to quit his
winning, finally withdrawing from busi-
ness at Sheepshead Bay and going to
Chicago to see the American Derby run.
He then won \$60,000 at Washington
Park on the Derby and other races, and
then went to Saratoga, where he electri-
fied and demoralized the other book-
makers. In the first month of the meet-
ing he won \$80,000, but lost it all in the
last days of the races. Afterwards he
won \$40,000 by backing Domino when he
ran the match race with Clifford.
Everyone remembers the Domino and
Henry of Navarre match, in which the
young plunger held out "Domino"—that
is, would not be back at all, while
offering to bet \$60,000 to \$100,000 on
Henry of Navarre. He took all the
money offered until he stood to win over
\$60,000 and to lose over \$40,000. He
would have had to back at all, while
his equal in the matter of plunger.
The race was a draw and the bets were
divided, so Grattan only made about \$13,
000.
He says that he is tired of the turf and
is going to leave it, and recently he pur-
chased a fine restaurant at Lexington,
Ky. Grattan is a good boy to his parents
and family, and has bought them a hand-
some place in their native town.
In person he is a slight, pale-faced
young man, without a trace of mustache
or beard, who would pass anywhere for
what he is—a bright, smart American
boy. There is nothing dandy in his ap-
pearance, his clothes being cut by a good
tailor, but the cloth is always of a modest
and unobtrusive pattern. His most strik-
ing feature is his nose, which is slightly
crooked, the tilted tip giving his face a
peculiar port expression.—The Horseman.

QUEENS OF THE TURF.

From the time old Lady Suffolk first beat
2.39 in harness over the Beacon course
at Hoken, N. Y., in 1845, the world's
trotting record has been equalled or reduced
thirty-five times by fourteen different
trotters. The advance has been steady
and gradual in the main, and shows that
on the average about a two-second mark
the progress of each decade. The best
trotting record by mares is at stood at the
end of each decade, from 1845 to 1894,
is: 1845, Lady Suffolk, 2:29; 1855,
Highland Maid, 2:27; 1865, Flora Ten-
ple, 2:19; 1875, Goldsmith Maid, 2:14;
1885, Mand S., 2:08 3/4; 1894, Alca,
2:03 3/4. It is, perhaps, peculiar that so
many of the records should have been
made by mares, and it is a fact that all
the greatest trotters have never have
belonged to mares or unsexed horses. No
stallion has ever yet held the trotting
record.—The Horseman.

YALE WINS.

OSKOR more like beaten Harvard
in the great annual foot ball game.
Although the score was 12 to 4 in favor
of the blue, the victory was not ungru-
ted with glory for the sons of Yale. Harvard
played the far most brilliant game, and
many were along the side lines who as-
serted that with both teams in prime con-
dition Harvard should have won. They
played fast and fiercely, and with a snap
they have not shown for years. Their
interference was decidedly brilliant, and
their end runs were executed with great
dash and vim.
The final score does not tell the entire
story. Just as the whistle blew at the
close of the game Harvard dropped in
the goal from Yale's twenty-five yard line.
It was about three seconds too late and
the additional five points could not be
counted.
The game was the prettiest seen in
years, and was witnessed by about twenty-
five thousand people. Yale's play was
a disappointment both to her coaches and
to its players, and remarks about "Yale luck"
were heard more than once after the con-
test. Her first touch down was made
about fifteen seconds after the game started
on a punt by Harvard, which struck
over her line and bounded back behind
the post, where a Yale man fell on the
ball.
Early in the game Harvard lost her star
players by injuries. Emmons, C. Brewer
and Wrightington being sent to the
hospital. Butterworth, Yale's great kick-
er, and Murphy were also put hors de combat
and the contest was finished with patched
up eleven. Notwithstanding these mis-
funes the game was all that could be de-
sired from a spectacular standpoint and
Harvard has no reason to feel ashamed of
the result.
"MR. MANTON" DEAD.
The Sporting Duchess of Montrose Passes
Away at Eighty.
The Dowager Duchess of Montrose,
whose death took place within the week
at the ripe old age of eighty, was one of
the most singular figures that in recent
years English society has had to show.
A peer's daughter and a duke's widow,
she pursued a mode of life as far removed
as can well be imagined from that of the
conventional lady of birth and fortune.
Her passion was the turf, and under the
name of Mr. Manton she bred and ran
race horses as successfully as any of her
contemporaries of either sex. Her racing
stables, which among the largest in Eng-
land, were administered under her own
personal supervision.
All the details of feeding and housing,
of exercising and training the animals at
her stud were controlled by herself alone,
and it must be recorded that for energy,
knowledge of horse flesh and uncompro-
mising directness of speech she was well
qualified to direct an establishment of the
kind.
The late Duchess was the daughter of
the second Lord Deedes, and was, there-
fore, sister to the present Lord. Her
family was that of the Irish Beresfords,
who have always been noted alike for per-
sonal courage and for love of wild escar-
pades. In 1836, the year before that in
which Queen Victoria succeeded to the
throne, she married the fourth Duke of
Montrose, the head of one of the most
historic families in the United Kingdom,
and the descendant of the famous Mar-
quis of Montrose who fought so valiantly
in Scotland for Charles I. in the seven-
teenth century. The Duke was fond of
horses and sport, and his wife joined en-
thusiastically in his favorite pursuits.
"THE RED DUCHESS."
In 1860, a year or two after the Duke's
death, she married her second husband

(the noted sportsman, Mr. W. S. Stirling-
Crawford, who won the Derby with Seton
in 1878. During her marriage to Mr.
Stirling-Crawford, which lasted for seven-
teen years, the Duchess developed her
knowledge and love of racing, and so ar-
dent did she become in the pursuit of
this sport that she also took to her hus-
band's racing colts, which were all red.
She dressed entirely in scarlet, wore gal-
l and boots, and became known in conse-
quence by the sobriquet of the "Red
Duchess." When Mr. Stirling-Crawford
died he left his widow a handsome annu-
ity and his beautiful residence at New-
market, called Seton Lodge, in honor of
the horse which won the Derby for him.
She, thereupon continued racing on her
own account under the name of Mr. Man-
ton, and became a familiar figure at all
sporting gatherings.
Five years after Mr. Stirling-Crawford's
death the Duchess married her third
husband, Mr. Marcus Henry Milner,
a gentleman some fifty years her
junior. For three years her horses were
run in Mr. Milner's name, and then there
came a quarrel. Disputes concerning
money matters were carried to the
courts of law, and "Mr. Manton's" name
reappeared in the racing lists.
The late Duchess had an income of
about \$100,000.
NO LONGER A SLY NIP.
Considerable speculation has been in-
dulged in with reference to the alleged
growth of the drinking habit among New
York society ladies. Whatever the truth
as to that may be—and I'm inclined to
believe the stories somewhat overdrawn—
common rumor is such an awful har-
row in little doubt but that the open
drinking of women is increasing greatly
on the increase. Open drinking in
public resorts is so common, however
that we must regard the silly yarns
about brandy flasks, cocktail operators
and the like, as mere fads and all sorts of
gossip which wholly untrue. There is
very little attempt longer at concealment
on the part of either men or women. Re-
spectable women may be seen at any
public restaurant in the act of taking a
preliminary cocktail with their male
escorts.
They may be seen drinking in restaur-
ants during shopping hours of the day
without escorts. The side doors, or
"family entrances," of the saloons in resi-
dential neighborhoods are familiar to them.
These places invariably have private
rooms for women, and they may enter
there alone or in pairs, or accompanied
by their husbands or other male escorts,
at any hour of the day and night, and
at night, without fear of molestation or
insult. That this privilege is being gen-
erally used and enjoyed must be apparent
to any observer. Formerly it was con-
fined to the poorer quarters of the town,
and to women with no particular repu-
tations for vice. Nowadays, however, the
private "parlors" of all the saloons on
aristocratic west side are nightly filled
by respectable people. But how about
entering these places without a lady at
any day, and the women trade is now an
important consideration to every prop-
rietor. The effect is seemingly to make such
resorts more orderly and to drive out dis-
reputable people. But how about the
women who are bringing about this re-
form? And is this an evidence of the so-
called "emancipation of women?"
EASILY REMEDIED.
Horly Upton.—"Say, Mrs. Skinner,
it's awful, these cold nights, to lie on this
mattress with only a sheet over you.
Can't you arrange it differently?"
Mrs. Skinner.—"Certainly!—Lie on
the sheet and pull the mattress over you."

AN ENGLISH JOKE

"A PUZZLED Teetotaler," writing to the Church of Ireland Temperance Society, says: "I have recently met with the following arguments against total abstinence. If, as I suspect, they involve some fallacy, perhaps one of your readers may be able to point out what it is. The first is in the form of a parody on a Teetotaler's letter, in Lewis Carroll's recently published 'Sylvie and Bruno Concluded.' To the Editor, Sir, I was once a moderate sleeper, and found a man who slept to excess. I pleased with me to give up this lying in bed," I said, "it will ruin your health." "You got to bed," he said, "why shouldn't I?" "Yes," I said, "but I know when to get up in the morning." He turned away from me, and I saw him sleep in mine. Be off!" Then I saw that to dream good with him I must forswear sleep. From that hour I haven't been in bed. The other was in the shape of a story told me by a friend. There was a lady, an enthusiastic teetotaler, who came to her clergyman and begged him to establish a total abstinence society in the parish. He by no means took it up warmly, and replied that he thought there were many other ailments besides intemperance which quite as urgently demanded reform—dress for example. "Why not," said he, "get up a society for the improvement of dress?" "I quite agree with you," replied the lady, "and I intend to start such a society." "And may I ask, madam," was the clergyman's withering rejoinder, "whether you intend to found it on principles of moderation or total abstinence?"

TAUGHT A NEW WAY.

A Trick in Killing Turkeys That Was Not Altogether Successful.

A YOUNG couple from New York borrowed a farm for a week not long ago. Some friends, who own a little place in Cherry Valley, were going away for a visit, and they proposed that the young New York couple should look up their flat, bring their servant with them, and enjoy the snap of an early winter month in the country.

They went. They know more now than they did then.

The owners of the farm stayed for a day and showed them about, and the departing host showed his successor a very tricky way of killing a turkey. Instead of chopping its head off, or wringing it in the old fashioned way, he took it by the feet and snapped its head lightly against a stone, as though it had been a whip. The spinal column was neatly broken without any of the struggles and agonies usually attendant upon the death of a fowl.

The farmer forgot and locked up all his chickens, taking the key with him. Only one turkey gobbler was left at large.

That night the city man took him by the feet and snapped his head against a stone. Then he took him to the cook, and told her to give him a dry pluck and let him lie in the icebox until morning. The next morning screams of terror awoke the visitors. They sprang out of bed and ran into the hall.

The cook, praying to all the saints, was standing up the stairs. Stalking unjustly after her came the "ghost" of the gobbler, without a feather on him. He had only been stunned, and when the cook lifted the icebox lid in the morning he had arisen in his nakedness and gobbled in her face.

SUCCINIC ACID AND GLYCERINE.

It is investigations on the influence of fluorine compounds on yeast, J. Effront observed that yeasts cultivated in media containing fluorine produced smaller amounts of succinic acid and glycerine than was the case with yeasts of ordinary cultivation, and he made a number of experiments to ascertain the cause of this difference. He found that these products were always formed, but in amounts varying according to circumstances, and increasing toward the end of fermentation. Thus the rates of production were:

At the end of

24 hrs.	48 hrs.	72 hrs.	96 hrs.
Glycerine	0.1103	0.3308	0.3092
Succinic acid	0.0254	0.0475	0.0676

with yeast cultivated in presence of fluorine compounds. He attributes the increase noted between the periods of seventy-two and ninety-six hours to the diminished fermenting power of the yeast, due to the exhaustion of nutriment, and considers that the lessened production of these two bodies, when his so-called "fluorine yeasts" are used is attributable to the increased fermenting power of such yeasts, leaving them in the same condition of vigor at the end of the period of fermentation as ordinary yeasts are at the beginning of the process.

HOW WOULD WINE HURT THE SHIP?

From "The Champion."

On Monday last, at Philadelphia, the St. Louis, the largest ocean steamer ever built in America, and the largest except two ever built in the world, was launched at the Cramp's shipyard. It was made a special occasion, and President and Mrs. Cleveland were invited, and Mrs. Cleveland was asked to christen the ship which she consented to do.

Just plain ordinary people are disposed to think it an event worthy of notice, and well deserving the attendance of the President and his wife, and appropriate that Mrs. Cleveland should perform the ceremony. But this because it marks the revival of ship building in our country where that industry for many years has been a lost art.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U., ever ready to improve all opportunities to announce their "temperance" principles, addressed the following letter to Mrs. Cleveland:

HONOURED MADAM.—Learning you had consented to christen the new American steamship St. Louis at Cramp's shipyard, Philadelphia, on Monday next, we, the members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Philadelphia, in monthly meeting assembled, November 9, 1894,

respectfully appeal to you as representing the highest type of womanhood, both officially and personally to establish a new precedent by departing from the stereotyped method of using alcoholic wine, and substituting pure water for the ceremony. Our union has placed in charge of the proper authorities a bottle of water, which can be used for this christening should you grant our request.

As our readers know, the St. Louis was successfully launched, and Mrs. Cleveland broke the traditional bottle of champagne on the bow as the vessel slid down the ways, with the words "I christen thee St. Louis."

This is what *The Champion* expected, but the Philadelphia W. C. T. U. saw it to an anxiously expectant public, tell what harm the wine would, or could, or should do the ship.

HOT WATER URNS



IF YOU HAVE NOT RECEIVED
...OUR...
CATALOGUE
KINDLY
LET US HAVE YOUR NAME

...EVERYTHING NEW

PREMISES
PATTERNS
PRICE

LIBERAL CASH DISCOUNTS

THE BOOTH COPPER CO

Established 1854

TORONTO, ONT.

Canadian Patent No. 48,450.
Dated March 9, 1894.

BLAKE'S BARREL FOR LIQUIDS

OF SPECIAL IMPORTANCE TO THE BREWING INTEREST.

A BARREL, CASK OR KEC WITHOUT STAVES OR SEPARATE HEADS, COMPOSED OF INDURATED PAPER PULP

SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR... **LAGER, ALE, and PORTER**



FIG. 1 Is an exterior view of Cask.
FIG. 2 Is an interior perspective view of construction of the Cask.
FIG. 3 Is a transverse horizontal section through middle of Cask.

- ADVANTAGES -

Greater Strength, the materials being undecayed Weight, about half that of an ordinary Cask of equal capacity.
Perfectly impervious to the contents, thus insuring that constant source of trouble to Brewers Foul Casks. Is perfectly inodorous.

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

R. P. BLAKE, Ottawa, Ont.

THE MOST ...
RELIABLE

ALES

IN CANADA



CRYSTAL ALE

CREAM ALE

NOURISHING PORTER

Milwaukee Lager Beer

Brewed and Bottled in Toronto by

The Davies Brewing Company

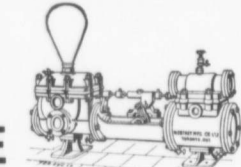
WRITE US FOR

DUPLEX .

... AND ...

. SINGLE

Steam and
Power . . .



PUMPS

NORTHEY MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd.

TORONTO, ONT.

Office Stationery

ROLPH SMITH & Co.
ENGRAVERS
Lithographers.
Stationers.

LABELS SHOW CARDS

49 WELLINGTON ST. WEST.

BREWERS DISTILLERS & SPECIALTY

TORONTO.

CHINA HALL

HUTCHINSON & PETERSON

Manufacturers of all kinds of
Bottle Stoppers, Bottlers' Supplies, Syrups, Extracts, and Soda Water Supplies.

106 Front St., East - TORONTO

ALUMINUM...



Shakers, Strainers
Trays, Spice Boxes
Bottle Holders, etc.

PAPER
JULEP
STRAWS

... Full Lines of ...
Tumblers, Wines, Cokes, etc.

JUNOR & IRVING, 40 King St. E., Toronto.
Telephone 2177

TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY

109

YORK STREET



TELEPHONE 1605

A. E. CALDWELL.
DESIGNER &
ENGRAVER &
CUTTER IN WOOD

UTS
ATTRACT
WHEN TYPE
IS USED

3 KING ST. E., Over 2 & 3 GILTS & Co.
—Toronto

Job Printing

ADVOCATE
TEL. OFFICE

91 ADELAIDE STREET EAST

HAD AN OFFSET.

A FEW evenings ago four men, one of them a well known, traveling man who has "made" Duluth for years, says a Duluth paper, were playing duplicate whist with four men in one of the hotels. Chips were used to count and as each trick was taken the noise of the chip as it was drawn from the little pile of thirteen could be plainly heard, especially as the men were in the layers and scarcely spoke a word.

The adjoining room was occupied by a woman who had some very decided ideas about the festive game of poker and as the chips rattled she was filled with indignation. She immediately rang for the clerk and protested in vigorous terms against allowing gambling in the house. He assured her that it was only an innocent game of whist.

She refused to believe it, but the clerk did nothing then. For a time she stood the rattle of the chips but again her sensitive feelings overcame her and the clerk was for the second time summoned. She gave the house a good raking over for having gamblers.

The next morning the traveling man came down to the desk and announced very gruffly:

"I want your room changed."

"What for? You have one of the best," said the clerk in surprise.

"Well that woman in the next room snored so all night long that I couldn't close my eyes."

The clerk rolled over on the floor in a fit of laughter and has not yet got through chuckling.

COMMON-SENSE LADY DOCTORS.

THE teetotalers had all the worst of a discussion on "Intemperance," at the National Conference of Women, Wash. D. C., recently held in New York. In her opening paper on "The Causes of Intemperance Among Women," Miss A. W. Richardson urged the close connection which exists between the privacy surrounding female intemperance and the home reform. This view of the matter is, of course, systematically ignored by the fanatics, whose only thought is to attack the public house; but we are glad to see that it is forcing its way more and more upon the attention of all thoughtful observers. Secret domestic drinking undoubtedly lies at the root of drunkenness among women, and it is a root which is almost impossible to reach remedially. If this deadliest of all thoughts of drinking would at once become common amongst the male section of the community, as we are told it has already amongst the females; present evils would be lessened, a thousand-fold, and all possibility of reform would be done away with. Dr. Sophia Jex Blake, who followed, said if a person enjoyed his food better with a glass of wine or beer he ought to have it, and, unless there were real reasons to the contrary, she always gave this advice to her patients. Alcohol, she maintained, was commendable for its diuretic qualities, and in her experience, which included patients from the poorest to the pauper, from one case in which she had been compelled to beg her patient to desist from taking alcohol she had in ten cases been obliged to implore them to leave off tea and coffee. This onslaught on the total abstinence position was followed up by Dr. Elizabeth Pace, who lower up the same causes which led to over-indulgence in drink were to be found in the utter drowsiness of the lives of many, in bad feeding, want of fresh air, exposure to wet and cold, and exhaustion by work.

Dr. Jane Henderson urged that habitual drunkenness should be treated as insane. These common-sense utterances left the teetotal enthusiasts without a leg to stand

upon, and, apparently, none of them had the temerity to oppose the solid phalanx of what one lady plainly termed "a troop of lady doctors."

MUNIFICENT GIFT BY LORD BURTON.

IN the presence of close upon 1,000 of the principal inhabitants of the district, Lord Burton, on Tuesday afternoon, handed over to the authorities of Burtonland on Trent a new town hall and block of buildings, including municipal offices and other rooms intended to be used for lunquets, dances, and other general purposes, and erected at a total cost of \$250,000. The town was on fire for the occasion, and there was a liberal display of hunting and garlands, whilst the bells of the various churches rang out merry peals throughout the day.

The Mayor, in his opening speech, said his lordship did not do things by halves. Whatever he took in hand he did well, and in order that the gift should be unique and complete as a town hall and municipal buildings, he had added very largely to the former structure at a considerable cost. His lordship had also presented them with a cooking apparatus and everything necessary to dine 800 persons, and had furnished the council chamber most handsomely at a cost of a thousand pounds. He had also sent another thousand pounds in introducing the electric light. Lord Burton's happiest moments were when he was conferring benefits on his native town.

Lord Burton, in making the presentation, said he had only carried out the intentions of his father, whose liberality towards his native town he had been able in a measure to emulate. He offered in this gift in all humility as a thank them for great benefits received, and with a deep sense of the responsibility that attached to those whom Providence had blessed with the possession of wealth.

WOULD BE EXCUSABLE.

IN the former days of the Southwest, when there was a bitter and bloody rivalry between the budding town of Jack's Valley and Level Plain, there was a man arrested for stealing horses. Not exactly stances the arrest would hardly have been made. The evidence was not at all conclusive; it was so weak that even in this section it was thought only fair to give the man a chance. He was before the vic court, and the judge was sounding him. "You say," said the judge, "that you never stole a horse?"

"Never in my life, judge."

"And you wouldn't do such a thing?"

The prisoner hesitated a moment. He said that he had had seen in Level Plain, which was, of course, against him.

"Well, yerinner," he responded, "that depends."

"This was a poser."

"Boys," exclaimed the judge, "ain't that evidence enough? Go and get the rope."

A rush was made for the hemp and the prisoner began to look scared.

"Hold on, yerinner," he yelled; "let me explain that."

The judge succeeded in getting order among those who had gone for the rope. "You've got a minute and a half to do it," said the judge, politely.

"I said, yerinner, proceeded the prisoner, "that it depended whether I'd stole a horse or not, and it does. Now, if I was in that town of Level Plain, and couldn't get outen it no other way than

by stealin' a horse to ride, I'll be durned if I wouldn't steal the horse."

Then a great shout went up. The judge came off the barrel he was benching on, and shook hands with the prisoner, and they took him out and gave him the best entertainment the town afforded.—Detroit Free Press.

THE ORIGIN OF EAST INDIA PALE ALE.

ACCORDING to the *Falderbus Express*, Lord Burton is responsible for the following story relative to the discovery of the celebrated East India pale ale, which is such a magnificent source of revenue to Messrs. Bass, Ratcliffe, Gretton & Co.: "While in London in 1822 one of the brewers of the firm was dining with an East Indian director, and was talking with some despatch of his trade and commerce. 'Why don't you try the Indies,' said the director. 'Don't know of it,' was the reply. 'Leave the cold countries; try the hot,' was the rejoinder. The director rang the bell, and ordered his butler to bring a bottle of ale which had been to India and back. Sir John Barleycorn's representative tasted it. He went home. The director sent him a dozen of the beer by coach. The brewer took counsel with his head brewer, a practical, hard-headed man, and the hereditary master of the firm. They held a solemn council with locked doors, and the result was that the first mash of the East India pale ale, of which thousands of hogsheads are annually shipped to India, was brewed in a tinpot."

"This," our Kentish contemporary says, "is the true legend of pale ale."

HOW HE FEEDS HIS COLTS.

TEACH them to eat shorts, writes T. J. Crowley, when they are about six weeks old, and as soon as masting ears can be had I take a knife and shave off and mix with the shorts with a little salt. I give them all they will eat up clean and a little clover hay. We never let them follow in day time and let them out at night. In this way I can make a good colt gain five pounds per day at three months old and give the mare and take the premium at the fair. I am feeding two now. This is experience and not theory.

P. J. DONOHUE DEAD.

Famous as a Referee, Sporting Writer and Authority on Athletics.

PETER J. DONOHUE, the well-known Lakewood, N. J., Friday morning. His death was the result of pulmonary consumption and other disorders with which he had long been afflicted.

He was born in 1857 in the old frame house at No. 47 East 118th Street, and lived there all his life. An athlete himself, in his boyhood he made an enviable record as a walker, swimmer and skater. He was a member of the old Harlem Athletic Club, and won the Holt Cup emblematic of the five mile walking championship of New England. Among amateur athletes Mr. Donohue for years was looked upon as an authority. He was very well versed on records and had a good memory. His services as a referee of amateur and professional boxing bouts were always in demand. He refereed more glove contests than any other man in the country. His decisions were always just and popular.

Mr. Donohue refused the skin glove fight between Dupuy and Donovan in Syracuse on April 6, 1883, which had

such a deplorable ending—Dupuy dying his adversary with a blow on the jaw in the seventh round. Immediately after this fight he said that boxing engagements he had previously made he would never referee another fight, and he never did.

Mr. Donohue's first newspaper was done on the *Freeholder*. For the last three years he had been special editor of the *New York Review*. He was a clever and fearless writer and a firm friend.

CLIPPING HORSES.

DR. L. S. CLAPPANACH, veterinary surgeon of New York, in a recent interview expresses himself as follows: "I am an advocate of clipping horses in winter, and am convinced they are benefited by it more than the majority of owners imagine. They drive much better in consequence, and become fatter, they do not break out in a profuse perspiration after being driven moderately, and, in fact, they are better in every way by getting rid of the heavy and superfluous mass. On the contrary, the unclipped horse in a driven fast will fall away in flesh, and not show the ambition of a clipped animal. This may be accounted for by the night sweats they frequently have, which should always be prevented. The hair and much lamented Mr. Bergh, many years ago, stated that clipping does no hurt; it is of the greatest service to a horse. A horse with a long coat, which has been returned to the stable in a bad condition, is liable to remain in a sweaty condition all night, the hair becoming cold and clammy on account of the cold night air and draught, and in consequence laying the foundation for pneumonia, pleurisy, or other kindred diseases. All horses should be clipped at least three times, fall, winter and spring. Also a drive a horse should be thoroughly rubbed and perfectly dry. It keeps nice and produces a healthy condition of the body."—The Horseman.

HAD QUOT BETTING.

A GAME of billiards was attracting considerable interest in the bar-room of a western hotel. Grouped about were a number of spectators watching the progress of the game.

"I'll bet you a fiver that Christie wins."

"No, I guess not," was the answer.

"I'll bet you \$20 to \$5 that the game is his."

"No, I guess not," repeated the man coming dissenting.

"I'll bet you \$50 to \$1 then," was the emphatic reply. "Will you take that?"

"Can't do it," replied the stranger, "never bet."

"Least any person, perhaps I've guessed the odd timer, with a grunt."

"Oh, no," was the answer, "I haven't sworn off. I bet \$10 about a month ago that I could get a billiard ball in a mouth."

"Least your bet, of course; any other would."

"Oh, no I won the bet; but it cost \$15 to have my front teeth extracted to get the ball out. Since that I have given up betting."

A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE.

IN the examination of an Irish case assault and battery, counsel, on examining one of the witnesses, asked him what they had at the first place he stopped. He answered: "Four glasses of ale." "What next?" "Two glasses of wine." "What next?" "One glass of brandy." "What next?" "One glass of course."

Our
and 48
John Taylor
BALTIMORE
F. X. B.
THE PALM

THE TORONTO BREWING & MALTING CO. LTD.

SIMCOE ST. TORONTO.

OUR BRANDS ARE
DIAMOND ALE,
INDIA PALE ALE,
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.

ing—Dunphy kill
blow on the jaw
Inevitably
that having the
previously and
another fight, and
newspaper work
Toronto. For the
had been opening
& Revue, and a
press writer and a
ORSES.
veterinary sur-
recent interview
flows:—I am an
in winter, and
benefitted by a
of owners mag-
better in winter,
ter, they do not
perspiration abun-
ly, and, in fact,
a way by getting
superfuous and
clipped horse that
away in flesh, and
of a clipped and
ounted for by the
scently have, ele-
vented. The late
Mr. Bergh, many
clipping does not
water service to
a long coat, that
be stable in a long
to remain in a
light, the hair be-
ny on account of
draughts, and the
sulation for younger
kindred does not
be clipped at last
and spring. After
it should be thoroughly
dry. It is not
nally condition of
n.

- SMOKE -

Our Superior

AND 48th HIGHLANDER CIGARS

John Taylor, - - - Toronto.

= Hotels =

Bowmanville.
MORAL HOTEL, Bowmanville, Ont.
One of the finest, equipped hotels in West-
ern Canada. Fine Single Rooms.
JOHN DARCH, Proprietor

Hamilton.
COMMERCIAL HOTEL, HARRY MAXEY,
Prop. Best \$1.00 per day house in the City

Ottawa.
Russell, . . OTTAWA
THE PALACE HOTEL OF CANADA

Port Hope.
URNS HOTEL, Port Hope, Ont.
Leading hotel in town. Centrally situated.
Sample Rooms on ground floor.
A. A. ADAMS, Proprietor

TWO WORLD'S FAIR GOLD MEDALS
SPOONER'S

PHENYLE

THE FINEST DISINFECTANT KNOWN FOR
BREWERS AND HOTEL USE

Sold for Wholesale.

ALONZO W. SPOONER, Sole Mfr., Port Hope, Ont.

Preston.

HOTEL DEL MONTE
= 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.
39 King Street West, Toronto.
Ed. CLANCEY, Proprietor.

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

**GLADSTONE HOUSE, 139-141 Queen Street
West.** Special Rates for Families and
Boarders. Rates, \$1.00 Per Day. Mrs. S.
ROBINSON, Proprietress. H. ROBINSON, Mgr.
Telephone 504.

**LAKE VIEW HOTEL, Cor. Winchester
and Parliament Sts. JOHN AYRE, Prop.**

**QUEEN'S HOTEL, McEw & Winnet,
Proprietors.** The leading hotel in the city.

REQUISITES

In the Management
of a Good Hotel :

E. B. Eddy's Toilet Papers
" Matches

No necessity of try-
ing a zen makes to
see "which is best"
when you can get

E. B. EDDY'S

Hull, Montreal, Toronto,
Quebec, Hamilton, Kingston,
St. John, Halifax, Winnipeg, Victoria

TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING Co.

LITHOGRAPHERS & ENGRAVERS
FOR ALL PURPOSES
BY ALL PROCESSES.

DAWES & CO.

« Brewers »

PALE ALES AND PORTER

Lachine, P.Q.

Montreal Office, 521 St. James St.
TELEPHONE, 663

The . . .
Advocate . . .

9) ADELAIDE STREET EAST
Telephone 1900

None but the following city bottlers are au-
thorized to use our labels:

EUCLIDE BRAUDIN, . . . 374 Visitation.
J. ELZBORD CAISSE, . . . 374 Wolfe.
MORE YLAU, . . . 29 Turgeon, St. Henri.

ing—Dunphy kill
blow on the jaw
Inevitably
that having the
previously and
another fight, and
newspaper work
Toronto. For the
had been opening
& Revue, and a
press writer and a
ORSES.
veterinary sur-
recent interview
flows:—I am an
in winter, and
benefitted by a
of owners mag-
better in winter,
ter, they do not
perspiration abun-
ly, and, in fact,
a way by getting
superfuous and
clipped horse that
away in flesh, and
of a clipped and
ounted for by the
scently have, ele-
vented. The late
Mr. Bergh, many
clipping does not
water service to
a long coat, that
be stable in a long
to remain in a
light, the hair be-
ny on account of
draughts, and the
sulation for younger
kindred does not
be clipped at last
and spring. After
it should be thoroughly
dry. It is not
nally condition of
n.

Wit and Humor.

A CRUCIAL MOMENT.

SHE gazed drowsily into the lonely street, where the evening lights were beginning to twinkle through the rain, and through that her whole being was a consciousness that a crisis had arrived. It was one of the tragic moments in life when all one's resources are needed to bear up under some great shock. For days she had been dreading this blow, and now it had fallen.

At last she arose and, turning from the street with a sob and agony, thrust her feverish hand into her bosom. In a moment she tore it forth again and with one last despairing shriek sank fainting on to the pavement.

She had at last pulled off her porous plaster.

THE EMPEROR'S LAMENT.

The wild beasts gnashed and roared; the gladiators shouted hoarsely; the arena swam with gore.

In the amphitheatre the populace clamored tumultuously.

"More blood! More death!" they yelled ferociously.

The Emperor on his throne above them heard their cry and sighed.

"Would that I could grant your prayer," he exclaimed. "If only—"

Impudently he raised his eyes to heaven. "Rugby were known."

But with all his power he could not hasten the flight of time.

"Hl, diddle-diddle, the cat's in the fiddle!"
The writer of course, was a poet;
The cat wasn't there, it was, I declare,
Only some of her dried intestine.

A FUMBLE AT THE ALTAR.

THERE was a shadow on his face.

"Alicia," he said, with a trembling voice, "I believe I made a mistake when I married you."

She sternly drew herself up to her full height.

"Atheolster!" she gasped.

"Yes," he proceeded desperately; "the more I think of it the more I am convinced that I gave the minister an X instead of the Y I intended."

UNFORTUNATE BREAK.

"MADAM," said Mr. Diemal Dawson to the severe lady in the straight dress and spectacles, "you see before you a living picture—"

She shut the door with such a slam that Mr. Dawson at first thought that he had been shot at.

"Why didn't you wait till I got through?" he wondered. "I was only going to say that I was a livin' picture of misery."

AN UNCALLED FOR APOLOGY.

Mr. Leach— I only called, Miss Gayson, to apologise for disappointing you last evening—but, really, I couldn't find time to come."

Miss Gayson—"Don't mention it, Mr. Leach. We never thought of it at all till after the company left, when we noticed that the decanter on the sideboard had something left in it."

THOSE LIVING PICTURES.

She—"When brushing your clothes this morning I found a coupon from the French folio show; you must have been there."

He—"Um, a yes. Just dropped in the other evening to hear their new ditties."

She—"You mean 'to see their nudities."

A DIFFERENCE.

"Isn't he glorious!" exclaimed the enthusiastic girl, as she leaned over the taffrail. "Doesn't it fill you with delight to feel the breeze fan your cheeks as you fly before the wind, the white caps speeding after you?"

"Yes, it's all right to have 'em speedin' after you here," replied the sailow passenger, "but out in Indisnany—"

Then he remembered and became silent.

AN UNREASONABLE WOMAN.

"WHAT on earth do you want money to go to the show for?" exclaimed Mr. Haideo to his wife.

"I don't see why I shouldn't and enjoy myself once in a while, same as you do."

"Same as I do? Gracious me! Every time I go to a show, don't I come back and tell you about everything I seen? What more do you want?"

SONGS OF THANKSGIVING.



At a agitating cool coolish,
Frost a comin in do night,
Hickories and wa nuts fallin,
Pomson keepin out o' sight,
Tu'key struttin in de bay o' day,
Nary step so prudish is
Keep on struttin, Mistah Tu'key;
You do know what time it is,
C'uh, press comin' a squeakin,
Eatin apples stowed away;
Chills wa'nin rain lak' borrest
Hunting'ags among de bay,
Mistah Tu'key, keep 'em gobblin
At de goose a flyin' out,
Umbr, dat bird do know wh' comin,
If he did, he'd shot his mouf.

Fumpkin ellin good as rattah—
Make me open up my eyes,
Seems lak it's a lookin at me,
Jer 'a in 'a der sayin' "Fies,"
Tu'key gobblin green rain blowin,
Givin round giblin his nose an' slack,
Keep on talkin, Mistah Tu'key;
Yo ain't seeed no almance.
Fo'w'er walkin thro' de bay 'ard
Seem how things is comin on,
Sees of all de fowls is fat'n—
Good times comin who's yo' bo'n,
Heeds dat tu'key gobblin braggin,
In his face beak in a smile,
Schell min, yob sassy rascal,
He's gwine nab' yo' after while.

Choppin suet in de kitchen,
Suttin raisins in de hall,
Boef a cooking for de mince meat,
Spices groun—I smell em all,
Look leah, tu'key, stop dat gobblin,
You 'a beared de sense ob feath,
Yo ole foot, yo talk 's in danger,
By yo know thes' fowls 's leah!"
—Detroit Free Press.

"WHAT did you turn off your last cock for?"

Mr. Snapp—"She cooked too well."

"I don't understand."

Mr. Snapp—"My husband had nothing to grow about, and I began to feel as if I were a widow."

The melancholy days are here,
The saddest on the card.
But the former boys are full of cheer,
The elder's growing hard.

WASN'T PARTICULAR.

Reverend Sergeant—"You won't do for a soldier."

Applicant—"Why not?"

Reverend Sergeant—"The front fingers are off your right hand, and you can't pull a trigger."

Applicant—"Oh, that'll be all right. I'd just as lief be an officer and carry a sword."

HELPLESS THING!

Just as the papers say, there are a great many things a woman can't do—keep a secret, climb a tree, etc., etc. Here are a few things a man can't do:

Take a pin by the head and put it into a cushion without pricking himself.

Light a fire in a cold kitchen-range without burning himself before he is through.

Take anybody's necktie but his own.

Hold a baby.

Open a hot boiled egg.

Carry more than one item of memoranda in his suit at a time.

Find anything he looks for.

"CEREOUS."

Tommy Doornat—"My sister sent me after an Indian meal waltz."

Music Dealer—"We have no such waltz."

Tommy Doornat—"Why, yes, you have. Here's the waltz you." (Whistles.)

Music Dealer—"Oh, you mean the Corn-Flower waltz."

Tommy Doornat—"What's the difference?"

NEW A SAFE POSITION.

She—"Goodness gracious! It makes me dreadfully nervous to see that man stand and allow his wife to shoot an apple off his head."

He—"Pish, that's nothing; it stands so he's in no danger."

She—"How do you mean?"

He—"Why, he stands in front of her."

Nodd—"My wife has not been able to talk for three days."

Todd—"Is that so? I'll come around and see you, old man."

Tommy—"Have you anything to be thankful for on Thanksgiving?"

Faddy—"Yes; grandma won't be here to say I can't have one piece of pie."

Staglate Kaveler (arguing woman's rights)—"I tell you, Miss Bluntley, the day is surely coming—"

Miss Bluntley (glancing significantly at the clock)—"You are right, Mr. Kaveler. It can't be more than an hour or two away, I'm positive."

Married Man—"Yes, I'm afraid I shall have to build soon. You see, my family is getting so numerous I shall have to throw out a wing."

Faustious Bachelor—"Why not throw out a lady—it's cheaper."

Little Boy—"It's wicked to move your arms than your legs on Sunday."
Little Girl—"Guess not."
Little Boy—"Yes, it is. Ma'ma will let me take walks on Sunday, but she won't let me go rowing in a boat."

LEARNING TO COOK.

"No, ma'am," said the grocer, making a great clattering among the tins, "I have coffee pots and tea pots, but there isn't such a thing as a jack pot in the store."

"I'm so sorry," wailed the young wife, "you see, we haven't been married long, and my husband's mother has always cooked for him, and when I heard his talking in his sleep about a jack pot I thought I'd get one, for he mentions a so often he must be used to it. Could you tell me what they cook in it?"

"Groun, ma'am," said the grocer, and he sent her to the tin store in the next block.

Mrs. House—"Bridget, I can't allow you to have strange men in the kitchen."
Bridget—"Faith, and when I hear strange. I know ivry man of them."

Tramp—"These virtinals are sold, ma'am, and I was tenderly brought up. Can't you give me some that are warm?"
Sympathetic Lady—"Of course Bridget, bring the cayenne pepper."

A PNEUMOLOGICAL journal says—"In choosing a wife be governed by her chin. A man is apt to be governed by the same thing after he gets a wife."—*Barbina (In.) Gazette.*

RUBBER HOSE
Brewers' Supplies
IN
RUBBER
Manufactured and Kept in Stock
BY
THE CUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER MFG. CO.
OF TORONTO, Ont.
61-63 Front Street West
TORONTO

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.
To the Editor.—Please inform your readers that we have a positive remedy for the most hopeless cases. Have been permitted to send remedy free to any of your readers who are consumption if they will send us their age and post office address. Respectfully,
T. A. BLOOM & CO. 186 Adelaide St. Toronto, Ont.

REID BROS. & CO.
Established 1853
Manufacturers of...
BILLIARD
AND ...TABLES
BOWLING ALLEY
102 and 106 Adelaide St. West
Toronto
Send for Catalogue

THE...

Grant-Lottridge Brewing Co'y. Ltd.

Hamilton, Ont.

— BREWERS OF —

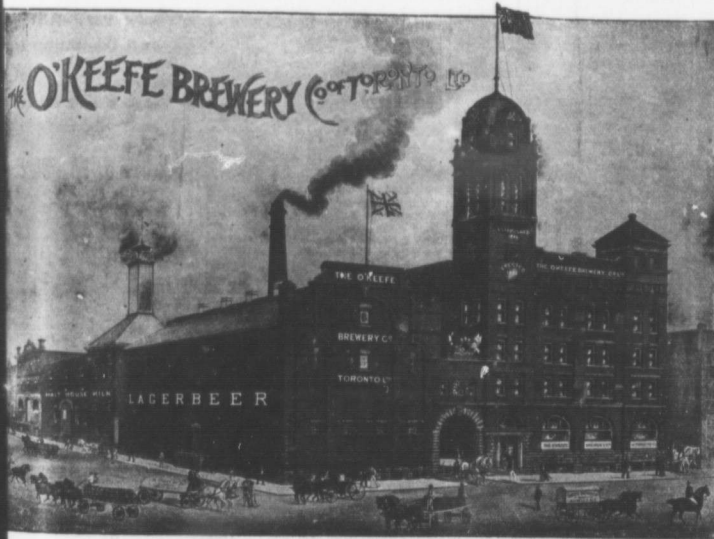
India Pale Ale
Extra Ale
Dublin Brown Stout
Lager Beer
Export Lager



IN CASKS AND BOTTLES

... ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THIS BRAND ...

Brewers of ALE, PORTER and LAGER BEER



Capacity, 165,000 Barrels per Annum

Brewery situate corner of
Gould and Victoria Streets,
opp. Normal School, where
the public are cordially in-
vited to inspect the premises
and see our products in
course of manufacture.

Nothing but Malt, Hops,
and water are used by us.

EUGENE O'KEEFE, President.

WIDMER HAWKE, Vice-President

eder to more
on Sunday."
t."
Mauna will
unday, but she
a boat.

COOK

e grocer, making
he tins, "I have
but there isn't
t in the store."
l the young wife,
on married leg,
ther has always
men I heard him
out a jack pot I
he mentions a
ed to it. Could
ok in it?"
said the grocer,
tin store in the

st, I can't allow
in the kitchen."
an they're not
man of this."

etuals are sold,
lerly brought up,
that are warm
— "Of course
une pepper."

urnal says:—"I
rned by her chin,
rned by the same
wife. — *Burlington*

HOSE

Supplies

ER

Kept in Stock

PERCHA &
R MFG. CO.

TORONTO, Ltd.

reet West
TORONTO

SURELY CURED

o inform your reader
remedy for the same
sively use thousands
on permanently cured
and two bottles of
your readers who have
I send us their names
Respectfully,
186 Adelaide St. W.
Toronto, Ont.

side St. W.
Toronto

TREATMENT OF CORKS FOR BOTTLING.

By J. E. Siebel, Director Zymotechnie Institute, Chicago.

The following remarks have been prompted by a number of inquiries as to how the turbidity in bottle beer caused by the corks might be prevented, and therefore they are supposed to be of interest to the trade at large.

The cloudiness in bottle beer may be due to various causes, viz., to elimination of albuminous matter, to the separation of yeast and microderna cells, and also to the separation of albuminous matter by tannic acid contained in the cork. If this sediment formed in the bottle beer is very slight and light, and yeast cells and other microscopic organisms are absent, we may conclude that the turbidity is due to corks, as stated.

The tannic acid in the corks, to which the precipitation in the beer is principally due, is contained chiefly in the brown, powdery substance present in the pores of the corks. The poorer the corks are, the more of the brown substance is generally contained in them, and by the removal of this substance the cork is greatly improved for beer bottling purposes. The best and simplest means to accomplish this, at least in a measure which is recommended several years ago, consists in placing the corks in a rotary drum, such as a chip or shavings washing machine, and in throwing them around, by revolving the drum for half an hour or so. The amount of brown substance separated from some kinds of corks in this manner is surprisingly large.

After having treated the corks in this manner they should be placed in an abundance of cold water for about twenty-four hours, and be stirred around from time to time. Shortly before use the corks are withdrawn from the cold water, and placed in warm water, temperature 60° R. or over, for about five minutes, when the same are allowed to drain off and the corks are ready for immediate use. As a further precautionary measure the corks may be squeezed through a corking machine to eliminate the last traces of liquid which they contain. Instead of using pure water to soak the corks, water to which a small quantity of carbonate or bicarbonate of soda is added is also employed in some parts. These chemicals are quite harmless and increase the solubility of the tannic acid in these corks; however, the last traces of acid brought in solution by their application, must be carefully removed by thorough washing with water or otherwise.

It is stated that a very diluted solution of hypochlorite of lime (bleaching powder) is also used for the steeping of bottling corks, probably chiefly with a view to its bleaching action.

In all cases where chemicals have been used a thorough washing in clean water should follow, and if possible they should also be squeezed through the corking machine. In performing the latter operation it would be well if the cork could be touched with some blotting paper, and some paper or similar material while being squeezed, as this will help to remove the liquid.

The dipping of the corks in molten paraffine is also recommended in order to prevent the tannic acid of the corks from entering the beer. To do this successfully, however, the corks must be dry. If they have been soaked in water they should be dried before dipping them in paraffine. It might be advisable to dip them after most of the tannic substance has been removed by shaking them in a drum, as above described, if they do not leave the corks in a sufficiently pliable condition. The paraffine has to

be quite hot to afford a coating thin enough to prevent its peeling off while being pressed into the bottle. In case the corks should not be pliable enough after having been dipped in paraffine, it might be well to soften them mechanically previous to dipping by passing them through a bottling machine or otherwise.

The question whether it would be well to boil the corks in soda solution we should hesitate to answer in the affirmative, as this process is likely to injure the elasticity of the corks.

ONE HUNDRED DRINKS PER YEAR

The Average Amount of Whiskey Consumed by the American People.

AMERICANS are accounted a fairly sober people in the hurlyburly of nations, but the figures of the internal revenue commissioner for the last year are quite a drop of whiskey or beer says the *Atlanta Constitution*. We distilled last year 87,346,884 gallons of liquor, not including 1,430,353 gallons of brandy, making in all 88,777,187 gallons of alcoholic spirits. Expert bartenders estimate sixty-three drinks to the gallon. Therefore there were 5,604,062,891 drinks produced in this country. A conservative estimate of how much was imbibed across counters is about 37,000,000 gallons of whiskey, brandy and other distilled spirits, or in other words we drank 6,000,000,000 glasses of whiskey for which we paid over \$7,000,000,000 or \$5,000,000 more than all the annual appropriations of Congress combined. This represents a consumption of 100 glasses of whiskey each year for every man, woman and child between the rock-bound Pacific and the storm-tossed Atlantic, or counting only the male adults, 500 glasses per year each. Of beer, the figures are equally astounding. The consumption was 31,962,543 barrels; that is 12,785,169,200 glasses, representing the expenditure for this mode of intoxication of \$617,258,400, or about 10 cents for each inhabitant. In the neighborhood of 220 glasses are charged up in this calculation against each of us as our annual allowance. Therefore, if we do not average our daily glass we may be sure that our neighbors are getting the benefit of our abstinence. By estimating this year's internal revenue receipts from spirits on the basis of last year's product, with the increased tax of \$1.10 per gallon, the internal revenue receipts will be \$97,074,905.

THEN AND NOW.

In the early days of the temperance movement, it was the personal, rather than the legislative, aspects of the question that were most insisted upon, and that fact may be traced the rapid progress of the movement in those earlier times, says an English paper; and our older readers, whose memory covers any considerable period of temperance agitation will fully corroborate our English friend's statement as the American history of that movement. "Unfortunately, there were many who dreamed that legislation would be a short and easy way of dealing with drunkenness. But experience has demonstrated that though seemingly omniscient, the legislature can accomplish much less than is imagined in the promotion of temperance. Attention is being continually concentrated upon the subject by countless agencies, from the hold of the public house upon the community is not greatly relaxed. In sermons, in lectures and in cartoons, intemperance has been dealt with. Orators,

\$5,000,000 is an immense fortune, but is only a conservative estimate of the amount saved in doctors' bills to the people of the Dominion by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. Its timely use not only saves money, but much suffering; a trial will win your endorsement.

preets and painters have depicted its horrors; but the vice has not yet been abolished, although it has been much abated through the influence of reason and public opinion, which unite in declaring that excess is shameful and not to be countenanced by either respectable or only semi-respectable people, so-called. At this moment, English Bishops, inspired with a desire to conquer it, have assumed that if drink shops are only people all will be well; but all these schemes are failures here and in England, because they try to eliminate the Anglo-Saxon nature from man, depending for their success on the fallacy that the Irish or American nature will give up its guiding star of personal liberty. There may, perchance, be some scheme devised that will effect what philanthropists desire; but, meanwhile, the old path of personal abstinence seems still the most effective way of grappling with the question.—*Western Review*.

A NEW ENGLAND BEVERAGE.

It is the rankest sort of heresy to judge English traditions—in which the juice of the apple is treated with all the reverence bestowed upon other symbols of the British Isles—to question the moral influence of that interesting beverage known to the sons of men as hard cider—quarrier old stuff, of which the hard Puritanical quizzler might say, as the genial Omar-Khayyam said of another drink:

Fill me with the old droll liquor!

Medicines I might recover by and by.

Yet here comes the Boston Herald, which denies that

Within this jug there is good liquor,
Fit for parson or for vicar.

even though it be labeled cider, and says that "intoxication from cider is in all the most demoralizing drinks in its effects possible. Beer renders those who drink it comparatively good natured; hard cider arouses all that is evil and quarrelsome in those overcome by it. The same is true in the case of drinking of liquor in moderate quantities, but when full intoxication is induced by it there is no liquor in the world more detrimental." And then to this violent heterodoxy a Brockton paper adds injury by saying: "Those whose business calls upon them to notice drunkenness and its causes right here in Brockton will agree with this statement of the *Herald*. The hard cider fellows imaginable, and he gets on about the experts call 'one of the meanest drinks.' Hard cider seems to have a tendency to inflame the fighting qualities of its drinkers; and as for its healthful qualities, it has few. Physicians recommend whiskey and beer occasionally to those who are ill, but who ever heard of their recommending hard cider?" Thus one by one the roses of New South England will be just like other folks.

AUGUSTE

BOLTON

47 Colborne St., Toronto, Ont.

GENERAL
Brewers' Supply
Merchants

DEALER IN CHOICE... **HOPS**

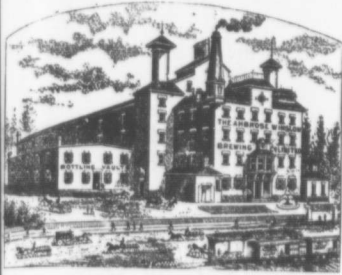
Wurtemberg, Bavarian, Bohemian, Pacific Coast, New York State, and Canadian

Sole Agent for Messrs. E. BEANES & CO. (Falcon Works, London, Eng.)

Brewing Material
No. 1 and No. 2, and **Potassium Sulphate**

The Best Known Preservative in Use.

AGENT FOR...
Eureka and Cape Ann Isinglass.
D. D. Williamson's Bi-sulphite of Soda and Portwine,
Hugh Baird & Sons', Glasgow, Importers of Porter Malt,
Cleveland Faucet Company's Beer



Highland Spring Brewery

THE AMBROSE-WINSLOW
BREWING AND MALTING COMPANY, LTD.

Brewers of FINE ALES and PORTER and Half-and-Half MANUFACTURERS OF CHOICE MALT

PORT HOPE, ONT.

Guelph Brewery...

GUELPH, ONT.

THOS. HOLLIDAY

Manufacturer of the Celebrated

Proprietor

EAST KENT ALE

Made from the Finest Imported East Kent Hops

XXX and XX Pale and Amber Ales and Porters

Awarded a Medal and Diploma at the World's Columbian Exposition

T. H. GEORGE, Wholesale Agent, 699 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 3100

DEALER IN MALT AND HOPS

CARLING'S

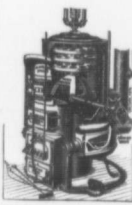
"PRIZE MEDAL"

Ale, Porter and Lager

KEPT BY ALL LEADING DEALERS IN CANADA AND UNITED STATES.

A BISHOP SPEAKS OUT.

The Bishop of Liechfield has been long in favor of the Church of England Temperance Society, and many will speak with the great moderation his ship exhibited whilst discussing the question of making England sober. The Bishop has no faith, apparently, in the idea that it will be possible to accomplish by Act of Parliament. Indeed, those who were listening to him to rely so much on what he described as the "straw of the law," but rather to rely on themselves to do the best they could for themselves, and in this advice he certainly is a good deal of common sense. The evil of drinking lies not so much in its use, as in its abuse, and bearing in mind the great mass of people in this country who are moderate drinkers, it will be difficult to restrict their liberty by the attempt to punish those whose intemperance has developed into a venial license. The Bishop of Liechfield contends—if we understand him rightly—that people must, in a great measure, work out their own salvation, not expecting much help from the State. The force of example is a powerful ally to the end, and education ought to be a factor in the case. The moderate but faithful address is to the careful consideration which it should receive.—*English Exchange.*



If you are interested in **ECONOMICAL AND EFFICIENT HEATING** Will Send you Catalogue and Estimate **FREE** We are successfully heating more Homes in Canada than any other firm. **WHY?** Ask any of our Customers, or Write to **CLARE BROS. & CO.** PRESTON, ONT.

BAR SUPPLIES...

- Jiggers, Shakers, Wood Muddlers, Strainers, Bitter Tubes, Corks,
- Bottle Holders, Towel Holders, Ice Scoops, Ice Shredders, Automatic Cork Screws.

RICE LEWIS & SON (Limited) Cor. King and Victoria St., TORONTO

BAR SUPPLIES...

IS OUR SPECIALTY A full range of the BEST American Flint Tumblers at less than wholesale prices. See our goods and prices. They can't be beat.

RUSSILL'S IN THE MARKET PHONE 2427

CORKS CORKS

P. FREYSENG & CO. Manufacturers of Machine Cut Corks

OFFICE AND FACTORY: Cor. Queen and Sumach Sts. TORONTO

Every Description of Corks on hand and cut to order. Also Cork Wood, Cork Life Preservers, Bottling and Capping Machines, Bottling Wire, Capsules, Tin Foil, Bottle Baskets, etc.

Drink the **COBourg ALES AND STOUTS** BUY THEM. TRY THEM. Macpherson, Gordon & Co., Cobourg SUPPLY THEM. Pure and Therefore the Best.

ROBT. DAVIES, Manager.

- THE -

WM. ROSS, Sec'y. and Cashier.

DOMINION BREWERY COMPANY LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALTSTERS

MANUFACTURERS OF
THE CELEBRATED

WHITE LABEL ALE

INDIA PALE ALE . . .

- AND

AMBER ALE

. . . XXX PORTER

Which is now taking the place of the best imported.

For the above brands we hold Diplomas and Gold Medals when competing against the most celebrated brewers in the world.



QUEEN STREET EAST
TORONTO

OUR ALES AND PORTERS ARE KNOWN AND USED FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC, AND ARE IN GENERAL FAVOR

ASK FOR THEM

And See that our Brand is on Every Cork

THERE ARE MANY IMITATIONS
OUR WHITE LABEL.

SEE THAT . . .

ROBERT DAVIES'

NAME IS ON EVERY LABEL

OUR ALES AND PORTER

Have been examined by the best Analysts, and they have declared them pure and free from any deleterious ingredients.

Library of Parliament
OTTAWA, ONT.