

BEER WITHOUT BOOZE.

STRANGE IDEA OF AN EPISCOPAL BISHOP IN CHICAGO.

He Has Established a Home Saloon to Take the Place of the Common Saloon—Drinks that Please but Do Not Cause Jags—How the Plan Works so Far.

The spectacle of a bishop running a saloon upon a street corner in one of the most saloon-inviting quarters of the town is one to which Chicagoans have become accustomed writes Maurice Davis in the Inter-Ocean. And it is said Bishop, Rev. Samuel Fallows, is successful, Chicago will furnish a sight with which the residents of all cities will soon be familiar. The good Bishop says there is money in running his kind of a saloon—more than there is any other kind—and he is striking to the heart of progress by calling capitalists' in to help make money selling his drinks.

The Fallows saloon, or the Home saloon as it is called, to distinguish it from the "saloon," looks to the observer like an ordinary resort for drinks. There is the bar of the gin-mill, there are the bottles of bitters, tonics, etc., and behind it the impressive and beautiful array of cut glass and tall bottles of dark and mysterious contents. Just how mysterious these are none but the Bishop and his associates are going to tell.

The idea of the Home Saloon is to furnish men with drinks that shall taste just like beer and whisky, and, in fact, be beer and whisky, yet lack some very bad features of these drinks as commonly sold in saloons.

In beer, for instance, the best grade of malt and the best of hops are purchased and mingled by a skillful brewing-house into beer. The process is kept secret. But the result is that a drink is obtained that tastes precisely like one's favorite schooner. It pops when fresh and cold, it sparkles with a beery sparkle, it quenches internal fire and bites off the thirst, it foams sufficiently to delight the bartender—yet it does not intoxicate! It is beer without a particle of alcohol or anything that simulates alcohol. This is served out with free lunches, and it is drunk by thousands who turned up disgusted noses at it at first.

The same way with wines. The good Bishop thinks man wants and needs wine. He says there are certain states of the system when a man must take a bracer or lack nerve. If he has a trying ordeal before him, has been through a difficult scene, is ill, discouraged, or just thirsty at dinner—real dry—and wants wine he should have it! The Home Saloon wine is unfermented, though tasting like the fermented, and he is able to produce the different varieties in a really wonderful way. The Home Saloon cocktail is a thing to what an appetite and induce a contented spirit.

"The trouble with the temperance movement," says the Bishop, "is that you take something without giving anything in return. You take away a man's drink and you give him only water. Water may quench some people's thirst, but it doesn't quench others. Even if it happens to quench it doesn't do so pleasantly. There is no pleasure in sipping a glass of water and watching the sparkle creep down in the glass and the color come and go in light and dark!"

Ah, a knowing Bishop this! "Nor," says he, "is there any sense in telling men they do not need to drink. Man is a drinking animal. He will get along without his lunch nicely if he has a glass of something to drink. And he will not complain utterly at the loss of his dinner as long as the fluid does not run short. Now, how are you going to make such men believe that they are not thirsty, and that they can get used to being dry, and that they are wicked to think that they are dry at all?"

In the Home Saloon drinks are sold as in saloons. No questions are asked except "What's yours?" and no attempt is made to evangelize or "missionary" among the men.

At first the patrons came in slowly. One man to whom the beer looked very cold and sparkling and the glasses very clean looked askance several days before venturing in. When he walked out he was wiping a very pleasant mouth upon his shirt sleeve. "I thought they'd give me a tickle over church or something," said he, "and I wasn't agoin' to mix me drinks an' me religion."

No effort is made to mix drinks and religion, and the men can say "swear words," indulge in mild brawls as much as in any other saloon and lounge around the door as long as they please.

The justification of the Home Saloon is two fold with the Bishop. He says first that he is a benefactor to men, since he gives them what they want without adding things that they do not want—gives them the privilege of drinking without the obstacle of getting drunk.

The other justification is a peculiar one for a member of the cloth. It is this: That there is money in such a saloon, and that the Lord is anxious to have his followers make money in any way that brings good men. In support of this the Bishop says:

"In England there are 700 of these saloons, nearly all of them in London. They are managed by the Duke of Westminster and the Earl of Shaftesbury. These men began the movement to help the poor darkest Londoners. Inside of six months they found they were making money, 10

per cent on their investment! And so they added more saloons, hoping to make money on all of them, but determined to give the people good drinks, anyway."

In Chicago the "Chicago Yankers," according to the Bishop, can make it pay 15 per cent, and even 25 per cent. "We are not in it for philanthropy," says the Bishop, throwing aside his vestments for the moment, "but we are in it to interest capital. If we show them a field for money-making they will go into it. After we are gone the capitalists will keep on investing money in this way and the people will have permanently a good drink without a good drunk."

Rev. Mr. Rainford, of New York, and Bishop Potter have both been busy for the past year with this same topic. During the Bishop's recent residence on the East Side of New York he came to favor the Home Saloon in nearly all its features. "Poor people work by the sweat of their brow. They plow through swamps of perspiration all day, and they want to find a cooling lake of refreshing drink. We must give it to them without alcohol," he declared.

Mr. Rainford, the pet protegee of the Bishop, wants the church to run the saloon, giving men a certain number of drinks at certain hours, and training their consciences to go "thus far and no further." But this scheme is not considered practical where men with and without consciences to be dealt with.

In the Home Saloon the strongest point is the mixed drink. In his combination of drinks there is absolutely no way to tell that the fluids are different from alcoholic ones. The Manhattan cocktail has the same subtle taste of bitters and the whisky drinks have the "just something" that toppers want to taste.

A very queer thing happened in the Home Saloon the other day. Two fine, strapping specimens of men came along Washington street. But it was easy to see from their flushed noses and uneasy step that they were toppers, toppers dry and looking for a good long series of drinks. The Home Saloon caught their eye instantly from afar, and, possibly because bleary from the night before, they failed to notice the lack of the other "o" in saloon. Or they may have thought it bad spelling.

"Anyway they entered and stepped with alacrity to the bar.

"Give me some of that Irish whisky," ordered topper No. 1, pointing to a bottle on the shelf.

"Some of the same. That's good enough for me," from topper No. 2.

The Irish whisky went so well that a second round was ordered and a third.

"Guess I won't take any more," said topper No. 1. "Fact is I've got trouble before me this afternoon."

"Business? Have yer got to work?"

"Now, but there's company comin' to our house. Mother-in-law, grandmother, and three sisters of my wife!"

"When?"

The bartender had been quietly listening. "Is you gentleman will do me the honor I'll go treat. We're always ready here to treat our good customers."

Scruples were banished at this unexpected windfall, and the rounds windfall, and the rounds were over and again, and again.

"I'm most afraid to go home," said topper No. 1. "I'm drunk now, I don't feel it. But I know I must be!"

Here half a dozen gentlemen entered the saloon and stepped behind the bar, sampling and commenting upon the drinks.

"A great success," said one, and then followed more conversation about the bar.

"Holy Jinks and Jehu," exclaimed the toppers, as they supported themselves out to the sidewalk and seated themselves upon the curb to talk it over. "We've been drinkin' in that temperance joint, and we ain't either drunk or dead!"

GAMBLING AT ROULETTE.

The Game is Said to be Honest but the Bank Comes Out Ahead.

The glories of Monte Carlo are waning. Hard times have prevented the gambler public from risking its cash at the gaming-tables, and Monte Carlo misses specially the Italians, who, since the Russian nobles have run through their money, have furnished the most paying contingent of the visitors of Monaco. A good deal of money is still lost and won there, but, according to a writer in the Augsburg Zeitung, the sums staked are less than formerly. Yet the temptation to risk everything is great to visitors, says the writer, and the game is absolutely honest. We quote:

"A very long table, with a circular hollow in its centre. In this hollow moves a disk, divided into 37 fields, red and black, rouge et noir. A little ball is thrown upon this disk, it jumps about, it rolls along, and stops at last in one of the 37 fields; and this field wins. If, for instance, you put your money simply upon a number, you win 35 times your stake if the ball stops in the field bearing your number. If you play color, you receive double your stake when your color wins. If you bet on even or uneven numbers, you have a chance to treble the sum you risked. It may be said that the players, on the whole, bet against each other; the bank only takes the money of the losers and pays it to the winners. Only when the ball stops at zero (0) the bank rakes in all the cash on the table. This happens on an average, once in 37 times. Yet it is the zero that has built the Casino, pays for the enormous administration, has created a paradise on a bare rock, and bears expenses of those unrivalled concerts and theatrical performances. The zero is the real Prince of Monaco."

"Every player attempts to reduce his gambling to a system. He does not regard the manner in which rouge follows upon noir, and noir has a run after rouge, as mere chance, but believes that there is

certain subtle influence behind it all. But all systems fail in the end—the bank comes out ahead. The most popular system is the 'alembert.' The player increases his stake when there is a chance that his favorite color is about to have a run, and decreases it when he has had a run of luck. According to this system, the player would undoubtedly get the better of the bank—it there was no maximum, no ecart, and no zero. The maximum of a stake is 6,000 francs (\$1,200); the bank will not play higher against any individual player. Ecarte in the jargon of a gambler, means a phenomenal run of one color. If you are careful, you win only a small sum each time during a long run of luck; if you increase your stake, hoping that the tide will turn, an adverse ecarte will cause frightful losses.

The authorities are very anxious to impress the public with the fact that their money is absolutely safe outside of the Casino. If a player has been very successful, he is "shadowed" to his hotel by detectives, but only to prevent his being robbed.

According to our writer, the wave of virtue us indignation which, some twenty-five years ago, caused the closing of most public gambling establishments in Europe, has expended its force, and many communities have begun to profit by the desire of men to get rich with little exertion. To quote again:

"In France, the resorts of Hinar, Vichy, Aix-les-Bains, Trouville, Dieppe and Havre have added gambling establishments to their attractions, and Belgium can boast of similar casinos at Namur, Ostende and Spa. In Rome a syndicate is making great efforts to obtain a license for a gambling establishment; the R. O. Tinto Company hopes to obtain permission in Spain, and it is very doubtful whether Germany and Austria will be able to resist the temptation to grant similar licenses. It appears that tourists mostly frequent places where an opportunity to gamble is given."

ARE BOYS SAVAGES.

Learned Theory That They Are Barbarians at a Certain Age.

The history of our public schools affords plenty of examples of boys who have tortured their fellows in a way which would have disgraced a savage. It is to be feared indeed, that it is accident more than anything else which saves boys of this kind—boys whose feelings have become petrified—from actual crime. They are unable to feel, and their lack of experience of the world makes the fear of punishment but a small deterrent. It is not to be wondered that boys in such a temper of mind may be converted, by a series of unlucky chances and opportunities into the thoughtless perpetrators of really grave injuries. Fortunately, these boys of petrified feelings do not necessarily grow into bad men. The hardening of their nature as often as not undergoes a complete change with manhood. Their characters grow sensitive again, and the lad of 20 would be utterly incapable of doing things which the boy of 14 could undertake without the faintest touch of remorse. We believe that school-masters of experience will bear us out in this, and say that they have known plenty of utterly callous boys who later have entirely lost the savage taint and have turned into normal men. In this dangerous insensibility to which boys are so prone at 13 and 14 the boy is not the father to the man.

THANKFUL FOR SPEEDY ASSISTANCE.

The Tesimony of Thousands Who Have Used South American Kidney Cure.

A friend in need is a friend indeed. It has been said the way to test our friends is to try them. It is so with a medicine. So many medicines are tried, but found wanting. This is never the case with South American Kidney Cure, if it is a kidney trouble that is the ailment. It does not cure anything else. There is not a case of kidney trouble, however, be it ever so distressing, where quick relief will not be given, and by a little patience altogether removed. The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it, and what is here said is what thousands say who have used this medicine.

Sold by druggists.

An Oriole's Vengeance.

A lady who was one day watching a pair of redstarts as they worked in a tree was startled by a violent commotion that arose in the shrubbery hard by. Catbirds screamed, wrens scolded and the robins shouted "Quick! quick!" with all their might. A chipmunk was dragging a baby catbird by the leg from its nest, and all the birds round about had come to help make a row about it, including a Baltimore oriole. The screaming and the wish of wings as the birds darted about made the little squirrel abandon its prey, and the commotion subsided as quickly as it had risen. All the birds but the oriole went about their business elsewhere. The oriole had not said a word so far, and, beyond countenancing the hubbub by its presence, had had no part in it. The squirrel, having dropped the catbird, cocked itself up on a limb and began to chatter in a defiant way, while the oriole sat not far away, looking at it, but doing nothing else. But in a few moments the squirrel left its seat and ran out on the limb it had been sitting on until it had to use care to keep its hold, and then the oriole's opportunity for a terrible assault had come. Flashing across the space, he struck the chipmunk in one eye with his sharp pointed beak, and then, turning instantly, struck the other eye in the same manner. Quivering with pain, the

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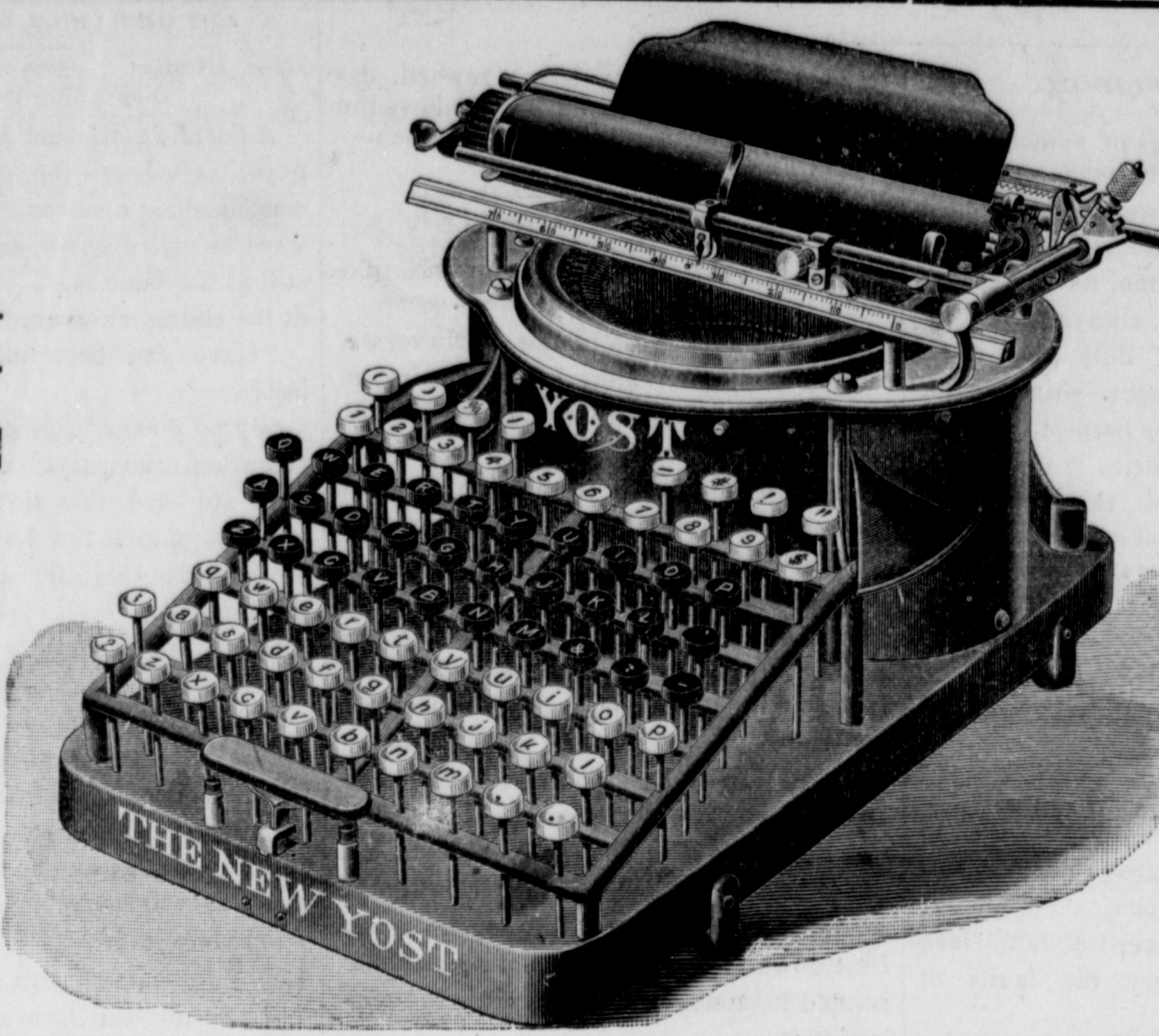
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squirrel let go of the limb and dropped to the ground, when it rolled and struggled about apparently in the throes of death. The oriole flew away to its favorite elm, where he sang in his most brilliant fashion. The lady put the squirrel out of its misery and then saw that the oriole had destroyed both eyes.—Boston Journal.

MR. S. F. RYCKMAN.

Hamilton's Well-known Contractor, Cured of a Severe Attack of Sciatica in Five Days.

"I had so severe an attack of sciatica in May, 1894, that I could hardly walk. I was recommended by W. G. Spackman, a druggist, to use South American Rheumatic Cure. I followed his advice, and within five days was completely cured. Three years before, when troubled with the same complaint, it took doctors three months to cure me."

(Sgn.) "S. F. RYCKMAN, Hamilton, Ont." The first dose of South American Rheumatic Cure gives relief, and absolutely convinces that a cure is certain.

Depreciation of English Land.

A remarkable instance of the depressed condition of agriculture in England was afforded at the recent sale of a Kentish estate, when 639 acres of land, with farmhouse, stable, housestead, and seven modern cottages, realized only £5,700, or less than £9 per acre. Fifteen years ago the property was valued at over £20,000.

PREACHER AND TEACHER.

Rev. Chas. E. Whitcombe, Rector of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church and Principal of St. Matthew's Parish School, Hamilton, Ont., Found Great Relief from Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

The rector of St. Matthew's Church, Hamilton, Ont., holds a warm place in the hearts of his people, not alone because he is a faithful pastor, but for the work he has done for the children of Hamilton as principal of St. Matthew's parish school.

As he has sent forth his influence through church and school, so he extends in a wider way the good properties of that wonderful medicine, Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, by telling the people of Canada how much it has helped him. There is something unique in this medicine that secures favour wherever it is known, and which just now is making a host of friends because of the certain relief it gives in cases of hay fever, a trouble that afflicts many at this season of the year. As a cure for catarrhal trouble it has no equal. Sold by all druggists. Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of two three-cent stamps. S. G. DETCHON, 44 Church street, Toronto.

Inspiring Terror in the Enemy.

The bearskin hats of some British regiment were at first devised with the idea of striking terror into the hearts of their enemies. The same principle is shown in the dreadful figures worn by the knights on their helmets and sometimes emblazoned on their shields. The ancient Germans wore horned helmets to inspire terror in the enemy, and carried figures of strange animals as standards.

DEATH FROM HEART FAILURE

That Might Have Been Avoided by the Use of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart

Promptness is the first essential in all cases of sickness, and especially in heart disease. Minutes may mean everything.

The use of an effective medicine may mean the saving of a life, where the use of that possessing little power may simply leave death to take its course. One great virtue of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is that it gives relief almost immediately, whether the case be that of organic or sympathetic heart disease. The numerous testimonials received by the proprietor of this medicine bear the strongest testimony to this fact. "I would not have been alive to-day had it not been for your medicine," is the cheering refrain of a large percentage

of the letters received by the proprietor of this remedy.
Sold by druggists.

Mary's Little Lamb.

Many readers will be surprised to learn that the well-known verses called "Mary Had a Little Lamb" were founded on actual circumstances and that its heroine, Mary, is still living. About seventy years ago she was a little girl, the daughter of a farmer in Worcester County, Massachusetts. One spring the farmer brought a feeble lamb into the house, and Mary adopted it as her especial pet. It became so fond of her that it would follow her everywhere. One day it followed her to the village school, and, not knowing what else to do with it, she put it under her desk and covered it with her shawl. There it stayed until Mary was called up to the teacher's desk to say her lesson, and then the lamb walked quietly after her and the other children burst out laughing. So the teacher had to shut the little girl's pet in the woodshed until school was out. Soon after this, a young student, named John Rollstone, wrote a little poem about Mary and her lamb and presented it to her. The lamb grew to be a sheep and lived for many years, and when at last it died, Mary grieved so much for it that her mother took some of its wool, which was "as white as snow," and knitted a pair of stockings for her to wear in remembrance of her darling. Some years after the lamb's death, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, the authoress, composed some verses about Mary's lamb and added them to those written by John Rollstone, making the complete poem as we know it. Mary took such good care of the stockings made from her lamb's fleece, that when she was a grown up woman she gave one of them to a church fair in Boston. As soon as it became known that the stocking was made from the fleece of "Mary's little lamb," everyone wanted a piece of it, so the stocking was raveled out and the yarn cut into short pieces. Each piece was tied to a card on which "Mary" wrote her full name, and these cards sold so well that they brought the large sum of \$140 to the Old South Church.

Meaning of Dog Days.

The name dog days is applied to that of the year when Sirius, known as the dog star, because it is in the constellation of Canis Major, the brightest fixed star visible to the Northern hemisphere, rises for several successive weeks at nearly the same time with the sun. The ancients regarded the conjunction of the rising of the sun as the cause of the great heat of this period, which is sometime during the months of July and August. As, however, this con-

junction of the sun and star does not occur at the same time in all latitudes, and is not constantly in the same region for a long period, there has been much variation in calendars respecting the time of the dog days. Furthermore, this rising became later and later in all latitudes, with each century, owing to precession. The beginning of those days has been variously fixed by almanac-makers from July 3 to 26, and their close from Aug. 11 to Sept. 7. Most English calendars now reckon the dog days from July 3 to Aug. 11. An American authority places them between July 25 and Sept. 5.

What He Represented.

Bishop Watterson is not only the crack fisherman of all the clergy, but the best story teller. The Bishop tells a story of how the drummer on the train mistook him (the Bishop) for another commercial tourist, and asked him if he represented a big house.

"Biggest on earth," replied the Bishop. "What's the name of the firm?" queried the drummer.

"Lord and Church," replied the imperturbable Bishop.

"Hum! 'Lord and Church.' Never heard of it. Got branch houses anywhere?"

"Branch houses all over the world."

"That's queer. Never heard of 'em. Is it boots and shoes?"

"No."

"Hats and caps?"

"Not that, either."

"Oh! dry goods, I suppose!"

"Well," said the Bishop, "some call it notions."—Omaha Caricature.

Dog Knows his Business.

The steamer Forest Queen, Sunday, had an excursion party from Biddeford on board, and at the request of some of the excursionists Capt. Oliver ran out by Wood Island. As he passed the light he saluted it with the customary three whistles. Scarcely had the echoes died away when a dog dashed out of the lighthouse and ran at full speed toward the fog bell. He was followed by a man. It is needless to say that the dog arrived at the bell first, as he immediately began to jump into the air as though trying to reach something. When the man arrived on the spot it was readily seen what the trouble was. The bell rope was hanging upon a nail and the dog could not reach it. However, as soon as the man removed the rope from the nail the dog seized it in his teeth, and with a great deal of apparent satisfaction answered the steamer's salute. The dog knows his business, and never fails to return a steamer's salute.—Portland Argus.

You will Live to Regret it if you Pass

this without Reading.

It is an advertisement of FIBRE CHATOIS but is straightforward and honest and means every word it says. If you wish to obtain double the warmth and satisfaction from your fall and winter clothing, have your coats and overcoats made up with an interlining of FIBRE CHATOIS.

It will make them windproof. Bitter winds cannot penetrate and cold raw days may be disregarded. It is light in weight, durable and not bulky, and, being porous, the natural moisture of the body is not checked.

It is so inexpensive that your tailor should charge nothing extra. All this applies to Ladies' Jackets or Wraps or Children's Outer Garments as well.

Patented July 1890, March 1895.