

ply to the so-called dietetic as well as to the purely medicinal use of alcoholic beverages. In the former case, however, we must never lose sight of the fact that a certain quantity of fluid must be taken by the body during the day, and that the taste and flavour of this fluid may considerably influence the nutritive value which a given individual can extract from a given diet. There are certainly many people who take the lighter forms of alcoholic beverage, as, for instance wine and beer, not because they want or they like the alcohol, but because they can digest and assimilate their food better with a drink of a specific flavour, only to be obtained as a by-product of alcoholic fermentation under certain conditions. In these cases the flavour is the essential active principle and the alcohol is the adjuvant.—"The Hospital."

PUBLIC-HOUSE OF THE FUTURE.

The desire of the temperance crank is not to mend but to end the public-house, wherein he differs from the real reformer, who, acknowledging that the public-house is necessary, would make it wholesome as well, by elevating it into an attractive and comfortable place of recreation. But at this the crank turns up his eyes in holy horror, and proceeds to oppose such an admirable aim by vetoing the gramophone, the electric piano, and all games and amusements in public-houses—in short, anything that turns men's minds from the great business of drinking. Notwithstanding all the difficulties placed in the way by the law, the movement in favour of the ideal public-house is making headway, and the "Graphic" illustrated what it described as the last word in London licensed property, "The Forester," in Leighton-road, Ealing, which belongs to the Royal Brewery of Brentford, who have long been distinguished for their progressive policy with regard to their licensed houses. At "The Forester," which was only opened the other day, great care has been bestowed upon the heating, ventilating, and lighting, and the comfort of visitors has been carefully studied. Here the working man can take his dinner or enjoy his glass of beer in cheerful surroundings, and, though a grandmotherey Government has deprived him of his games, he is free to read the daily and illustrated papers, of which the Brentford Brewery make a special feature in all their houses.

A DRUNKARDS' LIST.

Speaking of the resolve of some local saloon-keepers in Kansas to keep a "drunkards' list" and refuse to serve those listed, a correspondent says:—"It is dollars to doughnuts that these saloon men, if they stick to their agreement, will do more for the real temperance of their community than any of the temperance societies will do. They will not help to increase temperance; they will increase the respect of the community for themselves, and will help their own business by eliminating the men from their customers who are continually on the streets making the balance of the people disgusted with the saloons which sell to them. Others will be careful to not get on the black list, and as a result there will be a more orderly and more temperate city, in every respect. If saloons all over the country had taken this position twenty-five years ago there would not be any prohibition territory in the United States today. It would not be needed."—"Bonford's."

DOCTORS AND ALCOHOL.

Sir Victor Horsley's declaration that the use of alcohol, even in small quantities, is injurious, continues to be the subject of correspondence. Sir Victor declared that a manifesto signed by a number of eminent medical men, and setting forth a contrary opinion, which was published in the "Lancet" two years ago, was a

"bogus" manifesta, "got up by a non-medical writer with predilections in favour of the liquor trade." Sir William Bennett, who was one of the signatories to the manifesto, now writes declaring that he has not, and never had, any interest in the drink trade. Moreover, "A Moderate Drinker" recently wrote to the "Times," stating that he had been advised by the late Sir Andrew Clark, an authority much quoted on temperance platforms, to drink wine at luncheon as well as at dinner, and Mr. A. W. Marshall writes to the same journal stating that he, too, was ordered alcohol by the late Sir Andrew Clark. He says:—"May I be permitted to say through your columns that, consulting Sir Andrew, he prescribed for me, amongst other matters, 2oz. of brandy daily with dinner, and on my remarking that I should be quite satisfied to dispense with the brandy, as I did not care two straws whether I drank any stimulant during the day or not, Sir Andrew replied, 'My dear sir, it is essential that you do as I suggest; all patients cannot be treated upon the same lines, and, though doubtless some would be well without alcohol, such is not the case with some others, including yourself.'"

BISHOP STRETCH'S OPINION.

Says the Sydney "Evening News":—"Discussing the drink question at the Newcastle Synod yesterday, Bishop Stretch argued that drink was mostly an effect, rather than a curse. No doubt there are numbers of persons who succumb to drink because they have previously succumbed to something else. Most people would agree to that, though few would give it the wide application that Bishop Stretch claims for it. Nor would most people endorse the Bishop's statement that 'No one likes to drink for its own sake, and in 99 cases out of 100 the affect of drink can be traced to some definite cause.' But, surely, drink is loved by many for itself. Some men like it for its actual taste, and many for its after effects. If the Bishop is right, all the poets of all the ages are wrong. Was Horace a deceiver regarding the virtues of his favourite Falernian? Was Omar in error concerning the merits of the brand they sold at Naishapur? Was the bard who sang so melodiously of the 'Cruiskeen Lawn' suffering from some obscure complaint that made him burst into alcoholic song? Had the man who first controlled the 'Little Brown Jug' a more subtle reason for his praise of it than the contents of the fagon in question? The fact is that there is no reason, as a usual thing, to go beyond drink itself as a reason for drinking. If it were merely a medicine for mental worry or nervous disorders, it would be about as popular as medicine usually is. Whereas it is many million laps ahead of all the pills and potions of Esculapius, and the publican makes more money than the chemist."

AUSTRALIAN BREWERIES AND BEER.

CONTINUED INCREASE IN OUTPUT.

According to the Bulletin No. 2, relating to production in Australia, recently issued from the office of the Commonwealth Statistician, there were no less than 46,857,134 gals. of beer and stout, of an estimated value of £2,596,858, produced by Australian breweries in the year 1907, the latest period for which returns from all the States are available. Of the gross total, Victoria produced 16,900,386 gals., valued at £800,000, or very nearly 2,000,000 gals. more than New South Wales, the next largest producer of malt liquor. These Australian breweries, 138 in number, employed 3241 hands, including working proprietors and office staffs, and only six of the total were females. Their land and buildings were valued at £1,601,391, with plant and machinery £791,372, and they paid to their

3241 hands £411,164 in salaries, an average of £127 per head, but this average will cover the salaries of brewers and 148 managers and overseers. In producing the beer, they consumed or used 1,582,738 bushels of malt, 2,046,750 lbs. of hops, and 275,039 cwt. of sugar, the New South Wales establishments using 42 lbs. hops and 35½ bushels of malt to every 1000 gals. of beer, compared with 39 lbs. hops and 32 bushels malt used in Victoria. The total value of all materials used in the breweries of the Commonwealth is put at £916,253, and fuel consumed was valued at £40,615. So, if we add the total of wages already given (£411,164), we have a gross first factory cost of £1,368,032. Between that sum and £2,596,858, the estimated value of the product, there is £1,228,786, the added value by process of manufacture, which, of course, has to cover all interest, depreciation, selling expenses, and the like. Still, making all allowances, it would seem that the brewing industry as a whole must be very profitable.—"Journal of Commerce."

First Barmaid: "Miss Blank is going away." Second Barmaid: "Is she leaving for good?" First Barmaid: "No; for better or worse."

A waitress in a certain restaurant is well-known to the patrons of the establishment for her ready wit. An occasional customer went in the other day for a dinner. After receiving his order, the waitress handed him a newspaper to wile away the few minutes that would elapse ere dinner was served. He looked at it, and then at the waitress, and said: "I say, miss, have you nothing comic? I like to have something funny to look at while I'm eating." "Well, sir," replied the waitress readily and without the vestige of a smile, "there's a looking-glass straight in front of you, sir."

Rangitikei Licensed Victuallers' Association have donated £16 10s towards the Taihape Hospital fund.

Scene: The bar parlour. Pipes and beer all round. An old salt saying:—"I've got a riddle to ask you chaps. If a 'erring and a 'alf cost three farthings, 'ow many could you buy for sixpence?" Profound silence, and much puffing of pipes. Presently a voice from the corner:—"I say, Bill, did you say 'errings?" "Yes, I said 'errings." "Drat it, I've been a-reckoning of mackerel all this 'ere time!"

He had been worshipping the attractive barmaid in the saloon bar of the "Three-tailed Tiger" for several weeks. He came often and stayed late, much to the annoyance of both the landlord and the girl herself. He called, as usual, on the day before his departure for his summer vacation, and decided that it would be an opportune time to declare his passion. But he had lingered nearly three hours over one small Bass ere he could summon up his courage to speak. "Miss Mollie," he said tremulously, "I'm going away to-morrow." "Are you?" she said, with the thoughtlessness of girlhood. "Yes," he replied. "Are you sorry?" "Yes, very sorry," she murmured. "I thought you might go away this evening." Then she gazed at the clock wistfully, and said good night.

President Taft is a teetotaler himself, which must be a difficult role to play when he is up against a menu like the following, given him in New Orleans, recently:—"A gumbo, made of crabs, shrimps, oysters, Creole okra, etc., seasoned in the highest art known to Louisiana cooks and cooked in the way that has added laurels to Louisiana; oyster patties the size of a dessert-plate; boullabaisse, the kind that Thackeray immortalised; roast teal duck stuffed with shredded Louisiana oranges, a salad of native lettuce with a sauce made nowhere else in the world; wines and the richer Creoles' drink, a brandy brutot burnt in great bowls in the darkened banquet-room over native fruits, fruit sugar, and rare spices, and served with drip coffee, cigars, and a dash of old brandy, drunk from bowl glasses to secure the aroma." Upon this "Harper's Weekly" discourses as follows:—"The purpose of New Orleans seems to be to make Mr. Taft forget 'possum, and the arrangements to that end seem to have been devised with thoroughness. He turns his glasses down nowadays, and perhaps that is the wherefore of the burnt brandy poured, apparently, over a fruit salad. What a man can get with a spoon off his plate doesn't count."

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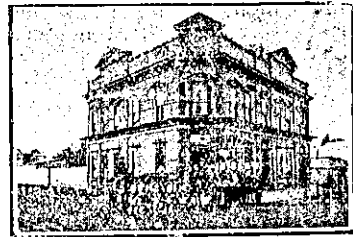
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