

NOTES FROM THE CAPE.

(Own Correspondent "L.V. Gazette.")

The first really noteworthy attempt at organisation on behalf of the licensed victuallers of this country is about to take place. Needless to say, after what I have already written, that the Capetown and Western Province Licensed Victuallers' Association and their energetic secretary, Mr Johnson, are the practical organisers of a movement which means much to the present and future trade of the colony, and not only of the colony itself, but of all the other communities south of the Zambesi, which will in time come to be the United States of South Africa—and a United States under the British Flag. Needless to say also their interests, the interests of the different components, are not all the same. There will have to be a certain amount of compromise, which they are carefully preparing to face, but which, when faced, will enable them to put a bold front on their own, a determined opposition to those who put obstacles in the way of a legitimate trade; and last, but by no means least, strike a blow in favour of true temperance by a single-minded opposition to the well-meant but none the less misguided efforts of those who, in trying to do good, do harm, and so really work more mischief than is done by the commonly accepted principles of Jesuits, who work, or are and have been supposed to work, on other principles. How this is to be managed, how the Western Province men who would rather do without the custom of the coloured classes, not merely the aboriginal native, how they are to work in harmony with their fellow traders in, say, Kimberley and Johannesburg, is a difficult question that they alone can decide. Before I write again, however, a conference will have been held, about which I shall be able to give some report in my next.

In the district of Uniondale a license was applied for for a wayside inn, and the application was granted, the applicant having, or appearing to have, his requisition signed by a majority of the voters in the district; that is to say, that out of 122 names that were on the voters' roll he had got the signatures of 64, while only 40 voted against. The majority in favour was quite sufficient, and when the "Noes" were taken into consideration the

Licensing Court could not but consider that the applicant's cause was gained, and the license was granted and premises opened. Then the fun began, fun which the unfortunate license holder, as he thought himself, found to be no fun. An appeal to the Supreme Court was entered when, to cut this story short, it was decided that out of the 122 voters on the list seven were dead, one was registered twice, and six never existed. Some of those who did exist had signed twice, and the final result before the Court was that 54 out of 180 genuine names were in favour of the license. Of course, that did not constitute a clear majority, and the license was cancelled, and the unfortunate holder mulcted in costs. Now, an esteemed friend of mine who once took an active part in an election in a London district, boasted that his party voted fifty-six dead men. They go better in this country evidently, and one would very much like to know how many "non-existents" will ballot at the forthcoming general election. Whether the bogus votes were Dutch or English, Bond or Progressive, I have not the least notion; the fact remains that the "slimness" of the South African remains, and if anything of this kind of list-roll compiling exists in other places the state of the poll at the next election will give no indication of the actual condition of political feeling.

Taking up my "Cape Times" this morning, I am confronted with ghastly details of the underground catastrophe in Paris, and, in spite of our own appalling fifty or so per year on the Wynberg line, I feel thankful that our railway magnates here run their lines above ground. But that is not what I started to write about! I notice, with great satisfaction that a Parliamentary Commission has issued a report entirely bearing out the contentions of Mr Dubois, the expert imported for forwarding the wine industry. I brought up this matter in my last. After all, it appears that Mr Dubois was right, and was driven from the post he was invited to fill by the very red-tapists who had called him over, probably to merely confirm their own sapient decisions. "If you call in a doctor, carry out his advice," is a good old saying. If anything in this country wants, I will not say doctoring, but expert advice, it is in connection with the wine industry, for you, my dear friends, are not inclined to take our wines, as they now are, as a gift.

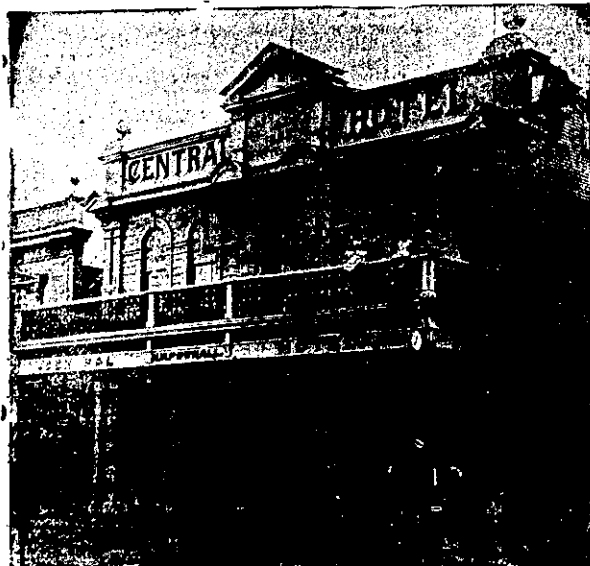
BEER AND BEER.

Beer! Beer!! Beer!!!—the modern substitute for the nectar of the gods, whose divine afflatus has inspired the poet and sage of dear old England since "ye good old times" when old John Barleycorn first consented to shed the glories of his beneficence. But (says a writer in the "A.B. Journal") how many sins is his grand old name responsible for? There seems in some cases to be an utter recklessness in some of those who pretend to be his servants; and it is a pity, too, because these unenviable mortals not only injure themselves, but most undoubtedly give the "Pecksniffs" an occasion for scorn. The whip of small cords should be used effectually in these most lamentable cases, but, like the unwelcome weed, they continually grow in noxious profusion. Of course, most of the hotels in the colonies are conducted with all the care and attention to sanitary requirements which the most scrupulous could expect and demand, but it is notorious that in many instances this attention is not bestowed, and the result is that the brewer gets a bad name, although he has nothing blamable to be attributed to him. Dirty pipes and septic machines will destroy the flavour and aroma of the best beer that was ever brewed, and the unfortunate brewer is made to pay the penalty of the publican's errors of omission and commission. Not long ago a gentleman asked for a glass of beer in an hotel which, of course, shall be nameless. He is a connoisseur in the delicious beverage, and takes every atom of pleasure that can be coaxed out of the flowing glass mantled with creamy foam. What was his disgust, then, when his nasal organ was assailed with a scent inexpressible in words. The beer absolutely stank, and of course he refused to subject the delicate machinery of his corporation to a trial, the result of which he was not prophet enough to foretell. The barman assured him it was first-rate, and no complaint had ever been made of beer in that house, at any rate. This is like the story of the lodger who complained to the landlady of the towel being rather dirty, whereon she indignantly told him that fifteen of her lodgers had already used it, and he was the first who had complained. There is no disputing tastes; what is one man's meat is another man's poison. So many men—so many minds. Our

friend, however, got a chum to experiment on the beer in question, and the result was a wonderful consensus of opinion. Some hotel-keepers leave things too much to their subordinates, because, perhaps, they are too great gentlemen to undertake the most important part of their exacting duties. It is very easy indeed, and pleasant enough, surely, to stand behind a bar in shirt sleeves of immaculate whiteness, and with diamond coruscations glittering in a resplendent shirt front, but it is widely different to descend to ignoble regions below and overhaul pipes and continuations of malodorous properties. Publicans of gentlemanly propensities as regards dress may not believe it, but the public actually prefer beer drawn through a clean pipe by a man in a dirty shirt than beer drawn through a dirty pipe by a man in a shirt of driven snow. Strange—but true. These pipes and continuations are in reality the essential objects of the publican's care, and when they are neglected, the publican—or rather the pretender to the name—has undoubtedly mistaken his mission in this world. "Non contigit cuiquam adire Corinthum" is very true indeed in regard to publicans. Many think you have only got to take a pub., and there you are; but if a man is not fitted for a publican he will soon find his mistake, and nothing will bring him to this position quicker than getting his house a bad name for beer. There are too many who regard an hotel as a quick approach to ease and dignity, and will hardly condescend to perform the ordinary duties which the business necessarily demands. Let us, however, say that these men are the exception. As a class, the publicans in Australia are men of as much perspicuity as those of any other trade or profession, and know well enough indeed that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. They know this, and act up to the standard of the maxim.

The ailments that arise from chills, As coughs and colds and other ills, In winter months are prevalent most, Caused by wet, cold winds, and frost. A mother's troubles then begin The children cough, grow pale, and thin, The thoughtful parent will be sure To give them— WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE. Red light—Danger! We'd better look out

CENTRAL HOTEL QUEEN STREET, MASTERTON.

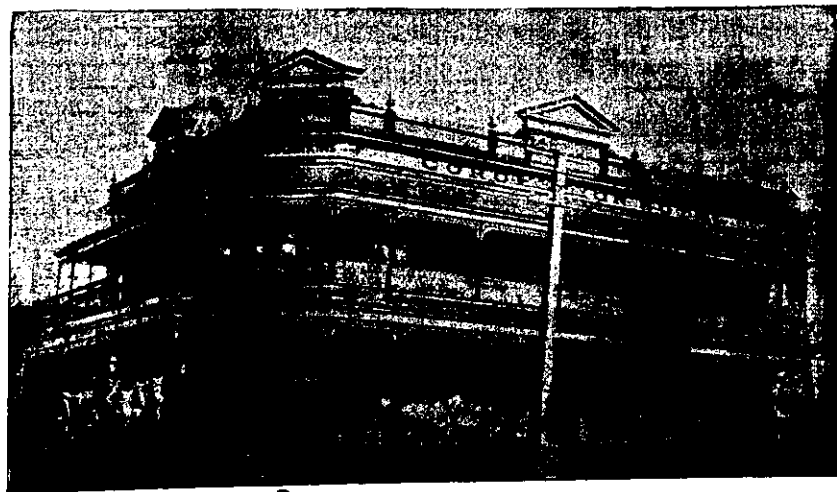


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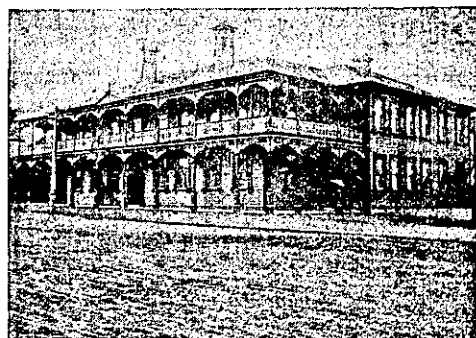
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