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# THE ADVANCE.

*A. R. Fawcett, — Editor.*

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, SEPT. 11, 1884.


### "TEMPERANCE V. INTEMPERANCE."

A short time ago an editorial appeared in THE ADVANCE under the above heading, by way of reply to an article above a similar heading which appeared in the Thornbury *Standard*, above the *nom de plume*, "Temperance." In last week's *Venture* appeared a reply to our editorial by the same gentleman.

Our old friend (we believe we can confidently claim him as such) starts out by giving us credit for desiring to hear all that can be said on both sides of the question. He is right. We do most sincerely desire to hear all that can be said on both sides, not only of this, but of every public question. How are people to decide intelligently if they only bear one side of a question?

In reference to our first question, as to whether the passage "Cursed is he that giveth his neighbor drink," should be taken in the literal sense or not, "Temperance" says, "Yes, decidedly; I take it literally, and I likewise take *this* literally, "I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, for in asmuch as ye did it for one of these little ones, ye did it also for me." Now, what does all this prove, friend "Temperance?" The second passage does not state whether it was by wine or *water* our Saviour's thirst was quenched. It simply says "I was thirsty and ye gave me drink," but does not say by what that thirst was assuaged. You say, that almost every day you "curse the scoundrels who sell poor liquor to make him drunk for the sake of the profits on a paltry 10 cents!" And then you bless the man who gives his neighbor *good* beer to drink. Now, you will say, the first passage does not say whether the "drink" is wine or water. But, remember, that there is a *curse* in the first quotation which is not to be found in the second—indeed the latter sounds much like a blessing. And, besides, we are not quite sure but that the word "*strong*" should come in just before "drink" in the first quotation, which we only gave from memory, and have not time to "hunt up" just now. Anyway it is not likely that water would be cursed.

"No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of Heaven." "Temperance" admits that this "is a powerful reason why moderate drinkers should do *something*, but," he adds, "it is no reason at all why they should tolerate such an impudent condemnation of the first miracle of Jesus as the placing of the Scott Act on the Statutes was." Jesus certainly did turn water into wine at the marriage supper at Cana. No question about it. But, no doubt, the wine was *good*—not like the adulterated, poisonous stuff sold to-day.

Evidently, however, the wine made by our Saviour was either not intoxicating, or the guests partook sparingly of it, for we are not told that there were any drunken men at that marriage feast. It is not the *proper* use of *pure* liquor we condemn so much as the *abuse* of it by grasping manufacturers, by adulteration,—in order to create a constant longing for it in that large class of humanity who cannot control their appetites,—and by the habitual drunkard.

Right here, we would ask our well-informed friend, "Temperance,"—in what manner should the manufacture and sale of vile adulterated liquors be dealt with and only the pure "article" placed on the market? We might also reiterate the question put in a former issue—in what manner should we deal with drunkards? And, supposing only *pure* liquors are sold, will that do away with *all* the evils of the liquor traffic?

In reply to our question, as to whether there was even a hundred moderate drinkers in the Township of Collingwood, "Temperance" replies, "Yes, sir, and without going more than one mile north of Clarksburg bridge, or more than three miles in any direction from it." That settles it, of course, for we know our friend is not only well posted in that respect, but we also know that he would never stoop to tell a falsehood under any circumstances. But is it not a sad fact, that within the small district you have mapped out there are the graves of men who have died the drunkard's death; that there are the wrecks of noble manhood who, every week, pass through your beautiful villages like gaunt spectres, illustrating with terrible force that passage of scripture which saith—"*wine is a mocker; strong drink rageth;*" that there are men who would deprive themselves and families of the very necessaries of life—and some who have done so—in order to satisfy the cravings of a vitiated taste.

We have not space, however, this week to discuss the question at greater lenth; and as our friend, "Temperance," proposes to tell us about the *something* moderate drinkers should do in order that drunkards may not be debarred from entering heaven, we close for the present with the remark, that it is a pleasure to us to discuss this great question with so worthy an opponent.

### *A POINTER FOR THE HERALD.*

The pitcher and catcher of the Atlantics of Toronto played a good game for the Pastimes of Dundalk at Flesherton on Tuesday.—*Toronto World.*

Onr "boys" didn't do so bad considering that they had such a famous club as the *Atlantics* to deal with. My, won't the illustrious falsifier of the *Herald* fume and tear his hair when he reads this! Phew! Anything the ADVANCE says squeezes that pet corn of his in a mighty tender spot. "Facts are stubborn things," and as they are something Theophilus doesnt't deal very extensively in, we expect the "plucky little man" will do a lot of wriggling next week.

### *H. L. THURSTON.*

We notice by the *Peel Banner*, that a Mr. H. L. Thurston is sole agent for a Rug Machine in the Counties of Halton, Peel and Dufferin. We wonder if this is the same Mr. H. L. Thurston who did a rushing business in sewing machines, &c. in Flesherton not many years ago? We would be delighted to see this Mr. Thurston—if it is the same man we mean—for many reasons best known to himself and us.

### *REPREHENSIBLE.*

"Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie."

That any man pretending to edit a reliable newspaper, should furnish such a distorted, inaccurate report of a base ball match which he attended in person—as did the editor of the Dundalk *Herald* in his last week's paper in reporting the match between Flesherton and Dundalk Base Ball Clubs—is enough to "make angels weep" and men grow weary of this deceitful and wicked world. That a man of Mr. Theophilus Hall's high moral and mental status should descend so far in the scale of respectability as to tell downright falsehoods and to slur over the truth, is a shock to men who have regarded him heretofore as "without spot and blemish"—*almost.* We stand amazed ourself—we who have long known Theophilus as a man who was always ready to take more credit unto himself than was his due—to see with what unblushing effrontery he endeavors to cast a stigma on the honor and fair name of the youth of Flesherton. It is enough to make the very stones weep and cry out in righteous indignation—"Alas! alas! how are the mighty fallen!" We cast back in the teeth of this "plucky little man" the foundationless insinuation, that the "throwing up of the game was a pre-arranged affair in case Dundalk was sure to win." Of course he qualifies the contemptible slur, by saying he "cannot say whether it was so or not," but directly afterwards he adds insult to insult by saying that "circumstances appeared to favor this view, for (mark the "plucky little man's" words) as soon as the dispute arose, Flesherton players left the field without waiting to see if the matter could be amicably settled!" And then he further adds that the decisions of umpire Peterson "were impartially given." The above are unqualified falsehoods. The decision of Peterson in the case most particularly referred to, was acknowledged unjust by one of the most honorable members in the Dundalk team. The *Herald* can't wriggle out of this, adept as he is at the art. The Flesherton players left the field solely because of this unjust decision, the vile and repeated insinuations to the contrary notwithstanding.

The *Herald* also takes the opportunity to throw a little mud at THE ADVANCE man, and even here he must resort to falsehood. We were not, as this falsifier states, "lying under the stand," reclining at our "ease upon the grass"—in fact we were not "lying under the stand" at any time during the progress of the game. So much for the statements of this "plucky little man," who, occasionally takes his stand in the pulpit and preaches from the good old book in which occurs this passage—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." It would be a blessing to the community if this scribe would once in a while put his preaching into practice. A man who will deliberately tell a falsehood in order to palm off a stale joke, is scarcely to be relied upon in more important matters.


FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS destroy and remove worms without injury to adult or infant.


### *ANOTHER POINTER FOR THEOPHILUS.*

The pitcher and catcher of the Toronto *Atlantics*, who played such an excellent game for the Dundalk B. B. C. last week, *assumed names that did not belong to them*, at the instigation of the club who paid such a good round figure to secure their services. No doubt our truthful (!!) southern scribe will clap his hands and turn a double somersault in the solitude of his sanctum when he learns this fact—that is, if he does not know it already, which is not unlikely.

### Bigotry.

*(Communicated.)*

It is impossible to contemplate without impatience such intolerant bigotry as manifested very recently by Rev. Mr. Ward, Episcopalian minister at Markdale. The facts are as follows:—

The Pearson family, near Flesherton, were attendants if not communicants with the Anglican congregation, over which the reverend Ward is incumbent. Miss Annie Pearson, one of the family, returned from California with a sickness unto death. During her illness, the reverand gentleman assiduously waited on her as her spiritual adviser. But she died, and of course had to be interred; and now the divergence begins.

The old Irwin burying ground held the remains of other members of the family, and, very naturally, the family desired their sister and child to lie with those already buried. Mr. Ward was approached to read the burial service, but he utterly refused to officiate in a Methodist burying ground; neither would he address the mourners at the house. All that was harrassing enough to the family, but one of his expressions, viz., "*That it was a pity to bury such a nice girl in a Methodist burying ground,*" sets him off as a limb of the High Church party. Such a spirit is bad enough for the old country and the dark ages, but who would have thought in the nineteenth century, and in Canada—right here in Artemesia—such priestly bigotry existed.

Is it to be wondered at, that the family referred to henceforth renounces a *Pastor* of such narrow, shrivelled, popish proclivities, and seeks a better and more benign atmosphere?

Meantime, what an imposition on the intelligent and highly respectable communities comprising the Church of England congregations.

I wonder how many of the Apostles and Martyrs were laid in consecrated ground? As if all the oil or the prayers of all the bishops could render one particle of dirt more holy or fit to contain the dust of mortals, than the most crude and irreligious!


A RARE PLANT.—The Wild Strawberry Plant posses rare virtue as a cleansing, cooling astringent, antiseptic, and healing medicine, and when combined with other valuable vegetable extracts, as in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, it is an unfailing remedy in all Bowel complaints.

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**Wanted.**

Third Class Teacher for S. S. Section No. 6, Artemesia. for balance of year 1884; services to commence 15th September, inst.

THOS. BUTLER, Trustee.
Markdale P. O., Ont.

Artemesia, Sept. 1st, 1884.

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50 Brown Leghorns; 3 White Leghorn Cockerels; 25 Black Breasted Red Games (standard); 25 Pekin Ducks; 2 pair of Red Pile Games, 1 trio of Black Breasted Red Games (Pitt); at from $3 to $5 per pair. Money refunded if not as good as represented. Cash must accompany all orders. Address

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☞ When answering above, please state where you saw this advertisement.

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