

# The Intoxicating Bowl

## St. Andrews and the Scott Act

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT was quite strong in 19th-century Canada, partly because of the abuses of cheap rum, which is almost a history of the sailing and logging business in that century. Such prominent New Brunswickers as Sir Leonard Tilley were teetotallers, as were local St. Andrews men and women such as Editor Adam Smith of the *Standard*, R. E. Armstrong of the *Beacon*, and many others. The Canada Temperance Act, known colloquially as the Scott Act, became law in 1878 but with a local option. Communities with a 25 percent of the population on board could vote on total prohibition. This led to a patchwork of wet and dry communities across Canada. Many in Charlotte County, which voted for prohibition under the Act, considered the Scott Act to be a failure due to the lack of enthusiasm in its enforcement. Editors John Magee of the *Pilot* and Robert Armstrong of the *Beacon* were of the opinion that education, and not coercion, best served the ends of temperance, and argued for a return to standard liquor laws. For a time, the local jail was known jocularly as the Hotel de Scott Act, and columns of the *Beacon* are festooned with many trenchant and at times hilarious inditements of it. ~

### *Standard*

Oct. 2, 1840

### List of Tavern Licenses

### September, General Sessions, 1840

David Polleys, St. Andrews, Tavern

William Braniff, St. George, Tavern

David Boyd, St. Patrick, Tavern

William Simpson, St. Andrews, Tavern

Daniel Graham, St. Andrews, Tavern

Bernard Sharkey, St. Andrews, Tavern  
 Samuel Getty, St. Andrews, Tavern  
 Bernard Fitzsimmons, St. Andrews, Tavern  
 L. L. Copeland, St. Andrews, Tavern  
 Edward Pheasant, St. Andrews, Tavern  
 Michael Shannon, St. Andrews, Tavern  
 Henry O'Neil, St. Andrews, Tavern  
 James McNall, St. Andrews, Tavern  
 Charles Gilliland, St. Andrews, Tavern  
 John Caughey, St. Andrews, Tavern  
 Morris Norris, St. Andrews, Tavern  
 Charles McGee, St. Andrews, Tavern  
 Julia O'Brien, St. Andrews, Tavern  
 Michael Kerney, St. Andrews, Tavern  
 George McCulloch, St. Andrews, Tavern  
 A true copy from the Minutes.  
 - W. Hatch, Clerk of the Peace

*Standard*

**Dec. 31, 1841**

**Temperance Procession**

The procession of the members of the Catholic Total Abstinence Society which was to have taken place on Monday last, was postponed until tomorrow, when the procession will form before the Catholic Church after 11 o'clock Mass, and after taking the appointed route, will again return within the Church when the Rev. Mr. Quinn will address them on the all-important subject of temperance.

*Standard*

**Jan. 7, 1842**

**Temperance Procession**

Pursuant to notice and according to announcement in the last number of this paper, the procession of the members of the Catholic Total Abstinence Society took place on Saturday last. It was a glorious sight, well-timed, commencing with the New Year, and well deserving of the warmest approbation of the philanthropist, and every well-wisher of humanity. It was a glorious sight, we repeat, to see some hundreds of persons of all ages and sexes, an indication and

guarantee, that hundreds upon hundreds will follow their brilliant example, to see them by a most public act in the face of the world, ratify the promise they had previously made, forever to abandon the use of intoxicating spirits, the great source of evils and abuses.

After the celebration of High Mass in the Catholic church, the members of the Society retired into the new and commodious School House, and having suspended their medals, appointed the flag and banner bearers, and on the line of route were drawn out into line and marched in the following order:

*Band of Music*

*The soldiers of the Garrison, being members, with a blue and union flag.*

*Male juvenile Members of the Society, two deep, with Medals suspended from green and blue ribbons.*

*Females, two deep.*

*Banner with a full-length portrait of the Apostle of Temperance, in the act of administering the Pledge to a number of postulants.*

*Male adults, two deep, who composed a formidable body of well attired and respectable men.*

After the procession had gone through the appointed route (the principal streets in the town) at several of the most public places they were met by groups of respectable inhabitants, who to show approbation, and good feeling at the strange, but happy scene which they witnessed, greeted them most cordially. The procession returned in the same manner and re-entered the Church. Owing to the excellent arrangements made for the return of the members of the Society . . . they were comfortably accommodated. When the noise and hubbub had subsided and everybody had taken their places, the Rev. Quinn ascended the pulpit and in his usual free but animated and persuasive style entertained the crowded audience for nearly an hour and a half on the all absorbing and important subject of temperance.

In the evening the juvenile Members of the Society, male and female, under the superintendence of Mr. and Mrs. Daly, who preside over the Parochial School, enjoyed themselves by partaking

of a temperance repast, which in joyful and innocent merriment with sentiments, speeches, and songs, they prolonged to a late hour, when they separated, highly delighted with the entertainments.

We did ourselves the pleasure of visiting them, and shared fully in their hilarity, and although the occasion was one of joy, it was to us one of serious thought - the dangers and perils, and the wreck of virtue and fortune, from which many a youth before us were perhaps rescued by the happy circumstance which gave rise to the festive scene we were witnessing, fleeting across our mind; and whilst we envied them for the propitious stars under which they were born, we could not help congratulating them on the happy, prosperous and unsullied life upon which they were just entering, and with these commingled feelings we returned to our home having completed one of the most interesting and we hope instructive days of our lives.

### *Standard*

**Dec. 6, 1843**

### **Fire**

On Friday morning last about half past 4 o'clock our inhabitants were aroused from their slumbers by the appalling cry of fire! which was found issuing from the house owned and occupied by Cornaby Morrison, situated immediately in front of the Scotch Church. Upon arriving at the house, which is only a few rods from our residence, we found its unfortunate owner standing alone near the door in a state of intoxication, his hair much singed and his clothes on fire. He succeeded in getting into the house, from which he was pulled out, the smoke being so dense and the flames spreading so fast that it was dangerous to enter. In about 15 minutes some persons arrived at the place with engines, but the flames had made such progress, the wind blowing strong from the northwest and the thermometer being at zero, that it was some time before the engines could be worked, and the house had fallen to the ground before the fire could be extinguished. It appears from what we could learn from the owner that there had been no persons in the house but himself, that he had gone to bed and left a candle burning near the pillows which caught fire while he was sleeping, and that he had great difficulty in escaping from the room which in less

than a minute was in a blaze. Not one article was saved. The wife of the unfortunate man had been a few days previous driven from her home by the continual intoxication of her husband and his consequent ill treatment of her. All her furniture and other property however was left in the house and of course was consumed by the fire. Both husband and wife are left destitute. This scene adds one more to the fearful catalogue of evils, as well as crimes, arising from drunkenness. We hope however that the destitution which the unfortunate inebriate has brought upon himself and particularly his narrow escape from an untimely end will arouse him to a sense of his condition and dispose him to quit forever the intoxicating bowl; and under the auspices of a Total Abstinence Society earn for himself and wife a comfortable maintenance. Mrs. Morrison is a very deserving, industrious woman, and we trust that something will be done to relieve her in her present distressed situation.

### *Pilot*

**Aug. 2, 1883**

### **Scott Act Repeal**

We understand that steps are about to be taken to secure the repeal of the Scott Act in this county. It must be admitted that the Scott Act, so far as Charlotte County is concerned, has been a complete failure. Although we are in favor of prohibition, pure and simple, we are not in favor of a prohibition whose only effect has been to prohibit on paper, while it has left the county a prey to the most deplorable effects of the liquor traffic. The question may be asked, Why has the Scott Act been a failure? Our answer is, that it had not and has not public sentiment to back it up and sustain its enforcement, and further that experience has taught us that laws, the enforcement of which are left to popular caprice, are seldom effective in their operation. How many people would pay duties at the Custom House if the government did not appoint officers whose duty it is to enforce the revenue laws? Now, believing as we do that the Scott Act is a failure, we are in favor of its repeal, and a return to a licence law, which imposes restraints to the Liquor traffic.

Prohibition is doubtless the true and best remedy, where practical, but where its enforcement is impracticable, as has proved to be the case in this county, the next best thing is a stringent license law. It is certainly better than permitting the free and unrestricted sale. Although the license law permits the traffic in intoxicating drink, it does so under restrictions and regulations that have a tendency to lessen the evils connected with the traffic.

### *Beacon*

**Oct. 24, 1889**

### **A Wasted Life**

### **England's First Naval Engineer Dies of a Loathsome Disease in St. Andrews Poor House**

In a pauper's grave, in sunny Saint Andrews, the victim of one of the most loathsome diseases that flesh is heir to, rests all that is mortal of George Lane.

Few of those who have waited upon this poor unfortunate in his declining years knew that his hand held the throttle of the first steam war vessel that Great Britain ever owned. Yet evidence can be found to establish that fact beyond question. Lane was an Englishman by birth. There was no need to tell that to anyone who heard him talk. His speech betrayed his nationality at once. In early life he was apprenticed to the great English engineering firm of Maudesley and Company, who have assisted in building so many of Britain's iron walls. When the first naval steamer was built, Lane was placed in charge of her engine. How long he held that position is not known. It is known, however, that he was in the English navy for a number of years. When Col. Maudesley, a member of the above firm, visited St. Andrews fifteen or twenty years ago, he was told of Lane's existence. The Colonel remembered him quite distinctly, and Lane and he had several interviews. Through the intervention of Col. Maudesley on his return to England, Lane was granted an allowance by the English government. This he often referred to as his "superannuated allowance."

When Lane first came to St. Andrews, thirty-eight or forty years ago, he was one of the biggest dandies in the town. It was his boast that he had "twenty-two white waistcoats" to select from. He usually

appeared on the street with wide man-of-warsman pants on, and was seldom seen without one of the white “waistcoats” he was so proud of. In those days he was a railroad engineer. He had come out of Canada from England and had driven a locomotive in Quebec before drifting down to St. Andrews.

The bane of his existence was grog. He had acquired a taste for it while in the navy, and when he got ashore his appetite for strong drink increased rather than diminished. By degrees he descended the social ladder. He drank himself out of the cab of his locomotive; he drank up his “superannuated allowance”; he drank his “twenty-two white waistcoats” and his dandy apparel. Everything he owned went for rum. At last the day came when he had no place to lay his head. Turned out of his lodgings, he sought shelter in the cabin of an old stranded schooner that was lying at the upper part of the town. [The *Mary Ellen* or *H. V. Crandall*. See p. 137.] For many years he lived there an amphibious existence. Then disease fastened itself upon him, and the poor dissipated wretch had to abandon his cabin home at last and seek refuge in the Poor House. There he lived until a few days ago, when death came and ended his miseries. His exact age at the time of his death is not known, but he is believed to have been near ninety.

### *Beacon*

**March 20, 1890**

#### **The Scott Act**

#### **Inspector O'Brien Opens fire on St. Andrews**

#### **He Gains Two Easy Victories but is Repulsed by Pop in Two Other Battles**

Among the guests who have been gathered around the board of the International Hotel the past week or two has been a tall man with iron gray hair and side whiskers, keen yet pleasant blue eyes and shaggy eyebrows, whose age might safely be placed anywhere between fifty and sixty years. More than usual interest has been taken in this stranger's advent from the fact that he is none other than Mr. Edward O'Brien, the Scott Act Inspector for the County.

Although the general public were not expecting a visit from Inspector O'Brien, there were some people who appeared to know of his coming and who were closeted with him soon after his arrival. It was not long before rumors of contemplated prosecutions were on the wing, and it became an absolute impossibility to obtain anything stronger to quench their thirst than plain pop or ginger beer.

Not until Friday was any positive move taken by the Inspector. Then two informations were laid and summonses were issued for the afternoon of the following day. Mrs. Ann Hatch's case was the only one tried on Saturday by Justice Hatheway. Mr. Grimmer, the County Clerk, appeared in the Inspector's behalf, Mrs. Hatch being undefended. She pleaded not guilty and intimated to the court that "since the sneaks were going to run the town it was about time to put a fence around it and turn it into a goose pasture." Mr. Thomas Storr was the first witness. He did not know of Mrs. Hatch selling liquor for a period of twenty years. His business as truckman frequently called him to her store, and quite often he drank pop and ginger beer there. He never got any whiskey or brandy or gin there, and as for lager beer, well, his opinion of that beverage was not very high. Mrs. Hatch had a bar with bottles on the shelves but what they contained he did not know. As the other witness, Mr. Fearby, was not on hand, the further hearing of the case was adjourned until 8 o'clock. Mr. Fearby's evidence was no stronger against the defendant than that of the previous witness. He had been in the habit of visiting Mrs. Hatch's shop, but for six or more months past he had obtained nothing stronger than pop stuff or sarsaparilla. She had refused to sell him liquor, and he heard her refuse it to others. No intoxicating liquor was mixed with the pop or sarsaparilla he drank. He could have detected it if he had been there. At the close of this witness's testimony, Mr. Grimmer applied for a further adjournment until Monday afternoon, so that other witnesses could be summoned, but the justice would not grant it and dismissed the complaint.

The other cases were set down for Tuesday afternoon, the defendants being Patrick Donaghue and William Sheehan. The former acknowledged a violation and paid his fine. Sheehan pleaded not guilty and several witnesses were examined without any evidence of guilt being disclosed. The further hearing of the case was deferred



until the evening. The witnesses examined in the evening all drank “pop,” so that there was nothing left for the court to do but dismiss the complaint.

The Inspector went upriver on Wednesday.

### *Beacon*

**March 27, 1890**

#### **A Miserable Business**

#### **Rev. A. Gunn Fires a Shot at “Pop” Drinkers**

#### **A Danger that Dorchester will Receive Some of Our Citizens**

When Rev. A. Gunn arose in the Presbyterian pulpit on Sunday evening to deliver his usual discourse, he stated that at a future day he proposed to make some remarks upon Sabbath desecration, a sin, he remarked, that appeared to be increasing rather than decreasing in this community.

There was another subject upon which he proposed saying something about, and that was “this miserable pop business.” On previous occasions he had pointed out that the man who sells intoxicating liquor in the County of Charlotte violates the law of the land. He is a criminal. The man who buys the liquor and drinks it has also committed a grave wrong. He is an accessory in crime. In this case the law does not punish the accessory, but there are cases in which the accessory is very severely punished.

The facts, said he, which have come out at late trials here show a low state of moral sentiment in certain quarters. They show that some men have lost much of the honor the Creator endowed them with. On more than one occasion, the preacher said that he had shown that drink demoralizes a man and deprives him of honor. If there was false swearing at the trials to which he alluded he would not say, but this he would say - things do not look well. A man may afford to pay a liquor dealer’s fine, but he cannot afford to get the dealer clear by swearing falsely. The price was too much. It was high time that the moral sentiment of this community was raised. If it is not, Saint Andrews will lose some of her citizens and the population of Dorchester will be correspondingly increased. There will be a short turn someday. He had raised his voice; he had given a warning. His remarks were not directed particularly to his congregation. We

want a high moral sentiment here. It is time the moral sentiment was raised. If a man has done wrong, let him like a man acknowledge his wrong. The law does not punish the man who buys; it does not punish the accessory. The moral guilt remains, however. If a man is guilty, let him not attempt to conceal it by a greater crime. When a man takes an oath, it requires of him that he shall tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. If he endeavours to conceal facts or employs subterfuges, he has violated his oath, and punishment awaits him.

The reverend gentleman then proceeded with his sermon, the pith of which was that if men employed the same diligence in seeking after spiritual things as they do in seeking after gold or silver or hidden treasure, it would be better for their eternal welfare. During the course of his remarks, he stated that if he offered two dollars per day to people to attend church, he had no doubt that the church would be crowded, but because he had something better to offer them, few attended. Yet there were people who would accept a dollar and a half per day to go out on the lake at the Sabbath day and work. [directed at the Chamcook ice business]

### *Beacon*

**May 15, 1890**

#### **An Alleged Lunatic**

A "party by the name of Johnson" - John Johnson is the name he gives - was taken out of the Lansdowne House on Tuesday and placed in jail on suspicion of being a lunatic. When landlord Pendleton went to his room that morning, he found Johnson on the floor in "undress uniform," driving horses with the bed quilts, and having a jolly time all to himself. After going to the jail, Dr. S. T. Gove made an examination of the man and concluded that he had better remain in confinement for a period until the Scott Act rum had worked out of his system a little. Sheriff Stuart found in his pockets a tin whistle, six cents, a lot of crackers and cheese, and a cake of soap, which goes to show that in the matter of cleanliness his mind was sounder than a good many sane people we might name. Johnson says he belongs to Pictou. If crazy he is a very harmless lunatic.

*Beacon***May 22, 1890****Scott Act and Temperance**

Rev. Henry W. Little, Episcopal clergyman of Sussex, who appears to be a conscientious temperance worker, recently gave expression to view rather unfavorable to the Scott Act, and as a result he is being attacked right and left, and all sorts of ulterior motives imputed to him. Mr. Little takes the ground that the Scott Act can accomplish no good because it is badly drawn and unworkable, and because public sentiment is not yet ripe for the enforcement of such legislation. He thinks that the cause of temperance would be further advanced if the law was repealed and moral suasion used as a factor for promoting personal sobriety. Mr. Little's views accord very closely with the views of this journal. As a friend of the cause of temperance, and as one who desires to see it prosper, it is our honest conviction that the Scott Act is proving an injury rather than a blessing and is retarding the work of temperance. Ardent advocates of temperance, who have become impatient at the apparently slow growth of temperance sentiment, have sought the aid of legislation to hurry the work along. That it has not had the desired effect is abundantly shown by the fate which has befallen the Scott Act in Ontario. The repeal of the Act in that province cannot be regarded as an indication that the cause of temperance is retrograding, but rather that temperance men and women have had their eyes opened to the fact that it is not what they want, and that better results can be obtained from educating the masses to the belief that the drinking habit is a pernicious one, injurious alike to body and to soul, than from compelling men to be sober. This, we maintain, is the only sound view to take of the temperance question, and it is the view that it is bound to prevail in the end. When the masses fully realize that the baneful influence that the drinking habit exerts when fashion has set its foot upon it and the social glass is tabooed from polite society - then and not until then will the cause of temperance be triumphant. It is useless to say that public sentiment is in favor of the Scott Act. What better evidence of this could be obtained than the case of the imprisoned hotel keepers at Fredericton, who have been visited and sympathized

with by hundreds of men and women, the majority of whom would scorn to visit or extend sympathy to a person imprisoned for any other offence.

*Beacon*

**Aug. 14, 1890**

“When rum is in wit is out” is a saying that was exemplified on Water Street on Friday afternoon, when one young man who was loaded to the muzzle by very bad rum made an attack on a schooner captain who was in about the same trim. The language that was used was really appalling and shocked the ears of many who were obliged to listen to it. A good able-bodied policeman would seem to be needed here to quell the turbulent spirits which break out occasionally.

*Beacon*

**Jan. 8, 1891**

Some curious things happen at public dinners occasionally. It is narrated that at the close of one of these festive occasions in St. Andrews some years ago, one of the guests got down on his knees to put his overshoes on, and was horrified because he could not find his feet. He caught sight of them once, and tried to catch them, but every time he turned, his pedal extremities turned too, and at last he was obliged to give up the struggle in despair. Another guest, who had been taking too much “turkey,” created a good deal of merriment by endeavoring to get his cuffs on over his feet.

*Beacon*

**March 30, 1893**

**What Bad Rum Did**

**It Causes a Brutal Fight, Qualifies One Man for the Hospital and Nearly Leads to the Death of Another**

Rum - villainous rum - was the primary cause of a brutal quarrel which began on Friday afternoon and nearly resulted in the death of one man.

Capt. Kerrigan of the schooner *Mary*, and his brother, who is mate of the vessel, came up town on Friday after dinner and laid in quite a store of fighting rum. So also did steward Walsh of the schooner *Erie*. The three men started off for their vessels together

quite peaceably, but had only gone a short distance when the two Kerrigans were seen to attack their companion. They knocked him down several times and kicked him until his face was a mass of blood. Then they left him and hastened towards the wharf. They tried to pick a quarrel with Capt. Brown, who was getting his vessel under weigh, but failing in this, they returned to finish the steward, who had staggered down as far as the steamboat wharf. They resumed the attack upon the man there, when Mark Hall remonstrated with them. Mr. Hall received for his pains a tap in the nose which stretched him out on the green for a couple of minutes. The mate, fearing the crowd were going to make a general attack upon him, fled towards another schooner for protection. He mustered up courage in a few minutes to return to his brother's side, and for the next half hour the air was blue with the oaths of the infuriated men, who expressed their ability to whip the whole town.

Constable McQuoid, who was present, was asked by a citizen to place the men under arrest, but he declared he had no authority without a warrant. In the meantime, the *Erie* had sailed out to an anchorage over the western bar. Capt. Brown sent the mate and two men ashore for the steward, but he would not go with them and became very abusive. They left him ashore and returned to their vessel.

Then one of the Kerrigans caught the unfortunate steward and dragged him down to the water side with the evident intention of drowning him. He held him under the water until the other brother interfered. After this incident, the steward was taken on board the schooner *Mary E.* for protection and a permit was obtained for him to enter the hospital. It was supposed at this time that the Kerrigans had shed enough gore for one day, but they were evidently not satisfied, for about 5 o'clock, Capt. Kerrigan went over to where Ab. Denley was working with his team and without any provocation struck Denley a blow in the face. The other Kerrigan also drew a knife, threatening to do him up. Before a second blow could be made Denley's younger brother picked up a wagon stake and struck Capt. Kerrigan on the head with it. He fell like a log and laid on the ground in an unconscious condition for several minutes, the blood oozing from a horrible gash in his head. Then Constable McQuoid placed

young Denley under arrest and took him before Justice Hatheway. Ab. Denley also appeared before the Justice and swore out a warrant against the two Kerrigans for the assault upon him.

When the constable went to serve the warrants, Capt. Kerrigan was on board his vessel, having partially regained consciousness. Dr. Harry Gove, considering the man's condition dangerous, would not allow him to be removed, but the mate was arrested and brought up town. The following morning, the mate was arraigned before Justice Hatheway. Denley was represented by M. N. Cockburn. At the request of the prisoner the hearing was postponed until 2 o'clock that afternoon, when a plea of "guilty" was put in. The Justice imposed a fine of \$5 and costs - in all \$17.70. The charge against the captain was withdrawn. After the mate got out of the clutches of the law, the *Mary* at once set sail for St. John.

The Injured steward of the *Erie* also joined his vessel before she sailed from her anchorage on Saturday morning.

### *Beacon*

**May 24, 1894**

A load of bad whiskey, with an accompaniment of revolver and knife, is what a Milltown tough brought to St. Andrews with him on Sunday night. He drove down with the wife of a Scott Act prisoner, and having been refused permission to bestow some of the whiskey upon the jail boarders, he became very wroth. He struck one young man a treacherous blow in the face. Then he drew his revolver and threatened to shoot. He was allowed to go Scott free.

### *Beacon*

**Aug. 2, 1894**

Some people profess to believe that an Irishman named Quinn was the innocent cause of the word "Algonquin" being turned loose. They say that Quinn and a number of thirsty Mic-Macs sat down one day to polish off a square-face of gin, and that when it came to the Irishman's turn to drink he found the bottle empty. "All gone, Quinn?" asked one of the Indians sarcastically, and out of this grew the word "Algonquin." But this story on the face is a lie, for no Irishman was ever stupid enough to let an Indian get the better of him that way.

*Beacon***Aug. 11, 1904**

Two disreputable looking brooms and a pitcher that might have done duty in an inebriate asylum were dropped at the *Beacon* door the other night. Now that they have sobered up will the owner please remove them?

*Beacon***Sept. 14, 1905**

The jail is empty. This does not mean that there are no law breakers in Charlotte County - not by a jug full.

*Beacon***Jan. 4, 1906****Fought with Wolves - Desperate Encounter near St. Andrews**

[This was a response to a number of reports of wolves in the vicinity] Don't tell me that there are no wolves in Charlotte County, remarked a well-known resident of the rural districts to the *Beacon* a few days ago. I had an experience with them going from St. Andrews not long since that I will not forget in a hurry. I had been in town buying holiday supplies and enjoying myself and had postponed my departure until well on in the night. I had not gone far on my journey when I began to see wolfish shapes all about me. They made no noise but crept stealthily after me, stopping when I stopped and quickening their pace when I tried to escape from them. Try as I would I seemed unable to get out of their sight. My actions emboldened them, and at last one, bigger, bolder and uglier than his fellows, leaped upon me and bore me down. In a twinkling I was surrounded by snapping, snarling fiends. To my frightened vision they assumed all sorts of monstrous shapes. The one that held me by the throat was a terrible monster. His fangs dripped with bloody froth as he tore at me. His breath fairly overpowered me, while his blood-shot cruel eyes threw baleful glances at me that caused my frightened tongue to cleave to the roof of my mouth. I tried to scream for help but my feeble cries were drowned by the weight of the brutes that held me down. They trampled over me, ripped my clothing in tatters, dragged at my ears

and bit me in a score of places. I felt that my last hour had come. I thought of my wife and children waiting expectantly for me and my promised Christmas gifts at home. I wondered how they would get along without me. I even wondered what my friends would say when they found my mangled body and what tune the band would play as they planted the fragments. All the sins of my life, and they seemed to be legion, came trooping up before me. The thoughts of my family gave me fresh strength and hope and I fought as I had never fought before to escape from the clutches of the blood-thirsty pack. My struggles were successful and I had the satisfaction of seeing my foes retreating one by one into the forest. When I awoke my sled was lying across my body and the empty flask of Scott Act whiskey, which I held by the neck in a deathlike grip, bore mute yet eloquent testimony to the desperate struggle I had made to overcome it. Don't tell me, please, that there are no wolves in Charlotte County because I know better.

*St. Croix Courier*

**Sept. 20, 1917**

**Alas, Poor Scott Act Passed Out Unmourned**

Very few votes pulled for its retention in the Plebiscite last week. The Scott Act, which had done duty as a temperance law since 1879, made its exit on Thursday last, and in a few days the New Brunswick Prohibitory Act will be formally set in motion.