

sense; and it was under the leadership of that man, the great Sir James Whitney, that this Party was returned in 1914 with the greatest majority they ever had. Now, while the issue was ostensibly abolition of the bar, I can go further and say that while that had something to do with the Whitney Government's return, possibly more was the marvellous personality and splendid integrity, with sound judgment, of Sir James Whitney, and to the desire of the people of this Province, who knew a tried and trusted leader, to remain under his guiding hand rather than trust an unknown man. The people at that time felt that under the Whitney Government the evils of intemperance were reduced to a minimum, and that his government was properly, decently and honestly enforcing the law. Be that as it may, Sir James did not survive to meet the new House and his untimely death, at a period when Ontario required his great mind and guiding hand more, possibly, than at any other time, was a profound sorrow to us. In his place the Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines succeeded as Prime Minister. What took place in the session of 1916 I do not know. What has taken place since I have very little information about, beyond the fact that the O.T.A. was placed on the statute book in 1916, the people of the Province then being willing to allow the liberty of the subject to be interfered with to any extent if any politician, or anyone else, stated it was necessary in order to help win the war. But I still think that our friends the Prohibitionists took a most unfair advantage of the situation in 1916 by inflaming the minds of the people, already overwrought by the horrors of war, on the subject of prohibition, and effecting the drastic legislation, which I. But, Mr. Speaker, let me say here and now that if an unfair advantage was thus taken, that I, Sir, am horrified at the savagery, brutality and insensiveness with which this government and its officers have persecuted the people of this Province for breaches of the O.T.A. To my mind it speaks marvels for the self-control of the British subjects of this province who have almost uncomplainingly submitted to this state of affairs in the way they have. One would think that the greatest crime to be perpetrated in the province was that of illegally having liquor in one's possession. By reference to section 370 of the Criminal Code, you will find that if a person breaks into and robs your chicken house, provided he does not steal in value more than \$20.00, he can only be punished by a fine of \$20.00 plus the cost of what he has taken; but if you carry a flask of whiskey in your pocket you can be searched and the flask taken away from you and you can be fined \$200 as a minimum to \$1,000 as a maximum and costs, and a term of imprisonment of three months in jail. The penalties provided in the O.T.A. and the method by which the provisions of that Act have been enforced point, to my mind, to the most fanatical persecution the Province has ever suffered from. It has gone so far that to-day the housewife—ordinarily a law-abiding citizen—cannot purchase the ordinary essences used in domestic cooking except in very small quantities and under the most stringent regulations. And so this fanatical paternalism oppresses the Province, taking away the liberty of the subject and reducing men and women to the status of children, incapable of ordering their own lives. Under what circumstances can the Government justify the prevalent habit of interfering with the travelling public, by having special police, spotters and people of that sort stopping passengers, searching their grips and luggage for liquor? Just listen to this cutting from the Montreal Star of the 24th of February and imagine anything like this taking place in the great Province of Ontario:

"If you are a whiskey detective, show your credentials"—and immediately all eyes in the car of a recent Montreal-Toronto train were turned towards the spot where the conductor and apparently a passenger were having a little discussion.

One passenger had pounced upon another as soon as the train crossed into Ontario, and having searched his pockets proceeded to go through his grip, mumbling to the astonished passenger and those about him, "I'm a whiskey detective"—what an honourable calling. It seems he found what he wanted in the grip and informed 'the wicked man' that he would detain with him at Brockville. Then, having so informed him, the detective con-