

no escaping either. The heat may be gone to-morrow. Already there's a weird, cyclonic caravan of black clouds thundering up from the west. The heat-market will break soon. But the wheat will remain. In this city now there's neither whisky nor real estate to make rival sideshows.

But first as to the whisky. Winnipeg and Manitoba are "dry." Two months ago the Temperance Act went into effect. And it went with a bang. King Alcohol packed his household gods and went—not west, because in Saskatchewan the Government is dispenser of alcohol; but across the boundaries into Minnesota and Ontario. Kenora just now is visible supply. In September that will be gone, thanks to the movement that put the Hearst into thirst. Winnipeg bars closed—absolutely. Hard vanished. Soft set up shop. Windows of shops and bars now display seductive pyramids of fruit extracts, grape emulsions and 2 per cent. beer. The big hotels calmly go on housing and feeding the public. The small ones do their best to make a little at a phase of the business they know least about. So long as the warm and mild weather continues they can go on. When the thermometer gets below zero some of them will shut up shop, because they can't make enough to pay for the coal, which in the case of poor hotels was paid for by profits on alcohol. In the windows of wholesale shops appear cunning bulletins advising clients to place orders which will be filled to entire satisfaction by the importers.

Meanwhile drunkenness has disappeared. Since the Act went into force observant citizens have seen no drunken men on the streets. Police court convictions are almost uncomfortably low. Travellers throughout the Province allege that hotel accommodation is no better, is perhaps in some cases worse—but orders are going up. They claim that the unearned increment of booze is already going into necessities of life. Business is better. To be quite frank, it is some while since it was bad. Last year's crop is still moving out. In one day last week a thousand cars were inspected at Winnipeg. When the navigation season opened there were still about 100,000,000 bushels of wheat east of the terminal elevators. About 20,000,000 bushels is still left. A photograph was taken the other day of a farmer threshing last year's crop alongside a new field of wheat almost ready to cut.

But this is mixing wheat and whisky—which is sometimes unavoidable. Prohibition has succeeded in Manitoba. There are few fond regrets. Those who used to take their friends out at 90 in the shade for hard, cool drinks now point enthusiastically at the water-bottle and say, "Help yourself. We have good water here. Have another."

ATTEMPTS were made in Winnipeg to start blind pigs. One blind-pigger was caught in Brandon and mulcted \$700. He will now play the wheat market. From all sources one learns that the movement to disfranchise alcohol was accompanied by no difficulty greater than getting cured of a cold or getting along without real estate sharks.

It must be inferred that the hard-liquor habit was a mere illusion, not indispensable. As long as the ban on booze continues to be an apparent boost for legitimate business there will not be any organized or even sentimental effort to revert to the alcoholic era.

But we must also make room for the moral aspect. Winnipeg is not, Manitoba is not, merely economic. The vanishing of the land shark was an economic necessity. He must either get out or starve out. Whether immoral or not, he will come sneaking back again—unless the vigilance of Mr. P. A. McDonald, Public Utilities Commissioner, puts a lasting crimp in his collar. The wheat gambler also is indigenous like the weather. The alcoholic parasite has been proven to be both uneconomic and immoral. Manitoba with its hold-fast programme of prosperity caused by the war's removal of the unemployment problem which two years ago was here most acute, by the increased efficiency of those at home, by the greater production of those on the land, by the revenues from war contracts reflected here, has come to a point where sound economies and a high state of morals are seen to be parts of the same problem. This view of morality may be very practical; but it is certainly not academic and is not likely to be affected by backsliding after a revival.

So alcohol, whatever his ultimate fate in this Province, is no longer regarded as a basic necessity. The last lingering chance of his retention here seemed possible a while ago when the Hudson's Bay Company, who have always conducted a large liquor trade, talked of contesting the right of the Manitoba Legislature to interfere with a business which in their case was established by an arrangement with the Federal Government to whom they sold Rupert's Land. But as the sale of Rupert's Land was made

after the passage of the B. N. A. Act which established provincial rights over public utilities and civic property, there seems to be a feeble chance for the great company regaining its alcohol business.

But if it could—what a monopoly that would be! Imagination fails to conceive the possibilities of the Hudson's Bay Company, our parent trading and transportation concern in all Canada, possessed of a monopoly in one branch of trade as thorough as that once granted to the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers Trading into Rupert's Land.

ANOTHER phase of Manitoba's newer morality programme is the clock with two hour hands down at the Royal Alexandra. That clock is one of the problems of Winnipeg. At Fort William, following the custom, you put your watch back one hour to get standard time. At the northern depot you are escorted to a motor-cab by a dusky gentleman to whom you hand a quarter for carrying your luggage and being so kind. In a jiffy the driver lands you up town. As you pass the City Hall clock you make the startling discovery that it is exactly one hour ahead of your watch. At the terminus of the run, which lasts about nine minutes, you ask:

"What's the fare?"

"One dollar, sir," is the smiling reply.

You gasp and protest.

"Tariff, sir," he reminds you as you look at your watch again and reflect a bit.

"Oh, to be sure," you reply. "I got in here at 7.30 standard time. It is now 8.39 city time. My dear sir, as you have apparently been one hour and nine minutes driving me here, don't you think your charge is a trifle too low?"

But he murmurs that he doesn't mind making the sacrifice if you don't. You hand over the dollar. He takes it. And the policeman goes on waving at the street cars.

The clock with two hour hands in the hotel is the railway's method of working out the two times in Winnipeg. Last spring daylight saving sent a petition of various interests to the City Council asking for city time one hour ahead of standard. The petition was too largely signed to be ignored. Daylight saving went into effect for the city of Winnipeg. All trains run on standard time. They arrive city time. Thus you are always at least an hour late.

The mix-up is almost monumental. Anywhere outside the city limits you are at once an hour earlier. Straddle the boundary and your right foot is one hour ahead of your left. Getting off the train your valise in your right hand is one hour ahead of your umbrella which pokes out behind you into the vestibule. Go to bed by city time and get up by standard, you begin a process of mental arithmetic that makes you dizzy. Arrange with a friend to have dinner at 6.30 and you arrive an hour late, because he dines city time and you being a transient, the ward of a railway and its hotel, are on standard. Your apologies are made in city time.

The movie operators allege that the city is robbing them of revenues by taking the people home an hour earlier. The Mayor replies:

"All the better. We don't want the people at the movies in summertime. We want them at the parks."

The Grain Exchange opens on standard time because the markets must synchronize with Chicago. The grain offices close on city time because the employees sleep and eat as city people who have nothing to do with grain markets opening and closing.

But daylight saving in these long western days, from May to October, has become a phase of the forward—and moral—movement in Manitoba. Next season it may become a Manitoba measure, whether by municipal agreement or legislation enactment, makes no difference to the perplexities of the traveller.

CRESCENDO. The new moral programme of Manitoba is highly reflected, now and until harvest-over at least, in the Assize Court. Three of the most distinguished public citizens of the Province are on trial for conspiracy with Thomas Kelly, contractor, to defraud the people of Manitoba of \$800,000 surplus moneys paid on a \$3,000,000 contract in building the new Parliament buildings which are yet far from complete. The three men on trial are Sir Rodmond Roblin, ex-Premier, Hon. J. H. Coldwell, ex-Minister of Education, and Hon. Mr. Harden, former Provincial Attorney-General. The trial began the day after the Courier representative's arrival in Winnipeg. Recently Thomas Kelly, contractor, was found guilty by a jury of conspiring to defraud the people by diverting public money—the said \$800,000—to himself and to a Conservative campaign fund. He is still in jail without bail and awaiting sentence until his case is decided by the Court of Appeal to which it was carried by his counsel now engaged in defending the three ex-Ministers.

The case is now an old one. Public interest in it is not startling. The public are somewhat weary of a case which in its bare outlines is dramatic enough to startle a modern novelist. The case is being tried in the new Assize Court, to the sound of hammers, plasterers and painters; a chaste and classic building which seems to be altogether too beautiful to be associated with criminality in its erection. Across the street and a block further west are the still incomplete walls of the new Parliament Buildings, designed to make with Manitoba University, the Court House and the Fort Garry Hotel eastward, a noble and inspiring group of architecture.

The court-room itself is disappointingly low, with a heavily-paneled ceiling, and a shell-like alcove behind the Bench, where day by day sits a blonde, demurely serious Judge—His Honour Justice Prendergast, once a member of the Greenway Cabinet, a dissenter from the Greenway school policy, afterwards elevated to the Bench in Saskatchewan, now in the Supreme Court of Manitoba; a French-Canadian, once an eloquent speaker, now an oddly undemonstrative Judge who seldom raises his voice loud enough to be heard at the door.

The twelve jurymen, six of them farmers, are allowed on the hottest days to remove their coats. They are doing their best to forget any other interest except the fact that they are peers of the accused ex-Ministers engaged in determining the justice or injustice of the Crown's charges.

It is a most unusual scene. In any other Province but Manitoba it might be startling. This article has nothing whatever to do with the probable or improbable guilt of the accused. It is concerned only with appearances and moral values. Twelve jurymen, six of them farmers, one labourer, one builder, one plasterer, one engraver, one horse-dealer, one manager, not one of them what might be called a professional gentleman, are engaged in preparing a verdict on a former Premier, Minister of Education and Attorney-General. Could any phase of democracy be more unconventional, even in the West?

A BOYISH Crown lawyer traverses the case in outline, telling the jurymen what to expect, in the way of evidence, how to adjust their minds to the problem, how to estimate their responsibility. At the conclusion of his address the Court briefly adjourns for the calling of the first witness; the Star witness for the Crown, Mr. Horwood, late Provincial Architect, through whose hands passed all the plans and specifications for the buildings, and to whose knowledge came most, if not all, of the schemes said to be manipulated by Kelly, now under conviction. He is a red-faced, embarrassed-looking stout man with a chronic protuberance on the right side of his face that excites pity, and a hesitant, somewhat bewildered manner that suggests weakness.

Horwood has turned King's evidence. Counsel for the Crown, Mr. R. A. Bonnar, leisurely and kindly examines him in a broad-toned, resonant voice that contrasts oddly with the soft, scared undertones of the witness. Bonnar is something of a Court humorist. Counsel for Sir Rodmond Roblin—Mr. Andrews—has called him a melodramatist. Mr. Andrews is a chronic objector to the smiling suavity of Mr. Bonnar, who spends much of his time being heckled by the defence. Much more latitude seems to be given to Manitoba lawyers than seems customary to an easterner. But there are the united as well as individual interests of three accused men to consider, following upon the trial of Kelly, in whose conviction Horwood's evidence was the most instrumental.

Whatever the verdict of the jury may be, this trial is one of the most discouraging episodes in all the political history of Manitoba. It is not a matter of party politics, but of public morality without which all politics is a disgusting business. It takes a pretty determined imagination to see in this house-cleaning process of Manitoba as yet anything that inspires optimism. At the bottom of the whole business, behind the public indignation, back of all the partisan arguments one way or another, there is a cynicism that unless it is treated as drastically as the liquor problem, or unemployment, or immigration, or the war, in which Manitoba has taken so splendid a part, will yet be the worst enemy to the public conscience in this Province. No one can go to that Court, unless for mere entertainment or party diversion, without coming away discouraged at this evidence of political sin. As old as the hills, as broad as both parties, as experienced as criminality itself, and deep enough to become a detriment to the best interests of public life in a young and great country for longer than this generation.

Manitoba is indeed cleaning up. While doing so, let her broom out the cynics.