

Besides this, the liquor man, from long years of ease and idleness, has grown flabby, soft muscled and corpulent, and the prospect of having to work is alarming.

The Divine Right to Grumble!

Some of the criticisms of the Act come from the natural perverseness of the human family. People love a grievance. Life is robbed of most of the joy, if they have not something to complain of, and there is not anything which makes such an ideal grievance as a Law! The Law is a schoolmaster, with all the schoolmaster's unpopularity. Every one feels it is their Divine right to complain about the Law. If they can't do that, their forefathers have bled and died in vain, that's all. So the Prohibitory Law comes in for a great many fault-findings. It is a pleasant indoor sport, which we would deny to nobody!

The first year of prohibition was probably the most successful. The blow was so stunning, that it took the Trade about that long to develop any sign of returning life. Then it raised its head and began to search diligently for loop-holes in the Law. It found some, and began operations, quietly, and using underground methods only. The tiny leaks began, with gentle droppings, increasing in speed, until a steady stream was breaking through the dyke. The temperance people appealed to the Government, and after considerable discussion the Government got busy and put a patch on the leakiest place.

Murmurings!

But the real pinch came in May, 1918, when the Dominion Government prohibited the inter-provincial trade, and men who had been in the habit of sending to other provinces, found their orders could no longer be filled. Then there arose many voices of weeping and bitter murmurings. Then the vital spark of British "freedom and liberty" seemed in danger of extinction.

In a country neighborhood of Alberta, was one of the devoted followers of John Barleycorn, whose soul was hot within him—hot and dry! "It's no country for white men," he cried, "if I knew where I could find a free country, I wouldn't stay here a minute; but the whole world is gone crazy—there's no safe place any more—what is the world coming to, I'd like to know? Here am I—I work hard—I earn money—why shouldn't I have some amusement from it? When I sent my sixteen dollars to Saskatchewan,—it came back, with a letter saying there could be no more liquor shipped until the law was changed. This is the kind of thing that causes war! No man of spirit is going to stand for tyranny like this! I never knew before how true it is that money cannot buy happiness!"

His wife, who stood behind him, said nothing until he had gone out. She had stood looking at us, with one eye shut, and with a gleam in the other one which, in some occult way, suggested to me that the evidence was not all in,—when he had gone, I heard further:

Mother Speaks!

"He works hard, all right—as he says—and what about it? What good has it done us?" she said. "I work just as hard as he does, and harder—so do the girls . . . did you ever see a cow that gives a big pail of milk, and then kicks it over? That's what has happened here—that's why we are living in this little wart of a house, when every one else around here has a decent house. That's why my girls have to go to town to work