

abolished in those islands. But to our mind the cases are not parallel. The planters owned their slaves, and their absolute right of property in them had time and again been recognized by law. The liquor sellers have a similar right of property in their hotels, in their stables, in their licenses, but none of these is it proposed to take from them. The planters' right of property lasted for the term of the natural lives of these slaves, and had the British Parliament simply enacted that when the slaves then living died, no new ones should be forced into servitude, does anyone suppose there would be any talk of 'compensation'? And so with the hotel-keepers. We believe it would be an outrage to take from them licenses which they have lawfully obtained without making full amends for the damage suffered by them. *But the Scott Act will take no man's license from him.* Every license in the Province of Ontario expires on the 30th day of April next, and the Scott Act, if adopted, will not come into force till the day following. Till then the holders of the present licenses will have a monopoly of the liquor traffic, but on the first day of May the contract will have been fulfilled, and unless a new one is entered into, the hotel-keepers will be in precisely the same position as all the rest of us—prohibited from selling intoxicating liquors. And this is no new thing. In Ontario in 1874 there were granted 6,185 licenses, but this number has since been reduced by the Crooks Act, so that last year there were issued only 4,163, thus cutting off those held by 2,022 persons. What about the license-holders who have been thus prohibited? Have they been 'compensated'? Have the present license-holders demanded compensation for their less fortunate brethren, whose 'taking-off' has, on their own showing, been such a public blessing? And if not, why not? If the Crooks Act, which withheld 2,022 licenses for the public good was just and right, why is not the Scott Act, which withholds the other 62 licenses for the same reason just and right also?

"John Smith rents his farm to Peter Jones as a yearly tenant. Jones a kes off it all he can and puts nothing on. Thistles, red root and mustard grow apace, but he makes no effort to keep them down. Smith is a good-natured fellow, and allows this to go on from year to year till at last, driven to the conclusion that the damage to the farm is more than the rent amounts to, he gives Jones the six months' notice stipulated in the lease that at the expiration of the current yearly term his tenancy must cease. Jones then appeals to the courts and says:—"I have had this farm so many years that I thought it would never be taken from me. To be sure I did sometimes hear Smith grumbling about my style of farming; but I thought he would never be willing to give up the big rent he was getting, and so invested money in implements that I cannot now dispose of without loss. I claim from Smith compensation *to*, having allowed me to keep his land so long that I began to think I had a right to it." Electors! you are the jury before whom this case is to be tried; John Smith is the public of Canada; Peter Jones is the 'Trades Benevolent Association'; the lease is the yearly license; and the weeds are the idleness, the pauperism, the crime, the ruin, which have been sowing broadcast from every bar-room door to grow and shadow or smother the joy of so many happy homes! and they claim compensation because this has been suffered so long that they supposed 'men might come and men might go,' but they, like the Brook, would go on for ever! ever! And this in spite of the fact that years ago—we forget the exact date, but before Confederation at all events—the Dunkin Act was placed upon the Statute Book, providing that any municipality might, by vote of the majority of its electors, prohibit the issue of licenses within its limits. What hotel-keeper in the county bought or built before the Dunkin Act became law? And have not those who have bought or built since then, done so purely on speculation? The profit in the liquor traffic was so great that they thought they could afford to take their chances of its prohibition, hoping to more than make their own before the crash should come. Gentlemen of the jury, we rest our care here; give a verdict true according to the evidence, and say whether the liquor sellers have the shadow of a claim in law or equity to 'compensation.'"

AN EARNEST APPEAL.

Fellow electors, you do not, you cannot, believe that "dram-selling" is either right or necessary. If you vote to retain the traffic, would you not throw your convictions of right to the winds and stand self-confessed as influenced by appetite or paltry gain, saying that, dearer to you than right is

the gratification of your appetite or the pocketing of a few cents that the traffic flings to you as your share of the thousands of profit made from its unholy operation.

Remember that whoever votes against the Scott Act because he wants the revenue from license, actually takes for his vote that license fee as a bribe. Are you prepared to share the awful responsibilities of the liquor traffic by participating in its sundry gains. "It is not lawful to put it into the treasury, it is the price of blood."

Prohibitionists, vote for the Scott Act. According to the resolution of the House of Commons last session, we will not get national prohibition until a majority have declared in favor of it. A majority of the counties for the Scott Act means prohibition for the Dominion.

Lovers of your fellowmen, will ye turn a deaf ear to the appeals of the suffering victims of the traffic, enslaved men struggling to be free, and innocent, suffering women and children who pray day and night for the curse to cease. Will you tell them, "We take care of ourselves; we are not your keepers." Cain asked: "Am I my brother's keeper?" but Cain was a murderer. You would not repeat his question.

Surely you can not disregard the bitter wail of of the children of drunkards, who, in the springtime of their youth, know naught but weeping. You will not turn a deaf ear to the prayers of wives and mothers, in whose heart hope is all but dead, because the husband and son drink. You are men who pity and feel; then, by your votes, abolish this drunkard-making traffic and bring deliverance to its helpless, innocent victims. Can you for a moment think of assuming your share of the guilt that will abound through the destruction of thousands, if, by your votes, this traffic is retained, and its work of death continued. You pray, "Deliver me from blood guiltiness." Vote as you pray.

Christians, do not stand impassively by while this struggle between good and evil is going on. Remember "He who was mightier than the mightiest" has said: "He that is not with me is against me," and to regard his cause, the cause of his suffering children, with indifference, is only less damning than to actively oppose it. "Curse ye Meroz," said the angel of the Lord. "Curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Electors, for your own sakes—for while this evil is in the land no one is safe, for the sake of the children who play about your knee and who are dear to you as life, for the sake of the weak and erring brother whose keeper you in a sense are, for the sake of your country—"this good land and large," that the Lord has given you to possess, and that is being drained of her men and substance by this terrible traffic; for the sake of your religion, whose progress is hindered by this giant vice; above all, for the sake of your crucified Lord and Saviour, who died to save those who could not save themselves, vote for the extinction of this "sum of all legalized villainies"—the drink traffic.—*Rev. A. MacGillivray.*

"SEND ALL YOUR CORN TO THE MILL."

"Oh merry the kirk, and blithe the laird,
When the corn's a' safe in store;
For blessings that come frae a fou' stack-yaird
Sen' poverty aff frae the door.
O' oaten cakes
Ilk guidwife bakes,
An' barley-bannochs our fill;
An' the bairnies sing,
Like birds in spring,
Wi' plenty o' corn in the mill.
Bonnilly grows the yellow corn,
Bonnie, on vale an' hill,
An' happy the lan' when it's safely
An' a' sent awa' to the mill.

The barley-bannock gies health an' joy,
But wae on the barley-bree:
It gies to the grave mony broken hearts,
Brings sorrow and poverty.
There's blessings sown
O'er a' his lan'
Wha's corn's a' sent to the mill;
But curses deep
Will the nation reap
That sends't to the whiskey-still,
Bonnilly grows, &c.

—James P. Crawford, in *War Notes.*