

Here we must pause to note certain exceptions. There are license boards in this province where the majority favor the policy of their Government and are really trying to keep in line with it, but these are exceedingly rare. One such was recently "re-organized by dropping out a temperance man and putting in another temperance (?) man of the variety just described, the immediate result of which was the granting of some long contested licenses. The temperance people awoke to the danger too late. Their one representative on the board wanted to resign, but was persuaded to remain, and is to-day casting his minority vote for the right, though it does not influence final results.

Then on a number of boards we find a single true blue with two dead blacks to offset him. What can we do? No doubt he protests, but his vote accomplishes nothing. Our advice to him, for the coming year, is to make his protest where it will count for something—in the public prints, or in the ears of his fellow-citizens, and, without fail, to the government that employs him.

Boards of license commissioners are appointed not to manipulate political campaigns but to see that the licensing provisions of the Crooks' Act are carried out according to the law and in the interests of the people, not the licensees.

But what shall we say when it becomes patent that the real reasons for their existence are altogether secondary to the political uses that their positions may subserve? That bargains between themselves and the liquor element are deliberately made, the commodities of exchange being liquor votes on the one side, and the rights, liberties and souls of the people on the other.

And what shall we say of the Christian voter who plods after them in the pathway they have dug through the mire and shares with them the success they have thus bought?

Let me illustrate the situation.

Two brothers own a farm on which there is a considerable mortgage. One man is a church member and the other is a town loafer. The holder of the mortgage becomes pressing, and both brothers are anxious. One dark night the loafer goes out and lies in wait for their next door neighbor, brains him, and rifles his pockets of a large sum of money. In the morning the guilty man, blood-bespattered and marked with the signs of the conflict, discloses to his brother the fact that he has the where-with-all to meet the impending claim. Asked how it has been obtained, he shakes his head, and intimates that it will be safest not to enquire. The Christian brother is not deceived. He is filled with horror, and loudly upbraids the murderer; *but* he is his brother, and so he does not bring him to justice. And as the time approaches for the meeting with creditor he learns to listen complacently to the specious plea, "you did not do it, in fact, you would have been bitterly opposed had you been consulted; you cannot bring him to life now; here's the money, and there's the mortgage, and all you've got to do is to hold your tongue and let me make the payment." And so he forgets that patch of newly turned earth in the fence corner, where he knows by intuition that the body of the murdered one lies, and unites with the murderer in reaping the benefits that have accrued from the deed.

Whether the Christian voter realizes it or not, he who accepts the party success,