



Vol. XXI.

WINNIPEG, CANADA, APRIL, 1916.

No. 4.

MANITOBA has gone "dry." That is to say, the Province decided by a people's vote on Monday, 13th March that on and after 1st June next no bar, saloon, or wholesale store will be allowed to operate in the Province for the sale of intoxicating liquors. It was what is known as the "Macdonald" Temperance Act that was presented to the provincial suffrage, and the people accepted it by a majority of something like two to one.

The weather on the balloting date was anything but favorable, otherwise the vote would have been much larger and the majority in favor of temperance sentiment correspondingly increased. To say that we rejoice and are thankful does not begin to express the feelings of this household. There isn't a point in harmless fun or social enjoyment we balk at, but this bit of surgery is the greatest step in moral uplift Manitoba has known since she became a province.

There was an element in the voting that appealed to us very powerfully indeed, and that was the attitude of that "class" which is vulgarly herded into the common corral of the "moderate drinker." These men were entitled to say: "No! we can take it or leave it—why should we be deprived," etc. That plea and the liberty of the subject" gag were great buttresses fifty years ago, but to-day they are as obsolete as flint locks and rush lights.

We take off our hats to those gallant sports who said in effect that day: "If a little sacrifice can do any good, the very smallest thing we can give up is the habit of treating or being 'treated' if it will remove a temptation which is an insuperable one to millions of the very choicest spirits of our race. Why it should be so, many of us have not the means to understand, but there it is.

But for the manly support of the "temperate man" it is doubtful whether the act would have carried. His fine sense of decency



saved the day. He has earned the whole-hearted respect of every one—from the soaker to the root-and-branch prohibitionist. The teetotaler is deprived of nothing, the drunkard most of all rejoices, and the good fellow who can command himself is delivered from a useless, expensive and insidious habit.

If reports from the far West are not seriously exaggerated, several millions of bushels of high grade wheat have been dumped in the open owing to defective transportation or lack of storage at initial points. Imagine it! Five million bushels of the finest threshed grain grown in 1916 exposed on the open prairie, eating its head off! We have not seen any official figures on the matter, but believe the estimate given is substantially and woefully correct.

Should this meet the eye of any one who "stored" his 1915 crop in the open, we will pay him a little better than ordinary space rates for a statement not exceeding 200 words, setting forth (1) reasons why sufficient cash or credit was not available to provide a granary of some sort on the farm, (2) what were the elevator conditions at his point at the date of "dumping," and (3) what chances he took on car service.

Since the intensely regrettable incident of the rioting in Winnipeg on Saturday and Sunday (1st and 2nd April) has been embellished by the newspaper press, the "Camera Man" would like to ease the minds of any reader who has a friend or relative in the ranks at Winnipeg. He did not see the Saturday melee, but witnessed the Sunday afternoon incident from start to finish, and can

state positively what took place and who were the offenders.

The city police magistrate has finally, and, it is believed, satisfactorily dealt with the matter, so that these comments are in no way anticipatory. Drink and ignorance on the part of a few unmistakable "bums" (the greater part of them civilians) explains the whole disturbance. In the Sunday crowd of some 200 or 300 men in khaki, the greater portion were merely interested spectators, and the mischief was completed by some dozen or fifteen young hoodlams.

"The Thresherman" has expressed with sufficient clearness his views on the subject of recruiting for the prosecution of this war of liberation. It believes that every man who can must now be reproducing or fighting, or being trained to fight. But this is not to be interpreted as encouraging the spirit of militarism, the rawest form of which was seen with the paint off in those few khaki-clad toughs we saw fighting the civic authority.

Taking them as a whole, the soldier lads who are now training in Winnipeg are still the finest type of Canadian manhood. They are gentlemen, and they behave as gentlemen. Even the reputed "toughs" are in many cases men to be proud of—"no better men when sober; drunk, none worse." The real toughs are the mean skunks who, under the ghastly mask of friendship, lure the boys to their undoing. The problem of the drink is the problem of the war.

The civil authority in the plainest terms pointed out that the

King's uniform never granted a man immunity from punishment for any violation of the civil laws. Even the military authorities did not know where they were until Sir Hugh John Macdonald (one of the keenest soldiers of the Dominion) gently but firmly set them in their place. A soldier is something more than a uniform and a riding crop, and he is always a law-respecting citizen.

A facetious friend rung up the editor of this paper the other day and rallied him on his offer to go stooking in the fall. There was a sceptical ring in the voice of the facetious one, and our chief of the shears and paste thought he detected an incredulous smile at the end of the wire. But the presiding genius of the paste pot in this office was never intimidated by sarcasm or incredulity.

It is the old saw of the prophet in his own country. Just about the same time, however, another chap patted him on the back and said it was a bright idea (he was a barber, by the way), and would go, too. The editor has seen the barber feeding a threshing outfit, and the barber will bank his all on the editor's performances in the harvest field.

For the information of "all whom it may concern," this facetious friend is not only a practical farmer but he has a habit of making good at everything he sets his hand to. He was at one time a celebrated, if not notorious, sport—specializing, we believe, in boxing and wrestling. His loins are as supple to-day as they were twenty-five years ago. He is a willing horse in any good work. There's not a streak of laziness in his bacon and he has a lot of spare time on his hands. Who bids?

Yours truly,

