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THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

MR. EDITOR.—I would open up the subject of this communication by a quotation from the Montreal Star: "The liquor traffic costs about \$10 per year for every man, woman and child in the Dominion. We gain by revenue from it about \$1.25 per each. Total loss \$8.75 each, or \$43,000,000. The destruction of life in Canada by the liquor traffic is as if we took 584 persons down to the lake every month, and fastening weights around their necks, hurled them into hopeless destruction. The chief products of the tree of intemperance are 'debts, bankruptcy, thieves, murderers, and human devils.' Its manufacturers are destitution, orphans, and widows. Its exports, paupers and criminals."

These statements are astounding. It seems impossible that such a state of things can exist in a christian country; and still more impossible that a free, manly people, can rest under it with comparative indifference. Some are easy, because they do not care for the welfare of the community; only they escape pretty well themselves. Others are unconcerned because they do not believe these statements, which have been proved by the strongest arguments—facts and figures. If this extract come at all under the shadow of the truth, surely there is no political question among the many now agitating the public mind, and being brought to bear upon the approaching elections, that can at all be compared with this in importance. It is not only a question of Provincial rights, but of family rights and individual rights—whether we are to be protected from such a burden of taxation, from such misery, from such loss of life, as the liquor traffic brings upon us. While liquor is sold freely in a community, it is impossible, in the present condition of society, that the temptation can exist without these evil consequences. The beasts of the forest can better escape the snares that are set for them. We use every moral means that can bear upon men's ability to resist the temptation, and yet they fall under it like grass before the scythe. Long since, the law has been brought to bear where moral influence has failed, upon this, as well as upon all other criminal tendencies of society. We cannot do without liquor laws. If the manufacture and sale of liquors cannot be stopped altogether, we must restrict the traffic as much as possible, to save from as much damage as we can.

As a political question, this one of dealing with the liquor traffic overrides all others. The necessities of the case have compelled continued legislation. We have now a stringent license act for Ontario—the Crooks Act, so-called. And we have the Dominion Temperance Act of 1878, commonly called the Scott Act, permitting local prohibition. These are admitted by all temperance people, and by many others, to be the best laws of the sort that we have ever had.

Though I would not undervalue other questions at issue in the coming contest—the right of each Province to make laws affecting only its own interests; the right of Ontario to territory awarded to it by Arbitrators elected by both contending parties, etc.; yet I would feel it my duty to vote, irrespective of these comparatively minor questions, for that party who would resist a retrograde movement in temperance legislation, and who would be most ready to advance further. When, therefore, I look at the history of temperance legislation, I cannot hesitate which party to support. The Scott Act was obtained from the Mackenzie ministry. Sir John, though he has one or two lifelong teetotalers in his Cabinet, has never made a step in that direction that I remember. On one occasion he was challenged by the member for Carleton (N.B.), who offered to pass over at once to his side of the House, if he would consent to introduce such an Act as the Scott Act; but the challenge received no response. On the other hand, it was a Conservative—Mr. Bontbee—who, in 1881, introduced an amendment to the Scott Act in order to emasculate it of its entire force, which amendment was defeated by a majority of 16, only two Liberals out of 45 voting in its favor; while 52 Conservatives voted for the amendment, and only 39 (those mostly from the Maritime Provinces where the temperance element is very strong) against it. A similar amendment was afterwards sprung upon the Senate by Senator Almon, a Conservative again. And in our Local House, it was under the Mowat Government that a petition for prohibition was sent to the Dominion Parliament. The Crooks Act, transferring the issuing of

licenses from Municipal Councils to Government Commissioners, was passed under the present Liberal Administration. And whence arises the retrograde movement to refer the power back again to Municipal Councils? Mr. Meredith says: "What we propose to do is to give back to the municipalities the rights of which they have been deprived; to give them the control of the liquor traffic, and the right to say who shall receive licenses, and to whom shall be entrusted the power of carrying on the trade." This is but a reflection of a speech by Sir John at Yorkville during the last election campaign; and Senator Vidal says the Premier will certainly introduce a measure this coming session to that effect. Even Judge Hughes, with all his animosity towards the Mowat Government, because they honestly and properly regarded the duties of a Judge as conflicting with those of a License Commissioner—both of which offices he was holding, says on this point (see Standard of last week)—"to throw the thing back on the municipalities would be useless. You might as well let every hotel be opened."

True temperance men must, therefore, see their way clear in the present crisis. Both the Local and the Dominion Governments are involved in this question. Besides, what strengthens one House strengthens the other. If the Anti-Temperance Party be supported in the Local House, this will decidedly strengthen the same party in the House of Commons. The "Malevolent Traders Association" (lately the "Licensed Whittlers") have appointed a Parliamentary Committee, with instructions to press the Bontbee amendments on the Dominion Government; and they have already waited on Sir John to ascertain whether it was his intention to take into his hands the regulation of the license law. The Methodist General Conference, by its resolution in September last, has taken the only position we can take if we wish to hold the Temperance fort, whether we be Conservatives or Liberals, or neither. This resolution is as follows:

"Although we cannot accept as righteous absolutely any license law, yet, if we must tolerate some one as the tentative regulator of an evil till we can have it removed, we must regard the Crooks Act as the best instrument for this suppression the Province of Ontario ever had. We would emphatically deprecate any legislation that would impair its efficiency; and we would respectfully recommend our people, where this law obtains, to use their voice and franchise to prevent the control of this license system reverting to the municipalities, where the industrious ward politician and the interested liquor dealers so largely manipulate the election."

A certain Conservative paper attempts to say that this resolution did not receive the deliberate judgment of the Conference, and therefore does not express their real sentiments on the subject. Such a suggestion is simply dishonoring to the Conference; but it is also more dishonoring to the author of the suggestion.

Yours, &c.,
TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

MANITOBA AND THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.
THE C. P. R.—POST OFFICE REGULATIONS—LAND COMPANIES—THE WEATHER—MODE OF LIVING.

To the Editor of the Banner.
SIR.—The great Canadian Pacific Railroad, as it is usually called, is not what it is cracked up to be. First, we will take the passenger trains. Two trains should run daily, one east and the other west, that is what the time card calls for, but instead of that you may get three in a week, but seldom more. Snow is not the cause of the delays, it is want of proper supplies, such as tanks filled with water, engine houses, and repair shops. If less track had been laid, but properly finished, it would have been much better for the travelling public. To wait for a train two or three days, is no fun to find the railroad men tired out, cars cold, with a hungry looking crowd of passengers. A party going only 16 miles, left a station on the express at 6 p. m., and arrived at 10 a. m. following day, only 16 hours. As regards the running of freight trains, they run as fast, if not faster, than the passenger; but for leaving goods on side tracks, causing delays and losing merchandise, it, I believe, has no equal; and to enquire of most of the C. P. R. agents is of no use, as you seldom or ever can get any satisfaction out of them. The writer told one of them he was charging too much freight (just

three times the G. W. R. charges). The official said if I did not like to pay it I could take it on an ox cart. He knew well the C. P. R. was the only railroad, and was likely to be for years, under the terms of the Macdonald government. "Yes," he said, "it is a new road and cost a lot of money to build it." But the writer let him know it was the people's money of the Dominion of Canada that built it. He shut up and went on with his work. Yes, we hear some say, "Canada for the Canadians." Do we get it out here on the C. P. R. No, not by a good deal,—more than half Yankees. I like to have practised what is preached.

The Post-office arrangement is something hard to describe. Lots of places have been settled since last spring—some have got post-offices, but many have not. Places with good settlements have to go from eight to twenty miles to get their mails, and the mail matter often goes around a long trip before it reaches its proper place. I had a registered letter fourteen days coming 90 miles; also letters not registered from Ontario three and four weeks. Papers were seldom or ever sent; such is the mail arrangement in this part of the N. W. T. You may guess very few have a good word for such treatment as this.

It is reported that a number of the colonization companies have failed to make their payments to the Government, and the land has been forfeited. It is a good thing if true, as bona fide farmers can have a better selection, and these big fish (presidents of the companies) cannot make out of it. The railroad one-mile belt land is still out of market, for what reason no one knows. One thing I do know, many are waiting to see the results, as they have settled on it for months. It may be another Duke job, and send the squatters to Hong Kong; but it is to be hoped not. Quite a few settlers are coming in now, and from all I can learn thousands will come in a month or two later.

The weather here for the past month has been very cold for the day, the thermometer ranged from 25 to 45 degrees below zero, and very often a stiff wind with it. You won't see many travellers on such days. You will hear some say that you don't feel cold when it is 25 and 30 degrees below zero. It will freeze any exposed part so quick you don't know how it is done. That I know, for I have experienced it.

The custom of living is a little different to what it will be in another year, as many have to get their fuel, which means long trips and cold rides, owing to their neglect in the fall. They say another year they will store up for the winter the same as the badgers and gophers do, and lie in a state of hibernation. Yes, I know quite a few now who sleep in the cellar or a hole six feet deep and about ten feet square, with no light in it. They say it is very warm and nice. Their food consists of pork, beans, bread and butter and tea, of course; but no liquor of any kind. Those who stand it for a few years, I believe, will come out all right, as the land will be very productive for years to come, and their labors will be repaid.

Yours, &c.,
VULPES.
Qu'Appelle, Jan. 29, 1883.

KNAS IN THE BEAR PANS.
MONTANA TERR., Jan. 27, 1883.
To the Editor of the Banner.

In common with many wanderers from your town, I am no sooner in "green fields and pastures new," than I am filled with a desire to see myself in print. Whether it be the rarified atmosphere of this Western country which, acting alike on one and all, superinduces this severe attack of *concoctio scribendi*, I know not; yet philosophers study the problem and let me commence. While you dwellers in the East were enjoying your Christmas turkey, we, less favored occidentals, had but barely realized that the eventful day had dawned. Although the sun rises between seven and eight o'clock, it is more than an hour before the gloom is dispelled in the deep mountain gulches, in which the majority of hunters' and woodmen's cabins are built. After a breakfast of Buffalo meat, bread and coffee, we strolled off over the mountains, leaving the cook of the day in full possession of the Shack.—Montana citizens are called. After a tiresome tramp over hills and dales—more *kill than die*—we find ourselves at "Black Buttes," about ten miles from home, without having seen any game. Returning by a different route, we start two deer, securing one, a haunch of which we pack home after carefully caching the balance. Tired and hungry, we reach home about 3 p. m., to find dinner awaiting us. There's the spread! No bill of fare. No silverware. No snow-white cloth; but better than all these, we have appetite plenty. Perhaps some dyspeptic reader may turn up his delicate nose at the *menù*—bacon, buffalo beans, dried apples, molasses, (not syrup), dough-rolls, bread and black coffee, but I can assure you we all enjoyed the meal immensely. To hasten the process of digestion, we indulge

in a few pipes of *larbe*, better known, perhaps, as *kilikimo*, the Indian substitute for tobacco. When our smoke is finished, it is five o'clock, and dark. The interventions are spent me drawing your attention, and "seven-up" then we start picking our way along by aid of the moonlight, and such moonlight—clear, silvery, brilliant beyond comparison. Slipping and sliding, now running along the bottoms, now picking our steps carefully along a narrow foot-path, crawling up one side of "Big Hat," and scampering down the other as break-neck pace—so we reach our destination at last. A harmless looking fellow receives us, and we are ushered in; but how he ever contrived to accomplish the feat I cannot say. I think the shack must have been built on the street-car plan, always room for one more. Once inside, our ears are assailed from all sides with such a chattering of French, Creole, Sioux, and Gros Ventre, that we can scarcely hear ourselves think. There, to the right, is the "bright particular star" of the evening, seated or rather on the chair of State, a three-legged stool. Now you bashful young man, do not wait for an introduction, but select your partner, approach her, make an elaborate bow and start for your place in the dance. The chances are she will be there first and dancing before you can shape yourself. See the old man at the head of the set, that is Felle, an old hunter now over ninety, and his partner is a squaw over seventy years of age. That short, thick-set fellow with the scarlet neck tie is the swell of the evening, and also a fugitive from the Canadian side, having jumped the stockade at Fort Qu'Appelle. After paying our respects to this noble dancer, let me draw your attention to his next neighbor, the long-haired fellow dressed in a suit of black worsted. His store clothes give him a certain advantage over the man of the scarlet tie, but are not sufficiently gorgeous to overcome the latter's gymnastic glories. The loss of one of his organs of vision does not add to his personal charms, nor detract from his ability to sell other people's property at long range, as he bears the unenviable reputation of being the champion horse thief of Montana. The orchestra of the *soitairre* orchestra, consisting of a decrepit violin, under the sole management of that half-breed in the buckskin coat, whose operating on it is not, and drawing forth strains which are supposed, by the post, to "soothe the savage breast." I don't think these are the same kind of strains. This untutored Paganini—I don't mean Paganini, Ninny—baila from Balford, some 500 miles to the north, although so near the Pole, it got altogether too hot up there for him, as his sense of smell of them was quite too utterly vague and hazy to suit the Canadian Judiciary. And so you might continue *ad nauseum*. Some of them are not such bad fellows, but the outfit as a whole, are not desirable companions. By the way, the *soitairre* Louis Hill is living near Fort Benton, about sixty-five miles from here. And now we will retire from the arena, as these fellows are showing signs of having indulged too freely in something—perhaps the intoxicating atmosphere. On the return trip we have the canon proper, and make our way through a narrow gorge, at the mouth of which, some years ago, the Sioux and Gros Ventres fought a battle, in which the Sioux were victorious. A Gros Ventre Indian cannot be induced to approach it, as they believe it haunted by the spirit of their dead chief, White Horse. Here we are at Round Butte, round the base of that, and in the Gulch to the right stands our shack. As we step inside we make our bow. Trusting that it is not yet too late to wish you and your readers, one and all, a Happy New Year.

FATHER BHAER.

MR. TILT'S REPLY TO MR. MARTIN.
To the Editor of the BANNER.

SIR.—As Mr. Martin, in his communication of last week, is evidently begging the question at issue, I shall only be brief in my reply. The first statement made in public by Mr. Martin was, that I had been guilty of willfully omitting from the assessment roll at least fifteen properly qualified Conservative voters in the East Ward. My reply to which, at the time, I presume to have been the cause of this controversy, has been, as the public will observe, brought down too late, even by his rule of counting, accepting his statement to be true, but which I do not. Mr. Martin says in his last letter that it is his intention to prove his statements by logical conclusions drawn from facts. Now, it is a fact that Mr. Roth was by me assessed as owner for a house and several lots in the East Ward, though Mr. Martin, in his second letter, said he was not. It is a fact that Wm. Stevenson's, Thos. Silverthorn's, Wm. Grava's, and others' names are on the assessment roll, though Mr. Martin told the public they were not on. Mr. Martin also told the public I had, in the interests of political tricksters, left Joseph Faracom's name off the roll. I said in my last letter I was not aware that such a person ever owned any property in town, and asked Mr. Martin for information. He now says he was mistaken, and of course meant somebody. Such mistakes and others of an infinitely worse character, appear to be a chronic weakness in Mr. Martin, and must tend to render his life very miserable. Mr. Martin tries to let himself down easy from the blundering position he has assumed, by a silly attempt at wit, when he tries to show the public that I, in performing my duty as assessor, have one qualification for Grits and another for Tories. To show the public once more what kind of a man this Robert Martin is, and the extent of his mental qualifications to criticize an assessment roll, or the actions of an assessor, I will call attention to another case he thinks he has found against me, in manipulating the roll to satisfy a few political tricksters. He cites once more in his last letter the case of S. Davidson's property in the East Ward, rented by Robert Roth, and occupied by Messrs. W. Davidson and W. Latimer, and which, as I have previously stated, is worth about, certainly not more, than \$350. Now, the owner, Samuel Davidson, is entitled to one vote upon this property. Mr. Roth, the lessee, is also by law entitled to and has a vote on that property—both good Conservative votes; and would it be believed

that because I omitted to assess William Davidson and William Latimer as tenants for the same property, I am a political trickster? But says Mr. Martin, Mr. Tilt assessed Mr. Pool, a good Grit, in the West Ward, for a small lot, at such a sum as entitled him to vote, though his property drew a rental considerably less than the Roth and Davidson property. Mr. Pool's rental lot on Main Street could not, I presume, be purchased for less than its assessed value, and I may tell Mr. Martin, for his information, since he does not seem to know, that an Assessor does not value property according to the rental it brings, but to its actual value, according to the best of his judgment, and the value of the Assessor is not a basis. If a person is a legal tenant, it is no business of the Assessor to inquire whether he pays 50 cents or \$50 an acre, yet such is a specimen of the grounds on which Mr. Martin tells the public I have not done my duty properly. To save bandying words with Mr. Martin, I challenged him in a very practical way to select three men who would examine the statements respectively made about the roll, but that was exactly what he did not want, and was glad to leave alone. Next time Mr. Martin wants to make himself notorious, he had better select a subject upon which he knows something more about, than Assessors and their duties, and would kindly suggest that that subject be Wild Cat Insurance Companies or some other kindred subject.

Yours,
N. TILT, Assessor.

The drawing in the great Masonic Lottery at London commenced on Wednesday and created intense excitement in the city last week, the attendance at the Opera House was tremendous, every available space being filled with people. The lucky winners of some of the big prizes are as follows:—\$15,000, J. C. Williamson, Postmaster, Ballydriff, Co. Durham; \$7,500, W. T. Strong, druggist, London; \$5,000, W. B. Fullarton, of Gananoque, a syndicate trustee; \$2,500, W. J. Booth, the city syndicate of London; \$500, E. Trump, of Road City, Mich.

SCIPIO, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1879.
I am the Pastor of the Baptist Church here, and an educated physician, I am not in practice, but am my sole family physician, and advise in many chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your H. P. Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.

REY. E. R. WARREN.

The death of Kenneth McKee, senior Judge of the County of York, took place on Wednesday last week, from apoplexy. The deceased judge was a man of good physical powers, of great force of character, and of more than average mental ability. He was at one time engaged in business, and though he turned his attention somewhat late in life to the study of law he soon rose to prominence at the Bar, and was created Judge of the County of Frontenac. This position he resigned in 1866 to commence practice at the Toronto Bar, and for many years he conducted the criminal business for the Crown with skill and success. Some half dozen years ago he was appointed to his late judicial position, the duties of which he performed, as long as health permitted, with his old vigor and ability.

Remember This.
If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters is a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

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That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister mother, or daughter can be made the picture of health, by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer!