

Michigan to gain information as to the working of the Prohibitory Liquor Law. I came to a place in the interior part of the State where a great part of the people were Canadians; many of them I had been acquainted with in early life—one I recognized and said, "Well, John, what brought you here?" He replied, "I guess you know; will you stay and get dinner and I will tell you?" I did stay and get dinner with him, and his statement though sorrowful was short, and substantially as follows:—"You knew me for twenty years; I owned four good farms in Canada, all at one time, and did not owe a shilling; I worked hard, but got in the way of drinking whisky, and entered on a downward course until I became a drunkard; I lost my four farms, and did not care what I did, or whether I lived or died. We lost all our children in infancy by neglect and bad usage. You well know my uncles who lived on Yonge Street, who owned large farms, and were in the liquor trade; eleven of my uncles and cousins all lived and died drunkards. The last one of the male line spent two farms on Yonge Street in two years, worth twenty thousand dollars. I know he worked for you some time after that, and then hung himself in York (now Toronto) Jail. I said, 'poor Bleven, you have left your young wife a widow and a pauper; I shall soon follow you.' My young companion, Sam, soon hung himself on the limb of an apple tree in the orchard of the farm that his father gave him, and he spent. Poor fellow, he quit drink for a while, but took to it again, then hung himself. My other young companion, Dan, after a drunken spree, hung himself in his father's chamber, both at Thornhill. One day my wife said to me, 'O John, if you will go with me to some new place in some part of the State of Michigan, where there is no liquor, we may yet live and be comfortable. You know that I am now near my confinement, and if I have a living baby I should like to raise it; the weather is warm, and we can lie at nights