

rights, the industry and the virtue of the community, and its main prerogative, the prohibition of the invasions of the mischievous, or whatever conflicts with social order and private rights. Every statute is a protective prohibition. It presupposes some lawful interest endangered, some laudable pursuit molested, or some social right invaded, and the law interposes its strong arm to protect, by prohibiting the invasion.

Out of society men may claim the natural right to do what they choose, but the liberty of society is the right to do what you choose so long as you choose to do right. We remain in society and enjoy its privileges on the condition that we forego whatever interferes with the rights of others.

If we consider the concessions demanded too high a price to pay for the advantages of society, we are not compelled to remain. We may go where we can do better. But, if we remain, we do so consenting to yield all those points of natural liberty asked for by the Government, as the price of protection from the injurious action of others.

Our laws limit the control of property and the modes of human action. They forbid the sale of pernicious books, and of lottery tickets, even when all the parties interested are willing. They prohibit the wanton destruction of property by its owner; the damming up of a stream of water if the health or other interests of the community will in consequence suffer; the profaning of Sunday; the coining of money, though it may be proposed to give value for it; the building of wooden buildings where they may endanger another's property, and even the shooting of wild ducks upon the river. There is nothing peculiar then about the proposed temperance legislation. The same principle as already been applied to the traffic, and if it be true that this business should be free from restrictions, then in view of the multitude of aggressive enactments, the trade as just cause to declare already that it is oppressed beyond endurance. The natural law of this country to-day in regard to the sale of intoxicating drink is prohibition, and no man has any right to sell unless he possesses that right by the purchase of a license, licenses being granted only to a select few. The man charged with selling liquor does not plead in extenuation any natural right, or if he did it would avail him nothing; the only defence is the license.

Upon the advocates of the new law then devolves the duty of proving that the trade in intoxicants inflicts serious injury upon the rights, interests, affection or virtue of society, that total prohibition is the most expedient method of dealing with it, and that public sentiment is ripe and ready for the change. Of course this latter consideration will be demonstrated by the vote. If public sentiment is not ready for the new law, the Act will be defeated.

These are the issues, and during the next few months the lines will be closely drawn, and the conflict will wax warm. In Ontario the Licensed Victuallers have shown themselves unwilling to surrender the field unsought. A handsome fund of over \$100,000 has already been subscribed, and every inch of the ground will be hotly contended. In this province thus far the action has been mainly on the part of the prohibitionists, but they will reckon without their host if they expect to have a walk over. They are getting their organization completed in every county and city, and in a few days will be sharply at work circulating the petitions. The work of the other side will follow immediately that the platform agitation is opened up, and though the vote will not likely be reached in Manitoba before November or December, the campaign will be upon us, with all the excitement and interest of a political contest in a few weeks.—*Winnipeg Sun*.

COBWEBS AND WINE.

"Cobwebs is cobwebs. We all know that," he began axiomatically. We all know that they signify age, antiquity, and sometimes neglect. Cobwebs only come where men are not to be found. By that I don't mean to say that they show their bad taste, but it's simply a curious fact. Leave a room for six months, and at the end of that time you see your cobwebs before you. Cobwebs," he added, sinking his voice to a mysterious whisper, "love cellars. They cluster around every object to be found in that dim

obscurity. They hold ghostly orgies across the windows, and execute Walpurgis night dances from the ceilings. But best of all, they cling yearningly to wine. They're very conservative, though. It takes time to have a good thick gathering on wine. And you know that good old port wine with half an inch thickness of cobwebs, is worth a fabulous price." The wine merchant took up a bottle from beneath the mound of cobwebs and held it up. It had an incrustation of cobwebs as thick as the coating on the Cesnola collection of Cypriote antiquities. It looked like an ill-shaped Stilton cheese, only more so. "In this case," continued Bacchus, "I've supplied the effect of years. By a remarkable process at least there's nothing very remarkable in it except its deception—I've laid that coat of cobwebs on the bottle. You can buy pounds of cobwebs from ragpickers at a few cents a pound. They're very cheap, because there's not a great demand for them. Well, say I've just imported my Pomard St. Julien, St. Emilian, St. Estephe, and so on. I look at the row of bright clean bottles, and says I, 'Bacchus, my boy, they won't sell. They're too beastly new;' and so I break open dozens of eggs, take out the whites, beat them up in a bucket, plunge the bottles therein, and bring them out sticky and glistening. That's the first coating of age. Then for five-year-old wine I put on a thin coat of cobwebs for ten years a more substantial garb, for fifteen years an almost black dress, and for twenty-five years an incrustation for which I have to take a great deal more time and white of an egg. It's very simple. I send over my dozen in crusted bottles to some epicure's restaurant in a flat basket, with a label, 'Don't stir these bottles,' just as though they'd never been moved for years, and as though there was a delightfully rich sediment at the bottom. Then the gentlemen expatiate on the 'fragrant bouquet,' 'the delicious flavor imparted by age,' 'tempered sun of the grape,' and 'the mellow sweetness of antiquity.' When I hear this I feel no compunction. I only see that the alleged connoisseurs of wine are as truly humbugs as—well as I am."—*Detroit Free Press*.

PROHIBITION.

It is a scientific fact that, as a general thing, God's laws are prohibitory laws. Knowing man's evil tendencies, He knew these restrictions to be essential to his well being. There are nine prohibitions and only one affirmative command (and that is a prohibition by implication,) in the Decalogue which has never been surpassed for excellence and moral purity. By thus telling the people whom he delivered from bondage what they should not do, was God interfering with the liberty of the people? No stronger prohibitory code can be found than the Jewish Code which fairly bristles with "thou shalt not."

To prohibit the liquor traffic, which tends to enslave our fellow-citizens and rob them of their usefulness in life and their hope in death, in no respect infringes upon personal liberty. While this traffic robs our fellow-men of their money, giving them no equivalent in return, it also robs them of their manhood, and causes the innocent to suffer as well as the guilty. It debases and demoralizes mankind and converts a kind and affectionate father into a merciless monster. By desolating and desecrating the home, it casts a shadow of sorrow and grief over the world.

Although this traffic has made orphans by the hundreds of thousands, it has never clothed or fed a single one. Although it has broken the heart and made life a burden to many a noble woman, it has yet to comfort one. It has never accomplished any good while it has left a wide and dark pathway of ruin and death. Wives have been widowed, children orphaned, and home has been converted into a pandemonium. And yet these human cormorants who fatten themselves upon the heart-aches and sorrows of others dare talk of "personal liberty." If the liquor dealers were punished for one-tenth of the miseries they have brought to the homes of their fellow-citizens; if they were punished for the murders for which they are responsible they would enjoy neither personal liberty nor life. God grant that the day may soon come when even the saloon keeper may have justice meted out to him. And when it does come there will be no need of a prohibitory law outside of the jails and penitentiaries.—*Northwestern News*.