

year, could have no such privilege. No doubt there were many instances of similar injustice. This should be remedied. Justice is the first plea of a Prohibitionist and we should grant what we demand.

Some will say that any remedy for this defect will open a source of law evasion to the liquor element. My reply is that the liquor element has ever been a lawless one, observing no enactment however generous in its terms as to the sale of liquor. My appeal is to the ordinary sense of justice in every man, not based on any consideration for the Liquor Traffic. The shortest possible shrift is all too long for it to have.

The second arose from rather than under the Act. Certain sources of enjoyment, of amusement, of social conventions were swept away with the Bar. No equivalent was given in other ways. Circumstances have, perhaps, robbed this, somewhat, of its sting but it is yet important.

Should Prohibitionists be discouraged over the outlook? By no means. Let us seek to replace injustice by justice; the Order-in-Council by wise legislation enforced by due penalties; to amend the Act so that all will share and fare alike under its provisions; to educate—not force, public opinion, and all will be well.

The Moderation Party is not to be feared. I respect the integrity and ability of such leaders of the movement as Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, Mr. Charles Wilson and D. J. O'Neill, but even gifted leadership cannot prevent the party sinking beneath its Old Man of the Mountain—the liquor traffic—or crashing on a dozen rocks not far to seek. If we play a fair and fearless game the Moderation Party, burdened without and broken within, will vanish like a morning mist—done to death by those whom it would help and save.

Calvary

By Donald Graham

Along the road to Calvary
The dawn is breaking bright and free;
The blessed dew breathes sweet to me
Along the road to Calvary,
The night-washed road to Calvary.
Out of the darkling pools of sleep,
Where things forgotten drowse and keep
Silence till out to sun they leap,
I see the road to Calvary,
The sun bright road to Calvary.

From palace, temple, noisome den
Vomits a flood of fierce eyed men

And matrons; mad with hatred then
They watch the road to Calvary,
The long grey road to Calvary.

The mob roars through the gateways wide
Where, floating on the human tide,
Three crosses, which the cries deride,
Toss on the road to Calvary,
The storm-rent road to Calvary.

The lonely road is crowded now,
The grass is trampled, torn each bough
That cooled the reeking, anguished brow
Along the road to Calvary,
The burning road to Calvary.