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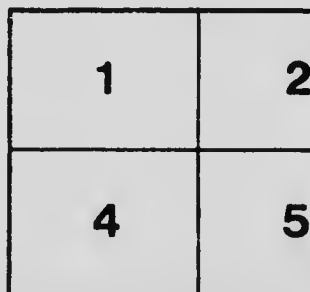
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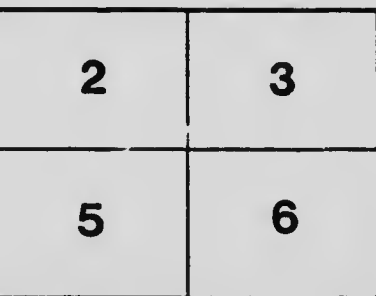
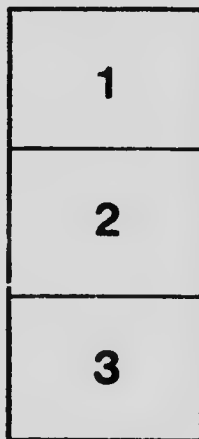
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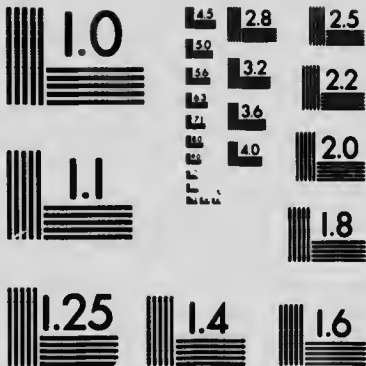
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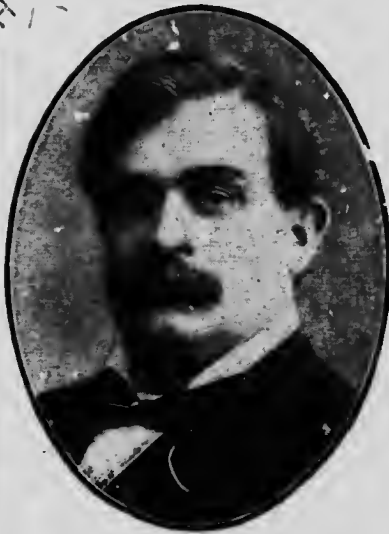
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**What Shall We Do
With the Liquor
Traffic In
Manitoba?**

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Rev. James L. Gordon, D.D.

Pastor Central Congregational Church

Winnipeg, Manitoba

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Royal Templars of Temperance

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Manitoba

This sermon was delivered in Central Church, Winnipeg, Sunday morning, March 9, 1913, by Rev. Jas. L. Gordon, D.D., on the request of Aurora Council, No. 1, R. T. of T., to celebrate the birthday anniversary of Mr. W. W. Buchanan, the father and founder of the Council. An annual banquet has been given by Aurora Council in honor of this occasion for a number of years, but as the date fell on Sunday this year, a church service was substituted. It is estimated that 600 members of Aurora Council attended the service, and a great audience of nearly 2500 filled the big church.

William Wallace Buchanan, journalist, lecturer and social reformer, was born in Sarnia, Ontario, on the ninth day of March, 1855. Thirty years ago, next November, when editor of the Winnipeg Daily Sun, he instituted Aurora Council, the mother society of the Royal Templar movement in the Canadian West. He was the first presiding officer of the Council, the first head of the Provincial Body for Manitoba, and for twelve years was the National Chief. His voice has been heard in every part of the Dominion, as well as in other lands, and he is the Vice-President for Canada of the International Prohibition Federation.

Aurora Council holds a public temperance meeting every Thursday evening, in the Odd Fellow's Temple, Winnipeg, keeps up a continuous pledge-signing movement and an enterprising literature campaign. Friends of the cause, even if not able to attend regular meetings, are invited to become members. Two dollars for men and one dollar for women is the annual membership fee.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC?

The man who has no solution for the evils of the liquor traffic is a poor christian, an indifferent citizen and no statesman. It is, well nigh, the only evil which threatens the permanency of our civilization. War, hellish as it is, produces a certain type of heroism and an historical result, the conflicts of commercialism register themselves in original forms of thought and persistent phases of splendid leadership in human affairs, but its blighting, blasting effect on men and morals, has no equal. It simply means a combat of capital, commercial machinery and inordinate greed against the love of a mother's heart. The proportionate strength of the contestants is as a child in the hands of a monster. Capital against the child. Millions against the mother. Hundreds of millions against the home. Organized greed against an unsubsidized sentiment. The unequal character of the conflict will yet arouse the unselfish elements in human nature and that which exists only to curse will be crushed by an avalanche of human contempt.

We submit two self-evident propositions. First. Nobody doubts that if the liquor traffic could be blotted out it would prove an unmixed good and a universal blessing. Second. No thinking person believes that the liquor traffic in its present withering, blighting, blasting form will go on forever. The thing is too horrible to contemplate. We have too much respect for an advancing civilization to believe that. Whatever ought to be in the end will be. Young man, put that in your note book, write that across the title page of your bible, carve that into the granite

of your brain—Whatever ought to be, in the end will be.

Every nation on earth is dealing with the liquor traffic, and the greater the nation the stronger are the measures of restriction. In our anglo-saxon civilization we never "let up" on an evil. What we have we hold and what we haven't got we reach for with a divine persistency. To "let up" or to "give up" in the battle for a correct principle goes against the grain for a British subject or an American citizen. Labor men persist in fighting dishonest capitalists. Socialists persist in claiming an equal share for all who are equal. Single taxers persist in agitating the land question. Lovers of peace persist in making war upon war and "yellow pulpiteers" persist in making it warm for the social evil and the white slave trade. The cultured exponents of political pretexts in our beloved city, two years ago, charged the local clergy with being ignorant, biased and unwise in their attitude toward commercialized iniquity, only to learn that the report of every scientific commission appointed by Canadian and American cities favored the preacher and condemned the politician. Score one for the preachers, please.

The man who fights the liquor traffic—mark you—is just as persistent as the traffic which he fights. The temperance fanatic enjoys good health and the total abstinence crank will not down. In the end, the moral forces always win. Always. As I had the pleasure of remarking in the presence of Sir Rodmond, in the legislative chamber, the other day,—“When I look backward over the history of the world for the past ten years I am inclined to be discouraged. When I extend my retrospect to cover fifty years I am impressed. When I review the moral progress of the

world for one hundred years I am encouraged. When I contemplate the splendid achievements of the past two hundred years I am decidedly encouraged. When I bring three centuries of christian conflict into purview I am not only encouraged—I am inspired. But when I stand humbly by the judgment seat of time and view the progress made in one thousand years by "the sacramental hosts of Gods' elect" I am prepared to believe that all things are possible to him that belleveth. In history we find the vaulted treasures of our moral miracles. The moral forces always win.

Our scheme is local. The principles involved are universal. Every great movement is world wide in its proportions and must be dealt with in a big way. There are two programs. The program of the liquor men and the program of the temperance people. A knowledge of your enemy's plan is one half the battle. Wise guesses in war lead to victory. Let us consider these two programs. Theirs and ours. The black legions of hell arrayed against the forces which stand for "God and Home and Native Land." Your village hotel keeper will give you a dollar for your sick friend, ten dollars for your pastor's salary, twenty dollars for your church organ, one hundred dollars for your local hospital—but he is in league with the forces which blast the home and damn the community. And he knows it. His "charity" is the meanest form of scientific advertising in vogue. Be a fool if you will, but never give the rum seller the satisfaction of indulging in "a knowing wink" at your expense.

The program of the liquor traffic may be discovered by a careful study of the arguments presented and set forth by their

chosen writers, advocates, lobbyists and spokesmen.

Argument No. 1.—The Bar-room is a Social Institution and one of the great girders of our civilization—the people's forum and the poor man's club—necessitated by circumstances and crowned by custom.—Let us examine this statement. We oppose the saloon because it is anti-social. Genuine sociability makes for friendship, love and brotherhood, but the saloon is anti-social and its influence tends to blast every human relationship. The Bar-room is not the poor man's club, but the club that makes men poor. Bar-room sociability is sociability with a shovel—it shovels in a man's money and then shovels out the moneyless man. The saloon works automatically in favor of the man who owns it and against the man who patronizes it. Saloon sociability is anti-social.

* Bar-room sociability is sociability with popping corks, clinking glasses, babbling tongues, gibbering lips, reeling forms, blinking eyes, bedraggled hair, alcoholic fumes, insane hilarity, boisterous noises, and smoke em-purpled distances. Sociability with a sanded floor, a well screened door, a human mix-up, a hiccup and a ha-ha, blasphemous words and unholy phrases. Sociability which would blast a home and forever brand a church. Gamblers, burglars, confidence men, thieves, harlots, social outcasts, and compromising politicians all believe in saloon sociability. The weakness of the bar-room type of sociability consists in the fact that you can't be social unless you drink. The statesman who calls "treating" a social function does not know the difference between drinking and thinking, guzzling and talking, swilling and conversing. The treating system is sociability, run-mad. Treating? What tomfoolery. What slush! What non-

sense! What idiotic preference! What brainless choice! What senseless selection! What rattle-brained indiscretion! Bosh—that a man should drink for the sake of sociability. Why corrode our brains, honeycomb your system with cancer, burn out the fuses of your body, rot your bones, befog your mind and sacrifice your soul—and all for the sake of sociability?

Sociability? The "Bar" is not the only social institution on the face of the earth. Thank heaven we have churches, lodges, gymnasiums, associations, societies, theatres, motion picture palaces, rinks, reading rooms, art galleries, fraternal organizations and scores of other innocent places of amusement—anyone of which is of more social value to the community than a dozen saloons.

Argument No. 2.—It is true that the saloon has a bad reputation. It has been permitted to degenerate. It has fallen on evil days. Through neglect and oversight it has drifted into unholy hands but since it is of such vital importance to our civilization it must be reformed. It must pass through a process of regeneration. It must be refined and transformed. — The honorable body of Distillers and Brewers on the North American continent stand sponsor for this wonderful achievement in the realm of social ethics. The saloon shall be reformed!—Ahem—Let us cogitate!

Reform the Bar-room? That "would" be going some. When you can reform the saloon you can clean up hell and put hades in cold storage for a thousand years. Permit us to prescribe a remedy. The way to reform the saloon is to uncork the bottles, spill out the rum, fling out the flasks, burn up the barrels, break down the mirrors, smash the marble slabs, tear down the sign, turn over the tables, pulverize

the glass ware, demolish the demijohns, discharge the bartender and—fumigate the premises. The only way to reform the saloon is to hit it on the head—treat it as they do an ox in the slaughter house when his head is chained to the floor—one blow between the eyes and the work is done. I would like to strike that blow.

The saloon at its best but adds beauty to sin, music to crime, art to iniquity, charm to depravity, glitter to infamy, and gilds the very mouth of hell. Hit it. Hit it on the head.

Argument No. 3.—"The Bar-room helps business."—Hear the argument. It is the advance agent of prosperity. Its presence is the sign of commercial progress. Its absence means stagnation. Men flee from a saloonless town as rats leave a sinking ship. The saloon means sales. Boose means business. Wine means wealth. Red rum means ready money. Cognac means cash. Beer means bullion. Ask the commercial traveler. Who cares to stop overnight in a town where there is no red light, no empty flasks rimming the railroad station, no intoxicated men holding up the lamp posts, no round faced bartenders of capacious girth robed in stainless linen? Who? Ah who?

* "The "Bar" helps business"—Yes, as an epidemic helps a drug store, as a broken limb helps an hospital, as an empty pocket helps a pawn shop, as a railroad accident helps a train gang, as a conflagration helps a fire engine company, as an insane person helps an insane asylum, as a burglar helps a detective agency, as a broken pipe helps a plumber, as a thief helps a police station, as a vagabond helps the poor house, as a tramp helps the Associated Charities and as a sinner helps the Salvation Army. The

real truth is that the liquor combine seeks, in every way possible, to curse, by a mean species of commercial slander, every town which drives out the saloon. It must be fostered or every honest trade shall be driven to the wall. The Bar-room is an outlaw. Its methods are those of a "Jesse James." It must be permitted to live and wither every beautiful flower of spiritual bloom, or if driven out of the town, its salaried representatives will see to it that every kind of commercial slander and business suspicion are directed toward the community, which having the choice of an option on local interests decides in favor a "local option" as against drunkenness, debauchery and shame. Thanks to a kind fate there are thousands of prosperous communities which survive the anathemas of Rumdom. Aye "the saloon helps business"—the liquor business.

Alcohol may have a social value of a very low order, but it certainly has no business value. Worse than dynamite in the hands of an anarchist is alcohol in the realm of business. Alcohol in the pilot room of an ocean steamer—alcohol in the cab of a locomotive — alcohol in the switch box of a railroad—alcohol in the motor end of a street car—alcohol on the brain of the chauffeur of a taxicab.—Alcohol and business strike hands but once and that is in the bank book of the brewer. Even the doctors have found something better than "alcohol."

The Bar-room? Who wants the blessed thing? The manufacturer says: "Place it ten blocks away." The university president says: "Locate it two miles away" The director of public schools says: "Put it four miles away." The manager of public institutions says: "Keep it out of sight." The decent citizen says: "I'll not have

it near my home." The real estate agent affirms in the presence of a prospective purchaser: "There is not a saloon in the neighborhood." It's strange, isn't it, that such a divine institution as the saloon is not in universal demand. The fact is there are some people who seem to be "unreasonably prejudiced" against the "blooming thing."

Every business should fight the "boose" business from a purely business standpoint. The meanest trust is the liquor trust. It is all profit for the trust and no benefit for the consumer. The meanest way to make a dollar—and we all seem to know the value of a dollar—the meanest way to make a dollar—and here's our compliments to the brewers of Winnipeg—the meanest way to make a dollar is to manufacture bad rum, call it "a food," sell it for ninety per cent. more than it cost, crowd it on an unwilling community and then have the divine audacity to call the whole thing a "business." It is easy to do business when you trade on human weakness and offer baits to those who are strong of appetite but weak of will.

Rum is a poison, label it as a poison, brand it as a poison, restrict it as a poison, safeguard it as a poison, tax it as a poison, legislate against it as a poison, and if a man insists on dying by a slow process of poisoning **let him drink and die at home**, where the immediate members of his family can examine his pockets for cash and coin, rather than that the heartless representatives of the underworld should fleece him of every bit of available currency and rob him of jewels which once shone with tender sentiments of love and affection.

Argument No. 4.—"The Allied Industries." We are asked to remember that the liquor traffic does not stand alone. It is allied

with other industries—touch one and you strike all. Touch the liquor traffic and you send a financial shiver through the whole commercial world. Here are a score of great industries which would be immediately affected. Think of the manufacturers of glass ware, bottles, silverfoil, printed labels, printers ink, packing boxes, paper wrappers, string and cord, tin tops, rubber bottoms, mucilage, demijohns. barrels, casks, sawdust, big horses, heavy waggons, and carbonic acid gas—and corks—we had almost forgotten the corks—how the liquor traffic would foam and fizzle without corks, and how could the cork industry survive without the liquor traffic. Wipe out the liquor traffic and you would have to reconstruct the map of Ireland. Who would think of a map of the Emerald Isle without Cork. Be prepared to weep oh child of St. Patrick. Corks! Corks!—We went through the manse yesterday and counted the bottles which were blessed with corks, stuffed neckwise with corks, crowned with corks—a cork for every bottle and a bottle for every cork—and we counted one hundred and sixty-two bottles and one hundred and sixty-two corks—and there was not a whiskey bottle in the whole collection. From which I infer that the cork industry might possibly survive. But doubtless all the other industries would come down in one great universal collapse such as would cause the earth to quake and all created things to quiver. The thought is absolutely too appalling to contemplate. Take the rubber trade for instance, nothing could possibly save it. Touch the liquor traffic and the rubber industry is done for! "For why?" as the backwoods orator would inquire "For why?" The answer is clear, the reasoning sound, and the answer unanswerable. "For why?" List-

en: Brewery waggons have rubber tires—therefore the rubber industry would be doomed. Enough said.

No brewer would be found lying about an allied industry. These are honorable men, engaged in a clean business and working for the emancipation of the race and the salvation of humanity. Therefore let us proceed to inspect the fifth bear-stained argument presented in behalf of the traffic which does so much to foster divine instincts in the bosom of humanity.

Argument No. 5.—“Revenue.”

—That word is a weighty argument in itself. What would the State do without the revenue, which it receives from the liquor traffic? Who would pay for jails, prisons, policemen, refuges, reformatories, penitentiaries, hospitals, asylums, poor houses, and all the machinery of crime and poverty? This is a serious problem for judges, lawyers, students of history, experts in political economy, politicians and statesmen. But, strange to say, to the ordinary mortal who has a brain sufficient to master the simplest problem in mathematics, such as two and two make four and one from one leaves nothing—to “the man on the street,” the questions of “revenue” for the results of crime and poverty is solved in the removal of the cause of crime and poverty. For every dollar the liquor traffic pays in “revenue” the people are taxed twenty-one dollars for crime disease, insanity, pauperism, and accident. Great statesmanship that! The greatest luxury which the modern state indulges in—its most unjustifiable expense—is in its foolish fostering of the liquor traffic. Rum revenue is a bribe which weakens the conscience of the people. If a “revenue” secures a certain protection the amount of the revenue ought

certainly to equal the cost of the protection.

If the liquor traffic in Manitoba paid the government what the government is compelled to pay in order to protect itself from the effects of the liquor traffic, the government would own the liquor traffic "bag and baggage" inside of five years. The "revenue" argument from the standpoint of a captain of industry or from the point of view of the man who has a genius for discovering the relationship between cause and effect would last just about long enough to brand it as absurd, idiotic, insane and decidedly outside the confines of business ethics. The liquor traffic, as a business proposition, is the most expensive piece of legislation which ever passed muster in the realm political.

Argument No. 6—"Vested Interests."—We are asked to have some regard for the rights of those who are directly dependent upon the capital invested in rum producing implements. If this capital is impaired the state must provide ample compensation. So argue the friends of society's worst enemy. No compensation for the man who discovers that a new invention has suddenly robbed him of a source of income which was thought to be permanent. No compensation for the manufacturer who wakes up some bright morning to learn that mercurial humanity has shifted its preference from bicycles to automobiles, but compensation for a traffic which has been cursed for a thousand years in Scripture, poetry and the philosophy of practical life. The liquor traffic has been warned to retire, but it refuses to heed the universal suggestions of an approaching doom. Its main instrument of warfare is the prostitution of wealth to silence conscience and crush character. When it has exhausted the possibilities of that instrument

its power of aggression is ended. It has but this one instrument and in a wealth producing age its edge will soon be dulled. But the enemies of the liquor traffic are coming into the possession of a thousand effective instruments. The motion picture houses of Canada, well equipped and under splendid censorship, are providing entertainment, amusement and instruction for tens of thousands of men who otherwise might be tempted to spend their time in places of low resort. There were twenty-five thousand men in motion pictures shows in Winnipeg last evening. Their presence in this new-fashioned playhouse meant a loss of thousands of dollars to the liquor traffic. The instruments to be used against the saloon in the future will be found in the scientific and mechanical realms. The liquor vendors' trade is doomed.

"Vested Interests" will be divested of capital and interest without apology and without compensation. There will come a day when there will be more money in clean amusements than in dirty beer. Fie on your "vested interests"! A mother has as much interest invested in her rosy-cheeked boy as the brewer has in his state-protected industry—and destiny will favor the boy. All the forces of fate conspire to destroy the enthroned forces of evil. It's the millions against the mothers, but the mothers will win.

Argument No. 7—"Personal Liberty."—By the shades of millions of souls enslaved, where did they ever hit on that argument? If the subject were not so serious we should smile. Personal liberty, forsooth! The wholesale liquor dealer is a remarkable character. Remarkable indeed! What a theologian is he—"Prohibition violates the teachings of Scripture." What a public-spirited soul is he—Prohibi-

tion injures business." What a saint is he—"Prohibition drives men into secret sin and awful hypocrisy." What a patriot is he—"Prohibition reduces the revenues of the state." What a philosopher is he—"Prohibition violates the principles of personal liberty." What a lover of humanity is he—"Prohibition would banish the poor man's club."

Strange that such a good man should be engaged in such a mean business. How marvelous it is that the whiskey specialist and the bacteriologist should be interested in "Bible study," "personal liberty," "secret sins," "sociability," "health foods," "religion," "humanity," "the working man," "sobriety," "self-control," "public decency," "the avoidance of every appearance of hypocrisy," and "the reformation of the saloon." Certainly the world must be growing better, when the brewer uses such sanctified phraseology. And how charitable he is, too. Keep mum and he will build your new church for you. Charity? Away with your charity! We are not willing that our province should be cursed in the name of charity. We ask not for charity but for sobriety. A ward in the hospital will never compensate for a wound in the heart.

* * * * *

But, mind you, the temperance forces of Manitoba as lined up and represented by such splendid organizations as the Royal Templars and The Moral And Social Reform Council, are not without a definite programme for the stupendous task which is before them, and, having outlined the programme of The Enemy, we purpose in the brief moments still left to us to indicate the main steps in our own plan for the restriction of the liquor traffic in Manitoba.

First. We purpose to persist. We will keep on fighting. The main trick of the liquor men is

to wear out the patience of the temperance people by queer quibblings about legal points. We will face and fight them point by point. Stirred by their underhandedness we will annoy them by our persistence. Since they have given us the name of "crank" and "fanatic" we will make the names mean something. Fact is, we rather like the descriptive phrases. The temperance fanatic is a good deal safer in the community than the citizen who is intoxicated and a temperance crank is a good deal more respectable than a boozing idiot. The name and game shall be ours.

Second. We will meet and match them in the political realm. We will persist in our demand that legislative enactments for the restriction of the liquor traffic shall be fully equal to public sentiment. There are two kinds of sentiment—public and private. There is a private sentiment which exists to coin cash and reap profits, and there is a public sentiment which, when it visits the capital of the province, uses its own time and pays its own fare. We prefer the unselfish type of sentiment. The sentiment which pays its own way is better than the sentiment which travels on a corporation pass. In spite of special agents, salaried lawyers, subsidized orators, and professional lobbyists, public sentiment still has a value. The liquor men in the United States made a deliberate effort to corral the "parcel post" as an aid to their business. But the Webb-Kenyon bill, prohibiting the carrying of intoxicants from "wet" to "dry" states, was passed, in spite of all opposition, by a splendid majority in both houses of Congress. Then the liquor men visited Washington and surrounded President Taft. That extraordinarily weak individual succumbed to their influence and vetoed the bill. Hav-

ing a judicial sort of mind, the great president imagined that he could discern something in the bill which threatened the permanency of American institutions, so he vetoed the Webb-Kenyon measure and pleased the saloon lobbyist. Congress met, however, in a few days, and by a majority still more overwhelming passed the vetoed bill over the president's head—vetoing his veto—this being the only time that such a legislative rebuke has been administered to Roosevelt's successor during his entire term of public service as president. The American people are growing tired of whiskey dictation and rum control in the political realm and so are a majority of the people who reside in the prosperous province of Manitoba.

Third. We will match agitation with agitation, no matter how much it costs. Our temperance agitations are costing the "vested interests" quite a handsome sum from time to time. Every strong sermon aimed at the infernal thing sweeps a row of silver pieces from the beer decorated slab of the bar-room back into the poor man's pocket. They know it. But we hardly realize our own influence as preachers and parishioners in this respect. The greatest shock the "traffic" ever received was the great temperance tidal wave of 1908-1909. Twenty thousand Bar-rooms were put out of business in two years. Since then the liquor trust has been spending money "like water" to turn the tide. Bless your soul, what a comfort it is to see them alarmed at last. Let us make it warm for them in these prairie provinces. It takes about one hundred dollars of the brewer's tainted money to counteract the influence of one dollar's worth of clean, Christian coin. There's quality, even in money. An eighteen months' campaign in Texas cost the liquor men no less than

\$300,000. They raised this amount by levying a tax of twenty cents on every keg of beer brewed and sold in Texas. Thank God! Keep at it, comrades, and it will cost them more than that before they get through. Keep the kettle boiling. Blister them until they shiver. Roast them until they get cold—in the extremities. Agitate, argue, arraign, assail and attack. Give them no peace while the moon endureth. Lash them with logic. Cut them with sarcasm. Face them with facts. Pound them with proofs. Stab them with statistics. Riddle them with ridicule. Scorch them with Scripture. Torture them with truth. Be ever at it. Give them a taste of the agony which others have suffered because of their sin—I repeat, we will match agitation with agitation, no matter how much it costs. And in the end we will win.

Fourth. We will rob the liquor traffic of its chief instrument—The "Bar." The man who apologizes for the saloon is a paradox, hard to understand and difficult to explain. Either he is densely ignorant or he is financially interested, or he is wilfully wicked. Take your choice. The saloon is a national nuisance and an individual curse. It is incurably vicious. It is in touch with every vile thing in our civilization. There is not a thief, burglar or cutthroat who does not feel strangely at home in a saloon. Every man who is an enemy of society loves the atmosphere of the saloon. The saloon is the main hole out from which there comes forth the foul stench of the moral sewerage of the world. It is the centre of crime and the source of every sin.

Civilization's biggest problem is the "Bar." What shall we do with it? Put it where you please and it is a nuisance. Place it on the street corner, adorned with snow white marble and decanters

of cut-glass and it is a snare—a pocket edition of perdition in gilt-edged binding. Hide it away in the rear end of a blind alley and you are playing with a dynamite bomb of deviltry which may explode at any moment. Crown it with high license or curse it with low license, it remains the same unsolvable problem—a national nuisance and an individual curse. Even the New York Bar-room, blest and consecrated by Bishop Potter, of the Episcopal Church of America, turned out a failure and a disappointment. Gladstone affirmed that the end of all legislation was twofold: that men might find it easy to do right and hard to do wrong. With such a twofold design in view we will keep an eagle eye on the Bar-room. We will chain it, curb it, restrict it, and, when we can, we will destroy it. This is one of the main items on our programme.

Fifth. We will rob the traffic of its methods of publicity. It will help our newspapers to abide by business methods which are moral when universal legislation and public sentiment demand the elimination from the columns of our newspapers and periodicals of all literary material and advertising matter which tend to injure and debauch. I could forgive the brewer who brewed his beer to meet a normal demand, but the modern brewer creates a demand, and then supplies it. And this he does by advertising; electrical signs, pictorial billboards, addressed circulars, and local "readers" in the columns of the daily press are all used to ensnare and seduce. Drink and dram must be crowded upon an unwilling community whether or no. Dissipation must be permitted to sneak in under the guise of the morning's news and also to flash its red wings of flame and fire from the roofs and walls of a hundred conspicuous buildings. Soon some modern state of pro-

gressive mood will stamp out the whole thing and the rest of the world will follow suit. Even men who insist upon the right to indulge in a glass of wine within the privacy of the home life are "through" with the saloon and out of sympathy with the modern brewer's method of foisting a dangerous traffic on a civilization which has decided that the whole business is unscientific and uncommercial. Rum is on the down grade. Doctors say it is no good. Lawyers affirm that it makes trouble. Generals assert that liquor opens the door for defeat. Preachers proclaim that it blasts character. Property-owners are on record to the effect that it decreases values. Business men are agreed that it stands in the pathway of commercial success.

Sixth. We will rob the liquor traffic of its respectability and brand it as an indecent thing. We will score it as anti-Canadian, anti-American and anti-Christian. The most dangerous trust is the liquor trust. It is a combination of gold without God, cash with character, silver without soul, and power without principle.

The liquor traffic is the evil genius of our civilization and the devil of our modern life. Drink is the mother of sin, the father of evil and first cousin to every mean thing. A distiller is no more fit for good society than a white-slaver is fit for official position in the church. Strong drink, as an organized force, cuts the dimple from the cheek of infancy, steals the bloom from the face of childhood, plucks the diadem from the brow of purity, snatches the rose from the happy face of motherhood, breaks the heart, blasts the home, withers love, crushes hope, and smites, as with the cruel hand of death, ev-

ery ideal enthroned in the human breast and every principle of eternal rectitude that was ever enshrined in the most holy place of the human imagination. The liquor traffic—I hate it! May God smite!—I predict the final restriction of the liquor traffic to such an extent as will guarantee the enthronement of universal sobriety. May God hasten the day!

The meanest man I ever knew presided over a liquor trust. He organized a blighting blast as broad as a province and as wide as a state, and presided over it. He traded in human souls and washed his hands in human tears. He laughed at human woe and turned a deaf ear to the prayers of the broken hearted. Homes were crushed that he might live, and childhood cursed that he might prosper. He lived in luxury and rode in splendor. His loved ones were robed in fabrics woven out of the heart strings of the helpless. He stood well in the realm of commerce and passed in good society, as a serpent might crawl through a bed of roses. The ruin he wrought was colossal, and every evil in a growing civilization sought protection beneath the vast bulwarks of his organized brutality. The magnitude of the slaughter of character and manhood was only equalled by the scientific precision with which the work of devastation was carried on. He was rich in his material possessions and influential in his commercial position. Men honored him in public and cursed him in their hearts. The trinity of all human evil—war, famine and pestilence grew insignificant in his presence. He had enthroned hell on the earth and given to misery a perpetual lease. So he stood forth as the incarnation of the mightiest and the meanest. I class him as the meanest man I ever knew. Organized meanness!! Systematic

meanness! Scientific meanness!
Meanness reduced to a science!

That, Sir, is our programme. We will persistently fight the liquor traffic. We will meet and match their representatives in the political realm. We will match agitation with agitation, regardless of cost. We will deprive the traffic of its chief instrument—the "Bar." We will rob the distiller and brewer of their methods of publicity. We will brand the traffic as indecent and rob its chief men of social standing and respectability. We will dethrone it locally by local option. We will destroy its trade by a pledged total abstinence. We will exterminate it finally and absolutely by provincial and Dominion prohibition. This is our programme. And every evolution in history, every discovery in science, every marvelous achievement in the realm of invention, brings nearer the day of our triumph.

* * * * *

We meet today to do honor to the name and character of our chosen leader, Mr. W. W. Buchanan. He it is who has led the forces of sobriety and moral reform in our province during the past decade. To him more than to any other man do we owe a great debt for the present united and solidified army of temperance workers. An army in which are to be found representatives of all denominations and all the departments of moral, social and industrial reform. To this heroic leader belongs the credit of creating, fostering and cementing the sane type of temperance sentiment which so recently resulted in the magnificent marshalling of the forces of righteousness in the city of Winnipeg in the greatest convention of moral forces ever held in the Province of Manitoba.

In this great convention we discovered that we had within

our reach and call the two necessary requisites for the achievement of substantial victories in our battle against the saloon and kindred evils, namely, a leader and an organization. The organization on whom we have pivoted responsibility for leadership bears the suggestive name of The Moral and Social Reform Council.

Our leader we have already named — William Wallace Buchanan is the most outstanding character in the ranks of those who labor for moral and social reform to be found within the boundary lines of our Dominion. For knowledge, experience, foresight, tact, eloquence, character, genius in leadership and commanding ability he possesses a rare combination of gifts which lift him immeasurably above the average public servant. This man has achieved a name and fame as broad as the continent. To the Province of Manitoba, in the providence of God, has been given this leader in the realm of moral conflict. The marvelous thing about friend Buchanan is that he has been fighting the enemy without ammunition and doing business for God without capita! or cartridge—but winning notwithstanding.

The convention decided that The Moral and Social Reform Council should assume responsibility for the leadership of the temperance forces in the province and that it should be authorized to raise for the work of the ensuing year the sum of \$25,000, engage field secretaries and prepare for an aggressive campaign, with a view to a more effective administration of the Local Option law and the final banishment of the bar from the hotels of the city and province.

The Council has met and organized. Already one secretary Rev. Robert Aylward, M.A., has been placed in the field. The choice of Rev. C. W. Gordon,

D.D., as president of the Council and the selection of Mr. W. W. Buchanan for its executive secretary guarantees a wise policy and a campaign which shall be immediate and forceful. We have the men—we have the machine—and the means will no doubt be forthcoming. I have no hesitation in saying that Central Church, as one of the units in this moral federation, will do her full share in the matter of a generous contribution.

We have as our guests, this morning, a noble band — the Royal Templars of Manitoba. This order exists for the consecration of sociability and the enthronement of sobriety. I am pleased to announce that these friends have decided to erect a building which will be fully equipped, not only for the special needs of their own order, but with ample facilities for the work of The Moral and Social Reform Council and other kindred organizations.

In the new building to be erected by the Royal Templars we shall have a provincial and municipal centre for all the forces of moral reform. Subscriptions amounting to not less than \$75,000, will be necessary in order to place in the heart of our growing city a forum, a council chamber, a clearing house, a campaign centre, for every circle of consecrated men and women who are determined to dethrone the evils of our civilization and to carry forward every approved scheme of reconstruction. Surely the christian people of Manitoba will not be slow in responding to such a call. A noble building is the most permanent expression of a determined purpose and a high type of practical enthusiasm.

Copies of this sermon may be ordered at \$2 per 100, by addressing P.O. Box 1658, Winnipeg.



