

Arguments Against Local Option.

As the local option campaign draws to a close, our friend, Mr. Cosy Corner, shows himself up in his true light. His malicious fire works in last week's Cosy Corner stamps him from head to foot as a small and narrow local option fanatic.

In the first place he says: "The Temperance people have no axe to grind." We quite agree with him in that statement. The true Temperance people have not; but some of the Local Option people of Markdale active in this campaign, have and a political axe at that. However, we are going to see to it that Mr. Cosy Corner and this bunch of political tricksters who are leading him around by the nose are not going to grind their axe at the expense of this thriving little village. If he thinks for one moment that the unreliable rubbish he is dealing out in his weekly Cosy Corner is going to help place Markdale in the list of dead local option towns, he is very much mistaken. He appears to be very much afraid that the people of Markdale will read both sides of this question, evidently he thinks they have no judgment or common sense of their own. He is the man who should dictate to them what to read and what not to read. He holds his hands up in holy indignation at the very thought of the Owen Sound Herald—one of the most reliable papers in Canada—being sent through the mail to the electors of this village, but he recommends them to read the local option paper. This newspaper, if you can call it such, is generally delivered by his agents some time after dark. You will find it in the morning slipped under your door or stuck through the woodshed window. It is rotten for the express purpose of boosting along the greatest temperance farce since the days of the Scott Act. By men who are well paid for their arduous labor. They are not at all over this province as political ward heens of the very smallest caliber. Mr. Cosy Corner thinks as it is his own paper, for him, it ought to do for you. Again he says the temperance people tell the truth. That may be true, but the temperance people say not all local option people are big game. On that particular point Mr. W. H. Scott put the Cosy Corner man to rout some time ago. To return to his misstatement that the local option people tell the truth and their opponents "hire men to write lies for them." Right here we have the living example of the Biblical Pharisee, thanking God that he is not as bad as the sinful publican. The opponents of local option in Markdale are not professing to be "saints." They are plain working men and plain business men who are anxious for the welfare of their town. They have neither the time nor the liking to sit in the study and concoct malicious schemes and untruthful statements such as appear in the local Cosy Corner.

The statements and statistics we have published from time to time in these columns are absolutely correct, some of them are word for word from the Government blue books. And more than that; week after week we have proved the statements made in the Cosy Corner were absolutely untrue.

Now we leave it to the intelligent electors of Markdale to decide and we trust they will bury this fraud and farce under an avalanche of adverse ballots on Jan. 6th.

The Anti-Local Option Committee wish to thank the publishers of the Markdale Standard for the fair play they have given us throughout the campaign, and we wish one and all a happy and prosperous New Year.

In the Markdale Standard of December 19th the Cosy Corner article states that an anti-local option man in Orangeville was convicted of whiskey selling under local option. This statement only goes to prove the contention of the men who have honestly investigated the workings of this so-called temperance measure, namely, that whiskey selling goes on just the same. What about the scores of others in this business who are not caught and punished. It is not sold only by men who are not in sympathy with this farce; but also some of the leading local option advocates. Take for example the case of W. J. Hawley, general agent of Caledon East. This great moral reformer was one of the leaders, if not the leader, of the local option movement in his Municipality. He was choir leader and a devout churchman. In fact, he was in every sense a pillar of the church. Through his unflinching efforts the campaign was carried to a successful issue and local option came into force amid the flourish of trumpets from the local option element. However, the booze business went on. So much so that the authorities stepped in to investigate. The result was a shock to the outraged community. Mr. Barrill was convicted and fined. Under such circumstances as these, would not sober thinking people of this village be justified in asking which one of our local option leaders will be the Billy Barrill of Markdale.

MOOSEJAW REPEALS LOCAL OPTION. Moosejawn, Sask., the home of Mr. R. J. McKennitt, former local option leader in Markdale, one of the oldest and most progressive towns in the west, after giving local option a thorough trial, reversed its decision Dec. 9th on a straight majority vote by 157 to 34.

Milestone, Sask., another Western town could not put up with the fare any longer, and repealed it by a substantial majority on Dec. 9th.

We are glad to know that our friend Mr. Squires is not in the coal business, but that our friend Mr. Bryans is.

Sir Richard Cartwright on Prohibition. The Late Eminent Canadian Statesman Declared It a Shame and a Proved Failure. In his extensive "Reminiscences" just published in book form in Toronto, Sir Richard Cartwright, the noted Canadian statesman who died a few weeks ago, gives his frank opinion of the prohibition movement and writes with refreshing candor of some of its leaders. All of the Toronto newspapers of November 21st, 1912, gave long advance extracts from Sir Richard's volume and referred to the "Reminiscences" as the sensation of the season. The following excerpts were included in the Toronto "Globe" of November 21st:

"I doubt very much the wisdom of attempting to enforce prohibition by-law. Like many good causes, it proceeds later, temperance has been doubly abused, partly by the undue interference with men's individual liberty, in itself a great evil, and next by the somewhat serious mistake of making a sort of shibboleth of adherence to the cause of temperance, a substitute for other and quite as important qualifications in public life.

"Not a few of the greatest scoundrels I have known, and my experience has been extensive, have been very ardent temperance advocates, and their acceptance of extreme temperance dogmas has been held to justify preferring them for places of trust and responsibility to men infinitely their superiors in all other respects. Briefly, their action in many cases may be described as zeal without knowledge. They have not to learn the lesson—difficult for many earnest philanthropists to realize—that moral reforms, to be lasting or valuable, must come from within and not from legal enactments. I speak thus because the agitation for temperance legislation has been, and very likely will continue to be, a disquieting factor in Canadian politics—and but rarely to good purpose.

Number of Summary Convictions in Owen Sound Police Court, for six months from May 1st to Oct. 31st, in each of the years from 1903 to 1911 inclusive.

Table with 2 columns: Year (1903-1911) and Convictions (Drunks and Disorders, Breach of other town By-Laws, Vagrancy, Assaults, Breach of Liquor License Act, Other Offences). Total: 72 convictions.

Table with 2 columns: Year (1906-1911) and Convictions (Drunks and Disorders, Breach of other town By-Laws, Vagrancy, Assaults, Breach of Liquor License Act, Other Offences). Total: 116 convictions.

I certify that the above is a true and correct record taken from the daily entries made by the Police Court Clerk of the town of Owen Sound, for the above named period.

W. MASSON, Solicitor Supreme Court, Notary Public for Ontario, Owen Sound, Nov. 20th, 1911.

Making the Farm Pay.

Did it ever occur to you that a very large number of farmers are trying to do what no other business men think of doing, that is, to run their business without a business paper. This should not be, and is disastrous. Farming is the largest and most important industry in this country, and every farmer should each week have the latest particulars regarding his business. The Weekly Sun, Toronto, is the farmer's business paper. It costs little and will repay you many times its price. It can help make the farm pay all it can pay.

FLESHERTON

(Special to The Standard.) The Presbyterian Sunday School anniversary on Christmas night was very successful. The church was well filled and a splendid program was given. Rev. H. E. Wellwood, pastor of the Methodist Church, presided in a fraternal and very happy manner. Prof. Elwood Green, deacon, Toronto, and Mr. Curry, choir leader and soloist, Toronto, made a strong team and were so highly pleasing as to be recalled in every number. On this occasion Prof. Green won his audience, as completely as he did here a few months ago. Mr. Curry, who possesses a magnificent bass voice, also captivated his audience and received a hearty welcome should he return here again. Members were given by local talent and the school, all of which were very pleasing. At the close gifts were distributed from a well-laden Christmas Tree. Proceeds \$103.00.

Christmas morning was ushered in by a load of carol singers, who followed the old-time custom here and for an hour or two after midnight made the welkin ring with their chanting voices. Dr. E. K. Richardson conducted, and Mr. Bowler's cornet was a splendid lead.

Mr. Kendall Mitchell, law student, Chicago, is home on a visit over the holidays. Mr. Alex. Strachan, of Ithaca, Iowa, visited his sister, Mrs. W. Clayton, last week. It is twelve years since Mr. Strachan visited here last week. He is a prosperous farmer and brought with him a sample of the splendid corn grown in his State.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Blackburn, Toronto, and Miss Jennie Blackburn, Mt. Forest, visited relatives here last week. Mr. and Mrs. J. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Wilson, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Wilson were home for a family reunion at Mrs. T. W. Wilson's last week.

Miss Willa Wright, teacher at Harrow, is home for the holidays. Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Harpel, of Toronto, visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Bellamy, last week and Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Sinclair, of Meaford, visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sharp.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Holland spent the holidays with friends at Woodbridge, and Toronto. Mrs. (Rev. H. E. Wellwood) went to Coldwater on Monday to attend the funeral of her sister's child. She was accompanied by her aunt, Miss McDougall, of Toronto, who visited over Sunday.

Mrs. J. A. Boyd and daughter, Mabel, went to Toronto on Monday to attend the funeral of their aunt, Mrs. Boyd, widow of the late Captain Boyd, who died on Saturday. Mrs. Boyd, who frequently visited here, was an amiable Christian lady much beloved by all who made her acquaintance. The news of her death was a shock to her relatives and friends.

Mrs. Symonds, widow of the late Mr. M. Symonds, who lived with her son, John, on the townline, Artemesia & Euphrasia, died on Wednesday night, last, aged 80 years. The funeral took place to Flesherton cemetery on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Hales, of Toronto, were holiday visitors with the former's parents here. Rev. W. Gaudin, now a student in Victoria College, and Mrs. Gaudin, are spending the holidays with relatives in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Watson visited at Hanover last week. Miss Lena Walker is home from Toronto visiting her mother. Mr. and Mrs. Storey, of Orangeville, visited at Mrs. Flynn's last week.

William and Jos. Field, who have been working at Whitley, are home for holidays. Rev. Robt. Fowles, of Toronto, supplied the Presbyterian pulpit on Sunday very acceptably.

OUR COSY CORNER

Last week's issue of this paper, in which we pilloried the booze men's lying and malicious rigmarole regarding Midland, was mailed to an old friend residing there. Mr. W. L. Parkhill is a Justice of the Peace. He is the Chairman of the High School Board. He is, also, and has been for years, the W. W. the Grand Orange Lodge of British America. He sends the following for publication:

"I have read with pleasure the column headed 'Our Cosy Corner,' which appeared in the Markdale 'Standard,' of date Dec. 16th, and wish most cordially and thoroughly to approve of it. The concise statements of His Worship, the Mayor, as well as the cutting from the 'Free Press' have my unreserved endorsement. Any man who tries to controvert them must justify the pay of the liquor men who are passed by liquor interests. They set forth facts, and I personally rejoice in those facts.

"Midland is more prosperous today than it ever was in my time, and I have lived here 24 years. It is 100 per cent better off than when we had license. We have men in this town who voted against Local Option, who are now its greatest supporters." (Signed) W. J. Parkhill, Collector of Customs.

Some impudent scribbler in last week's paper declared that "one of the leading stars of Norway was forced out of business since Local Option." That is a colossal and brazen lie.

A leading Norwood store sold out. That is true. It was the store of Messrs. Buck and Buck. But that they were "forced out of business" by Local Option or anything else is a flagrant falsehood. Owing to the illness of one of the partners, they disposed of their branch business in Hastings (a whiskey town) first. Later they sold the Norwood business. But Local Option had no more bearing on these proceedings than the Hastings whiskey. It was a wholly private and personal matter.

The same venacious authority states that the stock was sold "at the very low rate of 40 cents on the dollar." That is another lie. Messrs. Buck and Buck received over 80c on the dollar. This statement can be backed by affidavit, if required. And so on. For, while there was much good stock, one whole floor was crammed with merchandise that belonged to a pre-historic age. Nowhere in the country was there such an antiquarian show as this, which Messrs. Buck and Buck had hoarded from their predecessors. Young people repaired thither to make up for their misdeeds.

Some of the archaic articles from that "very floor" will be exhibited in this town during the next few days. And those who see it will allow that 80c on the dollar was a good price. If anybody will give a better price for it, he can have it.

This winter spent four happy years in Norwood. The Messrs. Buck and the officials of the magnificent Methodist church there, was entirely familiar with all the facts which led to the sale in question. The firm who bought the stock culled it, and offered the worthless remnant to some other buyer, but the fire devoured it. The 80c on the dollar sale was the only one that ever took place in Norwood.

The booze-booster's pretzel to commiserate Norwood. Norwood wants neither them nor their crocodile tears. Norwood kicked the devilish booze business into a cocked hat, and while the world stands, it will never have an imminence there again. Listen to what they say—and the test monies might be indefinitely multiplied.

Mr. John E. Roxburgh, the owner of the Norwood elevator, and the Secretary of the East Peterborough Agricultural Society, who is also an elder in the Presbyterian church, says: "Since Local Option came into force the Union Bank, which had done business in a rented office, purchased a lot and put up a fine large brick block for their own accommodation; and prospects being so good here, the Bank of Toronto came in just a year ago, and another fine stone and brick block is being built for them. When Local Option was voted on here, some of our merchants opposed it. When liquor interests tried to get up a petition for repeal, they succeeded, after canvassing the town, in getting a delivery boy and a farmer who happened to be in to sign it. This shows conclusively the feeling of our people."

Says the Reeve of Norwood, who is a Roman Catholic: "Some of our manufacturers are increasing their staff, and outlook is good. Morally the town is better, drunkenness practically eliminated. In many lines business is better."

"Tell us how your friend, Mr. Squire, lost the coal business of Havlock." That is the stentorian demand of the booze-booster in last week's paper!

The present writer cannot tell. Nor can Mr. Squire himself. Perhaps the nimble prevaricator, who propounds the problem, can relieve a world which has rendered anxious touching this important matter. Perhaps he can tell why Mr. Squire lost the coal business of Havlock. No one else on this planet knows anything about any such loss.

Mr. Squire, who is a good man and a Mason of degree, has been in the coal business in Havlock for eight years. Writing Thursday, he indignantly declares: "In spite of the mild weather we have sold 22 per cent more coal than in any former year." That is how he has lost the coal business of Havlock!

Can this same booze-booster tell why a number of farmers have turned their backs on Markdale, and to the town's loss of thousands of dollars, have carried their teams to Durham and Flesherton for the last few years? We will tell him. These men were so disgusted with the arguments that he and others of his ilk advanced, when Local Option was last discussed, that they determined to have nothing more to do with them. To have it told of them that they would not come to trade unless they could get whiskey was more than these self-respecting men could stand. Had there been another town in the Harkaway direction, many others would have gone there also. "That is the way they talk!"

The booze man, in last week's issue, does not actually say that A. Allen, of Havlock, was forced out of business through Local Option. He dare not do it. He might get himself into an uncomfortable scrape. But, by the twisted yarn which he has the hardihood to spin, he evidently hopes the public will draw that inference—for he has the audacity to think they are green and gullible enough. Local Option had no more to do with the Allen business than had the man in the moon. Now, as a lie is a statement made with intention to deceive, we charge him with being guilty of another. It is of the same web, color, weight, and stripe as all the rest. It is a stupid, but a stupendous lie!

The very last and vilest refuge into which the booze men are driven regarding their heartless and horrible business, they know full well, and final damnation. That truth they seek to hide and to suppress. But from underneath its heavy quilts of mendacity, and its dirty sheets of deceit, we drag the naked and hideous object forth, and make it stand in the sun. Said General Booth: "The inebriating cup is of the devil and leads to hell." The bar-room, declares a priest, "is the cause of six-sevenths of the crime of the nation. It is the hot-bed where outlaws germinate; the cradle where vice is rocked." If you want to see what the drink traffic is, look at the men in the penitentiary. Visit the penitentiary, the mad-house, and the potter's field. There, as well as the gallows, you get the truth, and nothing but the truth.

It is a safe maxim that nothing the booze men say, nothing they print, nothing they even swear to, can be believed (unless substantiated by other and independent evidence) when the booze is implicated. This writer has nailed down so many hundreds of flat-footed lies, he has attended so many courts and inquests where they have perjured themselves through a thick and thin, that he has abundant demonstration of the fact that for the booze's sake they will violate the truth at every turn, and turn, at that, with all the speed and agility of a porpoising acrobat. Obviously, that which can so demoralize and degrade otherwise decent men, this pestilent booze, should be driven back to the whence it came. And that is where, in the opinion of all that is good and holy, the enlightened citizens of this and other lands, have resolutely determined to drive it.

Any amount of money to lend on mortgage security at the lowest rate of interest. Expenses low. No fines. Properties valued properly. No waiting for convenience of inspectors. W. L. Young, Markdale, Appraiser for Canada Permanent Loan Company.

HILL BROS., Markdale. We take this opportunity to wish all our Customers and Friends a Happy and Prosperous New Year. HILL BROS., - Markdale.

Advertisement. A Man Lost! This very ringing from house to house through the settlement was startling. A dark rainy night, Mr. John Smith lost in the woods. He went out for the late afternoon to look for a tree of a certain kind of timber with a particular bend in it to suit the implement he was making. Looking for this he wandered beyond his ken, out of sight of any clearing. Clouds gathered, rain began to fall, the sun obscured making darkness set in early. John, who had not noticed these warnings in time, now realized he was lost. In the dim twilight he found a tree that he could climb. On a strong high limb he rested and began to shout. His voice was weak, he was tired, cold, hungry and lost. He was too far away to make the home people hear. As darkness fell and John saw the little home was all astir. Word was sent out that John Smith was lost, until the whole neighborhood was aroused. Men gathered at the home of the lost man. "They did not ask what color he was, how, his build or what church he belonged to. He was their neighbor and lost; they must find him. Lighted by torches, lanterns and lamps they started out, now shouting or firing off a gun, then pausing in intense silence to listen for a responsive call. Women who could leave their homes also came to help and cheer the distressed family. Not were they idle. They made the torches to light the men on their way. Those women worked, those men tramped through the dripping forest, finding, ever calling in hopes of finding their lost neighbor. Sometimes a whole night was spent before the man in the tree-top heard a call and answered. He was found and restored to his home and family by the united efforts of his neighbors. In every community, said to say, are lost men and lost boys, who don't want to get lost but surely will if they go on. Women's tears like rain are falling because of lost men and boys, where clouds of sorrow darken the sky. 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