

Personal Liberty

The whirlwind Temperance wave which caught Ontario, ended in a breaker which threatens to drown the vested liquor interests of the province.

Quietly, persistently and tenaciously have the temperance women and men done the spade work of educating public opinion.

The evils of the liquor traffic have been rehearsed from every platform and many pulpits.

The medical profession have condemned it as a habit forming drug.

Moralists have proven that it deadens the sense of morality.

Social betterment workers say that poverty and squalor and wretchedness follow in its wake.

Wives tell of ruined husbands and husbands tell of degenerate wives.

Neglected children cry to the powers that be, to protect their helplessness while politicians answer back that the tax on liquor is a great source of revenue to our country.

The brainiest and most capable of our men have cursed its effects after days and nights of snake-seeing and delirium.

Every sanitarium, asylum, and prison in the country have their tragic tale to tell of ruined lives.

Hospital beds add their quota of evidence and even the scaffold draws its black cap down lower while strangling the poor victims of a licensed traffic.

The genius is caught in the alluring mesh of convivial temptation and Robert Burns and Edgar Allan Poe call to us from premature graves to heed the lessons which their frailties taught.

With facts and figures, with evidence so circumstantial that no argument seems needed, with Lloyd George telling the whole world that rum is England's greatest enemy—with the Czar of Russia banishing Vodka from his nation at one fell stroke—with states and provinces and countries going dry, it would seem that at last a mighty Niagara of public opinion had worn a gorge so deep and lasting and forceful in its tremendous power, that every liquor shop and bar must be swept into the whirlpool of the past.

But Hark—above the half-mile banner in the ten mile prohibition procession held in Toronto, March the nineteenth, to