

all that is noble and best in the human heart. How often do not men, at the risk of their own lives, cast themselves into the rushing torrent of yonder mighty river, in order to save a fellow-creature from a miserable death? Can they look on unmoved at that other mighty torrent of Intemperance, which is fast carrying the best and noblest of our citizens far beyond the reach of human help?

The daily press records with enthusiastic praise and gratitude the daring exploit of the hero who, at the risk of his own life, dashes before the lightning express, as it bears down with frightful rapidity on the unconscious child playing on the track, and gathers its precious little life into his arms, to place it in those of the horror-stricken but now joyful mother. Will there be found no men in our city, no men in our legislature, to at least clog the wheels of that other destructive engine of evil, Intemperance, which threatens the lives of the youths of Montreal? In a word, will there be found men to resent every insult put upon woman except this one of drugging her with liquor, and stamping her fair brow with the infamy of drunken wife, mother, sister or daughter? In certain cities of the United States, a saloonkeeper (and in Montreal we must include the grocer) who dares to sell intoxicating drink to a woman or to a minor has his license at once cancelled. Let the men of Montreal see to it that at least womanhood and childhood be saved from the curse of drink.

Finally, as citizens of Montreal, will not a love for its prosperity, its morality, its fair name, rouse the people to demand wholesome laws for the regulation of the liquor traffic?

What prosperity can come to any city, which allows so many temptations to drink to be put in