

way of reaching the heights. Every one craves exaltation,—no one wants to go skulking through life, and when a man has received his exaltation from a black bottle for twenty or thirty years, he is incapable of any other kind. Alcohol kills man from the top down—the finer qualities go first, and so, although his physical powers may remain, the brilliance of intellect and the fine qualities of the soul are soon worn away.

The Old Drinker, facing a long, dry, unilluminated road, commands the sympathy of all thinking people. So, also, do his family, for his depression will know no lifting, and his sour face will darken the family circle. "If you had to live with my father," one girl said to a temperance worker, "you wouldn't be so dead sure about things. The only time we get a civil word is when we get a prescription for him. No, I won't vote for Prohibition—we get so fed up with his grouchiness, we are ready to break the law to get relief. You don't know what it's like,—we just can't live with him!"

The "peace at any price" policy is not heroic—but it is human.

Comparisons!

Heroism is a strange thing anyway. It is hard to apply it in small things. Many a man has let his dearly-beloved son go to fight, bravely and magnificently, self-forgetful in the common good, and yet, although he does not deny that prohibition is the best thing for the country, he refuses to vote for it because he is too fond of his own pleasure. Queer, isn't it? Something like the strange standard of values of the colored girl who brought her jewelry to a friend's house the night she was married, because "She didn't want to leave valuables lying around—with a strange nigger in the house."

Old Accounts Coming In!

A campaign like the present will bring out strange phases of human thought, but the great outstanding feature of it is—**We are going to hear from the women!** They have a long-standing account to settle with the liquor business—there are heavy accruments of interest—for the payment has been long deferred. It has been a weary time of waiting, and some have had to pass on without delivering a vote. They couldn't wait for polling day—with many of them the weight of woe was too heavy, but to us who are left, they have given their proxies.

I am thinking of one of them now whose proxy I hold. I met her at the time of the big parade in Edmonton, just prior to the 1915 vote. She was a little old lady, very thin and frail, like a piece of Irish beleek, who came on her crutches, and took her place in the line of march.

We had had some difficulty in getting people to march,—it was not dignified—it was not necessary—it would do no good—two miles was too far. Besides, nearly all our people had afflictions. Military inspection does not reveal more imperfections than a call for a parade. Perfectly well-looking people, men and women who bravely show a smiling face to the world, are really suffering, if we only knew it, from fallen arches, knock knees, flat knee, corns, bunions, and other varieties of hoof diseases. For these we provided cars.

But when the little lady on the crutch declared her intention to march, saying she was glad to be able to do something, at last, there was a great exodus from the cars—and the line of marchers grew and grew.

She did march—the whole two miles—with no sign of fatigue. She told me she had waited long for a chance to do something that might help. And it did help, for all the way the rhythmic thud of the old lady's crutch