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Singing Up the Hill

IT IS NOT MY INTENTION TO WEIGHT THESE PAGES WITH political happenings. Nothing is duller to the average reader than a blow by blow description of other people's battles. Even the battle for woman's emancipation, with its delegations, petitions, amendments, conventions. These have taken years of my life and other women's lives but the centre of gravity has shifted since then, and while I will not give way to regret that I spent so many years working for the equality of women, I cannot refrain from saying that the sight of women lined up in front of the Government Liquor Stores fills me with a withering sense of disappointment.

Of course I know women have as much right to drink as men. But I wish they wouldn't! It is not in keeping with their character. Children may get along with a father who drinks but when both parents are given to periods of indulgence it makes tough going for the children.

Almost every day the newspapers reveal the tragedies which result from this equality of indulgence: the little two-year-old found dead from a head injury after a party in his home, neither parent knowing anything about it; the nineteen-year-old girl who came to this city to visit her fiance spent the evening in the beer parlour and ended the night and her life by falling through a hotel window; the carload of people who drove into the harbour after a night of celebration and the innumerable