

ence that both men and women often spoil their ballots, and no matter how good the intentions are, how pure and undefiled the heart, unless the cross is put in the right place, it profiteth nothing.

No one could doubt the faithfulness of the bride who endorsed the first cheque given her by her husband, by writing on the back, in carefully shaded letters, "your loving wife, Edith," but it didn't go at the Bank! We need knowledge as well as zeal.

Get the "X" in the Right Place

In a recent test, when twenty-five women were given ballots and asked to vote on Prohibition, with the ballot worded as it will be in all probability, seven spoiled their ballots and three voted against, although it was their intention to vote for it. These things convince us that the present campaign must be one of education.

Stupid or Heartless

The greatest enemy to be overcome in this campaign is indifference. Not many people are actually wicked—but very many are unconcerned about matters of public welfare. "It has never hurt me," they say, seeing in that fortunate circumstance an excuse for being indifferent to the welfare of others. Surely the people who say this do not realize how utterly heartless and stupid this sounds, in the face of the record of the liquor traffic in the past.

If any person offers this as a reason for their indifference, or an excuse for not voting, I would strongly advise the canvassers not to spend too much time in trying to dispel this mental darkness. Better leave it, and pass on to more fruitful fields. You may argue, reason, agonize, and entreat, spending much precious time, but when the day of voting comes this vote will probably not be polled—the trouble is too deep-rooted and ingrowing to be removed by mere human hands like yours and mine. Only the grace of God can change a heart that is dull and selfish enough to have escaped being hurt by the sorrows of humanity.

But there are simple cases of indifference which yield easily, and to simple treatment. To them we must direct our efforts.

Talk!

There is no better way to create sentiment and generate enthusiasm than by talking. We are pretty nearly sure to be talking of something. "Generally speaking, a woman is generally speaking," is the motto that I see before me as I write. So, in the days that are coming, let us turn the streams of conversation toward the coming referendum, in our family circles, and group gatherings.

All reforms have begun and been carried along on the strong tide of talk,—common talk, which flows easily—and fits into every angle of life. Let us set the idle word to work as it has never worked before, and in order that the casual word may be loaded with significance and be sure to bear fruit, let me urge a careful reading of all the campaign leaflets. The evidence is all with us! But we must make use of it. Let us be intelligent talkers! We might just as well.

The Old Drinker

Let us, in our canvassing, deal gently with the Old Drinker. There is something very pathetic about the old man who has always been accustomed to his liquor. It has become his rainbow trail to Paradise—his only