

the way of its working classes? Is it not a fact of experience that thousands of our working people sink their hard-earned cash in the bank of the gilded saloon, with no other dividend to the unfortunate depositor, except the loss of his money, of his health, of his reputation, and of his virtue? If the drunkard were the only sufferer we would still have a strong motive for seeking to lessen his facilities for making such investments. But his wife, his children, his home, do not they appeal to us as citizens for help, for protection against this curse?

Visit the night refuges of our city, the winter homes of so many houseless wanderers, and too many of those who seek such shelters will tell you why they are homeless, and why they beg their daily bread. Visit our jail, and many a convict will inform you that but for liquor he would be an honor to his family, and he is its shame; a support to wife and children, and they no longer receive his help; a worthy citizen of Montreal, and he is a foul blot on its fair name. The morality of the city must necessarily suffer from such a sad state of things. There are men in this city, many of them Catholic as well as Protestant, who will tell you that they were faithful husbands and pure citizens till the night of their first drunken debauch. There are men in this city, many of them Catholic as well as Protestant, who will assure you that they never defrauded their neighbor of a penny till liquor demented them, or the craving for liquor urged them to steal that which would purchase drink.

We admit all this, you say; but what would you have us do?

I would have you speak, I would have you act. Speak to one another, encourage one another to