

hand in hand. From every place that has prohibited the sale of alcohol comes this testimony: "Shut the saloon, and you deal the deadliest possible blow to the social evil and to venereal disease. Ghastly as were the crimes of Germany against the mother and her unborn child, those perpetrated by strong drink are yet more appalling and more awful. General Booth went no whit beyond the truth when he spoke of children who are "damned, not born into the world." Every gardener knows that an unhealthy seed can never give a strong and vigorous plant. All life is one, and through the whole universe runs one grand harmonious plan. Scientists know that it is equally true with the seeds of life. A child whose life starts from an alcoholised life germ will never be a vigorous child, either physically, mentally, or morally. On the highest authority, a Congress of Alienists and Neurologists, we have it that alcohol is responsible for all the mental, moral, and sexual degenerates who crowd our gaols and mental hospitals.

And what care these Liquor Huns for the disgrace of the nation? Nothing is sacred from their greed of gold. To fill their own pockets they sell liquor to the soldier who comes back wounded from the fray. It is a sight to make angels weep to see the men who bore themselves bravely and proudly upon the battlefield conquered by the foe at home. Men sick and lame reel on our streets, and to fill the coffers of some wealthy brewer their recovery is hindered, often rendered impossible.

From the King upon his throne, the bishop in his palace, the Premier on the platform, the general on the battlefield, the doctor at the base hospital, comes one unbroken condemnation of Stroag Drink. In the Cabinet, at the War Council, on the field, or in the camp, in the trenches and the munition factory, in the ship-building yard or in the workshop, alcohol spells inefficiency. One who loved our Empire well and spent his life in her service said: "Britain must conquer the drink, or drink will conquer her."

A Dry Dominion! What a monument to hand down to our children! Proudly can we say to them, "Your brothers' lives were too valuable to be

given for a drink-sodden Dominion, and that it might be worthy of their sacrifice we laboured till it became dry."

"That we may tell our sons who see the light

High in the heaven their heritage to take:

'I saw the powers of darkness put to flight!

I saw the morning break!'"

Our Government said that the boys went to the front to protect the women and children. Now let the women protect the boys from a deadlier foe than German bullets, from a stealthier foe than its deadly gas.

This monument shall be built of precious stones. In it we see glowing the red ruby of courage, the courage to stand alone, the courage to do and dare here as our loved ones dared on the foreign field. Shining there too is the blue sapphire of Love, the love that counts not the cost, but though weary in the work, is never weary of it. The clear green emerald of hope glows softly there, hope that looks to the future and sees it better than the past; that sees mankind plodding upwards to the shining heights above unencumbered by the deadly incubus of the liquor bar.

The diamond of faith scintillates there also, faith that looks to God, that hears Him say, "Go forward."

"Forward, when all seems lost,
And the cause looks utterly hopeless;
Forward when brave hearts fail,
And to yield is the rede of a coward;
Forward, when friends fall off,
And enemies gather around thee;
Thou, though alone with thy God,
Alone in thy courage, go forward;
Help, though deferred, shall arrive,
Ere morn the night is at darkest.

And all these stones set in the pure gold of self-sacrifice, just to work for others, to spare nothing in the fight, the White Ribbioned hosts are out to win. They have grimly determined that the only way worthily to commemorate their boys is to carry on the work of protecting the home and the children from every Hun that would suppress them. To this end they are pledged to remove from Zealandia the strangle-hold of the Liquor

Octopus, and they're going to do it on April 10th if it takes "the last woman and the last shilling."

"Zealandia, the blood of all thy sons
Cries out to-day from fair and glorious deeds!

And spirit legions of immortal ones
Pledge thee, anew, by their white Honour Roll

To loftier issues, born of sacrifice;
Bidding thee keep, unstained, that nobler soul,

Which they have ransomed with so great a price."

A PUFF OF SMOKE—WHAT'S THE HARM

One puff calls for more puffs. That's the harm. And every one of these deposits a small quantity of deadly poison in the body. One needle prick of the Chinese doctor does not kill the baby; but the multiplied pricks given in the effort to banish the so-called evil spirit, drives the breath of life out of the little sufferer.

One puff does not destroy the brain or heart; but it leaves a stain, and every other puff deepens that stain, until finally the brain loses its normality, and the victim is taken to the hospital for the insane or laid in the grave.

One puff did not paralyse the young man in the wheel chair; but the many puffs that came as the result of the first puff did. The tell-tale stains on the fingers were indicative of the deep stains made upon the nerve cells.

One puff did not make of the bright boy a criminal; but the many puffs that followed the first placed him in the dungeon.

One puff did not keep the boy from winning in athletic games; but many puffs did.

One puff did not destroy his obedient, helpful spirit; but many puffs made him a disobedient, disloyal boy.

One puff did not take him from the head of his class to the foot; but many puffs did.

Beware, boys, of the first puff.—
"The Youth's Instructor."

The men that move the world are the ones who do not let the world move them.