

NIGERIA.

Nigeria, in West Central Africa, which was taken over by the British Imperial Government in 1900 by buying out the Royal Niger Company, has an area equal to that of Germany, Holland, Belgium, and two-thirds of France combined. Half of it is covered by dense forests, and the rest is largely desert. So the population—18½ millions—is but small relatively to the area. The people are still mostly in a condition of barbarism; but the cannibalism which was common amongst them has been stopped by the British, as has also the slave trade. But whatever good civilising work has been accomplished by the British, their influence has certainly not been un-mixed good, for, from 1919, 63 per cent. of the revenues of the Colony was derived from the import of spirits. This source of revenue, however, has now been suppressed by the Imperial Government. Sir Hugh Clifford, formerly Governor of the Gold Coast, is now Governor of Nigeria. A Legislative Assembly has been recently constituted. The Colony is administered by one white man to about 70,000 natives. The Governor and his fellow-workers have a very difficult task. What a field that Colony presents for the enterprise of men and women of genuine self-sacrificing missionary spirit!

COME AND SEE.

Young Husband: "We are just at my house; will you come in and have a bit of dinner?"

Friend, hesitating: "But your wife—"

Young husband: "Oh, it's all right! If her cooking is a success, she will be pleased to have another to eat it, and if it's a failure—I shall!"

LIBERTY AND LIQUOR.

"I am sure that the wildest exponents of the theory of human liberty would not agree that one of the 90,000 engineers I represent should have the right to exercise his personal liberty and take two or three drinks before starting from the terminal with a limited express train."—Warren S. Stone, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

THE TEETOTAL GROCER.

Please won't you patronise my shop?
'Tis very clean and nice,
And any article you want I'll get you
in a trice.

I keep a large and varied store—as
you will own, I think;
But there is one thing I don't stock
—intoxicating drink.

You'll find my cheese and bacon
prime, and if you'll only try
My tea, I'm sure you'll come to get
a fresh supply;
My margarine is of the best, my
butter's good and pure—
For cheap and nasty articles I never
could endure.

I'm positive my neighbour's goods no
better are than mine;
Although his shop is twice as large,
and more than twice as fine:
But he a spirit license holds, and I
am not afraid
To say—it is this license that's ruin-
ing my trade!

It's very hard to see the folks all
flocking to his shop,
But I will never sell strong drink—
no, not a single drop!
And if you are teetotalers—now,
please, don't think me bold—
Don't buy your groceries at a shop
in which strong drink is sold!
—"L.S."

FORGET THEM, EH?

Liquor lovers say that Whisky or
Wine with evening dinner helps to
make a man forget his troubles. The
nobler thing is not to forget one's
troubles, but face them, like a man,
with a stout heart, an unclouded
brain, and an unconquerable soul.

"I strongly feel that every good
parent cares for his child's body, that
the child may have a normal and
healthy life and growth; cares for his
child's mind, that the child may take
his proper place in the world of think-
ing people; and such a parent must also
train his child's character religiously,
that the world may become morally fit.
Unless this is done, trained bodies and
trained minds may simply add to the
destructive forces of the world."—
Warren G. Harding.

WHAT THE DOCTOR SAYS.

"Alcohol even in the smallest doses
directly destroys all power of mental
concentration that is necessary to
original research work. Original
ideas in science, or in musical com-
position are prevented by the use of
this substance."—Professor John C.
Hemmeter, M.D., Johns Hopkins
University Medical School, Baltimore,
Maryland.

"It is my opinion that alcoholic
liquors have no place whatever in the
treatment of disease. They are
beverages not medical agents. That
they are of use to the medical man
is 'bunk.' I know of no high-class
medical man who commends them
except as beverages."—Robert W.
Gibbes, M.D., Columbia, S. Carolina.

CELLAR COSTS THE HOUSEHOLD TOO MUCH.

Speaking at a political meeting in
London recently, Mr Lloyd George dealt
with the temperance question—which
the Liberal party is seriously taking up
—saying, "I am not here to preach tee-
totalism, but in a year such as the one
we are passing through now, a drink
bill of £316,000,000 is too much for any-
body. Our cellar is costing the house-
hold too much."

LIES!

He was a typical trade orator, and
after rattling off some of the choicest
pro-liquor fairy tales and warning his
audience that because of Prohibition,
America was played out, he reached his
climax.

"And so," he yelled, "are you, my
friends—honest, hard-working British-
ers like you—are you, I ask again, go-
ing to take all this lying down?"

"No," shouted a voice from the back
of the hall, "the reporters are doing
that."

A man in a tweed suit and leggings
walked into a poulterer's and asked
for a brace of pheasants. "Sorry,
sir," said the shopman, "completely
sold out of pheasants. I could let
you have a nice veal and ham pie,
though, sir." "Don't be ridiculous,"
snapped the customer angrily; "how
the dickens could I go home and say
I'd shot a veal and ham pie?"