

to rectify this great evil. How many homes have been lost through drink amongst my own people I daren't make a guess. The poor innocent people who have just come out of savagery to be duped and supplied with drink, both men and women, young and old, by some of the people who profess to call us their brethren, but who are really our legalised murderers. These people are really some of our white brethren. As an instance of the hold drink has on our Maori people, I can quote one instance, where thousands of acres of land in the Hawke's Bay district were sold for a case of whisky. Also I can quote instances where drink was the cause of a crime which broke up a family, and the drink was supplied by a European. Now do you wonder why I am so antagonistic to this drink? So I say without any hesitation, "I'm down on the drink." Therefore, I appeal to you for your help in stamping out this evil with the help of our Almighty Father, is the prayer of your humble Maori sister.

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### THE OPTIMIST GALORE.

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When you have bunions on your feet,

Bear them with resignation sweet,  
For you are fortunate indeed;  
Suppose you were a centipede!

Be patient when your throat is sore;  
You haven't any cause to roar;  
At all like these you well may laugh;  
Be thankful you are no giraffe!

If rheumatism in your limbs  
Your happiness at times bedims,  
You haven't any right to cuss—  
Suppose you were an octopus!

And if the toothache bothers you,  
Consider that your teeth are few  
Compared to those which you remark  
Upon the jawbone of a shark!

And if this blithe philosophy,  
For which I did not charge a fee,  
Does not appear to do you good—  
Oh, well, I didn't think it would.

—“Wisconsin Octopus.”

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Wounds heal less rapidly in the average habitual drinker than in an abstainer.

### WHITE RIBBONERS ON THEIR KNEES.

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Some time ago a brewery license was granted at Otahuhu. These licenses are granted by the Minister, and not by Licensing Committee. The residents are never given a chance to raise a protest, even though the license in question was next to a Presbyterian Orphanage. After the license was granted, protests were made, and a deputation brought the matter under the notice of the Prime Minister, Sir Joseph Ward. The Premier said that the Minister had acted in accordance with precedent in granting the license, but had the matter come before Cabinet doubtless the license would have been refused. Admittedly the license was granted without the serious consideration which should have been given to such a matter, yet there seems to politicians no way of setting this matter right. A license has been granted, and a license must remain there, even after the protests of the residents, and after its proximity to an orphanage has been pointed out. The White Ribboners of Auckland, led by their District President, Mrs Lee-Cowie, determined to make a public protest against such an outrage upon the first principles of democracy, by planting a public nuisance and a crying evil in a community against the protests of its residents. On Tuesday, November 5th, over 100 members of the W.C.T.U. knelt in prayer in front of the brewery. From the injustice of man our sisters appealed to the perfect justice of God. It was an inspiring meeting, a “wonderful time,” as one present said. One hundred women, in deadly earnest, upon their knees, is enough to make King Alcohol tremble. The Christian women of this land giving themselves to God in prayer and service, that He may use them for the overthrow of an evil trade, will bring an answer that shall close not only one brewery, but every brewery and bar in the land. God gives royally in answer to earnest, believing prayer, and women in earnest enough to kneel in the streets, will not be satisfied or cease their pleading until the curse of strong drink is swept from our fair Dominion.

An Auckland paper says:—

“Mrs Cowie grouped her followers on a patch of rough grass between the building and the roadway, and led them in a verse or two of ‘O God, Our Help in Ages Past.’ This over, she addressed the onlookers. ‘We have come

to pray that this building may be turned to a place of good and not of evil,’ she said. ‘You all know that drink is the cause of many tragedies and much poverty. We are here in the interests of all, and you will understand our opposition. We hope that God will turn this place into a flour mill, a woollen mill, a dairy factory, or a church—something good for the people. We have had no help from Parliament or man, so we have come to ask Him. Every prisoner in gaol is a mother's child. Prisoners have told me themselves that 50 per cent. of the men in Mount Eden are there through drink. We want to save the babies—the citizens of the future.’

“The women, or nearly all of them, knelt down, and Mrs Cowie offered up a fervent prayer that the brewery building might be converted to other uses, and not be a cause of injury, poverty and sorrow.

“Two men with the party, Mr E. Simon and Mr D. M. A. Bodley, asked the reporters to put their names on record as official representatives of the Auckland District Order of Rechabites.”

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### REVIEW.

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“Ten Simple Lessons on Alcohol,” by Victor E. Stanton. Price, 3d; 2/6 per doz.

We can recommend this booklet to any one wishing to give lessons to children or young people upon the evils of strong drink. It is simple in language, gives the facts scientifically, and includes Scripture references, making it useful for Sunday School addresses. It tells what alcohol is; how it injures the body cells and the different organs of the body; how it shortens life and lessens efficiency.

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