

## ON THE WING.

WITH OUR DOMINION PRESIDENT.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

The World's Convention opened on April 17th by special services held in almost every church in London. The Salvation Army have it on record that they arranged for more than 1000 addresses to be given in their various halls. Four hundred seats were reserved in Westminster Abbey for oversea delegates, and all agreed that no finer or more stirring sermon had ever been preached on Prohibition than the one delivered by the Bishop of Croydon on that Sunday evening. Hundreds of women occupied the pulpits of Nonconformist churches and addressed various Brotherhood meetings or P.S.A.'s.

The Convention commenced its sessions next morning. Not for years has the organisation held such a successful Council as that which met in Westminster Chapel. There were 1315 delegates—the largest number since before the war—and many interested and interesting visitors from other lands, who had come for the Tenth Convention of the World's W.C.T.U. It was an inspiring sight, not only in itself, but for what it symbolised. As Miss Anna Gordon put it, "Womanhood wanted to bring peace, patriotism, total abstinence, prohibition, and child welfare throughout the world." One hardly realised the international character until the roll call was read. Certainly the United States delegates were in evidence. The roll call was not an impressive ceremony in its method, but very much so in its matter. It included some fifty nations of the West and East, beginning with our former enemy, Bulgaria. Germany, as a pathetic letter from its W.C.T.U. President signified, "could not afford to send delegates to the loving fellowship of the Convention," a reference which was received with sympathetic cheers. Lady Carlisle, again re-elected President, was a gracious and dignified figure, with her crown of white hair, and her calm serenity, even when several voices were raised at once or emotions surged about her. She welcomed the delegates to "benighted England," so much in need of

that true reconstruction which will be possible when alcohol, which intensifies social and industrial problems, is prohibited. There were impressive speeches and fine discussions about several of the resolutions brought forward. The National Executive had proposed that the Suffrage Department should be discontinued, but the rank and file were resolved to maintain it. Speaker after speaker pointed out that woman suffrage has to be extended and amended. It would not be easy to estimate how far the Union is responsible for the measure of it which women have now attained, and they may be trusted to improve it. A resolution supporting Local Option and opposing State Ownership and the "so-called disinterested management" of licensed houses was carried unanimously. A speaker, in support of it was Mrs McKinney, M.P., of Alberta. Prohibition, she said, was only a comparative term. In Canada it was impossible to have effective prohibition while so much drink was sent over from England and Scotland. They did not want that, but nothing cultivates sentiment like law, and from local option in small areas they would go on to nation-wide and world-wide prohibition, until the liquor traffic was swept off the face of the earth. Mrs Nicholls, J.P., testified that in South Australia experiments in municipalisation had not been successful from the temperance standpoint. A resolution in support of Scientific Temperance Instruction in schools was spoken to by Miss Fanny Cochrane (New York State). She said that many years ago, in America, they had a vision. They saw that they must teach all the children of all the families in the public schools for two generations, and get temperance into the hearts of the nation before they could win prohibition. The resolution to safeguard adolescence was carried with great enthusiasm. It appealed to the Government to prohibit the sale of intoxicants to young people under 21. It was proposed by Miss Harriet Johnson, who had so much to do with the Children's Bill, and spoken to by Mrs Boden, another veteran in the cause. White Ribbon missionaries followed with brief reports of their work. Some were absent, including Miss Olafie Johannsdotter, the distinguished Iceland delegate, who was held up in Copenhagen by a strike. The great Central Hall

at Westminster, seating 2000, was a delightful sight, packed with women to the upper gallery, most of them charmingly dressed, nearly all with alert faces, and all seemingly eager to see and hear and take part. They thrilled with enthusiasm as they rose to repeat, with solemn resolution, their vow to promote "the entire extinction of the Liquor Traffic." The New Zealand President had the honour of conducting the opening devotional service and speaking at the Reception given by the Methodists and United Kingdom Alliance, and at two of the evening meetings. There were several Receptions crowded in between the sessions, including the Lord Mayor's, the Baptist Women's Missionary Society, the Y.W.C.A., and a reception at Lady Cecilia Roberts' for oversea delegates. Mrs Mary Harris Armour taught us some of America's rallying cries, and led the Convention in several such cheers. The newspapers seemed to boycott the whole Convention, for some never even noticed it; others simply mentioned it. The Convention closed yesterday afternoon, and to night we are going to Scotland to take some small part in their struggle for Local Option. That is the reason my report is short, and quite inadequate to convey to you the magnitude of the Convention, now a thing of the past.

## SOMEBODY'S BOY.

(Sent by Miss E. W. Farley, Belleville, Prov. Supt., for Medal Contests.)

Somebody's boy in temptation,  
 Away from the shelter of home;  
 Far from a mother's protection  
 And weary and sad and alone,  
 There are pitfalls. Oh! in plenty,  
 Awaiting his soul to destroy,  
 O voter, speak out at election,  
 And help to save somebody's boy!

Somebody's boy may be your boy;  
 His eyes just the same shade of blue;  
 Some day your tears may be falling—  
 The breweries don't care if they do.  
 'Tis theirs to ruin and trample;  
 To crush out all hope and all joy.  
 Won't you go to the polls at election  
 And vote to save somebody's boy

The doors of the breweries are open,  
 There are curses and damnation  
 within,  
 And the indulgence in their glasses  
 Are pledging young lives to sin.  
 But, voters, your hand can save them,  
 And angels will sing for joy,  
 If you'll close up those places forever;  
 Oh, vote to save somebody's boy!