

I found little children, half-starved and almost naked, with no coal in the house to make a fire. I have seen the mother broken by abuse and hunger, too weak to care for her starving children. The husband was keeping company with John Barleycorn in some dirty saloon, making a drunken beast of himself. No wonder Carrie Nation seized a hatchet to destroy the saloon. (The saloon was illegal in Kansas.) Not content with despoiling living children, John Barleycorn puts his polluting hand on the child unborn, for alcohol is a protoplasmic poison, corrupting the very seed of life.

KNOWING WHERE DANGER "AIN'T."

Isn't it strange that when the wreckage of drink is so evident, young people permit themselves to be seduced by the monster? Their intelligence ought to unmask the wretch and expose his deception. Yet some very intelligent young men, and young women too, seem to imagine that they display their courage and independence by visiting the places where drink is sold or served.

The story was told by Mark Twain that when he was a river pilot on the Mississippi in his young days, a stranger once stood by him at the wheel, and remarked carelessly, "I suppose you hold your job here because you know where the dangerous places in the river are." "No," replied Twain, "I hold my job because I know where they ain't." It's a good thing to know where the channels of safety are, and stay there.

The story was told of President Lincoln that when he visited General Grant's camp in Virginia, in 1864, he was met by the General and his staff, and upon being asked how he had stood the trip, said, "I am not feeling very well. I got pretty badly shaken up on the bay coming down, and am not altogether over it yet." "Let me send for a bottle of champagne for you, Mr President," suggested one of the staff officers. "That is the best remedy I know for seasickness." "No, no, my young friend," was the President's reply, "I have seen many a man seasick on shore from drinking that very article."

JOHN BARLEYCORN—THIEF AND TYRANT.

Not only is John Barleycorn a lying coward, but he is a thief. The ordinary thief may steal your money or property, but alcohol steals your health, your will-power, your character. The man who fell among thieves on the Jericho road was a thousand times better off than if he had fallen into the company of John Barleycorn. The Jericho bandits stole his money and wounded him, but they could not steal his character. Alcohol has power to damn the soul.

John Barleycorn is also a conscienceless tyrant. One of the tyrannies our colonial fathers charged to the account of King George the Third was that of taxation without representation. The

law itself was not really so grievous, but it was the principle of the thing that filled them with anger. Some time ago a presiding Judge in one of the Chicago Courts made this statement: "Not only are the saloons of Chicago responsible for much of the cost of the police force and fifteen Justice Courts, but also of the criminal courts, the county gaol, and a great portion of Joliet prison." But that is only a part of the list of the expenses for which the saloon is responsible. Who pays the heavy taxes for the support of all these institutions? Not the drunkard—he seldom has money or property. These crushing taxes are paid chiefly by the sober, industrious citizens of the State.

THE SOBER AND THRIFTY BEAR BURDEN IMPOSED BY LIQUOR.

Moreover, the drunkard does not ask the permission of the taxpayer. The burden is saddled upon the thrifty, upright citizen, and he is compelled to pay. If this is not high-handed tyranny, where will you find it? History has shown that for every dollar paid by the liquor business in America the State has to pay six dollars to repair the ravages and harm done by that business. But no man can pay for the injury done to men's minds, health and character. Who can pay for the damage done to our young women who have been dishonoured through drink? Who can give little children the love and protection of a father brutalised by drink? Who can restore the innocent travellers slaughtered on the highway by drunken drivers? When you talk about the drink problem, see John Barleycorn as he really is—a despicable, cowardly tyrant.—From "Union Signal."

NORTH CANTERBURY DISTRICT EXECUTIVE.

July 2. Met on July 1st, Mrs Barrell presiding. Twenty representatives attended from adult Union. Mrs. Lowry reported on the fund for the projector, further donations being received.

Good reports of a number of visits paid to the Mental Hospital, patients enjoying the intercourse with members, and appreciate little luxuries given.

Mrs Donald reported on concert given on June 23rd at Addington Reformatory. It has been decided to take a concert party every week.

Posters have been procured by Kaiapoi and New Brighton Unions and displayed in windows and on hall and church notice boards. The North Beach Y's meet regularly and sew for needy people. Good reports were received of successful Peace and Home meetings, good work also being done in Bands of Hope.

The Provincial Convention to be held at Riccarton on September 15th, subject to the approval of South Canterbury.

OBITUARY.

MRS B. HARLE.

Sylvan Avenue Union has suffered a great loss in the passing to Higher Service of its Treasurer, Mrs Harle. In spite of very poor health, her interest in the work was maintained to the last. For between 30 and 40 years she worked unremittingly in the cause of Total Abstinence, both in the Band of Hope and for No-License under the N.Z. Alliance.

She was for many years a member of the Auckland Branch of the W.C.T.U., but transferred her membership to the Sylvan Avenue Branch on its formation at the Friends' Meeting House, Auckland, 2½ years ago. Mrs Harle had been a member of the Society of Friends all her life, and her wide sympathy reached out to many phases of Christian and social work.

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