

If they toss up, one of them has his wish; if they don't, neither. If people take tickets at a bazaar no one feels the loss of a shilling for a ticket, but if the object to be raffled for is pretty, the winner may feel the gain as much. A clergyman once at a bazaar, when I professed to be shocked at his having a raffle, declared that he did it on the highest moral grounds. Without a raffle none but a few rich people had the chance of obtaining the really valuable articles. By a raffle he accomplished the Christian duty of putting rich and poor on terms of perfect equality.' So wrote Dr. Salmon. And Archbishop Magee declared the reasoning 'good and very Salmonian.'

Notes

A 'Snake-yarn'

Such an earnest and prominent Protestant missionary worker as Dr. R. N. Cust grew sick and heart-weary of the usual non-Catholic missionaries' 'hits at Rome' and the gross exaggeration and, too often, of downright untruth that mark the reports of numbers of them. His work, 'Missionary Methods' is a grave and authoritative impeachment of resorts which have contributed to place the 'missionary tale' pretty well on the same level as the 'snake yarn.' The missionary tract lies specially open to this form of censure. One now before us has been circulated through the streets of Wellington. It contains, as the personal experience of a missionary, a story that seems to us but a paraphrase of the incident in Dean Swift's career in which he carried out a full religious service to a congregation of one—his groom, whom he addressed in the sermon as 'my dearly beloved Roger.' Another 'true story' tells 'how God saved an ignorant Roman Catholic.' The 'ignorant Roman Catholic' is described as a 'herd and cattle-drover' who had 'lapsed' from the practice of his religion, but was, nevertheless, 'blinded by Popish tradition.' He attended a Methodist meeting, was knocked all of a heap by the usual platitudes, went to the priest to resolve his doubts, was advised by his reverence to drink plenty of whisky and get his wife to sing him a (comic) song (this seemed to be quite customary counsel on such occasions), got comfortably drunk, and, of course—found the Lord! This 'snake-yarn' is set forth as 'a wonderful triumph of divine grace.' It would be much more accurately described as a triumph of the art of which Ananias and Munchausen were two bright particular stars.

A Licensing Reform

In the course of an able, thoughtful, and temperate article on the Licensing Bill at present before the House, the 'Otago Daily Times' says: 'It seems to us that the Licensing Bill would be greatly improved by the insertion of a clause to provide for the abolition of the barmaid system. The licensed victuallers, as a class, are probably opposed to the imposition of any check upon them in regard to their choice of servants, but, if they only knew it, the fact that barmaids are employed by them is the cause of a great deal of the opposition that is shown to the trade. It is simply indisputable that the presence of young women behind the bars of hotels is a powerful incentive to drinking on the part of youths, who might otherwise be never tempted to spend their evenings in licensed premises. And from that point of view the system is straight-way condemned. For anything which encourages the consumption of alcoholic liquor beyond the limits of reasonable refreshment is distinctly bad and should be stopped. Nor is the atmosphere of a public bar such as young women should be expected to breathe. However strictly and however respectably a house may be conducted, the bar is always to a certain extent a source of infection. The loose talk, the coarse innuendo, that can never be wholly prevented in a place to

which all sorts and conditions of persons have access, cannot fail in time to blunt the senses and wither the finer feelings of the young women who are unable to shut their ears to it. For their own sakes—for the sake of their womanhood—barmaids should be rescued from an occupation which is too frequently destructive in them of much that is ordinarily prized in their sex. For the sake, also, of the future of scores and hundreds of young men who, but for the presence of barmaids in the hotels, would escape the risk of the domination of the drinking habit the system should be terminated by law.'

We do not hold with the Prohibitionist party (1) because we do not share their hard and fast rules on the question of compensation; (2) because we are not satisfied that prohibition is a real remedy for the admitted evils and abuses of the drink traffic; and (3) because of the intemperate and violent feeling displayed by the great body of prohibitionist speakers and writers towards the Catholic Church and body—a feeling which too often finds expression in the columns of their official organ. But we are free to confess that some of the best long-range weapons of that party are those which have been placed in their hands by that evil section of licensed victuallers who strain to rake in the shakels, no matter by what means—supplying drink to intoxicated persons, carrying on trade under illegal conditions, and luring young men to 'sanctify the Lord's day' by 'shaking' dice and swilling beer. From personal knowledge we are prepared to vouch for the truth of our local morning contemporary's statement that the employment of young women in bars is 'the cause of a great deal of the opposition that is shown to the trade.' And this is a ground of opposition that the respectable licensed victualler has, alike with the scalawag in the trade, long been supplying to the Prohibitionist party. The objection is intensified by the fact that, in, perhaps, the majority of cases, personal attractiveness is a chief—if not the chief—factor in determining the employment of an applicant for a position behind the bar. The fact that great numbers of those young women are in mind and heart and manners irreproachable is no reason for exposing them or others to the unwholesome atmosphere of a public bar. It only goes to show that many persons—those of the gentler sex included—rise, through the grace of God or early training, superior to their occupations and surroundings. It has long been in our thoughts to remind licensed victuallers of two facts which they would do well to keep in view: (1) The Prohibition movement owes its rise and rapid growth and gathering influence to grave and acknowledged abuses, which, however, are no more inherent to the traffic in drink than to the trade in jack-knives or nuxvomica. (2) Licensed victuallers are in a fool's paradise if they fancy that this movement—mistaken though it may be in its method and its aims—is to be arrested, or even seriously delayed, by such resorts as lectures here and there or by passing attempts at legislative compromise.

Something more is needed. It found expression in the remark recently made to a member of our staff by a strong Prohibitionist. A strict and greatly respected Dunedin hotel-keeper's soul had just flitted—we hope to the Better Land, and the news of his passing elicited the remark alluded to above: 'If all publicans were like him there would be no Prohibition.' The lesson was not new, but there seems to be a disposition to shut eyes or ears against it. If licensed victuallers are even worldly-wise, they will welcome any legislation that will speedily eliminate the scalawag from the trade, and they will keep the law of the land, and, above all, the moral law, in connection with the drink traffic. We should be sorry to see the methods of the American saloon-keeper acclimatised in New Zealand; but in one respect, at least, it offers an example deserving of the flattery of imitation: female bartenders are unknown under the