

**BEST VALUE
IN THE
DOMINION.**



BEATALL KID GLOVES

In Brown, Tan,
Grey, and White,

1/11 per Pair.

WRITE FOR A PAIR TO

Beath & Co., Ltd., Christchurch.

**BADEN POWELL GIRL GUIDES
VOLUNTARY AID PATROLS.**

In the midst of preparations for the front, Dr W. Ramsay Smith (M.D., D.Sc. F.R.S. (Edin.), Permanent Head of the Department of Public Health of South Australia; Lt-Colonel and Principal Medical Officer C.M.F., Fourth Military District; and Officer Commanding First Australian General Hospital, Australian Imperial Force) found time to write the following letter:

Belair,
25th October, 1914.

Dear Lady Symon,

I think the most useful time, if not the happiest time also, of my life, was when I was teaching girls; and I am grateful to you for giving me an opportunity of saying a word or two to your Girl Guides. The following "Pledge of Good Fortune" by a too-little-known writer might be their Confession of Faith and Practice:—

1. I promise to treat myself as an individual; to seek the good fortune of strength and beauty and accomplishments and goodness; to place human considerations before material considerations; to decline all profit gained at the expense of men and women and children; to work only for human wealth, i.e., human well-being.

2. I promise to treat others as individuals; to help them in their quest of personal good fortune; to put no obstacles in their way; to remove all obstacles that I can; to treat their efforts after perfection seriously and sympathetically; to avoid personal ridicule and disparagement; to cultivate a universal comradeship.

3. I promise to further social welfare; to promote the idea that prosperity consists essentially in persons and only incidentally in things; to be true to this faith in public and in private, in work and in play; to help, so far as I can, the freedom of non-interference and of opportuni-

ty; to seek in all social intercourse the seriousness and beauty of a high purpose.

There is just a word or two I should like to add on my own, that however trivial our life may seem, and however insignificant our deeds of service may appear, yet we shall find, if only we live in faith, that when the time comes for some difficult duty or serious sacrifice, our whole life appears to have been a necessary preparation for just that one thing. And again while we think—while the youngest of us think—the long, long thoughts of youth, with our minds fixed on our possible grandchildren or great-grandchildren, our real concern is just the next little bit of duty in the day's work, whatever it may be—saying "Good dog," or smiling a welcome to a little child.

With every good wish to your girls,
I am, yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) W. RAMSAY SMITH.

To Lady Symon,
"Selma," Fitzroy.

**WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN THE
UNITED STATES.**

A telegram from Washington, dated January 13th, states that the House of Representatives, by 204 to 174, refused to submit to the people an amendment to the Federal Constitution enfranchising women. It was hoped to get this question submitted to the people, and by them carried, and Women's Suffrage put in the Constitution of the United States. The House of Representatives, by their action, has delayed this issue, but the States one by one are placing it in their Constitutions, and it is only a matter of time until it is in the Federal Constitution. Already 12 States have equal suffrage: Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Washington, California, Arizona, Kansas, Oregon, Alaska, Nevada, and Montana; several other States have partial suffrage, and others are moving in the direction of submitting it to the people.

"THE DAY."

You boasted the Day, and you toasted the Day,
And now the Day has come.
Blasphemer, braggart and coward all,
Little you reck of the numbing ball,
The blasting shell or the "white arm's" fall,
As they speed poor humans home.

You spied for the Day, you lied for the Day,
And woke the Day's red spleen.
Monster, who asked God's aid Divine,
Then strewed His seas with the ghastly mine;
Not all the waters of the Rhine
Can wash thy foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the Day, you schemed for the Day,
Watch how the Day will go.
Slayer of age and youth and prime
(Defenceless slain for never a crime),
Thou art steeped in blood as a hog in slime,
False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sown for the Day, you have grown for the Day;
Yours is the harvest red.
Can you hear the groans and the awful cries?
Can you see the heap of slain that lies,
And sightless turned to the flame-split skies
The glassy eyes of the dead?

You have wronged for the Day, you have longed for the Day
That lit the awful flame.
'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain
Yield sheaves of dead men amid the grain;
That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,
And mothers curse thy name.

But after the Day there's a price to pay
For the sleepers under the sod,
And He you have mocked for many a day—
Listen, and hear what He has to say:
"Vengeance is Mine; I will repay."
What can you say to God?

—Henry Chappell.

The "White Ribbon" will be posted to any address on receipt of 2s 6d, payable to Mrs Peryman, Johnsonville.