

"Alright, Miss Myra, I'm going home soon."

Nancy's flushed face and tainted breath betrayed the fact that she had been treated to wine, and Myra's heart ached as she saw the girl and her companion turn down a dark avenue.

"If I only had a badge of authority, I might have saved her," reflected Myra.

A young couple were approaching, and as soon as the girl saw Myra she accosted her. "Miss Grant, if I come along with you now, can I get the book you spoke of?"

"Certainly, come with me." The girl moved off with Myra, and the man slunk away as his prey escaped him.

"Forgive me for addressing you, Miss Grant," said the girl. "You must think I am rude to address a perfect stranger as I did you."

"It is all right. I think you wanted an excuse to leave your companion. Is it not so?"

"Yes, I was introduced to him, and he seemed so clever and entertaining that I consented to go for a walk with him. I refused a glass of wine he offered me. When we got in here he behaved so rudely that I was frightened. We passed a policeman a little way back, but I did not like to speak to a man about what he might think was my imagination. I was glad to see you."

Myra saw the young girl home, and went to her own home very deeply moved by what she had seen.

The next afternoon Mrs Walker called to see Myra. They were friends of old standing, and had been classmates. Mrs Walker was the wife of Fairley's leading lawyer, a man of high character and great mental attainments. "Myra," said her friend, "I'm bubbling over with indignation. Philip says we women are wicked not to get women Court officials appointed. To-day he was in Court when that case was being heard of the young girl ruined by her own father. The Court was cleared. Philip says the evidence was the most disgusting he has ever listened to. And to our eternal infamy that child had to stand alone and tell all the revolting details to a Court composed wholly of men. Was this right? Does not common decency demand that this thing shall stop? Should

not women deal with these cases, as they do in many other places? Myra, we should not like our own daughters to have to undergo such an ordeal; then should we not work and agitate till no other woman's daughter has to submit to such an outrage on decency? Many vile men escape because mothers won't allow their children to give evidence of injuries done to them."

Soon after Mrs Walker took her leave, and Myra was left with food for thought.

That evening Myra fought her battle, and made her choice. On the one hand, she saw a path of high scholastic promise. She knew that she could rise to the head of her profession, and occupy a place of honour and wealth. On the other hand were no brilliant prospects, just the dreary drudgery of work amid uncongenial surroundings. But Myra had heard the call, "Follow Me," and knew that the Master called His disciples to follow Him up the path of sacrifice as well as of service. Her choice was made; not in the stately halls of learning would lie her future work, but in the silent park and the busy street. Then kneeling down, she consecrated herself to the service of the suffering and the sinning.

"Father in heaven," she said, "Thou hast shown me the need, and I believe Thou hast called me to this work. Only, I pray Thee, that as I go forth in this new untrodden path, I may heart Thee say, 'Certainly I will be with thee.'"

On Sunday afternoon Myra found Mr Cameron in his garden. Going up to him, she said, "Uncle Bob, I'll be a police woman."

"Have you got your inspiration, then, dear?"

"Yes, Uncle, I've heard the call." Then she told him of the incidents in the park, and repeated what her friend had told her of the Police Courts. With passion vibrating in her voice, she said: "Uncle Bob, I've given my life to save girls who have never had the chance that I have had. If I can save them from ruined lives, it will be work worth doing. And never again, while I am here, shall a poor girl alone stand and tell her story of ruin and disgrace to a Court of men."

The Minister stooped and kissed her brow. "God help you, my child, to

realise your dreams of service! Make good, and the work will spread till whatever place women have to go, there shall women officials be found to help them. Aye! even into the Halls of Parliament."

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## THE LIQUOR PRESS INSTRUCTS UNITED STATES VOTERS.

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Elections will be held on November 7 throughout the United States. It is the duty of every man in the liquor business, wholesale, retail, importer, jobber, domestic wine-growers, cooperage men, bottle manufacturers, and every other man who has an interest, directly or indirectly, to take an active part in Congressional elections. Every effort should be made to defeat the nation-wide prohibition candidates. Get your candidate on record. Let him tell the public where he stands on this issue. If he is honest, he will not hesitate to state frankly his attitude on national prohibition. If he favours nation-wide prohibition, that is his business, but our side must work to defeat him. Keep awake to the needs of your business. Put your Congressional candidate on record.

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## CONVERTED BREWERIES.

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The Reymann Brewery, of Wheeling, West Virginia, is now the P. O. Reymann Company, engaged in meat packing.

The Uneda Brewery is now a milk produce company.

The Benwood Brewery is now a chemical and soap plant.

The Fairmont Brewery is now an ice and milk producer's plant.

The Huntington Brewery, a meat packing plant.

Cedar Rapids Brewery, a yeast factory.

The Iowa City Brewery, a creamery and produce company.

The Star Brewing Company is now the Capital Paint, Oil and Varnish Company.

The North Yakima Brewing Company is now a fruit by-products company.

The Salem Brewery is now making loganberry jam.