

young-looking girl—an organised attempt to suppress that greatest evil of our time, the white slave traffic.

Ever since that terrible day—when, after hours of fruitless searching, the blackness of an unspeakable horror settled down on Margaret Erskine's soul—when she realised that her sister was left to a fate compared with which death was a happiness and a release—from that hour the girl determined to dedicate her life to the fight with this supreme evil. As the months and years slipped by, the tragedy of her young sister's ruined life forever haunted her with a persistence time only seemed to strengthen, and day by day she scrutinised every strange face she met.

A year later the same girl was sitting in the same room reading a letter. As she scanned the sheet, a faint flush arose to her cheeks, for it contained an offer of marriage from the man she loved. Drawing a sheet of paper towards her, she prepared to write an acceptance, but three—four—five minutes passed, and she remained motionless. Her inward vision had been awakened.

Plainly stretching before her appeared two roads, and toiling along the one she saw herself, every ounce of energy, time, passion, she possessed spent in stemming the black stream engulfing so many of her sisters. On the other road she saw herself, a happy sheltered wife, perhaps mother, tenderly cared for, set upon a pedestal—but without the power to reach that other road, or the time to do anything appreciable against that awful, rising tide.

With a low cry she fell upon her knees and buried her face in her hands. She had made her choice.

She wrote a refusal.

London, Paris, Berlin, and New York have been searched without result. Three more years have slipped away, but no trace has been found of the innocent girl entrapped into a slavery worse than death. And the cry goes up—how long?—Bombay (India) "Guardian."

I have bursts of momentary conviction that if women go on assimilating four-fifths of the available religion, and leaving nine-tenths of the alcohol and nearly all the tobacco to the men, they will govern our world before we know it.—E. S. Martin.

### MONCA PEPE.

"Kite ora tonu nga tamariki, ka ora tonu te iwi."

E ki ana nga tino rata matau, e kore te pepe e mate, mehemea ka puhupuhia engā hau-matae o te pepe. Konga pepe mate ingā hohipera, ka whakamoea ki roto ingā ruma e puare tonu ana te matapihi (wini) a ao noa te ra. Konga pepe e moe ana ki waho, ingā awatea, nga mea e kore e paangia ete maremare Whakamoea to pepeki waho. Kite kore he moenga-pepe, mo mahi i tetahi pouaka nui hei moenga mona, kia kore ai ia e taka ki raro.

Me whakaritea ete whaea nga haora e whangai ai i tana pepe: kia mau tonu ki aua haora, ia ra, ia ra, Mehemea ka tae kite haora hei whangai a e moe ai, e oho ai te pepe, a ma tenei tikanga ka ora tonu ai taua tamaiti. Kaua rawa e hoatu he Paura niho (Soothing Powders) kite pepe. He rongoa tino kaha atu kei roto i tenei mea, he ahua rite kingā rongoa he whakamoe ite tangata ina tapahia aia. No reira kite kai tonu te pepe i enei paura ka uru taua rongoa kingā toto, a ka huri mai kite patu ano ite tinana o te pepe.

Tirohia nka kore (taora) onga pepe kei roa rawa e mau ana ingā mea maku Tirohia hoki mehemea e tike tonu ana te pepe. Ho pai atu me whakainumia te pepe kite wai maori engari me kohua ite tuatahi kia tino ma ai te wai a ka waiho kia matao ka hoatu ai kite tamaiti. Kite inu tonu te tamaiti ite wai e kore mate ite tiko-puru.

Kite hoatu tonu he hawhe tipune huka mangu (Brown Sugar) tirikara ranei, ko roto ite miraka, ite kai anga pepe, ka ora tonu te puku. E kore rawa e puru te koraha. He tino rongoa pai te tirikara. I e pai hoki te wai ote arani mote puku ote tamaiti.

Konga haora tika mote whangai pepe: 6 ite ata, 9 ite ata, 12 ite awatea, 3 ite ahiahi, 6 ite ahiahi, 10 ite po. Kaua e whangai i waenganui po. Me whakaako kia moe tonu, a ao noa te ra. Ka tae te tamaiti kite ono marama me hoatu he wheua maoa (me tango te miiti ite tuatahi) hei ngaungau me te pepe. Ma reira ka ahua horo ake te puta mai onga niho.

Kite paangia te tamaiti ete maremare kaua rawa e whangai ngia kite Airihi Moohi (Irish Moss) Me tango kongā rongoa kaha rawa ate pakeha.

Ko nga rongoa penei he whakahiamoe ite tangata kia kore ai ia e rongoa ite mamae. Ee kore ora pai te maremare i tena rongoa, engari ka mate te manawa mete puku ote turoro. Konga pounamu whangai onga tamariki. Me tango kia toru pounamu. Konga mea e takoto noa iho ana me waiho ki roto ite peihana wai matao. Ka paru te pounamu me kuhu kite peihana wai mahana, ka mea ai ki runga ite ahi, a ka waiho kia ata koropupu te wai. Kaua e wehi kei pakaru te pounamu. Mate kuhu tonu ki roto ite wai koropupu ka pakaru ai. A kaua hoki e tango tonu ite pounamu iroto ite wai. Me tatari kia matao te wai ka tango ai te pounamu. Kite koro e kohuatia nga pounamu kai ote tamaiti, tera pea ka kino o roto ingā pounamu, a ka mate te puku ote tamaiti.

Me hoatu tonu i tetahi tote nohi nohi ki roto ingā kai katoa ote tamaiti.

### Mote Mate Hukihuki.

Meatia he taora ki roto ite wai tino makariri, ka mea ai ki runga ite matenga ote tamaiti, a ka kuhu te tinana ki roto ite taapu wai tino wera. Ka mutu, tangohia ake te tamaiti a ka kakahu ai kite paraikete mahana. Kaua e taoratia te tinana, me tango maku ake, ka mea ai ki roto ite paraikete.

Na kia ahua pai ake te tamaiti me whangai kite. Katoroera (Castor Oil) Ko etahi onga putake otenei mate: He puru note koraha, he kore ranei monga niho e horo kite puta mai. He mea tika me mauria te tamaiti kite rata ina hukihuki tonu.

### GLASGOW WOMEN DEMAND PROHIBITION DURING THE WAR.

On May 13th, a grand procession of about 30,000 women started from five different starting points to the Green, to hold a mass meeting to demand Prohibition during the war. Women of every rank and calling were in the march. Everywhere along the route, vast sympathetic crowds had assembled to view the unique spectacle and scan the banners, which had various devices and inscriptions, such as "Glasgow spends £10,000 a day on drink," "The Women of Glasgow demand Prohibition during the War." Inspiring and enthusiastic speeches were delivered from five rostrums.