

**WORLD'S W.C.T.U.**

Rest, Cottage, Evanston,  
Illinois, U.S.A.,

December 7, 1916.

My Dear Comrade and Friend,—

At the opening of the new year of 1917 members of the World's W.C.T.U. feel the thrill of a high and holy purpose. Earnestly do we desire to fill its golden hours with sacrificial service for our blessed cause. We are appalled at the continuance of the European war. Never has our white ribbon tie seemed so sacred or so tender. Sore bereavements have stricken many of our sisters in the countries affected by the war. To each of these our hearts go out in affectionate sympathy, and we bless God that in the W.C.T.U. we are united by a bond so strong that it cannot be severed by the awful strain of war.

We had all looked forward with happy anticipation to the joy of our triennial World's W.C.T.U. Convention in 1916. I sincerely hope that when we meet at the close of the war, the place selected may be the city or adjacent to the city where the World's Peace Conference will assemble. Out of war's awful gloom shines the temperance uplift it has brought about. This glowing flame of total abstinence and prohibition must be kept at white heat until every nation is freed from the iniquitous traffic in strong drink.

The past year records many marvelous victories. We glory in the agitation for prohibition now in progress in Great Britain. Canada has driven the traffic in brain poison out of nine of her ten provinces. Newfoundland's battle for freedom was victorious. Eighty per cent. of the territory of the United States is under prohibition. Big business is teaching the efficiency, the safety, and the dignity of sobriety. Boards of Health in cities still cursed by the legalised liquor traffic are giving out thousands of circulars to the masses of the people with sentiments like the following:—"Think before you drink; after a beer or a highball you cannot think so well." "You don't need alcohol for health, you don't need it for strength, you don't need it for food, you don't need it for drink; it never does you any good; it always does you harm. Let it alone. Get on the water wagon." Railroad corporations and the industrial world

have discovered that total abstinence must safeguard the soldier, the sailor, the aviator, the crew of the submarine, the engineer, the autoist. When beer rises to explain that it is a sober drink and a liquid food, the great scientists of England, Europe, and America hit it the sledge-hammer blow of the scientific fact that beer is intoxicating. The church and the temperance societies to-day have a host of influential allies, and the time has come when we may safely predict the speedy coming of nation-wide prohibition for America. Already we see the bright dawn of a sober world.

In the beloved and honoured President of our world-wide organisation we have a brilliant and sagacious leader. Lady Carlisle's generous gifts to the missionary fund of the World's W.C.T.U., with those of Mrs Caroline McDowell, of the United States, have made possible the extension of our organisation in many lands.

Recently we have lost from our Executive Committee membership a valued comrade, Dr. Louise C. Purington, superintendent of the department of co-operation with missionary societies. Dr. Purington has lifted to a higher level the temperance and missionary thought of the world. We shall sadly miss her from our ranks. One of her associates, Mrs Caroline McDowell (Baum and Rebecca Streets, Pittsburgh, Mass.), has accepted this superintendency, now known as "Temperance and Missions" in the National W.C.T.U., and will gladly reply to any letters concerning methods of work that World's W.C.T.U. women may desire to write her. Mrs Ella A. Boole, 1429 Avenue H., Brooklyn, N.Y., is also an associate in this department.

Eagerly may we grasp the inspiring opportunities for service in the year to come. The memory of our White Ribbon pioneers and leaders will ever be lovingly cherished. Loyal to them and to the sacred heritage they have left us, may we triumphantly go forth into the new year, remembering that we are engirdled with God's power, and that in Him are to be found the needed inspiration, steadfastness, zeal, measureless comfort, and sustaining confidence.

May your special work be prospered, dear comrade, and may we together help humanity's chorus catch the keynote of total abstinence, now

vibrating the world around, until we shall hear in the psalm of each life the glad harmonies of hope and happiness. Wishing for you the blessings of peace and of health, with the ability to push forward the mighty programme of the World's W.C.T.U.—Affectionately,

ANNA A. GORDON.

**THE FOOD PROBLEM.**

The case against expensive confectionery is weak compared with the case against beer. Sir Alfred Mond spoke yesterday of over three quarters of a million acres of land devoted to the purpose of growing barley for the brewers. Besides those figures could be placed others equally striking in respect of the sugar consumed in brewing. If this scandal is permitted to continue unchecked at a time like the present, the Food Controller and the Government behind him, will have to answer insistent and searching questions on privileged discrimination in favour of a particular trade.—"Daily News," November 17th.

The limitation of non-necessary imports is another matter. The chief class of non-necessaries which has hitherto been privileged, is that of raw materials for the brewing industry. If the Government could screw up its courage to do a little less "pussy-footing" where the great brewing interests are concerned, a large tonnage could be diverted to-morrow from the service of national weakness to that of national strength.—"Daily Chronicle," November 14th.

That in view of the grave statement of the President of the Board of Trade as to the shortage of corn, sugar, and other food supplies, this House is of the opinion that the manufacture of intoxicating liquors should be abolished.—Motion on Order Paper of Imperial Parliament.

Life is too short for any bitter feeling;

Time is the best avenger if we wait. The years speed by, and on their wings bear healing,

We have no room for anything like hate.

This solemn truth the low mounds seem revealing

That thick and fast about our feet are stealing,

Life is too short.