

materialist, yet the influence of the spiritual touched him as never before. On his knees that night he got a glimpse of a wonderful Empire that should rule the world. Britain had learnt her lesson, and in the reconstruction of her Empire every licensed evil was swept away. She upheld the standard of "a white life for two." She had learnt that person was more valuable than property, and protected her young people of both sexes as long as she protected their property. That night Walter Broad got a glimpse of the heavenly vision, and on his knees he promised his God to be obedient to it as one of old had been.

Next morning Cabinet met. A strong demand had been made by the people for the restriction of the liquor traffic, and Cabinet was to discuss it that morning. Once more the brewing interests in the Cabinet blocked the path of reform.

Then the Minister of Defence said he intended to follow the example of our ally, the U.S.A., and forbid liquor to be sold or given to any man in uniform. A murmur of protest arose. Were our soldiers to be treated as children? Particularly loud in protest was the Hon. A. Cohen. Quietly Broad turned to the Premier:

"Sir, I consider that a man who has financial interests in the liquor trade should refrain from voting on this matter, either in the Cabinet or in the House."

The bombshell had exploded. Who would have expected it to come from the calm, well-balanced Minister of Defence? The Premier, with others, feared to offend "the trade" and lose its vote; but Broad had been lifted above these considerations. Cohen sprang to his feet:

"Sir," he spluttered, "do you mean to insinuate that my vote is biased on this question?"

"No," said Broad, "I don't insinuate. I speak plainly. If a Judge is not allowed to try a case in which he has financial interest, neither should a politician be allowed to vote against a measure which, if passed, would cut his profits down to nil. Sir, the country's need must go before the brewer's profits. It has been proved up to the hilt that the greatest menace to our efficiency is strong drink, yet the liquor trade is unwilling to give up even half an hour

a day of its trading. Throughout the British Empire not a liquor-seller has been patriotic enough to say, 'Don't consider us; do what is best for the nation at this crisis.' There is not a single reason for giving drink to our soldiers. All expert opinion agrees that even in moderation it is harmful, and every soldier and every civilian also is better without it. Sir, I claim the right of a free hand to deal with this matter as regards the soldiers."

Much discussion followed, but in the end he got his free hand. Were it refused, he would appeal to the people, and Cabinet knew the country was with him in this matter.

The struggle was won, but he returned wearied to his home. There he sought his wife's presence. Quiet and undemonstrative as he was, not a man to wear his heart upon his sleeve, but his wife was enshrined in his heart of hearts, as fondly worshipped as on the day when he wooed and won her among the forest trees around her home. Briefly he told her what had transpired, and spoke of his resolution to guard the boys committed to his care by the loyal, loving mothers of the Dominion. Fondly kissing him, she murmured, "How proud I am of you! How I prayed that you might take a firm stand for right!"

The abuse of the trade was heaped upon him, and for a time he was the best hated man in Zealandia. His was not the winning personality that attracts all hearts, but as the years went on Zealandia learnt to value the man who had been true to her best interests, and trusted him fully. He lived to see the total prohibition of the liquor trade in his loved isles, and when he passed to higher service, it was amid the mourning of a whole Dominion.

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