

Ladies' Home Journal Patterns for Easy Dressmaking.

A very large number of these Patterns are sold, and because of their simplicity, and the excellent results that are obtained from them, they are most popular with New Zealand women. Clear directions are given with each Pattern. Designs for every description of clothing for women and children.

All Patterns 9d each, post free.

BEATH & CO., LIMITED . . . CHRISTCHURCH.

DOCTORS AND ALCOHOL.

Among the agents which produce degeneration of tissue, alcohol may be characterised as the most prominent of all, it having an especial action on the most highly developed tissues of the human body.—Prof. G. Sims Woodhead, Professor of Pathology, University of Cambridge, England.

Alcohol is a poison having a specific affinity for the nerve centres of the brain and paralysing those centres in the inverse order of their development, the last developed suffering first and most, and the first developed suffering last and least.—Dr W. A. Chapple.

Even the moderate quantity of alcohol contained in a glass of wine or a pint of German beer is sufficient to paralyze, retard, or diminish brain functions.—August Forel, M.D., Professor of Psychiatry, University of Zurich.

It is clear, in the light of experience and of recent research work, that alcohol should be classed in the list of dangerous drugs, along with morphine, cocaine and chloral. On the basis of experience, I appeal to my colleagues everywhere to abjure its use.—Dr Howard A. Kelley, John Hopkins University.

The seeming indifference of the public and the authorities appears incomprehensible when it is considered what havoc is wrought by alcohol. The harm done by alcohol is infinitely greater than that caused by all the infectious diseases put together.—Dr M. S. Gregory, Bellevue Hospital.

It is a sin to give children wine or beer. It is criminal to teach that wine nourishes. The dreadful neurasthenia of our day is due just to this early use of alcohol. Those who say that alcohol is a poison are wholly right.—Prof. Nothnagel of Vienna.

Alcohol's only place now is in the arts and sciences. Medicine has reached a period when alcohol has been displaced by better remedies.—Dr C. H. Mayo.

MINE SWEEPERS.

A splendid contribution is on its way to Lady Dimsdale for the Ladies' Guild, from the Women's Christian Temperance Union of New Zealand, consisting of 26 cases of clothing, to be used at her discretion, and also a sum of £350 (in addition to £50 already received), of which £100 at least is to be used to send comforts to the New Zealand sailors and engineers who are prisoners of war in Germany, and elsewhere. A matter of special interest in connection with the money is that the Maoris of Tokomaru Bay collected amongst themselves the sum of £47 10s, with the request it was to be cabled "Home" as being from the Maoris. The best thanks of the Ladies' Guild is due to Mrs Nimmo, Superintendent of the Union, for the trouble she has taken in the collection and despatch of these goods. Lady Dimsdale learns with much regret how severely wounded Mrs Nimmo's son, Lieut. A. J. Nimmo, was, but is happy to know that he was discharged from the N.Z. Hospital at Brokenhurst early in January, and will now be detailed for Home Service.—"Chart and Compass."

SOLDIER'S TRAVELLING.

At their last meeting, the members of Palmerston North Women's Christian Temperance Union decided to send a strong protest to the Minister for Railways against the usual treatment meted out to soldiers travelling on our trains. It seems the usual thing for these men who are giving up so much—perhaps life itself—that we may live in comfort, to have to travel long distances often in trucks. We believe that the majority of women would, if aware of the circumstances, resent this, and that the general public would be willing to at least share equally with the soldiers in any discomfort that may be necessary.

AUSTRALIA'S ANSWER TO BRITAIN'S CRY FOR BREAD.

I heard the cry of the children,
It came across the sea,
'Twas a cry of want and famine,
The wild waves bore to me,
For the precious little children
Of whom our Lord has said:
"What ye do to them is done to Me."
Were famishing for bread;
While some were cold and hungry,
Mothers with hearts of stone,
Through strong drink's power forsook them,
Nor heard their feeble moan.

I heard the cry of the wounded,
Their faces worn and white,
In hospital wards so weary,
Once foremost in the fight,
Now turning from tasteless morsels—
They were too sick to eat.
They longed for a better portion,
They craved for something sweet,
But the sugar was denied them,
Those gallant soldiers true;
It was taken by the brewers,
The poisonous drink to brew;

But they looked for help to our land,
Knowing the bounteous store
God had provided so richly,
Enough for us and more.
But like a dread coil'd-up python,
Waiting to crush its prey,
The submarine there was lurking
To snatch their food away.
Yet men with a noble courage
Still crossed the dangerous wave,
Defying the mine and submarine,
The Motherland to save.

But bow your head, O ye nation,
For men in place and power
Said, "Send them wine instead of wheat.
In this their darkest hour."
Oh, shame on ye Christian rulers
Who heard the cry for bread,
And then for the filthy lucre
Bestowed a stone instead.
"Bestowed a stone!" that were kindness,
They tried to send a foe
That now was sapping their life blood,
Helping to lay them low.

Oh, hide it, ye future records,
Let history be dumb,
Nor reveal their cruel conduct
To children yet to come.
Our Father above forgive them,
Lest when Thy face they see,
Thy piercing voice shall say to them;
"Ye did it unto Me."