

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.

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THE BARE MAJORITY.

There seems some confusion in the minds of some of our workers re the majority of votes required at the next Licensing Poll. The majority required to carry any issue is just an absolute majority of the votes cast. If Prohibition secures one vote more than the half of the valid votes cast it will be carried. Of course, this means that Prohibition, to become law, must secure a larger vote than State Ownership and Continuance added together. In the same way State Ownership cannot be carried unless it secures at least one vote more than Prohibition and Continuance added together. But Continuance can be carried on a minority vote. That is if neither State Ownership nor Prohibition secure an absolute majority, then Continuance is carried by default.

WILL IT BE ONE OF YOU?

(By Chas. B. Morrell, M.D.)

A judgeship is vacant, the ermine awaits

The shoulders of youth, brave, honest and true.

Some one will be standing by fame's open gates,

I wonder, my boys, will it be one of you?

The president's chair of a great railroad maze,

Is empty to-day, for death claimed his due,

The directors are choosing a man for his place,

I wonder, my boys—will it be one of you?

A pulpit is waiting for some one to fill,

Of eloquent men there are only a few,

The man who is wanted, must have power to thrill,

The best will be chosen—will it be one of you?

The great men about us will pass to their rest,

Their places will be filled with those who pursue

The search for the highest, the noblest, the best,

I wonder who'll fill them; I hope 'twill be you.

WHAT DO YOU CARE

Out of the mines in the chill of the morn,

Stunted, ill-nourished, comes the forlorn

Stream of humanity—undersized men, Slaving and toiling for life-blood; but then,

Dressed warm and cosy, with slate, book and rule,

George and your Nellie have started to school;

They are your children, their cheeks warm and fair,

While Tony's a hunky, so—What do you care?

Over the bridges, the hills, and the fen,

Streams the procession of undersized men,

Climbing the stairs to the waiting machines;

Lowered in cages, to death-marked ravines.

Look at their faces; sad, pinched, and worn!

Look at their garments: threadbare and torn!

Look at their swagger, the precocious air,

Some mother's babies, but—What do you care?

Children of poverty, born to duress, Cradled and nursed in the lap of distress;

Wearing the garments of manhood in youth;

Learning its vices, but missing its truth,

Slaving and toiling in factory and pit, Seeking their pittance wherever they'll fit,

Caged in the sweatshops and penned in the lair

Of tubercular poison, but—What do you care?

Tony's a hunky, and Sammy's a wop, Foreigners truly, and aliens—but stop!

Some woman bore them in travail and fear—

Somebody's children, to some mother, dear,

Think not because they're from poverty's stem

Some mother's heart is not breaking for them;

Or, 'cause they dwell in the vale of despair,

She does not love them, but—What do you care?

What do you care, the arraignment doth read,

What is your plea to the true-bill of greed?

What can you offer by way of defence?

You who judge lives by their value in cents,

Sponsor of slavery's misery-filled pen! They are your chattels, these undersized men!

What will you say when the Judge, truly fair,

Cries, "These are My children, but—What do you care?"

—William Edward Ross, in "Pearson's Magazine."

GET SOMEBODY ELSE.

The Lord had a job for me,

But I had so much to do,

I said, "You get somebody else,

Or wait till I get through."

I don't know how the Lord came out,

But He seemed to get along;

But I felt a kind o' sneakin'-like—

Knowed I'd done God wrong.

One day I needed the Lord,

Needed Him right away;

But he never answered me at all,

And I could hear Him say

Down in my accusing heart;

"Nigger, I've got too much to do

You get somebody else,

Or wait till I get through."

Now, when the Lord He have a job for me

I never tries to shirk;

I drops what I have on hand

And does the good Lord's work.

And my affairs can run along,

Or wait till I get through;

Nobody else can do the work

That God marked out for you.

—Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

Though thy voice falter—greet some soul as sad;

Though thy heart ache—help other hearts to heal;

Give what thou canst, to make the children glad;

And use thy woe to work the needy's weal.

If heart and home, poor brother, are forlorn,

The Prince of Peace can fill them Christmas morn.

—"Christian-Intelligencer."