

We had planned an afternoon together at a Home meeting, but duty called, and while we went off to speak at the meeting, Mrs Watson jumped on her bike and went to see the invalid, who had changed her mind and thought she would be better in the hospital. So the ambulance was rung for, and was there almost before Mrs Watson had the patient ready. She saw her comfortably settled and contented before leaving her. Just one incident in her busy life.

Mrs Watson's five sons all went to the war, and two of them made the supreme sacrifice, while a third still suffers severely from war disabilities. The long strain of that period aged the mother, and has left its mark upon her, but it has not dimmed her cheery optimism.

Her own children have all left the old home, and the mother is giving to the suffering and needy, the time, the love, the skill that once were needed for her own family. And, in blessing those around, she has herself been blest.

The Public have shown their appreciation of her work by returning her at every election, the last time at the head of the Poll.

She is sane and level handed, runs no tilts against windmills, but is fearless in denouncing what ought not to be done.

When the new Hospital was opened, a fine afternoon tea was provided for visitors, and was enjoyed by hundreds of the citizens. In the accounts presented at the next Board meeting was an item of £17 for liquor. This she instantly challenged with the question: "Was that amount of our money spent on drink?" Her query was flashed around the Dominion by the Press Association, and lets us know that women on H. and C.A. Boards' will be as careful of the ratepayers' money as they were of their own house-keeping allowance.

The male members of the Board are ever helpful and courteous, and Mrs Watson speaks highly of the brotherliness shown to her in her work. When she was returned at the head of the Poll, her brother members showed their appreciation by waiting to greet her at the entrance to the Hospital, as she arrived for her first meeting.

She is now collecting for a cinema picture plant for the patients at the

Hospital. Already she has collected £110, and is on the war-path for the remaining £70 needed. The money was willingly given, and many said they gave it to her gladly in recognition of her fine service to the poor and the suffering.

Mrs Moffatt resides in Motueka. There is a Local Hospital there. It is a Maternity Hospital, with emergency beds for accidents and sudden illness. Mrs Moffatt keeps in touch with the work there, also arranges for admission to Nelson Hospital of needy cases, and places the circumstances before the Board. Then Mrs Moffatt, too, appeals to friends for clothes, and fits out those who need warm clothing. She remarks:



MRS P. H. MOFFATT,
(Member of Nelson H. & C. A.
Board.)

"It's wonderful what one can do in the way of children's clothes with a few old costumes."

There are some things that sadden these workers, and make them feel that a little alteration in the law would help them. When aid is given to a needy family, the husband being a heavy drinker, the Board cannot take out a prohibition order against him, so they support the family, while father's wages help to support the Publican's family. Sometimes it is bad management of the wife responsible for poverty. Then, too, they will be glad, for the W.C.T.U. resolution to be given effect to, compelling deserters, who won't maintain their family to be put to work, and the money used to keep the family. Mrs Moffatt speaks of the

tragedy of a home, where the mother goes off and deserts husband and children. There are many cases of this kind, and some means might be devised of helping. Mrs Moffatt speaks of the fascination of the work, how it is a real education, and she too, pays a tribute to her male colleagues, and says that they realise the value of the "woman's point of view."

CHANGE NOT FOR THE BETTER.

A visitor to Ohinemuri, reports that the women in the various districts bitterly regret the return of the Licensed Bars. In one town, women may be seen leading their husbands past the doors of the Hotels on their way to the mines, as no intoxicated man is allowed to go down a mine, and on pay-day, waiting to lead them home. It reminds one of a remark of Gipsy Smith's that "Some men are so strong that they cannot carry their wages past a public-house."

Women report that the streets are no longer safe for them to be abroad in the evenings, boisterous drunks being encountered, and undesirable characters coming into the town. Convictions for drunkenness and crimes arising therefrom, have increased to an alarming extent. There is a wail of sadness and regret echoing throughout the once comparatively clean and happy townships.

The wearing of the little White Bow is a silent but telling protest against the return of this iniquitous traffic.

Members in dry areas should take heed and watch and pray, and labour to keep that prohibition which loyal and faithful hearts gained for them.

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