

clothing for destitute settlers, 108 comfort-bags, 470 magazines, 96 books, 6,426 papers, and 2,250 tracts."

*Present Day Difficulties.*—This year has been surrounded with difficulties of a peculiarly trying nature. This long winter has meant much to the dwellers in the dreary north-land of our province, and it is here our missionaries, Miss Sproule and Mr. Leckie, have been waging their brave fight in the face of many difficulties and obstacles in the interests of God and home and native land.

We have many times wondered at the cheery optimism which pervades the letters of our two missionaries, and we have sometimes thought that it would only be woman-like if Miss Sproule indulged in a woman's privilege, just to grumble a little bit at the hardships and difficulties that she has to encounter. But never once can we recall a time when this brave intrepid exponent of the Christian faith and the tenets of the W. C. T. U. did other than show to us only the cheery, bright side of the picture. We, however, call to mind a letter, bearing date March 26th, of this present year, when, reading "between the lines," we noted the craving for a word of sympathy and cheer, yet the letter ended with half an apology for so doing. She had just received a letter from a chairman of a board of license commissioners in her district to whom she had written, at the suggestion of the license inspector, and from information received from him. She told the story of the conditions of affairs at Chelmsford (a little village a few miles west of Sudbury). Chelmsford is a small half country, half lumbering village—mostly French—yet it has three hotels, a liquor store, and a strong petition for the fourth hotel. At Larchwood, a few miles from Chelmsford, where there were only

a few scattered houses in the neighbourhood, and a lumber camp adjacent during the winter months, there was also an application for a license for another liquor house. At Azilda, a few miles nearer Sudbury, is an hotel, but very few homes, while two miles from there they are applying for a license for a log-house.

It was of these and similar abuses of the License Act that Miss Sproule wrote, and the reply received hurt her sensitive nature most keenly, the writer saying that he "thought the people in the District of Algoma were quite intelligent enough to know their needs and wants, without the advice of any walking delegate that might spring up from time to time and create an agitation and discontent." His closing sentence was as follows: "I think some of those delegates would do a great deal of good if they would show the same zeal in helping the ladies of the land in becoming better cooks. They would be performing a long-felt want, and no doubt it would bring more happiness and less craving for alcohol?" What Miss Sproule feels in regard to this affair she bravely keeps to herself, but with a quaintness characteristic of her, adds: "I suppose we will never hear the end of the sayings of the wise men at Ottawa in regard to the need of our teaching other women to cook."

Evidently the seed sown in the legislative halls of our Dominion is bearing fruit by the wayside. Would that it had been of a different kind, and would that the jibe thrown out by these men, high in authority, against the women who fearlessly and faithfully try to rid our land of the cigarette curse had never been uttered, for there will be those ever ready to make use of it as a cloak for their own evil-doing or want of doing.

*Extracts from Miss Sproule's*