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A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. V. No. 48. Price One Penny.

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A FARTHING ARGUMENT.

SOME CHEAP TALK.

In opening a conference of the United Hotelkeepers' Association of Victoria last week, the president, Mr. Farthing, M.L.A., said:—"The finest temperance organization in Victoria was the United Hotelkeepers' Association, for the reason that the hotelkeepers had determined to prevent drunkenness on their premises, if only for the good of the trade. The man who paid them the worst, and who was the worst advertisement for them was the man who got under the influence of liquor."

It seems almost an impertinence to point out (1) Hotelkeepers have no option re drunkenness on the premises—the law compels them to do so. For all time they have flouted this law, and now, with the sentence of death hanging over them, they are making a song of being virtuous of necessity. (2) Mr. Farthing is careless in his language—he should not have said "the finest," but "the most unique" temperance organization in the world. A temperance society that provides 50,000 drunks a year is certainly unique. (3) Ingratitude, thy name is Farthing! After a man has spent his fortune, sacrificed his home and his life in devotedly drinking alcohol, to be told he is a poor advertisement for the business is unkind, to say the least of it. If he had done as much for the Church he would have been immortalised, and his sainted memory would have been fragrant through centuries.

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MANAGEMENT OF INEBRIATE WOMEN.

The medical man attending the home, when referring to the fact that a very small percentage of the cases who come to us can be regarded as either encouraging or hopeful, having nearly all gone very far wrong, and many of them having accustomed themselves, not only to alcohol, but to drugs—opium, cocaine, etc., which cause very rapid deterioration—says that our results are very remarkable. "Under any circumstances," he states, "they would be creditable; but when we consider that the material upon which you work is such that it would be rejected as hopeless by many other organizations, then your results are marvellously successful."

I give here a short epitome of eight cases which will illustrate some of the points to which I have referred:—

Case 1.—A, aged 34. Clever, well educated, musical, but complete slave to drink; separated from husband in consequence. Was found living alone in one room in deplorable condition. Brought to S.A. Home in September, 1899. Remained 12 months, during which time was completely changed. Took situation in dressmaking establishment so as to prove herself fitter, and after two and a-half years' testing was reconciled to her husband. In about 12 months' time her husband's brain suddenly gave way, and he died within a week. A was overcome with sorrow, and a friend (or relative) gave her brandy when in a fainting condition. This resulted in her coming to grief again through drink, spending almost all the money her husband had left her, and she was again in the gutter. Wrote asking to be readmitted to the home, and was received. Subsequently, after earning her living in several situations, much beneath her socially, she became ill, and died in hospital through cancer.

Case 2.—B, aged 33. Only daughter of a gentleman farmer. Was taught by her father to drink, swear, and smoke, at age of seven, and while yet a child was accustomed to drink whisky. Educated at Hereford College. After her parents' death, at 24, she was obliged to earn her own living; had done nothing up to that time except ride, drive, hunt, and amuse herself by an outdoor and idle life. Learnt bookkeeping, and had several responsible positions. Fell a victim to whisky; came to S.A. as last resource in November, 1905. Is a wonderful trophy of God's saving power.

Case 3.—C, aged 48. Came to S.A. Inebriate Home in 1908, from Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum, where she had been confined for nine years for child murder and attempted suicide, caused through drink and domestic trouble. Has been most satisfactory, and proved herself hard-working and industrious. During her time in the home was truly converted, and is a S.A. soldier. Has proved herself thoroughly trustworthy in several responsible positions.

Case 4.—D, aged 38. Came to S.A. Home

in April, 1894. An only child. At 13 was apprenticed to draper's. Was much addicted to drink; D.T.'s. In drunken fit knocked her mother on fire; both taken on different stretchers to hospital; mother died. Was put in service after being in home; then at book-folding work. Had a break-down; found in her room at Islington. Taken back to home: "O God, if You will give me one more chance, I'll never sin again!" Restored. For eight years held responsible position; the means of leading many drunkards to God. Died in 1906.

Case 5.—E, aged 37. Daughter of oil-merchant. Drug case for 10 years, through first taking it as medicine. Began to take chloroform at first to help her bear pain, as a girl. As years went on, the habit grew on her, until she was able to take a great deal, spending 15s. a week on it. Friends tried to help her, and she went to an inebriate home (not S.A.) for 12 months. After her return home stood firm for a time, but broke out again, and was obliged to come away, as her husband was in danger of losing his berth. Came to S.A. Home, where she stayed 11 months; proved the reality of her conversion, and has been doing well since leaving the home.

Case 6.—F, aged 41. Wife of policeman; six children. For years was steeped in drink. Was in the habit of leaving her husband and children for weeks at a time. On one occasion was brought home in wheelbarrow in terrible condition. Would sleep on doorsteps, in coal-sheds, pigsties, and out-houses. Was repeatedly forgiven and taken home, but only to steal and pledge all she could, and then take her departure, finally being locked up as drunk and disorderly. Was a physical wreck when she came to S.A. Home (March, 1899), but has proved herself to be naturally a gentle, refined little woman, clean, industrious, and thorough, and was extremely grateful for what was done for her. Gave evidence while in the home of being truly converted, and at the end of 12 months returned to her husband. She has been home for 10 or 11 years doing the duty of a good wife and mother, her husband's letters testifying to the change that has taken place.

Case 7.—G, aged 56. Well educated, but a great whisky-drinker for many years, and brought very low in consequence. Came to S.A. Home, where she remained for 12 months, and after severe tests in various situations stood firm for years. Her last post was as lady's-maid to one of the ladies-in-waiting to the late Queen Victoria. She was there for two years. Taken to the hospital as suffering from cancer. Only lived three weeks, but made a lasting impression upon her mistress through her consistent Christian life.

Case 8.—H, aged 38. G.P.O. official. Always drank spirits as a beverage from girlhood. Was a heavy whisky-drinker for

10 years. Came to S.A. Home from G.P.O., where she remained for 12 months, having in the meantime claimed the power of God to save and keep her from her besetment. Returned to the G.P.O. for two years. Says she "would never have believed it possible that she could see and smell Scotch whisky, and have money in her pocket to buy it, and yet not want it, but such is the case. Instead of it being a temptation, she has the utmost loathing for it." Has been in a responsible place of trust for some eight years.

PREVENTIVE MEASURES WITH REGARD TO GIRLS AND WOMEN.

I hope that this discussion will produce some useful suggestions as to preventive measures, and I should like to emphasise the fact that the chief hope of temperance reformers lies with the rising generation. I believe that a wide and far-reaching reformation would certainly be accomplished if parents and guardians could be induced to bring children up on a simple fruitarian diet. The State might save thousands of lives if more attention were paid to the pauper children cared for by our various Boards of Guardians, and if they were brought up under more hygienic surroundings and upon a generous non-meat diet.

Those whose bodies have been well nourished upon suitable and simple food, without meat and condiments of any kind, and who have been taught to consider the question of diet from a moral as well as physical point of view, would, I am convinced, very rarely become victims of alcohol.

THE NEED FOR SYMPATHY WITH INEBRIATES.

One fact is observable with regard to each of the women whose short history is given, and is apparent in all the successful cases with which we have dealt—viz., that we have been able to secure the co-operation of the individual herself. Apart from this, it is hopeless to effect a cure while the individual must continue to live amid constant temptation. It is on this account that we so earnestly desire compulsory powers in order to deal with the really feebly-minded, who are unable to work with us for their own deliverance.

The drunken woman is among those who are the most deserving of compassion among all the world's bruised and broken souls. Degraded as she is herself, and degrading as must always be her influence, her sin is often less than that which must be laid at the door of many who are respectable and correct. An ever-widening experience of the so-called vicious classes in many lands convinces me that, while vice has many forms, sin works by no set methods. Sin has a way of ruin for every man that is original and appropriate only to himself, and it is often—I am not sure that I might not use a stronger term—anyway, it is often quite as bad, if not worse, when it is respectable and plausible and elegantly clothed, than when we see its impress revealed in delirium and rags, in ruined fea-

(Continued on Page 10.)

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WILLIAM WHITE, Redfern and Newtown.

My Uncle Rowland's Tale.

(By Bulwer Lytton.)

It was in Spain, no matter where or how, that it was my fortune to take prisoner a French officer of the same rank that I then held—a lieutenant; and there was so much similarity in our sentiments that we became intimate friends. He was a rough soldier, whom the world had not well treated; but he never railed at the world. Honor was his idol, and the sense of honor paid him for the loss of all else.

He had a son—a boy—who was all in life to him, next to his country and his duty. We were accustomed to talk of him—to picture his future. My prisoner was sent to headquarters, and soon afterwards exchanged.

We met no more till last year. Being then at Paris, I inquired for my old friend, and learned that he was living at a place a few miles from the capital. I went to visit him. I found his house empty and deserted. That very day he had been led to prison, charged with a terrible crime. I saw him in that prison, and from his own lips learned his story. His son had been brought up, as he fondly believed, in the habits and principles of honorable men; and, having finished his education, came to reside with him. The young man was accustomed to go frequently to Paris. A young Frenchman loves pleasure; and pleasure is found at Paris. The father thought it natural, and stripped his age of some comforts to supply luxuries for the son's youth.

Shortly after the young man's arrival, my friend perceived that he was robbed. Moneys kept in his bureau were extracted he knew not how, nor could guess by whom. It must be done in the night. He concealed himself and watched. He saw a stealthy figure glide in, he saw a false key applied to the lock—he started forward, seized the felon, and recognised his son.

Instead of expelling him the house, the father kept the youth; he remonstrated with him; he did more—he gave him the key of the bureau. "Take what I have to give," said he, "I would rather be a beggar than know my son a thief."

The youth promised amendment, and seemed penitent. He spoke of the temptations of Paris, the gaming-table, and what not. He gave up his daily visits to the capital. He seemed to apply to study. Shortly after this, the neighborhood was alarmed by reports of night robberies on the road.

The police were on the alert. One night an old brother officer knocked at my friend's door. It was late; the veteran (he was a cripple, by the way) was in bed. He came down in haste when his servant awoke him and told him

that his old friend, wounded and bleeding, sought an asylum under his roof. The wound, however, was slight. The guest had been attacked and robbed on the road. The next morning the proper authority of the town was sent for. The plundered man described his loss—some billets of five hundred francs in a pocket-book, on which was embroidered his name and coronet. The guest stayed to dinner. Late in the forenoon the son looked in. The guest started to see him; my friend noticed his paleness. Shortly after, on pretence of faintness, the guest retired to his room, and sent for his host. "My friend," said he, "can you do me a favor?—go to the magistrate and recall the evidence I have given."

"Impossible," said the host. "What crotchet is this?"

The guest shuddered. "Peste!" said he. "I do not wish in my old age to be hard on others. Who knows how the robber may have been tempted, and who knows what relations he may have—honest men, whom his crime would degrade for ever! Good heavens! if detected, it is the galleys! the galleys!"

"And what then?—the robber knew what he braved."

"But did his father know it?"

A light broke upon my unhappy comrade in arms; he caught his friend by the hand—"You turned pale at my son's sight—where did you ever see him before? Speak!"

"Last night on the road to Paris. The mask slipped aside. Call back my evidence!"

"You are mistaken. I saw my son in his bed, and blessed him, before I went to my own."

"I will believe you," said the guest; "and never shall my hasty suspicion pass my lips—but call back the evidence."

The guest returned to Paris before dusk. The father conversed with his son on the subject of his studies; he followed him to his room, waited till he was in bed, and was then about to retire when the youth said, "Father, you have forgotten your blessing."

The father went back, laid his hand on the boy's head and prayed. He was credulous—fathers are so! He was persuaded that his friend had been deceived. He retired to rest, and fell asleep. He woke suddenly in the middle of the night, and felt (I here quote his words—"I felt," said he, "as if a voice had awakened me—a voice that said, 'Rise and search.' I rose at once, struck a light, and went to my son's room. The door was locked. I knocked once, twice, thrice—no answer. I dared not call aloud lest I should rouse the servants. I went down the stairs—I opened the back

door—I passed to the stables. My own horse was there, not my son's. My horse neighed; it was old, like myself—my old charger at Mont St. Jean. I stole back, I crept into the shadow of the wall by my son's door, and extinguished my light. I felt as if I were a thief myself."

Before daybreak my friend heard the back door open gently; a foot ascended the stair—a key grated in the door of the room close at hand—the father glided through the dark into that chamber behind his unseen son.

He heard the click of the tinder-box; a light was struck; and the figure before him stood a moment or so motionless, and seemed to listen. Slowly the mask was removed; could that be his son's face, the son of a brave man?—it was pale and ghastly with scoundrel fears; the base drops stood on the brow; the eye was haggard and bloodshot. He looked as a coward looks when death stands before him.

The youth walked, or rather skulked, to the secretaire, unlocked it, opened a secret drawer; placed within it the contents of his pockets and his frightful mask. The father approached softly, looked over his shoulder, and saw in the drawer the pocket-book embroidered with his friend's name. Meanwhile, the son took out his pistols, uncocked them cautiously, and was about to secrete them, when his father arrested his arm: "Robber, the use of these is yet to come!"

The son's knees knocked together; an exclamation for mercy burst from his lips; but when he perceived it was not the grip of some hireling of the law, but a father's hand that had clutched his arm, the vile audacity which knows fear only from a bodily cause, none from the awe of shame, returned to him.

"Tush, sir," he said, "waste no time in reproaches, for, I fear, the gens-d'armes are on my track. It is well that you are here; you can swear I have spent the night at home. Unhand me, old man—I have these witnesses still to secrete," and he pointed to the garments, wet and bedabbled with the mud of the roads. He had scarcely spoken when the walls shook; there was the heavy clatter of hoofs on the ringing pavement without.

"They come!" cried the son. "Off, do-tard! Save your son from the galleys!"

"The galleys, the galleys!" said the father, staggering back; "it is true, the galleys!"

There was a loud knocking at the gate. The gens-d'armes surrounded the house. "Open, in the name of the law!" No answer came, no door was opened. From the window of the son's room the father saw the sudden blaze of torches, the shadowy forms of the men-hunters. He heard a voice cry, "Yes, this is the robber's grey horse—see, it still reeks with sweat!" And behind and in front, at either door, again came the

(Continued on Page 10.)

EDWIN LANE,

WATERLOO CHAMBERS, 460 George Street, Sydney.

The Reliable Tailor, Draper and Bootman.

LADIES' COSTUMES A SPECIALITY.

The Drain Upon Sick Benefit Societies.

U. F. MUELLER, C.P.P.S., Carthage, Ohio, in "Scientific Temperance Journal."

To-day we can state it as an incontestable truth that the immoderate use of alcohol by our laboring men fastens upon sick and accident insurance an unduly heavy burden. We have found alcohol to cause and aggravate many diseases and accidents which bring on premature death and much temporary incapacity to earn. No less is it a principal contributory cause in many diseases leading to early invalidism.

This emphatic declaration (1908) by Dr. Hansen, of Keil, Imperial Councillor and Director of the German Board of Insurance, points to a long and costly lesson of experience, the full figures of which are probably even yet not complete. Kulhanek, for example, quotes a case of a brewery laborer, 42 years old, for 13 years a member of an insurance society, who paid in assessments 91.93dol.; he drew, for 779 days of sickness, benefit amounting to 271.66, a deficit of 179.73dol. The man was an ordinary heavy beer-drinker.

The case may seem somewhat extreme, yet every insurance society that has a large number of heavy drinkers faces extraordinary expenditures for them. This is clear from a report of the Austrian secretary of the interior covering the years 1891-1895, and comparing the average number of days that laborers in the alcohol industry were sick with the general average of all other laborers. The time lost by general laborers averaged, for the various age groups, 8.8 days; for laborers in the alcohol industry the time lost was 10.3 days. The difference may seem small, but in the aggregate it amounted to an additional loss for alcohol industry laborers of 30,000 days, costing 12,000dol. in benefit insurance.

BEER DRINKERS ALSO INCREASED SICKNESS RATE.

But it might be thought that it is the whisky drinkers who thus swell the sick-

benefit budget of the alcohol industry laborers. Dr. Welmsky examined the cases of 520 drinkers who used either whisky or whisky and beer, and of 483 persons who used only light Bohemian beer (3 per cent. alcohol), although some of them indulged rather freely. Comparing the cases of a long list of diseases traceable wholly or partly to alcohol, he found 129 among the whisky drinkers and 327 among the beer drinkers.

In German cities where insurance is obligatory the sick rate among brewery employees and certain classes of workmen known to be generally heavy drinkers greatly exceeded the general average.

The Leipsig local society carried its studies further. Without going into all the statistics, it may be said that the investigation showed—(1) that the heavy drinkers were subject to sickness two or three times oftener than the general class; (2) that they were incapacitated for work from 1.5 to 2.5 times more than the general average; (3) that their mortality rate was much higher than that of their more temperate companions.

THE BURDEN OF INVALIDISM.

Nor was this all. The Leipsig investigators classified the duration of incapacity for work into three groups of three, six, and eight months each. They found that of every 1000 persons observed, the average sickness at all ages in the three groups was as follows:—

	3 months.	6 months.	8 months.
General class	9.4	4.4	5.4
Drinkers	36.7	6.0	10.1

These figures speak for themselves and testify that the ways of the transgressor against the natural laws are fraught with misery. Can the momentary alleviation of pain or painful surroundings outweigh a three to eight months' lingering disease, not to speak of doctor's bills, etc.?

New South Wales Alliance.

NOTES AND COMMENTS BY THE GENERAL SECRETARY.

The dates of the annual convention of the N.S.W. Alliance have now been definitely fixed. They are—Sunday, April 28, to Thursday, May 2.

The draft programme includes the observance of the Sunday as "Alliance Sunday." It is proposed to ask all of the churches to unite in this, and to invite the local lodges to attend the services in regalia. "After-

church meetings" will be held in the larger centres. The Sunday schools will be also asked to engage in a pledge-signing campaign for the children.

On the Monday, the Alliance dinner will be held, to be followed by the annual business meeting of members of the Alliance. At this meeting the annual report and balance sheet

will be presented, and the officers and State Council elected.

Tuesday and Wednesday will be devoted to conferences on different phases of our work. All of the papers will be brief, and plenty of time will be allowed for discussion. Members and branches are requested to give early notice of any subjects they desire set down for consideration.

Thursday, May 2, will be the annual public meeting of the Alliance. An attractive platform of speakers is being arranged. Altogether a "feast of good things" may be expected at the convention. Full particulars will be announced as soon as the programme is completed.

At the last monthly meeting of the executive committee, a Press Bureau was formed, and the Rev. Thomas Davies was appointed to direct its operations. The idea is to furnish the newspapers throughout the State with reliable and up-to-date news of temperance reform, not only from this country, but from all parts of the world.

The Rev. R. B. S. Hammond has very kindly consented to deliver a lecture on the New Zealand No-license campaign in seven different centres, as follows:—

Willoughby, in the Congregational Church, on February 19.

Mosman, Town Hall, February 26.

Belmore, Church of England, March 4.

Strathfield, Methodist Church, March 18.

Enmore, Church of Christ Tabernacle, March 19.

Granville, Congregational Church, April 1.

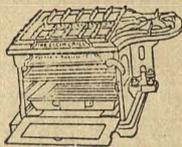
Neutral Bay, March 25.

The lecture is entitled, "New Zealand by Picture—the No-License Fight, its Figures, Triumphs, and Humour." As "Grit" readers are aware, Mr. Hammond took a prominent part in the recent No-license campaign in New Zealand. He visited all the large centres of both Island; delivering no less than 150 addresses to audiences aggregating 80,000 people. In this lecture he gives, in his own incomparable manner, a vivid description of his experiences. The proceeds of the lecture will be devoted to the funds of the Alliance.

Our general secretary, Mr. John Complin, has commenced his country work. Last week he visited the Newcastle and Maitland districts. At present he is in the Murrumbidgee electorate.

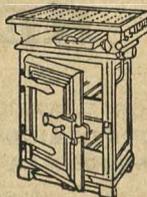
A special meeting of the Box agents is being held at the Alliance headquarters on Thursday, February 15th (to-day). This meeting will be followed by a weekly Thursday meeting.

(Concluded on page 12.)

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Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

ONE INSTITUTION.

We often meet those who deplore the fact that there are so many branches of Christ's Church on earth—so many "sects." Why, says the scoffer, they are in actual competition with one another. Is that Christianity? One would expect (he says) to find only one church, and here are dozens of them. And with a cheap sneer he departs.

Well, my good readers, cheap sneers never hurt us yet. They are always built upon cheap thoughts, manufactured by cheap brains.

Few of us really realise the wonderful diversity of opinions, thoughts, and feelings possible to the creature man, created in God's image. Can we expect the brainless one, who echoes and re-echoes the cheap opinions of his friends, to have ever given such a subject any thought?

He fails to see even that what he mistakes for enmity and rivalry is really only a healthy competition, and the life and soul of progress is competition. He also cannot realise that the man with aesthetic taste should naturally be expected to have a slightly different method and conception of worship to that of the converted publican.

But they are alike sincere.

We were led to write in this strain by the study of the balance sheet of a large carrying corporation. That may seem strange at first, but, perhaps, not so much so when we try to work out the analogy. In the year 1910 five of the largest carrying firms in Sydney combined to form a large limited company. All five had been very successful, and, of course, when combined, and competition thereby lessened, and trade expenses greatly reduced, they thought to practically double the business. Why not? To quote the prospectus, something like this was to happen:—

"An infinitely better service was to be given, while on a moderate estimate fully 40 per cent. of the management and rental expenses were to be saved."

This sounded very promising, and the general public responded nobly. However, sad to relate, the realisation has so far not come up to the expectations. The balance sheet at the end of 1911 showed a loss of over £4000. Part of this can be accounted for in the moneys required to bring plant and premises more up-to-date. But, even accounting for these factors, the whole combined company made hardly as much as any

of the combined parts did previously. Why? Well, such a question cannot be answered off-hand, even by a chartered accountant, but we think it is generally realised now by business men of experience that a big combination never works as healthily as the various parts would work by themselves.

In the smaller concern the manager has generally fought with intense energy to bring his business up to a high standard. His men have caught his enthusiasm. It has been a strong pull and a pull together. But when the little coterie enter into a big combination, the pace is allowed to slacken. They, somehow, feel they have one and all entered the sheltering fold, and there is no need for the high tension of the old regime. Of course, such things can be remedied, but it is very hard to keep the joint concerns up to high water mark.

Can you now, my readers, see the moral we are aiming at? Are conditions really different in church life and work? Is it not equally true that the abundance of churches keeps up the general healthy competitive spirit? In one big church we are afraid this would soon give place to a soul-destroying lethargy.

THE LANGUISHING "BAND OF HOPE."

We have always been a great advocate of the "Band of Hope" principle—the education of the very young in the evil and disastrous properties of strong drink. How opportune the time, when the innocent and lovable mind of the little one grasps with horror the change from the human to the demoniacal in the drunkard, realises that this repulsive, savage, and blasphemous creature was, but a few hours before, a kind father, or uncle, or friend.

Such a vivid impression will certainly be a lasting one, and color the whole of the after life of the child. Then comes the opportunity of educating the child to the two great factors of temperance work:

1. He must keep himself safe and sound from this dire temptation by abstinence.

2. He must use every effort to influence his playmates, and even elder friends, to so abstain.

This latter resolution may be the first step to a life of usefulness—certainly the best life of all. The little member of the "Band of Hope" starts off to work straight away, and right seriously does he take the whole proposition. Let those who sneer at

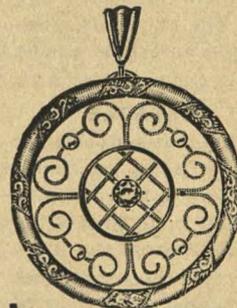
"what children are likely to do" meditate upon the little story from Hurstville we gave a few weeks ago in these columns, telling how one little maiden was instrumental in completely transforming the life of her uncle. This all came about by a childish invitation to come to the meeting—backed up by another invite to "sign on." To everyone's amazement the drunkard, fast descending the social ladder, did so, and never drank again. The little winsome invitation succeeded after every other effort to reform failed, and we may be sure the success attained by the wee maiden would lead to further useful efforts. Thus, to train the young minds to lead an unselfish life and think of others is an incalculable blessing—is it not?

Why, then, should we let our "Bands of Hope" languish? We "grown ups" are responsible. The little ones will attend and take an interest—but we do not help them.

Let us all do our best to resurrect the good old institution, and to help keep it alive when it is resurrected.

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Thos. Cowin (12/2/13), 5s.; Miss F. Bradhurst (31/6/12), 2s. 6d.; F. S. Eipper (31/6/13), 5s.; Miss M. Smith (23/8/12), 2s. 6d.; Miss Tiernan (31/12/11), 2s. 6d.; C. Woolnough (16/12/11), 5s.; Rev. Dyer (31/12/11), 5s.; A. F. Graham (29/1/12), 5s.; Miss Gallagher (29/1/13), 5s.; R. Nye (14/4/12), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Grant (31/12/13), 5s.; Mrs. Huxtable (31/12/12), 5s. 6d.; Mrs. Skervington, (6/5/12), 2s. 6d.; W. H. Paul (24/2/12), 1s. 3d.; L. S. Teece (28/2/12), 1s. 3d.; Miss B. Schumach (24/3/12), 1s. 3d.; Mrs. A. Clark (31/12/12), 5s.; R. Easterley (15/7/12), 2s. 6d.; S. Stocker (18/1/13), 5s.; S. R. Marsham (31/8/12), 10s. 6d.; L. A. Beer (1/11/11), 10s.



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PROHIBITION RESULTS.

IS LEGAL SUPPRESSION OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC PRACTICABLE.— IMPORTANT FACTS WELL WORTH CONSIDERING.—THE ACTUAL EFFECTS OF WELL-ENFORCED LAW.

The question of whether or not Prohibition prohibits is editorially discussed in a recent issue of the New York "Delegate," in an article full of common sense and interesting facts. The following extracts will be found well worth careful consideration:—

If you ever talk with a liquor advocate, or one of his friends, in a Prohibition State, you will invariably get this answer: "Yes, Prohibition is all right if it would work, but Prohibition won't prohibit. Why, just take this town, for instance!" And then will begin a long catalogue of bootlegging—that's what they term illicit liquor selling in dry territory in the west. His facts, for the most part, will be absolutely correct. The law is violated. There can be no doubt of that. I can speak with authority, because for the past few months I have been president of a civic league in a small college town in a Prohibition State. I found on assuming office that the chief duty of this league was to rid the town of illegal whisky traffic.

TWO DIFFICULTIES.

Then it was that I first awoke to the fact that Prohibition did not prohibit as we who had voted for the constitutional amendment might wish it should. However, in the brief space of two months we closed every "joint" in the town, in spite of the fact that we had to contend against the apathy or open hostility of the chief of police, mayor, and town council, as well as against numerous vexatious Federal laws. But before I undertook to apply the remedies I attempted to locate the cause of the derelictions of which we had so much just cause of complaint. It was soon apparent that our difficulty was both foreign and local. The former is much the harder to eradicate, because it is almost impossible to reach.

A GOVERNMENT OBSTACLE.

Although not framed for that purpose, yet the United States statutes are so construed that the Federal Government is leagued with the bootlegger and the distiller to thwart the law in every Prohibition State. To illustrate, thousands of Federal licenses, or permits to sell liquor, are granted every year in Kansas and Oklahoma. Without such a license the jointkeeper is subject to all the penalties of the excise law of the United States; with it the violator of the prohibitory statute has at least purchased immunity from Federal prosecution. Nine-tenths of the illicit whisky-selling in every Prohibition State could be abolished if the National Government refused to grant licenses which in effect give permission to violate the Prohibition law, and then vigorously prosecute all who sell liquor without the Federal permit.

THE WAY IT WORKS.

The men who manufacture liquor do all in their power to discredit the Prohibition

law. They employ attorneys to keep the jointkeepers out of jail. Such is their profit that they ship on credit, assuming the risk of confiscation and loss.

The United States mails and Interstate commerce laws are the chief bulwark of these men in the illicit business. The mails in dry territory are flooded with liquor circulars. A willingness to ship to anyone, with permission to sample the first bottle, with return privileges, is a standing allure-ment to induce patronage. It is explained to the prospective purchaser that because of the Interstate commerce laws State officials cannot interfere with anyone's "personal liberty" in thus purchasing what is desired for "health and comfort." And this is true.

In this respect the Federal Government is chief barmaid to the bootlegger. The United States mails are used to promote an illegal traffic, and through the workings of the Interstate commerce laws an entire trainload of liquor can be sent into any Prohibition town, and, so long as it passes from one State into another, it is perfectly secure until the actual delivery has been made to the consignee.

PUBLIC OPINION EFFECTIVE.

For a time it seemed to me that United States marshals and railway and express agents took special pains to thwart the Prohibition law. But the vigor of public opinion—and this is the chief deputy in all law enforcement—has gradually put a stop to it in Oklahoma. The Government no longer allows a bootlegger, when trapped, to pay a back license fee and thus escape prosecution. An express deliveryman who had a large consignment of liquor come in his name in order to shield jointkeepers was much chagrined when he found himself haled into court. An express agent who made it a practice of slipping contraband liquor to habitual violators after dark and at odd hours on Sunday learned that the bootlegger was entitled to no such favors. In both instances there was a material reformation.

The local situation is much easier to control. When you can locate the illicit liquor-man you can oust him. Realising that on circus day, if ever, the jointist would have liquor to sell, fifty of us, armed with search warrants and accompanied by deputies to serve them, appeared, right on the heels of the circus parade, at the front and back doors of every joint in town. We obtained abundant evidence on which to base prosecutions to oust every bootlegger. And this has long since been done, with the possible exception of a few gentlemen of the cult who in secluded alleys dispense liquid fire from hip-pocket bottles.

Joints would never exist were it not for the fact that a considerable minority in

every community regard it as no crime to habitually carry a loaded pistol.

GOOD NOTWITHSTANDING.

Surely this is a serious indictment of Prohibition enforcement. But, notwithstanding, I am convinced—indeed, every open-minded citizen of the State will admit—that Prohibition does prohibit. Certainly it is as rigorously enforced as the laws against murder and theft. In a single county in this "most enlightened" State, at a recent session of the district court, there were 36 murder cases upon the docket. We Anglo-Saxons have had almost twenty centuries of Prohibition of homicide, and yet murder laws do not prohibit murder. Still, you could not find one earnest citizen in the entire United States to advocate the repeal of statutes pertaining to homicide upon the flimsy pretext that prohibition did not prohibit murder.

ENFORCEMENT DOES IT.

So, too, is it regarding the Prohibition of the liquor traffic. It does not, and never will, entirely eradicate it. People of Germanic extraction have been steeped in alcohol since the time when Tacitus first wrote of them. It is born in the blood. Once the taste is acquired, there is a craving for liquor that will not down. These men will have their glass. But in this little city of scant three thousand people there are scarcely thirty such. These men we cannot touch. Flocking with them are possibly forty jovial drinkers, young bucks and old goats, who drink a little or a lot, not because they have to, but because they regard it as a "good time." As the rigor of Prohibition enforcement increases, they quit. Most of the citizenship of this town—and I am convinced that it is a typical example—stopped tipping when it was declared illegal.

VIGILANCE NEEDED.

But the prohibitionist is prone to think that his full duty is done when he votes "dry." He forgets that the whisky advocates work at their job 365 days in the year, while he gets busy but one. And, with a curious perversity, he will vote for Prohibition and at the same time support men for office who are opposed to that very measure. Let me illustrate again with a home example: Oklahoma has had constitutional Prohibition for over three years, yet in the college town in which I live the city council has persistently refused to pass any ordinance to assist in enforcing the State law, although open joints ran here in flagrant violation of the law until they were ousted, as mentioned above, by private enterprise.

When we have lax law enforcement, when joints spring up and swing open their doors, then the casual drinker and the "treater" reappear. When the traffic is outlawed, these men not seized of the habit shun the secluded stall in the livery barn and the hip-pocket dispenser of condensed devils. I am convinced, and I have data on which to base my contention, that in a whole year of bootlegging there was not as much liquor sold

in this little city as in any fortnight during the days of the open saloon.

But even better evidence can be presented that Prohibition does prohibit. No one with an ordinary amount of reason will deny that the brewers and distillers are in the liquor business to sell liquor. The more they sell, the larger their profits. If it is true that "Prohibition does not prohibit," and that "more liquor is sold with Prohibition than without it," then these gentlemen with the keen eye for which American big business has become world famous would certainly be the firmest friends of Prohibition rather than its most implacable enemies.

Oklahoma has the initiative and referendum, and under its provisions we have passed through a vigorous "resubmission" campaign. A law was initiated substituting Local Option for Prohibition. It was frequently charged during the campaign, and was palpably evident, that the bill was drawn up by attorneys for the wholesale liquor manufacturers. All the immense expense of the campaign, possibly a half-million dollars, certainly not less than four hundred thousand dollars, was borne by the brewers and distillers. A prominent and wealthy business man of Oklahoma City, who served on the executive committee of the Business Men's League that promoted the "wet" campaign, told me that he never gave a cent towards the campaign. "Didn't need to," said he; "money was all furnished." One newspaper was paid probably fifty thousand dollars for advertising space. Two or more workers were hired in every voting precinct at three dollars per day.

But, in spite of these vast resources and the cramped condition of the Anti-Saloon League's exchequer, the bill was badly beaten. If the brewers and distillers did not believe that Prohibition prohibited would they squander a half-million dollars fighting it? If the people of Oklahoma, after three years of trial, did not feel convinced that Prohibition prohibited, would they vote for it with such a decisive majority?

IT DOES PROHIBIT.

Prohibition does prohibit. The case-hardened drinkers will get their liquor; but these are a surprisingly small number, and constantly growing fewer. The rest of the population will cease to crave it when the temptation of the open saloon is removed, the music, the bright lights and the enticing room are all gone. The very fact that the

liquor business is in every sense outlawed makes against it.

Prohibition does prohibit just in proportion to the zeal and earnestness of the citizenship that determines to make it prohibit. With all its lax enforcement, any one who has investigated the question in Oklahoma will be compelled to admit that Prohibition has succeeded wonderfully well save in two or three counties. Now that the law has received the stamp of popular approval by an increased majority, the best people of the State mean to see to it that it succeeds everywhere.

To Prevent Destitution.

Sir Thomas Whittaker, M.P., in "British National Temperance Quarterly."

Efficiency.—Long years ago scientists told us that alcohol takes the edge off our faculties. Of course a man thinks that he is stronger, that he can see and hear and feel better than he could before he took the spirits; but this really is not the case—the drink has taken the edge off his perception. What must be the condition, then, of a nation as regards its mental acuteness, when for generations it has been soaked with something like 160 million pounds' worth of liquor poured down its throat every year?

Economics.—Just a word on the economic side. If we are to prevent destitution in our midst, we must make the most and do the best with the financial and with the material resources that we have. You can not avoid poverty unless you avoid waste; and it is here I want to bring home the sense of proportion. People are bothering about a few hundred thousand pounds here and a million there. Why, it is 160 millions a year that is going in liquor! People do not realise what that enormous sum is and what can be done with it.

Housing.—Many of you are interested in the housing question—a most important matter, no doubt; but do you realise that we are spending—and as I say, wasting—on liquor as much as is the rent of every house in which the people live in the whole of the country, and if the money spent on liquor were applied to the purpose, people could live rent free? What is your housing problem beside of that?

Child Welfare.—We are very much concerned over the well-being of the children,

and of the raising of their condition. We like to start them well in life, and all sorts of schemes are talked about. Do you realise that the money spent on liquor every year would be sufficient to give to every child born during the year, at birth, 130 pounds in cash? I want you to get the true perspective and see the sense of proportion; and when we are wasting the money which would do this, no wonder there is destitution.

The Drunkard's Vision.

A public parlor in the slums,
The haunt of vice and villainy,
Where things are said unfit to hear,
And things are done unfit to see;
'Mid ribald jest and reckless song,
That mock at all that's pure and right,
The drunkard drinks the whole day long,
And raves through half the dreadful
night.

And in the morning now he sits,
With staring eyes and trembling limb;
The harbor in the sunlight laughs,
But morning is as night to him,
And, staring blankly at the wall,
He sees the tragedy complete—
He sees the man he used to be
Go striding proudly up the street.

He turns the corner with a swing,
And, at the vine-framed cottage gate,
The father sees, with laughing eyes,
His little son and daughter wait:
They race to meet him as he comes—
And—Oh! this memory is worst—
Her dimpled arms go round his neck,
She pants, "I dot my daddy first!"

He sees his bright-eyed little wife;
He sees the cottage neat and clean—
He sees the wrecking of his life
And all the things that might have been!
And, sunk in hopeless, black despair,
That drink no more has power to drown,
Upon the beer-stained table there
The drunkard's ruined head goes down.

* * *

But even I, a fearful wreck,
Have drifted long before the storm;
I know, when all seems lost on earth,
How hard it can be to reform.
I, too, have sinned, and we have both
Drunk to the dregs the bitter cup—
Give me your hand, Oh brother mine,
And even I might help you up.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1912.

RAILWAY REFRESHMENT BARS.

At the annual Labor Conference last week the following resolution was carried: "That the system of leasing the railway refreshment rooms to private lessees be discontinued, with a view to direct management and control by the Railway Commissioners, or by officers authorised by him."

Should such an alteration take place, it certainly presents a splendid opportunity for the Commissioners to abolish intoxicants from the railway stations throughout the State altogether.

But if the State is to take over the bars and turn public servants into barmen and drink-sellers, then it is the thin end of the wedge to the introduction of State control, and this must be vigorously fought.

Most of the long-distance trains in this State run at night. Women and children have to travel on them, and, whilst the drinking public are always anxious that their conveniences shall be met by a liberal supply of alcohol, it is unfortunate that many a train journey has been full of anxiety and discomfort for those who have had to travel with men who become intoxicated at railway refreshment bars.

The existence of Liquor bars on railway stations are a continual source of temptation to the officials, enginedrivers, and

others, and dismissal from the service has resulted.

New Zealand has abolished the liquor bar absolutely from the railway stations, and there is no reason why N.S.W. should not do the same.

It is well known that in country towns, where liquor bars are open late at night and early in the morning, heavy drinkers avail themselves of the opportunity of getting a "night cap" or a "reviver."

Whether under State control or private control, the liquor bar should be abolished from the station. It is only a small section of the public that use it, and if these people are so keen on having liquor they can carry it with them on the train, and save us from the disgrace of turning our railway stations into drinking saloons, and our civil servants into drink sellers. This is a matter that might well occupy the attention of the Alliance at the next meeting of the State Council.

WHAT A CHANCE.

Our readers, we fear, do not always realise how much they can benefit themselves and help us by shopping with those who advertise with us. No business firms advertise for fun—they do so to obtain your orders, and will cease to advertise if they don't get them. Will you note the bargains at Winn's in Oxford-st., and will you remember there is not an advertiser that we cannot personally recommend. Now, then, kill two birds with one stone, and that is help yourself and us by doing business with our advertisers.

A NEW BOOK.

"How to Impress the Evils of Alcohol" is the title of a little work recently published at 1s. 6d. net, by George G. Harrap and Co., 9 Portsmouth Street, Kingsway, London, W.C. It is written by Dr. W. A. Chapple, M.P., and is composed of twenty-three sections, embodying "cases and comments from a doctor's practice." The object of the volume is "to explain from physiological and pathological data, but in a simple way, the action, potency, and power of alcohol, and by simple, scientific analyses, illustrated by pathetic stories from a doctor's diary, to place in the hands of those who teach, facts that tell and reasons that convince." The scheme, we may at once say, is a complete success, and reveals a new and most fascinating mode of actualising the truths of Temperance on the medical side, upon which, after all, the case for the suppression of the liquor traffic chiefly depends. The main thesis of the book is that "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." The reader is asked not to be deterred by this most formidable and comprehensive statement of a scientific fact. He is assured that it will grow luminous as he proceeds, and that the interlineated stories, of which the book for the most part

is composed, will shed a light upon many of the mysterious manifestations of Alcoholism. Dr. Chapple was formerly in New Zealand, and wrote a most interesting companion volume to the one we have mentioned called "The fertility of the Unfit." In this issue we reprint a chapter from this valuable work on the evils of alcohol under the heading "The wreck of the Baltic." The book is not only of scientific value, it is for the people, and we hope tens of thousands of copies may find their way into the hands of parents. There breathes throughout the volume a reverent spirit. The Dr. says, "This upper compartment (of the brain) is the Holy of Holies, the Home of the Spirit, the Temple of our God." Alcohol always attacks this highest and last developed centre, or compartment; hence it is the Demon's most potent drug by which "to deprive mankind of the attributes of the Divine Creator."

FIGHTING FOR THE CHILDREN.

Pitted against the sobriety of the coming generation, pitted against the finest virtues of our children in the nursery of life, stand vast business interests with millions upon millions of invested capital, every dollar of it dependent upon the wreckage of a new generation. In this fact is the terrible wrong and infamy of the legalised liquor system. It is not for the men of this generation that I have been fighting; it is for the children of the coming generation.—Hon. Seaborn Wright.

Children's Mistakes.—The Rev. S. Ward, of the Sunday School Institute, London, says a child once said to him that he thought the Pharisees were horses because "They say woe unto them."

NEW SOUTH WALES ALLIANCE.

Applications are invited up to March 31 next for the position of **RESIDENT AND FINANCIAL SECRETARY** for the New South Wales Alliance.

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The Wreck of the Baltic.

The following constitutes the concluding section of the new volume just published, "How To Impress the Evils of Alcohol," by Dr. W. A. Chapple, M.P., and reviewed in our leading article:—

"You'll all breakfast ashore, gentlemen," broke in the breezy, bluff old Captain Gibson, as he entered the smokeroom of the Baltic, preceded by a huge cigar. On board his ship he was monarch of all he surveyed; even the winds and waves appeared to obey him. His officers respected and trusted him. His men feared and obeyed him.

He looked the sea-dog every inch—sturdy, thick-set, grizzly-haired. His imperious will fairly oozed from him, and in his presence everyone, passenger, officer, A.B. alike, instinctively examined himself from a dread suspicion that he might not be "in order."

Inexperienced passengers were in awe of him. Those who had sniffed the sea air often liked to parade their familiarity with him, while every one appreciated the privilege of his notice. To ladies he was gracious, condescending, and kind, and met all their endless little inquiries as to "Where they were now?" "When they would be in?" "How he could tell where they were?" with merry, more or less evasive, explanations that had satisfied a constant stream of similar inquiries for many years.

In the smokeroom he was conspicuous, noisy, emphatic, dogmatic, overbearing. He knew a little about everything, and everything about navigation. But he was as impatient in the presence of contradiction in the one region as he was in the other.

As he entered the smokeroom there was a general diversion of attention amongst the little groups, each of which readjusted itself to find him room, and attract the hero of a hundred voyages to its midst. The enjoyment of a smooth passage had not lessened their anxiety to arrive in port at an early hour on the morrow, and the cheery news was welcome to them all.

"Well, doctor, have you had a good time?" he asked, as he took a seat by the table where Dr. O'Sullivan had been having a game of bridge with some fellow-passengers, but which they readily abandoned for a crack with the captain.

Amidst the good-natured banter of which the hearty commander was the chief purveyor, young Simpson called for drinks. "What will you have, captain?" introduced the subject as the steward approached. "What'll you have, doctor? Give your orders, gentlemen."

The doctor's order was sarsaparilla and soda.

"What new tipples that?" the captain asked.

"Oh, I've never had gout since I took to sarsaparilla and soda," the doctor said slyly.

"By gad, that's the cheapest prescription I've had for a long time," exclaimed the captain. "I'm a martyr to gout. Sarsaparilla and whisky, steward."

"Scotch and soda" was old Walker's order, who accompanied it with the information that he always treated his gout homoeopathically. "What'll cause a disease will cure it, so I stick to Scotch."

"Now people try to put down drink," added the captain, ignoring Walker's remark, "and here I have been putting it down for twenty years and I've never had a doctor in my life. 'Tisn't the quantity a man drinks, it's the quality. If these fanatics would get the Government to analyse the whisky so that only good stuff would be sold, they'd do more good than by shrieking themselves hoarse over Prohibition."

A chorus of approval greeted the captain's forceful expression of opinion.

"I've stuck to 'Martin's' since I took to sea, and I was never drunk in my life, and I can put most men under the table. Why should I be forced to give up something that's doing no one else any harm because somebody chooses to make a beast of himself?"

The doctor was evidently in a minority of one, and curled the smoke from his cigar in silence and apparent indifference, as the genial captain laid down the law, and the liquor disappeared.

"Have another," was Walker's suggestion.

"No, never more than one when we're getting close in. That's my rule," replied the captain, with a virtuous air and a deprecatory elevation of his hands; and the lay members of the group glowed with a sense of security at the thought that self-discipline of that kind was the guarantee of their safe arrival in port on the morrow's morn.

Pleased with the evident recognition by the group of the value of this abstention in the captain of a great passenger ship, he emphasised the virtue. "One nip and one only's my rule the night before entering port, and I'll have to be up most of the night, for we're between the islands and the coast."

The quartermaster brought a message. They were running into a fog.

The weird unearthly wail of the foghorn confirmed the quartermaster's information, and the captain disappeared.

"Shall we slow her down?" hesitatingly suggested the chief mate as the captain stepped on to the bridge. "Slow her down be d—d. I said we'd be in port at 8 a.m., and I'll be up to time or perish in the attempt."

There was a long rolling swell, the aftermath of a storm; but the air was still, the fog was thickening, and the night was dark.

The usual festivities and good-fellowship that attend the eve of arrival after a sea voyage had kept most of the passengers up later than usual. The merry, joyous dance was over, and many of the deck lights had been switched off, but knots in evening dress stood here and there smoking, chatting, laughing. Happy pairs lounged in deck chairs in regions as isolated as deck space

would permit. Dr. O'Sullivan, short and broad, well-knit and sturdy, attired in conventional evening dress, and smoking his favorite brand of cigar, paced the deck with Simpson, who was a medical student returning to his studies after a holiday.

"It's a comfort to think that the captain is so careful and abstemious," broke in the young man, after a turn on the deck in silence. "How black the night is, and that weird foghorn is enough to terrify the dead."

"The captain fails to inspire me with confidence," replied the doctor. "I am afraid that no man's judgment is equal to a crisis if he has bathed his best brain-cells for twenty years, or half that time, in alcohol. Men think it is an accomplishment to drink and keep sober—a virtue to abstain from that glass which would, if they consumed it, make them drunk."

"It is not the number of times a man is drunk in a lifetime, but the cubic inches he has daily consumed that measure the injury that alcohol does. The captain's brain-cells, his higher cells, his judgment cells, have undoubtedly degenerated under the daily alcoholic bath with which he has supplied them for years, and the degeneration will not be revealed till the test comes and a disaster follows, and it is too late."

"If half the truth were told, my boy, many of the greatest railway collisions, disasters in war, wrecks at sea, would be sheeted home to the clouded judgment of those who had acquired greatness and inspired confidence during the period of their normal brain activities, but whose brain degeneration from so-called moderate drinking had gone undetected till the appalling evidence came in some great catastrophe."

The long, rolling swell of the ocean gave a correspondingly easy and graceful roll to the good old Baltic, as to the rhythmic throb of her engines she sped full steam ahead.

There is something noble and majestic about a modern leviathan at sea, her tireless energy, her irresistible force, her courage and strength. Stand amidships and face the prow. You hear her mighty breathing, you see her tossing from her path gigantic waves, as broken, buffeted, and humiliated they give her way. She seems to see that mighty wave approaching, she steadies herself for the contest, pauses for a moment, then leaps at its crest, rises high on its broken body, and peers into the darkness like a defiant monster, eager to measure and meet the advancing host.

So sped the good ship Baltic. Waves were alike her enemy and her sport.

She knew no fear of these. They had gone down before her in their legions and had dashed in vain against her mighty sides

(Concluded on Page 13.)

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THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

tures and bloated and tottering bodies, and, worse than all, in the extinction of human feeling and love and will. Do not then, I would urge you, let us act as though the inebriate—because she is an inebriate—may not be as really worthy of help and sympathy as other sinners. Pardon me if I seem to travel outside my province in this paper, when I remind you that it is not the appearance of sin, no matter how disgusting that appearance may be, which makes it really base. It is its interior quality—what it is in deliberation, motive, thought, and feeling. Sin is the force of inward malignity, the foulness of inward desire, the stringent pinch of inward meanness and selfishness, the gloat of inward passion and lust. My friends, we must judge a righteous judgment, and measured by this standard we cannot but regard these poor weak serfs of appetite as fit objects of our deepest compassion, nor fail to stretch out a hand to them in their despair, which they shall be able to recognise as the hand of a friend.

SALVATION ARMY RELIGIOUS METHODS.

Our religion is not merely a round of appeal to the emotions, but is practical and instructive. Our great appeal is to the sense of obligation to God, which I dare to believe is present even in the most degraded and most helpless. It would be a mistake to present religion to the inebriate merely as a remedy for sin, or merely as providing a way of escape from the trammels of appetite and the misery they bring. So we set to work to discover, and to call upon, in each soul, that sense of duty to a Higher Power which we believe always to be there. It is united with the light which distinguishes between right and wrong, and which is never

quite extinguished. It is in partnership with the instinct that anticipates reward for right-doing, and forebodes punishment for wrong-doing. Here we find common ground for all—for Roman Catholic and for Protestant, for Buddhist and for Mohammedan. To each we say: "You have a duty to God. There are obligations to Him which you have not discharged. He needs your service; He awaits your offerings; He desires your love. It may be you are called to accomplish some great work for Him. You are not a piece of flotsam and jetsam. You—even you—are a living soul for whose life God has a wise and good plan. Rise and co-operate with Him in carrying out that plan, and in doing so you shall serve your fellows as well as advantage yourself. This bondage to alcohol disables you, as any such evil bondage must, from carrying out this service. It must therefore be broken, and in the salvation of Jesus Christ there is provision made to break it. Accept that provision, and rise up and answer the claims of God."

UNCLE ROWLAND'S TALE.

(Continued from Page 3.)

knocking, and again the shout, "Open, in the name of the law!"

Suddenly, within, there was heard the report of a firearm, and a minute or so afterwards the front door was opened, and the soldier appeared.

"Enter," he said to the gens-d'armes. "What would you?"

"We seek a robber who is within your walls."

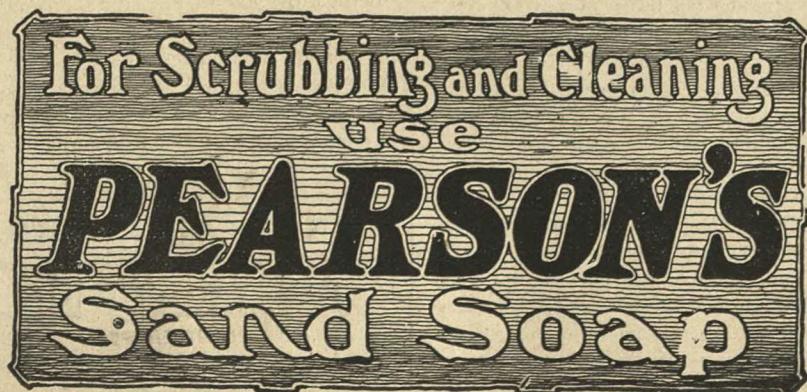
"I know it. Mount and find him. I will lead the way."

He ascended the stairs; he threw open his son's room; the officers of justice poured in, and on the floor lay the robber's corpse.

They looked at each other in amazement. "Take what is left you," said the father. "Take the dead man, rescued from the galleys; take the living man on whose hands rests the dead man's blood!"

I was present at my friend's trial. He stood there with his grey hair, and his mutilated limbs, and the deep scar on his visage, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor on his breast; and when he had told his tale, he ended with these words—"I have saved the son whom I reared for France from a doom that would have spared the life to brand it with disgrace. Is this a crime? I give you my life in exchange for my son's disgrace. Does my country need a victim? I have lived for my country's glory, and I can die contented to satisfy its laws; sure, that if you blame me, you will not despise; sure that the hands that give me to the headsman will scatter flowers over my grave. Thus I confess all. I, a soldier, look round amongst a nation of soldiers; and in the name of the star which glitters on my breast, I dare the fathers of France to condemn me!"

They acquitted the soldier—at least, they gave a verdict answering to what in our courts is called "justifiable homicide." A shout rose in the court which no ceremonial voice could still; the crowd would have borne him in triumph to his house, but his look repelled such vanities. To his house he returned indeed, and the day afterwards they found him dead, beside the cradle in which his first prayer had been breathed over his sinless child.



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From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

SAYING MY PRAYERS.

"I always say my prayers at night, when I go to bed," said a little girl to me some time ago, and I expect she is not the only one who waits till bed time. So let us have a talk about saying our prayers. Do you know the little hymn that says, "I often say my prayers, but do I ever pray?" If you only repeat what you have learnt by heart you can soon do so without thinking what it means. So it is very necessary that we should make up little prayers each day. On Sunday pray for your church, Sunday-school, your minister, and those who worship with you. Monday, pray for all who go to day school, and specially those who may be influenced by bad companions. Tuesday, pray for all sick children, the poor, and those who are never taught to pray. Wednesday, pray for all heathen children and those who go as missionaries. Thursday, pray for all temperance societies and efforts to save people from drink. Friday, pray for all who are in jail, and all who are out of employment. Saturday, pray for the blind, the crippled, and the deaf and dumb. Then remember if you only pray at night you may sometimes be too tired and sleepy, and then it may be like shutting the gate after the horse is gone. When you only pray at night you are not able to ask the help that would have kept you good, gentle, and unselfish all the day. I heard of a little girl who went for a holiday and refused to say her prayers because she was having holidays, but she soon said them when she was told Satan never took any holidays, and that he was busiest on Saturdays and holidays because we are easier to tempt when we have not much to do. So watch out and say real prayers.—Uncle B.

GOD'S LIGHTS.

The lamp had just been put out, and the little girl was rather afraid of the dark; but presently she saw the bright moon out of her window, and she asked her mother, "Is the moon God's light?"

"Yes, Ethel," the mother replied; "the moon and stars are all God's lights."

"Will God blow out His lights and go to sleep too?" she asked again.

"No, my child," replied the mother. "God's lights are always burning."

"Well, mamma," said Ethel, "while God's awake, I'm not afraid."

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

More of my ne's and ni's were born in the month of February than in any other month. and I wish them all many happy returns of the day. I have chosen a text for the ne's and one for the ni's. In South Africa there is a magnificent bronze statue of a horse drinking out of a bucket held by a kneeling soldier. It has attached to it a drinking

fountain for animals. This was erected by all lovers of dumb animals in memory of the noble horses that were killed in the war. The inscription on the base says:—

"The greatness of a nation attaches not so much to the number of its people or the extent of its territory, but on the extent and justice of its compassion."

This came to my mind and made me think that the happiness of one's birthday does not depend so much on the number and value of one's presents, but on the love of the givers, and the unselfishness of the one given to.

Frank Costello, February 1.

Ronald Sharpe, February 7.

D. Wheen, February 9.

Bernard Missen, February 13.

Lionel Swain, February 17.

There is only one thing better than being a boy, and that is being a good boy.—II. Timothy, 11, 22.

Lucy Hawkins, February 4.

Gladys Noble, February 10.

Millie Yates, February 13.

Jean Roddan and Vera Yates, February 14.

Iris Missen, February 17.

Bonny Edwards, February 18.

There is no beauty that lasts like the beauty of goodness. It makes the plainest face sweetly attractive.—Psalm: 90th chap., verse 17.

THE VALUE OF A PLEDGE.

Arthur Poore, Nowra, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Just a few lines from Nowra. You asked me to keep on writing to "Page Nine," and as I am also requested by a girl, who had nothing else to do. I enjoyed myself at Christmas time. I went down to Jervis Bay for my holiday, and had a real good time. We think down this way that we are soon going to get the railway through to the Bay in a short time. I know three fellows who were under the influence of liquor this Christmas. They said that they would not drink again till next Christmas. I wanted one of them, a friend of mine, to take a pledge for ever, but he declined to do so. He said if a man can't knock off drinking without a pledge he can't stop at all. I think that a pledge is a good help in the time of temptation. Since I took it has helped me, although I never touched it before I took it. Only yesterday I was tempted two or three times, but each time my conscience reminded me of the pledge, and I said no. And I think that others could do the same if they tried. With these few remarks I must close. Wishing you and the baby a Happy and Prosperous New Year, and all ne's and ni's.

(Dear Arthur,—It is a pity we all grow old because the best part of life is from seven to seventeen, but you are doing the right thing when you refuse to grow too old to

write to Page Double-one. Never grow too old to say your prayers, and never be ashamed of your total abstinence pledge. Most of the finest men and women in the world are pledged abstainers. So remember you are in good company. I am glad I signed a pledge, and agree with you that it does help one to say no. It does seem sad the Christ's birthday should be the occasion of foolishness and sin. Write again, please.—Uncle B.)

ONE WHO TIRES OF HOLIDAYS.

"Molly," Wellington, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Although we have been taking "Grit" for some time, this is my first letter to Page Eleven, but I don't think it will be the last. I always read the letters of your nieces and nephews with pleasure, and often wish there were more of them. I am sorry to see so few have gone in for the competition, and I would like very much to go in for it, except that I have nothing to say about my holidays, they being the most uninteresting ones I have yet spent. If the subject were, "How I would like to spend my holidays," I guess I could write pages and pages on it. We had a very quiet Xmas here, but it was not nearly so hot as it has since the holidays, but I am going next Monday, and I won't be sorry either, for holidays are rather stale when one has to stay at home. Have you ever been up here in the summer? If you have not, don't come, or you will go back looking smaller than you did in any of those photos. The heat would soon frizzle you up. It was 108 deg. in town one day last week, but it has been cooler since then. We have had no rain for some time now, and there is not a green blade of grass anywhere, even the poor trees look hot and thirsty. I would like to correspond with some of the "Seven to Seventeeners" if any of them would care to write to me. Some of the letters are very interesting, if only they were a little more numerous. I will try to be a constant writer, and see if I can help to swell the throng.

I must close now, wishing you all success in the coming year.—I am, your affectionate niece.

(Dear "Molly,"—Yours was a very welcome letter, and I am delighted to have you as a ni. Sorry your holidays were so uninteresting. I have not had a holiday yet, in fact have been waiting for many years for one, and am afraid when it does come I will be as glad to have it over as you seem to be. I hope you got some of the lovely rain we have just had. Last time I was in Wellington it was beautifully cold, and I thought it a grand place. Write me your idea of an ideal holiday, about 400 words.—Uncle B.)

A GOOD USE FOR A CLOSED HOTEL.

Jean Roddan, "Astolat," Murray-street, Cooma, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Just a few lines to know if you would like another niece, as I would like to join Page Eleven. I am writing to cousin Lily in Goulburn. I was in Goulburn for a few days two years ago, and intended going at Xmas, but I had mumps and had to

BOOKLET ON "HEALTHFUL LIVING" POSTED FREE.

VEGETARIAN CAFE,

45 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

postpone my visit until Easter. The Railway Hotel is closed here, and a boarding house is in its place. Where there used to be two or three, or sometimes no boarders, there are about thirty now. They are mostly navvies working on the railway, which is being constructed between here and Nimity-belle. We are badly in want of rain here, and have had to buy water. The flowers are all dying, and there is not a blade of grass about. I will be fourteen on the 12th February, and still go to school. Cousin Grace and I are great friends. Well, Uncle, I think I have told you all the news this time, so, with love to you and all my cousins, I remain, your loving niece.

(Dear Jean,—I am very greedy; I can't have too many ne's and ni's, and I can't get too many letters, or subscribers to "Grit," so no one need ever think I can. If I had 100 a week I would want to make it 1000. I saw the Cooma train off on Monday, and did wish I was coming up. What a splendid thing that hotel was closed, and how much better for all the men staying there. Write again soon.—Uncle B.)

A NI WHO DOES NOT MIND THE SEA.

Vera Yates, "Kimberley," Stratford, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.—I suppose I should have written before, but this hot weather makes one feel lazy, sleepy, or something.

I enjoyed Christmas very well. One of my sisters were home, and three friends were up from Stroud, so we had a merry time. I got a threepence out of the pudding.

On the Saturday before New Year my brother took me to Stroud. On Sunday it rained very hard in the afternoon, and we nearly gave up hope of going to an excursion of New Year's Day to Port Stephen. It cleared off, however, and we had a beautiful day, as it was not hot. We went down on the "Karuak." When we arrived at Nelson's Bay we had dinner and a good walk afterwards, and then we went out round the "heads." I didn't get sick, as it was rather calm (not like it is between Sydney and New Zealand, when Uncle Barnabas goes lecturing). We got back to Booral Wharf about dark, and then we had a pleasant drive of 12 miles back to Stroud, and on Tuesday we came home.

The opening of the New Baptist Church at Stroud was a great success. Mother and one of my brothers went down.

Mr. Huntley, the Baptist minister, had an open-air service at our nearest neighbor's last Sunday. There was a congregation of 30, very good for the place. Mr. Huntley is a splendid preacher.

I will be 14 years old on the 14th of February, St. Valentine's Day.

Best love to all cousins and yourself.—I remain, your affectionate niece.

(Dear Vera,—So glad to receive your letter. I did not get anything out of the plum pudding, but I served it, and had a lot of fun doing so, as I could often tell when something was in the helping, and any one was allowed to pass it on, and sometimes they gave away a slice with a coin in it without knowing. The part I like about Christmas is the kind spirit everyone shows, and the friendliness one meets everywhere. So glad you enjoyed the sea trip, but you wait until the boat behaves like a buck-jumper and then see how you feel.—Uncle B.)

ANOTHER PHOTO WANTED.

Dora Howell, 11 Ben-Eden-st., Waverley, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.—I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself for not writing for such a time, as I have absolutely no excuse. We all deserve the little lecture you gave us, I think—at least I do—and my "cousins" can answer for themselves.

I'm sending an account of my doings at Christmas, but I had nothing much to tell.

When are we going to get another photo of you—a more satisfactory one than the last one.

Have you seen any of the snap-shots that were taken of you on the steamer as you left for N.Z.? I feel too hot to write anything more at present, so please excuse this short note.

With love to "Aunt T.," yourself, and all my "relatives."—I remain, your affectionate "niece."

(Dear Dora,—I am so glad you felt ashamed for not writing for such ages. I fear my ne's and ni's will have to take a little of the blame for the grey hairs that are coming at the side as fast as the others are going from the top. I did see those snap-shots because Mr. Hammond is often very kind to me, and we see most of the things together that are worth seeing. I certainly think you ought to have another photo, and as soon as I can think of a good way to be taken you will get it. So glad of your account of Christmas.—Uncle B.)

A GOOD TIME.

Milly Yates, "Kimberley," Stratford, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.—I am going to start to school next week. I was to go this week, only I have had a bad throat.

I was down at Stroud last week, and I went to the opening of the Stroud Baptist Church, and had a good time.

Mr birthday is coming close. It is on the 13th of February. I will be 10 years old.

Mother opened our Bottom Square Box and sent the money to Mr. Complin, also 2/6 for "Grit."

Some very pretty flowers are out in the bush now. And the ferns look lovely. You

should come up and see the bush—it's simply lovely.

Best love to Uncle B. From your fond niece.

(Dear Milly,—I am so pleased to hear you enjoyed the opening of the church. I wish many more knew how to have a good time at church. I know a church that wants to be "the brightest spot in Surry Hills," and where they try to make the week night meeting "the brightest hour of the week." If ever you came there I am sure you would not find it hard to have a good time there. The secret of a good time is being busy. Make it good for others.—Uncle B.)

N.S.W. ALLIANCE.

(Continued from Page 4.)

day evening conference, to be held at headquarters, and we give a cordial invitation to every Box worker, and also to all workers in any department of our operations, to attend these conferences. We hope that they will grow in interest and develop into a "school of methods" for the efficient training of a large staff of honorary workers.

* * *

The St. George branch of the Alliance is holding a social entertainment in the Rockdale Town Hall on Monday, February 26. A good musical programme is being arranged, and a couple of No-license addresses will be sandwiched in between the items.

* * *

We extend our sympathy to Mr. H. J. Weeks, of Ashfield, in the loss of his wife. Mr. Weeks is a member of our State Council, and comes as a representative of the Evangelical Council.

WHY "EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE" DECLINES WHISKY AND CIGARETTE ADVERTISING.

In an open letter explaining to its advertisers why it refuses to carry certain kinds of advertising, the publishers of "Everybody's Magazine" make the following statements, which it would be well for other periodicals to read and ponder:—

"Whisky and liquors generally we decline because we never had any respect for the saloon business, and do not care to be a party to it; especially do we not care to bring the bar into the home.

"We decline cigarette advertising, because we do not care even remotely to help any boy acquire the insidious habit which undermines his health and his morals.

* * *

"Some of the magazines are proving that they can live and prosper without running such business. Some of the newspapers also are declining it and thriving.

"We cherish the hope that gradually all magazines and newspapers will find a way to live without carrying any business that might harm any readers in morals, health, or pocket-book."

The Feats and Defeats of Liquor.

BOYCOTTING HOTELS.

PERTH, 1/2/12.—In regard to the attempt by the Barmen and Barmaids' Union to boycott hotels which do not obey the union order that barmen and barmaids shall not live in the hotels employing them, the City Council has decided to prosecute the distributors of the boycotting leaflets under the municipal bylaw prohibiting such action. The licensees of the hotels placarded are also taking legal action.

This is a case of the biter being bit. The publicans have been very quick to boycott tradesmen who are opposed to the bars, and now they are getting a taste of the boycott and don't seem to like it.

DRINK AN AID TO DISHONESTY.

Norman Jennings, a sturdily-built young fellow, was indicted on a charge of having, on January 11 last, at Sydney, stolen two watches, one watch chain, one pocket-book, and £107 from Alfred John Marshall.

The evidence for the prosecution was to the effect that Marshall, who was a young fellow, recently arrived from America in possession of a considerable sum of money. He casually met the accused in George-street, and invited him to have a **whisky and soda**, a request that was promptly complied with. Subsequently they repaired to a dining-room, and had supper in company with some ladies. They afterwards went to the Towers Hotel, in George-street West, where games of cards for bottles of champagne were played. **Marshall lost the first game, and when paying for the champagne he took from his pocket a wallet containing three £10 and four £1 notes.** The accused then saw the notes. After playing cards for some time Marshall became sleepy, and lay down on a couch that was in the room. Shortly afterwards he woke up and left the hotel in company with the accused, with the intention of going to the railway station. They went up a lane, and Marshall said he remembered no more until he found himself at the police station. A carter passing the hotel at the time when Marshall and Jennings were leaving it stated that the former was drunk, and was under the influence of accused, who took him up a blind lane. He afterwards saw accused with a watch and fob chain belonging to Marshall and observed him with a number of notes in his hand at the entrance to the lane. Marshall was subsequently found lying on his face at the dark end of the passage with his trouser pockets turned inside out.

The accused gave evidence, in which he denied that he had taken any money from Marshall. The watches were handed to him by Marshall to take care of.

Accused was found guilty, and was remanded for sentence.—"S.M. Herald," Feb. 7.

Boston has the "regulated" saloon. Last year there was one arrest for drunkenness out of every eighteen of the population of the city. The actual number of arrests for drunkenness was 35,000.

TEETOTAL MAYOR.

Alderman C. T. Piper, the newly-elected Mayor of Tamworth, has given £10 to the local hospital in lieu of the usual convivial celebration of the Mayoral election. He is a teetotaler.—"S.M. Herald," Feb. 6th.

CASUALTIES.

A Bootblack's Death.

At 9.45 a.m. yesterday a man named Divine, of 438 Riley-street, city, found the body of a man named Aronlis, 60, single, a native of Ceylon, and who followed the occupation of a bootblack, at the interesection of Campbell and Elizabeth streets. It appears that the deceased was a confirmed alcoholic and methylated spirits drinker. An empty bottle, which had contained rum, was found alongside the deceased. There was also a cut on the back of his head, which rested on two stones.—"S.M. Herald," Feb. 6th.

RUN OVER AT MIDNIGHT.

The Acting City Coroner conducted an inquiry yesterday into the death of Edward Moore, 50, a gardener, who died at St. Vincent's Hospital on January 30 last as the result of a tram accident ten days previously.

The tram conductor gave evidence that the deceased was knocked down, and carried nearly two car's-length by the cow-catcher. **He thought the deceased was under the influence of drink.**

Joseph John Copner, laborer, gave evidence that he and the deceased had had a couple of drinks of beer at Watson's Bay on the night of the accident. At 11 p.m. they returned in the tram, and witness got out, and left deceased in the tram, at Dover-road.

A verdict of accidental death was returned.—"S.M. Herald," Feb. 8.

WRECK OF THE BALTIC.

(Continued from Page 9.)

But there was an enemy in her path that fateful night between whose gigantic, cruel jaws she would be as matchwood.

The captain, enraged, defiant, determined, because of the suspicion of his judgment that his officers had betrayed, had taunted them with cowardice and had kept the bridge.

"Sound of breakers on the starboard bow," came borne upon the foggy air from the lookout man at the prow. The captain started suddenly, as if awakened from a reverie, looked hurriedly either way, and stood for a moment as if stunned and stupefied, then trembled visibly.

"Breakers to starboard, sir!" shouted the third mate.

"Hard-a-port!" roared the captain, apparently suddenly recovering himself and realising the position. "Hard-a-starboard!" he shouted in the following breath, and was now in uncontrolled agitation. He roared at the mate, he blew his whistle frantically, he shouted to the man at the wheel, he

leaned over the rail and peered into the darkness, and he poured out orders in such quick succession that they became incoherent.

Officers and men came crowding to the whistle's call, and amidst the captain's aimless oaths and orders was announced the fateful fact that, upon the sudden reversal of his order, the steering gear had given way. In the captain's wild confusion, no order was given to reverse the engines till the chief officer arrived on the scene.

A cool, correct command to the engine-room, or a similar one to the man at the wheel, would have saved the ship and one hundred lives.

With a deafening crash and shudder and lurch her triumphant progress was arrested, and she beat her sides to fragments on the rocks. In fruitless rage her engines spat and hissed, then burst like thunder. She tore her ribs to pieces on the rugged cliffs in frantic struggles to be free, but waves made sport of her, and in wild revelry broke in through port-holes and cruel rents, chasing each other through cabin, corridor, and hold.

The human freight, in wild confusion now, was battered by her broken spars and plates and shattered gear, and buffeted by waves that lashed them as with scourges, and tore them from each other and from the hand and foothold that the sinking giant still seemed anxious to supply. Children clung to mothers, wives to husbands, husbands to floating wreckage, in the boiling, foaming cauldron. Horses, sheep, and cattle, with frantic struggles, from smashing holds, were breaking free and mingling with their human fellows in the triumphant flood. Dawn broke upon the wild confusion, and waked the screaming sea-birds to the revelry of death.

Captain Gibson was the first to find a watery grave. The shock stunned him and threw him violently against the railing. He caught the corner stanchion with both his hands, gave a hurried, frantic glance around, and plunged into the boiling deep.

You terror-stricken, nerve-wracked fugitives from a watery grave; you mourners for your dear ones swallowed up by hungry waves; you guardians of them that go down to the sea in ships; blame cruel rocks and angry seas and treacherous currents, but do not forget that there is also a "pestilence that walketh in darkness, and a destruction that wasteth at noonday."

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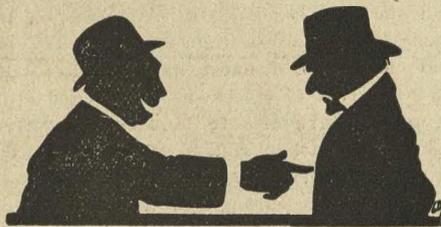
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A QUAKER'S ADVICE.

An old Quaker was once visited by a garrulous neighbor, who complained that he had the worst servants in the world, and everybody seemed to conspire to make him miserable.

"My dear friend," said the Quaker, "let me advise you to oil yourself a little."

"What do you mean?" said the irritated old gentleman.

"Well," said the Quaker, "I had a door to my house some time ago that was always creaking on its hinges, and I found that everybody avoided it, and although it was the nearest way to most of the rooms, yet they went round some other way. So I just got some oil, and after a few applications it opened and shut without a creak or jar, and now everybody goes to that door and uses the old passage. Just oil yourself a little with the oil of kindness. Occasionally praise your servants for something they do well. Encourage your children more than you scold them, and you will be surprised to find that a little sunshine will wear out a lot of fog, that a little molasses is better than much vinegar."

* * *

Would-be passenger (out of breath from running): "When does the half-past five train leave?" Porter: "Five-thirty." Passenger: "Well, the church clock is twenty-seven minutes past, the post-office clock is twenty-five minutes past, and your clock is thirty-two minutes past. Which clock do I go by?" Porter: "Ye can go by any clock ye like, but ye can't go by the train, for it's gone."

* * *

Among a number of notes received by a teacher for the absence of children was the following:

"Dear Teacher,—Kindly excuse Minnie for having been absent yesterday, as she fell in the mud on her way to school. By doing the same, you will oblige,
Her Mother."

EMBRYONIC ONES.

They had been at school together, re-counts "Answers." They had fought both shoulder to shoulder and face to face. Now, after the passing of years, they met again.

"How's the world treated you?" asked the long, thin one.

"Like a lord," said the short, fat one. "Got my own business, wife and three youngsters, two thousand a year. And how are you?"

"How?" replied the thin man. "Oh, anyhow!"

"Dear me! Sorry to hear it. Let me think. You went on the stage, didn't you?"

"Yes. But I had to give it up."

"Why was that?" asked the city man.

"Oh, I thought it best," said the other. "I had a few hints that I wasn't quite suited to the profession."

"Oh, I see," nodded his friend, knowingly. "The 'little birds' told you, eh?"

"Well, not exactly," answered the ex-actor, with a painful smile. "But they would have been birds—if they had been allowed to hatch."

* * *

A lady, one day, being in need of some small change, called downstairs to the cook and inquired: "Mary, have you any coppers down there?" "Yes, mum; I've two; but, if you please, mum, they're both me cousins!" was the unexpected reply.

* * *

First Lady Guest: "We're so comfortable here and the poor men home working hard. I'd just love to see my husband smoking now, wouldn't you?" Second Lady Guest: "Good heavens, no! My husband's dead!"

GEO. WIELAND, THE CHEAPEST BUTCHER ON EARTH.

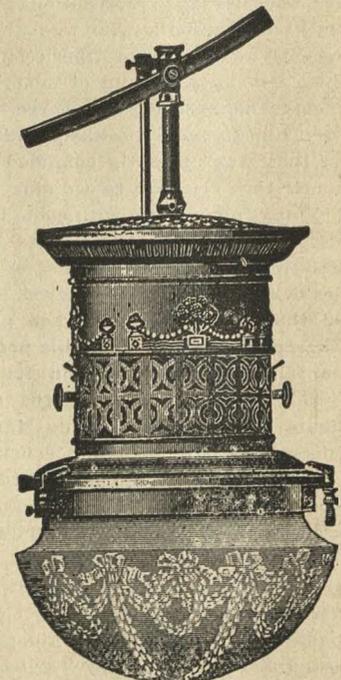
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For Fathers and Mothers.

A COMMON DELUSION.

(By T. D. Crothers, M.D.)

The stupidity of supposing that the use of alcoholic liquors up to the point of intoxication is a mere moral lapse, which can be controlled at any time, has encouraged the efforts to conceal and cover up these acts. Thus friends and relatives of such persons assist to minimise and excuse the act, as something that will not be repeated again.

After a time these efforts become painful. Then the drinking man becomes a skeleton in the family, to be kept in the background, protected and guarded from public exposure.

If he be a son, the father pays the bills for years, accepting his promises. The wife of the drinking man submits to all sorts of hardships, deprives herself of comforts, and does everything possible to conceal his real condition.

This strain to prevent publicity is followed by a wounded pride and continued sacrifice of many interests, extending over years, before the facts become so prominent that further concealment is impossible. Then the question is, What can be done?

The recognition of the disease of drinking seems to open up a new door of escape. Then the difficulties increase. The patient has reached a stage when he is unable to comprehend his condition, and yet he insists on being recognised as sane and fully conscious.

From that time on to the end difficulties, troubles, losses and sorrows form a continuous circle. If the friends are wise and insist on the patient following well ascertained lines of recovery restoration follows.

If the treatment is palliative, dependent on the whims of the patient, the results are doubtful. Often a whole family is blighted and aspirations of parents are plunged into gloom and despair, and all dates to the delusion that the first use of alcoholic liquors was a mere moral lapse and weakness.

If a father, finding his son has been intoxicated at college, recognised the gravity of this event and insisted that he should go under treatment and have a change of occupation and surroundings and be made to realise the peril of his condition a later life of misery could be prevented.

If the wife or mother, finding her husband or son beginning an alcoholic career, would boldly and emphatically demand that drastic measures should be used at once to check all further use of spirits, and teach and train the man the terrible danger before him a tide of suffering could be checked and prevented.

The boy who begins to drink beer every day and explains to his friends its harmlessness is a fit subject for the sharpest kind of medical and psychological treatment. The club man and moderate drinker who is seen at the bar and who takes wine and spirits daily are subjects for medical care and treatment as much so as a person suffering from any other disease in its early stages.

Both of these men are sowing seeds of desolation, disease and short life, to which there are no exceptions. The delusion that it is harmless to drink and that spirits in moderation are safe is a maelstrom that is terribly realistic. The reasoning that because moderate drinkers and club men do not all become extreme drunkards there must be certain immunity, and that alcohol has not destructive effects is contradicted by the lives of such persons.

The acute disease, shortened life and general failures all date to one cause, and the delusion that alcohol can be used with safety is dispelled by the terrible reality. Every man and woman and every family in the land should recognise the beginnings of disease and loss in the moderate or occasional drinker.

The same business principles that make a drinking man dangerous in occupations that require exactness of brain and muscle work should obtain in the family and in every home life.

The Government, at West Point, expelled nine students for simply bringing in spirits, or having it in their rooms. There was no sentiment in this or theory of prohibition. It was simply a recognition of facts that have only one meaning, namely, that men who begin to use spirits, or keep it about them, will fail in the employment of the Government, and be unfit to do the work required of them.

It is no kindness to the drinking man to cover up his alcohol drinking or seclude him when intoxicated. It is a fatal mistake to overlook lapses of this kind as transient events of no significance.

The time is coming when the friends of drinking men everywhere will demand the use of means and measures for prevention, and not, as at present, wait until they become practically incurable, and then make efforts to restore them.

Science shows, beyond all question, that prevention is better than cure, and stamping out the disease at the beginning, forcing the man or woman to change their manner of living and surroundings, if necessary, is the highest possible attainments of preventive medicine.

The positive conclusions of science to-day indicate the absurdity of not stopping the drink disease at the beginning, also, the fatality of concealing the victim and palliating his condition, hoping that he will escape by mere will power and persuasion.

When public sentiment shall recognise the danger from the use of alcohol as a beverage and its terrible degenerative effects then many of the delusions of the present, and this among them, will disappear.—"The National Advocate."

THE SALOON THE GRAVE OF TALENT.

A recent biographical sketch of Rude, the famous French sculptor in La Clairiere (March, 1911) brings out the fact that he took particular pains to warn his pupils away from the saloons. He always noticed a certain vulgarity of expression and of taste in the young artists who frequented the saloons.

He himself never put a foot in one, and used to get up little evening entertainments to keep his pupils away from them. He left them a memorable phrase in the words: "Avoid the saloon; it is the grave of talent."

A man cannot nullify a bad ballot with a good prayer. The divine law as to prayer is that when a man prays one way and votes the other he loses his prayer. His vote counts.—Hon. O. W. Stewart.

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