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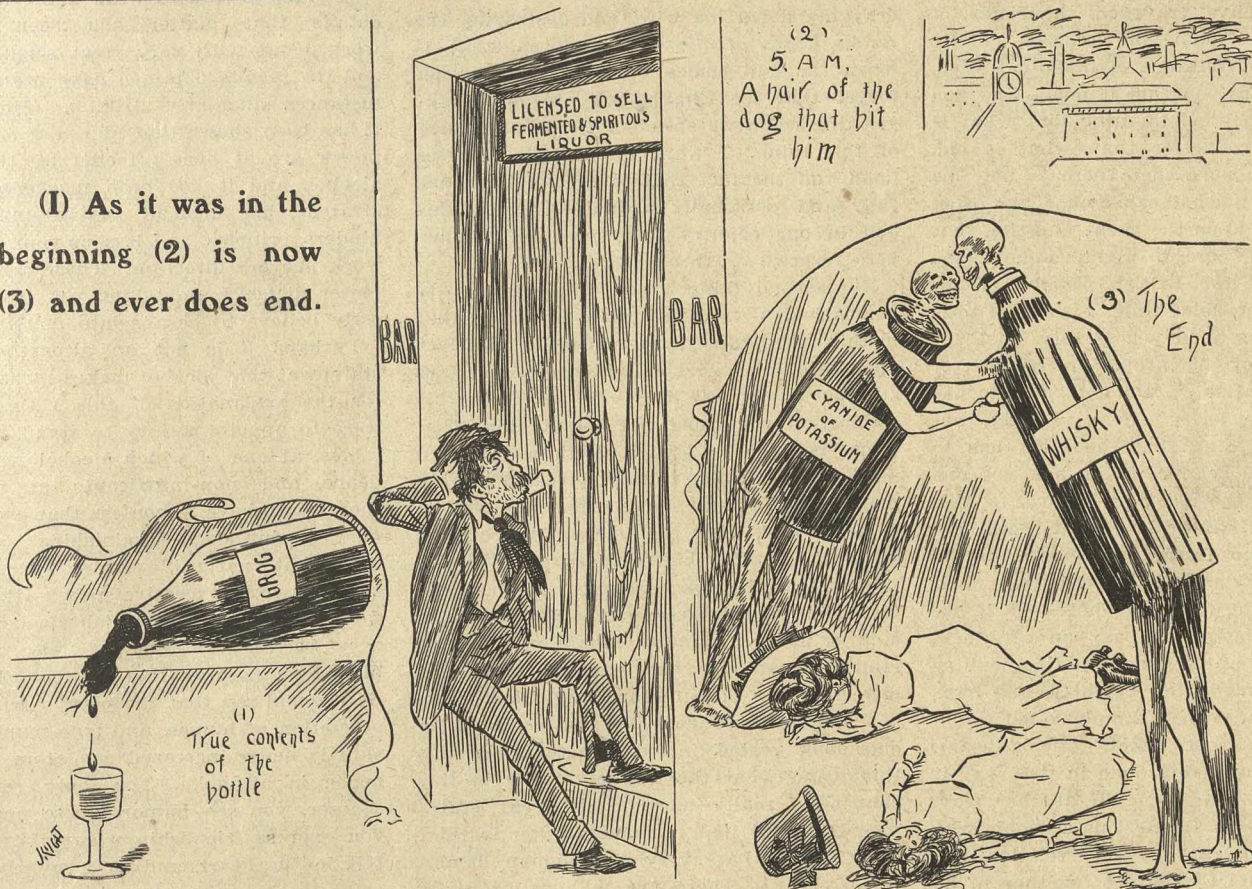
VOL. V. No. 14.

Price One Penny.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1911.

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by Post as a Newspaper.

(1) As it was in the beginning (2) is now (3) and ever does end.



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The Verdict of Experts.

ADDRESS BY SIR ALFRED PEARCE GOULD,
K.C.V.O., M.S., F.R.C.S.

[Delivered to Indian students in London at a largely-attended reception held at the Indian Centre, 21, Cromwell Road, London on Friday evening, March 24th, 1911.]

Whilst we are all members of the same great Empire, owing allegiance to the same great King, we are thinking to-night of something beyond that. We are children of the same nature, and we have the same passions, the same tendencies to a very large extent, the same temptations, the same difficulties in life, the same battle to fight, and it is for that reason that I who have lived most of my life, at any rate, feel it a privilege to come to you younger men and speak about this question of alcohol. It is a privilege to speak to any audience upon this question, but I can assure you that I feel it a special privilege to speak to such a distinguished gathering as I have here to-night. You have travelled thousands of miles from your home in the East chiefly for the study of Western civilisation. Well, like all travellers you find it novel, and you are no doubt inclined to think that what is new is probably better than what is old, but I am quite sure that there is not one of you who has not had cause once, and often again, to think upon the great question that has brought us here to-night, namely, the drink habits of the British people. (Hear, hear.) Now, the chief thing I want, if possible, to impress upon you is this: that the drink customs of this people are no part of Western civilisation. I am not going to use the word "superiority" here to-night, but if there is anything that the West has to teach the East, believe me it has not one word to teach the East in regard to this special question. If we had great races here in England, who from their cradle to the grave were religiously taught that they must not touch one drop of alcohol—and if we had such demonstrations as you afford in your land—we try to think that this country of ours would be better, brighter, and happier than it is, and the example so set would surely have a great effect. (Hear, hear.) Although it is not being done in that way it is, thank God, being done in another way. We have reared up amongst us a people who are not separated by any race religion, but who have banded themselves together to be abstainers from this alcohol which is doing so much harm.

Now, the question of alcohol is a very large one, and on this occasion I can only touch on two or three points, but, as an Englishman speaking to you gentlemen from India, I would say that the drink evil in this land is, in my belief, the greatest of the great evils that hang round the neck of the people. And I would impress upon you

this: that, much as you do see of it, you yet do not really see the extent to which it is hidden away in its most terrible forms from what I may call the public gaze. (Hear, hear.) There is not a family in this land that cannot from its own records tell of the evils, the distresses, of the ruin of life, of the broken hearts caused by this curse. You see the outside of drinking shops, the bright glamour, flaring lamps, and so on, but it is in the silent homes of the people that this evil is working out, and that you do not see. You read statistics of the number of people in our prisons and lunatics in our asylums, but it is when it comes in the family, when you see the father falling and dragging down his wife, and destroying the rising hopes of his own children, that is when the evil comes home to us. Do not forget that we Englishmen are not exaggerating when we speak of the fearful curse of this thing. I want urgently to impress upon you the fact that you do not become fully and personally acquainted with this evil in our country by your brief sojourn here for two or three years.

The second thing I would like to say to you is just a word to explain how it is that in this 20th century, we who pride ourselves upon being the most enlightened people, are still burdened with this evil. Well, in this connection you must not forget this: that there is said to be about three hundred millions of British capital invested in the manufacture and distribution of strong drink. Think what that means: the owners striving to push this trade in every direction so that they may get their interest and dividends on this great sum. There is also a large number of adult inhabitants in this land who are in some way or other engaged in the manufacture and distribution of alcoholic beverages. So you see what an enormous vested interest there is in this thing, and what the love of money in this connection really means. The next statement I would like to make to you is this: Don't think that every Englishman drinks. (Hear, hear.) There are millions of us in this land who never touch one drop, and if it is true that so many of us are living in this land who differ from our fellows only in one fact, that we do not take alcohol while the others do, then it stands to reason that we have a great experiment being carried on before the eyes of the public here which ought to tell us most important facts. (Hear, hear.)

But the great fact of all that has been

clearly demonstrated about its use in moderation (please observe I emphasise that word; I am not speaking of those who take it in excess) is that those who take it do not live so long as those who entirely abstain from alcohol. Now that is a fact as certain as we are meeting in this room this evening; it cannot be disputed; it is a great fact that alcohol taken in moderation shortens life. I do not say that every teetotaler lives to the age of Methuselah, nor that every man who takes alcohol in moderation dies young, but, taking the mass, it works out with absolute precision and unalterable certainty that the taking of alcohol in small quantities shortens human life. Well, that is the foundation argument on the physical side of this question, because anything which shortens life is inimical to life in all its directions. It must be, of course, a contradiction of ideas to think for a moment that an agent like alcohol which shortens life can be at the same time helpful to human life. Well, in its various details that matter has been carefully worked out with very great scientific care, and the results obtained have been in many instances singularly striking. (Hear, hear.) It has been shown that muscular and mental power are at once affected by the use of alcohol, and it has been markedly demonstrated that instead of helping, alcohol hinders, cripples, and lessens your powers of work in every direction. These are not mere obiter dicta; I am telling you what I honestly believe to be absolute facts.

Perhaps it is not an altogether foolish statement that alcohol makes men jolly; but for the explanation of this I think if you were to appoint a jury to stand round two tables, at one of which alcohol was in evidence, and non-intoxicants at the other, they would have to confess that owing to its narcotic influence—diminishing as alcohol does that natural, manly reserve which keeps us from excessive speech—the conversation at the table at which alcoholic beverages were served was not quite of such a high tone as was that of the other table. So I would say that the play of wit, the appreciation of humor, and true manly friendship is never increased one atom by indulgence in alcohol. You only render wit coarser, you see humor where none exists, you express friendship where there is none felt in the heart, and so I say that if you want the true, honest, sober man you must look for him where there is no alcohol taken at all. (Cheers.)

There is one other great fact to bear in mind: that living beings are endowed with wonderful powers, and among the most wonderful is that of resisting injurious and harmful influences. Every babe that is born into the world has got a great physical balance to draw upon. In the battle of life

(Continued on Page 10.)



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The Little Yellow Pup.

JEAN K. BAIRD, Renovo, Pa.

In Acacia, some hundred years ago, a little brindle pup lay dozing in the street. It was not a vicious animal, for it was too small to bite. It lay, however, on the street corner where the children came and went to school. At first, it did not bother anyone. It was too little, too weak. After a time, it began to snarl and snap. Some one spoke to the officers of the town about it. There was danger of the children being bitten.

"Then let them walk home the other way," said the Chief-of-Police.

"If they are not able to take care of themselves—if they are babies—let them stay at home with their mothers," said the first assistant to the Chief.

"Let the children learn to take care of themselves," said the Mayor pompously. "If they can't, let them stay indoors."

There the subject dropped for a time. Then other complaints came in. The yellow pup was growing vicious; but the Mayor laughed and said it was foolish to be afraid of a little pup. It was only playful. It had lain at that corner for a long time, and he saw no reason to disturb it. Then a new thought came to him. "Anyhow, I think if it is vicious, it keeps tramps from coming into town and destroying the schools and business places. You know if it wasn't for the yellow pup, the children would have no schools."

The people did not know that, but the high official had declared it to be true, so of course it must be. They went home pacified for a time. Yet every mother who let her child step from the doorway was fearful, as she knew it must meet the yellow pup, and that it all depended upon the good-will of the cur whether the child would come home with lacerated limbs or whole ones. Yes, the mothers were troubled greatly, for they it was who suffered most when their children were bitten and torn; they it was who sat at home and nursed the suffering, and bound the wounds, and heard the moans of distress.

But they could do nothing, though they would have risked their own lives to protect their children. Often they talked together as to how they might destroy the animal. The knew that the only way would be to kill it outright. This they would have done themselves, but all the firearms in the entire

country belonged to men who, when they were not using them, kept them locked up. They were afraid to let the women touch them.

"The women," said the men, "are too frail to handle a gun or even a pistol and besides they would be reckless," so they would be reckless," so they wex.-f wdd kept their guns under lock and key. And that is why the women of Acacia did not go out and kill the yellow mongrel. They did what they could. They talked to the men of the danger. "Afraid of a little pup—a little yellow pup. It is simply ridiculous," laughed the men at first.

"But years have passed since it was a pup. You will find it has grown some. Come with us and see."

Again the men laughed and put the women off with all manner of excuses. But at last the importunities were so great that in order to get rid of them, a few of the best men of the town went with them to see the little yellow pup. When their eyes fell upon it they drew back in astonishment. Little yellow pup? Who would have believed that a common cur could have grown so great!

Although its head rested on the metal cross-street of town, its paws, stretching east and west, reached to the very limits of the municipality. It literally touched the whole place.

"It can't be possible," cried one of the leading men. "When I saw it last it was only so long," holding his hands about a foot apart to show how little the cur had been. "I can't see what made it grow so."

"It has had the best food in the land," said one woman. "It takes a bite from the flesh of every child that passes."

"I have known it to empty their dinner pails," said another. "There are children in the town who never taste a bite of dinner because the yellow cur has gulped it all down."

"I know other children who have nothing but rags on their backs," cried a third woman, "for every time it gets a chance, the yellow cur tears their clothes from them and makes a bed for itself. If you look close, you'll find what it is lying on."

They came as close as they dared. The woman's words were true enough. The yellow cur was lying on a boy's coat, a little girl's gloves and hat, and even bits of shoes and stockings.

"You men, look at it now," cried a woman. It was she whose children had gone without dinner. "It is only a pup? Why, you all are afraid of it. Get your guns and kill it."

"We must speak to the Mayor," said one.

"I think it should be killed," said a deacon, "but some one else had better do it. I think it is beneath the dignity of a deacon to go out and kill dogs."

"I'd do it," said a lawyer, "but a friend of mine owns the dog. I should not like to hurt his feelings. He always brings his business to me. The dog should be killed, I know; but it wouldn't be policy for me to do it."

"I never go around this street," said the city superintendent of schools. "I never liked dogs of any kind—particularly yellow mongrel ones. I have no children. The dog never interfered with me. I don't see why I should molest it. It never hurt me." The subject of the yellow dog was settled as far as the superintendent was concerned. He walked away.

The women, however, insisted that something be done. To kill the animal was the easiest way out of it, they thought. They begged the men to do that very thing at once, but the men declared that everything must be according to law. They would see the Mayor and Council, and Police-force; so they walked away, and the pup remained master of the situation.

The men called on the Mayor, who explained to them that there was no special law for yellow curs. He could do nothing at all. He was to see that laws were executed. He could make no new laws which applied especially to yellow curs. He looked over the statute books. There were a thousand clauses about brindle, black, tan, or white dogs; but the class of yellow ones was not mentioned.

As the delegation was about to leave the office, the Mayor seized the leader by the button-hole. "Now, about the pup. I think you men are making a great fuss about nothing at all. You have no idea how much good that cur does. Think of the flies it snaps up. Why our town would be swarmed with flies if it wasn't there. He snaps and catches every one of them. You couldn't keep your children in school because of the flies and mosquitoes if it wasn't for the yellow dog. It keeps the streets clean too. It's a scavenger. You'd have to pay a street cleaning department if it wasn't for the yellow dog."

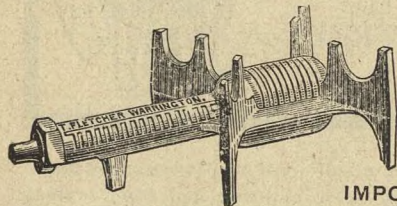
(Concluded on Page 10.)



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New South Wales Alliance.

We are pleased to notify our friends that the offices of the New South Wales Alliance are again under the roof of the Headquarters Buildings at the corner of Park and Castlereagh Streets. A new entrance has been made in Park Street, so that our future address will be 33 Park Street. In the remodelling and extension of the hotel in order to cope with the great demand for accommodation, it was at first considered impossible to reserve the necessary space for the Alliance offices. However, the difficulty has been overcome.

BOTTOM SQUARE BOX NOTES.

At a recent meeting at St. Ives, in the Gordon electorate, eight Box-holders were secured.

Mrs. Rankin, of Casino, has wired for an additional hundred Boxes.

At Kiama, Mr. G. A. Somerville, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Axford, Miss Axford, and Miss J. Somerville have been appointed agents.

Mrs. Axford, of Kiama, after three months in bed as a result of a buggy accident, in which her leg was broken, is securing Box-holders from those who visit her. She is the mother of Mr. Axford of Cootamundra and Miss Costello of Penrith, enthusiastic workers.

Mr. Marion is devoting two more weeks to Box placing in the Gordon electorate.

The opening of Boxes will start on July 1. Box-holders should be ready. We are looking forward to a big copper harvest.

Those who have not got a box should write at once and start the new quarter on July 1.

Surely it is not too much to ask that the readers of "Grit" should become Box agents, and place a few with your friends. Write to-day.

Mr. Complin recently met the workers at Burwood. Mr. J. Cook is the chief Box Agent. Burwood's splendid record at the last poll should inspire every one there to keep going.

At Gerringong, where more than a three-fifths majority was secured, Mr. J. Campbell, junr., has been appointed the chief agent. Mr. Marion met the workers there on Thursday night. The local enthusiasts have undertaken to place 40 boxes at once. Agents have been requested to open all

boxes that have been sent out six weeks and over, in order to get the machinery running properly.

In placing boxes a splendid opportunity is presented to clear up some of the erroneous impressions that are abroad concerning No-license.

We have several individual Box-holders in the eastern suburbs, and would be pleased to receive the names of any persons who can become an agent for them.

RETIREMENT OF MR. SHEARSTON.

In recognition of his 38 years' service in the cause of temperance, Mr. John S. Shearston was at the Protestant Hall, Castlereagh Street, city, on Tuesday last presented with an illuminated address. The presentation was made by Vice-Admiral King-Hall, on behalf of the International Order of Good Templars. His Excellency said that he, in common with all officers and men of the fleet, had the deepest feeling of respect and appreciation for the work Mr. Shearston had done among naval men, and the assistance he had been to them. Mr. Shearston had never spared himself in any way and had always been ready to help the sailors by advice, and by being their friend at all times. The name of Shearston was a household word with those who had been out to this station. Mr. Shearston had found it necessary to give up the special post of secretary, but His Excellency was sure they would have just as much work and help from him in the future as in the past.

"Speaking as Commander-in-chief," continued His Excellency, "I would like to say that Mr. Shearston's work has contributed to the efficiency of the service. Looking at it from a naval point of view, I thank Mr. Shearston for all that he has done in the navy, quite apart from the higher work. Speaking as the representative of the navy, I trust that Mr. Shearston may long be spared to continue his work at the Royal Naval House. But in all that he has done he has been inspired by a high and lofty motive—he has done it for the love of the Master."

Mr. Shearston, in acknowledgment of the compliment, said that last year no fewer than 55,000 men slept at the Royal Naval House.

THE STORY OF SIXTY THOUSAND BIBLES.

Sixty thousand Bibles have been placed in as many hotel bedrooms in the United States and Canada by the organization of Christian commercial travellers known as the Gideons. On the inside cover-page of each is pasted a leaflet which reads:—

"This holy book, whose leaves display the Life, the Light, the Truth, and the way, is placed in this room by the Gideons, the Christian Commercial Travellers' Association of America, aided by the churches and Young Men's Christian Association of this city, with the hope that by means of this book many may be brought to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

"A mother comforted by the 'word' as expressed on her son's tomb: 'My son, aged 21. Died in his youth, but saved by grace through faith in Jesus Christ.—A Mother.' How about your mother?

"If lonesome or blue and friends untrue, read Psalms xxiii. and xxvii., Luke xv.

"If trade is poor, read Psalm xxxvii., John xv.

"If discouraged, or in trouble, read Psalm cxxvi., John xiv.

"If you are out of sorts, read Hebrews xii.

"If you are losing confidence in men, read 1 Cor. xiii.

"If sceptical, read John vi. 40; vii. 7; Phil. ii. 9-11.

"If tired of sin, read Luke xviii. 35-43; xviii. 9-14; 1 John i. 9.

"If very prosperous, read 1 Cor. x 12, 13.

Happy conclusion—Psalm cxxi. Matt. vi. 33; Rom. xii."

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WANTED.

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Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

"FAIRPLAY" MAKES ANOTHER EFFORT IN THEOLOGY.

"Fairplay's" advertising canvasser, an amusing, versatile gentleman, when calling upon the writer for an advertisement, said: "We have the best sporting and theatrical columns in Sydney." Being a party gifted with some sense of humor he didn't mention the paper as a text book of theology, even when the "man on the waggon" replied that he was a "wowser."

Last week's copy of the whisky journal hardly impresses one much from a theatrical critic's point of view, unless "Davey's" stock poem, referring to your "slaking your thirst" at his "Beach" after listening to the wowser's ranting and preaching, be taken in with the "column." The "Sporting Column" has a somewhat interesting article upon "the kidney punch," but is otherwise "stale as ditchwater." This latter commodity, however, does not give even a hint of the wretchedness of the attempt at theological criticism under the heading of "The Liberty Leagues."

"A trenchant" reply it is called. If trenchant means "sharp," as Chambers puts it, then trenchant it is, but also asinine and illogical. The remarks are credited to the organizer of the "Manufacturers' and Merchants' League," an innocent and honeyed

name for a corporation formed in U.S.A. (we are assured) to combat the prohibitionists' attacks on personal liberty.

This interesting gentleman says (inter alia): "These men ought to know that if people can be made righteous by law, Christ died in vain. Fines and imprisonment will not drive the perishing to church. You cannot change a man's opinions or his appetite by a majority vote. . . . Jesus never tried to send anyone to gaol. He never condemned the (note this) moderate use of liquor, but made and drank wine with his disciples. It was Mahomet, not Christ, who condemned the use of all intoxicating liquors, etc."

We will not further quote these deformed attempts at theology—the above are fair samples of them, and we can accord them cheerfully the supreme contempt they deserve. Note the attempt in the first sentence given above to twist the grand doctrine of the atonement into an extenuation of our misdeeds. Because Christ rescued us from death through our inability to stand morally perfect before the law, we are then to destroy all law and decency, and wallow in intoxication, if we please. **Is that what Christ died for?** Can that be the end He sought for us? Is it consonant with the personal Holiness of Him who enjoined, "Be ye holy, even as I am holy."

"Jesus never tried to send anyone to gaol," we are next informed. But what is the purport of this ridiculous and blasphemous statement? Do His followers seek that end? No, thrice no, sir. Their one aim is to prevent the miserable lost drunkard getting there. And "Fairplay" (at least) knows well that one gentleman connected with this paper from its inception is president of a home that picks up the derelict in the gutter before he falls into the hands of the police. When he has been taken in and treated as a brother, suitable employment is then found for him where possible. Does anyone know of any such help given by the U.L.V.A., or the breweries, or any other corporation connected with the whisky traffic? We fear not; and yet the above quoted miserable piffle is honored with a leading place in the official organ of the Licensed Victuallers' Association. Away with such hypocritical humbug, which can and will only rebound upon the heads of those responsible for its publication.

THE WELL-ORDERED DAY.

How shall the day be ordered? To the sage The young man spoke. And this was his reply:

A morning prayer.

A moment with thy God who sends the dawn
Up from the east; to thank Him for the care
That kept thee through the night; to give
thy soul,

With faith serene, to His complete control;
To ask His guidance still along the way.

So starts the day.

A busy day.

Do with a will the task that lies before.
So much there is for every man to do,
And soon the night when man can work no
more,

And none but he to life's behest is true
Who works with zeal, and pauses only when
He stretches forth his hand to help the men
Who fail or fall beside him on the way.

So runs the day.

A merry evening.

When toil is done, then banished be the care
That frets the soul. With loved ones by the
hearth

The evening hour belongs to joy and mirth;
To lighter things that make life fresh and
fair.

For honest work has earned its hour of play.
So ends the day.

—John Clair Minot.

TO EVERY VOTER IN NEW SOUTH WALES

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Tree of Life Extract for Influenza, Colds, etc.

Healo Ointment heals every hurt.

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China and the Opium Evil.

THE STORY OF A WONDERFUL CRUSADE, WITH CARTOONS
BY CHINESE ARTISTS.

(Continued from last Issue.)

"Under the leadership of Lin, grandson of the famous reform viceroy who destroyed the Indian opium, numerous anti-opium societies sprang into existence and co-operated with the officials. Their agents are given full authority to force an entry to any place. Every night their vigilance committees, accompanied by policemen to enforce their demands for admittance, patrol the streets on the lookout for illicit selling or smoking. At times they have been attacked and some of them severely beaten, but nothing turns

strength of the people. Greed versus patriotism—it is just America's line-up on liquor, meat-packing, and child labor over again. And the people are coming out of their stupor. A public has come into being—a public that cares about moral questions. Public opinion, which was biting its coral 300 years ago in the coffee-houses of Shakespeare's London, is taking its baby steps in China. Millions for the first time in their lives have thought: 'What is the public good?' And mandarins, dismounting from their immemorial high horse, have called together the gentry, the merchants, and the head men of the villages and preached to them of righteousness, judgment, and the wrath to come.

THE NATIONS' RESPONSIBILITY.

"The experience of China with opium smashes the comfortable doctrine that organized society need not concern itself with bad private habits. The hand of government was withheld for a long time in China, and if any salutary principle of self-limitation lurked in the opium vice it ought to have declared itself long ago. If it were in the nature of opium-smoking to confine its ravages to fools and weaklings, if out of each generation it killed off the two or three per cent. of leats foresight or feeblest self-con-

trol, it might be looked upon as the winner of chaff and society might safely concede a man the right to go to the devil his own way and at his own pace. But the vice was not so discriminating. Like a gangrene it ate deeper and deeper into the social body, spreading from weak tissue to sound, till the very future of the Chinese race was at stake.

"Now, liquor is to us what opium is to the yellow man. If our public opinion and laws had been so long inert with respect to alcohol as China has been with respect to opium, we might have suffered quite as severely as have the Chinese. The lesson from the Orient is that when society realises a destructive private habit is eating into its vitals, the question to consider is not whether to attack that habit, but how."

OPIMUM SMUGGLING.**The Quarter's Prosecutions.**

Melbourne, 13/6/11.

For the quarter ending March 31 there were 55 prosecutions for smuggling opium. The quantity seized was 143½lb., valued at £430. The penalties inflicted amounted to £410, and those paid to £164. Rewards of £5 were paid to informers, and of £10 to police. The offenders in New South Wales totalled 27, the seizures 87¾lb., of the estimated value of £263, the penalties imposed £82, and the penalties paid £32.

THE OLD STORY.

Tired and dusty, a party were returning by rail from a holiday trip. Simkins, a little bald man, seated himself to read, but dropped off asleep. On the rack was a ferocious crab in a bucket, and when Simkins went to sleep the crab woke up, and finding things dull in the bucket, started exploring.

By careful navigation Mr. Crab reached the edge of the rack. Down it fell, alighting on Simkin's shoulder, where it grabbed the man's ear to steady itself. The passengers held their breath and waited for developments, but Simkins only shook his head and said:—

"Leggo, Sarah! I tell you I've been at the office all the evening!"

HELPING HIM OUT.

"What's the matter, got a cold?"

"Yes. I suppose like every one else, you want to tell me what to do for it?"

"No, not particularly. But I can tell you what I used when I had one."

"Go ahead, one more won't hurt me. What did you use?"

"A handkerchief."



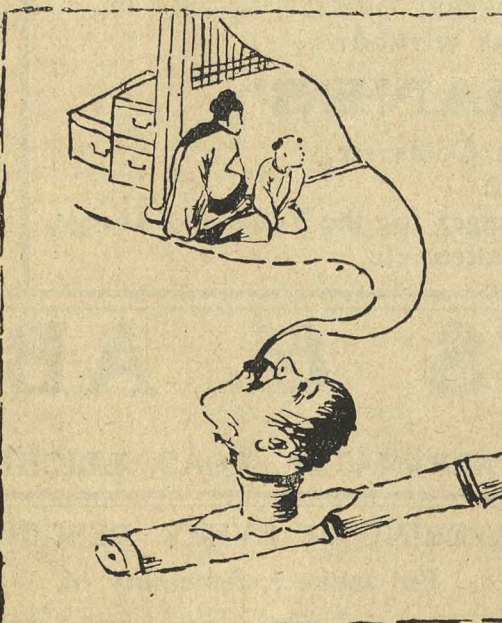
"Throw him (the opium fiend) to the tiger, or the wolf, they will not eat him."

them aside. The societies collect and break up paraphernalia seized in their raids, or given up by the reformed smokers. From time to time the stock on hand is stacked up in a public place and solemnly burned to signalise the progress of the campaign. Ten such burnings have taken place, and the pipes, bowls, plates, lamps, and opium boxes sacrificed by fire number upward of 25,000.

SIGNS OF VICTORY.

"Thanks to these varied endeavors, the amount of opium sold in Foochow has fallen off four-fifths, and the number of opium-smoking permits now out is less than half the number originally issued. Hardly any but low-class people smoke. Since no new registrations are permitted, opium wins no recruits and its finish is in sight.

"Think of it! In thousands upon thousands of communities over this huge empire a battle has been going on. On the one side poppy-growers, den-keepers, dealers, and some of the smokers; on the other, the thoughtful few—reformers and patriots who realise China is doomed to be the world's serf if the drug is to go on sapping the



Another simple but striking Chinese cartoon, showing the family and home vanishing in the smoke of the opium pipe.

BENS DORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA

HIGHEST QUALITY . . .
DELICIOUS FLAVOUR . . .
DIGESTIBLE & STRENGTHENING

Salesmanship and Character.

Anyone who has followed this page very closely must have been impressed by the fact that every talk on selling which has appeared so far, has been essentially a talk on character building.

This general trend has not been premeditated. Each contributor has chosen his own subject and handled it in his own way.

If, then, it happens that each time a sales manager starts out to tell how to hand out more goods, he gravitates to the subject of how to be a better man, it looks as if it is pretty well understood that the better man is the better salesman.

This turns out to be so.

In one article in this number of the magazine, an old-timer in the business before commercial ethics became codified, tells of how a salesman sent to demonstrate and sell one machine, was gotten drunk, so to speak, by those who knew his weakness, and made to demonstrate and sell his competitor's machine.

Think of it!

How long would such a salesman or a manager who resorted to such tactics last to-day? Yet these men were not to blame at that time. They were business men with as high a sense of personal honor as the men who manage business to-day.

Their system of selling and their plans of increasing their business, were merely the embodiment of the moral standards which the business men of that period considered perfectly proper.

That moral standard was found inadequate, to be sure. Why? Because the men who conducted their business above the average standard were the men who ultimately won out. They became leaders, and with their leadership new standards were set.

The element of character became a paramount factor in salesmanship, and the men who sold then, many of whom are now high in the counsel of this company, would scorn to get business by methods which they used a score of years ago.

Again—a talk on selling always turns into a talk on character, because character building is definite, runs along definite lines, and is subject to definite rules; whereas salesmanship, and the ability to persuade, is so intangible and so subject to varying conditions that no formula for its development is possible.

Some people have tried to outline the steps entering into the mind of a buyer before he gives an order. This outline reads well as a lesson in psychology, but as a piece of mechanism, very few salesmen can make it work.

The writer knows a little of what he is talking about. He peddled bonds for several years, and anybody who can successfully sell bonds can sell spats to a man with wooden legs who never saw Broadway.

In that game he found out that he could not follow set rules. For instance, in one case he had a prospect upon whom he could not make a dent by means of the ordinary routines of approach. Then he attacked the social side of this prospect, taught him how to play golf, and a short time thereafter, he was handling 60,000 dols. a year of that man's money.

In another case, a woman was foolishly suspicious of everything a salesman recommended with more than ordinary enthusiasm, because she thought he must be eager to get rid of it. Finally, the writer refused to take her order for something which she had chosen, because he, himself, did not have absolute confidence in its safety. She went away in a huff, and he thought he had lost, not only a sale, but a customer. She turned it over in her own mind that night and the next day came back, handed him a check for 10,000 dols. and told him to invest it in the way he thought best.

In both of these cases good sales were made, and yet every law of salesmanship was violated.

The first sale was based on personal liking; the second, on confidence.

Simmered down, therefore, the best salesman seems to be the man who can make himself best liked and who can be best trusted.

This brings the subject back to character again. In this day and age, in discussing salesmanship, you can't separate the two.—“The Harvester World.”

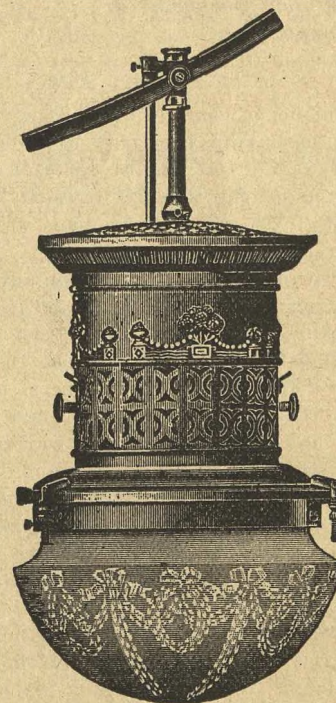
BUSINESS DISHONESTY.

A big deputation from the Australian Chambers of Manufactures, which interviewed Acting-Prime Minister Hughes last week, got a few unpleasant truths poured into its ear. One of the things it asked for was a prohibition of the admission of the drugs, etc., that contribute to race suicide. “Just so,” replied Hughes, in effect; “this Government is in complete accord with you there. But so far the sole effect of such prohibitions has been to stimulate the manufacture of the articles in Australia. It is the same all round. We stopped the importation of a certain alcoholic liquor in bottles bearing labels saying it was of distinct medicinal benefit. We even confiscated the labels. The merchants imported it in bulk,

got labels printed here, and distributed the goods broadcast. Again, we stopped certain pills imported under a misleading label. The importers now comply with the Commerce Act, but put the labels on here and sell them as before. It is encouraging, isn't it? We absolutely prohibited the introduction of a certain article because it was alleged to be a cure for almost every ailment: it is still sold everywhere, and as it isn't imported it must be manufactured here. Again, we blocked olive oil which was adulterated with rapeseed, peanut, and other cheap oils; now the merchants get it in bulk, pure, and adulterate it themselves. It is the same with mustard, lard, limejuice, turpentine, pepper, neatsfoot oil, and a dozen other articles. We would keep these substances pure, but we have not the power—and when we asked for more power a month or two ago, the Chambers of Manufactures decided that we shouldn't have it.” Probably the manufacturers made a mental note to vote differently when those questions are put to them again. If they didn't their requests look a good deal like bunkum and hypocrisy.—“The Bulletin.”

VESTA.

Increased Light at Less Cost.



A Delight in the Home—A Necessity in Business—A Luxury in Church or Hall.

Vesta Gaslight Co.,

Offices: 108 PITT ST. Opp. G.P.O.

Telephone 63 City.

Send for Descriptive Catalogue.

GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

"Grit, clear Grit."—A pure Americanism, standing for Pluck, or Energy, or Industry, or all three. References probably had to the sandstones used for grindstones—the more grit they contain the better they wear.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1911.

THE WORK OF THE POLICE.

We are a civilised community of about 1,600,000 people, and it requires 2510 police of all ranks to look after us—that is one to every 676 people—and we may well ask why intelligent, educated, prosperous people need this army of police. Two things are evident—we are not improving very fast, if at all, and liquor is still the king bolt of the crime waggon.

The criminal returns furnished by the various superintendents of police throughout the State show an increase of 2607 in the number of apprehensions and summons cases. The following is a comparison of the cases under the headings mentioned for the respective years:—

	1909.	1910.
Offences against the person	3,940	4,082
Offences against property,		
with violence	931	896
Offences against property		
without violence	6,154	5,681
Forgery, and offences against		
the currency	123	118
Offences against good order	45,062	45,755
Offences not included in		
the foregoing	16,013	18,298
	72,223	74,830

The number of cases of deserted wives and children has again increased by 29 on the previous year. Out of 704 reported cases, 267 of the offenders were arrested by the police, while 68 others have made provision for their wives and families.

It is worth noticing that liquor advocates do not weary of saying that forgers and other skilled criminals are always sober men. Allowing for argument sake that this is so, we find 118 such offences out of 74,830. The part that liquor plays is so evident and appalling that it warrants all that No-License advocates demand.

In the report of the licensing inspector for the metropolitan district attention is drawn to a further decrease of one in the number of hotels, caused through the cancellation of a licence.

The decrease in the number of hotels in the district since the passing of the Principal Liquor Act in 1881 is a remarkable feature in the liquor trade. When the Act came into force on January 1, 1882, there were 848 hotels in the then metropolitan licensing district for a population of 248,231, or one hotel for every 293 persons; while on December 31, 1910 (after 24 years under the Principal Act and five years under the

Amending Act) there were 665 hotels for an approximate population of 596,000, or one hotel for every 896 persons, notwithstanding that about 150 new licenses have been granted. Reduction has been mainly brought about by the vigilance of the police in bringing undesirable hotels and publicans under the notice of the Licensing Bench.

One of the results of the Amending Act of 1905 has been the practical abolition of the objectionable system of sub-letting bars to women of doubtful character. There are now only 82 additional bars held by 70 licensees in the metropolitan district. A total of 75 convictions under the Act is recorded, fines and costs aggregating £243 being imposed.

The cost of our police force and penal establishments amounts to £569,960, and we do not exaggerate when we affirm that two-thirds of this is made necessary through liquor, and that liquor triumphs because it is protected by law and given facilities beyond any other commodity. Once it is outlawed and denied a place at every street corner from 6 a.m. to 11 p.m. we may then dispense with many of our police.

WHO DO YOU THINK SAID IT?

We wish to quote words which were deliberately written in an article on the Lang-Langford moving pictures, and we confess they startled us. Did a wowser write them, or does the sporting editor of "Fairplay" have wowserish feelings at times? Or, after all, is it just common decency and cleanliness that makes one shrink from filth that assails eye, ear, and nose? The writer prefers the pictures to the reality, and says:—

"Aye, even clearer and more surely than those at a 'really truly' fight, for the reason that there are no annoying interjections, no fool remarks, no blithering idiot at your left ear continuously asking, 'Which did you say the man in blue was?' or 'I forgot whether black trunks is Smith or Jones;' no raving madman at your right ear telling you that you don't know a thing about it if you can't see that Jones's right smash to the ribs was Smith's straight left, hook to the point of the wishbone. Above all there is no maddening yelling by an escapee from Gladesville to Jones, who is being pasted all over the shop, to 'make 'im fight, Jonsey.' So you can sit in peace and make notes and no impertinent ass breathes bad tobacco and stale beer fumes in your face as he, a total stranger, asks 'Wot pyper did you s'y you wuz reportin' it fer?'"

For a champion of money fights and booze to call the fight patrons "blithering idiots," "raving madman," "escapee from Gladesville," is rather startling, and then to object to tobacco smoke and liquor fumes is really astonishing. Our friend has surely lost his nerve. He should remember these manly patrons of sport, these robust, liberty-leaguers, are with booze, tobacco, and language simply perpetuating the atmosphere of the money fight arena. It is a sad falling from grace to find our journalistic friend taking objection to these normal con-

ditions. However, to drop sarcasm, it is quite refreshing to find the wowsers' objections so forcibly echoed and justified in such a paper as "Fairplay."

OUR CARTOON.

Three stages in the eternal drink traffic are depicted in our cartoon this week. The true contents of a bottle, according to "Fairplay," is not to be ascertained by the label, but we may be pardoned for holding that Scripture is backed up by experience in declaring it to bite like a serpent. The Victorian Inspector-General of the Insane (Dr. Jones) having drawn a deduction from the observations of inmates of the Inebriate Retreat at Lara, attributes most of the woes of intemperance to indulgence in the forenoon—the morning nip, the "pick-me-up," and the "shout," by which business transactions are sometimes clinched.

"If," he said, "Mr. Judkins would advocate the closing of hotels until midday, or 12.30 p.m. or 1 p.m., I could see no objection to their remaining open until 11.30 p.m., or even midnight. It is the morning drink, taken when the stomach is empty, or after little food has been eaten, that does the harm."

This seems to us a most amusing and innocent remark, and reminds us of the dear old unsophisticated lady who said she knew her son did not get anything to drink on Saturday night because he was always so thirsty on Sunday morning. The fact is the morning nip the doctor refers to is the direct effect of the late night's drinking. Close the pubs at 6 p.m. and the cause of the morning "nip," sometimes spoken of as "a hair of the dog that bit him," is removed. The Melbourne tragedy of the two sisters who had been drinking heavily, and who last Tuesday both died of poison, is so shocking and so characteristic of liquor that we do not hesitate to urge it as a reason for further effort to exterminate so gross and unmanageable an evil as alcohol.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

Shop: 92 Miller St., NORTH SYDNEY.
Tel. 399 N.S.

Nursery: Victoria Avenue, CHATSWOOD.
Tel. 273 Chatswood.

Specialties — FLORAL WORK, CUT FLOWERS, DECORATIVE AND SEED-LING PLANTS.

For anything required for the Garden or care of same, write or ring up

G. A. GATES, Florist.

SHORTHAND EXAMS.

The Students of the Metropolitan Business College still continue to secure the cream of the results in the important Shorthand Examinations conducted by the Incorporated Phonographic Society of Australia. Following are the places in order of merit in N.S.W. won by these Students at the latest Exam. (1st April, 1911):—Advanced Theory: 1st place, Ida Grice; 2nd, W. Steele; 4th, M. Colquhoun. Theory: 1st place, Marion Kark; 2nd, Dorothy Beveridge; 4th, Winnie Buckler. To date, the first place in N.S.W. in eight out of the eleven Exams, held in Sydney by the above Society have been won by Students trained by the Metropolitan Business College, a result of which, in view of the keen competition existing, they have every reason to be proud.

THE OUTSIDER.

A PREACHMENT.

There is no doubt that Christ had ever an eye for the outsider. This He emphasised by his parable of the man who lost one of his hundred sheep, and left the ninety-nine to go out after the wanderer. In the measure in which the Church catches the spirit of this sublime teaching will she win back the long-lost confidences of the masses. At present one of the gravest charges laid at the door of the Church is that all her best is given to those in the fold, while the Master taught that His disciples should ever give the best to the neediest. The world argues that it is only one sheep anyhow, and not the best at that, and has only itself to blame for going astray. There are those who despise the fool sheep that gets lost, and some despair of a sheep so evidently lost. In the one case we have the spirit of paganism, in the other case it is simple unbelief in the Redeemer. However, you can't follow Christ without finding yourself among outsiders, and you can't be among outsiders for long without finding they have a keen appreciation of Christ, and that the Church, by no means has a monopoly of the fine-natured people, and that outsiders are far from being unpromising material.

INTERESTING SINNERS.

It is not at all hard to find generous outsiders, big-hearted folk, who have no streak of pettiness, what the Yankee calls broad gauge men, generous to give, to serve, or to appreciate. They are never anti-religious, but just non-religious, waiting for a Christ-like person to win them. There are among the outsiders enthusiasts, capable of devotion, purpose, and self sacrifice. They would make magnificent Christians. Such enthusiasts have been pioneers, soldiers, explorers, labor union leaders, and the Church is infinitely the poorer for not having won them inside her fold. Such men as these were the Greeks spoken of in John, chapter 12, verse 20; they came to a Jewish feast uninvited and not wanted—outsiders, yet honestly anxious to know and embrace the truth. They must have been like fish out of water, and if they had not been more than usually persevering they would never have won out.

HOW THEY ARE BROUGHT IN.

Strangers among stranger people, they naturally caught at the name of Phillip, which was Greek, and would seem as homely to them as a Mac would to a Scotchman in a heathen land, and so they approached him. Now Phillip did not know quite what to do with them, but he knew some one who did, so he took them to Andrew, who promptly took them to Christ. There is an old saying, "Set a thief to catch a thief," and there is much truth in it, and the Church that does not use its converts to make converts is a hopeless body which nothing can save. Men are sick of preaching, sick of talk and theory, but personal testimony always commands attention and carries weight.

Christians are saved to serve, and the crowning sin of many a Church is that the "saints" are barren, never having been encouraged to win an outsider. No one person is responsible for leading anyone to Christ. Phillip and Andrew had to say of these Greeks, "We lead them." And ministers who know the history of the outsiders brought in to their Church humbly say, 'We' did it."

THE RECEPTION OF THE OUTSIDER.

There are few things more beautiful and few more in contrast to the spirit of our Churches than the beautiful way Christ received the outsiders. The woman who was a sinner, Zaccheus, the Syro Phoenician woman, Levi, all these and many more were much-talked-of people, soiled, crooked, suspected and condemned by their little world. Yet Christ never hesitated, never warned, never exacted promises, never scolded, and never put them on probation. He took them with hardly a glance at their past. His eye was on their to-morrow, and these rank outsiders became his loyal, devoted, and supremely useful followers. We are all very susceptible to any confidence placed in us, any credit given us for being sincere, and men flocked to Christ because He trusted them. And they hold aloof from the Church of to-day that accepts them on suspicion, and coldly stands aloof, expecting them to fall back.

THE CHURCH OF THE OUTSIDER.

The most notable movement of a century is the Salvation Army, built out of drunkards and gaol birds. It has spread all over the world, and in every place has made preachers of the most unpromising material because it has believed that Christ can save to the uttermost, and it has believed just as firmly that the saved must serve to the uttermost. This religious body has proved how susceptible the so-called outsiders are to religion, and what glorious monuments they make of God's grace. The message to Christians to-day is "Go—go—go, and first go out into the highways and then out to the uttermost parts of the earth to gather in the ones loved of Christ."

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "GRIT" TO 15/6/11.

Mr. Stevenson, 5s. (4/4/12); Mr. J. C. Toose, 5s. (31/12/11); Mr. A. L. Burgess, 2s. 6d. (31/12/11); Mr. T. Hal, 2s. 6d. (6/2/09); Mr. J. Probyn, 2s. 3d. (31/12/11); Mr. T. Savage, 6s.; Armidale, 5s.; Mr. Latchford, 4s. (31/12/11); Mr. S. McKenzie, 3s. 9d. (31/12/11); Mr. G. Burrows, 3s. 10d. (31/12/11); Mr. H. Squires, 5s. (17/2/12); Mr. M. E. Finch, 5s. (11/7/12); Mr. E. Wright, 2s. (9/6/11); Mr. M. Bryce, 7s. 3d. (31/12/11); Mr. Bell, 3s. 9d. (31/12/11); S. Hawkins, 5s. (31/12/11); H. M. Bradley, 2s. 6d. (20/12/11); Mr. Moore, 2s. 6d. (31/6/11); C. Breakwell, 2s. 6d. (12/1/12); M. Sorrell, 2s. 6d. (9/6/11); A. Husband, 6s. 9d. (31/12/11); Mr. East, 5s. 6d. (31/12/11); Mr. Brosdon, 3s. (31/12/11); Rev. Fairbrother, 5s. (31/12/11); D. Cameron, 9s. (31/6/13); Miss V. Musgrove, 2s. 8d. (31/12/11); R. M. Black, 9s. 6d. (31/

12/11); Mr. Wollaston, 3s. 9d. (31/12/11); D. Wyte, 3s. 2d.; Mr. Benjamin, 5s. (13/1/12); Miss Roberts, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H. Roberts, 2s. 6d.; J. Bell, 3s. 9d.; Sydney, 11s.; Rev. Best, 7s. (31/12/11); D. Reeves, 5s. (12/1/12); Rev. Hunter, 2s. 6d. (27/12/11); S. Pearce, 5s. 2d. (31/12/11); Mrs. Shearer, 3s. 6d. (31/12/11); A. T. Elvery, 5s. (14/1/12); Miss McCarthy, 7s. 3d. (31/12/11); Mrs. Bramson, 5s. (31/12/11); Kempsey, 8s. 6d.; Mrs. Sarah Mahr, 5s. (31/12/11); R. Bingers, 3s. 9d. (31/12/11); A. Kemp, 3s. 6d. (31/12/11); McInnes, 3s. 6d. (31/12/11); A. Cassie, 10s. (15/4/12); K. Elger, 5s. (17/9/11); Emert, 5s. (9/12/11); Champion, 3s. (31/12/11); L. O. Williams, 2s. 6d. (17/2/12); Price, 2s. 6d. (31/12/11); Rev. Gibbis, 5s. (31/12/11); G. Moffatt, 2s. 3d. (31/12/11); A. Gale, 2s. 6d. (31/6/11); Lismore, 5s.; Mason, 3s. 9d. (31/12/11); Rose, 2s. 6d. (9/6/11); Henry, 5s. (16/12/11); E. Stone, 2s. (15/6/11); J. Rule, 4s. 3d. (31/12/11); S. Leadbitter, 3s. 6d. (31/12/11); E. Stone, 2s. 6d.; G. McBean, 10s. 6d. (7/1/13); Prouse, 7s. 3d. (31/12/11); M. Cheney, 5s. (13/1/12); Mrs. Morrell, 3s. 9d. (31/12/11); Mr. West, 3s. (7/6/11); J. Cherry, 2s. 6d. (23/8/11); O. Osborn, 6s. 6d. (31/12/11); W. Folkard, 5s. (31/12/11); F. W. Goodiff, 5s. (10/6/11); Miss Hills, 2s. 6d. (9/6/11); T. Clout, 3s. (31/12/11); Mrs. Boyd, 2s. 6d. (8/6/11); Miss Wilson, 2s. 6d. (8/6/11); H. Whichlo, 2s. 6d. (13/4/11); Miss Gough, 6d. (31/12/11); Drake, 3s. 6d. (31/12/11); Mrs. Dudley, 5s. (13/1/12); Robjohns, 5s.; McKenzie, 2s. 3d. (7/7/11); Kidd, 5s. (7/1/12); J. Sheppard, 2s. 6d. (31/6/11); R. Gillespie, 6s. (27/4/11); J. K. Baulman, 2s. 6d. (31/6/11); C. Basham, 3s. 9d. (31/12/11); Mrs. Eipper, 5s. (31/6/12); Rev. Lane, 6s. 9d. (31/12/11); M. E. Stevens, 2s. 6d. (15/12/11); Mr. C. Burt, 2s. 6d.; Miss Lindsay, 5s. (9/6/12); J. A. Eilbeck, 6s. (31/12/11); F. Bloomfield, 5s. (18/12/11); J. Ingrey, 5s. (7/4/11); W. McAuslan, 5s. (9/12/11); Mr. Anderson, 5s. (31/12/11); Mr. Curtis, 5s. (31/12/11); Foreman, 5s. (9/12/11); A. E. Black, 5s. (31/12/11); Lark, 5s. 6d. (31/12/11); P. C. Holm, 2s. 6d. (31/6/11); E. Miller, 5s.; Mrs. Quigley, 5s. (31/12/11); J. S. Arnott, 2s. 6d. (31/6/12); A. W. Emmett, 4s. 3d. (31/12/11); B. Foster, 6s. 3d. (31/12/11); A. J. Harvey, 3s. 6d. (31/12/11); G. A. Gates, 5s. (31/12/11); J. Creagh, 7s. 6d. (11/7/11); Miss Tierman, 2s. 6d. (31/6/11); Mrs. Torr, 5s. (13/1/12).

ABSENT-MINDED SUBSCRIBERS.

Five shillings from Armidale; 11s. from Sydney; 8s. 6d. from Kempsey; 5s. from Lismore. Will the senders kindly write and say who they are, that we may credit them with the amounts?

THE BEST
IS THE
CHEAPEST
IT IS WORTH WHILE TO ORDER ALL
YOUR
GROCERIES
FROM
JOHN WARD,
(LATE WINN AND CO.)
Botany Road, Redfern.
Phone, 283 Redfern.

THE LITTLE YELLOW PUP.

(Continued.)

The men went away and told the women that according to law nothing could be done; besides the Mayor had said a yellow dog was a necessity. For a time, the people were pacified. The women went back to their fancy work, and forgot that they ever wanted a gun to shoot the dog.

Things moved on smoothly for a time, although the yellow dog had not quit business. It was growing bigger and fatter than ever. Children were going about with bandaged limbs. The hospitals were filled with people with torn cheeks, gouged eyes, and lacerated bodies, all caused by the antics of the yellow pup. Doctors were charging high prices for caring for the wounded; nurses were engaged at big salaries and every ambulance was kept busy; and every year a new building went up to house the afflicted.

"But think of the money we are saving on the street cleaning department," said the Mayor, and the people all smiled and nodded in affirmation, "think of the money we are saving."

One day, a woman sent her boy on an errand. She warned him not to go near the yellow dog. He tried to obey, but he could not help himself. The yellow dog was everywhere. A short time later, they carried the boy home. The mother bandaged his wounds. His case was hopeless. His eyes were ruined, and his speech gone. The woman was aroused. "I shall keep at it until I find a man brave enough to kill that yellow cur," she cried. "If I had a gun, I would do it myself."

She set forth. She stopped at every door begging some man to kill the dog, but every one had an excuse. He had no shot; he was busy; business kept him at home.

The woman was desperate. Her boy was hopeless but she would save some other boy. She would not give up. She would keep on begging and pleading, until she dropped from exhaustion.

At last the leading men, the Council, and the Mayor grew weary. They put their heads together. "Something must be done to satisfy her," was the consensus of opinion. They all agreed that something must be done; so the Select Council, the Common Council, the Mayor, the Chief-of-Police, and a score of assistants met in solemn assembly and passed a law that the right ear of said yellow cur should be amputated.

Straightway this was done. The dog lay quiet while the amputation was being performed, and made a pretence of being quite overcome; but the instant the learned Council had turned away, it yelped joyfully, and wagged its good ear just a little more vigorously than it had ever done before.

The woman watched results. She was not satisfied, and she importuned Council and Mayor a second time until they again grew weary. Again they met in solemn conclave, and passed a law declaring that "the tip of the left ear of said yellow cur must forthwith be cut off."

The ordinance was straightway fulfilled. The yellow cur blinked its eyes and kept from biting while the operation was going

on. But the instant the dignitaries had turned away, it yelped louder than before, and set its teeth into the plumpiest calf of the fattest child on the street.

The woman was not satisfied. It was evident that removing the tip of an ear did not spoil the cur's appetite for children. She insisted and persisted. She would not give up. She meant to save the children. She cared not at all whether the Council or Police, or any one else, liked it or not. She persisted. The dignitaries called a third Council, wherein with solemn aspect they passed an ordinance dictating that forthwith, one-quarter inch should be amputated from the tail of the said yellow cur.

The ordinance was carried out. The amputation was immediately performed. The yellow cur lay quiet until the dignitaries had turned their backs when it opened its jaws and took from the rosy cheek of a little girl a bigger bite than it had ever before taken.

The yellow dog, earless and with abbreviated tail, spreads itself over the country. There is scarcely a child or adult who does not bear some mark of its teeth. Those whose bodies have not been torn, have had their dinners stolen, or their clothes torn from them.

Yet the people appear satisfied. If one asks them about it, they puff up with pride, and declare, "We have had three special ordinances passed especially for yellow dogs." So they sit at their ease, perfectly satisfied with conditions—but the woman continues restless and the spirit of determination within her, increases with the days.—"The Union Signal."

SLIGHTLY ALTERED.

A Canadian lawyer tells an amusing story of a bailiff who went out to levy on the contents of a house. The inventory began in the attic and ended in the cellar. When the dining-room was reached, the tally of the furniture ran thus:—

"One dining-room table, oak.

"One set chairs (6), oak.

"One sideboard, oak.

"Two bottles whisky, full."

Then the word "full" was stricken out, and replaced by "empty," and the inventory went on in a hand that straggled and lurched diagonally across the page, until it closed with:—

"One revolving doormat."

THE VERDICT OF SCIENCE

(Continued.)

to-day this physical balance should be measured by every man, and not drawn upon by his use of alcohol, for no man can afford to risk fighting his way with one arm tied behind him; therefore I say if you are anxious to develop all that is highest and best in your manhood it will be by never touching one drop of alcohol. (Cheers.) Well, you will see perfectly plainly that I am a teetotaler by conviction, although I ought to add that I am not a life-long teetotaler. But for over forty years I have been an entire abstainer, and every year that I live I am the more and more thankful for myself, and more and more anxious that my fellow-creatures should have the same advantages as I myself have enjoyed through the adoption of this course. You gentlemen from India have the advantage of not being crippled by the effects of tradition in this matter. You are not bound, as so many of our countrymen are bound, by custom. You can therefore look at it with clearer eyes, and from the point of view of scientific fact I say to you, do look at it, and do not be led astray by anything else. If you are to take home to your great Eastern Empire the true lessons of Western civilisation, you must take home with you the teaching of science in regard to this question of alcohol, and that is that you should not touch one drop of it. (Cheers).—"Alliance News."

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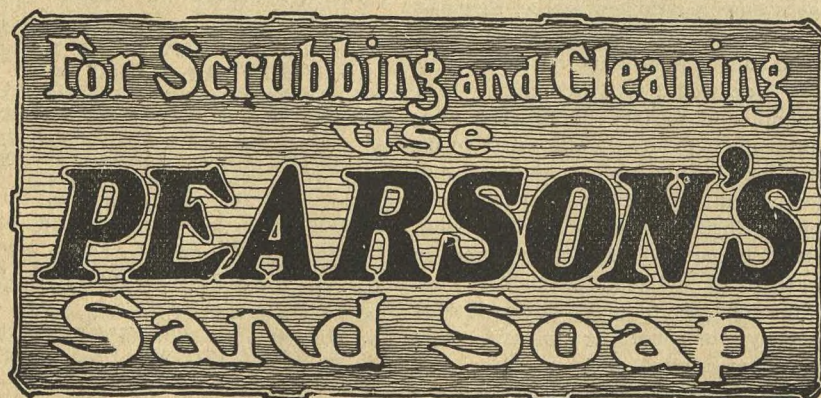
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From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

CORONATION STORIES.

1.—The Boy who Slept in the Coronation Chair.

There was once a schoolboy who hid himself in Westminster Abbey, so that he could be locked in at night. All came about as he wished, and he was locked in. Now there is in the Abbey, as we all know, the Coronation Chair, the great chair, which is used only when the sovereign is crowned. All manner of curious stories are told about this chair, for there is underneath its seat the stone on which the kings of Scotland used to be crowned. There are some people, too, who believe that this stone was used in Israel. But the schoolboy was not afraid to make himself comfortable in it. In the wonderful Coronation Chair he passed the night as snugly as in the little bed that he should have been filling. And when they opened the Abbey in the morning they found that the young rascal had used his knife to carve upon the Coronation Chair this daring message for all the world to read: "I, Peter Abbot, slept in this chair."

2.—The Queen who was Turned Away when She Went to be Crowned.

Once a Queen of England was not permitted to enter the Abbey in her Coronation robes. That Queen was Caroline, the wife of George IV. He was a bad, selfish, and mean-spirited man, and made her live alone in London whilst he was Prince of Wales. When he became King he wished to get rid of her. He offered her a great sum of money to give up the right to call herself Queen, but this she refused. Then he tried to prove that she was a wicked woman, and not fit to be his wife. This plan also failed. On July 19, 1821, he went alone to Westminster Abbey to be crowned. The Queen had been abroad, but she made haste to return that she might claim her right to be crowned in the Abbey with him. The King cruelly gave orders that she was not to be admitted into the Abbey. She went early in the morning to the Abbey, and demanded, as Queen of England, to be admitted. Soldiers kept her out. She went to a second door of the Abbey, but was again prevented from entering. The same thing happened when she went to a third door. Then she went home broken-hearted, and about three weeks afterwards she died. —From the "Children's Cyclopaedia."

FOR SUNDAY.

Five Questions About Bible Crowns.

1. A boy who was crowned. (2 Kings.)
2. A poor man who wore a crown. (Esther.)
3. Prove from the Book of Esther that Queens then wore crowns.
4. The saddest crowning ever known. (Matthew.)
5. The grandest Crowning. (Revelations.)

PRAYER FOR CORONATION DAY.

"O Lord, our Monarch bless
With strength and righteousness
Long may he reign!
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above;
And in a nation's love
His Throne maintain."

BIRTHDAY GOOD WISHES.

To Avice E. Loveday, for June 24.

(Dear Avice,—Many happy returns of the day, and may you grow wiser, bigger, and beautifuller on every birthday till you are quite full-grown. Will you write and tell us about your birthday? Love to Heather and you. Psalm 92:12.)

FOR MONDAY.

SOMETHING FUNNY.

(From Aunt Prissy.)

As a farmer was going to plough,
He met a man driving a cough;
They had words that led to a rough,
And the farmer was struck on the brough.

One day when the whether was rough,
An old lady went out for some snough,
Which she thoughtlessly put in her mough,
And it got scattered all over her cough.

While a baker was making his dough
A weight fell down on his tough;
He suddenly shouted out "Ough!"
Because the blow hurt him sough.

An old man had a bad cough,
To a doctor he went strait ough;
The doctor did nothing but scough,
And said 'twas all fancy, that cough.

Who can spell all the wrong words right
in the above?

CONUNDRUMS.

(Sent by Aunt Prissy.)

1. How can we make time go fast?
2. What word is that from which if you take the whole some remains?
3. When is a tram rail like a ship?
4. What is the difference between a cloud and a beaten child?

Answers to Above.

1. Use the spur of the moment.
2. Wholesome.
3. When a car goes (cargoes) on it.
4. One pours with rain, the other roars with pain.

THE REASON WHY.

A question was asked in "Grit" last week about railway lines. The lines are set slightly apart owing to their expansion by heat in summer.—I am sincerely, G. Atkins, 9 Crown-street, City.

Note:—Send everything for this page to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney, and only write on one side of the paper, please.



ESTHER OF KEIRAVILLE.

I wonder how many of our ne's and ni's know where Keiraville is? I think it would be nice if all the ne's and ni's sent a picture postcard of the place they live in. We might persuade our picture maker to make a whole page of them some time, like he did of the Seven to Seventeeners. I do like these photos, but they are none of them so good as the next one of Uncle B. will be.

AT THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

A BREEZY LETTER FROM THE SOUTH COAST.

Esther House, Keiraville, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It is such a long time since I wrote to you I had almost forgotten to write at all. It has been very cold down here this last week; quite a change to the lovely weather we have been enjoying. Dear Uncle B., on the fourth Sunday in this month Mr. T. Parsons is giving an organ recital in aid of our little church at Keiraville, which we hope will be a success. Every Tuesday night we have a Bible class for children at a quarter to seven and a class for adults at half-past seven. At the present time in the children's class we are reading through the Book of Acts and the adults the Gospel of St. Mark. I am enclosing 2s. 6d. for "Grit." I think this is all, so now, hoping yourself and all my cousins are well.—I remain, your ever loving niece.

(Dear Esther,—You must really write me a little oftener, or I shall begin to think things. You have been a friend of "The Baby" so long that he can't bear any coolness. He loves to be taken notice of. What a busy little church you have! Those Bible classes make my face beam with delight. Thank you for the pennies.—Uncle B.)

THE BIG BON-FIRE.

Mabel Muller, "Allen Dale," Gunning, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I was pleased to see my last letter in "Grit." We are having very cold weather here now. We have had some big white frosts, but we must expect it to be cold in June. We ought to be thankful that we can have big fires these cold nights. I often think what a nice thing it would be to get a lot of cold little city children, and warm them by a big bon-fire, such as we had on Empire night. It was made of logs and bushes. I would like very much to see your photo. and would like you to send me

a box to collect for the No-License Alliance fund. The Rev. Mr. Parkes is now officiating in Gunning. Mother is enclosing 2s. 6d. P.N. for "Grit." With love to all my cousins, I remain your affectionate niece.

(Dear Mabel,—I think you will like the photo when it appears. It is a really pretty picture. I only wish I was as pretty as the photo. would lead you to think. How nice of you to have those warm loving thoughts of the "cold little city children." If you can't get them to the fire you can, perhaps, find some other way of brightening and comforting them sometimes. Just think it over, please. Thank mother for the pretty piece of paper.—Uncle B.)

THE FUN OF CRAY-FISHING.

"Paul" writes from Molong:—

"I spent my last holiday away out in the bush with five young people, who were brimful of life and fun, no married people about, just the girls keeping house for their brothers. "What about the chaperone?" Just have a look at Heb. x, 16, and see if you like that idea for a chaperone. I do.

"Oh, the fresh air and the scent of the gum blossoms! I just stood very early every morning out in the home paddock and sniffed it in with delight, threw back my head and sniffed again, and felt like a Snowy River pony feels when he wants to gallop and can't. And the business rides we had after the sheep, with shears tied to each saddle! I would recite to boys at such times, wild bush stories, as we jogged along and flicked the flies away. Then the gallop after a fox and the race home! Ah, it was good, it was just the kind of place where you could lift up your eyes to the hills and think things; where you could say your prayers as you rode along; where all the best things you had ever learnt in your life came into your mind; where the world seemed to be fresh from the hand of God. And the fishing! Just cray-fishing! Dear me, those cray-fish did remind me of ourselves. I thought, too, of Jonah, who began to back away like a cray-fish when God wanted him, just as we back, back to our muddy pools when that old Fisherman Duty is seeking to land us.

"We looked funny, you know, six grown-up children, standing in a line on the bank of the dam, each holding a piece of string with a bit of dead rabbit tied on to the other end to entice the fish out of their muddy home. Now, one boy could catch cray-fish and the other couldn't. We two girls were standing, one on either side of

the boy who couldn't, and as he coaxed the first fish carefully along, we dropped on one knee noiselessly and gazed. His left hand pulled the string, and his right hand crept out slowly to grab. I don't know how it happened, but suddenly a dark object flew over our heads and hit a tree behind, and we were all splashed with mud—eyes, ears and nose. "Did you get it?" we cried with yells of laughter. "Come and have a look." Yes, there it was at the foot of the tree, quite dead, without nippers or legs, or anything that could possibly fall off. We proudly put it into the billy-can, or at least what was left of it—though there was very little left that was eatable. There's no doubt cray-fishing is an exciting pastime, especially if the nippers get a grip of you."

FROM MISS PARLEYVOO.

Vera Yates, "Rose Cottage," Stroud, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I saw my photo in "Grit" last week. It was a very good likeness of the photo, but neither of them are much like me. We went for a trip to the Stroud Sugar Loaf last Friday. It is about four miles from Stroud. Nearly all the school children went, three teachers and two other ladies. We had a very good trip, and got a good collection of wild plants and insects. We also had a lovely view of Stroud, Washpool, and some other place. We arrived home at half-past four. One of the hotels is to be closed here and the one at Booral. I have started to learn French again at school. I started once before, but I did not keep it up. It is very interesting. I wonder do any of my other cousins learn. The violets are out nicely up here. They have a beautiful scent. They are about the only flowers out. It is windy up here this evening. I think we will have some rain. I think I will close now. I remain, your loving niece.

(Dear Vera,—We all liked the picture very much, but of course you are lots nicer than the picture. Can you translate this into French: "'Grit' is the very nicest paper anywhere, and everybody ought to know it?" I hope you won't let any bities escape.—Uncle B.)

BOOKLET ON "HEALTHFUL LIVING" POSTED FREE.

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45 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

FROM CLARICE AND HER DEAR FATHER.

Clarice Clout, Bellevue, Tumut Plains, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—In the "Seven to Seven teeners" page in "Grit" I often see some nice letters, so I thought I would send you a little one, and try and send the correct Bible names in the puzzle for Sunday. Father gets "Grit" every week and likes it very much. I am eight years old and go to school every day, and to Sunday school on Sundays. We live four-and-a-half miles from Tumut, on the plains. Father helped me find the names. They are: Orpah, Priscilla, Quartus, Rhoda, Samson, Timotheus, Uzzah. Love to Uncle B.

(Dear Clarice,—You and your father did splendidly with the list. All the names are right. It is so nice to have you for a niece, for you are my very first niece at Tumut Plains. Will you please write and tell me about the lovely wild things—birds, flowers, bunnies, and things—that live on the plains. Tell me about your Sunday school.—Uncle B.)

WE DO THE WORK.

A bright little Metford lad heard his parents talking about the salaries of teachers. "I don't see why they should pay the teachers," he said, very seriously, "when we children do all the work."

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There may be a dozen things that cause you to suffer from Headache or Neuralgia.

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NEW ZEALAND'S LIQUOR PROBLEM.

WOMEN AND DRINK.

Restricting Privileges.

The matter of women getting drink for consumption in public bars was raised at the meeting of the Auckland Licensing Committee by the police reports respecting the Queen's Hotel and the Edinburgh Castle Hotel. The reports were to the effect that provision was made for the consumption of liquor on the premises by women. It was not suggested that the women drank to excess, or that the bars were frequented by women of loose character.

Counsel for the licensees stated that the matter of supplying liquor to women was a difficult one, and the licensees would like the committee to give an expression of opinion on the matter, as it was not a breach of the Licensing Act to supply women, except Maori women. To refuse to supply women was to place the pakeha woman on the same plane as Maori women, said Mr. Grundy, and probably the suffragettes would take exception to that curtailment of their privileges. If the committee was going to rule that no women were to be supplied with liquor in public bars in the city, it would be a rather far advance, but the licensees were willing to accept any conditions that might be made in that direction.

Sub-Inspector Hendry stated that the matter of supplying women in hotels was one in which public opinion was against the practice, and some time ago the leaders of the trade said that the practice would cease. It had practically ceased with the exception of the two hotels in question.

The Chairman said that the reports were favorable, with the exception that the police said that provision was made for serving women with drink for consumption on the premises. They had to admit that this was not against the law. The committee, however, disapproved of it, and were pleased to hear that the two licensees undertook that they would not in the future supply women with drink for consumption on the premises. The committee thought the practice was not only against public opinion, but also against the interests of the licensees. They were satisfied with the statements made on behalf of the licensees that they would not supply facilities for the practice, and the applications for renewals would be granted.—Lyttelton "Times," June 7.

SLY GROG IN LICENSED AREAS. POLICE THANKED.

At a meeting of the Wellington Licensing Committee, the chairman said the committee wished to express its appreciation of the way in which Inspector Ellison and his officers had conducted proceedings against sly grog-sellers. Inspector Ellison's energy was well known, and sometimes he

thought the committee had to apologise to him for not having always carried out his recommendations on that point. The committee now assured Inspector Ellison that it would make up for any laxity in the past by being not too strict or severe, but by seeing that his recommendations were carried out. The committee also desired to express its appreciation of the active way in which Sergeant Rutledge, assisted by Constable McKelvie, had acted in respect to sly grog-selling in the populous part of the district. The committee appreciated the difficult nature of the work they had to do, and thought that those officers ought to have the support of every reputable licensee, and that the unlicensed sale of liquor ought to be put down at once. The committee therefore wished to convey its thanks to Inspector Ellison for his efforts in that matter, and also to Sergeant Rutledge and Constable McKelvie for the extra work they had done in trying to find out those unlicensed sellers of liquor. The committee, added the chairman, had thought so much about the matter that it had passed the following resolution, which it thought ought to be made public—"That the Wellington Licensing Committee desires to draw the attention of the Minister of Justice to the fact that the Licensing Act, 1908, does not limit the hours within which liquor may be sold by holders of wholesale licenses as it does in the case of holders of other licenses authorised to be issued under the Act, and respectfully suggests that the Act should be amended so as to limit the hours within which liquor may be sold by the holders of wholesale licenses." The committee, he added, had no desire to reflect upon wholesale licensees as a body, for it knew that in nearly every case they were above suspicion in that matter. They opened their premises at 8 a.m. and closed at 6 p.m., but there were instances, the committee knew one case at least, in which the premises had been kept open long after those hours.

Inspector Ellison thanked the chairman for his remarks about the police. Sergeant Rutledge and Constable McKelvie, he said, had given him the utmost satisfaction in the discharge of their duties under very difficult and arduous conditions.

Mr. Tripe said he thought he would be failing in his duty, acting as he did for many wholesale merchants and licensees, if he did not express to the Bench his cordial approval of the suggestion made by it. He was perfectly sure that all reputable merchants and licensees in the city would cordially endorse what the chairman had said about Inspector Ellison and the other members of his staff.

Mr. J. J. McGrath, representing the Licensed Victuallers' Association, said the Association would be very pleased to give any information or assistance it possibly could to any police officer with regard to the illicit

sale of liquor. The Association was much obliged to Inspector Ellison, Sergeant Rutledge, and Constable McKelvie for assisting to remove the stigma cast upon it of having sold liquor on Sundays.—Lyttelton "Times."

[There is nothing like asking a father to take in hand his unruly offspring, and the Bench did well to ask the "reputable licensee" to assist in controlling its miserable offspring, sly grog.—Ed. "Grit."]

PROFESSOR SALMOND'S BLUNDER. A CRUSHING REPLY.

Mr. A. S. Adams, one of the leading lawyers of the New Zealand Dominion, has replied to Professor Salmond's tirade against Prohibition most effectively in a pamphlet of 100 pages. It is clear, concise, logical, courteous and is written with the quiet power of one who is an authority on the question. It is of the greatest value to all the workers for No-License in New South Wales, and we will be glad to supply it for sixpence, one penny extra for postage. It is the most valuable pamphlet we have yet seen from New Zealand. Order from Manager "Grit," Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

IMBECILE SOCIETY.

Local—or should it be yokel?—Society has reached the dog-christening stage, issuing formal invitations to the functions and conducting the ceremonies with all the imitation that makes for the sincerest sacrilege. At one of these exhibitions in Sydney the other day, the mongrel was dressed in a baby's christening robes, was carried in the arms of a stalwart Australian man, was sprinkled from a mock-gold vessel and presided over the company at the carving of its own ceremonial cake. Numbers of other tripe harriers, that had accompanied their languid mistresses, alternately fought, loved, and were fed on sweets on the lawn, amidst rounds of dog applause, most of which was very loud. What is urgently required for the good of this young nation is an Act of Parliament to make Society get work—or children.—"The Bulletin."

HIS IMAGINATION FERTILE ANYHOW.

A Saskatchewan farmer, writing to a friend back East, trying to give him some idea of the soil out there, said they had to mow the grass off the sod house floor every day to find the baby. One family near him had twin babies, with only one cradle, and the kid that had to sleep on the floor grew twice as fast as the other. Where the soil is richest a man dare not stand on one foot for any length of time, lest that leg become longer and bother him walking.

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LIQUOR IN NO-LICENSE TERRITORY.

"I was at a station in the midst of a No-License district," said an Oklahoma man, "when the through express pulled in. As soon as it stopped, a little, seedy-looking man, with a covered basket on his arm, hurried to the open windows of the smoker and exhibited a quart bottle filled with a rich dark liquor.

"Want to buy some cold tea?" I heard him ask.

"The eyes of two thirsty-looking cattlemen in the car visibly brightened, and they each paid 1 dol. for a bottle.

"Wait till you get out of the station before you take a drink," the little man cautioned, "or you'll get me into trouble."

"He sold another bottle with the same words of warning, and found three other customers before the train started.

"You seem to have a pretty good thing here for a bootlegger," I said to him when the train had disappeared, "but I can't see that it would make you run any more risk if these men took a drink before the train left."

"Oh, yes, it would," said the bootlegger. "I'd probably be killed if they did. You see, what these bottles had in 'em was real cold tea."—"New York Telegraph."

* * *

A MANAGER KEPT BUSY.

"What do you do for a living, Mose?"

"Ise de manager of a laundry."

"What's the name of this laundry?"

"Eliza Ann."

* * *

THE POOR OLD MAN.

Visitor: "We're getting up a raffle for a poor old man. Won't you buy a ticket, my dear?"

Sweet Thing: "Mercy, no! What would I do with him if I won him?"

A FEW "THAT'S."

Tennyson could take a sheet of paper, and write on it a poem worth £1300.—That's Genius.

Rothschild can write a few words on paper, and make it worth £1,000,000.—That's Capital.

A mechanic can take a piece of metal worth £1, and make it into watch springs worth £200.—That's Skill.

A navy can work eight hours, and handle some tons of earth, for 7s.—That's Labor.

A man can run a business and treat his customers to strong drink.—That's Foolishness.

A person who takes "Grit" can pay for it in advance.—That's helpful.

A reader of "Grit" may persuade a friend to become a subscriber.—That's worth a ton of good wishes.

* * *

IT DIDN'T LOOK THAT WAY.

"Is the gov'nor in?" asked the visitor.

The office boy, with his chair tilted back and his legs stretched out upon the desk, made no reply.

"I asked if the gov'nor was in," said the visitor.

The office boy threw him a disdainful glance, blew a cloud of cigarette smoke down his nostrils, and resumed his reading.

"Didn't you hear me?" snapped the visitor.

"O' course I 'ear you," answered the office boy, scornfully.

"Then why the dickens don't you tell me if the gov'nor's in?"

"Now, I ask yer," retorted the office boy, as he recrossed his legs upon the desk and prepared to resume his reading, "does it look like it?"

* * *

INDUCING PROFANITY.

The manager of a suburban music hall was testing the abilities of several candidates for stage honors, and this is how he let down one of the would-be funny men: "I'm sorry, my boy, but your songs won't do for me. I can't allow any profanity in my theatre," he said, not unkindly. "But, my dear sir, I do not use profanity," replied the aspirant. "No," assented the manager, "but the audience would."

ON THE MOVE A NECESSITY.

The report reaches us that a well-known salesman stepped into a drug store the other day, and as he had removed his hat to cool his perspiring brow, a lady stepped up to him, mistaking him for a clerk, and asked, "Do you keep stationery?"

"No, indeed, Miss," he replied. "If I did, I'd lose my job."

* * *

When Mr. Carnegie started in the steel business he was resolved to reduce the appalling accidents incidental to the work. And he was very successful in executing this resolve. A part of his success was due, no doubt, to the blank slips that every foreman had to fill up when one of his hands got hurt. A certain workman had one day the bad luck to suffer a slight accident. His foreman, an illiterate but honest chap, filled out promptly the slip, which is now preserved at Skibo. The slip ran:—

"Date—March 5, 1880.

"Name—James Miles.

"Nature of accident—Toe crushed.

"How caused—Oxdentle blow from sledge, "Remarks—These was awful. I will repeat to clerk verbally."

* * *

"Do you think I could keep the wolf from the door by my singing?" asked the musical young man. "You could," replied Miss Cayenne, "if the wolf had any sort of an ear for music."

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CHILDREN SACRIFICED ON THE ALTAR OF GREED.

INSPECTORS' REPORTS ON CHILD LABOR.

About three years ago a sensation was caused by the publication of school inspectors' reports asserting that child labor in the dairying industries was in reality child slavery. Incidentally, reference also was made to the repulsive conditions under which young children engaged in rabbiting.

The reports caused considerable controversy, those interested maintaining that the statements were in some cases without foundation, while in others the objectionable features were grossly exaggerated. The subject has flickered up now and again since then, but in the inspectorial reports published recently these responsible officers return to the attack on the rabbiting evil. Presumably the inspectors have ample opportunity during their daily rounds among the bush schools to accurately observe the conditions obtaining, and it may be conceded that they deliberately state the result with the full knowledge of the responsibility entailed by their position.

"A BRUTALISING TENDENCY."

Inspector A. Smith, in charge of the Albury district, reporting on rabbiting as a cause of non-attendance, writes:—

"The whole business has a brutalising tendency. A rabbit is generally caught by a front paw, which is nearly wrenched from the limb by its struggles to free itself for hours, during which time its cries are piteous. Rabbits in this condition, sometimes surrounded by their young, are approached by children and rendered insensible by a blow from a stick, or a cuff of the hand, or by a more 'refined' process of dislocation of the neck by a twist of the fingers."

Inspector Donald Fraser (Yass district), on the same aspect of the case, writes:—

"One of the worst features is the number of girls who go rabbiting before and after school hours. What refinement can be expected of women, who, as girls, spent hours in killing and gutting rabbits? The rabbiters' camps are almost as dirty, squalid, and sordid as blacks' camps."

Inspector Fraser fears for the future of the State if something is not done to minimise the evil. He writes:—

"Competent and sober tradesmen have often informed me that it is almost impossible to get a boy bound to a trade, even on the most favorable terms, because of the call of the rabbit. One result of the rabbit industry will surely be that, in a few years, there will be a superabundance of unskilled labor—unless steps are taken to cope with this evil. The boys, whose education is neglected now because of the rabbit industry, will pay pounds in lost opportunities later on for every shilling they now earn."

Inspector A. Smith asserts that the pupils

try all devices to leave school early in the afternoon to continue these occupations, becoming dull, heavy, and devoid of ambition. He reports:—

"In some centres, where rabbit-trapping is carried on, the children are cruelly overworked. They are often up at daylight, carrying heavy traps from point to point; the springs are strong, and need exertion to set; their supervision entails much walking, morn, afternoon, and night up to 10 o'clock. They bring home their burdens of carcasses or skins in bags, and no wonder they groan under the weight of it."

Some of the parents systematically calculate the number of days required by the Act, while it is stated that

"Families often leave settled localities where there are schools and roam over isolated wastes with their children to follow the lucrative occupation, even though it should tend to their everlasting destruction."

EFFECT OF RURAL INDUSTRIES.

It is not only the rabbiting industry, however, that militates against regular attendance. Inspector Cornish (Bowral district) reports that teachers complain bitterly of child labor, and assert that

"Farm and dairying requirements, fruit-picking, and such like duties are engaging the children when they should be at school. The general progress of these little ones is more or less interfered with by such duties."

In the Parramatta district, so sylvan an occupation as "pea-picking" is stated by Inspector Murray to operate against regular attendance. He remarks that

"A certain amount of sympathy might be extended to struggling parents who utilise the assistance of their children in this direction, but it frequently happens that the same children not only deal with this matter at their homes, but boys and girls of tender years undertake work at neighboring farms at the fixed price per bushel allowed. The fact that children earn from 3s. to 6s. a day in this way is too much attraction for some parents, so that for many weeks certain schools are worked with half-attendance."

In the Riverina district shearing is alleged to cause irregularity. Inspector Lynch (Hay) writes:—

"No fine that can be inflicted under the provisions of the Public Instruction Act will

deter boys, whose parents consider the present gain rather than the future welfare of the child, from absenting themselves from school to earn comparatively large wages during the shearing season. One week's wages will pay the fine that is considered sufficient to deter a boy from earning many weeks' wages. Obviously the employer should be rendered liable for employing children of school age. In one town at least, an agent from a shearing shed canvassed for boys to work in his shed, with considerable success."

In the Bathurst district, well-to-do people are said to save the expense of hired labor by keeping lads to help with sowing in spring, harvesting in the autumn, and to catch rabbits in the winter. The payment of a fine is looked upon as a good investment, while a sidelight is thrown upon the relations existing between the bush teacher and the parents by a significant remark from Inspector Blumer that "as a firm protest by the teacher would be likely to provoke enmity, there is reason to fear that in small schools teachers are too ready to condone the wrongs thus inflicted on the children."—"Daily Telegraph."

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