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A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. V. No. 46. Price One Penny.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1912.

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News item: "The traffice from the Federal capital has increased hotel business at Queanbeyan to such an extent that the four hotels in that town are insufficient to cope with the business. A fine building across the river, and a former hotel, has recently been renovated and converted into an up-to-date place."

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The Verdict of Experts.

MANAGEMENT OF THE INEBRIATE WOMAN.

BY MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH,

Commissioner of the Salvation Army and Leader of the Women's Social Work in Great Britain.

(Continued from Last Issue.)

Weakness of Character.—While the causes to which I have alluded are undoubtedly primary and direct, there are others which may perhaps be accurately described as secondary and indirect, but which are none the less important—nay, which are, even when obscure and remote, often the most influential. Among these, weakness of character undoubtedly figures largely. Just as other forms of physical evil first take their rise in this moral anaemia, so also does drunkenness. One class of victims is especially to be pitied, and has a very large claim upon the sympathy and assistance of the community; for drunkenness among the feeble-minded is not only pitiable and horrible in the extreme, but it is an evil for which the community itself has a large responsibility, seeing that it is undoubtedly preventable.

Many inebriates, however, who are weak in character and lacking in self-control, especially in times of stress and when under the influence of stronger natures, are far from feeble-minded, and for them I am convinced that moral and religious influences are really as important, if not more important, than anything which can be done for them by social or legislative means.

Sorrow and Trouble.—Another frequent cause of inebriety among women is, undoubtedly, the desire for comfort and forgetfulness in loneliness, sorrow, and trouble of various kinds. I believe that, if it were possible to obtain reliable data, it would be found that a considerable proportion of women inebriates—perhaps a third of the whole number—are brought into their unhappy condition through the anxiety and disturbances involved in abnormal trouble of one kind or another. Bereavement, unhappy marriages, loss of means, deception and fraud, extreme poverty, all play their part here. Again, I cannot refrain from remarking that for this class also something more is needed than the ordinary inebriate institution, or antidotes which are in themselves drugs, or changes in the law, or even deprivation of the drink. Consolation for the moral, the higher nature can alone really prove a preventive or a remedy for those whose fall arises from this cause.

Certain Occupations.—Certain kinds of occupation also account for inebriety in some women. The occupation of the barmaid, the professional musician, and also that of the nurse, seem to me to furnish an unusually high percentage of inebriates, while drunkenness among women employed in certain classes of mills, particularly in Scotland, is really appalling. A specially distressing feature in this last section is the youth of the women referred to.

In the more comfortable ranks of society, undoubtedly habitual drinking is encouraged by the wear and tear of life and the round of excitement which so many women think essential. No doubt a feeling of exhaustion, and that alone, leads many, in the first case, to use alcohol or drugs; and when once this has begun, the consequences are usually very painful.

Let me give you a few figures illustrating what I have been saying with regard to causes. They have been gathered from an analysis of 300 cases of inebriate women received by the Salvation Army.

1. Primary Cause of Downfall—Attributed by the women themselves, or their responsible friends, to facilities for drinking, 39 per cent.

2. To drinking through medical advice, 29 per cent.

3. To bad companions and uncongenial surroundings, 26 per cent.

4. To secret drinking, 6 per cent.

The occupations of the same 300 women were as follows. (This number, of course, is not very large, but, in view of the total number of women employed in each class, the proportions are, I consider, indicative).—

Business women (milliners, clerks, tailloresses, etc.), 23 per cent.

Domestic servants, 23 per cent.

Nurses, 7 per cent.

Teachers, 7 per cent.

Barmaids, 5 per cent.

The remaining 35 per cent. were women who had married very young, or who had only lived at home, with no definite occupation.

SALVATION ARMY WORK FOR INEBRIATES

The work of the Salvation Army for inebriates falls under two distinct headings: first, that carried on by its purely evangelistic agencies; and, second, that which is institutional in its character. Valuable results have been obtained in both these branches of effort; and although the methods employed are in many important particulars quite different, they are in both cases based upon the same moral and religious principles.

With regard to the evangelistic work, two or three facts of great interest stand out in what must now be regarded as a considerable experience. First, that certain types of inebriates are peculiarly sensitive to spiritual influences. Just because many of the most utterly degraded—one might almost say besotted—types of drinkers were originally fine characters, and have become so completely enslaved on the principle that the best wine makes the sourest vinegar, so they are found to be the most responsive to the promises of the Gospel and the in-

fluences of the Spirit of God. Hence, all over the world the Salvation Army has in its ranks some of the formerly most notorious inebriates in their respective localities.

It is obvious that the influences of Divine grace work such changes in many of these people that they are able to say—as we have so often heard it put in almost every language under Heaven: "The moment I accepted Christ and gave my life to Him, all desire for the drink left me." So remarkable—and, looked at from the purely natural standpoint, so extraordinary—is this phenomenon, that, but for the undoubted and abundant evidence which is available, it would be incredible. In such cases as those I am referring to, there has often been no previous warning, no preliminary foreshadowing, no preparation of any kind for the event which was about to take place. Under the influence, as we believe, of the Spirit of God, a moral and physical change has taken place in a moment, quite as wonderful—sometimes more wonderful—than that recorded in the Acts of the Apostles as having happened in the life of Saul of Tarsus. Mr. Harold Begbie, in his book, "Broken Earthenware," gives a narrative of several such men whose cases he personally investigated.

In such cases as these it must not be supposed that there are not sometimes great subsequent conflicts in the presence of temptation. It is a fact that such conflicts do often, though not always, follow. But these conflicts are seldom with the actual desire for drink. They are rather with the nervous depression and physical exhaustion which are associated with all inebriates, and which are often felt in a most grievous manner when there is a sudden breaking off from any form of alcoholism.

Coming now to the second order of work—that carried on in institutions—it is perhaps important to point out that the whole experience of the army (and when I use that expression I am thinking, not only of its experience in this country, but in other Western nations, and I am thinking also of its growing experience among Eastern peoples), the whole experience of the army goes to show that there is a remedy for inebriety; that the inebriate—especially the woman inebriate—should not be despaired of. Instead of despairing of her, we should pursue our researches with regard to her, from the point of view of a firm confidence that she can be recovered, if only the right method of approaching the problem for the various classes concerned can be discovered.

For there are various classes. The wonderful results which I have just referred to as following the work of our evangelistic agencies are not attained in every class alike, and for that reason we have been led to organize institutional work for inebriates. The one has grown out of the other. I am firmly convinced that as we go on it will be found that still other agencies will be required for dealing with certain sections of this class.

(Continued on Page 10.)



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To Save an Honored Name.

By MILTON DEANE.

CHAPTER I. THE WAY OF ESCAPE.

It was a beautiful sun-lit afternoon in the first week of December. Squire Danson sat in his easy chair by the side of the fireplace in his cosy sitting-room at Flaxby Manor. The room was quaintly furnished, being wainscotted with black oak, the panels recording the exploits of one Colonel Danson, who had fought for the Prussians at Prague and Lutzen. The floor, of polished oak, was partly covered by a small but rich Indian carpet. The furniture was dark and massive, and the ruddy glow from the log fire upon it made the room look very inviting.

Emeline, the squire's only child, a beautiful girl of 19, sat on a little carved stool, which she had placed to be as near her father as possible. A small and curiously wrought stand of rosewood, inlaid with silver, pearl, and ivory, stood at the squire's right hand, a bottle half-full of port wine and a glass containing a little of the wine being on the stand.

The squire had asked his daughter to come and sit with him a while before dinner, as he had something important to say to her.

They had been together nearly twenty minutes, but as yet the squire had not spoken a word. Three times he had raised the glass from the stand and sipped the wine which was in it, but as yet he had not said a word to Emeline.

"Are you well, father?" she asked. She was becoming apprehensive.

"Yes, yes, child. Very well, very well—in health," he answered in a way which told that he was uneasy in mind.

"Something is troubling you, father, I am sure," she said, as she placed her right hand caressingly on his thin, clasped hands.

"I am undone, child. I have done wrong. I have been foolish, very foolish," he said with an effort.

"What is it, father, dear? Tell me about it—do?" she said fondly.

He felt the clasp of her smooth and warm hand tighten.

"I have brought ruin on us; ruin, ruin, ruin! The lustre of the name of Danson is tarnished. The glory has departed."

"Surely, father, that can never be."

"Ah, child! Ruin is upon us, and with ruin comes disgrace. It is inevitable—in-avoidable."

"What is it? Do tell me, father, dear?" She shook his hands in an insistent way.

"I am in the power of a bad man; a schemer, a villain. I took him for an honest man, and trusted him. I played with him, and we had wine, and I suppose it got into my head. I gave him deeds and signed papers. I have been a dupe; a simpleton. He holds the deeds of this old manor and of the lands. I am completely in his power—completely."

"Surely he cannot be so cruel as to want everything, even our old home, father?"

"Ah, child! some men will do anything for money; sell one up; turn one into the lanes; send one to the poorhouse—anything."

"Who is the man, father?"

"Digby Billingham, financier; forsooth, a black scoundrel and a heartless villain."

"Can we not satisfy him in some way?"

"Hopeless, child! quite hopeless!"

"What does he want, father? Tell me all."

"Well, he made one suggestion, but it was an outrage."

"What was it, father?"

"Oh, that I would give him—you. That he should have you; marry you; the scoundrel! To think of it!"

"Marry—me—father!"

"Aye, child, he has seen you when he has been here, and he has taken a fancy to you. He offered to relinquish all claims against me and to hand back the deeds if you married him. It was preposterous—preposterous."

A chill seemed to strike through Emeline. Another face, that of Percival Maitland, was before her. Percival loved her, and she loved him. He wanted to marry her, and only a week before she had told him she could not leave her father. She had noticed with dismay his growing fondness for wine and brandy. At times he was childish and confused. She knew that at those times his mind was stupefied with the liquor. It would have been a neasy matter for anyone to get him to sign papers or to take advantage of him at the card table at such time.

Emeline sat silent for some minutes. She was thinking.

"Are you sure, father, that Mr. Billingham would be satisfied if I were to marry him?" she asked after a while.

"He said so, child. But that is impossible. You shall be sacrificed to no man. Rather a thousand times that we were beggared."

Emeline was silent for a long time. Her right hand played gently with her father's

thin hands. The fire-light suffused everything with a ruddier glow. The furrows in the squire's forehead became like great, dark bars.

"Father," whispered Emeline.

"Yes, child."

"You shall not have this trouble. This house shall never pass into the hands of any living person against your will while I can prevent it. I will marry Mr. Billingham."

"Preposterous, child! You! be tied to a man like that! It would be a crime. Madness!"

"Let it be so, father, dear," she said appealingly.

Squire Danson started. The marriage of Emeline and Mr. Billingham was the last thing in the world he would have thought of. Yet there was the dreadful truth. He was in Mr. Billingham's power. The only way of appeasing him was by giving him Emeline. While loving Percival Maitland and loved by him, she was willing to sacrifice herself and her happiness; aye, her very life, to help him, her father, to save the honor of the family and the old home.

Emeline argued and pleaded. At last, in despair, her father yielded. He would tell Mr. Billingham, he said, that she was willing to marry him. He had meant to tell her that he thought they would not be able to spend Christmas together again in the old home. Now he did not know how things might be then.

Emeline wished that her father would stipulate for one condition. She would not, she said, be married at a church, and make a mockery of a beautiful and sacred ceremony. She was willing to go through the civil and legal form of marriage with Mr. Billingham. So it was arranged that the marriage should take place at the Registrar's Office, and that, before the event, Mr. Billingham should hand to Squire Danson the deeds of Flaxby Manor, and a full discharge from claims arising out of speculations which he, Mr. Billingham, had induced Squire Danson to enter into, and which had resulted in much loss to the squire and much profit to himself.

It was a perfect December afternoon. The sky was cloudless, its pure dark blue in the east becoming lighter towards the zenith, and changing into silver and then into gold in the west. The sun was dipping below the dark pines. The hedges were glittering with myriads of dewdrops from the melted rime. The roads, hardened by the light frost, were in splendid condition for horse or motor traffic. The clear air, with the

(Continued on Page 10.)

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The Social Evil and the Saloon.

CLOSE RELATIONSHIP EXISTING BETWEEN THE TWO AS EVIDENCED BY THE REPORT OF THE CHICAGO VICE COMMISSION.

Few reports ever made by committees or commissions have stirred the country and caused such general discussion as that of the vice commission of Chicago which was made this spring to the mayor and council of that city. The high character of the men who compose the commission, the thoroughness of their work and the awful results of their investigations caused the country to gasp in wonderment that in civilised America such conditions can be permitted to exist.

Early in 1910, Dean Sumner read a paper before the Chicago Church Federation on the Social Evil Problem in Chicago which created so much interest that a committee was appointed to call upon the mayor to appoint a commission to thoroughly investigate the social evil in Chicago. Finally, such a commission was selected, council appropriated 5000dol. for its use for 1910, and the work was begun, the commission having the assistance of a number of the most experienced investigators to be found in the city and country. The commission was composed of many of the best known citizens of Chicago, some of them known not only throughout the country, but whose names are familiar wherever the English language is spoken.

The first report of the commission was made this spring, and it startled Chicago and the country. This report is voluminous, containing nearly 400 pages, and every page is startling and uncovers conditions which seem impossible in any American city, and yet a condition which probably exists to a degree in every city in the country. The number of these reports is limited, and is greatly below the demand. While the Chicago council has appropriated 5000dol. for the commission to continue its work during 1911, it refuses to appropriate funds for the publication of more copies of the first report.

In this report the public has its first conception of the extent of the social evil in Chicago, the close alliance between this evil and the saloons, and the devilish devilishness and extent of the white slave traffic. What Chicago has endured and is enduring is going on in other cities of the Republic, and all these cities need commissions such as Chicago, that the people may be aroused to conditions and, once aroused, may make these conditions better.

In the commission's investigation it quite naturally found that the most conspicuous and important element in connection with

the social evil is the saloon, and the most important financial interest, next to the business of prostitution, is the liquor interest. The report of the commission declares that "as a contributory influence to immorality the saloon is the most dangerous and powerful interest in Chicago."

In Chicago, as elsewhere, the brewers made many promises to eliminate the evils connected with the business, but many of the disorderly saloons in which immoral women are permitted and protected are under control of brewery companies and brewers sell their products to disorderly saloons they do not own and control.

There are more than 7000 saloons in Chicago—one to each 300 population. The license fee is 1000dol. a year. The report shows that brewers are buying up licenses of disorderly saloons at big premiums, because of the profits, and then conduct them in the same disorderly manner.

An investigation of 236 disorderly saloons, that is, places harboring and catering to immoral women, showed that representatives of fourteen brewing companies are on the boards of sixty-three of these places. Of course, there are scores of other such places which were not investigated.

During the period of the commissioner's investigation conditions were considered in 445 saloons in different parts of the city. In these saloons investigators counted 928 unescorted women who by their actions and conversation were believed to be immoral. Saloonkeepers often issue cards for distribution, the language suggesting the kind of places conducted. Women are urged to work in saloons soliciting drinks from frequenters, and are paid a commission on intoxicants they succeed in selling. The big profits from sales in such places have attracted the cupidity of the brewers. The sale of beer in rear rooms of these saloons makes a profit of 180 per cent. to the proprietor. The margin of profit on drinks sold in rooms above the saloons is 360 per cent. Proprietors and bartenders in many saloons aid in securing women for immoral purposes and disgusting and immoral entertainments are frequently given, while the midnight closing and other laws are continually violated.

Throughout the report the commission shows a close connection between the saloon and the social evil. The one is the counterpart of the other. They flourish together. The saloon not only leads its victims into immoral houses, but hundreds of saloons are

nothing more than bawdy houses with bars attached. To make a winning fight against the social evil war must be carried on against the saloon.

Flatter not yourself that such conditions as exist in Chicago do not obtain in your city. You may live in a smaller town, but if you have the saloon and the saloon gang it follows as night follows day that you have the social evil organized, encouraged, and protected.—"American Issue."

New South Wales Alliance.

The Alliance is vigorously pushing forward its present campaign. Mr. T. W. Graham, of New Zealand, has been appointed as canvasser for the Milthorpe district. His first weekly report, just received, is most satisfactory.

* * *

A conference of the Alliance canvassers was held in the Alliance Rooms on the 25th inst., when the honorary treasurer (Dr. Edgar R. Caro) delivered an address outlining the new plan of campaign recently adopted by the State council. The meeting was very helpful and inspiring, and those present expressed themselves as being much encouraged by the kindly words of the speakers. These conferences are to be continued every Thursday evening.

* * *

The secretary (Mr. John Complin) has returned from his brief holiday, and is throwing himself heartily into the work of the campaign.

* * *

Mr. E. Tennyson Smith is announced to conduct a temperance mission at Broken Hill from April 12 to 22.

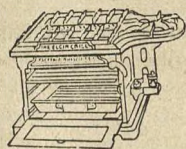
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Keep in mind "Alliance Week"—April 28 to May 4. G.E.B.

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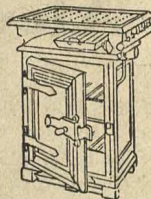
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Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

"FAIRPLAY'S" OCCASIONAL DISCOVERIES.

Every time a parson comes out with a tirade against his clerical brethren who fight the liquor traffic, he immediately secures a short cut to publicity and fame. No longer is he a wowser clergyman, but "Fairplay," with all the skill of a Yankee Booster, labels the "new discovery" an "eminent divine." It may be all the fuss is accounted for by the fact that these new discoveries are so very scarce. The liquor traders have a decided objection to clergymen using their pulpits to advance temperance reform, but they never object to the same pulpit being used to bolster up "the most discredited trade on earth." However, almost any clergyman who will herald the glories of liquordom can be assured of having his name wrapped around beer bottles and a column ad in "Fairplay."

THOU SHALT DO NO MURDER!

The sacredness of human life is one of the fundamentals of our religion. When that law was laid down on Sinai, as one of the ten Commandments it was laid down for all time. It did not say that you may murder a man in any particular way, and that way carried with it an exemption. And yet the glaring and hideous manner in which alcohol contributes to the murder roll of nation should send such a thrill of horror through the community that it should be utterly impossible for a liquor traffic to run another day in a civilised land, much less a professedly Christian one.

The "Sun," a Sydney evening paper, which frequently has a good deal to say about "wowsers," recently published the murder roll of the United States of America, from the figures it is shown that during the last 10 years 86,934 murders have taken place in the States. Of this number 44,092 were accomplished during the last five years ending December, 1910. The tabulation does not say how many of these would not have taken place had it not been for alcohol. But only 33 of that high number took place in the State of Maine. For every million people in the States as a whole 489 were murdered, whilst Maine, with a little less than 1,000,000 inhabitants, only had 33. Thus, had the whole of the United States have had the same ratio as Maine, instead of 44,092 in the five years, there would only have been 2970, a difference of 41,112 lives.

THE MEMBER FOR BUNG.

Mr. Joseph Lesina, M.L.A., of Queensland, has been in the limelight recently, his wife have proceeded against him for maintenance. In the course of her evidence, Mrs. Lesina said that her husband made £600 per year, and included in his money-earning enterprises was that of a paid agent of the Licensed Victuallers' Association. We have nothing to say about Mr. Lesina personally, although we regret that, as a politician, he has loaned himself to the Liquor Party. But our object in mentioning his name is to point out that Mr. Lesina was responsible for a lengthy statement on No-license in New Zealand, which appeared in the Brisbane "Courier," and was subsequently used as a campaign leaflet in N.S.W. This article, coming from a Labor man (which Mr. Lesina was then), drew forth from the Brisbane "Worker" a strong criticism, headed "The member for Bung." And the Liquor Party in this State had the brazen audacity to quote Mr. Lesina as an "independent" inquirer into No-license in New Zealand. Seeing that Mrs. Lesina did not succeed in her claim for maintenance, Mr. Lesina is probably more "independent" now than ever. He was very much alone in the Queensland Assembly, being one of only three in that Parliament who voted against bare majority on the liquor question.

NEW TAXATION.

During the last local option campaign in N.S.W. the liquor party made a great noise about the revenue, and declared that No-license would necessitate fresh taxation. There is every reason to believe that the drink bill of N.S.W. is increasing, but notwithstanding it is evident that fresh taxation will be placed upon the people. Had No-license been carried, the Liquor Party would have blamed the loss of liquor revenue for this. It is now clear to electors of New South Wales that the liquor traffic does not save them from the burden of taxation. In fact, as a State, we are in a very bad position, simply because the Commonwealth Government gets the Customs and Excise duties on liquor, and the State Government has to provide the police, gaols, asylums, industrial homes, etc., to deal with the wreckage. How utterly ignorant thousands of people are upon the question of liquor and revenue is revealed by the continuance vote at the last election, largely

won on the revenue bogey. Of course the Liquor Traders know that it is all bosh, but it is one of those clever devices that invariably appeal to the unthinking portion of the community who growl at a 30 per cent. profit on goods sold by a storekeeper, but never mind paying to the tune of 200 per cent. profit on their alcoholic beverage. If they would but carefully study the Commonwealth tariff, they would discover that the duty on imported clothing is approximately 30 per cent., and on imported liquor 20 per cent. Thus for five pounds spent in clothes 30s is contributed to the revenue, whereas for the same amount spent in drink only 20s. is returned, and it is more in harmony with the advanced Australia idea that a man should be neat and tidy as a result of an expenditure of £5 in clothes, than that he should be tight and needy after spending £5 in Tooth and Toohey's compound mixture of tanglefoot. It should be mentioned that the excise duty on the local brew is even less, being only 3d. per gallon on colonial beer. This is retailed at the rate of not less than 4s. per gallon, hence, if a man is an exclusive colonial beer drinker only 6/3 out of the 100 shillings goes to the revenue, scarcely enough to meet his old aged pension bill in the sweet bye and bye.

"For 30 years I have been priest and bishop of London. I have learned some lessons, and the first thing is this: The chief bar to the working of the Holy Spirit of God in the souls of men and women is intoxicating drink."—Cardinal Manning.

Her: "What, going already? I don't suppose it would be any use to ask you to stay a little longer?" Him: "Not in that tone of voice."

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Suicide and Alcohol.

THE GROWING CLOUD OF DESPAIR.

The growing suicide rate demands the closest investigation, and whatever differences of opinion there may be about it, on one point there is unanimity, and that is as to the part alcohol is playing in this growing cloud of despair that hangs over the nations. The depression that follows indulgence in alcohol, the complications arising from neglect, rash expenditure, and moral lapses combine to produce a spirit of despair which proves too much for those whose mind and will have alike been undermined by this insidious poison. That we should permit its sale and grant it facilities such as we do makes us partners with alcohol in the shameful record of suicide. The "Daily Telegraph," of January 23, in a leading article, says:—

"Although a suicide rate of 16 per 100,000 of the population per annum, as recorded for the United States during 1910, appears to be very high, it is by no means the highest in the world. A statistical authority, who gives the average annual suicide rate for different countries per 100,000 of the population, sets forth that Saxony holds the unenviable pre-eminence with a rate of 31.1, while Denmark comes second with 25.8, Schleswig-Holstein third with 24.0, Austria fourth with 21.2, Switzerland fifth with 20.2, and France sixth with 15.7. New South Wales is shown a long way down the list with a mean annual rate of 9.3, and Victoria is credited with a rate of 11.5. While the United States, with a rate of 16, takes only sixth place, the suicides, it will be seen, total 160 per million, or 16,000 for the total population of the country. As might be expected, the suicide rate in every country is highest in the large cities, and here, again, very curiously, it is found that Dresden, the capital of Saxony, has the highest rate, showing no fewer than 51 deaths by suicide per annum per 100,000 of the population. Paris is second with 42, Berlin third with 36, then Lyons with 29, Vienna with

28, Stockholm with 27, and Christiania with 25, and London with 23. Madrid has only three suicides per 100,000, and Lisbon only two. It is difficult to find any thread of causation running through all these figures, but the fact that such a distinctively intellectual centre as Dresden is highest on the list seems to carry the sinister suggestion that high intellectual and artistic development predisposes to the lack of mental balance, which leads to self-extinction. A comparison of the statistics of alcohol with the statistics of suicide conveys an impression that there is probably some connection between the two. The beer-drinking Saxon, the spirit-drinking Dane, and the wine and absinthe-consuming Frenchman are all conspicuous in the grim statistics of countries where suicide is most marked. The American rate for 1910 shows a heavy increase over that of previous years, though the statistical authority includes a qualification to the effect that "undoubtedly many deaths from suicide fail to be reported."

A STARTLING COMPARISON.

Mr. J. Marion writes:—

To my mind alcohol is proved to be the chief cause of the trouble, producing so many mental derangements, culminating in self-destruction. There are more male drinkers than females, and consequently more male suicides. Of course there are many other causes. It is surely more than a coincidence that the States having the higher drink bills per head of the population have the greater percentage of suicides. A study of the following table reveals the truth of this:—

	Suicides, Per million of population.	Drink Bill, Per head of population.
West Australia	250	£8 8 11
Queensland	194	3 15 10
New South Wales ..	150	3 10 6
Victoria	99	3 7 10
South Australia	78	3 1 5
Tasmania	70	2 7 7

ANOTHER CHANCE.

The end of the day had come—her last day, Sybil Goode told herself as her eyes rested for about the hundredth time on a small bottle of dark-brown fluid standing on the mantelpiece.

She had found life too much for her, and not having anyone "belonging" to her, it did not seem worth while to continue this endless, purposeless, grind. Each day had dragged through its weary course, seeming interminable, and when at last the night arrived, it seemed that all the sorrow she had staved off through the day, by dint of sheer hard work, crowded in on her, and clouded all her nights. She could fight no longer. It might be cowardly, but she was done. "Down and out," she muttered.

When she lay down that night, the tiny bottle was standing on the table close beside her bed, for her comfort. It had been so easy to procure. Why had she delayed so long? In these days of science we hold death in our own hands. She sat up again and felt for the bottle. It was beautiful to have it there. Should she take it now? Why not? Forgetfulness—and rest. Two things for which she had been striving ever since—

She smiled to herself in anticipation and then wondered how long it would be in taking effect. Then a blank.

It had come sooner than she thought, for it seemed scarcely any time since she had been deliberating over the possibilities that were concealed in that brown fluid. She had felt no pain.

Now she was conscious that she was not alone. At her side stood one whose face she seemed dimly to remember, but she did not try for very long, because of something else that took her attention.

She saw, in a room very like the one in which she had fallen asleep, the woman who of all others most nearly approached her idea of a friend. At least they had worked together each day in the same room, shared the same dreadful monotony, though of the personal life of the other she knew nothing.

She saw her now in the grip of what would have been to herself, she thought, irresistible temptation. On the one hand, for the woman, lay ease and wealth and a reasonable amount of happiness, as opposed to the deadly daily grind she knew so well.

That anyone could hesitate seemed to her well-nigh incredible. And it all hinged on one little word—"Honor." She wondered. Surely the difference in her life would be great enough to warrant her yielding.

Then, somehow, she saw it from the other woman's own standpoint, and felt, with her, that this temptation must be overcome—that this girl must win—that at all costs she must "keep innocency."

She turned impulsively to the one at her side.

"May I not go and help her?"

The stranger bowed assent, unsmiling, and the girl sped on her errand, feeling only that she must get to her friend in time. She knelt beside her as she sat with bowed head, and flung her arms around her. She was muttering to herself, and the younger woman heard, between the shuddering sobs that shook her:

"If only there were someone—some other woman—to help me. I cannot bear the loneliness."

Sybil's arms pressed her closely.

"Dear, not alone any longer," she said.

"See, I am here—I've come to help."

Unheeding, the sobs continued.

"If there were only someone who cared—cared ever so little."

She threw out her arms hopelessly.

"Dear—can't you understand?" implored Sybil, who by this time was herself weeping.

She broke off, for the girl had risen as if she had not been there, and now paced the room restlessly, still with an occasional cry of loneliness and desolation.

Sybil stood transfixed. Had she suddenly lost her senses? Why could she not make her understand?

Then in her desperate need an idea came to her. Perhaps the being who had permitted her to come here might be able to help.

After one more futile attempt at consolation Sybil left, and, panting, told of her lack of success.

"And," she concluded, "she doesn't even seem to know there's anybody there."

The unknown looked at her.

"Well, what else could you have expected?" he said at last, sternly.

(Continued on Page 10.)

The Joy of Hard Work.

A NEW TREATMENT OF AN OLD THEME.

By EUGENE THWING.

The greatest fun in the world is work done heartily and well. To every man and woman it is given to know the joy and dignity of labor, yet thousands refuse the precious gift and blindly complain of the "grinding, crushing toil" which is the "curse of their lives," while others, even more pitiable, regard labor with contempt and try to shut out the laborer from "good society." We read in a contemporary that "much humbug is drooled about the 'dignity of labor.' There is a great deal more dignity in rest. People work because they have to, not because they want to. To be sure, some folks pretend or really think that they like to work. Such a feeling, if genuine, is a perversion arising from habit. Not only is there no merit in work, but the institution itself has a disgraceful origin and springs from the crafty counsels of the serpent, more subtle than any beast of the field, from the apple and feminine curiosity and Adam's inexperience. As a reminder and memorial of original sin, labor and the bread eaten in the sweat of the face are justly painful to every sensitive soul."

THE TRUE ORIGIN OF WORK.

The writer who so bitterly preaches rebellion against the richest and most blessed thing in life has not read his Bible aright. Work had no such origin as he describes. "In the beginning" God Himself set the example of work, and when His great task was done He looked His work over "and behold it was very good." He felt the satisfaction which comes from work well done, and He "rested on the seventh day from all His work." The very first gift to man, before sin came, was work. He was commanded to "replenish the earth and subdue it." That mighty task has kept him busy from that day until now. Christ's word to man was, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work. . . . The works that I do shall ye do also, and greater works than these shall ye do." Thus work had the loftiest possible origin, imparting to it a dignity and nobility beyond measure.

THE RIGHT CONCEPTION OF WORK.

When work might be made to fill the life with glory, isn't it a pity that so many insist upon making it a drudgery and regard-

ing it with gloom and hopelessness? "Where there is no vision the people perish." When once the eye of the soul has beheld the vision, life and all it holds is transformed. Hard work becomes exhilarating pleasure; labor becomes service; obstacles become opportunities. The difference is in the worker rather than in the work.

No one ever really enjoys hard work which employs only muscles and nerve and brain. The heart must be in it. Every effort must carry with it a passionate interest and desire. Every moment must contain the indulgence of a wish, must be a stepping-stone of an ambition. There is a way to connect the most commonplace labor that needs to be done with the great movements of the world's progress and uplift.

When the new Parliament buildings of the Dominion of Canada were being reared, a visitor stopped to speak to a number of workmen who were cutting stone. The visitor asked one man what he was doing, and he replied that he was earning two dollars and a half a day. He asked a second man the same question, and pointing to a chart spread before him the man said he was trying to make the stone on which he was working correspond with the chart. A third man was asked what he was doing. All three men were, to outward appearances, engaged in precisely the same work. But the third man let his mallet rest a moment, and straightening himself up, pointed proudly to the great building, the graceful lines of which were beginning to show in the massive pile above them. He thought of the glory of the completed building, and what it meant, and he replied eagerly, 'I am helping to make that.' This man had a vision; he was doing something worth while. The task of earning money may not be worth while; the task of blindly following a pattern may not be worth while; but to have a part in making something good—whether it be a cathedral or a character—that is worth while.

WHERE THE JOY COMES IN.

Work must be an expression of love—some definite love which can find in no other way so satisfying an expression. That man

who was enjoying his work with mallet and chisel loved his province, loved his nation, and loved his sovereign. Their glory was his glory, and to enhance their glory was his joy. The same rule holds true in the kitchen, or the barn, or the office. Household duties are intolerable when they are done without the light and joy of love; but the girl who would rather sweep the floor and wash the dishes in order that mother may have an hour more of rest—that girl, if you will open the door just now, you will find singing at her work. All work is service; all worthy service may be an expression of love, and love is the essence of joy. The inevitable conclusion is that all work, to bring real joy to the worker, must take him out of himself—must in some way, directly or indirectly, be service for others. Selfishness seeks for joy and finds it not. Unselfish service finds joy without searching. Every achievement, every realisation of a blessing conferred upon another, is an inspiration and an incentive to further effort. The power to change the life of another man, or woman, or child, is a wonderful responsibility. When that power is used to bless, the joy it brings is beyond measure.

HOW THE JOY SPREADS.

Joyousness in work is contagious. When the face glows and the voice thrills with the delight of the work, the tasks of other men are made lighter, and they feel a new sense. "No man liveth unto himself; no man dieth unto himself." No man can loaf without tempting some other to loaf, and no man can work heartily, joyously, without sending a wave of inspiration for work toward some other life.

"Give us, oh, give us the man who sings at his work," exclaimed Carlyle. "Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any two of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible to fatigue while he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from gladness, beautiful because bright."—"Christian Herald."

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1912.

CAN THE LEOPARD CHANGE HIS SPOTS?

In the New Zealand campaign a very striking incident of the depths to which the Liquor party will descend was exposed in the famous faked picture advertisement of the No-license town of Masterton. If such a pictorial had been issued by the Temperance people it is certain that no one would ever have been allowed to forget it, and it would have been held a sufficient reason to discredit us for ever. Now it was not only issued by a publican acting for his party, but it was re-issued as a supplement to the daily papers after it had been conclusively and authoritatively declared to be untrue, misleading, and entirely contrary to fact. We have no doubt that we shall have to face similar tactics in N.S.W. The "Union Signal" sometime ago wrote in a leading article:—"The liquor fraternity of Indiana in a vain effort to impede the irresistible movement toward State prohibition, is making use of the in-famous Kansas City posters issued two years ago, which claim to show how municipal prosperity has suffered under prohibition in Kansas. The fact that affidavits have been secured to prove that sixty of the buildings represented in the poster were not located in Kansas City, and that in a number of cases the camera had been made to lie by obliterating the firm names on the

windows of the buildings and making them appear empty, when in reality they were occupied by business firms, is a matter of small consequence to the hard pressed liquor men. By such means the ignorant voter is imposed upon and the process of degrading humanity for money is continued. Here is reliable testimony about prohibition from Kansas, and the writer is no less a personage than Governor Stubbs:

An almost universal sentiment in Kansas places the violator of the prohibitory law in the same category as the boodler and the horsethief. This leaves only the lowest class of people to engage in the liquor business—the waifs, wrecks and driftwood of society. They are financed by the wholesale liquor houses and the brewers, the identical people who spend thousands of dollars in the newspapers and magazines to educate the people of other states that the Kansas prohibitory law is a failure. We see a good deal of such literature here, published to be circulated in other states, but it only causes a smile in Kansas.

The license system will never return. Among all the good reasons for this there is a paramount one, which is a Kansas statute which requires every child attending the public schools to be instructed in the evil effects of alcohol. It has been the law for over twenty years. Children take naturally to the interesting study of physiology and hygiene, and they are drilled in this subject during all the impressionable years of their school days. The children thus instructed are now men and women—the young fathers and mothers of Kansas—and the procession of this product of our school system and our school law will never end; and the prohibitory law is as safely grounded in our system of jurisprudence as the law of marriage, the homestead law, and the other fundamentals of a Christian state.

DID IT PAY?

A drinking man who had reformed and joined a Christian church fell into a bad way again and at last was arrested. The judge sentenced him to a year in jail. His pastor came forward and begged to speak a word in the poor fellow's behalf, making a strong plea for clemency and offering to be responsible for the man's behaviour if he was put on probation. His request was granted and the man passed over to his hands. A member of this minister's church took him to task for his action.

"I am sorry to see my pastor hoodwinked by such trash," he said. "You will repent what you have done to-day."

Whether it was his pastor's faith in him, or whether it was the stirring of a better purpose in answer to that pastor's fervent prayers and exhortations in his behalf that moved the wretched man, who can say? But a change was wrought in him. He made another effort to be a man, and though he fell several times, ever began again. It meant constant vigilance on the pastor's part, as well as much assistance from various good brethren of the church, but at last the drunk-

ard was fully saved from strong drink and soundly converted to God.

Last summer, this pastor, returning to his old charge during his vacation, took dinner with that one-time drunkard, now for five good years a faithful and consistent Christian. "Ah," said he to some friends, when recounting the story and repeating the words of the church member who was sure he would repent his promise to be responsible for the delinquent, "Ah, if God were as quick to convict us for our sins as we are to convict others, who wouldstand? I am glad I did what I did. It paid. We ought to take risks and take trouble in order to save these men who are captives to appetite. That Christian home, that Christian man made my heart leap for joy. Five years a Christian! Five years for Christ, mind you!" That was his reward.

WHAT IS LIFE TO YOU?

To the preacher, life's a sermon,
To the joker it's a jest;
To the miser life is money,
To the loafer life is rest.
To the lawyer life's a trial,
To the poet, life's a song.
To the doctor life's a patient
That needs treatment right along.
To the soldier life's a battle,
To the teacher life's a school;
Life's a good thing to the grafter,
It's a failure to the fool.
To the man upon the engine
Life's a long and heavy grade;
It's a gamble to the gambler,
To the merchant life's a trade.
Life's a picture to the artist,
To the rascal life's a fraud;
Life perhaps is but a burden
To the man beneath the hod.
Life is lovely to the lover,
To the player life's a play;
Life may be a load of trouble
To the man upon the dray.
Life is but a long vacation
To the man who loves his work;
Life's an everlasting effort
To shun duty, to the shirk.
To the earnest Christian worker
Life's a story ever new;
Life is what we try to make it—
Brother, what is life to you?

JUDGE BY RESULTS.

Fortunately, there are many people who will have nothing but the best, and who have sufficient commonsense to judge by results. Since January, 1908, students TRAINED and PRESENTED by the Metropolitan Business College have won forty-two (42) FIRST PLACES in open competitive examinations IN SYDNEY in Shorthand, Accountancy, Typing, and General Subjects—first place in N.S.W. (with appointment) FIVE TIMES IN SUCCESSION in Governmental examinations in Shorthand, Typing, and English.

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE,
"Holt House," 56 York-street.
Prospectus on application.

Battling for Dear Life.

WAS IT LUCK OR PROVIDENCE?

(By HENDY.)

On waking up I felt more cheerful than I had for some time. Why, I could not explain, for everything looked as black as ever. As I made my exit from the Domain into Cathedral-street I saw something shining on the ground. Stooping down I found it to be sixpence. There is a man living somewhere in Sydney to-day who was passing me at the moment. I expect he told his friends on arriving in the office he had just seen a lunatic. For I picked up that sixpence, yelled out "Hurrah," and made a bee-line for an eating-house. I remember I ordered porridge first, but before the attendant could bring it to me I had made three thick slices of bread look extremely foolish, and after having consumed porridge, steak and egg, also the best part of a large loaf of bread, I made my exit. I expect they thought I was an expensive customer.

I then went to keep my appointment with the theatrical manager with a fairly light heart, but catching sight of my unshaven face I hardly liked to meet him. However, I found him waiting for me, and he immediately advised me to have a shave, at the same time passing me sixpence. "Get a scrape and have a 'pot.' I shall be back in about an hour's time." I followed his advice about the shave, but experience had taught me to hang on tight to the remaining threepence. I came out of the barber's feeling brand new. It's wonderful what a shave and breakfast, combined with threepence in your pocket and a possibility of work, will do for you. I felt that a turning point had come. True, I had been a failure; that I had erred; but it is by erring that men get themselves right. To go straight to the mark by an inherent instinct would not be nearly so fine a thing. Who, under such circumstances, could feel a thrill on reaching the destination? To arrive where one cannot help arriving brings with it no sense of conquest or exaltation.

But to have gone astray from the path, to have wandered into strange and live places, to have groped in the dark, to have been seduced by false lights, to have stumbled into pits, to have fought with flesh-devouring giants, and then at last, after all, to have arrived. The godlike within us glows at the very thought. So I felt that I had arrived after all my battles. I met my friend, and rehearsed that afternoon assiduously. I will not record the next few days, as it would merely be a reiteration of the last three, but get down to the time when our company left Sydney. We opened that night in Singleton to about £5. Next night we played Aberdeen, with about the same amount of success, and let me say right here that utility man with a touring theatrical company is not by any means the softest job on earth. For instance, I will give you a little sketch of my day's work. We would arrive in a town, and while all the rest of

the company would make straight for the hotel, which is always arranged beforehand by the advance agent, I had to get the luggage out of the train, wait for the carrier, help him to get it onto his cart, take the luggage, scenery, etc., to the theatre, unpack. Then, if I had time, I would rush off to the hotel. Very often, however, I would miss a meal or two. Having been lucky, and found time to have dinner, I would hasten back to the hall, and get the scenery up for the night's performance, with the assistance of the A.S.M., who used to discard his coat with great energy, then sit down and "urge" me. He was known as the urger; I as the "MUG." Well, with things going from bad to worse, we played Scone, Murrumbidgee, Quirindi, Werris Creek, Gunnedah, Narrabri, Wee Waa, Walget, Narrabri (return), Moree, and Inverell, where we were completely settled. By the way, I forgot to tell you that, at the end of the first week, no mention having been made of salary, I asked one of the old actors, with much timidity, when we were going to be paid. He looked at me sadly for a moment or two, then replied, "Laddie, I'm an actor; not a prophet." There was no money in the treasury, and the management informed us that he was wiring down to Sydney for funds. That night the company discovered that the "boss" had stranded us. He had cleared out with all the money there was, and left us to manage as best we could. A council-of-war was held, and we decided to give ourselves a benefit performance on the following night. We went round to various prominent business people in the town, explained our position, and sold £20 worth of seats. The local printer made us a present of the admission tickets and 2000 dodgers. After splitting up the proceeds, each of us had our fare back to Sydney and 1s. 3d. over. Had you heard the threats of vengeance that the actors swore you would not have given threepence for our late manager's life. But actors have short memories for grievances, and about a week afterwards I saw our late juvenile lead (the hero) laughing and talking to the man who had left us in the lurch as if nothing had ever occurred to break the harmony of their friendship. Getting back with 1s. 3d. in my pocket did not seem very promising, but I felt that things could not be much worse in Sydney than they had been before, and besides I had at least had an introduction to two or three people who I thought would help me. The first three days I managed to borrow a shilling or two each day, but then things got bad again, and I was almost despairing when my luck again turned, this time in reality, and I got something with an element of permanency in it, and hope made the future bright as only hope can do. But even through the span of years of struggle that separates to-day from then, the memory of

those awful times comes back to me like a nightmare.

If the unforgiving, the so-called just man, who seems to know no weakness, should read this, may it help him to realise that if a man falls it is **not** always or entirely his own fault. I have seen these unforgiving just men turn with disgust from the genius when he wallows in the mire; but don't, for he is only exemplifying for us the blood relationship of divine humanity with the vermin brood. Presently we shall see him standing on the topmost peaks of thought. He will be exemplifying for us then the sublimity of human aspirations. The man who makes mistakes is the only man who ever makes anything at all. The bee never makes a mistake. It knows infallibly where to go for honey; it knows infallibly how to store it in the comb. And because of this infallibility it will never learn how to do anything else. It will go on making honey to the crack of doom. Of men made in the image of God it has been truly said, in spite of all weakness, "It doth not yet appear what he shall be." Never blame a man for falling. Pity him if he hurts himself. Throw up defences if he hurts you. But don't blame him. He is helping to make the race. Don't crush him with blame or irritate with advice he cannot take, but inspire him by sympathy, strengthen him with friendship, and say a prayer—

"For the legions of the lost ones,
And the cohorts of the damned."

MAINE STANDS FOR PROHIBITION.

The alliance of the Republican and Democratic officials with the outlawed liquor traffic is responsible for the nullification of Prohibition in so large a part of Maine during recent years.

The almost solid support of the brewers' agents in the recent campaign by both the Republican and Democratic organizations in Maine was the chief reason for reducing the 47,000 majority in favor of Prohibition in 1884 to so insignificant a figure seven weeks ago.

The Pine Tree State Democracy has been openly in favor of the saloon in Maine for many years. As for its great political rival, it can be put down as both fair and conclusive that a party which, in Maine, can permit organized law defiance without a protest, and which in the nation at large, outraging the overwhelming decent public sentiment, can depute a member of its Federal Cabinet to officially welcome a brewers' congress, "does not deserve nor ought to receive the votes of Christian people, or any other self-respecting American citizens.—"American Advance."

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Mr. Bray catered for last Church Society Festival and C.M.A. Anniversary.

ANOTHER CHANCE

(Continued from Page 6.)

"You were so sure you had no further use for your body—that you could do without it—that you even dared to take into your own hands the responsibility of death.

"Can you not understand that in most cases the only means of communication between human beings is the body you so lightly thought of destroying? How can you use speech without a voice? How can you help when you, of your own wish, lay aside the medium given you to use in helping?"

He pointed, and following the direction of the finger, Sybil saw, to her amazement, herself, her own body, lying on her bed. Such a still self it seemed lying there so quietly.

"There lies your body—use it—and use it carefully and thankfully so long as it is allowed you."

The light of day showed a woman waking to another day of dreary grind. Beside her on a table stood a small bottle of dark-brown fluid—with the seal still unbroken; and, as her eyes fell on it, memory of the night's vision came to her, and she realised that to her had been given another chance.—Helen Van Eyke, in "Everyday's Journal."

THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

Now, our institutional work has three main characteristics. I do not, of course, claim that they are entirely peculiar to the Salvation Army, but they are very special features with us.

1. With the exception of one enterprise—to which I will refer directly—all our work is carried out on voluntary lines. We do not favor the committal of these women to

institutions without their own consent, nor their retention there—except under very special circumstances—unless they are willing to remain.

2. We have made a special point of a certain diet, and experience leads us to attach very great importance to it.

3. We place before everything else the necessity of maintaining in every institution, together with the most kindly and sympathetic treatment, a deeply religious and spiritual influence, which in turn finds expression in very direct efforts to awaken and enlighten and save the moral nature of each woman.

To Save an Honored Name.

(Continued from Page 3.)

least touch of frost still lingering in it, made life out of doors a passion and a delight.

A horseman and a lady on horseback emerged from a bend in the road. The two were riding close together, their horses walking at a slow pace. They were Emeline Danson and Percival Maitland. They were conversing eagerly, though in subdued tones.

"You are taking Mr. Billingham, Emeline, so will be lost to me? It is not too late to break the compact. You can do it honorably," said the young man insistently.

"I have given my word. I cannot break it. I have told you that you are the only one other than father whom I love," she said emphatically.

"You can never be my wife if you are legally bound to him," he said despondently.

He guided the horses until they were screened by a large sycamore. Then he leaned over. His arm stole round her, and he drew her gently to him and kissed her fondly.

(To be continued.)

The World's Beer Drinkers.

"Gamberinis," the organ of the Austrian brewing and hop industry, is responsible for the statement that seven milliard gallons of beer are consumed annually over the whole world. At least this is the estimated figure for 1910. According to the statistics gathered by the Austrian journal, the United States of America heads the list of beer-drinking countries with a yearly consumption of over sixteen hundred million gallons. Germany is a close second with fourteen hundred and thirty millions, the product of thirteen thousand breweries. Bavaria is credited with drinking more than a quarter of the German output, brewed in four thousand eight hundred breweries. Great Britain comes third on the list, and not very far behind Germany. Its consumption is put at twelve hundred and forty million gallons. After these three countries there is a big drop, the fourth, Austria-Hungary, drinking only five hundred and ten million gallons. Belgium and France come next with three hundred and fifty millions and three hundred and ten millions respectively, and considerably behind them is the great Empire of Russia, with a hundred and ninety million gallons. After these big figures, Denmark, Switzerland, and Sweden consume comparatively small quantities of beer, although not so small when the size of these countries is taken into consideration.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

IT IS WORTH WHILE TO ORDER ALL YOUR

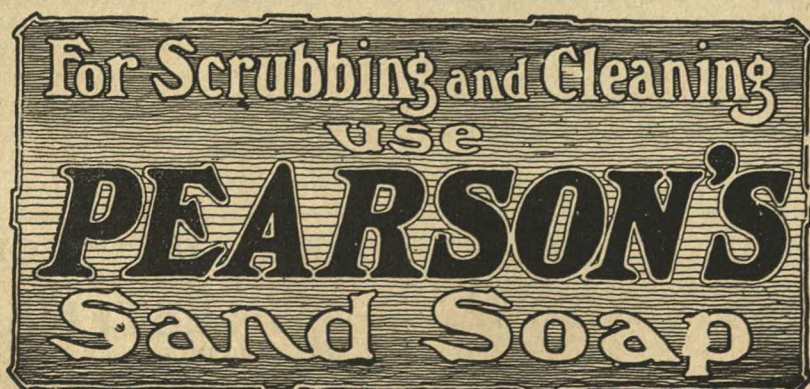
GROCERIES

FROM

JOHN WARD,
(LATE WINN AND CO.)

Botany Road, Redfern.

'Phone, 283 Redfern.



From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

IT DOES NOT MATTER.

Oftentimes you hear people say "Oh! I ought to have done it. I said I would, but it does not matter," and then sometimes they add "much." Their conscience tells them it does matter, but they try and make the wrong seem less by saying, "Well, if it does matter, it does not matter much." Dear Ne's and Ni's, your Uncle feels very old sometimes, and very sad, and he thinks and worries about all sorts of things, and finally comes to the conclusion that the things that matter most are little things. Big things don't happen once a month, but little things happen every hour, and twelve little things in a day mean more than one big thing in a month don't they? Little things give such a lot of pleasure, and little things give so much pain, and little people, I fear, never think how much big people are concerned about them, and interested in them, and influenced by what they do. A little thoughtfulness, a little thankfulness, a little kindness—why, you can all do such things many times a day, and it matters such a lot if you don't do them. Shall we add a little prayer to what we say each morning, and ask God to help us do the little things that add sunshine to the lives of others, and to leave undone the little things that add pain to others, and are the baby sins that will grow up to spoil our own lives. Little friends, do each day at least one little thing that will please some one else.—Uncle B.

A PRAYER.

My heavenly Father, please teach me and help me to be unselfish. Put a right spirit into my heart that I may always be inwardly sweet, and feel kind towards every one. May I never make fun of anyone; may I never forget to be thankful; may I try to think of others more than of myself. Please God, give me a chance each day to make someone a little happier. I thank Thee for my Saviour, my Bible, and my Church. May I be a help to my minister; I thank Thee for all who love me; may I always be worthy of their love; and may I be generous in my gifts, my friendship, and my love, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

HURRY UP, OR YOU WILL BE LATE.

I have only two accounts of "How I Spent Christmas." They must all be posted by February 8. So hurry up. If you have not written an account for my prize, just read "Is it worth while?" on this page in last week's issue, and then make a start at once.

UNCLE B.

"I can keep no terms with a vice that fills our jails, that destroys the comfort of homes, and the peace of families, and debases and brutalises the people of these islands."—Lord Chief Justice Coleridge.

WHAT CHARLIE LOST.

"Charlie James lost something last night," said the Professor to a class of boys one Monday afternoon.

"What was it?" asked one.

"Something valuable," said the Professor gravely.

Charlie James was looking up at the Professor with as much curiosity as the other boys.

"Where did he lose it?" asked another.

"Up by the church," answered the Professor.

Charlie moved a little uneasily.

"What time was it?" asked a boy.

"About half-past 8," replied the Professor.

Charlie dropped his head.

"Was it a dollar?" asked one boy.

"No." The Professor shook his head. "It was worth much more than a dollar—yes, than 10, 20 dollars."

"Can't we go hunt it?" suggested one of the class who was always ready to hunt for lost things.

"No," replied the Professor. "Nobody can ever find it but Charlie, and it will take him a good long time."

The class sat puzzled for a moment.

"Do you want to know what it was?"

All the boys were looking up, eager to know—all except Charlie; his head was down.

"It was the good opinion of five good men." The Professor spoke seriously. "During church service last night Charlie was on the outside running around. He thought it would be fun to pry a window up a few inches and let it drop with a bang. He did it—and, of course, was seen. Somebody always finds out those things. And when service was over I heard five or six men—good men, important men—speaking about the boy's conduct. They were much surprised; they had thought well of Charlie and had believed he was going to grow up to be a manly, useful young fellow. But now—well, they shook their heads; that kind of conduct was a mighty bad start."

The Professor spoke regretfully, and looked disappointed, too.

"Strange how some boys do not understand what is fun and what is not. Strange they forget how valuable a good name is; how much it is worth to have the good opinion of a good man, and how foolish it is to lose that good opinion by some silly little trick that is not any real fun at all. Every right-thinking person wants boys to have fun. They like to see you have a good time. But whenever a boy, or a man, tries to have fun by wronging or disturbing others, it makes out a bad case for him, and he loses part of the good opinion people have of him."

PASS "GRIT" ON

A FEW CONUNDRUMS.

What is a waste of time?—The middle of an hour glass.

Why is a door in the potential mood?—It's would, or should be.

Why is a tin can tied to a dog's tail like death?—It's bound to occur.

Why does a sailor know there's a man in the moon?—He has been to sea.

What is it that will give a cold, cure a cold, and pay the doctor's bill?—A draught.

What is that which has got feet and nails, but no legs, toes, or claws?—A yard measure.

Why is it easy to get in an old man's house?—Because his gait is broken, and his locks are few.

Why is a man who makes pens very wicked?—He makes people steel pens, and then says they do write.

Why is it dangerous to go out in spring?—Because the trees shoot, the flowers have pistils, and the bull rush is out.

Why is a dishonest city official like a church bell?—One steals from the people, and the other peals from the steeple.

THE "OLD WHITE HORSE."

Lily Harris, Goldsmith-street, Goulburn, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—You must forgive me for not writing before; but I have been in bed with rheumatism, and so could not do so. But I am getting better now, and I am very glad. My word, Uncle B., you should see the "old White Horse" now. It is worth coming to Goulburn to see. It has been opened by a dentist, and I think the banks are going to have part, too. So, having a dentist in it, it means, instead of something going in men's mouths, some things have to come out. I suppose you know what I mean.

I wonder if any of your nieces would care to correspond with me. I would be only too glad to do so. We are all eagerly looking forward to the Chapman-Alexander mission in Goulburn, and I hope it will soon be here.

We are having lovely weather here, just now. Out in the country it looks lovely and the cattle look splendid. So now, Uncle B., I think I will conclude my letter in wishing "Grit" and No-License every success in 1912, and will it not be lovely to see the great curse removed from God's earth, and then

There'll be work for everybody,

And we'll all get better pay,

When the "pubs." are closed for ever

And the drink is swept away.

Your affectionate niece,

(Dear Lily,—Yours is the only letter this time, so you ought to feel proud that you have saved me from quite despairing. That is grand about the old White Horse Hotel. We are all sorry to hear of that horrid rheumatism, and hope it is quite gone now. I hope someone will write to you. The only thing I fear is that you will all be writing to one another and forget Uncle B. I expect the Chapman-Alexander mission will do a lot of good, and I hope many of my Ne's and Ni's will get much help. Write soon.—Uncle B.)

BOOKLET ON "HEALTHFUL LIVING" POSTED FREE.

VEGETARIAN CAFE,

45 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

Labor Men, Labor Conditions and Liquor.

STRIKING STATEMENTS AND FIGURES.

Labor leaders all over the world are more unanimously against the liquor trade than even the clergy are, and we are not surprised that the Malvern, Victoria, branch of the Political Labor Council has decided—"That it is in the best interests of the industrial worker that the Early Closing Act should apply to all places existing for the retail of alcoholic liquor."

When the subject was submitted to Mr. T. Miller, president of the N.S.W. Labor Council, he said that, although he was not a strict teetotaler, he was thoroughly in accord with it.

"Hotels should be brought into line with other businesses," he said. "Personally, I think the inspection, by Government officers, of drinks supplied in hotels is very lax, and I'm much surprised to know that there is such a strict supervision in connection with food and such a lax one in regard to drinks."

Mr. Miller, whilst recognising the great improvement in the standard of hotels during the last few years, still thinks that a great deal remains to be achieved for the protection of the public.

"Any movement that will have for its ultimate end the safeguarding of the public interest, especially in connection with the purity of food, and will bring about an improvement in the existing appearance and conduct of our public-houses, will have my heartiest and most sympathetic support. The step outlined by the Malvern Labor Council is one in the right direction. Being engaged in fighting for better conditions and shorter hours for one section, I certainly will support any move that has for its desired end the shortening of the hours of labor of the hotel employees."

CLOSE A PUB AND OPEN A FACTORY.

The liquor trade object to the closing of the bars because of the number who will be thrown out of employment. The obvious retort is that the open bar is responsible for many thousands being out of work, but as a matter of fact the money diverted from the bar when it is closed finds its way naturally into other channels of business, and the following table is a convincing argument on this point. The Ashburton "Guardian" of December 30 last says:—

The local inspector of factories has furnished a report, showing the number of shops and factories in Ashburton in each year for the years 1901 to 1911 inclusive. For the year just ended seven new factories and four additional shops have been registered. Until 1908 no record was kept of the number of shops, so that the figures for

the period prior to that date cannot be given. The following are the details supplied:—

Year.	Shops.	Factories.
1901	—	70
1902	—	69
1903	—	98
1904	—	118
1905	—	130
1906	—	128
1907	—	126
1908	122	119
1909	133	128
1910	154	129
1911	162	134

In 1902 the bars were closed in Ashburton.

THE ENGLISH EXPERIMENT.

The subjoined resolutions have been passed by the representatives of every Christian Church in the Borough of Haslingden—23 in number—forwarded to the member of Parliament for Rossendale and the Home Secretary:—"That this meeting warmly approves of the action of the Liverpool Licensing Justices in passing the following resolution: 'That in the opinion of the Justices of this Licensing Bench the hours for opening public-houses on week days should be 8.30 instead of 6 a.m.; that no woman or person under 16 should be served before noon either 'on' or 'off' the premises; that the closing hours for week-days be 10 p.m. instead of 11 p.m.; that on Sundays houses shall be open for not more than three hours between noon and 10 p.m., one of such hours to be between noon and 3 p.m.; that clubs shall be put on the same basis as licensed houses with regard to the hours, and that the quantity of intoxicating liquor sold to be the basis for license duty, and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the members of Parliament for Liverpool and the Home Secretary.'" "That this meeting also approves of the action of the Rossendale Bench in supporting the Liverpool magistrates by passing a similar resolution." "That this meeting strongly supports the resolutions, and hereby declares itself in favor of the terms of such resolution of the Liverpool magistrates being incorporated by the Government in the next licensing measure brought forward by them." "That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the member of Parliament for Rossendale and the Home Secretary."

MR. SUTTON'S OBJECTIONS.

The ex-president of the Liquor Trades Defence Association is reported in the "Sun" to have said:—

"I don't blame the Labor people for wanting to work as few hours as possible, or for desiring to get as much money for their work as they can. There is no disguising the fact that if the hotels were ordered to be closed at 6 o'clock in the evening—which I don't think probable in an enlightened State like ours—more than two-thirds of the public-houses would have to shut down. That is so because the publicans would not be able to pay the expenses of carrying on well-conducted houses with the business done up to 6 o'clock in the evening. It is during the leisure hours of the community, when men meet sociably at the hotels, after the day's work is done, to exchange ideas over a glass of beer or a well-cooled whisky and soda, that the business is done."

"If the lights were put out at 6 o'clock the people would remain in their homes, and they would wonder what had struck the place. Tourists and visitors would give Sydney a wide berth. Men come to a city of this size hoping and expecting to enjoy more life than they get on stations and in smaller centres, but if they found the place in darkness after 6 o'clock what would they think?"

"The city of Sydney, or, in fact, any other large centre, would resemble a morgue more than anything else if the lights around the hotels were done away with."

Please note the quickest way to close two-thirds, or about 2000 pubs in New South Wales, is to go for the early closing of the bar. Now, let us back Labor for all we are worth, and close the bars at 6 p.m. Next note that the result, according to this publican, is "the people would remain in their homes." We could not work for a more desirable thing, and we are glad to have the point conceded by such an authority. As to the place being in darkness, the only objection to this contention is that the theatres, shops, municipal lights, and the great hotels like the one on the front page would provide so much light that the morgue-filling pubs would not be missed.

WOODEN SOLDIERS.

Many good people let what they plan to do take the place of performance. They console themselves for what they have not done by pointing to what they intend to do. As Payot says, in "The Education of the Will," "St. Jerome calls them wooden soldiers who always have their swords raised without striking a blow." It was good advice, even though offered in impatience, that was given to a man who constantly told what he "aimed" to do, when an acquaintance finally expostulated, "Pull the trigger, Deacon, pull the trigger." * * *

One conclusion emerges from the recent investigation of the whole alcohol question, that it is quite impossible to state that any given minimal amount of the drug is harmless to our tissues. A man who desires to use his entire force on behalf of himself or his fellow-men can do so best and longest by entirely avoiding alcohol.—Sir Victor Horsley.

The Feats and Defeats of Liquor.

LIQUOR AND MURDER.

The 62 greatest saloon counties in Texas, having but one-sixth of the total population of the State, have, according to the last Attorney-General's report, covering the years 1907-08, 331 murders, or nearly one-third of all the murders in the State, or twice their proportionate share. The dozen strongest Prohibition counties of the State, also containing one-sixth of the population, furnished but 71 of the murderers, which is but one-fifth of their proportionate share. The group of saloon counties had five times as many murders, population considered, as the group of Prohibition counties.—"The American Issue."

LIQUOR AND LAWLESSNESS.

The charge is frequently made by advocates of liquor licensing that No-License and Prohibition promote lawlessness, and develop a disregard for law that becomes a greater evil in our civic life than the evils they try to correct.

This charge has been repeatedly refuted, but never more forcibly than in the report of the State police of Connecticut, where License and No-License exist side by side, and can be judged under practically the same conditions.

In the years 1909 and 1910 the total violations of the liquor laws in that State were 367, of which 99 were in No-License communities and 268 in License communities, or about 270 per cent. in favor of No-License.

Evidently legalising such an admitted evil as the liquor saloon does not make for law and order, as we certainly know that it does not promote social or economic welfare.

Can't we learn a lesson from the Chinese in their treatment of the opium curse, and start a movement for the ultimate annihilation of the liquor business.—"Christian Endeavor World."

A WHOLESOME DOSE OF SARCASM.

Here is a good one from the "North-Western Patriot," Brookings and Minneapolis:—

"When a Prohibitionist said, 'I was there to register a protest against the business which encourages the taking of any man's life,' he vilely lied about the liquor traffic; it doesn't encourage injury to anyone.—'Both Sides.'

"No! No! The saloon is a nursery, a hospital, a dispensary and an artificial limb factory all in one. Whoever heard of anyone getting any injury in or through the saloon? Encourage injury? No, indeed! The placards on the walls and the entire atmosphere encourage and stimulate obedience to parents, avoidance of bad company and dangerous places, regular attendance upon religious services and the up-building of noble character. Everybody knows that!"

HON. JOHN WANAMAKER PREDICTS TOTAL ABOLITION OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

"It is time something besides parading and singing, 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' was done by the Christian people," said the Hon. John Wanamaker in an address delivered on Temperance Sunday, in a Philadelphia Church. "We must now stand together for the total abolition of the liquor traffic, which is bound to come in time. I believe that the Republican party, or any party that fails to recognise this fact, is doomed. I am a Republican, and I love the old party of Lincoln, Harrison, Grant, Garfield, and McKinley, but I realise that the grand old party cannot be kept up to its standard until it excludes the liquor business. It was difficult for me when I lived in Washington to entertain foreign officials without serving them with strong drink, but none of them ever had anything to drink at my house. I have been a teetotaler since 1877. The appetite for strong drink is an appetite that grows. It is the Devil's best weapon and the world's greatest curse."—"Union Signal."

A JUDGE'S ADVICE.

Whilst a case was in progress at the Parramatta Quarter Sessions last week, Judge Docker asked the prosecutor, who was employed as a navvy at the railway deviation works near Penrith, and who admitted to having drank a good deal of liquor lately, if he was a married man? The reply came: "No, I'm single." The judge next asked what wages he was getting, and the witness answered: "Eight shillings a day." His Honor: "Don't you know you are getting those high wages on the assumption that you are a married man with a family?" Witness shook his head. His Honor: "I would advise you to get a wife. You are not too old at 57 years. A wife would take care of your money for you. It is much better to keep a wife than to keep publicans." (A laugh, in which one or two publicans in court joined.)—"Daily Telegraph."

MORE SLY GROG IN OVER-LICENSED SYDNEY.

About once a week now we get cases of sly-grog of which no notice is taken; yet if they took place in New Zealand they would be cabled over. Who honestly has any doubt that sly-grog is the wastrel child of the licensed liquor trade?

The police suspected that sly-grog selling was being carried on at a cool drink shop kept by Harry Scott, 29, in Fitzroy-street, Surry Hills, and on Sunday evening last they made a raid. Two bottles of lager beer were obtained through the agency of Harry Sooby, and Scott was charged at the Central Police Court with selling beer without a license.

Harry Sooby stated that on Sunday evening, at the request of a man who was in the company of a constable, he went into ac-

cused's shop and bought the two bottles of beer produced.

Scott was fined £100 or nine months, as it was his second conviction.

NEED TEETOTALERS BE UNHAPPY.

The careful and exhaustive researches of Lee, Mosso, Harley, and Schumburg showed that there was no food which would restore working-power to fatigued muscles of both men and animals as quickly and effectively as pure sugar. Indeed, it was suggested by Professor Lee that tired business men, carried beyond their regular lunch hour, would find a few lumps of pure sugar one of the best of temporary restoratives and "pick-me-ups," far superior to alcohol.—A scientific news item in last Saturday's "Herald,"

THE PRICE OF A BOY.

Mother hearts all over the country have been athrill with sympathy for the parents of little Willie Whitla, of Sharon, Pa., who was kidnapped two weeks ago and held for a ransom of 10,000dol. The money was paid promptly, and with promise of immunity from betrayal for the kidnappers, by the grief-stricken father, who knew no desire save the recovery of his son. Happily for the safety of other children, the officers of the law were under no restrictions in the matter. The State offered a reward of 15,000dol., and the conspirators were speedily under arrest, and will, no doubt, receive adequate punishment.

The circumstance is not without profit. States will enact more stringent laws for the punishment of kidnappers; teachers will inquire more closely into the purpose of anyone who calls a child from the school-room; parents will instruct children more fully as to the unwisdom of accepting attentions from strangers; and children themselves will be more wary, at least while the memory of Willie Whitla's experience lasts.

But what of the parents whose children are hopelessly lost to them through the channels of degradation that flourish under the license system? A king's ransom cannot restore a lost soul! And the State offers no reward for the rescue of sons and daughters who are victims of the vice upon which it puts a premium! Not many fathers are able to pay 10,000dol. for the recovery of a child, lost or stolen, but every father has a vote to cast for or against conditions that menace the welfare of his children. Let him register his protest against the traffic in humanity, under whatever guise it may be conducted.—"Union Signal."

ODD FACTS ABOUT FIGURE 9.

9 times 0 plus 1 equals 1.
9 times 1 plus 2 equals 11.
9 times 12 plus 3 equals 111.
9 times 123 plus 4 equals 1111.
9 times 1234 plus 5 equals 11111.
9 times 12,345 plus 6 equals 111111.
9 times 123,456 plus 7 equals 1111111.
9 times 1,234,567 plus 8 equals 11111111.
9 times 12,345,678 plus 9 equals 111111111.
9 times 123,456,789 plus 10 equals 1111111111.

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Baking Powder

It Makes Delicious Pastry and Scones.

1/2 per lb.

This is Where You Laugh.



THE UNDERTAKER.

A colored man had been arrested on a charge of beating and cruelly misusing his wife. After hearing the charge against the prisoner, the justice turned to the first witness. "Madam," he said, "If this man were your husband and had given you a beating, would you call in the police?" The woman addressed, a veritable Amazon in size and aggressiveness, turned a smiling countenance towards the justice and answered: "No, jedge. If he was mah husban', an' he treated me lak he did 'is wife, Ah wouldn't call no p'liceman. No, sah, Ah'd call de undertaker."

"The dog," said the scientific gentleman, "sometimes steers himself with his tail."
"Uses it to guide his wandering bark, does he?" asked the irresponsible humorist.

First Hobo: "Strange how few of our youthful dreams come true, ain't it?" Second Hobo: "Oh, I don't know. I remember how I once yearned to wear long pants. Now I guess I wear them longer than most any man in the country."

William Dean Howells is a stout opponent of those novelists who, under the pretext of reforming their readers, write books about vice. "Such writers," said Mr. Howells, at a luncheon at Kittery Point, Maine, "remind me of a lad whose mother said to him: 'Why, Johnny, I do believe you're teaching that parrot to swear!' 'No, I'm not, mother,' the boy replied; 'I'm just telling it what it mustn't say.'"

The class was given "Oliver Cromwell" as the subject for a short essay, and one of the efforts contained the following sentence: "Oliver Cromwell had an iron will, an unsightly wart, and a large red nose; but underneath were deep religious feelings."

"What is your occupation?" the justice asked the witness. "Jedge," he replied, "ain't you gettin' jest a leetle too pussonal? Have I got to give my livin' away before this here hon'able court?" "You heard the question," said the judge. "And you must answer it. What do you do for a living?" "Well, sir, I'll jest make bold to enlighten you—sence you seem to need it. In the summer, when I ain't a-fishin', I'm prophesyin' weather, an' when the weather don't fall right I'm either a-killin' of alligators an' a'sellin' of rattle-snake buttons, or attendin' campaign barbecues and votin' around."

Mr. Crimsonbeak: "Here's an item which says the swan outlives any other bird, in extreme cases reaching 300 years." Mrs. Crimsonbeak: "And, remember, John, the swan lives on water."

A bouncing widow from Chicago has astounded, horrified and almost paralysed New York City by appearing in an elastic costume that fits her like—like an apple peel. And Gotham, while it is some on rubbering, objected to the rubber-clad lady. She should have been escorted to the city limits—escorted by a rubber band.

A new jail governor, on being introduced by the prison chaplain to the convicts after service in the prison chapel, as perhaps desirous of saying a word to them, was so embarrassed that he first addressed them as "Ladies and Gentlemen"—then corrected himself and said: "Men and fellow-convicts," and then tried again and said he was "delighted to see so many of them there."

PRISON FARE?

A gentleman was once asked if he would take some bread and a glass of wine. His answer was: "No, I will take some bread and a glass of water." His friend smilingly answered, "Bread and water! That is prison fare!" "No," said he, "not prison fare, but garrison fare. We cannot afford to be off our guard."

One day, Mary, the charwoman, reported for service with a black eye.

"Why, Mary," said her sympathetic mistress, "what a bad eye you have!"

"Yes'm."

"Well, there's one consolation. It might have been worse."

"Yes'm."

"You might have had both of them hurt."

"Yes'm. Or worse'n that: I might not ha been married at all."

The money that a woman spends

Is never for the bonnet,

But always for the fancy things

The milliner puts on it.

It isn't always the prettiest girl who gets the best husband, but that's because she doesn't know how to pick one.

Not Selena.—"Mary," said the sick man to his wife, after the doctor had pronounced it a case of smallpox, "if any of my creditors can, tell them that I am at last in a condition to give them something."—"Tit-Bits."

"Do you take any periodicals?" asked the clergyman on his first round of parish visits. "Well, I don't," replied the woman, "but my husband takes 'em frequent. I do wish you'd try to get him to sign the pledge."—"Judge."

WHEN YOU CONTEMPLATE BUILDING WRITE TO US ABOUT

MALTHOID

IT IS A ROOFING THAT EXCELS ALL
OTHERS FROM EVERY STANDPOINT.

THE PARAFFINE PAINT COMPANY, Challis House, Martin Place, Sydney.
D. S. Evans, Australasian Manager.

For Fathers and Mothers.

THE MOTHER'S HOUR.

HOW TO GET CLOSE TO OUR CHILDREN.

It is a mother's duty to keep her heart young. Many a young mother to whom has been given the care and training of a little child would find herself better fitted for her labor if the words of the old song,

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night,"

could be realised, if only for a time, in her case. Understanding of the child heart, comprehension of the child mind, are essential to a mother if she would rear to happy, well-balanced, efficient manhood or womanhood the tender souls in her keeping. But how few of us carry into adult life the open-mindedness necessary to enable us to enter thus into the lives of our children! We are good mothers, of course, in the common acceptance of that term—we "train" our children well! We do not willfully neglect our duty to them. Not for worlds would we slight their physical needs. They have their baths regularly, they take their naps at stated hours; they go to bed with commendable promptitude. We are also concerned in a general way about their morals, teaching them not to lie, or steal or cheat. But there, with many of us, our activity as mothers ceases.

Of the sweet mother-sympathy which seeks to enter into all the interests of the child's life, there is often pitifully little. But it is this very quality of mother-love which is the keynote of mother duty, and the woman who does not rear her child in this atmosphere falls short of her full opportunity as a mother.

The following experiences of mothers are from life:—

ONE MOTHER'S WAY.

My baby boy is 21 months old, but from his "teeny-weeny" days he has been taught obedience. One of the first things he learned to say was "All gone," when some toy would fall from the shelf of his high chair, for he soon came to the realisation it was gone for the time being, because he knew from experience that mother would not pick it up for him.

Some time ago my baby boy started to develop the habit of throwing anything he had in his hand, when I asked him for it. The first time he did it, it took me a half hour to make him "bring it to mother" (when he was a tiny baby I made up my mind that when I started to teach him to do a thing, I would not leave the field until I was victor). So, I simply sat down, and looking straight at him, I said: "Robert, pick up the spoon, and bring it to mother." He laughed, clapped his little hands, and started to run away. I spoke his name again. He looked around, saw that I was not playing with him, seemed to consider

the matter a bit, and going over to the spoon, picked it up, and threw it again, saying as he did so, "Play ball!" But I was persistent. I did not change the insistent tone of my voice, nor cease to look him squarely in the eye whenever his eyes were turned toward me. Finally, he picked up the spoon, brought it to me, and putting it in my hand, said, with a smile, "Sank-oo." Now, when he throws anything (which is not very often), he will pick it up without being told to do so, bring it to me and say, "Sank oo." The lesson was learned without a tear, without one cross word, and it took only about a half hour of concentrated effort on my part. When it is considered that a tendency of that kind, if left unattacked, develops traits of character which go a long way toward shutting avenues to happiness and success in life, it will be seen that time is well spent in the loving correction of it.—L.H.S.

THE BEDTIME STORY.

I wonder how many of us have found that, when evening comes and supper is past, our little ones are so tired they would much rather lie down upon the rug before the stove or upon the sofa to rest a few minutes, where they invariably drop asleep. Then how hard it is to pick up the tired little bodies and undress and put them to bed!

Not long ago, three little children, aged three, five, and seven years, were left, by the death of their mother, to my care.

These little ones were very fond of stories, and each day I was called upon to tell of "Joseph and His Bad Brothers," or "Peasie and Beansie," but when night came the three tired little bodies were too tired to undress without help. When a story was called for during the daytime, I'd say, "Wait until bedtime, and I'll tell you the story you like best of all." Then, after supper was over and the little faces were all washed, and while I undressed the baby, I'd have the two older ones "run a race," with the understanding that the one who was ready for bed first could choose the story.

After the story was told I'd kiss each little fellow good-night, turn out the light, and have the evening free to spend as I wished. If they talked after the story was told, no story was told next night, and there were very few bedtime stories missed. No evening passed without my keeping my part of the contract. If I had visitors I'd excuse myself for a few minutes to tell the story, and my little charges were soon in dreamland, ready to "wake up bright in the morning light."—J.W.F.

CALLING CHILDREN.

During the summer months it is impossible to keep the children within the limits of their own yard for the whole day. They run to the neighbor's, or to some playmate's yard, where there is more shade. When the

mother wants them at home she must go after them, and since it is not always convenient for her to leave the house, or probably the baby, she usually resorts to shouting at the top of her voice for the strayed "Mary" or "John" to return home. Some mothers shriek so often from the time the children arise in the morning until they go to bed at night, that they become the joke of the neighborhood, and the children become so accustomed to it that they pay little heed. In after-years, along with the memories of their childhood days, will be the recollection of that shrill call of their mother.

I have found another method just as successful as shouting, less disturbing to the neighbors, and without the strain on the voice and nerves. I have a small hand-bell, and when the children are wanted, I step to the door and ring the bell. The children understand, when they hear that bell, that they must drop all play and come home immediately.

Some mothers do not use tact or judgment with their children. Children do not like to leave their play, especially if they are called about every half-hour during the day to run errands or to mind the baby. They soon think they are imposed upon, which is about the truth of the matter; they rebel, and then trouble follows. It is all right for children to do some work; in fact, they should be given some duties. But the mother should plan to have all their work done before play begins, and then let them have uninterrupted play. They will do the errands more willingly, and the parents will not run the risk of stirring up that rebellious nature in the child which will be so harmful to him as he grows older.—E.W.G.

—"Everylady's Journal."

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And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

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'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

—Madeline S. Bridges.

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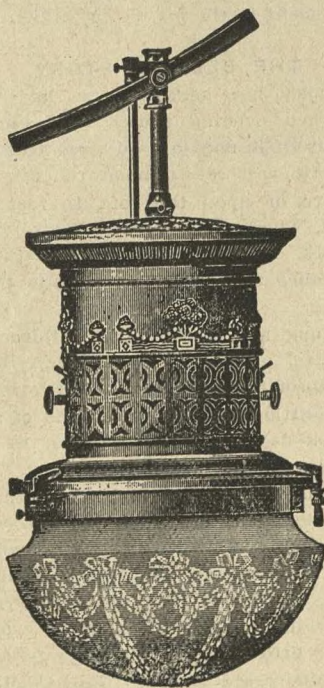
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