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A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

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VOL. V. No. 18. Price One Penny. THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1911.

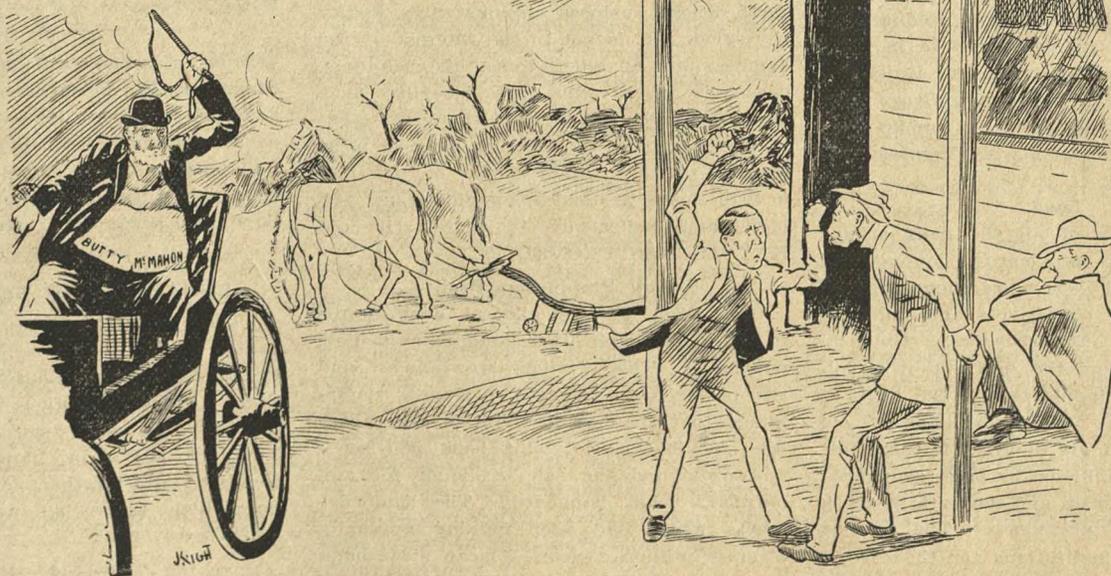
Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by Post as a Newspaper.

HOW THE BEST BECOME THE WORST.

News item:—Mr. J. McMahon, president of the Master Carriers' Association, said that his firm employed a large number of carters and yardmen, and had sufficient work to employ twice as many men of the right sort. They could get any number of a certain class of men, but those men were not fit to drive.

The present degree of prosperity was, he thought, certain to continue, and he quoted several country districts where ploughmen could be given employment straight away. As far as his own business was concerned, he frankly admitted that the best workmen were generally workmen who were not steady in their off hours.

The Commissioner: You mean that they are the best men when they're sober?—That is so. "It is a shortage of liquor that is wanted, evidently," somebody observed.



The Labor Problem is the Liquor Problem.

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The Verdict of Experts.

JUDICIAL OPINIONS OF THE SALOON.

Declaration of Judges of Various States Courts Concerning the Liquor Business.

California.

The saloon business is "a business in itself dangerous to the morals and good order of the city."—Foster vs. Police Commissioners, 102 Cal. 483.

Illinois.

We presume no one would have the hardihood to contend that the retail sale of intoxicating drinks does not tend, in a large degree, to demoralise the community, to foster vice, produce crime and beggary, want and misery.—Schwuchow vs. Chicago, 68 Ill. 444.

South Carolina.

Liquor, in its nature, is dangerous to the morals, good order, health and safety of the people, and is not to be placed upon the same footing with the ordinary commodities of life such as corn, wheat, cotton, tobacco, potatoes, etc.—State vs. Aiken, 26 L. R. A. 345.

Maryland.

The habit of drunkenness and the evils attendant upon it have always received a considerable degree of attention from the law-making power. And when we consider the poverty, misery, ruin and wretchedness which intoxication entails upon its unhappy victims, and the unspeakable woes which must be endured by helpless and innocent beings dependent upon them, and also the frequent crimes and disorders produced by the same cause, we may measure in some degree the necessity for a legislative remedy, if one can be found. Every consideration connected with the public welfare imperatively demands it.—Tragesser vs. Gray, 73 Md. 250.

Iowa.

An enumeration of all the evils arising from the use of intoxicating liquors need not be attempted. They are numerous and affect the people collectively and individually. Idleness, poverty, pauperism, crime, insanity, disease, and the destruction of human life, follow indulgence in the habit of using intoxicating drinks. Millions of our fellow countrymen are addicted to this habit, and of these, millions become drunkards. Homes are broken up and domestic peace is destroyed by drunkenness. The prisons, almshouses and institutions for the care of orphans, insanity and affliction, are largely filled by the vice. . . . Thinking men of this day largely concur in the opinion that the influence of the saloon, and the idleness and vice of the multitude of its clientage, constitute the great peril of American institu-

tions. We think none will deny that nothing but evil flows from this source.

—Pearson vs. International Distillery, 72 Iowa, 348. See also Santo vs. State, 2 Iowa 165, 63 Am. Dec. 491.

A WORD FROM THE U.S. SUPREME COURT.

"If a loss of revenue should accrue to the United States from a diminished consumption of ardent spirits, she would be a gainer a thousand fold in the health, wealth, and happiness of the people."—Supreme Court of the United States, vs. How., 632.

HOW PROHIBITION BOOMED BUSINESS IN KANSAS.

DAVID D. LEAHY, Secretary to Governor Stubbs.

There are always good men in every state who can be trusted to shake their heads at prohibition until its economic utility can be demonstrated. I, in common with practically everybody in my home town—Wichita—opposed prohibition for years. We were like a great many people who thought it would beggar the taxpayers and that store windows would be pasted over with show bills to hide the vacancy of business rooms.

During the past year over EIGHTEEN HUNDRED NEW HOUSES were built in the town, including two ten-story business blocks and new churches and schoolhouses aggregating nearly A MILLION DOLLARS.

I do not believe that there is a city on earth whose business circumstances justify the saloon. It is not to the interest of the business man anywhere to see his customers, especially those who are laboring men, spending in the saloon what should be spent in the grocery store, the shoe store or meat market—or that which should be put into a little home instead of paying rent. All logic and philosophy is against it and KANSAS HAS PROVED IT.

Full Prohibition Best.

Until 1909 Kansas allowed drug stores to sell whisky and other liquors for medical purposes. This privilege was abused and the people were aroused. Kansas determined that the best prohibition was absolute prohibition—no going back you see—and prohibited the sale of liquor for any purpose. What happened? The bank deposits which had been gaining gradually about a million a year—I mean state bank deposits—MADE A SUDDEN JUMP OF 14,000,000dol. or from 83,000,000dol. to 97,000,000 dol., which shows that something happened to interest business men in prohibition. And to show that some specific and unusual thing caused this the deposits

again assumed a steady and normal increase which they have maintained ever since. The closing of these drug stores simply added to the bank deposits for 1909 the sum of 14,000,000 instead of about 1,000,000dol.

A NOTABLE UTTERANCE.

If there is one thing which experience shows, it is that in every rank and occupation of life in this country people can maintain vigor of constitution, discharge laborious duties, and live to a good old age without any alcoholic stimulants whatever. I venture to urge, gentlemen, that there is for you, as well as for us, no safety like that of absolute abstinence. (Applause). On the one hand, you have the abundant evidence that alcohol is not necessary for the enjoyment of perfect health, and on the other hand, you have the evidence that it is the peculiar character of this substance that just on the border land between that amount which may be comparatively harmless, and that which is definitely poisonous, the power of discrimination becomes blunted. Thus the victim of commencing excess, losses, so to speak, the power of recognising the danger signals.—Sir Thos. Barlow, K.C.V.O., M.D. May 23rd, 1911, at the annual meeting of the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association.

Alcohol antagonizes every manifestation of life, stamps every tissue with the seal of disease, depraves the morals and destroys the soul. Instead of the "Elixir of Life," the "Fountain of Immortal Youth," it is the essence of depravity, the grave of hope, the advance of death.—T. Alexander MacNicholl, M.D.

From a sociological standpoint we are compelled, by uncontrovertible evidence, to acknowledge that it (alcohol) is, of all causes, the most frequent source of poverty, unhappiness, divorce, suicide, immorality, crime, insanity, disease and death.—Catholic Encyclopedia Vol. 1, page 276.

LUNATICS AND SALOONATICS.

"Those lunatics down in Maine" is the gentle way in which a liquor organ refers to the friends of prohibition in the Pine Tree State. All right, brother. We won't kick so long as you don't call us "saloonatics." There are lots of us "down in Maine" who couldn't stand for that, you know. We may be a little fussy, but we can't help it.—"Zion's Advocate."

"Did you hear that the daughter of that rich man in the next street had been driven from home?" "Driven from home? Impossible! When did it happen?" "Just after she got into a taxi-cab!"



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The Leaven of Reform.

Mrs. MARION F. RITTENHOUSE, San Luis Obispo, Cal.

"It isn't what Arthur does—'Boys will be boys'—it's the way his father rages around about it that is killing me by inches," Mrs. Martin tearfully assured her sister, Mrs. Archbold, who was visiting her.

"He stays out nights, of course," she continued, "and he plays cards a little and drinks a little, like all the other boys in his set, but you'd think to hear his father scold that he was the only boy on earth guilty of 'sowing wild oats.' I'm really afraid that his father will drive him from home with his nagging." And Mrs. Martin wrung her plump hands helplessly.

"Perhaps his father fears for his future," suggested Mrs. Archbold austerely. "He knows what a terrible misfortune it is for a young man to start wrong."

"Arthur is no worse than the other boys here," defended Arthur's mother. "Really, he isn't as bad. All the boys here drink a little."

"Not Marshall Stevens?" interrogated Mrs. Archbold.

"Indeed he does, Clara," asseverated Mrs. Martin earnestly, "quite as much as my Arthur."

"And knowing this, you allowed your daughter to engage herself to him?" questioned Mrs. Archbold sternly.

"He is the son of the wealthiest, most influential man in the whole town," said Mrs. Martin. "What more could I ask for in a son-in-law?"

"Does Alice know that his habits are not good?" demanded Mrs. Archbold, ignoring her sister's question. "What is her attitude in regard to his drinking?"

"She ignores it, of course," replied Mrs. Martin stiffly. "No really nice-minded girl speaks of these things. I would not mention it to her for the world."

Mrs. Archbold started to remonstrate, then apparently realised the futility of any attempt to combat the fallacy of the ideas of her weakly obstinate sister. "I will talk to Alice later," she said to herself. "It would be a waste of time to argue with her mother."

"Now about Arthur," she said aloud, "I want to help you with him. What are his chief weaknesses and foibles, for perhaps we can reach him through them. What are his pet vanities?"

"Well, his father says," began Mrs. Martin, hesitating, as though loth to acknow-

ledge the existence of a single weakness in her darling son, "that he cares more for the admiration and regard of his associates—especially the girls—than any one he ever knew. He says that he's the most easily influenced person of his acquaintance. He says Arthur's life is a perpetual game of 'Follow my leader.' Oh, it is really shameful the way he criticises his own son."

Mrs. Archbold gave vent to a relieved sigh, as her sister paused for breath. "If he cares for approval and is easily influenced, I think I have a solution of the problem," she said briskly. "Sister, suppose I take Arthur home with me for three or four months? He can attend the business college with his Cousin Blair. I think I have a plan that will revolutionise his ideas on a great many vital subjects, especially those of drinking and gambling."

"But there are saloons in Winston, as well as here," objected Mrs. Martin.

"There is also a very definite and decided prejudice there against them and their attendant evils," replied Mrs. Archbold—"a prejudice which evidently does not exist here, and you say that Arthur is easily influenced."

"His father says so, not that I think so," corrected Mrs. Martin.

"Well, in Winston, Arthur will mingle with young men of his own age, who consider it a disgrace to cross the threshold of a saloon, and there he will meet girls who will refuse his acquaintance if his conduct is not irreproachable."

"Then why do you want him to go to Winston?" demanded Mrs. Martin indignantly. "Do you want him to be snubbed?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Archbold gravely, "you know that I do not; but I do count on the fear of social ostracism keeping him straight and decent until his own good sense and good heart awaken to the fact that the decent, upright life is the only life. Here he knows that his bad habits have not lowered him one whit in the eyes of his friends. They seem to have either ignored or approved them."

"At Winston all this will be changed, and I promise you that he shall be made to understand that 'sporty' habits are under ban among our young people. Remember, he is only nineteen—an age when the frowns or smiles of his young friends are of para-

mount importance. Let us give him this chance, Sister."

"Well," agreed Mrs. Martin, "it will be a relief to get him away, though I'll miss him dreadfully."

On the evening of her return home, accompanied by her nephew, Mrs. Archbold held a long, serious conversation with her son, Blair, a young fellow of twenty, and her daughters, who were a few years younger. This resulted in the three young people pledging themselves to patient, forbearing efforts toward influencing aright their spoiled, arrogant young cousin.

"We won't preachify," said Blair, at the conclusion of the conference, "but we'll drop 'the word in season,' when opportunities offer. We'll play upon his little vanities as though he were a piano. All this will be for his own good, of course. We can see that he's stylish. Well, we'll drop him hints that cards and carousals are not the style in Winston. You'll find that we're three diplomats, Mother Archbold."

That her children had understood and entered into her plans for their cousin's reform Mrs. Archbold was fully convinced that very evening when she listened to a conversation of the four young people. Arthur had inquired concerning one of his friends from his home town, who was attending the Winston business college.

"Doesn't Hubert Spence belong to your athletic club?" he inquired of Blair.

"He has never been asked to join," replied Blair.

"Not asked!" echoed Arthur, in amazement. "Why don't you folks know that his father could buy all of this little burg?"

"His father hasn't money enough to buy him a membership in the club at Winston," returned Blair.

"And why?" questioned Arthur. "Why, he's a great swell."

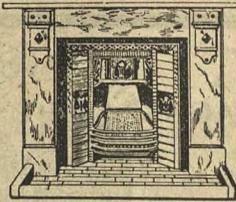
"But his habits, Arthur," said Beatrice Archbold gravely. "He was invited to one of our high school parties when he first came to Winston, and he came smelling horribly of liquor, and he wasn't just himself. Oh, it was terrible! We were so ashamed for him. He was never asked to anything again."

"Of course, we fellows couldn't have our sisters associating with a bounder like that," said Blair.

Arthur looked thoughtful, inwardly resolving to avoid the rock that had wrecked Hubert Spence's social aspirations in Winston.

"So you all dropped him for that," he said.

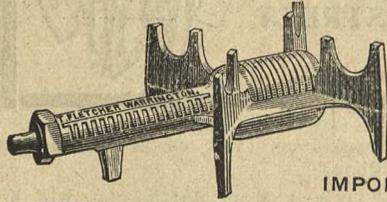
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New South Wales Alliance.

GRANVILLE GETS GOING.

It is gratifying to find that there are signs of activity in several electorates. Granville has arranged a public meeting to be held in the Young Men's Institute, Goodestreet, on Monday, 24th. Rev. R. B. S. Hammond will be the chief speaker, his address being "The Tragedy, Pathos and Humor of the Liquor Traffic." Auburn is also fixing a date for a meeting.

* * *

RIVERSTONE REVIVING.

At Riverstone, in the Sherbrooke electorate, a meeting was held on Monday night last. Rev. R. B. S. Hammond and Mr. Marion were present and spoke. The Box Scheme was launched, Mr. Saundercock becoming the local agent. Riverstone is affected by the reduction issue. One man at the big meat works is highly indignant. He is afraid that, with only one hotel left, the beer mightn't be as good. Whether they are at present getting good beer or bad beer is uncertain, but the local constable has had to accommodate quite a few thirsty ones in the local lock-up.

* * *

SUBSTANTIAL SYMPATHY.

A very cheery little note reached the office this week from one of the leading commercial houses of the city. The secretary of the company said that "his board had discussed the Alliance, and being in sympathy with the movement, were enclosing a cheque for £25." Seeing that the Alliance stands for the suppression of the liquor traffic by the will of the people, and is seeking to educate the electors up to the point of protecting themselves against this great evil, it is rather remarkable that more financial support is not forthcoming. We trust that the above contribution will encourage others to get out their cheque books and do their duty.

* * *

NEW ZEALAND'S PROHIBITION POSSIBILITIES.

The great liquor fight in New Zealand this year is already commanding attention. The poll will take place about the end of November. The result is of great importance to N.S.W. The undoubted success of No-License in New Zealand has proved beyond question its effectiveness. With the larger

issue of Dominion Prohibition, the electors have the power to sweep the curse right out of New Zealand. Unfortunately the three-fifths majority handicap makes it extremely difficult. The Alliance in N.Z. has decided to enter the political arena and strenuously oppose all candidates who are not in favor of having the liquor issue settled like every other issue, by a bare majority of the voters.

* * *

HEAVILY HANDICAPPED.

Bare majority on the liquor issue is the policy of the Alliance in New South Wales. We can alter the Federal Constitution by a bare majority. The land policy of the State, railway construction, involving the spending of millions, is settled by a majority in Parliament. The present State Government only has a majority of one, and yet carries on. Why should this iniquitous handicap be placed upon the people in dealing with the liquor traffic. No politician can call himself a democrat who will not let the bare majority settle the issue.

* * *

Several well-known temperance workers from this State will be going to New Zealand for the campaign. Mrs. Letham sails this week. Mr. James Marion leaves by the Victoria on August 2. It is quite evident that there is much to be learned from our New Zealand workers, who have had 17 years' experience in taking Local Option polls, and have from a miserable minority secured an overwhelming majority in favor of No-License.

* * *

From Come-by-Chance, which is a postal town in N.S.W., five shillings has reached the office, to be placed to the credit of the Box Scheme. It is the part sale of two pet lambs. This is very thoughtful and is keenly appreciated.

* * *

The I.O.G.T. at Burra Burra is evidently a live concern, and has written asking to be supplied with six dozen Bottom Square Boxes. Other lodges and societies are urged to get the boxes out in their districts. When we reach poll year a lot of anxiety will be

saved if we wisely get busy now, raising the pennies for the Advance to Victory Fund.

* * *

Mr. Complin is still in the southern district working in and around Temora. He is among the wheat farmers, to whom the motto, "More bread and less beer," should appeal very strongly.

* * *

Bottom Square Box agents are sending in their returns, showing a splendid advance on last quarter. It is desirable that the boxes should be opened immediately, in order to give box-holders a full quarter in which to make their contributions. Some of the boxes are realising 10s., 12s., and 15s. each, whilst instances of self-denial show how sacredly many feel their obligation to the temperance work.

* * *

Seeing that the Legislative Council has dropped the proposal to insert a clause in the Electoral Bill, which would mean the altering of the day of the Local Option poll from the day of a general election, it is not considered likely that there will be any alteration made at the present time.

* * *

Mr. W. H. Judkins is, we regret to learn, in a very serious condition. An old trouble which caused a breakdown some two years ago has made a re-appearance. Latest advices from Victoria do not reveal any improvement, and his recovery is extremely doubtful.

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THE CASE FOR THE "HOUSEMAID."

There is a general movement on foot to uphold the dignity of the "domestic helper," and it is a very laudable movement. All that can be said and done is being said and done to establish the fact that it is not "infra dig." for a girl to go to "service." Quite true. Such is and ever was true. But we may question whether many who now loudly seek to brazen forth the fact have done much to help establish it in the past. Why has it now become a general cry, accompanied by a howl of lament? Simply because those who bitterly lament have cause for their lamentation. They list to their tale of deadly woe—they must work. Why? Well, simply because they so little believed their new story of "noble work" in the past that they made Mary Jane's life a burden to her. Under their gentle and sympathetic treatment the girl wondered at times whether she were built of flesh and blood at all, or of wood or brass.

Even a worm will turn, although some varieties must perforce rear themselves on the tip of their tails to do so—and Mary Jane has at last turned. She will have "nought" of mistresses ever again, and, frankly speaking, we cannot blame her. The terrible monotony of house work is bad enough to bear, but coupled with a little frigid "overseeing" the combination becomes unbearable.

We are not, of course, contending that every domestic is an angel, nor yet a martyr, but we are of the opinion the great bulk of the treatment meted out to the army of "Mary Anns" was of such a nature as to make even "factory work" appear a joyful comparison.

Conceive, if you can, employment more mechanical and monotonous, environment more narrowing, hours more dreary and long, than those of the worker who is denied most often the pleasures of the companionship which makes all labor more enjoyable. Remember, too, that the "General" is never away from the environment of her "employment"—always under the official eye. Does she at times become supersensitive of authority or fretful, is it really to be considered wonderful?

The domestic servant needs very sympathetic treatment (though firm), but we do not think she very often receives it.

"FAIRPLAY" AGAIN.

"Fairplay" (July 7) publishes another extraordinary little self-condemnatory article. This time entitled "Goldsmith and Inns." We remarked in a recent issue, when congratulating "Fairplay" upon smashing its own arguments to atoms, that we considered their present editorial staff a perfect "gift" to the temperance cause. By way of polite acquiescence, "Fairplay" again trots out some interesting reading, and we are afraid the abovementioned "staff" will soon get the "sack."

Goldsmith's verses upon the "Inn at Auburn" are quoted in extenso, and we were afraid that the very obvious fact would be hidden that between the simple old inn and the very mild "nut brown draughts" mentioned as being consumed there and the present day hostelry with its full stock of doctored spirit (so "Fairplay" says), there is a world of difference.

But to our astonishment "Fairplay" again takes the penitent form. Starting off by saying Goldsmith did not share the disdain of our "wowsers friends" for the hotel, the liquor journal actually finishes by bemoaning the fact that the transition from the village inn to the modern hotel is indeed a very great one. To the average mind this admission would have spoiled the whole "article" as a contribution to "Fairplay," though it would make a very "nice" little column for "Grit." We can only think that the prevailing epidemic has completely shattered our friends' morale, and they desire a brief truce.

We are sorry to be obliged to refuse it, for in this contest we have no intention of "letting up" one brief instant, but can recommend a trip inland to any sufferer from that holy terror "la Grippe."

ANOTHER ADMISSION.

When you do decide to make admissions, do it thoroughly. That seems to be "Fairplay's" motto. So they promptly throw us another boquet. Under the heading "Increased Temperance," pp. 9, issue July 7th, the annual report of the Melbourne Total Abstinence Society is quoted to show—

(1) That there has been a reduction of nearly one-eighth in the charges of drunken-

ness at the City Court, Melbourne, during current year.

(2) The total sum spent in alcoholic liquors in Victoria in 1908 was £4,096,810, and in 1909, £4,005,571—a decrease of £91,239.

"Fairplay" states this decrease of money spent in alcoholic liquors is fast becoming universal.

But why a diminution in the sale of an article that (according to "Fairplay") all the leading doctors in the world hold to be of priceless value? An excellent tonic—a comforter in time of trouble, eh? Surely the nations are going mad! How do you explain such a woeful conundrum? It surely cannot be that they have discovered anything ulterior in the effect of your beloved alcohol, friend "Fairplay"? Not according to your arguments, anyway.

It will take more than half-a-column to explain this away, don't forget; and we should advise the job be placed in the hands of another member of the staff, or surely enough your friends and masters, the publicans, will soon begin to growl angrily. They subscribe to your journal to be supplied with "anti-temperance" literature—hot as you can deliver it—raucous growlings at the wowsers, and if one of your writers goes off and gets "stale" you must quickly pop another man on. Otherwise you will bump trouble, and we can feel it looming in the distance now.

Mr. M. J. White, secretary of the second oldest society of its kind in the world, the California Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, says, "I believe that of every hundred cases reported ninety-seven can be traced directly or indirectly to the use of liquor, and I am indeed convinced that I could find even a higher percentage."

Not Easy.—"What is the hardest work you do?" "My hardest work," replied the senator, "is trying to look like my photograph and talk like my speeches when I get back to my home town."

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GOOD-BYE FOR EVER.

A FEW FROZEN FACTS.

We admire the way the liquor people "crack hardy" and claim defeats as victories, and lest our folk should in any way think their cause is losing, or the temperance wave receding, we record what the Yankee would call the "frozen facts." In N.S.W. we have made wonderful strides, as the following comparison shows:—

1896.		Population to each	
Licenses.	Number.	license granted.	
Publicans	4629	302	
Colonial Wine ..	609	2114	
Booth and Stand	1680	766	
1909.		Population to each	
Publicans	2923	570	
Colonial Wine ..	583	2858	
Booth and Stand	1612	1033	

At the poll in 1907, the people voted out 293 pubs., and in 1910 they voted out another 28. We do smile when we hear the liquor people talk of their victories.

IN NEW ZEALAND.

The position in New Zealand is even more hopeful than in N.S.W., as they have the right to ask for Dominion prohibition there.

1896.		Population to each	
Licenses.	Number.	license granted.	
Publicans	1561		
Other Licenses	693		
		488	
1909.		Population to each	
Publicans	1257		
Other Licenses	731		
		732	

New Zealand has the advantage of twelve areas without any licenses, and the undoubted advantages they enjoy on that account are slowly but surely winning the whole Dominion.

IN VICTORIA.

In Victoria a Licensing Reduction Board was appointed in 1907, so that it will not have completed the fifth year of its existence in 1911; yet in that period 502 houses which it has determined were not necessary for the convenience of the public and the requirements of the various localities will have been closed. The board was constituted to reduce the number of licenses in districts where hotels in excess of the statutory number existed. The number of such districts is 126, and of these already 106 have been the scene of its operations. Of the twenty still left untouched, only two have an excess of ten or over, while twelve have only an excess of two or less. The Licensing Act of 1890 provides that the

number of victuallers' licenses is not to exceed one for each two hundred and fifty of the first thousand inhabitants, and a further one for each subsequent five hundred in each district.

The work of the board has been distributed over the State in almost equal proportions, with the result that in the cities and urban districts 34 per cent., and in the country districts 36 per cent., of the hotels in excess will have been closed at the end of this year. In every one of these cases compensation will have been paid to owners and licenses, for which the ordinary taxpayer will not be a penny out of pocket. The whole of the sum awarded, amounting to some two hundred thousand pounds, has been contributed by owners and licensees themselves.

IN CANADA.

Never has the cause made such strides as in the past two years.

Prince Edward Island, without license since 1902, is under the operation of the Provincial Prohibitory Law. There obtains a much smaller percentage of drunkenness and crime of all kinds than elsewhere.

Nova Scotia. No sale of liquor except in Halifax. The Act provides for closing seventeen licensed houses in Halifax (at once, and for reducing licenses to the proportion of one to 1000. This will bring down the licenses to forty-five.

New Brunswick. Local option. Two wards in St. John have gone dry. Of the sixteen counties and cities in the remainder of the province, and including the capital city, Fredericton, several are under Local Option by virtue of the Scott Act.

In the Province of Quebec. The parish is the smallest municipal unit, and the Parish Councils have authority to pass Local Option By-laws. There are 1008 parishes, of which 664 are under such by-laws. Parishes are being added and a wave is sweeping over Quebec.

Ontario. One-eighth of the bar-rooms went out of the business on April 30th. Through Local Option By-laws 200 were cut off in seventy-seven municipalities. There are 812 municipalities, towns, villages and townships, and on May 1, 1910, 405 went dry.

Saskatchewan. Local Option By-laws by majority vote. Of seven towns voting last December, four of the most important places in the Province voted out the bar.

Alberta. Two large districts in the north and one in the south are very dry. There is a stringent licensing law. An effort is

being made to repeal the three-fifths requirement to prohibit.

Manitoba. Of 130 municipalities seventy-two are dry. A great campaign was arranged for December, 1910.

British Columbia. In November in voting as to whether or not a Local Option Law should be enacted by the Provincial Legislature 3500 voted in favor of Local Option, though there was not a majority of votes cast in the election of members of the Legislature.

A Sunday Closing Act of 1910, prohibiting also the sale of intoxicants to persons already intoxicated.

In 1908 Dominion Parliament amended Canada Temperance Act.

Bills now before Canadian Parliament providing for effective prevention of illegal importation of liquor into places in which the Act is in force.

IN THE UNITED STATES.

California has just enacted a local option law giving to the municipalities of the State and the supervisorial districts of each county the right to abolish the saloon by a majority vote. The legislature of Illinois has come within a very few votes of adopting county local option. In fact, according to the testimony of the liquor crowd, the fight for county option was nearer success at this session of the Illinois legislature than at any previous session since the anti-saloon movement was inaugurated in the State. The Oklahoma legislature has enacted an iron-clad law greatly strengthening the provisions of the present prohibitory measure, which was recently sustained by an overwhelming majority in the State election. The legislature of Idaho enacted two splendid advance temperance measures, which, although vetoed at last by the governor, indicate the trend of public sentiment in that State. In Washington, the granting of suffrage to women and the result of the recent recall elections in Seattle and Tacoma, in both of which recreant chief executives were recalled and other officers put in their places, indicate something of how much reaction in reform work has taken place in the Pacific Northwest.

In Kansas, moreover, every effort of the liquor crowd to amend or weaken the present prohibitory law of the State met with overwhelming defeat; as did also the efforts of the liquor crowd in a score of other State legislatures.

These facts, together with the recent action of the legislatures of West Virginia and Texas in submitting a prohibitory amendment to the vote of the people, indicate just about how much truth there is in the liquor cry of reaction and just about how much the American temperance wave has receded.

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RHEUMATISM and THE REMEDY

Rheumatism may be traced to several causes, the chief of which may be summed up thus—defective kidneys. These fail to keep the blood free from uric acid, or urea, or waste blood product; this breeds nerve and fibre inflammation, which causes agony or pain. Kidneys, cold, weakness, constipation, causes poisoned blood, which again may mean RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, DROPSY, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, and GOUT.

Heavy flesh diets, eaten day after day, with their animal fats and acids, make a charnel-house of the stomach and a fermenting sewer of the kidneys. To check this evil, here is the remedy. PAGE'S INDIAN COMPOUND is the scientific cleanser of uric blood poison; it is its antidote by virtue of certain neutralising properties it possesses. It strengthens and tones the stomach, gives bowel regularity, soothes and eases the irritated nerves, gives a natural kidney strength, and leaves the blood clean and pure. And this process is the only radical cure for rheumatism in any form. Try it.

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BREWERIES AND EXCESSIVE DRINKING.

Archdeacon Westcott, speaking at a meeting of the Christian Social Union at Norwich, said that although he was not a teetotaler he would not invest money in breweries because he realised that the profits of nine breweries out of ten were dependent upon the inducing of people to drink more than was good for them.

VICTORIA'S WINE PRODUCTION.

Falls Off 1,830,322 Gallons in 13 Years.

The production of wine in Victoria has fallen from 2,822,263 gallons in 1897 to 991,941 gallons in 1910.

The Director of Agriculture (Dr. Cameron) says the falling off in the industry has been directly due to the ravages of phylloxera.—Daily Press.

Wealthy Merchant—"I've been spending quite a lot of money on that place of mine. Want to make it fit for a gentleman, y'see." Farmer—"I understand. Going to let it, eh?"

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This is the age of specialists, and it is scarcely the business of the employer to adjust claims for accidents happening to his work people, although he is liable for them under the Workmen's Compensation Act 1910, so that the wise employer takes out a Policy with a well-known Insurance Company such as the SOUTH BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED (Head Office for N.S.W., 12 Bridge Street, Sydney; Geo. H. Moore, Manager), which secures him against all such claims, just and unjust alike, saving him time, worry, and expense.

AN EARLY LITERARY START.

"Yes, grandma, when I graduate I intend following a literary career—write for money, you know." "Why, Willie, my dear, you haven't done anything else since you've been at college."

* * *

Scott: "The difference between a poor man and a millionaire—" Mott: "Yes, I know all about it. One worries over his next meal and the other over his last."

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GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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

THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1911.

STARVING CHILDREN TRY TO EAT SOAP.

When the famous "Tilly Tatters" poster appeared on the hoardings, many people considered it was over-drawn. Even amongst No-license workers the question was raised as to whether there were any children "really like that." To those who have drawn aside the curtain of the drunkard's home and have seen the awful suffering on innocent children, "Tilly Tatters" was not an isolated case. Geo. R. Sims in his book, "The Cry of the Children," tells of the shocking condition of child life in London. The following case reported in the "Evening News" of July 13th reveals a striking instance of the effects of drink:—

"A bootmaker named William Brown, 50, was charged at the Police Court, Carlton, a suburb of Melbourne, with having without reasonable excuse, neglected to provide proper lodging for his two children, Walter and Annie Brown.

"The case for the prosecution was that a neighbor had heard the defendant's wife swear at him, and say, "I am not going to sit here and starve." Brown never appeared to be under the influence of liquor, but he used to make a noise at night, and the conclusion arrived at was that he was drunk. He had been seen carrying beer to the house. The children, aged 4 and 7 years respectively, who were admitted to the Children's Hospital, were covered in filth and swarming with vermin. The elder child was idiotic, and the younger mentally affected. When taken to the bath they tried to eat the soap. Both were much under normal weight for children of their ages. There was scarcely any furniture in the house, the only bedding being a mattress in a filthy condition. Brown's wife was a cripple. The defendant was a slow worker, but could earn 30s. a week. The only cooking utensil in the house was a dipper. A constable told the defendant he had heard of his drinking 15 long beers and five rums at one sitting, and Brown replied, 'I didn't pay for the drink myself, someone else shouted.'

"Defendant, against whom there were two previous convictions, was fined £20; in default, six months' gaol."

Yet, to-day, there are people who wouldn't rob a poor man of his beer, and go on bolstering up a traffic that robs a child of its reason, and leaves it to starve in a land of plenty. The people to whom the money

argument appeals should remember that in this case a man has to be kept in gaol for six months; the children will have to be provided for by the State fully another ten years, which, at 10/- per week, will amount to £260. Should they fail to regain their reason this may run into fully £2000 before they are released from a living death. No wonder men and women, with human feeling, get excited in dealing with such a hellish business, made possible by the votes of people in a professedly Christian country.

THE AFTERMATH OF LEGALISED DRINKING.

On Friday, 14th inst., in Melbourne, Joseph Curtis, a laborer, who has been drinking methylated spirits, collapsed, and is now lying in the Melbourne Hospital in a serious condition.

Dr. Piper stated that the extent of the consumption of methylated spirits is becoming most serious, and almost daily people in consequence were taken to the hospital for treatment.

The police state that methylated spirits is drunk in gallons every Sunday by poor people in the city and suburbs.

The same practice is common in Sydney. It is beyond question that the only ones who drink methylated spirits, which is 96 per cent. alcohol, are those who have been debauched and degraded by ordinary liquor drinking. The bar loafer, the drink made derelict, the alcoholic—these fruits of our legalised liquor traffic are the victims of this death-dealing habit. Our best protest and our best remedy against such habit is to persuade to total abstinence, and to banish the bar. This combined effort is the way to safeguard the weak and defeat those who are prepared to sacrifice life to make dividends.

GILDED VICE.

There is no room for argument on the question of gambling. It is not only acknowledged to be a dangerous and demoralising vice, but it is held by very many to be the national vice of the Commonwealth. Gambling is wrong, not in the amount or extent involved, but it is wrong in itself, since it is a violation of the moral law that is binding by common consent throughout the world, including the uncivilised parts, as well as the civilised. The universal law is that there can be no exchange of property except on the basis of exchange or benevolence. There is no part of the world where this does not hold good. Gambling is therefore wrong on the ground that it dethrones reason and enthrones chance, the result being that the person who becomes possessed of anything by means of gambling is face to face with this position—it is not his on the basis of exchange, or benevolence; it is his by chance, which is unreasonable or cunning, which is dishonest.

Being wrong in itself it has had a long black record in the lives of people in all times, and perhaps never more so than at present. It is now proposed to introduce the "tote," this being the machine that

makes a divinity of chance, and by specious claims of fairness wins thousands to become gamblers. In addition to this "damnable machine" the public are being blinded by gold dust, since they are told that it will make all charities unnecessary since 10 per cent. on the "tote" takings will give £300,000 a year for such purposes. In addition to demoralising the community by making gambling easy, respectable, and legal, it is going to dry up the fountain of human sympathy, and, instead of a hospital collection, we are to have, say, an extra race day, to which every one must go that the hospitals may get 10 per cent. to keep them open. The whole thing is revolting and unchristian, and we hope a great public indignation will let our Parliament know how abhorrent the whole idea is to the right-thinking portion of the community.

Immediately write to your member and urge him to protest against the bill to legalise the "tote" which Mr. Leven is now ready to place before Parliament.

WHAT I WOULD BE.

- I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
- I would be pure, for there are those who care;
- I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
- I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
- I would be friend of all the foe—the friendless;
- I would be giving, and forget the gift;
- I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
- I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

—Howard Arnold Walters.

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SHORTHAND EXAMS.

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

From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

A FOX DRIVE.

(By PAUL.)

Have you ever been to a fox drive? Isn't it interesting and exciting, if the foxes come your way, and isn't it slow and stupid if they don't?

The men were mostly crack shots at the last drive I went to (farmers won't cook fowls and turkeys for duffers). A glorious day, clear, and crisp, and shiny, the twigs cracked like tiny stock-whips under our feet, and the foxes could smell us a mile away, for they were sly ones in that district, reared on fowls and turkeys.

The shooters climbed to the top of the hill, and then spread out and waited for the drivers on the other side to send the foxes up to the guns. I sat on a log and peeped through the fine saplings on either side to see where the next men were. On my right side stood a boy of 14 years whom I had charge of. When I caught sight of him through the trees I put down my gun and laughed till my sides ached. It was his first fox drive, and he had a large white bag on his back bulging with cartridges, the weight of which made him stagger as he came up the hill. (He only had six shots during the whole day). He wore his father's leggings and had his big brother's gun. He reminded me of Christian in Pilgrim's Progress with the burden on his back. He was standing with gun cocked, and levelled at an imaginary object, mouth wide open, and eyes glued to a bit of clearing beyond the pine scrub. I called softly, "Jock, Jock"—had I shouted he would have dropped the gun—"you needn't hold your breath yet, and don't fire until the fox is within coo-ee. Then let your gun speak just once, and when you cover the fox with your gun, try to lose sight of his graceful form and dainty step, and think how he smells, and think of all the turkeys he has stolen—then pull!"

While sitting on the log in the sunshine I mused on Samson. What a character he was! To catch 300 foxes and tie their tails together and put a firestick between them and let them go. I heard Jock's gun go off twice. Then he shouted breathlessly—"Look out! it's coming—." I wheeled round, raised my gun, and saw that it was going, and with a clear start of 200 yards. That was Jock's only mistake; he scored well for the day, although he remarked that he shot the next one in self-defence. I had a good deal of luck, and topped the score for the day; one of the boys said that the foxes made for the girl every time. (Thought they were safe!)

Coming home that night in the sulky which laden with dead hares, dead rabbits, and fox skins, guns, and lots of cartridges, Jock's youngest brother, who had been driving all day, snuggled up to me and said: Do you know what part of the day I liked best, Miss John? It was the part after each drive when our work was over, and we could

race up to see what you had killed. We didn't know always if we had chased anything before us until the end of the drive.

Isn't that like the Christian life? We cannot tell what evil passions we have driven before us, nor how many little foxes have slipped back again. We cannot tell what we have achieved, nor what God has done for us till the end of life's long drive.

(Dear Paul,—Thank you! A breezy, bull's eye hitting kind of story. If I had been a fox, I certainly would have made for you, if only to escape that terrible Jock. I could hardly expect my out-of-doors' friend to care two pins about printers and their fads, but if Paul would write on one side of the paper only somebody would get home to tea five minutes earlier. Thank you! Your letters are quite jolly and cunning.—Uncle B.)

FOR SUNDAY.

ABOUT METALS.

1. Where in a parable is silver mentioned? (Luke).
2. What else besides lead went into the furnace? (Ezekiel).
3. Where is gold first mentioned in the Bible? (Genesis).
4. Where is gold last mentioned? (Revelations).
5. What metal was found in the bag? (Genesis).

FOR MONDAY.

HOW MANY GIRLS ARE THERE.—(116).

If £3 is divided amongst fifty boys and girls, the boys getting $\frac{1}{3}$ each, and the girls $\frac{1}{-}$ each, how many girls are there?

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.

To Maggie Roddan, Cooma, for July 24 (9).

To Mabel Muller, Gunning, for July 25 (14)

To Amy Cowen, Tenterfield, for July 28 (15).

(Dear Three Graces,—Happy, happy, happy may you be! Our loving wishes reach from Cooma to Tenterfield, with a loop around Gunning. 1 Cor. 13-13.—Uncle B.)

ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS.—June 29.

(By DORA HOWELL).

I.—Miracles in St. Matthew's Gospel.

1. The Centurion's servant.
2. The man with palsy.
3. 12-22.
4. Walking on the sea.
5. Daughter of the woman of Canaan.

II.—A Sweet Bible Name.

Mary.

Send letters, answers to puzzles, and everything for Page 11 to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please write on one side of the page only.



UNCLE BARNABAS.
HIS OWN DEAR SELF.

(Taken specially—but not for "Grit.")

At last the cat is out of the bag! Uncle Barnabas has found a rather old, but very pretty picture of himself, and has consented to its appearance on this page. The secret has been kept quite long enough, so now everybody may see for themselves who Uncle Barnabas is. I wonder what he is thinking about. Isn't he a fine little fellow? I don't think that good little boy ever got up to tricks, do you?—Editor.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT TREES.—July 6th.

(By BERYL ANDERSON.)

1. Sycamore tree (Luke 19-4).
2. Fig tree (John 1-48).
3. Cedar tree and Hyssop (1st Kings 4-33)
4. Bramble (Judges 9, verses 8 to 15).
5. Mustard seed (Luke 13-19).

"FIVE WERE WISE."

Gladys Noble, "The Rectory," Liverpool, writes:

My Dear Uncle B.—I thank you for reproducing Vera and me again. We are wondering whether the photo of Uncle B. will be one taken lately, or one of a "plain, simple, innocent, happy-looking" five-year-old, since Uncle B. has only been in existence five years.

Father and I hope to hear "Elijah" tomorrow night, sung by the Sheffield choir. Phyllis and I hope to join Lucy and Bernice Bruntnell with Milcie Southwell on Wednesday week to go to Mr. Hammond's church.

Sylvie, Milcie, and I did recognise Dora Howell from a photo on the "Mother Bear" card, so we may see some of the others some day. Now, I must say good night, with fond love.

(Dear Gladys,—No, you are wrong again, Miss Clever. I was more than twice five when the picture was taken. I am afraid I have altered a good deal since then, though. And how did you enjoy the glorious choir? That was a nice party of five. The church is not often visited by distinguished subur-

BOOKLET ON "HEALTHFUL LIVING" POSTED FREE.

VEGETARIAN CAFE,

45 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

ban maidens. Will you tell us how you think suburbs might sweeten slums? Everybody sends loving greetings.—Uncle B.)

WARM DISCUSSION IN PARKES.

Bessie Bowditch, "Examiner Office," Parkes, writes:

Dear Uncle B.—It is a good while now since I wrote to you. Mother got a Bottom Square Box from Mrs. Saunders, the agent, who told me she had distributed about two dozen. I knew a lady once who always kept a Mercy Box on the mantel shelf, and when any of the young people who came to see her used a slang word she fined them a halfpenny, or if it was an extra bad one they had to put in a penny. I thought the suggestion might be of some use to you.

There has been some discussion about you here in Parkes. Some said you were the "Church of England-Methodist," others, that you were a straight-out Methodist, but I think you are the former. I think "Grit" is a really good paper, and I see a good many, for I am in father's office, and part of my work is to read all the exchanges. I sometimes get a nice clipping from "Grit," and last week father thought such a lot of the article on "The Siamese Twins of Evil," that he clipped a lot of it.—Your affectionate niece.

(Dear Bessie,—Really, I don't mind how you settle that debate, for I am content to be either. I rather think myself the young gentleman in the picture was a kind of Church of England-Methodist. So was John Wesley, if I am not mistaken. "Grit" likes the Parkes "Examiner's" splendid out-and-outness on No-license. I should like to fine every girl I like very much ten pounds for every slang word used. Oh, doesn't it spoil them? And they don't see it! What do you think?—Uncle B.)

A LETTER THAT NEARLY MISSED COMING.

Arthur Day, Bligh's Road, Tapanui, N.Z., writes:

Dear Uncle B.—I am going to write to you at last. We are going to break up next Friday at school for two weeks. I am very glad, too. We had five days for Easter, and I went up to East Oxford for the five days. I have got thirteen pigeons now: the cat took five young ones, and there is another one going to lay. I know you will be glad to hear that Mr. T. E. Taylor has been elected Mayor of Christchurch. Mother says Mr. Tayne is working very hard for the No-license, trying to make other people work, too. Mr. C. Toole, of Auckland, is coming next week to hold a five days' mission. He is to speak on the bare majority and the Dominion prohibition vote. We hope you will be coming to speak to us soon. I am top of my class at school, and have passed the month's examination. I had ten marks for writing, and also ten marks for

drawing, and seventeen for reading, and four sums out of five. Instead of our usual lessons at Sunday school on Sunday, we had an address on the Bible from the Rev. Garland. We have got three kittens now, and mother wants to give them away to some one as soon as they are big enough.

This is Arthur's letter unfinished, and as he is at school and the mail goes, I think I had better send it as it has been written some time, and will be soon out of date.

With kindest regards, yours very sincerely,—Ruth Day.

P.S.—Hope No-license work is progressing. We are hoping for great things at next election, and I hope you will be able to give us a long visit very soon.

(Dear Arthur,—I don't like that cat. I don't mind if you chase it round the garden 16 times. The nasty thing! Is it that striped one? Poor little pigeons! How their hearts must go pittaty-pat when they see Old Grimalkin! Your marks at school are good. I would give you nine for your letter, and mother one for finishing it off. Thank you for wishing me to come. And who wouldn't like to come to see New Zealand, and you, and fight for No-license?—Uncle B.)

HE WOULD LIKE TO BE A NIECE!

Lindsay Brown, Church Street, Rookwood, writes:

Dear Uncle B.—I have been reading "Grit" for a long time, and wishing I could get writing to you. At last I have succeeded. I wonder will you let me be one of your nieces, but wait a while, I can't, because I'm a boy! I will be ten years of age the first day in July. There was a puzzle in last week's "Grit" that I thought I could answer. This is it:—

As a farmer was going to plough,
He met a man driving a cow;
They had words that led to a row,
And the farmer was struck on the brow.

One day when the weather was rough
An old lady went out for some snuff
Which she thoughtlessly put in her muff,
And it got scattered all over her cuff.

While a baker was making his dough,
A weight fell down on his toe;
He suddenly shouted out Oh!
Because the blow hurt him so.

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

I remain yours, etc.

(Dear Lindsay,—Well then, poor boy, as you can't be a niece, I'll make a nephew of you! You wouldn't like to wear a pinafore and a sun-bonnet, would you? You are a jolly little chap, I guess. I think I can see you smiling now, aren't you? I hope you will write to me pretty often. That puzzle poetry has not puzzled you, I see. Did you

have a first-rate birthday? Tell us about it. Good-bye, Lindsay.—Uncle B.)

"WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE!"

Katie and Isabel McCulloch, "Nilma," Come-by-Chance, N.S.W., write:

Dear Uncle B.—We are not yet your nieces, but we have always enjoyed reading your "Seven to Seventeeners" Page. I am 13 years old and my sister Isabel is 10 years old. We have been living up here in the country since Easter 1910, and like it very much. We know who you are Uncle Barnabas, because our sister is the girl who was "cook's assistant" at "Warncliffe" when you were there. But we won't tell on you. We have not a Bottom Square Box, but we are sending you some money for that fund. We sold two pet lambs, and are sending you some of the money, 2/6 from each of us. We are, your affectionate nieces.

(Dear Katie and Isabel,—Thank you both, and the dear pet lambs for the 5/-. Right glad I am to make you "nieces," and to say how-do-you-do? I wonder if those people at Wharncliffe caused the cook's assistant to spoil the broth. It would be funny if you were wrong after all. But the picture to-day may help you.—Uncle B.)

"UNCLE B. IS MR. BRUNTNELL."

Nettie Bennett, Millthorpe, writes:

Dear Uncle B.—It seems years ago since I wrote to you; I suppose you have forgotten all about your niece, Nettie.

I always like to read the letters on Page 11. I remembered Mother's Day on the 14th May. I got up fairly early and helped with the breakfast, but my sister lay covered up in bed, and father wrote a long letter to his mother. She lives in Sydney, and is an old lady. Ha, ha! I've got a secret to tell. Uncle B. is Mr. Bruntnell. Why I think so is the Rev. Mr. Burns at Spring Hill having cocoa with us one night and mother said, "There's Uncle B.," pointing to Mr. Hammond's photo, but he said "No, it was not," and he only smiled when we asked "Was it Mr. Bruntnell?"

I went to church with mother this morning, and Mr. Murphy preached. I think he came from Ireland, but he is a beautiful speaker. I wish you had been with us. The singing was nice, and I can sing the Te Deum. We are thinking to start a private hospital, for we have all had something the matter with us. Mother and Mr. Pearce have had influenza, and dad was kicked on the leg with a horse, and Ruth and I have continual coughs. Keith has had a bad cough, and little Clarice had whooping-cough, but is better now. I must say "good night" now, Uncle B. With much love to all my cousins and yourself, I remain, your fond niece.

(Dear Nettie,—I know that Rev. Mr. Burns, and the twinkle of his eye! But the picture to-day will show who was right, won't it? Oh no! I had not forgotten you. But I am smiling all over my face to think that you have not forgotten me. You should each take a hot basin of gruel, put your feet in nearly scalding water, and tallow your noses—then see what would become of those horrid old coughs. Good night. Would you like a hot bottle to your feet?—Uncle B.)

For Our Encouragement.

Some Striking Figures Demonstrating the Growth of No-License in New Zealand.

JAMES MARION.

Because of non-success in reaching No-license at the last poll, many people imagine that such a result is absolutely impossible, and therefore not worth working for. However, this opinion is not universal, well-informed workers being satisfied that more education is needed, and much more organization in order to reach our objective. A careful investigation of the figures in New Zealand reveals the fact that there are many electorates in New South Wales much further advanced at the taking of the second poll here in 1910 than there were in New Zealand in 1899, when the second poll was taken there, and further that the Continuance majorities were most pronounced in seven electorates, which have since carried No-license. The following figures taken from seven electorates will reveal the position:—

Result of second Local Option Poll in N.Z. in 1899 in seven electorates that have since carried No-license:

	Con.	N.L.
Grey Lynn	1869	1472
Eden	1749	1314
Ohinimuri	2066	1533
Ashburton	2100	1565
Oamaru	2163	1615
Invercagill	2558	1824
Masterton	1789	1423
Totals	14,294	10,746

The percentage of votes cast for No-license at that poll was a shade under 43 per cent. for the seven electorates. Four of these electorates carried No-license at the third poll (nine years after 1899). These were Invercagill, Oamaru, Grey Lynn, and Ashburton, and three after four polls (12 years).

These figures should certainly give hope to every No-license worker, and with the realisation of what has been accomplished in New Zealand, the liquor traffic may rest assured that the fight is by no means over in New South Wales. The following electorates in this State are in quite as good a position, and many infinitely better, than the above seven electorates quoted, which now have the honor of being under No-license:—

	Percentage N.L. Votes.
Allowrie	48.203
Ashfield	51.894
Broken Hill	44.397
Burwood	50.078
Canterbury	47.621
Durham	43.065
Gloucester	52.575
Gordon	52.049
Goulburn	48.942
Granville	45.599
Hastings and Macleay	43.264
Petersham	48.671
Richmond	48.934
Rous	48.437

Sherbrooke	48.439
St. George	48.029
Sturt	46.432
Waratah	44.325

One of the most striking features of the growth of this vote is the fact that prior to the carrying of No-license there was no material decrease in liquor consumption or charges of drunkenness, hence the habits of the people did not affect the result. The two magic words, which are the key to the whole secret, are Education and Organization. The New Zealanders have had to do what we will have to do here:—

(1) Satisfy the electors that No-license is an effective method of dealing with the liquor evil.

(2) Clearly show them that No-license does not affect the financial or labor markets adversely.

(3) Take hold of the boys and girls of to-day, who will be the voters in a few years' time and instil the anti-alcoholic principle into their young minds.

(4) Organize the No-license voters. A great army of voluntary workers will have to come forward and work to this end. The battle is won on the door step and heart to heart talks with electors.

(5) See that on Polling Day every No-license voter is brought to the poll. A worker should be provided to supervise every 20 voters, and feel that it is his or her bounden duty to get in every vote.

(6) Giving.—There must be greater generosity for this cause. The famous appeal of the late Archdeacon Farrar must be heard. He says, "We forget that the wealthy men who give worthily of their dangerous accumulations are not one in a hundred. We forget that the vaulted charities of England when estimated by the certain wealth of England are not the glory of our national generosity, but the most damning proof of the national meanness. Why, if we had the courage to break the accursed tyranny of drink, England might once more bloom like a garden."

New Zealanders have learned to give. At the present moment a £25,000 thanksgiving

fund is being raised to fight the liquor traffic.

The abolition of the liquor traffic is now in the hands of the people, and it rests with those who would see this great monster slain to fight steadily on, undaunted by discouragement and difficulties, remembering that time is on the side of right, and the realization of our object must come in the plenitude of time.

A LIQUOR ADVERTISEMENT DID IT.

While the better class of periodicals and newspapers is refusing to accept liquor advertisements, there is still a large number of papers which need to be "agitated and educated" out of the practice. Doubtless some of the publishers of these papers imagine that nothing more than a question of financial loss or gain is involved, and the human side of the proposition has never been presented to their minds. An argument which goes to the heart of the matter is given in an incident related by "The Ladies' Home Journal": A boy of sixteen was found intoxicated in one of the poorer districts of Philadelphia. Upon seeking to learn the reason for his condition, it developed that he had seen a newspaper advertisement of a certain brand of whisky which "read so good" that he had given money to an older boy to buy a flask, the contents of which they had divided between them.

The more picturesque and artistic, the more attractively worded and the higher the class of the paper in which it appears, the more dangerous is the advertisement of these "misery-makers."—"Union Signal."

THE MATTER WITH CHICAGO.

The public has been assured time and again that saloons mean prosperity to the city or town, and as Chicago has 7000 saloons there should be no doubt about the prosperity of that municipality. And yet the officials of Chicago have given out a statement showing that it is positively necessary for that city to float more bonds, as the town is practically bankrupt. Why in the world does not Chicago advertise for more saloons in order to avert this financial difficulty!

A Practical Mother.—"I didn't notice you at the mothers' congress." "No," replied the woman addressed, "I'm not a theoretical mother, you know. I have six."

THE ROOFING THAT HAS SATISFIED THE LEADING ARCHITECTS OF THE WORLD

Malthoid Roofing

IT IS A FELT SATURATED AND COATED WITH A MINERAL WHICH WE HAVE USED FOR 27 YEARS.

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

Fine —
Flavored

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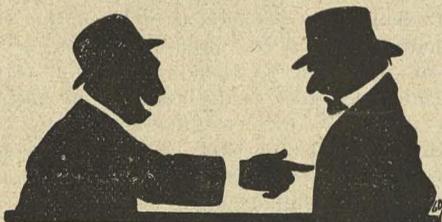
Of Every
Description

OBTAINABLE AT

Griffiths Bros., 534 George St., Sydney.

This is Where You Laugh.

⊕ ⊕



HARDLY SUFFICIENT TIME.

Whistler, the famous artist, was walking with a friend when he stopped abruptly beside an astonishingly dirty specimen of the London street Arab. The boy fidgeted a little under Whistler's prolonged scrutiny, and was on the point of moving off when the artist asked abruptly, "How old are you?" "Seven, sir," was the reply. "Oh, you must be more than that!" "No, sir," the boy protested, "I ain't!" "Are you quite sure?" "Yes, sir, I'm just seven." Whistler turned to his friend. "I don't think," he commented, "he could get so dirty as that in seven years, do you?"

* * *

NOTHING LIKE ADVERTISING.

An actor, who had travelled expressly from town to appear at a charity concert in his native village, recited "The Village Blacksmith." "Oncower!" cried the excited audience—"oncower!" The actor was about to go on the platform again when a burly rustic, very much out of breath, tapped him on the arm. "I've just come round from the front," whispered the man excitedly. "I want 'e to do me a favor." "Well, what is it?" queried the actor impatiently, as the renewed cries of "Oncower!" fell on his ears. "It's this," whispered the intruder. "I 'appen to be the josser you've been talkin' about, and I want you to put in a verse this time saying as how I lets out bicycles!"

* * *

NOT WHAT SHE MEANT.

"Dear teacher," wrote little Edith's mother, "please excuse Edith for not coming to school yesterday, as she fell in the gutter. By doing the same you will greatly oblige her mother."

* * *

"Did the audience weep while I was singing?" asked the temperamental soprano. "No," replied the music director. "You were making that noise all by yourself."

MARKS INSUFFICIENT.

"My boy," said a police sergeant to a constable, "you used to say I was lazy. But look at these stripes"—showing his arm. "I didn't get those by loafing at street corners, eh?" No, sergeant," the constable answered, with a sour smile, "I know you didn't get them in that way, or you'd be a zebra by now!"

* * *

CAUSE OF HIS CONVERSION.

For three weeks John had borne all the horrors of spring cleaning without a murmur; then his patience gave way. "And you," lamented his sobbing wife—"you used to tell me I was y-your queen!" "Yes," he said, with a wild glare; "but when a man finds his queen has used his best tobacco jar for pale oak varnish and his meerschau pipe for a tack hammer he begins to long for the advantages of a republic!"

* * *

A SPELLING LESSON.

The pretty young teacher was struggling to impart spelling book lore to a small Italian boy, says the Delineator.

"Chief" was the word under consideration. "C-h-e-f," spelled Tony, laboriously.

"Oh, now, Tony," she said, "you've left out one letter. Can't you think what it is?"

Tony shook his shiny black head.

"It's name is just the same as something you have," she went on, looking straight into his eyes. "I can see them looking at me this minute, right out of your head—two big brown ones."

"Bugs!" shouted Tony, triumphantly.

* * *

A PLEASANT REMEDY.

"O Finnerty, I have a terrible toothache! It has made me that crazy I don't know whether I'm a steam pump or a jumping Jack."

"Why don't ye do what I do whin I have the toothache?"

"What's that?"

"I go home to me wife; she puts her ar-rms round me neck, kisses an' hugs me, smoothes me forehead an' I forget all about it. Why don't yt try it?"

"I will, Finnerty. Is your wife at home now?"

* * *

"There is joy among the liquor fraternity when a Christian votes so that the saloon-keeper can continue to prey."

BITS OF WISDOM.

Delusions are like girls; we don't care to hug them unless they are attractive.

* * *

It is right to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are.

* * *

The first twenty years of a man's life is spent in making mistakes. The next twenty years he spends in finding it out. The rest of his life he spends, God willing, in rectifying them.

* * *

"Yes," boasted an over-dressed individual, "I make my clothes last. This hat is an example of my thrift. Bought it three years ago, had it blocked twice, and exchanged it once for a new one at a cafe."

* * *

The man at the table: "Look here, waiter that lobster is without a claw. How's that?"

Waiter: "You see, they're so fresh, these lobsters, they fight with each other in the pantry."

The man at the table: "Well, take that one away and bring me one of the winners."

* * *

A very loquacious female witness, whom the opposing counsel could not silence, so far kept him at bay that, by way of brow-beating her, he exclaimed: "Why, woman, there's brass enough in your face to make a kettle!"

"And sauce enough in yours," she instantly rejoined, "to fill it."

HEADACHE CURE.

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

HALF HOUR HEADACHE HEALERS.

Give almost immediate relief and cure the worst of these complaints in half-an-hour. They are of great value for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Influenza, Sleeplessness, Brain Fag, and all Nerve Troubles.

They contain nothing that is harmful.

PRICE, 1s. PER BOX.

E. FARIS-INGS,
City Pharmacy,
BURWOOD, SYDNEY.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS
BOOK DEPOT.

CHAS. C. MIHELL,
Bible House, 242 Pitt-street, Sydney.

For Fathers and Mothers.

LIFE FROM THE FAR END.

Ill-Fortune and Good.

It was on a Saturday night, November 9, 1872—a date not difficult to fix accurately in the years that followed. A Boston business man sat in his suburban home and talked over his affairs with his wife. The children had gone to bed, and the evening paper had been read. He invited his wife to look over with him a statement of his business affairs.

"The time has come," said he, "when we can take life a little more easily. Thus far it has been a struggle, but now my business is well established. The best houses in Germany market their product through our store. I have the best customers in our line. Our winter stock is now in, and it is the best I have ever had. The business is so well established that it will take less of my time than hitherto. I shall not have to go abroad as I have done every year of late, nor shall I have to travel to get trade. We have much to be thankful for. We can take life a little more easily. We can give a little more liberally, and we will show our gratitude in our lives."

Together they knelt and thanked God for the blessings that had come to them, and they rested well that night.

But all that night the fire-bells were clanging in Boston, and the next morning the man learned that the business was in ruins.

He carried insurance for £32,000. Of this he was able to collect £12,000, which was just about the amount he owed on his stock. The £20,000, which represented the results of his original investment and of twenty-one years of business life, was lost. He paid his debts, made a new inventory, and instead of being worth £20,000 net, as he had supposed, he had just £225.

How often he remembered that last conversation in which he supposed himself to be a man of modest wealth! Even as he talked the fire had been creeping up to his store. And as he timed the breaking out of the fire in his own building, it appeared to have been the very hour in which he and his wife were kneeling to thank God for their prosperity.

He was forty-two years old then, and not in rugged health. He hardly expected to live beyond fifty; and sixty was the limit of all his thought of life. But he set to work with a brave heart.

From forty-two to sixty he suffered four reverses, the first of which was the fire. Three times after that he seemed to have gained a little only to begin again with a small fraction of what he supposed himself to possess.

A few months ago he celebrated his eightieth birthday.

"Now," he said, "as I look back, I can thank God for every one of those setbacks. I have lived twenty years longer than I expected to live. I have brought into old age

more vigorous health than I possessed in middle life. My children had a discipline which long ago I knew they needed. I have never suffered want nor lost faith in God. And now I can thank Him for the sorrows I endured."—"Youth's Companion."

"DARE TO BE A DANIEL."

The son of a president in one of our most prominent Eastern colleges was about leaving his native town for Paris to enter upon a special course in surgery.

As he was bidding his friends good-bye, his betrothed, obeying a sudden impulse, whispered as her parting word: "Charlie, 'Dare to be a Daniel!'"

"Only that old saw," said he, while a look of disappointment shadowed his face.

"That only, Charlie; but it may mean much to you," was her answer.

The bearer of a letter of introduction to a distinguished nobleman and scientist in Paris, the young American was soon received with marked kindness.

In a few days he was the recipient of an invitation to a small banquet at the count's residence, at which were present some of the savants of the great city.

During the progress of the feast the host, filling his ruby-tinted glass (an example which his guests followed), proposed a toast, "To the wives, daughters, and sweethearts of America," to which he invited a response from his youthful guest, motioning a servant meanwhile to fill his glass with the red wine.

What followed can best be told in the young man's own words:

"Mother (he wrote), for a moment I was in an agony of trepidation. I would rather have faced a cannon. All had risen, and in the hand of each was the cup of wine, which I had pledged from my childhood not to 'touch, taste, nor handle.' My head swam. Suddenly, I heard the words, 'Dare to be a Daniel!' They shot through my head like an electric flash. I touched my white glass—a servant filled it with water. Rising, I said, as well as I could for the great jump in my throat:

"I beg leave to say that to the typical wife, daughter, and sweetheart of America the purity of this, nature's own beverage, illustrates the lives they aim to lead and the dangers they seek to avoid. Permit me to use it in their dear names."

"Following the example of Count B—, every white glass was instantly raised and the toast drunk.—"New York Voice."

WOULD BE MISSED.

It is related by the Rev. F. C. Malan that he once had occasion to discharge a gardener for dishonesty. The man made an unsuccessful attempt to vindicate his character, and, failing in this, said mournfully to the vicar: "Ah, sir, you miss me before I be gone half an hour!" "I shan't mind that," answered Mr. Malan cheerfully, "if I don't miss anything else!"

A WORD OF APPROVAL.

Give me a word of approval. I've tried to be good and true.

I am weary and sick of heart at the way my critics do.

I've given my life for others, have always opposed the wrong;

I've tried to lift up the fallen, I have cheered the jostling throng.

Give me a word of approval, ere the setting of the sun,

I have a sort of misgiving that my race is nearly run;

Have felt the spirit of kindness and the thrill of glowing truth,

And love the good old honest way as I loved it in my youth.

Give me a word of approval as my mother used to give

When I was a bit of a boy just learning the way to live.

My soul responds as readily to sweet words in kindness said

As in early childhood days to the prayer beside my bed.

Give me a word of approval, for my eyes are growing dim,

For the way is much rougher now and I'm not so fleet of limb

As in the hopeful boyhood days when I cleared the vaulting pole,

For I am in the final race with my eye upon the goal.

Give me a word of approval: it may be the last to me,

For the winter days are coming; the frost is stripping the tree

And the chilly winds are blowing; the corn is ripe in the ear;

I await the house of quiet and the crossing must be near.

NEITHER A BORROWER NOR A LENDER BE.

Mark Twain once asked a neighbor if he might borrow a set of his books. The neighbor replied, ungraciously, that he was welcome to read them in his library, but he had a rule never to let his books leave his house. Some weeks later the same neighbor sent over to ask for the loan of Mark Twain's lawn-mower. "Certainly," said Mark, "but since I made it a rule never to let it leave my lawn you will be obliged to use it there."

PASS "GRIT" ON.

GEO. WEBB,

HOUSE PAINTER AND DECORATOR.

Sign Writing and Art Decorations a Speciality.

Estimates given for buildings, also repairs. Letters promptly attended to.

Address:

GEO. WEBB, MOORE ST., HURSTVILLE.

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THE STATE STORES Ltd.,

REDFERN, SYDNEY,

BIG WINTER SALE

NOW ON.

Never before have we been so determined to quit end of Season Goods. Never have we so drastically and systematically reduced prices. Now is your Purchasing Opportunity—Grasp it. If you cannot call, Mail Your Order. We guarantee you satisfaction, or return your money.

We quote the following from our Sale Catalogue:—

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| <p>31in. Pink Flannelette. Usual Price, 4½d. Sale Price, 2/11 doz.
 27in. Cream or Pink Flannelette Extra Heavy Make. Usual Price 4½d. yard. Sale Price, 3/9 per dozen.
 32in. Cream or Pink Osman Flannelette. Usual Price, 7½d. Sale Price, 6/6 dozen.
 Fancy Cashmere Finish Blousing Flannelette. Usual Price 5½d. Sale Price, 3¾d. yard.
 Three-Quarter Bed White Australian Blankets. Usual Price, 14/11. Sale Price, 12/11.
 Double-Bed White Australian Blankets. Usual Price, 17/9, 19/9. Sale Price, 15/11, 17/11.
 Three-Quarter Bed White Honey Quilts. Usual Price, 5/11, 6/11. Sale Price, 4/6, 5/9.
 Double Bed White Honeycomb Quilts. Usual Price, 5/11. Sale Price, 4/6.
 Single-Bed Colored Alhambra Quilts. Usual Price, 2/6, 2/11, 3/3. Sale Price, 1/11, 2/3, 2/9.
 35/36in. White Calico. Usual Price, 4d. yd. Sale Price, 2/11 doz.
 35/36in. White Calico. Usual Price, 4½d. yd. Sale Price, 3/9 doz.
 36in. Fine White Madapolam. Usual Price, 6d. yd. Sale Price, 4/11 doz.
 70/72in. White Twill Sheeting. Worth 1/1, 1/3, 1/6½. Sale Price, 10¾d., 1/-, 1/3.
 90in. White Twill Sheeting, worth 1/9, 2/- . Sale Price, 1/4½, 1/6 yard.
 70in. Grey Twill Sheeting. Worth 1/2. Sale Price, 10¾d. yard.
 80in. Grey Twill Sheeting. Worth 1/4½. Sale Price, 1/1 yd.
 90in. Grey Twill Sheeting. Worth 1/11. Sale Price, 1/6 yard.
 72in. Plain Grey Sheeting. Worth 1/- . Sale Price, 8¾d.
 80in. Plain Grey Sheeting. Worth 1/3. Sale Price, 1/- yd.
 27in. Grey Calico. Sale Price, 2/9 doz.
 32in. Grey Calico. Worth 4½d. Sale Price, 3¾d. yd.
 White Turkish Towels, size 14½ x 31. Worth 4¾d. Sale Price, 3½d. each.
 White Turkish Towels, size 19 x 40. Worth 6½d. Sale Price, 5½d. each.
 White Turkish Towels, size 23 x 48. Worth 10½d. Sale Price, 8¾d. each.
 White Turkish Towels, size 24 x 49. Worth 1/2. Sale Price, 1/- each.
 White Turkish Towels, size 26 x 60. Worth 1/6. Sale Price, 1/3 each.
 Brown Turkish Towels, size 13 x 38. Worth 6½d. Sale Price, 5½d. each.
 Brown Turkish Towels, size 19 x 40. Worth 9d. Sale Price, 7¾d. each.
 Brown Turkish Towels, size 24 x 48. Worth 1/2. Sale Price, 1/- each.
 Brown Turkish Towels, size 26 x 54. Worth 1/9. Sale Price, 1/4½ each.
 Check Glass Cloth. Worth 3½d., for 2½d. Worth 4½d., for 3½d.
 Strong Flax for Tea Towels. Usual Price, 6d. Sale Price, 4½d. yd.
 White Table Damask, 50in. Usual Price, 1/- . Sale Price, 10½d. yd.</p> | <p>White Table Damask, 58in. Worth 1/6. Sale Price, 1/3.
 White Table Damask, 64in. Worth 1/11. Sale Price, 1/6 yd.
 62in. Special All Linen Table Damask. Worth 2/3. Sale Price, 1/8 yard.
 70in. All Linen Damask (White), slightly faulty. Worth 3/6. Sale Price, 2/3 yard.
 50in. Unbleached Damask. Worth 10¾d. Sale Price, 7¾d.
 54in. Unbleached Damask. Worth 1/2. Sale Price, 1/- .
 66in. Unbleached Damask. Worth 1/11. Sale Price, 1/6 yard.
 Unhemmed Serviettes, 14½ x 16. Worth 2/11. Sale Price, 1/11 dozen.
 Japanese Silk D'Oyleys, embroidered floral design. Size 6 x 6. Usual Price, 3½d. Sale Price, 2½d. each.
 White Fringed D'Oyleys, 12 x 12. Usual Price, 3½d. Sale Price, 2d.
 Point Lace Linen D'Oyleys, 6 x 6. Sale Price, 1/11 doz.
 Point Lace Linen Tray Cloths. Size 24 x 24. Usual Price, 2/11. Sale, 1/11 each.
 Point Lace and Linen Table Centres. Size 14 x 45. Usual, 3/6. Sale, 2/6.
 White Damask Hemstitched Tray Cloths, size 16 x 24. Usual Price, 7½d. Sale Price, 5½d. each.
 White Damask Hemstitched Tray Cloths, size 31 x 31. Usual Price, 1/9. Sale Price, 1/3 each.
 White Nottingham Lace Curtains, 2½yds. long. Usual, 2/3. Sale 1/6 pair.
 White Nottingham Lace Curtains, 2½yds. long. Usual, 2/11. Sale, 1/11 pair.
 White Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3yds. long. Usual, 3/11. Sale, 2/11 pair.
 White Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3yds. long. Usual, 4/11. Sale, 3/11.
 White Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3½yds. long. Usual, 7/3. Sale, 5/11 pair.
 White Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3½yds. long. Usual, 9/11. Sale, 7/11.
 36in. Ecru Madras Muslin Tasselled, beautiful floral designs. Usual Price, 1/3. Sale Price, 10½d. yard.
 White Coin Spot Muslin, 35in. wide. Worth 6d. Sale Price, 4¾d. yard.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">SPECIAL VALUE IN PILLOW SLIPS.</p> <p>Plain Pillow Slips. Worth 6¾d. Sale Price, 5½d. each.
 Frilled Pillow Slips. Worth 7¾d., 9½d. each. Sale Price, 6¾d., 8½d. each.
 Lace Edge Frilled. Worth 1/3. Sale Price, 11¾d. each.
 Blue and White Striped Ticking, 29in. Worth 5½d. Sale Price, 4½d. yard.
 Blue and White Striped Ticking, 36in. Worth 1/- . Sale Price, 9½d. yard.
 Blue and White Striped Ticking, 58in. Worth 1/1. Sale Price, 10¾d. yard.
 Fancy Belgian Ticking, 58in. Worth 1/- . Sale Price, 10¾d. yd.
 Fancy Belgian Ticking, 63in. Worth 1/6. Sale Price, 1/3 yard.</p> |
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The Cheapest Drapers,

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We pay Freight during this Cheap Sale on all Drapery Parcels to the value of 20/- and over. WRITE FOR SALE CATALOGUE.