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RECTIFYING THE
ERRONEOUS
LABEL.



Under the Pure Food Act a chemist is compelled to label his patent medicine bottle if it contains the smallest percentage of a poison. Yet the maker of alcoholic beverages can place his commodity on the market without being compelled to deteriorate its selling value by the word poison. Not even "Fairplay" can deny that more poison has been sold in the bars where their four million wrappers were used in the last four years than will be sold in the patent medicines likely to be sold in the next twenty years. If poison is dangerous in a patent medicine, it is equally dangerous in a beverage; if it is harmful in spoonfuls, it is surely more harmful in glassfuls, and we can only hope that good sense will yet prevail and the poison label be placed by law on all the bottles containing poison.

YOUR LUNCH SUPPLIED AT
SILVESTER BROS., The Strand.



The Arch Enemy of Progress.

ALCOHOL AND THE SOCIAL FABRIC.

(By Dr. HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, in "McClure's Magazine," New York.)

At least one-third of all the recognised pauperism in the most highly civilised communities of Christendom results from bodily and mental inefficiency, due to alcoholic inefficiency, due to alcoholic indulgence. A similar correspondence of testimony shows that the same cause is responsible for the mental overthrow of fully one-fourth of all the unfortunates who are sent to asylums for the insane; for the misfortunes of two-fifths of neglected or abandoned children; and for the moral delinquencies of at least half of the convicts in our prisons and of not less than four-fifths of the inmates of our gaols and workhouses.

Alcohol adds to the death-roll through alliance with all manner of physical maladies. Did space permit it might be shown how largely the same common enemy is responsible for suicides and sudden deaths by accident in many lands, for the universal prevalence of venereal diseases with all that they imply, and for a large proportion of such cases of martial infelicity as find record in the divorce courts.

But these, after all, are only minor details within the larger scheme of human suffering already outlined. The insane, the criminals of various types, and the recipients of charity make up the great mass of abnormal members of the body politic whose unfitness receives official recognition. Let it be particularly borne in mind that the conclusions just presented as to the casual relation of alcohol to the production of each of these abnormal elements of society are as far removed as possible from mere sentimental es-

HIGHER WAGES AND DRUNKENNESS IN LIVERPOOL.

Speaking at a meeting of Liverpool magistrates, Sir Thomas Hughes, chairman of the Licensing Bench, said 267 public-houses had been closed under compensation since the 1904 Act came into operation, and there were now 1741 licensed houses in the city, an average of one to every 440 inhabitants. This might be considered as not unreasonable. Unfortunately, the distribution was very unequal, and in some parts of the city there were undoubtedly more public-houses

than were required. These would be dealt with. Sir Thomas went on to deplore an increase in drunkenness. In one of the police divisions the persons locked up for drunkenness in 1912 numbered 5530, an increase of over 30 per cent. on 1911. It would appear that the increase in wages was responsible for some of this increase.

timates or pessimistic guesses. They are inductions based on careful surveys of evidence.

For every individual that dies prematurely of a disease directly due to alcohol, there are scores of individuals that suffer to a lesser degree from maladies which are wholly, or in part, of the same origin, but which are not directly fatal.

For every patient that suffers complete collapse as the result of alcoholism, there are scores of patients that are the victims of epilepsies, neurasthenias, neuralgias, choreas, and palsies of alcoholic origin.

For every criminal that alcohol sends to prison, there are scores of persons whose moral delinquencies, induced or emphasised by alcohol, are not of the indictable order, yet are a source of suffering to their friends, and a detriment to humanity.

For every incapable who, weakened by alcohol, acknowledges defeat in the life battle and openly seeks alms, there are scores of individuals that feel the pressure of want in greater or less degree because the money that might have supplied necessities and luxuries has gone for drink, yet they strive to hide their indigence.

But the members of all these vast companies of sufferers lie without the field of the statistician. They have no share in the estimates that have just been presented.

As we view this joyless pageant, the vast majority of its members, impelled by a power they loathe, yet must obey, a realising sense comes to us of the tyranny exercised over humanity, generation after generation, by this arch enemy of progress.

than were required. These would be dealt with. Sir Thomas went on to deplore an increase in drunkenness. In one of the police divisions the persons locked up for drunkenness in 1912 numbered 5530, an increase of over 30 per cent. on 1911. It would appear that the increase in wages was responsible for some of this increase.

THE CHILDREN OF THE NATION.

The question "What was to be the future of the nation," meant "What was to be the future of the children of the people?" says Sir Victor Horsley. It was a terrible fact that between the children of the upper classes and the children of the poorer classes in this country there was a great physical contrast. Boys in the public schools of 14 or 15 years of age were five inches broader in the chest than the children in the industrial schools. That was an enormous difference. It was not confined to this country. A French physiologist had written a most illuminating document, which showed what Dr. Arkle, in Liverpool, had shown that this contrast between the upper and lower class children was to be found in France, Germany, America, Sweden, and Italy. But, what was responsible for this non-development in children. The drink trade; there was no question about it. The departmental committee, in their report on physical deterioration, pointed to the drink question as occupying a prominent place amongst the causes of degeneration. He had not referred to the number of debilitated children who were not fit to go to school, reported upon by the commission. Who was responsible for them? Liverpool magistrates had proved that the debilitated child was such because he had suffered hardships and cruelty which were to be attributed to the liquor trade.—"Alliance News."

RAILWAYS AND ALCOHOL.

The Mulheim railway disaster of last year, which startled Germany, was traceable directly to the drink consumed by the locomotive engineer, Platter, in quantity considerable to our eyes, but as the "Vortrupp" assures us, what millions of Germans would deem an absolutely moderate portion. In the trial the psychiatric expert, Prof. Dr. Marbe, of Wurzburg, declared that "it should be the task of the railway administration to see that their employees lived absolutely abstinent." It is interesting to note that a similar accident on the Lackawanna led Lyman Abbott's usually alcohol-friendly "Outlook" to approve of the order of the railroad management to their personnel, insisting on the abandonment of the use of intoxicants both on and off duty on the pain of dismissal. "In view of the dead and crippled of Mulheim," observes the "Vortrupp," "the suspicion must come to the dullest beer Philistine that he has a vital interest in having other people, at least, live without alcohol."

£25 3-Roomed Cottage Furnished for £25

A LIST OF GOODS POSTED ON APPLICATION.

H. MACREADY. King St., Newtown & Rocky Point Rd., Rockdale

Yes! We Make Good Bread!

If you would like to try the Bread, ring up No. 192 Redfern, or 367 Newtown,
and ask us to send a Cart. YOU WILL CERTAINLY LIKE IT.

WILLIAM WHITE, Redfern and Newtown.

My Mother's Ring.

(Alva H. Sawins, M.D., Spokane, Wash.)

I am living now on borrowed time. The sun of my allotted lifeday has set, and with the mellow twilight of old age there come to my memory reflections of a life which, if not well spent, has in it enough of good to at least make these reflections pleasant. And yet, during all the years in which I have responded to the name of Carter Brassfield, but a single fortnight of time, it seems to me, is worth recounting.

We were living in Milwaukee, having recently moved there from York State, where I was born. My father, a bookkeeper of some expertness, not securing a position in our newly adopted city as soon as he had expected, became disheartened, and to while away the time that hung so heavily, took to drinking beer with some newly acquired German friends. The result was that our funds were exhausted much sooner than they should have been, and mother took it upon herself to turn bread-winner for the family by doing some plain sewing.

A small allotment of this money she gave to me one day on my return from school and sent me to Mr. Blodget, the grocer, to purchase some supplies. After giving my order to one of the clerks, I immediately turned my attention to renewing my acquaintance with Tabby, the store cat.

While I was thus engaged I heard my name repeated by a stranger, who was talking with Mr. Blodget, and ere long the man sauntered over, spoke to me, and after some preliminary remarks asked if I was Carter Brassfield. He was dark, had a sweeping moustache, and wore eye-glasses. Upon being assured that I was Carter Brassfield, he took from his pocket a gold ring, and turning it around carefully in the light, read the inscription on its inner side.

"Is your mother's name Alice?" he next asked. I told him it was.

"And your father's name Carter?"

"Yes, sir," said I. Then he showed the ring to me and asked if I had seen it before.

I at once recognised the ring as my mother's. Since I could remember she had worn it until recently. Of late she had grown so much thinner that the ring would no longer stay on her finger, and she was accustomed, therefore, to keep the circlet in a small drawer of her dresser, secure in an old purse with some heirlooms of coins, and I was greatly surprised that it should be in the possession of this stranger. I told him that it was my mother's ring and asked him how he came by it.

"Your father put it up in a little game

the other day," said he, "and it fell into my possession." He dropped the ring into his purse, which he then closed with a snap. "I have been trying for several days to see your father and give him a chance at the ring before I turned it in to the pawnbroker's. If your mother has any feeling in the matter, tell her she can get the ring for ten dollars," he added as he turned away.

I did not know what to do, I was so ashamed and hurt to think that my father, whom I loved and in whom I had such implicit confidence, should have gambled away my mother's ring, the very ring—I was old enough to appreciate—he had given her in pledging to her his love.

My eyes filled with tears, and as I stood, hesitating, Mr. Blodget came forward, admonishing me not to forget my parcels. He evidently observed my tears, although I turned my face the other way, for shame of crying. At any rate he put his hand on my shoulder and said very kindly:

"It's pretty tough, Carter, my boy, isn't it?"

He referred, I thought, to my father (for father was uppermost in my thoughts). Then lowering his voice he said, "But I'll help you out, son, I'll help you out."

I forgot all about hiding my tears, and faced about, attracted by his kindness.

"I will redeem the ring and keep it for you until you can get the money. What do you say? You can rest easy then, that it is safe, and you can take your time. What do you say, my boy, what do you say?"

With some awkwardness I acquiesced in his plan, whereupon he called the stranger and leading the way back to his desk, paid him the ten dollars, requiring him to sign a paper, though I didn't understand why, and placed the ring carefully in his safe.

"There, Carter, my boy," said he, rubbing his hands together, "it's safe now and we need not worry."

I held out my hand to him, then without a word took my parcels and started on a run for home.

That evening father was more restless than usual. He repeatedly lamented his long enforced idleness. After retiring that night I lay awake for a long time evolving in my mind plans whereby I might earn ten dollars to redeem the ring, and finally with my boyish heart full of hope and adventure, fell asleep in the wee hours of morning.

After breakfast I took my books as usual, but instead of going to school I turned my steps toward a box factory where I knew a boy of about my own age to be working. I

confided to him so much of my story as I thought advisable, and he took me to the superintendent's office and introduced me, and I was put to work at five dollars a week, with the privilege of stopping at 4 each day. Every afternoon I would bring my school books home and study as usual till bedtime, taking them with me again in the morning, in this way avoiding suspicion of playing the truant.

During the whole two weeks I was employed at the factory, neither father nor mother suspected that I had not been to school each day. In fact, I studied so assiduously at night that I quite kept up with my classes, but I grew pale and thin, as my mother observed. However, at the end of the two weeks I told the manager I wanted to stop work. He seemed somewhat disappointed, but paid me two crisp five dollar notes and I went very proudly to Mr. Blodget with the first ten dollars I had ever earned, and received that gentleman's hearty praise, and my mother's ring.

That evening father was out as usual and I gave the ring to mother, telling her all about it and what I had done. She kissed me, and holding me close in her arms for a long time, cried, and caressed my hair with her hand, and told me I was her dear good boy. Then we had a long talk about father and agreed to say nothing to him, at present, about the ring.

The next evening when I returned from school father met me at the hall door and asked if I had been to school. I saw that he had been drinking and was not in a very amiable mood.

"I met Clarence Stevenson just now," said he, "and he enquired about you. He thought you were sick and said you hadn't been to school for two weeks, unless you had gone to-day." I stood for a moment without answering. "What do you say to that?" he demanded.

"Clarence told the truth, father," I replied.

"He did, eh? What do you mean by running away from school in this manner?" He grew very angry, and catching me by the shoulder, gave me such a jerk that my books, which I had under my arm, went flying in all directions. "Why have you not been to school?" he said thickly.

"I was working, but I did not intend to deceive you, father."

"Working! Working! Where have you been working?"

"At Mr. Hazelton's box-factory."

"At a — what factory?"

"Box factory."

"How much did you earn?" he growled, watching me closely to see if I told the truth,

(Continued on Page 10.)

EDWIN LANE,

WATERLOO CHAMBERS, 460 George Street, Sydney.

The Reliable Tailor, Draper and Bootman.

LADIES' COSTUMES A SPECIALITY.

New South Wales Alliance.

NOTES AND COMMENTS BY THE GENERAL SECRETARY.

THE PRESIDENT'S FOREWORD.

At the monthly meeting of the State Council of New South Wales Alliance, the President, the Ven. Archdeacon F. B. Boyce, said that he hoped that the forces of Social Reform would everywhere actively prepare for the great local option battle that there would be on the day of the State general election. The flag of No-License should be raised in every electorate. While the Alliance at the centre could do much, the friends in their own localities could, for their own electorates, do infinitely more. "To arms! To arms!" should be the cry all through the land, so that when the great day came they would all be found absolutely ready. They went into the conflict without any personal advantage to look for whatever. They had no money to gain—indeed, it was, for them, all loss; and they went forward, they could honestly say, only as patriots seeking their country's good. The vote in the aggregate for No-License in the whole State at the last poll was 212,889—a great and glorious minority—which showed that they held a very strong and most encouraging position. It would have been much higher, but for the bogies and misrepresentations that they had had to face. They had gained experience in the tactics of opponents that would immensely help them in this campaign. Now they should everywhere organize, agitate and educate. With self-sacrificing energy they should work with all their heart to free their beloved land from the blighting and deadly effects of drink.

THE BAZAAR POSTPONED.

After mature consideration, and taking into consideration the immense amount of organizing necessary in connection with the coming No-License poll, the State Council at its last meeting decided to postpone the venture until next year. In the meantime, stallholders and all workers are urged to continue getting together articles for the bazaar, which will be held in May, 1914.

To those who have been working so hard for the success of the bazaar, we desire to convey our appreciation of their support, and trust any disappointment at the postponement will be understood. The great licensing poll of 1913 will now rightly absorb all our energies and the united forces of the Alliance will march into the conflict in a spirit of hopefulness.

THE RESIDENT SECRETARY.

Mr. G. E. Bodley, the resident and financial secretary, in whose hands the organizing

work of the bazaar has been, will now be free to go right on with the metropolitan organizing work, at the same time giving attention to matters at the office when the General Secretary is on tour.

ALLIANCE ACTIVITY.

Already there is considerable stir in the Alliance camp. Meetings are being held, interest aroused, and organization crystalizing on every hand.

The General Secretary visited Richmond and Windsor for the week-end, addressing open-air meetings at both places and preaching in the churches. On Monday night the Dulwich Hill Presbyterian Band of Hope was visited and an address on "Efficiency" given. Some fine young men were present.

THE SPEAKING TEAM.

The announcement of the formation of the speakers' team was received with considerable enthusiasm by the State Council, who appreciate this aggressive step.

No-License Leagues and Committees desiring the services of a speaking team should communicate with the secretary, Mr. O. G. Piggott, "Cora Lynn," Robert-street, Camperdown.

RAVENSWORTH POST OFFICE.

A resident of Ravensworth has written to say that the local post office has been transferred from the railway station to licensed premises and is run by the holder of a wine license. The State Council has forwarded the protest to the Postmaster-General.

THE COMING ANNUAL MEETINGS.

The annual meetings of the Alliance have been arranged and we are earnestly appealing to our friends throughout the State to make every possible endeavor to place this year's gathering in the forefront.

ALLIANCE SUNDAY.

This is set down for April 27, and a request is being made to the ministers throughout the State to preach special sermons on that date. It is also urged that special or retiring collections shall be taken up for the Alliance. The President's excellent book, "The Case for No-License," has already been sent to the clergy. With such excellent reasons for the abolition of the liquor traffic at the disposal of our preachers and speakers, we may hope for some weighty pronouncements on this great social reform.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

This will be held in the Bathurst-street Baptist Church on Monday, 28th, at 3.30 p.m. The annual report and balance-sheet will be presented. This annual meeting can also deal with notices of motion to amend the constitution, of which not less than 14 days' notice must be given, and for the alteration of by-laws, of which seven days' notice should be given.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Not the least important business will be the election of officers. A president, nine vice-presidents, and 30 State councillors have to be elected. Nominations will close on April 14. The written consent of persons nominated is necessary. Any member of the Alliance may nominate those eligible for seats on the State Council. No one can nominate or be nominated unless their annual subscription is paid before March 31.

It is to be hoped that the very best of our workers will be nominated. This being poll year, the wise counsel and enthusiastic work of a State Council will be a great factor in bringing us victory.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

On Monday evening a general conference of representatives will be held. The subject down for discussion is "Organization." The opening paper will be from the pen of the late General Secretary, Mr. John Complin, and a full discussion will follow.

THE PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION.

This will be held in the Protestant Hall on Tuesday, April 29, at 8 p.m. The speakers for the evening will be Ven. Archdeacon Boyce, who will preside, Mrs. Lee-Cowie, and Rev. J. Wilson, of New Zealand, and the General Secretary. The musical programme is being arranged.

"The impudence of some people!" snapped Mrs. Parvenue. "She told somebody I did my own washing!"

"Well," replied Mrs. Manor, innocently, "whose washing do you do?"

The Case for No-License

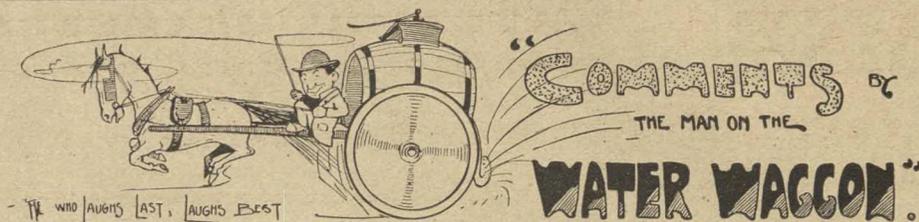
IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

By ARCHDEACON F. B. BOYCE.

Just published by the N.S.W. Alliance, 33 Park Street, Sydney. PRICE, SIXPENCE. Postage, One Penny. A large reduction for quantities.

Twenty pages of the 76 are given to interesting illustrations of the success of No-License in Canada, the United States, and New Zealand. The exaggerations and bogeys put forth by License advocates in the last campaign here are exposed.

It is as a handbook to the No-License controversy in this State, and is right up-to-date. Speakers, writers, and other workers in the great cause will find it invaluable.



A WORD TO THE LIBERTY LEAGUE.

The following is taken from a paper that did not acknowledge its source—but it is too good to be lost:—

Liberty is a very curious thing. We may possess it, and not know it; or we may think we have it, when we do but grasp a shadow.

The latchkey-holders belong to the latter class.

Only by comparison can we realise the freedom we enjoy. The most of us think as we like, speak as we like, and act as we think proper. For the first privilege our fathers fought and died; for the second they gave their blood; while the third is but the birth-right of this generation.

Even a girl nowadays can have an opinion while in America we are told the children are heard with deference. Not so very long ago it was the head of the family who did the thinking; no one else dared raise a voice, while a thinking servant was unheard of. "Think! Who told you to think?" would quickly have been the reproof.

There is no line drawn where speech is concerned—absolutely none. The ultra-sensitive may shudder at slang, but they do not condemn it. They would be bringing censure upon themselves by so doing. And no one likes to be considered behind the times.

Rules of conduct are out of date. The more original people are the better; and the man who never does what he is expected to do is the lion of his set. People please themselves from first to last, and nobody expects them to do anything else.

All the same, thinking as we like, saying what we like, and acting pretty much as we please is not sufficient for some of us; we must have a latchkey.

The meaning of the latchkey is only dimly understood, but it has somehow or other become connected with the idea of liberty. Girls want it most and young men follow hard. Middle-aged people are indifferent, while the old thrust it from them—they have found it to be a snare and a delusion. Whence then the attraction?

It has the appearance of liberty, and since freedom is the quest of the young it is to them the "Open sesame."

Very quickly do they find out their mistake. It is in reality the key of the gaoler which shuts the door for ever upon happy irresponsibility. A latchkey gives you the privilege of going out and coming in as you like; it takes from you the fear of being questioned as to your doings; but it puts you on "your own." Ay! there's the rub. To know that you, and you alone, are responsible for your coming in and your going out makes you careful—already you feel the iron heel of the oppressor. Even to be aware that the house is left open to the tender mer-

cies of the burglar because you have a latchkey makes you go home in time.

So long as we belong to the human family we are bound to each other in a manner which forbids freedom—even with a latchkey. And if we had it, it is doubtful whether we should want it any longer, for to be really free we must be shut off from God and man, otherwise we shall feel the chain of our responsibility towards one or the other. The loneliness implied is unthinkable, and that is just the drawback to a latchkey.

No longer will anyone look for our coming; no more will anyone care whether we are in or out; we are free—if such can be called freedom.

REV. MEEK AND THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

It often happens that two good people, looking at a proposition from opposite terminals, disagree upon details, whilst unaware that they are at one upon essentials. Result: A first-class fighting argument, until suddenly it is perceived by both that their principles are identical. Thus it seems to us the Rev. Meek and his brother clergymen temporarily misunderstand each other, for we have no reason to doubt that gentleman's orthodoxy; rather to the contrary.

We also thoroughly understand his side of the argument, which can be briefly put as follows: The basis of all the Churches' teaching, the great doctrine of the atonement, stands for all eternity—changeless, divine, majestic. Around this great central life-giving doctrine the Churches have built superstructures of their own: some ancient—the product of medieval design; some more modern; and some undoubtedly the very replica of modern thought. The Truth, the basic doctrines of the New Testament, are not thereby impaired, but ancient sanctions are expressed in latter-day formulae.

Now, says Mr. Meek, do not be afraid that thereby you shall be found "kicking against the pricks" or wounding Him who died for you on Calvary. By discarding, say, Calvinism you will probably be a much better interpreter of the Master's teaching—"for the Truth shall make you free."

You have liberty to interpret the Old Testament injunction to stone the desecrator of the Sabbath into latter-day more moderate methods. Cannot this spirit be applied to much that otherwise has acted as an hindrance to belief and to religion?

Now, on the other side of the fence, stand the critics of the ex-president's speech, who state, in tones of alarm, "Why, you have thrown away your foundation stone, have cast off your anchors. Where, oh where, are you drifting? Dogma we must

have; well-formulated doctrines, well taught to the masses, discussed and digested by them. The full spirit of inquiry must be held; let it rush to extremes and we sell our birthright for a mess of pottage. Our young people will take it that the old doctrines are ineffective, and have been discarded. How can we convince to the contrary if we loosen our grip of our dogmas?

"Well," you say, "Mr. Waggon-driver, how do you stand in this matter—to what are you leading?"

We would reply: "We think both sides are right and both wrong. It is an undeniable fact that we must have our definite well-formulated dogmas and doctrines. Religion is not entirely a matter of sentiment; that is the weak spot in revivals. Excellent and necessary as they are, men are likely to be led into a profession without any real assimilation of truth. But when once a man gets a real grip of the doctrine of Christ's atonement it is another matter. Not an intellectual grip? By no mean necessary—a heart grip, but a well-grounded and proper understanding, assented to by both heart and head."

There is a great attraction in dogmas for us all, though we are hardly conscious of it.

Such an attraction is well illustrated by the numerous devoted adherents at ritualistic churches. The high churchman is well-grounded in doctrinal teaching, and the very fact that he is expected to digest and appropriate the truths taught him leads to his heightened interest in his church. He is expected to be able to give an answer for the faith he professes, and it soon becomes a real thing. More doctrinal teaching we should prescribe for all church teachers as a means to better attendances and more enthusiastic workers. Ground them well in the truth.

The more they feel there is something in dogma of vital and personal interest for them the greater their pleasure in building up a little set of beliefs for themselves.

At the same time, cannot this general discussion on all matters admit of freedom of opinion in the lesser issues—the doctrines "not necessary for salvation." We think so. Apart from the great central doctrines of the general sinfulness of man, the atonement, etc., there are scores of other issues on which most diverse opinions are held and where there is a general tendency at the moment to translate the attitude of Jehovah in a more enlightened manner than of yore. Can such broad thoughts harm our Churches' religion? We would think not, provided that those who think hold dear to them the crux of the whole matter—the love of God that led to the atonement of Christ Jesus, and that same sacrifice made necessary by the sin of mankind.

YOUR LINEN

Snowy White and Dressed in First-class Style if sent to

The American Steam Laundry

452 OXFORD STREET, PADDINGTON.
TELEPHONE, 141 EDGECLIFFE.

The Point of View.

It would be an interesting and instructive study to collect and classify the various opinions which are, and have been, held as to the place of the public-house in our social system. There is, for example, the brewer's point of view, as indicated in a recent letter to the "Times" from a "Brewery Director," who refers to public-houses as "conduits of drink distribution." Then there is the Licensed Victuallers' point of view—ideal and actual. "Their ideal," said an eminent "trade" advocate at a Licensed Victuallers' banquet a few years ago, "was to make their houses centres of blessing in the neighborhood in which they were situated, instead of their being regarded, as possibly some regarded them in their ignorance, as centres of evil, or, at any rate, of disorder" ("Licensing World," 1903). What the public-house is in actual experience, according to the "Licensed Victuallers' Official Annual" (1901), is shown in a striking article on "The Child Messenger Question viewed in the Light of Ethics and Social Economy," where the writer (inter alia) says:—

"Now, it is an undoubted fact that may be proved by statistics that the families of publicans turn out better than the families of the clergy. They obtain a more practical training, are raised in a less exotic and more natural atmosphere, and are taught some useful trade or calling. They very rarely, in their moral conduct, exhibit foolish and extreme tendencies or eccentricities. From such logic one might easily deduce the conclusion that the public-house is really the best kind of moral sanatorium (the black type is ours), nor would such an argument be fallacious. If the proper study of mankind be man, where can you discover a similar academy in which you can become acquainted with all sorts and conditions of men? Where so well can you learn to discriminate on the little moral variation there is in human nature, taking it in the bulk? Why, then, the atmosphere being so wholesome to the publican's children, should his neighbor's children be excluded from such a school of manners?" (Why, indeed!) "The namby-pambyism of the Sunday-school, with its shrivelling enthusiasms of unripe and immature minds, best meets its antidote in a place wherein the real world exhibits itself, and the age is mirrored after its own form and fashion, and not after the expurgated manner of the unreal goody-goody story books and the over-pious biographies."

The article ends with a strong warning against the wickedness of interference with parental rights; "even in the case of the depraved parent, what will happen if the Child Messenger Bill becomes law? The child is to be permitted to break the Fifth Commandment in order that it may observe a new commandment of men, and it is expected that good will come of it."

Then, again, we have the public-house of

the True Temperance Association: that delightful spot where the man with his wife and children can sit for hours listening to sweet music, imbibing intoxicants, and playing games for money, under the most delightful conditions. Where the young couples may do their courting and pledge their future united happiness in strong drink; where the apprentice may venture his small savings or even earnings in a quiet gamble, at the same time accustoming himself to the practice of drinking; and each and every one of them fancy themselves in a cafe on the Boulevards of Paris or Brussels.

Such is the public-house from "the Trade" point of view. Let us now look at it from the standpoint of the national well-being. A witness, who might have been a wealthy brewer, shall speak first:—

"As I approached the Rising Sun a poor woman, with two or three children dragging at her skirts, went up to the swing doors, and, calling out to her husband inside, she said, 'Oh, Tom, do give me some money, the children are crying for bread.' At that the man came through the doorway. He made no reply in words. He looked at her for a moment, and then knocked her down into the gutter. Just then I looked up and saw my own name, 'Charrington,' in huge gilt letters on the top of the public-house, etc."

Truly, as a "Brewery Director" says, "a conduit of drink distribution"—but hardly "a centre of blessing in the neighborhood." An equally striking comment on the possibilities of the actual public-house was given by a firm of brewers in 1907, when they agreed to take an on-license on the terms: "The licensee to pay for such constables as may be necessary, and to provide accommodation for them"! It is a strange kind of "moral sanatorium" into which (to quote Mr. Justice Keating) "men go in respectable and respected, and come out felons"; and while it may with grim irony be said, as quoted above, that nowhere "can you so well learn to discriminate on the little moral variation there is in human nature" as in public-houses, yet that is a strange academy of morals which, to quote the late Lord Chancellor Cairns, requires of the working man, 'as a condition of entering into them and remaining in them, to do the very thing which, of all others, is a source of the evil I have referred to—to spend his money, his health, and his moral welfare in practices which result in intemperance and in his ruin.' The medical officers of health in our largest cities do not share with "the Trade" the optimistic view of the public-house. Dr. Niven, M.O.H. for Manchester, says "there is every reason to suspect that public-houses are centres"—not of blessing but—"of infection (tuberculosis) in many instances," and in an earlier report he says: "It is in the centre of the city of Manchester that public-houses are to be found in the greatest abundance. Here, to a much

greater extent than elsewhere, is to be found 'la misere,' want, ignorance, improvidence, squalor, and disease." The medical officer for Birmingham and Liverpool confirm this view. The wife and child and the small tradesman give no such testimonial to these shops which, to quote again our "Brewery Director," are the "real conduits of drink distribution—the corner taverns and backstreet beerhouses of large towns"—the shops where that vast working-class expenditure on drink takes place which robs the homes of our people and blights millions of lives. There are, indeed, two points of view; and until the presence of the drink-shop in our midst ceases to disturb the normal life of the nation: until it ceases to cause drunkenness and crime: until it ceases to raise the death-rate, the lunacy rate, and the poor rate; until no child goes hungry and unclad that a man or woman may get drink; until that day comes every thoughtful man and woman must work heart and soul for the only kind of public-house reform which will benefit the nation—the elimination of the liquor from the public-house.—"Alliance News."

PROGRESS IN GERMANY.

In the Kaiser's dominions surely a change is taking place. The activity of temperance organizations, aided by the Emperor's personal attitude and his advice to soldiers and sailors, have no doubt produced a profound impression, which is plainly noticeable in the habits of the people. An article recently published in the London "Morning Advertiser" said:

"The consumption of alcohol for drinking purposes in Germany in June, 1912—namely, 3,632,427 gallons—was, with the exception of November, 1910—the smallest for the past thirteen years. The reasons assigned for the falling off in the consumption are, says the American Consul-General, the high prices of spirituous drinks, and to a slight extent the influence of the temperance movement. The stock of alcohol under excise control at the end of June was the smallest at that season for the past thirteen years."

Wick's Jewellery Catalogue

is free to anyone sending for it. It is decidedly well worth having, as it contains a full and comprehensive list of good quality jewellery. Prices are low because of our low trading expenses.

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LISMORE.

A Handshake.

By NITA HARDY, Adelaide.

I was travelling on a branch railway line that had been opened but a few days previously, and which was the means of connecting a number of small outlying towns which hitherto had had no direct communication with the busy centres of life on the main railway.

The train stopped at a tiny station, and a woman stepped into the carriage where I sat—a rather shabby little old woman, with the sweet and almost childish guileless expression one frequently sees on the faces of those who have lived far removed from city life.

She was probably over 50 years of age, but from the subdued excitement in her manner, and the pleased way in which she glanced around the carriage, it was easy to guess that this was her first railway journey, and that it was one of the great events of her quiet, uneventful life.

The train sped on its way, and I became interested in my book, until the train's sudden stopping brought me back to earth. "E—," called the porter, and the shabby little woman arose. She looked around a little hesitatingly, then, to everyone's utter amazement, held out her hand half-shyly, and shook hands with each of the other passengers in turn, murmuring a timid "good-bye."

Immediately she became the centre of interest and amusement. The woman in the corner, who had not deigned to raise her eyes from her novel when the other had entered the carriage, sat bolt upright in her seat as the little old woman clasped her hand, her head held high in resentment that anyone should dare to speak to her without a formal introduction but seeing that the other passengers were being treated in like manner, she gave a half-suppressed giggle. The schoolboy in the corner blushed furiously, as though fearful lest the other passengers should think she was any relative of his. Then, as he, too, realised that everyone else was receiving a little favor, he grinned broadly as only a schoolboy can grin.

As for the two business men opposite, they burst into loud laughter, as the quaint figure disappeared from sight, highly amused at her utter simplicity and ignorance of the ways of the world. And I laughed, too—laughed to think that the simple handshake of the old lady should have caused such annoyance and merriment—laughed at the discomfiture of the boy, the disdain of the woman, at the mirth of the men. I laughed, too, with them at the old lady's simplicity.

At dinner that night I related the little incident of the old lady's leave-taking for the amusement of my fellow-guests, and a laugh went round the table at the shabby little woman's expense.

But suddenly, in the midst of their laughter, I became aware that the girl on my

right hand was gazing at me with earnest brown eyes.

"Wasn't it beautiful of her?" she said, softly—so intent was her interest that she seemed not to hear the laughter of the others.

And at her words I felt the hot color as of shame rise in my cheeks; the mist cleared from my mental vision, and I, too, saw that it was beautiful that the shabby little countrywoman had looked on her fellow-passengers as friends, just because she had travelled for a while in the same carriage as they; that she had accepted their friendship so unquestioningly that, although she knew not their names, and would probably never meet them again, she could not leave without a handshake and a word of farewell.

I looked into the clear, shining eyes of the girl beside me, and I marvelled at the fineness of her mind, that she alone had seen the exquisite beauty of the action, when others had seen but its humor. I had laughed with others at the little old woman, but I felt now that I could not bear anyone to laugh at her again—their ridicule jarred on my senses.

I had pitied the woman for her ignorance of the conventions of life; but now I revered her, because in that little out-country town her heart had kept its freshness, and she had retained what most of the world have lost—the trusting sincerity, the spontaneous courtesy of a child.—"Everylady's Journal."

A RACKING REFLECTION.

He went into the office of a Sydney warehouse the other morning with a somewhat bruised and swollen forehead. His friend viewed the contusion with interest, and asked—

"How did it happen, old man?"

"Collided with the hat rack last night," he said shortly.

"Accidentally?"

"No," he replied sweetly. "I have every reason to suspect that it attacked me purposely."

PLEDGE-SIGNING CRUSADE.

The work proceeds with daily encouragement. We heartily thank some of the men of Winn's Ltd, who sent 20s. per W. Finnely.

The record of the week:—

	Men.	Women.	Pledges.
March 14	10	5	7
„ 15	23	4	11
„ 17	28	9	10
„ 18	13	6	7
„ 19	14	3	4
„ 20	18	0	11
	106	27	50

Total number of pledges taken since commencement of crusade (10 weeks)—500. About 30 have been known to break the pledge.

BISHOP CONATY, OF CALIFORNIA, AGAINST LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

What cares the liquor traffic about public interests—charities, schools, highways? Nothing. It is the only establishment in a community which has not the public good as a reason for its existence. It preys upon the weakness of individuals. It sucks the life-blood from labor. It curses the homes of many. It beggars many a family. It makes helpless orphans whom the charity of the world has to house and clothe and feed. It fills the jails with drunkards, sends many a man to the scaffold, and arms the hand that is raised to rob and even murder. But the men in the business say, "You interfere with our legal rights, and in the name of the law we protest." The liquor traffic a defender of law and order! When license is granted how many saloons live up to the law? Not one. Vested right! Has the community no rights? Have not the people the right to demand that no oligarchy shall rule and bring ruin in the prosecution of what it calls right? There is no reason for the existence of the liquor traffic. Blot it out!—"Union Signal."

Two Good Books on the Liquor Question.

HOW TO IMPRESS THE EVILS OF ALCOHOL UPON THE YOUNG. Cases and Comments from a Doctor's Practice. By W. A. Chapple, M.D. 1/9; postage 2d.

It is the object of this book to explain from physiological and pathological data, but in a simple way, the action, potency and power of alcohol, and by simple scientific analysis, illustrated by pathetic stories from a doctor's diary, to place in the hands of those who want to know the facts that tell and the reasons that convince,

PROFIT AND LOSS IN MAN. By Alphonso A. Hopkins, Ph.D. 376 pages. 3/6; postage 3d.

The New Gospel of Patriotic, Economic and Political Common Sense on the Temperance Question.

The most up-to-date and powerful plea for Prohibition, upon purely economic grounds, that has been written in years. It is calm and dispassionate, and discusses the problem from the cold, matter-of-fact standard of dollars and cents.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1913.

Important Notice.

From January 1, 1913, the price of "Grit" posted each week will be 6/- a year. After five and a half years' experience we are compelled to make this small increase and believe no one who reads "Grit" will object to this most reasonable charge.

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READ 'GRIT'

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Write at once if your Copy does not arrive on me.

*A personal chat
with my readers*

THE COMPENSATION OF SICKNESS.

We most of us dread sickness and find it hard to see any good come from it, and yet the finest characters and some of the world's most beautiful songs have resulted from the burden of sickness.

"The hardest part of my sickness," said the sick woman to her old lady visitor, "is that now I can do so little for the children. We had such lovely plans for this vacation, and I meant to do so many things to make it a happy time for them. But now, of course, they must take care of me."

"How strange," said the old lady. "I was just thinking how splendid this was for them. It is not what you do for your children, but what they do for you, that helps them most."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Simply that I think your children took you for granted; and they should for a time, but not always. Haven't you seen how thoughtful and manly Robert has grown, and how tender and motherly Mildred is when she cares for you? Don't you think it has helped them prepare themselves for their own career of home-building and parenthood? And are you not really nearer to your children than when you were well?"

"Why, yes," answered the invalid joyously. "But I was so disappointed at not giving them what I had planned that I never thought of it that way."

"That is often the trouble with us," said the old lady. "We want to give our children just what we have planned, and are not content if we are forced to give them something better."

THIRTY DAYS BEFORE MARRIAGE.

Judge Goodnow, of America, has judicated in 6000 cases of divorce, and gives it as his firm conviction that the chief cause of married unhappiness is the hasty manner in which marriage is entered, giving no opportunity of acquaintance on either side. There is no sense of fairness in making our divorce laws more stringent while we leave our marriage laws as loose as they are at present. It has always seemed to me a great pity that the Church of England has permitted the excellent method of marriage by banns to drop into disuse. I know, and am prepared to give full weight to the argument, that no obstacle must be placed in the path of our young people to the marriage altar, but on the other hand, I cannot shut my ears to the

opinions of a man who has judicated in 6000 divorce suits. It seems that the easier you make marriage the easier you must make divorce. It is being seriously and widely suggested that every intended marriage should be advertised for 30 days, and that a health certificate by a reputable physician be obtained by both parties, and added to the license to marry. That would surround the holiest and most vital institution in our social life with ordinary and decent precautions.

THE YEAR OF OUR OPPORTUNITY.

"Grit" is now in its seventh year, and needs a great deal of nourishment, as all healthy children do. Please don't starve the paper in this year of special opportunity and special demand. We will have more than enough to put up with from the enemy without being held back or burdened by our friends. I want "Grit" to be a winner. It can only be by the help of all its friends. Will you help?

It takes a little courage
And a little self-control,
And some grim determination
If you want to reach a goal.
It takes a deal of striving,
And a firm and stern-set chin,
No matter what the battle,
If you're really out to win.

There's no easy path to glory,
There's no rosy road to fame,
Life, however we may view it,
Is no simple parlor game;
But its prizes call for fighting,
For endurance and for grit,
For a rugged disposition
And a "don't-know-when-to-quit."

You must take a blow or give one,
You must risk and you must lose,
And expect that in the struggle
You will suffer from a bruise.
But you mustn't wince or falter,
If a fight you once begin,
Be a man and face the battle—
That's the only way to win.

The Editor

The Men and Religion Forward Movement.

ITS SIGNIFICANCE AND DURATION.

REV. CHARLES S. MACFARLAND, Ph.D., New York.

[Because of his wide knowledge of the field, and his actual contact with the work in many centres, the editors of the Homiletic "Review" asked Dr. Macfarland, executive secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, to give an estimate of the results of the Men and Religion Forward Movement. That estimate seems to the editors fair and trustworthy. Briefly expressed, the effect accomplished appears to be—(1) A widening of the vision by ministry and laity of the possibilities of Christian service; (2) the quickening of the social conscience, bringing to realisation the fact that the men of a community have responsibilities for evils that exist there, and the demonstration that they have the power to end them; and (3) emphasis upon the more specifically religious obligations and stimulus to fulfilment of these in their bearing upon the whole life of man. These obligations include the training of young and old to higher ideals of service, and the utilisation of all means available for economic, social, and religious betterment.

The following figures give some conception of the work done: Meetings, 7062; addresses, 8332; attendance, 1,492,646; personal interviews, 6349; men and boys committed to personal service, 26,280; men and boys committed to personal allegiance to Jesus Christ, 7580.—Editors.]

The Men and Religion Forward Movement was, without doubt, ideally, and many would affirm in realisation, the most symmetrical expression of evangelism in the history of the Church. It was an ample and impressive illustration of the divine principle of unity with diversity. An evangelism that fittingly began with boyhood, it reached all phases of human life and experience. It took into account both the religious life of the individual, with the necessity for personal regeneration, and the life of the race, with its necessity for social redemption.

Through the home mission work of community extension, it took the gospel to the workmen in the shops and factories, and through its social service propaganda it then attempted to bring the gospel into the industry itself. While thus severely practical in its scope, it did not neglect the interest of religious education and sent out its Bible teachers with the evangelists and social workers. The comprehensive scope of the movement was illustrated in the enthusiastic emphasis on world-wide missions. Its contrast to the older evangelism was mainly in this, that it concentrated, not simply upon one aspect of the gospel, but upon the whole gospel, by which means it brought things that had become anomalously diverse into an effective unity. The movement, while thus coming apparently as something new, was really the formulated expression of a common consciousness which has been rapidly gathering during the past few years.

Among the many things which contributed to its general success was its splendid generalship and through this its freedom, in the main, from financial limitations. It was a "campaign" in the real meaning of

the word. It was arranged to get the eye, the ear, and the thought of men by a method which was spectacular and yet without offensiveness.

ITS UNIFYING EFFECT.

One of its chief contributions, which was probably not so distinctively a conscious objective but was by no means the least, and may prove to be the greatest, of its accomplishments, was the bringing to expression of the growing spirit of Christian unity. It did not raise disputed questions of faith and order, but proceeded by the simple process of bringing men of varied faiths and orders into a common practical service. Taken as a whole, the movement had a wonderfully unifying effect.

It was the kind of movement to get the enthusiastic interest of the laymen. It was a big job. It proceeded along the lines of present-day commercial activities, the lines of combination. It impressed them as exceedingly practical. Indeed, in some cases, the laymen were inclined to turn the tables on their pastors and to complain because the ministers had not led off in movements in which, probably, the ministers had thought they would bring censure if they did take the lead. One interesting fact is that a large number of men, not previously identified with the Christian Church, entered enthusiastically into the campaign.

Success varied with varying conditions. It seems to have been strongest in the moderate-sized communities. As one inquires in the various cities, he finds a varied estimate, but, in the main, those pastors and laymen who got on the inside of it are almost invariably sympathetic and enthusiastic, while those who criticise are those who were indifferent to the campaign. In each city, in the nature of the case, little more could be done than to leave a programme, an impulse, and objectives for continued service.

So far as the results can be gathered up at the present, the two interests which seem to have the right of way are those of social service and boys' work.

NOT AN END, BUT A BEGINNING.

The question is naturally being asked on every hand: "What is left?" This question treats the campaign too much as though it were an incident with bounds of time and space, rather than as an expression of the thought and consciousness of the age. It has certainly given a great impulse to those things which are the outcome of what we call the "Zeitgeist." Then, too, it has certainly left for the churches, and still more, for the religious communities, a great and complete programme. It has also brought into active service a great multitude of men, of whom at least a considerable proportion were previously more or less inactive in the churches. At present, some of the com-

munities are taking the movement seriously, and some are not. In some places the work is being laid down; in other places, it is just being taken up. It is probably too early to forecast the permanent results in any concrete form, and yet no community which experienced the campaign can ever be just the same as it was before. In some cities it will lapse, but only to be taken up again after other cities have led the way and re-created the impulse.

Correspondence with several hundred of the main and auxiliary cities shows a large number of communities in which organized work for boys in relation to the churches is being vigorously prosecuted, where before the campaign no such work existed. If the Men and Religion Forward Movement had done nothing more than to bring a great army of pastors out of their studies and away from some of their pastoral calls into the great shops at noon, it would have justified itself. Missions and Bible study will probably not show the effects in so marked a degree, and yet hundreds of churches will continue this work systematically while, previously, it was done in a more or less haphazard way. The note of evangelism was mainly that of a normal message, and for this reason can be taken up and continued, as is being done, by the pastors.

The work of social service in each community has only been begun, and it is at this point that the greatest objectives were created for the churches. That it has seriously and effectively raised great public questions and had great community effect there is no doubt. The impeachment of a mayor by a church federation is both an illustration of its effects and a sign of things yet to come.

NO NEW ORGANIZATIONS.

While, in accordance with its solemn compact, the movement did not bring into existence any new national organization, it has intensified and unified the work of all the denominational and interdenominational organizations and movements which participated either directly or indirectly in it.

One of the important, if not the most important of the contributions of the movement was the great impulse it created and the important objects which it set forth for Christian unity through co-operation and federation. The movement was in this an immediate example of what the Federal Council had begun to do by a continuous process. There is not only a sympathetic unity but an essential identity of many of the aims and efforts of the movement with those of the Council.

One of the first tasks should be that of arranging for co-operation between the various interdenominational organizations which have participated in the movement, or been influenced by it.

Various forms of federation are being worked out or worked at. In a few cases it is a federation of brotherhoods; in others, of the male members of all the churches. In some cities, several federations are being

formed of the Bible classes, the brotherhoods, the mission societies, etc. In one city, the churches have federated by a combination with the local Young Men's Christian Association, its board of directors and the Federal Council of Churches being one and the same body.

These federations are being formed upon far more secure foundations than those at the beginning of the federative movement. A new profession is being created, that of church federation secretaries. In some of the larger cities the best available men have been found; in some cases the executive secretaries of the movement being continued for a permanent guidance of the common work of the churches. In other cities social service secretaries are being secured to guide in working out the common social problems of the pastors and churches.

PERMANENT RESULT.

Thus the Men and Religion Forward Movement has left behind the following permanent possessions:—(1) An adequate programme for not only the men of the churches, but for the churches themselves, clear at least in outline. (2) It has helped bring about the permanent synthesis of the various activities of the Church, and aspects of its gospel. (3) It has established, or at least indicated, the relationship between the Church and the community and social problems. (4) Its programme, it has made clear, can be carried out only by the churches acting in common. (5) It has raised the whole question of interdenominational and denominational movements and organizations, their relation to each other, and their relation to the churches.

If one should try to formulate an estimate of the movement by asking what it has done, he would, upon investigation of the communities involved, find that in actual accomplishment it has paid for itself over and over again. But its greatest significance is not this. It is in the things it has started, the forces which have been aroused, the vision which has been given, and the sense of living unity, and the large opportunity which have been brought to the consciousness of the churches.

The ideal of the movement could find only a very partial realisation in a few short months. This is a witness to the greatness of the ideal. It remains for the pastors and churches to realise it. When the Conservation Congress closed no one organization was made the custodian of the future task. It belonged to the churches and to those organizations and movements which serve the churches. If this be true, the Men and Religion Forward Movement is still in the future.

A REST AND CHANGE.

For the week end or a more prolonged holiday you can't surpass CRONULLA. A snug little home, 50 yards from the beach and 100 yards from the tram terminus. Splendid bathing and fishing. Moderate charges. Accommodation for only four. Mrs. A. W. Taylor, "Wiloyna," Ocean Parade, Cronulla

MY MOTHER'S RING

(Continued from Page 3.)

"Five dollars a week," I said timidly, feeling all the time that he was exacting from me a confession that I wished, on his account, to keep secret.

"Five dollars a week! Where's the money? Show me the money!" he persisted incredulously.

"I can't father, I haven't got it." I was greatly embarrassed and frightened at his conduct.

"Where is it?" he growled.

"I—I—spent it," I said, not thinking what else to say. A groan escaped through his shut teeth as he reeled across the hall and took down a short rawhide whip that had been mine to play with. Although he had never punished me severely, I was now frightened at his anger.

"Don't whip me, father," I pleaded as he came staggering toward me with the whip, "don't whip me, please!" I started to make a clean breast of the whole matter but the cruel lash cut my sentence short. I had on no coat, only my waist—and I am sure never a boy received such a whipping as I got.

I did not cry at first, my heart was filled only with pity for my father—something lay so heavy in my breast, then it seemed to fill up my throat and choke me. I shut my teeth tightly together and tried to endure the hurt, but the biting lash cut deeper and deeper until I could stand it no longer, then my spirit broke and I begged him to stop. This seemed only to anger him the more, if such a thing could be. I cried for mercy and called for mother, who was out at one of the neighbor's. Had she been at home I am sure she would have interceded for me; but he kept on and on, his face white as the wall. I could feel something wet running down my back, and my face was slippery with blood when I put up my hand to protect it. I thought I should die; everything began to go round and round; I could not feel the strokes any longer, they did not hurt now, the hall grew suddenly dark, and I sank down upon the floor. Then I suppose he stopped.

When I returned to consciousness I was lying on the couch in the dining-room, with a wet cloth about my forehead, and mother was kneeling by me, fanning me and crying. I put my arms about her neck and begged her not to cry, by my head ached so dreadfully that I could not keep back my own tears. I asked where father was and she said he went away down town when she came. He did not return at supper-time, nor did we see him again until the following morning.

I could eat no supper that night before going to bed, and mother came and stayed with me. I am sure she did not sleep, for as often as I would drop off from sheer exhaustion I would be wakened by her sobbing, then I, too, would cry. I tried to be brave, but my wounds hurt me so, and my head ached—I seemed to be thinking all the time of father. My poor father! I felt sorry

for him and kept wondering where he was. All through the night it seemed to me I could see him drinking and drinking, and betting and betting. My back hurt so dreadfully that mother got up and put on some ointment and soft cotton.

It was late in the morning when I awoke and heard mother and father talking down stairs. With great difficulty I climbed out of bed and dressed myself. When I went down mother had a fire in the dining-room stove, and father was sitting, or rather lying, with both arms stretched out upon the table, his face buried between them. By him on a plate were some slices of toast that mother had prepared, and a cup of coffee which had lost its steam without being touched.

I went over by the stove and stood looking at father. I had remained there but a moment, my heart full of sympathy for him, and wondering if he were ill, when he raised his head and looked at me. I had never before seen him look so haggard and pale. As his eyes rested on me my face screwed itself into a cry and the tears started down my cheeks.

"Carter, my child," he said hoarsely, "I have done you a great wrong. Can you forgive me?"

In an instant my arms were about his neck—I felt no stiffness or soreness now. He folded me to him and cried as I did. After a long time he spoke again:

"If I had only known—your mother has just told me. It was the beer, Carter, the beer—I will never touch the stuff again, never," he said faintly, then stretching out his arms upon the table he bowed his head upon them while I stood awkwardly by, the tears streaming down my cheeks, but they were tears of joy.

Mother, who was standing in the kitchen door-way with her apron to her eyes, came and put her arms about him and said something very gently, which I did not understand. Then she kissed me several times, I shall never forget the happiness of that hour.

For a long time after that father would not go down town in the evening unless I could go with him. He lived to a good old age, and was for many years head book-keeper for Mr. Blodget. But he kept his promise always.

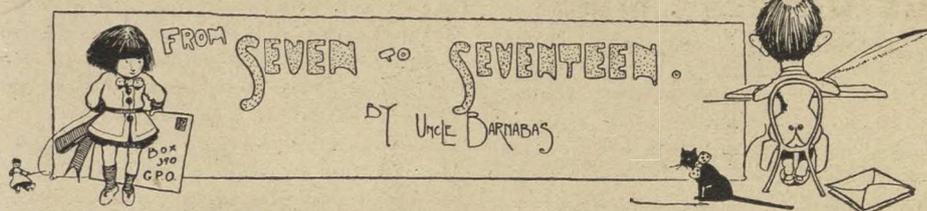
Mother is still living, and still wears the ring—"Union Signal."

"Captain Mackenzie's certificate has been suspended for six months for drunkenness. During the last voyage of the Glenholm from Australia he put a big bath thermometer down the cook's back to take his temperature."—Cable news in "Daily Telegraph."

EYE STRAIN

So long endured,
So quickly cured
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GLEBE, SYDNEY.



WHAT MOTHER THINKS.

Do you ever wonder what mother thinks? Do you ever offer her a penny for her thoughts? They are well worth it. You coax her to tell you what she thinks. What did mother think as she looked into your chubby little face when you were first placed in her arms? Ask her to tell you what she hoped and what she feared. What did she think the first time she found you out in doing a wrong thing? Was it a lie, a dishonest thing, a mean or a greedy thing? What did she think when she found herself shut out of your secrets and no longer sharing all your confidences? Boy, what did she think the first time she smelt tobacco smoke on you, and knew you had begun what she always hoped would never be a habit of yours? A mother's thoughts are very wonderful and very interesting. Wake up, dear ne's and ni's, and see if you can find them out. Perhaps you will be like the boy in the poem I will print on this page.—Uncle B.

"THE MAN MY MOTHER THINKS I AM."

While walking down a crowded street the other day,
I heard a little urchin to a comrade say:
"Say, Chimmie, lemme tell youse. I'd be happy as a clam
If only I was de feller dat me mudder thinks I am.
She thinks I am a wonder, and she knows her little lad
Could never mix with nuttin dat was ugly, mean, or bad.
On lots of times I'd sit and think how nice 'twould be, gee wizz,
If a feller was de feller dat his mother thinks he is."
My friend, be yours a life of toil or undivided joy,
You can learn a lesson from that small, unlettered boy.
Don't aim to be an earthly saint, with eyes fixed on a star;
Just aim to be the feller that you mother thinks you are.

FOR SUNDAY.

Will my ne's and ni's help me solve this puzzle?
A Scripture character who had no name,
Whose body never to corruption came,
Who died a death none ever died before,
Whose shroud forms part of every household store.

FOR MONDAY.

A donkey was tied to ten feet of rope; it was securely tied so that he could not possibly get his head through the loop, nor could he break the rope. Fifteen feet away was a stack of hay, and the donkey wanted to get

some of that hay; and although the rope was only ten feet long, and the stack was fifteen feet away, yet he had a feed of hay from that stack. How did he get it?

The donkey simply walked to the stack and dragged the rope after him. The other end of the rope was not tied to anything.

HOLIDAY COMPETITION.

Gratitude is a sense of great thankfulness which is expressed in the deepest and most grateful words from the depth of the heart perhaps for great assistance in very trying circumstances, or for kind words in times of oppression. For instance, a girl was once accused of theft, of which she was innocent. She had been tried, sentenced, and was ready to serve her time when, through an unknown witness, her innocence was proclaimed, and the real person found out. Never could she be too grateful to such a person, who, through saving her, had saved her dying sister also.

Reciprocity means the restoring of something in return for something which has been given. A young girl once received for her birthday a lovely gold bangle, and when the birthday of her friend came she went present-seeking. After a great search she found something to suit her taste in the shape of a beautiful silver-mounted manicure set. She posted it to her friend who was delighted with her lovely present.

Forgiveness in its true sense means to receive pardon for some evil act which was probably committed to hurt anyone, and which, when the evil doer seeks, the injured one is ready to give. For example, a young girl was brought before her dying mother to receive forgiveness for disobeying her mother's sincere commands. Her mother, knowing how hard it would be for her to part without knowing she had forgiven her daughter forgave her most willingly, and there and then the young girl gave herself over to the good and began a new life in a different sphere of work for God.

Loyalty means to be faithful and true. For example, a young man who lived with his invalid mother was one day called away to fight for his home and country. His mother at first tried to keep him at home, but she did not hesitate to change her opinion when he told her that a good and faithful subject would be only too pleased to seize the opportunity of fighting for the safety of his country. He went away with the heart of loyalty beating steadily beneath his shining armour.

Friendship is the love for virtues found in one person by another which satisfy the desires of the heart. A true friend is one to whom all can be told in confidence. For instance, a young man thought he was dying, and sent for his previous Sunday school



"REDWING" GUNNING.

teacher to come and speak to him of the coming life, so that he could tell her his life-long story. She came, and he told her the most sad and heartbreaking story. How he remembered her friendship, and had decided for Christ, but was overcome by the tempter. He decided once again to turn back into the narrow path, and after renewing the pledge of friendship he rallied. He soon recovered, and now they are two of the best workers in the missionary field.

—Written by Grace Hawkins.

DODGING A SCOLDING.

Clifford Lark, "Manning," Tracey-street, Hurstville, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I don't think I will wait for your attack on the scallywags, so I am writing now. I am in fifth class at day school. We are having some fine rain here now. It started this afternoon, and I hope it will keep on for a few days. I will be 13 years old on May 14. My favorite books are—"Ned in the Woods," "Scouts and Comrades," "The Lost River," and "Lost in the Rockies," all by Edward Ellis. The best music we have heard for a long time is the pattering of the rain on the roof. We have relatives in the country losing their stock through drought, and I hope the rain will reach them and fatten their stock. The heat here has been dreadful. On the 24th of last month we had a social evening and tea meeting, at which we presented our curate (Rev. H. Arnold) with a writing desk and chair, a silver-mounted brush and comb, and a purse of sovereigns. We are all very sorry to lose him, although it is a promotion for him. We were all very sorry to see in last week's "Grit" the death of one of your nephews, Alan Seaward, and send kindest sympathy, with love to all your Ni's and Ne's and yourself.—I remain, your Nephew.

(Dear Clifford,—You just managed to dodge a big scolding. I was beginning to feel quite downhearted that my Ne's wrote

so seldom, but your letter is fine. There are lots of grand books for boys. Have you ever read "St. Winifred's" and "Eric"? They are fine. I am sure your love and kind sympathy will be very welcome.—Uncle B.)

SOUR GRAPES.

Walter, Liverpool, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am going to write to you to-night, so that I won't be called a scallywag. Milce is often busy when I want to write, but to-night she is not. Why do you think that grapes are sour? I think they are just lovely. I asked Milce to tell me the story of the fox and the grapes. She laughed, and said for me to tell her the one I knew and she would tell me a different one of it. We had a storm here yesterday. This morning when I got up the ground was quite wet and horrid, but the wind soon made it dry again, and now the dust is blowing everywhere. Every Wednesday our teacher takes us to the river for a swim. We have such a pretty river. Some of the soldiers are coming up to-night. We will have the big encampment at Easter. Good night.

(Dear Walter,—It was too bad of Milcie not to tell you about the sour grapes. When the old fox found he could not get the grapes he then said, "Oh, they are no good; they are sour." And so people often say things are nasty when they really are nice, but when they can't get them, like the fox, they say, "Oh, they are sour." I am glad you took so much trouble to write such a nice letter.—Uncle B.)

THE GLORIOUS SURF.

Molly, Wellington, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hardly dare to write after such a long silence, and as I don't like excuses I won't make any, except that I have been very busy lately, and so have only had time to read letters, not write them. What kind of holidays did you have, Uncle? Mine were the most enjoyable I have ever spent. I enjoyed every day of them. I am quite a good surfer now. I used to go in the surf every day, if possible at all. I notice that during my absence from Page Eleven a new "Molly" has come into existence, so I will have to abdicate (or rather my name will) in favor of hers. I have been corresponding for a good while now with Daisy and Grace Hawkins, and greatly enjoy their letters. I quite missed your last

competition. I was away when it came out in "Grit," and when I came home that particular copy was nowhere to be found. I don't even know what it was. By the way, I am past the seventeen stage now, as I was that age on January 3 last, but as you say you mean from seven to seventeen inclusive I suppose I am not banished yet. I am still only a little (?) school girl, but this is my last year of this particular school. I won't be very sorry either. We have had great changes in our school since Christmas, and have about seven new teachers now. Well, Uncle, I hope I will be forgiven for "scallywagging," and that you will be satisfied with a short letter this time. It is raining gloriously, and I want to go to bed and listen to it. Lots of love to yourself and cousins.—From.

(Dear Molly,—You are Molly of Wellington, and not to be displaced by any other Molly, however charming. And when next January 3 comes you will be made an hon. Nⁱ, and will have to write as usual, or you will become an hon. scallywag. I am so sorry you missed the competition, but then the surf is to blame. I know something of its attractions, and forgive you. Write soon.—Uncle B.)

WHERE ARE THE MISSING ONES?

Daisy, Wyville, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I saw in a footnote to one of my cousins that there was something to happen to the scallywags. I hope I am not in your list. Our Japanese fair was a great success, and we all enjoyed the novelty of the foreign dress. We have had over a week's rain. It was lovely till Thursday, when the wind got round to the south, and since then it has been terribly cold. At the beginning of the week we had high temperatures and thunderstorms. Now we are having southerly blizzards and continual showers. Before the rain started we were right out of water; both tanks were empty and our well was dry. We had to carry the water some distance. Uncle, I think poor Bonnie is a long time thinking out her short letter, don't you? Do you know what has happened mysterious Molly at Wellington. She has quite deserted you and poor Page Eleven. Last week we girls had a letter each from some of your nieces up north. We are all waiting for the results of the competition. It was a pity that there were so many of the cousins like myself

who did not try. We are all hoping that No-License will win this year. Well, dear Uncle, I must close now, with fond love to you all.—I remain, your loving Niece.

(Dear Daisy,—You might well ask after Molly and Bonnie. I have been thinking of starting a missing friends' column, and getting in that way some information about some of my most scallywag Ne's and Ni's.—Uncle B.)

WHAT OF THE COMPETITION?

Myrtle Luxton, Woodend-road, Ipswich, Q., writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am very sorry to have to tell you that I cannot sell "Grit," and therefore shall ask you only to send our own and no extras, please. How do you like this weather? The rain we had on Saturday was beautiful. The other days of the week were extremely hot, the temperature being 99 deg. in the shade. Have you decided about the competition yet? I am very interested in the Liquor Bill, and would like you to give me full particulars about it. Enclosed is a postal note for 2s., our subscription. If you would kindly tell me how long we are paid up to, I should be much obliged. No more news, so goodbye. I remain, your sincere niece.

(Dear Myrtle,—Thank you for your letter. Sorry you had no encouragement with "Grit." You evidently did not try the small girl's plan. She sold them to her father and then gave them away. You must not take no for an answer. Very few men would be married if they took no for an answer.—Uncle B.)

CHRIST'S SUPREME OWNERSHIP.

The true idea which every Christian should keep in mind is that he does not own himself. Christ owns us and has a perfect right to put us just where He chooses, and to demand of us just what He wants.

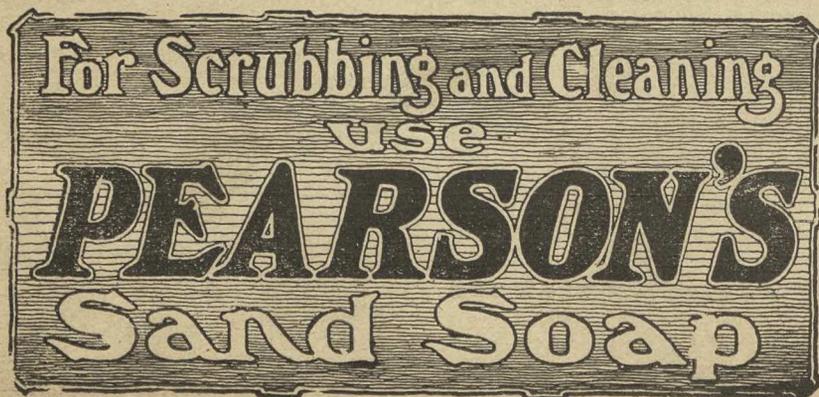
What we call our property really belongs to Christ; we only surrender to him His own when we pour it into His treasury.

It is not sin to have money, but it is a sin to let money have us. If we put the chest of gold on our shoulders, it may crush us into selfishness and ruin; if we put it under our feet it may lift us up to usefulness and the smile of our approving Lord.

How much of the time and money and talents does Jesus Christ need? That is the way that Christians should look at the matter.

This supreme ownership by Jesus Christ allows him to take away from us whatever He will, and whenever He will. God's dealings are often great mysteries, but they are never mistakes.

He puts His own where He needs them most. He gives us the discipline that we most require. Then, let us comfort ourselves with the thought that He puts honor on such humble creatures as we are, when He condescends to use us or ours for His blessed service.



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John L's Best Fight.

John L. Sullivan, in his own time the greatest of all heavyweight pugilists, used to have two boasts—that he could whip any man ever born of woman, and that he could consume any combination of mixed drinks and still walk straight. After his prize-ring career was over the newspapers began to print all sorts of stories about frequent saloon brawls in which he participated, and continued to print them for a long time. Much that was said about him was greatly exaggerated, of course, but Sullivan himself did not pretend to be a sober, peaceful citizen. But a few years ago the newspapers ceased publishing stories about his prodigalities, though not because the ex-champion had quit fighting. It is true he had quit fighting men, but he had begun a still harder fight, one which required tremendous courage of the rare and finer quality. An incident narrated by Richard Barry, in "Pearson's Magazine," explains just what kind of fight it was:—

One day, only a few months ago, a gruff-mannered, grey-haired man with sweeping gray moustaches, heavy of paunch, and deliberate of gait, waddled into Healy's cafe on the upper West Side of New York.

Tom Healy, the proprietor, saw him coming, and personally rushed to prepare a table for him.

"'Tis a fine day, Mr. Sullivan, and happy I am to see you coming this way again," murmured Tom, blending the manners of an Irish diplomat with those of an obese fight fan.

"How a-are ye?" said John L., extending a pudgy fist lamely and permitting it to be seized, as an emperor would suffer the approach of a satrap.

Healy beckoned the nearest waiter impressively. "A magnum of our best champagne," he said.

"Naw!" growled John L.

"We have some private stock Burgundy. Bottled it ourselves in '91." Healy blushed as he realised that he had unwittingly mentioned the worst year in history, the year of the Old Roman's Waterloo.

"Naw!"

"Some Johannisberger. I think we have a bottle or two of '07. It's rare," purred Healy.

"Naw!"

"Some good old English porter?"

"Naw!"

Healy was plainly troubled. John L. sat puffing deeply, and fixing his would-be host

with a stolid glare that might have indicated enmity had not the fact of his appearance been perfect assurance of his friendship.

"Well, what will it be then? Name your own tittle. I guarantee to furnish it."

"Nothing doing, Tom. I'm on the water waggon."

"Sure," he asserted. "'Tis a good thing now and then, a wonderful thing—braces a man up—keeps his trim—and then you enjoy the grape more when you get back to it."

But as he spoke Healy was thinking of the past, of the night when John L. had stood before his mahogany while two bartenders, as rapidly as they could work, mixed gin fizzes for him, which he consumed more quickly than they could be passed out, until sixty-seven had entered his capacious throat. He was thinking of the night when his present guest had offered to drink two bottles of wine for every one that any other man could consume and how he thereupon drank three of the boss alcoholics of Harlem under the table before he, himself, sank by the wayside in a stupor.

"Naw! I've had my last drink," boomed the throaty bass voice.

Healy smiled that smile mingled of incredulity, patronage, and considerate attention which the perfect host should always bestow upon the reformer. John L. got all the inflections of the smile.

"I've put King Booze down for the count. It was my hardest fight and my best knock-out, and I'll never give him another chance at the title. I'm retired—and this time that goes. Never again a drop of liquor enters my body. It's been three years since I had one. I'll be a million years an angel before I touch another."

There was quiet certainty in the tone which said that this was no idle boast. It was far more effective, even, than had been that threat, "I'll lick any man in the house right here now—their my sentiments—John L. Sullivan—that's me!" uttered so often, so vaingloriously, so effectively in years dead and gone.

He meant it. John L. Sullivan has become a Y.M.C.A. lecturer on temperance, and he practices what he preaches.

Summer Boarder: "Don't you ever come to see the sights of a city?"

Farmer Medders: "Oh, no; we see 'em every summer."

"ALCOHOL AT SUNRISE."

Under such a title the "Medical Press" discusses the proposal of the Birmingham Licensing Committee to change the hour of opening the public-house from 6 a.m. to 8.30 a.m., and thus expresses its opinion:—"This seems to be a step of the right kind in practical temperance legislation. Who but a toper recovering from his over-night potation could want beer or spirits at 6 o'clock in the morning? By some sort of Nemesis the first beer drawn in the morning has long been known to cause plumbism owing to its action upon the lead pipes in which it has lain during the night. Postponing the hour would not, of course, lessen this particular risk. Nor would the alcohol swallowed at 8.30 a.m. be less fatal than that taken two hours and a half earlier, but it may be presumed there would be less opportunity of indulging at the later hour. But of all drinking, that of the morning is the most harmful, and of all morning drinks that which is taken in the early hours on an empty stomach. No reasonable individual should want alcohol except at, say, dinner or supper, and for that there is no necessity. To drink before evening or between meals is a silly habit that steals away a man's strength both of body and of mind. We are glad to learn that the Birmingham magistrates approved the proposed change from 6 to 8.30 in the morning by a substantial majority."—"Alliance News."

SIGNED AWAY HIS LIBERTY.

"And so, Jack, you have turned teetotal? Well, I never thought you'd be a milk-and-water drinker. I always did say as how you could take your glass like a man, and leave it alone when you'd had enough; but here, now, I see by that bit of blue on your coat you've actually gone and signed away your liberty."

"Well, yes, I have, Tom; and, do you know, I rather enjoy the change. Before I signed the pledge my toes had liberty to look through my boots, my elbows had liberty to look through my coat, my knees had liberty to look through my pants, and I could scratch my head without taking my hat off. Well, Tom, I've signed away all that liberty, and find myself prisoned up in a good suit of clothes, and I quite enjoy the novel experiment."—"The Patriot."

The office boy had been discovered in a lie. It was not one of the ordinary prevarications of our every-day world, but quite a serious and a deliberately mendacious effort. "Do you know, my lad," asked a grizzly clerk, in kind tones, "what becomes of boys who trifle with the truth?" "Aye," was the confident reply, "the boss sends them out travelling when they grow up."

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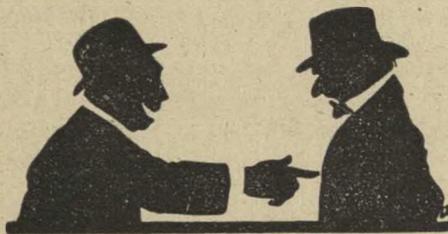
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COULD PUT IT OUT.

One of the reputations which the American has abroad is that he can always over-top anything he sees in Europe by something he has at home. An Italian was showing an American friend about Italy, and had not had much success in arousing his enthusiasm. If he showed the Campanile, the American said, "We've got a monument in Washington, two hundred feet higher." If he showed him the Coliseum, he remarked, "The auditorium at Chicago is bigger." Finally the Italian showed him Vesuvius in eruption, and thought surely that must stir his awe. But the American, after gazing for a moment at the burning mountain, said: "We've got a waterfall in America that would put that out in five minutes."

* * *

An old woman with a peaked black bonnet got aboard a train in Kentucky, and after calmly surveying everything in the coach she turned to a red-haired boy and, pointing to the bell-cord, asked: "What's that, and why does it run into that car?"

"That's the bell-cord; it runs into the dining-car."

The old woman hooked the end of her parasol over the bell-cord and gave it a vigorous jerk. Instantly the brakes were set and the train came to a stop.

The conductor rushed in and asked loudly, "Who pulled that bell-cord?"

"I did," calmly replied the old lady.

"Well, what do you want?" shouted the conductor.

"A cup of coffee and a ham sandwich."

TIT FOR TAT.

"Going far?" asked the talkative one.
"To Chicago," roared the traveller. "I'm in the dry goods line. Thirty-six. Married. Name is Horatio Brown. Son 19 years old. In the Civil Service. He gets 30 a week. Father died last July. Mother still living. One of my nieces has red hair. Our cook left, but we got a new one. Anything else?"

The talkative man thought a moment.
"What oil do you use on your tongue?" he enquired slowly.

* * *

INFANT SNOBBERY.

Too often the idea of service is associated solely with paid servants, although seldom so amusingly as in the case of a little girl of whom a contributor to the English "Illustrated Magazine" tells. She had visited a little friend whose family did their own housework. She had a very good time, and on coming home was telling her mother all about it.

"But, mother, dear, they do one very dreadful thing," she concluded. "I sort of hate to tell you about it, for it is kind of cruel, and you mightn't let me go again."

"Tell me," urged her mother in some alarm.

"They use their own grandmother for a cook," the little girl replied in a shocked whisper.

* * *

HE DID WHAT HE COULD.

A party of Scotsmen had been having a "convivial," and unsteady were the steps of the home-going in the morning. One fell by the wayside, and called for help from another wayfarer. The would-be Good Samaritan tried to steady himself as he looked down on the fallen one and then settled matters by saying "I canna help ye up, but I'll lie doon aside ye!"

* * *

First Small Boy: "We'd better be good."

Second Small Boy: "Why?"

First Small Boy: "I heard the doctor tell mother to take plenty of exercise."

TRUE, TOO.

At an evangelistic meeting in Scotland a carter, when giving his testimony, said: "No' very lang since I was passin' the pub I used to gang to wi' a shoooin' machine on my back. The publican was staunin' at the door, an' he says to me: 'Man, Tam, ye're gettin' awfu' strong since you got converted.' 'That's the truth,' says I, 'for when I had ony dealin's wi' you I could na' carry a threepenny-bit past yer door.'"

* * *

GAMBLING INVADES THE KITCHEN.

Jack (rushing into pap's room): "Papa, the coffee pot and the kettle are singing."

Papa: "Nothing strange about that, my boy."

Jack: "But they are singing for a wager."

Papa: "Nonsense."

Jack: "I can prove it."

Papa: "How?"

Jack: "Because the frying pan is in the middle, holding the steaks."

* * *

Mrs. Fussy (on her first visit to Niagara Falls): "Oh, Harry. That reminds me I forgot to turn off the water in the kitchen sink."



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What the Parson Says.

SOMETHING FOR THE INNER MAN.

The Carpenter of Nazareth lived nearly 2000 years ago, and vast changes have taken place since then. But it is also true to say that the Carpenter of Nazareth is still alive. He was the Eternal Son of God, and lives for ever. The tools used in Nazareth are long out of date, but the same work of shaping wood and shaping lives goes on. So I mean by the "Carpenter's Tool-box," not only the primitive one of 2000 years ago, but also the one you may see any day in any carpenter's shop or tool warehouse, and I am frankly going to take a modern tool and speak as if Jesus had worked with it. That may be historically inaccurate, but it is spiritually true. It is just what the great Leonardo da Vinci did when he painted his famous picture of the Last Supper with Jesus and disciples sitting Western-fashion at a table, like one of those used in Leonardo's own country and time.

Before the carpenter can begin his work at all, he or someone else must go to the forest and fell the trees. Therefore our first tool is the axe. It is the oldest tool in the world. In the ancient graves of early ages stone axes have often been found. It is the most useful of all the tools. A Chinese carpenter does almost all his work with his axe. It serves him as plane and chisel and hammer, and many other tools besides. The axe is a weapon of war as well as a tool of peace. What boy has not heard of the long-handled pole-axe of the Scandinavian; of the halbert, with its hook like a woodman's bill and its pointed spikes; of the tomahawk made of deer's horn and wielded with deadly swiftness by the Red Indian? Yes, the axe has something sharp and stern and strong to say to us.

When John the Baptist foretold that the Carpenter of Nazareth would leave His humble workshop and come to do the work of salvation, he said He would come as a man with an axe in His hand. And so, that is the earliest picture we get of Jesus—a man with an axe in His hand going forth to fell trees. "Now is the axe laid unto the roots of the

trees," said John. From that we can tell what the carpenter would do with his axe, and we know the axe's name. Its name is "Reform," and its work is to cut down all the trees of sin and wrong and injustice in the world. Jesus was the greatest of all reformers. Many have followed Him in this work. There were John Wyclif and Martin Luther, and William Wilberforce and Elizabeth Fry, and Father Mathew, and a host of others. These all come carrying axes in their hands. Make out a list of them for yourself. Reformers are men and women who cannot see an evil without trying to remove it. Some people prefer to shut their eyes, and go on as if the world had no disgusting things to cut down. What's the use? they say. Why can't you leave it alone? The man with the axe cannot do that. He says, with Archbishop Whately, "If a thing it right to be done, it must be right that somebody should do it. Is there any reason why I should not be that somebody?" and with Charles Kingsley, "I will never believe that a man has a real love for the good and beautiful unless he attacks the evil and disgusting the moment he sees it." The world is still full of evils. Think of the curses of ignorance and drunkenness, disease and vice, that darken and debase our streets and schools and homes. They are all to be hewn down. The axe must be laid at their roots. Boys and girls must have a hand in that work. Have you taken hold of your axe yet to strike down that impurity, that lie, that abuse? It is heavy and rough, and often unpleasant work, felling trees. But felling trees is the first part of the carpenter's task. Only when the axe of reform has done its work can the beautiful furniture be made. Lift up the carpenter's axe, then. Look at Mr. Reform. He is made of two parts; a head and a haft; a head of iron with an edge of steel sharpened to cut quickly and deeply, striking down at the roots of things, and a haft of hard hickory or some other tough elastic wood by which the hand can swing it with strong, deep

blows. We shall call the head "Courage," and we shall call the haft "Trust." These are the secrets of all Christ's reforming work. Courage and Trust, a brave heart and confidence in God! "I will trust and not be afraid." Strike out at any evil with that as your axe and it is bound to come down.

You will never reform anything unless you have courage. You will never even reform yourself. It takes courage to be converted. It takes courage to fight the good fight of faith. You must compel yourself. Here is a boy who is naturally timid. He shrinks from doing right because he will be laughed at. Here is a girl whose heart trembles and whose face grows pale at any danger. She screams with fear if she sees a mouse. Can these ever be reformers? Yes. A young soldier was riding down into his first battle with pale face and trembling hand, when a companion looking at him said, "Why, man, you're afraid; you are trembling!" "I know I am," replied the soldier, "and if you were half as much afraid as I am you would turn and run away." The soldier of Christ must simply let himself go. He must take the risks of doing right. He must wield his axe and strike again at the evil. He may be trembling and timid, but one thing he must never do: he must never turn and run away.

"Ah, it is very easy speaking," you say. Yes, but remember the axe has a handle. There is a haft as well as a head to it. Courage is the head. Trust is the haft. You strike with courage if you hold on with trust. True bravery is never bravado. It is work done through trust. "I will trust and not be afraid." If we trust in God we shall conquer fear. That great and good man, William T. Stead, who was drowned at the sinking of the "Titanic," once undertook a very difficult enterprise in which all his fortune was risked. He was talking over his plans to his friend and explaining all he wanted to do. His friend said, "Why, it is very risky; you will ruin yourself." "Oh," said Stead, "I have a very wealthy partner." "Ah, that makes a difference. Who is this partner?" "It is the Almighty God," said the daring man. That is the right spirit for our life. We trust in God and go forward. We take up the axe of reform and follow the great Carpenter when He goes out to the forest to cut down the trees.

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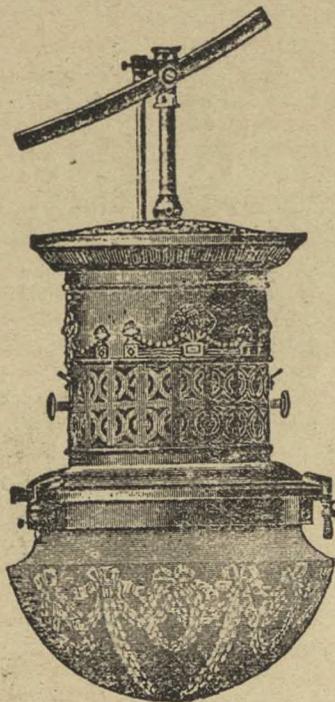
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