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A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1911.

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ALCOHOLISM AND TUBERCULOSIS.

[An extract from a lecture delivered at the Tuberculosis Sanatorium in Wilmersdorf, February, 1911, by Dr. Jacobs, professor in the University of Berlin.]

Statistical investigations in Germany have shown that the mortality from consumption among brewers is double, and that among saloon and bar-keepers treble that of the average for the German empire.

DRINK LOWERS RESISTANCE TO THE GERMS.

The reason for the greater frequency of disease and death from tuberculosis among drinkers lies chiefly in the fact that alcohol markedly reduces the resisting power of the body, and for that reason increases the predisposition to tuberculosis. We know today that of the children who leave school at the age of 13 and 14 about 70 per cent., in many cities and villages as many as 90 per cent. harbor germs of tuberculosis in their glands. This glandular tuberculosis is not in itself a dangerous disease. The bacilli lodged in the glands may remain there for years without spreading to other organs. They only spread thus when the natural protective powers of the body have become lowered. Then they leave the capsules in the glands and are transported by way of the lymph passages to other organs, especially the lungs, become seated there, and after a longer or shorter time set up lung consumption.

IT FACILITATES THEIR LODGMENT.

Among the many influences capable of producing that kind of injury to the body (lowering its resistance) alcohol certainly deserves a place in the front rank, because, as already stated, alcohol gives rise to an irritated condition of the air passages, and by that means offers an advantage for the lodgment of the disease. While the tuberculosis germs are frequently destroyed by the healthy mucous membrane, they can easily colonise in organs that have been robbed of their natural protective covering. Hence, lung consumption is an unusually frequent disease in the families of drinkers. Thus one often hears in the country, where the people are instinctively possessed of keen observation, the expression, "The schnapps-devil has brought consumption to such and such a house," or "So-and-so has drunk himself into consumption."

IT LEADS TO INSUFFICIENT FOOD SUPPLY.

Alcohol also takes a part indirectly in the origin of tuberculosis. The more the father of the family pays out for drink the less will he be able to spend for healthful nourishment for his family. If the family use of milk has so fallen off that in the country,

for example, the per capita consumption has shrunk from 115 liters per year in 1890 to 54 liters in 1900, one of the essential reasons is that the peasant sells the greater part of the yield from his dairy to the creamery in order to get cash, which he turns in part again into alcohol. From this chiefly follows the under-nourishment of the children and thereby the increased disposition toward the contraction of tuberculosis.

IT LEADS TO NEGLECT OF PREVENTIVE MEASURES.

Next comes the fact that alcoholism weakens and paralyses the will power as well as the mental faculties of men. The rules for the care of the health cannot, therefore, be as strictly observed as is necessary for the avoidance of tuberculosis. There is less sensitiveness to matters of personal cleanliness and order, as well as to conditions of environment, dwelling and family, and right here we have the repeated assertions of the leading tuberculosis investigators that it is a house disease. The more unhygienic the dwelling, the more dust and dirt there is in it, the worse the ventilation and cleanliness, so much more opportunity is afforded for the development and multiplication of the germs of tuberculosis, which are carried in such large numbers into the house.

If men living in such houses are addicted to alcohol they give no consideration to the simplest of the precautionary measures, which are necessary in all places occupied by tuberculous persons. The victim himself is careless about where he deposits his sputum; he defiles the floor and his bed and his personal clothing; he neglects the simplest rules of hygiene in his personal conduct; he spends his spare time in drinking-places instead of in the open air, which would afford the most favorable conditions for the healing of his lungs. He refuses to go to a sanatorium, where he might recover from his ailment, because there he would be forbidden to use alcohol.

IT MAKES THE HOME A BREEDING-PLACE FOR THE GERMS.

The whole family is equally careless. The wife does not trouble herself about the cleanliness of the house or of the children. There is little preparation of the most necessary articles of food, and what there is is inappropriate and insufficient. Dust and dirt, these great friends of the tuberculosis germ, are found in every nook and corner of the

house. The children play upon the dirty floor; they inhale the house dust; they put their dirty fingers into their mouths, or make wounds in the skin with their nails. They are miserable, scrofulous; they have tuberculous glands.

Thus alcoholism in the head of the family leads directly to the development of the disease in those belonging to him; the drinker becomes the murderer of his family.

IT TAKES THE DRINKER INTO INFECTED SURROUNDINGS.

Moreover, it is not only the use of alcoholic liquors themselves, but many circumstances associated with them which play a part in the advancement of tuberculosis among those addicted to drink. For one thing, such men seldom drink alone, but usually seek the society of others of like taste and disposition. These are found in drinking-places of all kinds; that is, in closed rooms, whose general hygienic condition as to light, air, cleanliness, and freedom from dust is nothing less than a menace to health. In such defective places are passed many hours that would be far more advantageous to the body spent in pure air and hygienic occupation, which would greatly improve the body's resisting power.

In these places there are, of course, frequently consumptives who give no heed as to where their expectorations are deposited. Those employed about the place—the landlord and his family, the waiters, waitresses, and others—are often infected.

Thus alcoholism gives plenty of opportunity for the reception of the tuberculosis germ and for increasing susceptibility to the disease. Alcoholism must therefore be fought, if for no other reason, for the restraint of this contagion that is consuming the very marrow of the people.

GOOD STORIES.

"Pa, what is a football coach?"

"The ambulance, I suppose."

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Our Ungifted Member.

THE STORY OF A PATHETIC GIFT AND A NOBLE WORK.

(By Rance Leyton, in "Presbyterian.")

He had been with us many years, but, excepting the minister, nobody seemed to know him. He and his wife were in their places as regular as clockwork, and as regular as clockwork disappeared till next week-night service, to reappear with like promptitude the following Sunday. There was nothing repellant about them to make any handshaking or other liberty be out of the question, as is the manner of some; they just came and went, and somehow did not get into the "swim." In time it came to be concluded they did not want to get into it, as it came also to be concluded they had no children, for none were visible.

It became needful at length to appoint additional deacons to replace the tear and wear of time, huffs and removals, so, after several good and likely men had been suggested by the elders, our minister diffidently proposed Robert Johns. We received the suggestion in silence, not through any resentment at a ministerial nomination—for, whatever faults we have, we do all like to get the minister's mind so that we may fall in with it all we can; our silence was of the kind that is most pathetic, the silence of ignorance.

"It's the Johns who sits with his wife in the side aisle, behind the Barkers," explained the minister with fine tact, just as if there were scores of Johnses in the church, to be identified only by latitude and longitude.

"H'm," grinned our chief elder, with a nasal hum, intended to convey a complete familiarity with the man's biography; "I'm afraid he'd never do; why, he hasn't a single gift."

We felt the compliment; none should be in office who did not possess gifts; we were in office, ergo!

"I don't know about his gifts," said the minister, quietly, "but I feel very certain about his grace."

"Is grace needed in a dea—?" The chief elder didn't finish his sentence; he had a sudden fear that the question might raise the ghosts of theology, and as we rather enjoyed his plight, we readily assented to the name of Robert Johns being put with the rest on the voting paper.

You might have thought the dry rot had got under the floor, or the weight of the new organ was making the pillars give, by the way people stopped at the door to ask: "Who was Mr. Johns!" He was a kind of

discovery, but was nevertheless duly and truly elected.

We got to love the man, scarce knowing why. He certainly was not gifted; he could neither preach nor pray, nor could he make the smallest speech without putting an assessment on all our good manners not to laugh. Yet there was something very sweet and gentle about him, a modesty coupled with a reliability that gave him a very kindly place in our hearts. He never could be induced to take an active part in any public meeting, but wherever there was prayer, a missionary recital, or a gathering of the young, he was there with a beaming face.

We had stiff work in those days, battling with debt, and every man did his share well. In one special effort Johns was pretty nearly overlooked; by that gift of inspiration which makes us blunder so often, it had been tacitly assumed he could not do much. As it was he brought a very handsome sum into the treasury.

It was some time before we got at the true inwardness of this sum. Being absent one night when the deacons' court was held, young Spriggs, who is both rash and loving, suggested that the best way out of some financial difficulty would be to ask Johns to "tot up," as he commercially expressed it. "It wouldn't be much to him after that last donation," he said, airily.

There seemed to be moisture in our minister's eyes. "Gentlemen," he said, "I don't wonder at your expectations from Mr. Johns, on the strength of his last kindness, and for once I am not sorry he happens to be absent; it gives me a chance to tell you of one of the noblest things I've learnt for a while. Johns is not rich; I only wish for his sake he were. But here are the facts. He knew what we needed, and why, and his whole heart was in it. He calculated what he could give; but that bothered him, for he has little over after meeting all needs. Of course, he and his wife discussed this, as they discuss everything, together, and here was the result. Johns rose an hour earlier every morning, so as to walk to business, instead of going by the train, and in the same way walked home at night. The fares he put into a box set apart for the purpose. He gave up his morning paper, which cost a penny, for an evening one which cost only half that sum, the difference going daily to

the box. His biggest indulgence, dear fellow, had been one ounce of tobacco every week; he reduced this by one half, the difference again going into the box. Something of these self-denials," continued the minister with a smile, "having got out amongst his friends, led me to make some remark to him in sincere appreciation, but he would have none of it. 'Why!' he said, 'it's nothing to talk of; I got all the benefit. The walk, morning and evening, has made a new man of me; I used to be troubled with dyspepsia, but halving the tobacco cured that; as for the newspaper, I got gold in the nugget from the evening paper instead of beaten out into gold-paper leaf in the penny morning!'

"This was his way of putting it, and he thinks it is all I know; but, gentlemen," said the minister, gravely, "there is something more pathetic behind, which, I think, from the highest—the Master's reasons—you should know. There was a little child, as winsome a wee thing as gladdens any of our homes, but she developed a double brain, and the anguished father and mother kept her as much as they could away from everyone, in the hope that some day she would come right. It is a worn-out phrase, but in the present case it is the only one that fits—the parents were devoted to her. She died. There is a little village churchyard, far, very far, away, that loomed up through all the sorrow of father and mother as the only place where their darling should be buried, but it would cost much to carry her there. They buried her here, and gave the difference of the cost to the church's need; father and mother felt that little Maisie would like this service to the Lord."

After the minister's tender and touching story, it goes without saying that Robert Johns became invested in our eyes with a kind of halo, nor was it long before the congregation began to have glimpses of it, too. Deacons, of course, as honorable men, never tell tales out of school; they are too keenly alive to their dignity and responsibility as members of the ecclesiastical cabinet to divulge the doings of the conclave, save at duly stated time and in formal fashion. But some of them are married—which is, perhaps, why things leak out.

(Concluded in Next Issue.)

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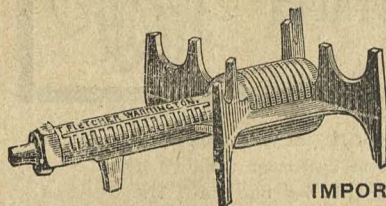
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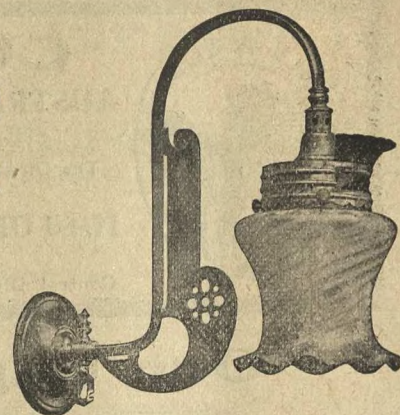
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NOTES AND COMMENTS BY THE SECRETARY.

"I could right away fill every paper in your city several times over with incontrovertible matter re the unqualified success of No-license where tried."—Rev. Thos. Fee, an ex-president of the Methodist Conference, and a 30 years' resident of N.Z.

A good secretary should be a volcanic sort of man, continually able to shake things up and prevent them settling down into a state of apathy. The following quotation from a recent letter, while it reveals some of the difficulties in the way, shows the need of these secretarial volcanoes: "Your heart will be broken up here by what you will see of the prostitution of national issues to petty, despicable, personal ends. Professing sympathisers will not really work themselves (they will talk, whilst sitting in an easy chair, by the mile), and yet they cannot bear to see anyone else do things. Seem to think that a person who does things is dangerous in some way."

Not the subtle and ubiquitous efforts of the money lords of "the Trade" need we fear, but the deadly apathy of many of our 212,000 No-license voters, who will not wake up until the day of the poll, and who too often discourage those who would organize for victory beforehand.

"I can see that the Box Scheme is to become absolutely the foundation-stone of the State work."—From a Correspondent.

Lengthy tours by the Secretary in the Gloucester and Tenterfield electorates are under consideration.

Mr. and Mrs. Moppett, of Thirlmere, are indomitable workers (Wollondilly electorate). A good programme was arranged for the meeting on September 29, but weather conditions were largely prohibitive, and the expected "full house" presented a disappointingly bare appearance. That, however, did not spoil the evening. Those present entered into the proceedings with zest. I gave a "Chalk Talk," and afterwards adjudicated on the work of the competition in a singing competition. The winner of the silver pendant in the first group was Miss Cassie Franklin, and in the second Miss Louie Earl won a pretty book. The prizes were donated by Mr. Stewart, of Sydney, and Mrs. Moppett, respectively.

A programme of work, including decentralisation, financing, organizing, educating, and a State-wide movement for the children, is under the consideration of a Special Committee appointed by the Executive. Dr. Caro, our indefatigable Hon. Treasurer, is the principal originator of the programme, and it wins the approval of all who hear its comprehensive and statesmanlike provisions. It is a 10 years' programme, but it is just what is needed to give practical effect to the sentiments of the quarter-million No-license voters in our State.

I have just concluded a brief campaign in the Gunning circuit with Rev. Mr. Roberts. There were good meetings at Collector, Dalton, Greendale, and Gunning.

Collector is the old town where Police-constable Nelson was shot by a member of the Ben Hall bushranging gang, and a polished granite monument marks the spot where the intrepid officer fell. The shooting took place near a pub. At the most Ben Hall would only have demanded "your money or your life," but this drink traffic, as someone has remarked, demands "your money and your life."

The healthfulness of the Gunning district deserves to be much better known. It is about 2000 feet above sea-level, and I have been nowhere else in Australia where I met so many elderly people still enjoying good health. Mr. John Wheatley, of Dalton, is 84, and works every day; Mrs. Carter is 92, and as active and intelligent as many not half her age. There are several others whom it was my privilege to meet. It was interesting to note how sound they all seemed on the Temperance question.

Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Crowther, of Collector; Mr. Tim Starr and Mr. Wheatley, of Dalton, and Rev. Mr. Roberts, of Gunning, entertained me with the kindest of hospitality.

The Bottom Square Box is increasing in favor. Collector folk adopted the scheme readily, and Miss Keturah L. Granger has become agent, starting with 20 boxes. Greendale friends also have accepted the boxes, which will be under the care of our practical friend Miss Wheatley. Miss Roberts, of Gunning, has to relinquish the box work, but

Miss Bud Barber becomes the agent, and there are others who have promised to help.

The Rev. Mr. Parkes, of Gunning, successor to Rev. Mr. Shaw, occupied the chair at our lecture on Monday, October 9, and his presence was much appreciated by the audience.

Miss Price is busily engaged preparing the Calendar for the printer. It will be full of inspiration and cheer.

In addition to other donations previously acknowledged for Mr. Juddkins's fund, we have received 10s. 6d. from "Star of the Tweed" L.O.L. Lodge.

Amount from Mr. Norman Crawford was 10s. 6d., and not £1, as previously inserted.

Please do not forget the petition for earlier closing of hotels. One of our writers asks have we given up the idea. Not at all! If you have not already sent petition to your member, do not delay.

The following is an extract from the "Sydney Morning Herald" of October 10:—

(To the Editor of the "Herald.")

Sir,—Permit me to add to what I have said about Maine in your to-day's issue, that the poll does not yet mean the opening of liquor bars in the State. The vote was on an amendment of the Constitution, which, if carried, would permit the Parliament, if it so desired, to legislate on the question. Without such an amendment it could not act.

As the voting was so close, a recount apparently having to be made, it is quite possible that the State Legislature may not think the vote a sufficient mandate to warrant a repeal of the prohibitory law. It may very reasonably desire to wait further action. If, however, a change be made as in the campaign, the opponents of Prohibition constantly asserted the superiority of local option for cities and counties, and said that they wanted it, a local instead of a State vote would most probably be taken. The issue then would be, shall any bars be opened? Alabama has recently taken this position.

As this would mean fresh polling, the victory over Prohibition is anything but won. While I have warmly favored local option, as is well known, I consider it unfortunate that a barrier to Prohibition has been broken down. The position in Maine, one of the most prosperous States in the Union, is still full of interest.—I am etc.,

F. B. BOYCE.

St. Paul's, Redfern, October 9.

Pages 5 and 6
missing from book.

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and again. Except for small quantities, which may be brought in without registration, all the liquors imported must be registered by the Clerk of the Court. The number of people in our licensing district is over 13,000, and I feel sure that the number of different names recurring is only between three and four hundred, certainly not more than four hundred.

"The quantity imported is also a diminishing one, being less last year than the year before. All the liquor that came in for Christmas week last year for that 13,000 people would only have been sufficient for the Christmas evening's business for one licensed bar. I have never seen a keg party, and have been here now more than a year and have kept my eyes open. I do not say there are no keg parties, but I have never seen one. They are certainly not numerous, or I would have seen them.

"From a police point of view, give me No-license every time. The town is clean, and there is not a disorderly woman here—I think the use of liquor is an indispensable adjunct to that business."

A CLERGYMAN'S INFLUENCE.

There is no doubt that a clergyman's influence, his unconscious influence, is very far-reaching. What he does not do may be as significant and effective as what he does. This places us under peculiar obligation to act in this matter of liquor reform with courage and convictions that are the result of close study of the question.

We find those who are unable to make up their minds, and they remind us of the vicar who was invited to a bishopric, and the curate called to ascertain if he had accepted the invitation. He was met at the door by one of the family, who informed him that "father was in the study praying for guidance, but mother was upstairs packing up." In such cases people may be forgiven for thinking that "the grey mare was the better horse."

Praying, it seems, may become an impiety. In Joshua vii., 10, the man of God is told to get up from his knees and remove the evil thing hidden in Achan's tent. Until then his prayers are not only useless but offensive. Silence becomes a crime and scepticism may bring disaster to the septic, as instanced in II. Kings, vii. Those who found in the absence of the enemy great plenty decided that in the day of good tidings they did not well to remain silent, and the officer who scoffed at the good news saw, but never tasted of the good things being crushed to death at the gate.

Inactivity becomes a sin as we may well conclude from the fate of those "who came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

As the Lord Bishop said in his sermon in the Napier Cathedral last Sunday night, "Why has the Church so little power?" and in his answer to this question his Lordship said with devout earnestness, "Because the voice of the Church is too often silent when it ought to ring through the length and breadth of the land." Brethren, let us take the trouble to be sure and seek the courage to dare, and then lift our voice in protest against the evils of intemperance and the undoubted menace and harm of the open bar. We indeed do well to vote and advocate No-license in our electorate and Prohibition for our Dominion.

At the conclusion of the address the Lord Bishop of Waipu asked those present to remember that the subject had been lifted to a very high plane, and was characterised by such an excellent spirit that he hoped the discussion would proceed on similar lines.

Among the questions asked were the following:—

Question—What evidence is there that the percentage of alcohol in such beverages as porter, beer, and wine outweighs their nutritious value?

Answer—This is a question fully answered and conclusive evidence is given by medical men, and the most complete and authoritative answer is to be found in Sir Victor Horsley and Dr. Sturge's book "Alcohol and the Human Body," published in London, 1909.

Question—Is there any warrant for such drastic legislation as National Prohibition?

Answer—What has become a national evil must be met by a national remedy. The fact that some can apparently afford to take liquor does not weigh against the necessity of acting on the principle of the greatest good for the greatest number.

Question—Would the police invade the home of those who might manufacture for their own use an intoxicating beverage. The interpretation of the term "manufacture" as used in the Act is "manufacture for sale or public use."

Answer—The Act forbidding gambling has not resulted in the invasion of the home of the bridge players, and national Prohibition will not permit any undue interference with the homes of the people.

Question—Would it be possible for the Church to use and medical men to prescribe wines or alcohol?

Answer—Yes. Provision is made in the Act for both.

Question—To what extent do you believe sly-grog selling would result?

Answer—License has never protected us from sly-grog selling, as is proved by the convictions for sly-grog in Auckland, Wellington, and even in Napier.

Sub-Inspector O'Brien, of the Clutha district, in his official report, says: "I am con-

vinced that sly-grog has practically been stamped out—we had only one conviction in the last 12 months."

Sub-Inspector Mitchell, of Invercargill, says: "I have no evidence that sly-grog is being carried on to any extent."

Question—Would it not have been better to have retained the reduction issue?

Answer—Many things in the Act might be better—notably, the outrageous three-fifths majority—but we waste time discussing what is not. The question is, Can we better things by means of what is offered? and I say unhesitatingly yes.

Question—Would the vote for Dominion Prohibition be counted for local No-license if the larger issue were not carried?

Answer—No. Each question is submitted on a separate paper, and the votes are quite independent of one another.

Question—What effect would No-license have on the accommodation in small places?

Answer—This can best be answered by a reference to the fact that in New South Wales most of the leading banks prohibit their employees in their country branches from living in the pub., and they are always happily accommodated in private places. Wherever there is a demand for accommodation it will be met, and there is abundant evidence that the accommodation in No-license areas is as good as that obtained at a similar price in licensed places.

Question—Is not National Prohibition in opposition to St. Paul's advice to Timothy?

Answer—Certainly not. One has to do with the medicinal use of alcohol, which is provided for under National Prohibition; the other has to do with the manufacture and sale of intoxicants as a beverage which were quite unknown in St. Paul's day.

THE BISHOP'S SUMMING-UP.

The Lord Bishop of Waipu said: "There is not time to say all I would like to say, but there is one thing I can't get over, and that is the 7000 first offenders for last year. I ask myself what would the Lord Jesus have one do, and there is only one answer for me: Whatever others may do, I shall vote No-license."

RESOLUTION UNANIMOUSLY CARRIED BY THE SYNOD AT THEIR EVENING SESSION.

The Rev. F. W. Chatterton moved: "That considering the great hindrance to the work of the Church occasioned by intemperance, this Synod urges the faithful members of the Church to realise their responsibilities in the matter, especially in view of the approaching Local Option and National Prohibition polls, and to do all that in them lies to cope with what cannot but be regarded as a national curse."

GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1911.

"STOPPING THE FIGHT."

Followers of the ring are deeply chagrined at the success of the deputation in England (headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury) to Mr. Churchill, praying for the stopping of the Johnson-Wells fight. The so-called sports are protesting, although well aware that a more degrading exhibition than this particular engagement promised to be could scarcely be imagined. Mr. H. D. McIntosh, the Australian promoter, who is not a Puritan by any means, would have nothing to do with bringing together two men, one of whom had no other prospect than slow mutilation ahead of him. That is SPORT. We who protest are wowsers. The parties who sit out the slow and certain butchery of the game youngster are SPORTSMEN. Mark it well. "Fairplay," organ of the U.L.V.A., takes exception to our remarks recently on this subject. We do not waive or water down that opinion one iota. We refer "Fairplay" to the howl of indignation at home from these sharks who have been bereft of their prey.

We also advise our contemporary to betake herself to a quiet spot and study her own sporting columns in issue of 29th ultimo. One of the headlines reads, "A SORRY SPECTACLE THAT DISGRACED BOTH MEN." It is an account of a fight between two local youths, which "Fairplay" sporting editor sums up as follows:—

"From first to last it was patent the two lads had colloqued and come to an understanding not to hurt each other. Hill tapped and clinched, and Green never tried to hit while Jimmy hung on, or pushed off, while his famous devastating swings were obviously wasted on the air on purpose. It was very depressing."

We can quite imagine it was depressing to those out for gore; but what we wish to emphasise is this: Does not this bear out

to the letter our oft-expressed opinions that fights are very often "fixed"? They are, in fact, arranged with two objects in view: (1) The profits of the promoter; (2) the profits of the contestants.

Small wonder that, if in the general cycle of events, it will pay everyone better for one particular man to win, the parties arranging them, who are not over particular in many moral aspects, fall easily to the temptation to frame things.

Is that sport, we ask, any more than the Johnson-Wells fight would provide sport? Out of their own mouths let our opponents be judged.

WHAT THE FIGURES SHOW.

Our readers will remember quite recently the figures for convictions in N.Z. which were reversed in the cable, and from their first position looked like making a good argument for the whisky people. However, just when our opponents had rushed out of doors waving the said figures over their heads, and, in a very "sporting" manner (for they profess to be "sports"), crowing over us, suddenly their house of sand disappeared under them, and they were with difficulty extricated. Of course, their official organ did not mention the matter. One couldn't expect it to do so. But the increase in general convictions for drunkenness remained as a bomb to hurl at us, and we have heard a lot about it, we can assure you all.

WHAT "GRIT" FINDS.

As the proper analysis of the situation in the Dominion will greatly interest our readers, our editor's figures are given on Page 9, and are well worthy of careful note.

Of the total increase of 1061 convictions, Auckland accounts for 829, Wellington accounts for 220, Dunedin shows a decrease of 38; so that, as our editor, now in New Zealand, points out, the INCREASE TOOK PLACE WHERE THE OPEN BAR EXISTED. Cold comfort for our Liberty Leaguers. It is always the same with their figures and little romances. Analyse them carefully and you will find them come back like a boomerang on their heads.

We are quite prepared to believe that with a growing population, convictions for drunkenness will go up, if you keep the bars going. There is nothing bewildering about that, but it is hard to realise how, when in the possession of information such as we have just received, the whisky people can deliberately attempt to hurl abuse at the Prohibition areas, well knowing they had nothing to do with the increase of convictions.

MORE PLAYGROUNDS FOR THE CHILDREN.

Sydney "Sun" of recent date, in commenting upon the spending of £10,000 for a children's courthouse and house of detention, claims that this huge sum would not be necessary expenditure did we spend a few hundreds in equipping proper playgrounds for children. Whilst we are not able to agree with the "Sun" that the house of detention

would in the latter case prove unnecessary, yet we must applaud any agitation for suitable and secluded playgrounds. The little slum arab learns half his wickedness from his elders, and he must spend a large portion of his time at home. But we must also remember it is his pent-up energy that leads him (and his more refined brothers too, for that matter) into trouble. Restlessness leads to evil-doing. Proper and well-regulated excitement is a safety valve that lets off the steam. Hence the value of good games and physical culture exercises. No money that is spent on such an object is unproductive, nor likely to be ever regretted by the whole community.

MAINE.

Our opponents are in a glorious state of self-satisfaction over their supposed victory in Maine. However, as Archdeacon Boyce points out, finality in the matter has not yet been reached. It is still rather early to hurl one's hat in the air. Beware, Mr. Stooke! Remember the cablegram that turned turtle coming over from New Zealand. In any case, as we have been drumming into our readers for many years, there is a turn or apparent relapse in every tide. It is only to sweep higher and more emphatically up the shoreline. If the bars are opened again in Maine, a reaction will soon set in that, with a mighty sweep, will settle the question for many decades.

No progress, physical, mental or moral can ever be correctly described by a long, straight line, says Prof. Hudson. There is always an inward and outward curve. A retrogressive and then, anew, a progressive step. But the tide is on the flood, all the same, and, should our opponents be right in their prophecies re Maine, we feel assured it is a temporary step backward, which is the prelude of a glorious advance to permanent victory.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

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The Editor's Letter.

SUNSHINE AND SNOW.

The great event since I last wrote was the Synod meeting, at which I had the privilege of addressing a deeply interested gathering, a full account of which is given on pages six and seven of this issue. On leaving Napier I am full of wonder as to whether anyone could have ever been treated more kindly. A delightful run of 18 miles in the motor—we left in a storm of icy rain and arrived in glorious sunshine—brought us to Havelock and gave me a chance of seeing one of the most up-to-date and altogether delightful young ladies' colleges in the southern hemisphere. Besides the subjects always included in the education of those who come from favored homes, dressmaking and gardening under the instruction of teachers specially brought out from the Old Country are added. Every girl has her own room. There are 60 girls at present, and the head teacher agrees with our Mr. Potts, of the Hawkesbury College, who says, "Show me a boy's room and I will tell you what kind of a mother he has." The girls wear a common-sense and becoming short skirt uniform, and they enjoy a freedom of movement in walking the lovely hills, among which the school is situated, that has a distinct effect on their bearing and walking in after school life.

The evening meeting in the village hall was good. We have nothing, as far as I know, in New South Wales like this "village hall," nor do we get quite the same kind of audience.

In proposing a vote of thanks, the Presbyterian minister gave us a reassuring word, saying: "I was four years in a No-license town that had formerly had the reputation of being a drunken hole, and yet in all that four years I never saw a drunken man, and I never knew of a home that suffered through No-license." His quiet words carried conviction to every one of his hearers. We motored back to Napier, to enable me to be free in the morning to address the Synod.

WAIPAWA.

Readers of "Grit" will be interested to know I went to Waipawa. After Synod meeting we motored 32 miles to Pukehau and after tea another nine miles brought us to Waipawa, the home of Santa Claus, whose letters and articles on Page 11 have given so much pleasure. Unfortunately Santa Claus has been ill for a long weary while, and was away from home slowly recovering. However, two bright-faced, dark-eyed boys, readers of "Grit," and writers also, were there, and were keenly awake to see if they could detect anything that would throw any light on the identity of Uncle B. It was unfortunate that the public hall was not available and the meeting, while filling the hall, was not so large as it would have been if the other hall had not been running with a strong counter attraction. Back to Pukehau after the meeting, and the delightful company was responsible for its being midnight before we detected the flight of time.

The train took me on next morning at 9 o'clock to Dannevirke.

AN INTERESTING TOWN.

Dannevirke has been noted for its interest in No-license, and formerly the Rev. T. J. Wiles, the most famous Church of England opponent of the liquor traffic, worked in the district. He wrote a noted reply to Bishop Nevill's remarks on the liquor question, and also "The Church and the Liquor Traffic." His writings are characterised by thoroughness, logic and good taste, and have played no mean part in this great fight. I was met by Dr. Reid Mackay, the eldest son of the famous author of "Grace and Truth," the most widely read book of its kind, and one that the great Moody thought most highly of. He is a keen No-license and Dominion Prohibitionist, and made an admirable appeal in seconding a vote of thanks at the conclusion of my meeting. While my throat was in bad shape, we had a fine open-air meeting, and the big picture show hall was packed, many standing, and the men predominating. The audience was keen to see one's points and most generous in its appreciation. It was both interesting and encouraging to hear from Dr. Reid Mackay that a Bible Class for young men was held on Sunday mornings, with an attendance of 50. Next morning snow began to fall about 6 o'clock, and the train which took me back to Napier, leaving at 9.10, passed through about 30 miles of country that was white with snow about three inches deep. It was glorious. At least, it was for those who did not get a snow-ball in the face or down their neck. One's breath was not altogether taken away by the rapidity of the train, which took five hours to do 80 miles. My companion was an inspector of factories, whose duties take him through No-license areas, and he is a most enthusiastic believer in No-license. The pity is that his official position debars him from taking a public part in promoting it. Nothing is more convincing than this kind of testimony that one picks up in travelling from those who have an extensive and intimate knowledge of the "dry" areas.

AGAIN THE SEA.

On Friday evening I reluctantly left terra firma and boarded the s.s. Wimmera, a fine 3000-ton boat, and about 9 o'clock we steamed out to meet trouble. The sea had no respect for this fine boat, and rolled her about most contemptuously. In fact, she seemed to me to be "a steam roller." All the long weary night we tossed and were tossed, and daylight brought little relief, as we anchored out in the bay about 5 a.m., and were not rescued from our misery until 7.30 a.m., when a small tender took us off to land. Gisborne is a very fine town. With the district it has a population of about 10,000 and is said to do rather more than its share of hard drinking.

THE OPEN AIR.

At 2.15 p.m. we started the campaign by an open-air meeting, which was surprisingly well attended, the alcoholic being very much in evidence. A man of magnificent proportions informed us he was a "bush whacker," and offered me 10s. a day to come and work for him. This he finally raised to 13s. a day, but it will need something more than that to keep me from coming back to Sydney. In the evening another open-air meeting was held and the attendance was very large, and there were no interruptions to speak of. On Sunday I preached in the church, whose vicar was formerly curate at St. John's, Darlinghurst. He is a warm friend of No-license, and his congregation was very easy to speak to. The music was distinctly good, the concluding vesper hymn being sung without music most effectively, words and music being quite new to me. An afternoon meeting in the theatre was only fairly well attended, but was so very well reported in one of the daily papers that the value of the meeting was very largely increased.

In the lunch hour on Monday a group of 30 men working on the underground sewerage scheme were spoken to for half an hour, and listened with encouraging interest. They voluntarily bunched together and made it easy to speak to them, and they also asked a few intelligent questions.

In the evening the theatre was packed with an audience consisting largely of men, the mayor presided, and we had an effective meeting. The hall cost £7 for the night, and this expense greatly hinders the voluntary and self-sacrificing efforts of the No-license people. A lady whom I married some 12 months ago, came in some 12 miles with her husband, and to see again a face that had grown familiar through attending the services at St. Simon's, was quite delightful, and stirred homesick feelings. Tuesday, another midday meeting with the men at work on another part of the sewerage, and then in the evening a lantern lecture on Sydney, with an appeal to wipe out the bar.

TO AVOID LIGHTNING.

Lightning is directed to or deflected from an object by the slightest influence, and a draught serves as one of its surest conductors. The conditions of safety in thunderstorms are in part as follows:—The main thing when out in the fields is to avoid becoming the prominent object in the landscape. Farmers are frequently struck. "Caution is necessary for golfers on the links and for persons in boats or canoes on lake or river." Swiss guides on mountain tops remove their hob-nailed shoes and discard their alpenstocks at the approach of a thunderstorm. There is relative safety in a clump of trees, but danger under an isolated tree. The same conditions apply to isolated huts or outhouses. As secure a refuge as can be found is a house in a row of uniform height. "One precaution not always observed is to avoid sitting by an open window or fireplace, or near a gas or electric fixture, during a storm."

OUR ABSENT-MINDED BROTHER.

(With apologies to Kipling.)

When you've talked about the Navy, and the
Budget, and the rest,
And finished sending airships o'er the
foam;
Will you kindly pause a moment to deter-
mine what is best
For an absent-minded brother here at
home.
He's a whole-souled sort of fellow—but his
weaknesses are great,
And, somehow, the bar-rooms' glitter seems
to blind him,
It keeps him busy wiping resolutions off a
slate,
And he's left a lot of broken ones behind
him
One drink, two drinks! Only a social glass!
Only a taste—but it starts his life adrift
on liquor's foam;
Only a drink! but stop and think of what
may come to pass;
Then cast the vote for this brother's sake,
and home, home, home.
He's an absent-minded brother—and a
splendid fellow, too;
Who would scorn to do a mean or sneak-
ing act.
But as he travels homeward there's a few
treats falling due,
Tho' he'd rather gone right home (and
that's a fact),
He soon forgets his home, his wife, his sup-
per being kept,
And the kiss that waits him from both
wife and son;
Forgets about the lonely hours his wife has
watched and wept
As many a noble-hearted wife has done.
Two drinks, three drinks. Deeper and
deeper he goes.
Slowly and surely sinking in relentless
liquor's foam;
Spoiling a bright career with drink and all
its hideous woes;
Cast the vote for this brother's sake, and
home, home, home.
He's a fine Al mechanic, and he knows what
he's about
When he's not been lured inside a bar-
room door.
But, when there, his resolutions are shoved
quickly up the spout,

Where they've more than rather likely
been before.
There's a loss of time and wages, and the
"treats" are many now,
His wife and child no longer seem to bind
him,
And care and sorrow bring deep lines of
worry to the brow
Of the wife he often leaves in tears behind
him.
Three drinks, four drinks! A treat to the
"boys" all round!
Never a thought of home or wife,—they're
drowned in liquor's foam
In a licensed bar—in a Christian land—our
brother thus is found.
Then cast the vote for this brother's sake,
and home, home, home.
Can we manage if, perchance, we meet this
brother face to face,
To tell him (what I know he would pre-
fer),
That we are going to "oust" the bar from
every Christian place,
And his mates (that's you and me) will
work for "her"?
He's an absent-minded fellow, and the bar
has made him worse,
But the real man in our brother did not
die.
So for his sake and his family, will we vote
away this curse,
And by our ballot say, "Our town goes
dry!"
First drink! Last drink! Our ballots will
win the fray
If each one works with a willing hand to
dam back liquor's foam,
If each one votes to "banish the bar" on
next election day,
And casts his vote for his brother's sake,
and home, home, home.

JOHN ALOYSIUS CONWAY.

Brantford, Dec. 1.

WORKS BOTH WAYS.

"He knows all the best people in town."
"Why doesn't he associate with them,
then?"
"They know him."
* * *
"My husband has never spoken a cross
word to me."
"You lucky woman! How long have you
been married?"
"Nearly two weeks!"

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Cato, £1 (8/10/12); Rev. Walker, 6s. 6d.
(11/10/12); J. Thomson, £1 (11/10/14).

NECESSITY OF WATER DRINKING.

There is a great deal said these days as
to drinking water. In regard to this matter
Dr. Fritz believes (says a contemporary)
that the more suitable proposition is a glass
of water to every 10lbs. of one's weight. That
is to say a person weighing 100lbs. is to
drink ten glasses, one of 150lbs. fifteen
glasses a day, etc. This authority adds that
a person who eats much starchy food, such
as potatoes, beans, rice, tapioca, pastries, etc.,
requires to drink more; also at meals or after
meals. But one who eats more of vegetables
and fruits, thus having more juicy food, has
already the necessary solvent, and does not
require so much water. On arising one should
drink a glass or more of hot or cold (not too
cold) water. Two hours after breakfast
drink all the water you care for. In the
afternoon again drink plenty of water. Be-
fore retiring for the night drink again a lib-
eral quantity of water.

ROSEATE.

There are times when this dull old world
seems a paradise and the whole sky is rose-
colored. One of these is when a man has
discovered that his last sixpence is a sov-
ereign.

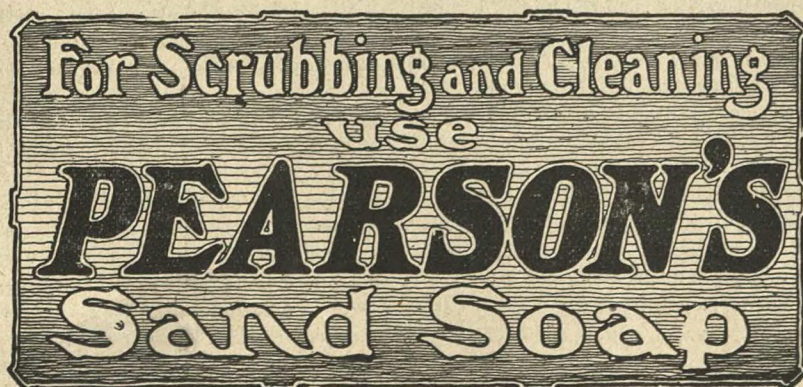
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From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(BY UNCLE BARNABAS)

"TEAR IT UP."—A LINCOLN STORY.

There is enough wisdom in this little story to occupy us for a week. Indeed, most of us would do well to remember its lesson all our lives.

Secretary Stanton was once greatly vexed because an army officer had refused to understand an order, or at all events had not obeyed it.

"I believe I'll sit down," said Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind."

"Do so," said Lincoln; "write it now while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp; cut him all up."

Stanton did not need a second invitation. It was a crushing letter, and he read it to the President.

"That's right," said Lincoln, "that's a good one."

"Whom can I get to send it by?" mused the secretary.

"Send it!" replied Lincoln. "Send it! Why don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject, and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up, you never want to send such letters; I never do."

I wonder did any of the seven to seventeeners ever read Will Carlton's lovely poem stories? One called "The First Settler's Story" is very sad and yet very beautiful. A man who has said unkind things, things cruel and unjust, comes home to find the one he said them to dead. The story says:—

"Boys flying kites haul in their white winged birds.

You can't do that when you are flying words.

Thoughts that we think may sometimes fall back dead,

But God Himself can't kill them once they're said."

We might all pray to be like the good woman in the last book of Proverbs, of whom it is said, "The law of kindness was in her tongue."

UNCLE B.

WHITE CARNATIONS.

A STORY OF ONE OF LIFE'S STRANGE MINISTERIES.

It was just a year ago when in the afternoon Mrs. N., who through her assignments to charitable work calls a hundred cities home, was walking along an obscure cross-street of Boston. A voice from behind caused her to turn. A boy was hurrying after her. She waited.

"Oh, lady! won't you buy some flowers?"

Mrs. N. smilingly shook her head. Flowers were farthest from her thoughts just then.

"No thank you," she said. "I don't want any flowers now. I have no place for them."

"But I'm selling them cheap. Please do."

The appeal had been made to exactly the right person, even if at apparently the wrong time. Mrs. N. is a flower-lover. She weakened.

"Well—where are they?"

"In that shop yonder." He led her back.

They were splendid flowers—carnations; and only one shilling the dozen.

"Dear me, but these are white," expostulated Mrs. N. "I don't like the white. Haven't you any pink or red?"

No; the boy had no other color in stock. And although she "she cared for the white least of all," she surrendered her last coin, save car-fare, and bore away with her the dozen. She had no idea what to do with them. She must go a considerable distance yet, the day was sultry, and they would wilt. So she determined to give them to some child, or to lay them upon some bare doorstep.

Her route unexpectedly took her past one of the largest city churches, her own church. Suddenly rain was beginning to fall, and she entered for a moment of devotion and shelter.

As she lingered an instant, having crossed the threshold into the vestibule, the sexton advanced and accosted her. He was attired in his black gown.

"Oh, Mrs. N.," he said (for he knew her), "won't you come in? We are to have a funeral. The service will commence very soon now."

"Who is it?"

"A woman found dead in bed this morning."

"But won't I be intruding?"

"Bless you, no," assured the sexton. "So far as we can discover she has not a relative, nor even a friend. You'll be the only person present except the officials."

"Not a relative, nor a friend, nor even a flower for her," spoke, half-bitterly, he who evidently was the undertaker, sitting near, upon a stool.

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. N., greatly moved.

"You see," explained the sexton, "it happened in a cheap boarding-house. The landlady found her dead in the bed, and—There is nothing to delay the interment for."

"A beautiful old lady," vouchsafed the undertaker. "Somebody's mother, maybe. She has on a wedding-ring, worn thin. But there she lies, without sign of any human interest."

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. N. again. She hesitated no longer. "Come," she bade.

Interpreting, the undertaker preceded her; the sexton followed. Leaving the rain-darkened vestibule, up the long sombre aisle they went, to where beneath the chary lights was resting the cheap casket—singularly lonely and isolated, within that high, wide vault. Not a word was uttered. Only the undertaker gently removed the head of the casket lid; with the sexton standing by, Mrs. N. gently placed her dozen white carnations



EMMA AND KATHLEEN, OF CASINO.

Two of our most interested seven to seventeeners, and, as their cousins know, both good letter writers.

inside; the cover was gently adjusted; and the three of them as gently withdrew to the vestibule.

Mrs. N. now did not stay. 'Twas needless. The mission to which she had been appointed was accomplished. She understood. The rain had slackened; and with heart brimming out of her great thankfulness to God for His gracious mercy in leading her, she felt impelled to hasten forth and seek the boy, His instrument. She must share her gratitude. But vainly she searched. She was able to find, the boy not again, not the shop, not even that obscure little street wherein those white carnations had virtually been thrust upon her—Edwin L. Sabin, in the "Christian Herald."

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

ONE WHO CAN ENJOY THINGS.

Beryl D. Anderson, "Karlsruhe," Queen Victoria-street, Bexley, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I would have written sooner, only I was away at Mulgoa for the week-end. I enjoyed myself immensely. The church is built of stone, with a lovely tower, 70ft. high, from which glorious views may be had on every side. We were not able to stay longer, as I had to attend my Confirmation class. Confirmation is to be held on Tuesday night. There are 72 confirmees, that is, from the three churches—Arncliffe, West Kogarah, and Bexley. Our garden will look a picture soon, as all the rose bushes are smothered in bud. I would have loved you to see our freezias a couple of weeks back. They looked like snow spread over the ground, they were so thick and large. I went to the Y.P.U. Demonstration at the Town Hall yesterday, held in connection with the Church Missionary Association. I would not have missed it for worlds. You can't imagine how thrilling it was to see and hear that packed hall of children waving and cheering when the Archbishop arrived. It was grand. With love to you and all cousins, I am, your loving niece.

(Dear Beryl,—It is delightful to find you can enjoy things as you do. I grow very impatient with those young people who never can enthuse over anything. Fancy a boy listening to the Besses of the Barn in the Town Hall, and when everyone said "Glorious," he said "Not too bad." How much they

BOOKLET ON "HEALTHFUL LIVING" POSTED FREE.

VEGETARIAN CAFE,

45 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

miss who are not keen to see the best and generous to applaud and appreciate. Do you remember the Galatians, chapter 4, verse 18? "But it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing." I would love to have seen the freezias and am so sorry I was not at the grand meeting at the Town Hall. Will you write and tell us all about your Confirmation, your preparation for it, and the service itself.—Uncle B.)

A REMEDY FOR POOR UNCLE B'S VANISHING HAIR.

Dulcie Pollock, "Brundieville," writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Many thanks for your kind birthday wish. Have read the verse and will try and act up to it. I spent a very enjoyable day on the 23rd. My sisters made me a birthday cake and sweets. You must have had a lot of worry to cause your hair to fall out in so short a time. How about getting a "poor artist" to paint some rabbits on your head. They would look like hares (hairs). Our school played a tennis match against the Mongogrie team. It is about ten miles from here. I left home about 7.30 a.m., and arrived at 10.30. I rode there in company with some more of the tennis players, whom I joined about four miles on the way. We had a most enjoyable day, but came home at dusk, tired, and the losers by three games. We are going to play the return match next Saturday, but we hope to win next time. The team picked is the same as went over there. We were afraid to put a weaker team in, as we would again be beaten. If the weather permits, we all hope to spend another enjoyable day. The match is to be played on our own court this time. My mother has been away for a holiday; she expects to arrive home on Wednesday. I wish you would take a holiday and come up to the Richmond. I guess the climate down there does not agree with you, or you would not change so quickly. I am

very fond of all kinds of animals, except cows, and my dislike to them is that they have to be milked. I have two dogs, Towser and Silky, for whom I have a very weak spot. I could write about them all night, but I suppose I had better stop, as my letter is too long now. I will close now with lots of love to all my cousins and uncle. Yours affectionately.

(Dear Dulcie,—What a splendid letter! I like the idea of giving the poor artist a job, and when he has finished it we may get him to do a picture of the result for "Grit." What a fine time you must have had at that tennis match. I hope you won the return match. We will all want to know. Please tell us about Towser and Silky. Do they know any tricks? I stayed in the house with a dog who always went to the gate and brought in the letters from the postman.—Uncle B.)

ONE MAN-TRAP CLOSED.

Emily Germon, Barrington, Gloucester, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Just a few lines in answer to your letter, which appeared in "Grit" a few issues back. As you wanted to know what is being done in Gloucester to help to win No-license, well, through the result of last election, one hotel out of four has to be closed shortly. We have only been living up here three months. Before we came up here we were living on Thalaba, near Dunggog. I remember quite well when you were down there and gave a lantern lecture. Before we came up we had our annual church picnic. Evangelist Downey and Miss Downey were present. They sang several duets and both made a speech, which the people appreciated very much. I enjoyed myself immensely. We have two ministers preaching in the church we attend up here, Mr. Thorbourne (Presbyterian) and Mr. W. Rogers (Church of England). We are having beau-

THE "CROPLEY" SHOE

The time is ripe to buy your

Summer Footwear.

Ladies' Colored Canvas Lace and Tie Shoes, made with toe cap or plain fronts, sewn or pump soles, Cuban heels 8/11
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tiful weather and everything looks nice and green. I think I will be taking up too much space on Page Double-One, and my new cousins will be quite tired of reading. With much love, from your loving neice.

(Dear Emily,—Thank you for your letter. You are fortunate to have lessened the evil and decreased the temptations for men by closing one bar. You will have one less to fight next time, and it is to be hoped you manage to turn the other three out. I have heard that Mr. and Miss Downey sing very nicely, but they could not do so if they had not practised very hard. I wonder do you sing or play, and how long you practise every day? And did you ever think the people who pray best are those who practise praying most. Don't be afraid to write soon and long.—Uncle B.)

THE TRAMP'S EXCUSE.

Lady: "Why is a strong man like you found begging?"

Gentleman Joe: "Ah, madam, it is the only profession in which a gentleman can address a beautiful lady without the formality of an introduction."

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For Our Encouragement.

WORLD VISION.

(Continued from Last Issue.)

This seems to be the law for the removal of great evils; they do their worst, and are then suppressed. Some think slavery was overthrown purely through the growth of morals. But history will show that it was never suppressed until both sides had shared in the guilty responsibilities for its continuance; till it owned the nation, preached in its pulpits, dictated to its press, muzzled its platform, spoke of its divine rights through the Supreme Court, defied all decency, and then fired on Sumter. Some think we freed Cuba through pure neighborliness, because it was right to do it. But I think history will show that, with equally good reasons for doing it sooner, we let years drag their weary lengths over bleeding Cuba until the wires flashed the Maine tragedy. That fired the fuse. And the present defiance, almost unlimited wealth and power of the liquor traffic, with its dominance of politics and corruption of government, will lead to its suppression as an act of self-defence and of self-respect on the part of every Christian nation.

"Watchman, what of the night?" If you will follow the sun around the world with me, you will see "The morning cometh."

HAWAII'S AWAKENING.

Out of the shadows of the night the world rolls into light. 'Tis daybreak everywhere. Look across the blue expanse to Hawaii.

The Temperance reform has been blessed with the instruction and inspiration of some of the greatest orators that ever pulled at the heartstrings of human nature—John B. Gough and Father Matthew, Francis Murphy, and Frances Willard, with their abstinence pledge and gospel temperance. Perhaps the most classic and cultured of all is John G. Woolley. But where has he been for the past three years? Why, out there in the center of the Pacific lies our beautiful island possession, Hawaii. And Mr. Woolley, at Honolulu, has been the leader of the temperance and reform forces of the island, which has taken the initiative in a movement for territorial Prohibition. The affiliated church organizations have already presented a monster petition to the United States Congress asking the passage of a law prohibiting the alcoholic trade throughout that central Pacific commonwealth.

NEW ZEALAND'S WONDER PROGRESS.

Away down to the southwest is that wonderfully progressive little country, New Zealand, rapidly approaching prohibition.

At the fourth general election, held in November, 1908, there were 233,446 votes cast for Prohibition, and 189,241 for the continuance of the liquor traffic, or a majority of 34,205 in favor of Prohibition. The total vote in 1899 was 23,420 less than the vote for continuance. Hence, the gain for Prohibition in nine years has been 57,645 votes.

Although the local unit votes in New Zealand

have shown a strong majority throughout the dominion, yet the three-fifths required to carry it has limited the Prohibition victories to less than 2 per cent. of the territory. With this handicap of the colony, twelve large electorates have secured Prohibition, as against six three years before, while in no less than 53 districts out of 68 a good majority was cast against the traffic and only 15 for license. One-seventh of the colony, with a population of 148,553, is today under Prohibition. And that a mortal blow will be dealt the curse in New Zealand is probable this year at their fifth triennial election.

One of the significant results of the latest contests was the fact that every one of the five leading cities of New Zealand cast a majority in favor of Prohibition, the fifth city, Invercargill, actually voting no-license by the requisite three-fifths majority. The other four cities in which majorities, though not the required three-fifths, were secured for Prohibition are Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin.

The brilliant Prohibition leader in New Zealand, Mr. T. E. Taylor, who has been elected to the New Zealand Parliament from the Christchurch, North District, states the new attitude of the champions of the Great Reform in that famous South Pacific commonwealth:

GIVE LIQUOR TRAFFIC BUT SIX YEARS' LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND.

"The Prohibition party here feels that the liquor question is up for settlement. We shall start right away a systematic campaign for the power of dominion option by bare majority vote. I believe the first vote cast will secure Prohibition for the dominion. At the furthest I give the liquor business six years' life. It will be then pulled up by the roots and cast out."

In an interview in the "London Daily News" with Sir Robert Stout, K.C.M.G., Chief Justice of New Zealand, that official noted the interesting fact that the privilege of local option was granted the colony of New Zealand almost immediately following the adoption of Woman Suffrage. "The government were, I believe," commented Sir Robert, "afraid to go to the country until they had carried a measure which they knew would rally the women."

The Chief Justice has also declared that convictions in the courts have declined by two-thirds with the growth of Prohibition during the last 20 years.

AUSTRALIA MARCHING ON.

Nowhere in all the world are there to be found more consecrated and aggressive champions of the temperance reform than in the various political divisions of Australia. Educational work for total abstinence has long been carried on by the various temperance organizations, and the latest move which is rallying the forces of civic right-

eousness to its advocacy is the demand for legislation giving the privilege of local veto (that is, a vote on Prohibition by local districts) to all parts of the Southern Pacific Continent.

900,000 WOMEN VOTE IN AUSTRALIA.

By the franchise having been given to the women of Victoria, there are now 900,000 fully equipped voting women in Australia. It is hoped this extension of electoral privileges will greatly strengthen the political influence of the temperance movement.

The West Australian Alliance is vigorously agitating the adoption of New Zealand's "triennial poll" on the liquor question, except that it goes a step further and demands a majority instead of the three-fifths vote shall decide all such contests. At the Plebiscite of October, 1910, Prohibition was the all-absorbing question; 584,823 votes were cast on that issue, 216,523 for Prohibition, an increase of 40,539 over the last vote, and the whole movement gained new strength.

The Licensees' Victualers' Association recently challenged the New South Wales Alliance to accept a straight-out issue—Prohibition or no Prohibition—at the next general election; a bare majority to decide the question. The Alliance accepted the challenge, and asked the Premier to include it in his recommendations of legislation, but he refused their demand.

The federal capital of the commonwealth having been located at Queanbeyan, which is a licensed district, the New South Wales Alliance, Social Reform Bureau, etc., are organizing their forces, with good prospect of success, to secure a Prohibition area for the seat of national government.

STRAIGHT OUT FROM THE SHOULDER.

As indicating the spirit of those Australian leaders, here are some brave words by the new Labor Premier of South Australia, Mr. Verran, at a recent meeting: "God is not going to see the principles of society dropped by a few dirty beer barrels, and I am here to defend those principles. While I hold the position of Premier no man need expect any sympathy from me when he comes to me about the drink traffic. I am concerned to defend righteousness, truth and justice."

(To be continued.)

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

Second Small Boy: "Why?"

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

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§ §



THE PIRATE.

He sat upon the deck and viewed
With lordly air the rolling main,
Which told of spirit unsubdued.
(Expression otherwise inane.)
"Avast there! Clear the deck!" he cried.
"A wealthy merchantman I see.
If any shrink, then woe betide!"
(The paper fluttered on his knee.)
He rose, and watched the coming prize
In frenzy fierce and undisguised.
He stamped the deck with flashing eyes.
(And then the rowing-boat capsized.)
He fought for life—he could not swim.
His youthful strength was failing fast,
But in his taut, extended limb
He held "The Pirate" to the last.

SHE TOLD THE TRUTH.

The old-age pension officer was questioning the old lady with a zeal worthy of a nobler salary. "And now," he said. "we come to the important question. Have you ever been in receipt of benevolent society relief?"

"Never," answered the old lady.

Foiled, the officer turned up to the last question on the list. "Tell me," he snarled, "have you ever been in the hands of the police?"

She hung her head.

"Come on, come on," he growled; "tell the truth!"

"Well," she said. "I don't see as it's any business of the Government; but in my young days I was a cook, and, you know, girls will be girls; but still"—proudly—"he was a sergeant!"

* * *

Prospective Lodger (looking at apartments adjacent to soapworks): "This room has a very unpleasant smell."

Landlady: "Ah, that's only because the window has got left open!"

DRAWN BLANK.

A canvasser called at a workman's cottage in one of the Parliamentary divisions, and the voter's wife came to the door.

"Is your husband at home?" asked the canvasser.

"No, sir; he's out."

"I've called in connection with the Parliamentary election. What is your husband?"

"A gardener."

"No, no! I mean what are his politics?"

"Oh, well, sir, he's like this—when he goes to a Liberal meeting he's a Liberal, and when he goes to a Conservative meeting he's a Conservative!"

"But what is he when he's at home?" asked the canvasser.

"Oh, when he's at home he's a nuisance!" replied the wife.

* * *

A HARD NUT.

A big man of the navy type was in the witness-box, and counsel eyed him dubiously, knowing he would be a "hard nut to crack."

"What we want to get at," he began, "is, who was the aggressor?"

"Eh?" said the witness.

"Let me illustrate my meaning," said counsel. "Suppose that I should meet you in the street and strike you in the face, I should be the aggressor."

"You'd be a fool!" retorted the witness.

"No, no!" cried counsel, with heightened color. "You don't understand. I was speaking only in the abstract. Suppose we met, and, without provocation, I struck you, I should be committing an act of aggression."

The navy hunched his huge shoulders.

"You'd be committing suicide, mister!" he remarked grimly.

ENGAGED.

"Did you advertise for a boy, sir?"

"Yes. Have you come in answer to the advertisement?"

"Yes, sir. But I'd like to know first, what you mean by saying you want a boy who is not afraid of work?"

"It's plain enough, isn't it?"

"P'raps it is, sir; but I should think you'd rather have a boy that was a little afraid of work. Just enough afraid of it to catch hold of it, and wrestle with it, and down it, and jump on it, and get the best of it, and show it that it won't get the chance to prove too much for him. That's kind of a boy I should think you'd like, instead of the kind that isn't afraid of work. Why, I knew a boy once who wasn't the least mite afraid of it, and he'd rub up against it, and walk right into the cage where they kept it, and let it eat off his hand, and at the same time meddle with it enough to soil his fingertips."

"That's enough, young fellow; the job is yours."

* * *

ALL A MISTAKE.

George: "Didn't you notice that I pressed your foot at the dinner to-night?"

Mazie: "Why, it wasn't my foot you pressed. Oh, George, I wondered why mamma was smiling so sweetly at the minister!"

* * *

WHAT SORT?

It was a college town, and he was a freshman calling on a young lady he had known as a boy. The servant who admitted him asked for his name. "Say an old friend"—very airily—"Amicus." Bridget said: "Yes, sor," and retired; but in a moment returned to ask, "if you plaze, sor, what sort of a cuss did yez say that ye wuz?"

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HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

WHEN THE CHILDREN GO TO BED.

When the children go to bed at night, it somehow seems to me
As if heaven came down to bless me with its tender ministry.

The little ones are weary, and their eyelids fain would close
Like the petals pink and perfect of some rare and fragrant rose.

Clad in garments white and spotless, down they fall by mother's knee,
Making thus a scene so holy only angel eyes should see

There is something in the vision of each bended little head,
That fills my soul with rapture when the children go to bed.

When the children go to bed at night, the air within the room

Seems redolent of the perfume of rich fields of clover bloom,

And it seems no stretch of fancy to say my inner eyes

Can see about me growing the sweet flowers of Paradise,

And as I bend to kiss their lips, as pure as morning dew,

I feel a joy within my soul that thrills me through and through;

And more and more it comes to me that I am being led

By the prayers the children offer as each night they go to bed.

When the children go to bed at night, at once across the years

My thoughts fly back to childhood, and my eyes are dim with tears;

I recall when I was stainless as my little ones are now,

For sin had never left a single imprint on my brow.

And I'm longing, ever longing, to be as good once more

As in the golden morning of the fragrant years of yore.

So day by day I'm praising Him whose home is overheard,

For what my children teach me as each night they go to bed.

—Campbell Coyle, in "The Continent."

ECONOMY, THOUGHTLESS, SELFISHNESS—WHICH?

Is there a woman who can "cross her heart," as the children say, and affirm that her make-up is wholly free from any streak of miserliness? What is the meaning, then, of those bundles upon bundles of things stored away in the garret, and of the evidences of this unlovely trait revealed by the button bag? We call it prevision, thrift, economy—anything but that which acknowledges kinship with anyone so detestable as "a person given to saving and hoarding unduly." But a better name is the hoard-

ing habit—a habit which, on the surface, seems house-wifely and judicious, but at the last analysis is often a selfish and unwise economy.

For instance, a young girl owned a fine ulster, which she had outgrown. She looked around to find a worthy poor child to whom she could give it. This ulster had beautiful buttons, which its prudent owner at first decided to replace by less expensive ones, thinking a time might come when she could use them.

She haggled with her conscience before she came to a conclusion. "They will surely come in some day," said the hoarding habit; "take them off." While conscience said, "You are giving this to a young girl, who, though poor, no doubt enjoys pretty buttons as much as you do. You have had them two years already. Why be selfish and deprive the other girl of what may be a keen pleasure?"

Five years have since passed and there has not been a time when she would have used the buttons had the hoarding habit conquered.

This may seem a small matter. Few of us, however, have the opportunity for anything bigger than petty self-sacrifice, thought for others and cheerful giving. Aside from this aspect of the question, is there real economy in saving every odd and end for some doubtful contingency? Without question there are some things we ought to save, buttons off garments fit for the rag-bag, old muslin, linen—but what of those old coats and trousers, those dresses, that broken chair which might some day be useful? Those trimmings off hats—how often it would be kinder and truer economy to give to some poor person the well-trimmed hat than to denude it and throw it, an unsightly spectacle, on the ash-heap! There, too, is that box of old ribbons, which would delight the heart of any child. Magazines accumulate so rapidly, yet we hoard them, thinking that we may bind them some time, and the years pass while they grow yellow and mouse-eaten and the hospitals and prisons are crying out for reading matter.

Among the possessions of the sacred past much is saved from mere habit. We have had them so long that we have not the heart to destroy them even long after all deeper, sweeter feelings have faded into ghostly proportions. Even the tokens of deathless remembrance may sometimes fall under callous eyes, into careless hands, so would it not be more becoming for us to bury the dead past than to leave it to the unloving?

Time spent in overhauling our hoardings, spring and autumn, is so small item in the argument against laid-up treasures. Not only is time money, but space, too, is precious—microbes many. The poor we have always with us. Can we afford the hoarding habit?—Anna H. Wikel.

HOW SOME CHILDREN ARE SPOILED.

Although conscious of the power of sympathy, many loving but over-tired mothers not only forget to show affection, but form a habit of constant reproof. Naturally enough, the children, unless exceptionally callous to their surroundings, become sullen and resentful. How can they realise that the nagging is an expression of anxious affection?

When Johnny comes rushing into the house, full of enthusiasm over some new play or new idea, and eager to tell his plans, such a mother exclaims, "How many times have I told you to wipe your feet before you open the door?" The greeting kills his enthusiasm, and hurt and wounded he draws back into himself, and will not again expose himself to such a snub. He confides in her less and less as he grows older, and she wonders why.

An English instructor in physical training has noted that children who are constantly nagged are hollow-chested and sullen. The fear and resentment of which their hearts are full shows in their physical bearing. The same instructor was asked by a woman to help her improve her carriage. "My sister walks as if she owned the street, and I want to do the same," said she. But it was impossible to make the woman hold up her head and look the world bravely in the face; her spirit had been broken by a brutal and domineering husband. Adults, as well as children, are affected by lack of sympathy and approval.

There is sound psychology in the statement that if you believe a man is honest he will be honest; that if you trust a young man he will prove trustworthy; that if you praise a child he will deserve praise. Benjamin West's mother kissed her boy when he showed his drawings to her, and the boy, when grown to manhood, said that her kiss made a painter of him.

AT AN ACTOR'S LODGINGS.

Comedian Boarder: "I have named this coffee June, my dear madam."

Stern Landlady: "Indeed, sir! And why?"

Comedian Boarder: "Because it is so cold and cloudy."

Stern Landlady: "What a brilliant young man! I thought of naming it after you."

Comedian Boarder: "And why?"

Stern Landlady: "Because it is so long before it settles."

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