

# ALWAYS GREEN COUPONS.

The Green Coupon Company now enters upon its eighteenth year, and as the result of experience can give you no better advice than it has done year after year in the past, viz.:-



- 1st. Decide to pay cash for your purchases.
- 2nd. Do business with a tradesman who gives Green Coupons.
- 3rd. Ask him to supply you with a Green Coupon Directory.
- 4th. Demand one Green Coupon for every sixpence you spend.

- 5th. Gum them in your Directory Book.
- 6th. When you have a hundred or more collected visit the Showrooms of the Green Coupon Company.
- 7th. Select a useful article or articles for your household.
- 8th. Continue the operation until your home is well furnished.

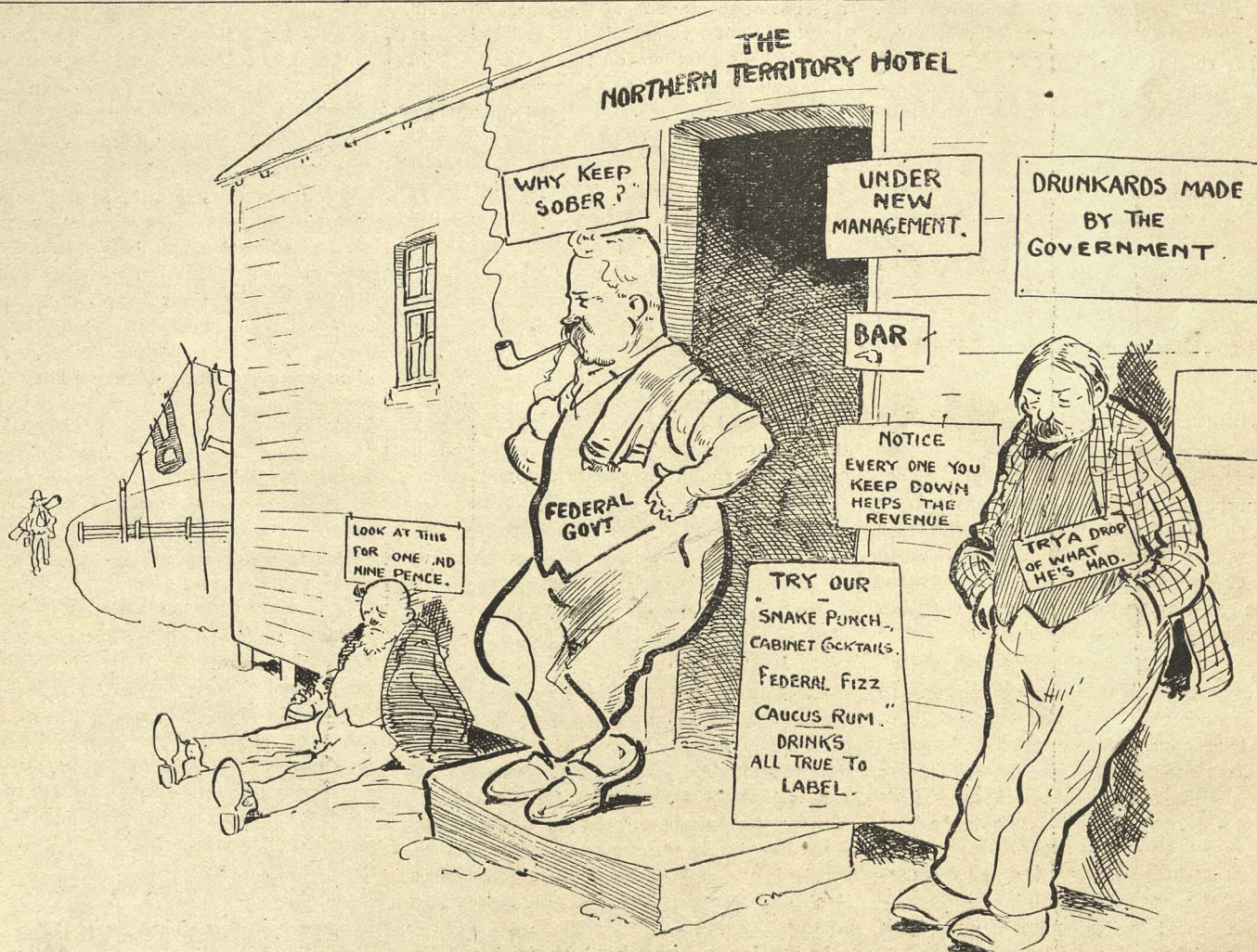


REMEMBER THE ADDRESS: 697 GEORGE STREET, HAYMARKET.



## A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

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### THE FEDERAL DRUNKS' FACTORY.

**SILVESTER BROS., The Strand.**  
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## Medicated Wines.

AN EASY ROAD TO DRUNKENNESS.

Mrs. MARTHA M. ALLEN,

Superintendent of Medical Temperance for the World's and National W.C.T.U.

Women are assured by advertisements that these "meat wines" are strengthening and tonic in effect. The thought of strength and "tone" arrests the attention and appeals to the feelings of tired, nervous women, who do not stop to question the truthfulness of the advertisements, and a bottle, or more, of the "tonic" is ordered to be sent home, and the purchaser starts, all unconsciously, on an easy road to drunkenness.

These "meat wines" are usually a cheap quality of sherry or port to which small quantities of meat extract and tincture or citrate of iron are added, or some extract of malt. Because of the "meat" and "iron," or the "malt" in the name women consume these wines who would never think of drinking wines without these additions. As the doses recommended are usually three to six wineglassfuls a day it will readily be seen that susceptible women may soon develop an alcoholic habit which may be difficult or impossible to overcome.

It is said that medicated wines are responsible for a great increase of drunkenness among women in Great Britain, where these preparations have been extensively and alluringly advertised for some time. A few years ago only one British woman to seven men was committed for drunkenness; now it is one woman to three men, a startling increase.

### BRITISH PHYSICIANS WARN WOMEN.

So widespread has this evil become among English women that two great medical journals of that country have published warnings against medicated wines as leading to alcoholic habit, and have urged physicians and temperance workers to educate against these concoctions of the liquor trade. The "British Medical Journal" adds to its warnings the statement, "It is a mistake to suppose that meat wines possess any high nutritive quality." The "Lancet" comes out more strongly, and says:—"Meat and malt wine is a farce. . . . The idea that beef can be combined serviceably with wine is a delusion and a snare."

Professor Saundby, president of the British Medical Association (in 1912) said:—"The claim that an alcoholic liquid can contain meat in solution is chemically absurd." Sir

Thomas Barlow, physician to King George, declares:—"We physicians should adopt the common sense which belongs to our profession and stamp on these medicated wines." Sir James Barr, dean of the medical school of Liverpool University, asserts:—"All these medicated wines are an abomination, and do an enormous amount of damage. The only people who derive any benefit from them are those who foist them on the public."

England has had for some time a Parliamentary Committee on Nostrums. The British Medical Association put evidence before that committee as to the great harm done by these wines. The committee reported in August, 1914, and said on this point:—"The large sale of these medicated wines constitutes a grave and widespread evil."

One authority says:—"An average adult person requires five ounces of tissue-forming food each day. To obtain this amount from milk would require six and a half pints, at a cost of 1s. 8d. To obtain five ounces of tissue-forming food for a popular medicated wine would require 1923 wineglassfuls, costing over £30." Even this is granting them a food value quite beyond their deservings.

### ENGLISH PREPARATIONS SEEK AMERICAN MARKET.

Because the campaign of publicity against these concoctions in England has decreased sales some of the English preparations are seeking an oversea market. One of these, Wincarnis, has had a considerable advertising campaign in daily papers, even in papers that refuse space to patent medicines. Among the brazen falsehoods in these advertisements is the statement that "Wincarnis is the world's greatest tonic, restorative, and nerve-food," and "10,000 British doctors say so."

Lady Henry Somerset says in her book, "Beauty for Ashes," which describes her work for inebriate women in her farm colony, that Wincarnis is especially dangerous for those trying to overcome the drink habit.

It is true that some physicians advise the use of meat wines, even as others continue to advise other alcoholic liquors. They are but few compared to the majority who now

have no use for alcohol as medicine. In this connection it is interesting to know that a recent search for the names of shareholders in a concern manufacturing a medicated wine revealed the names of 23 medical men! It is natural for liquor-dealing doctors to push sales of their own product!

### ALCOHOL DESTROYS VALUE OF MEAT EXTRACT.

It was at one time thought that "Beef, Iron, and Wine" seemed to answer the requirement for a nutriment, a stimulant and a tonic. But scientific studies have shown that meat extract has practically no food value, and what little it has is destroyed by coming into contact with alcohol. "Beef tea" served hot is a useful stimulant, and is also a useful vehicle for food, such as bread, rice, etc. Scientific studies also show that wine is not a stimulant, but a real depressant of all the bodily functions; hence, the iron is all that is left in the beef, iron, and wine nostrums that is of any service to one needing a tonic. The iron can be obtained much more cheaply separate from the harmful alcohol. Meat, malt, and wine preparations are no better than the iron mixtures. True, malt extract is used as an aid to digestion, but its addition to an alcoholic solution destroys the digestive properties of the malt.

Dr. D. Wallace Smith, of London, said in an address:—"Medicated wines are not helpful to digestion. I have attended many patients suffering from gastritis and enteritis caused by their use. They are not 'restoratives.' The net results of cases I have known have been depression, degradation, madness and death. They are not builders of the body; they are not constructors, but destructors. On account of the alcohol they contain they induce fatty heart, fatty liver and fatty kidneys, and cause an unhealthy fat to take the place of muscle, thus producing fatty degeneration, which is premature old age."

### NAME IS MISLEADING.

That people are misled by the name "Meat Wines" is shown by the fact that mothers have been known to give these to their children in place of meat because the children liked it, and it was less trouble, requiring no cooking. "It is concentrated meat, you know." So said a woman to her physician when remonstrated with for allowing her children to drink meat wine.

Many cases of drink addiction due to these nostrums are reported. One was of a woman who had been an abstainer all her life until advised by her doctor to take Wincarnis. She became a hopeless drunkard. Another was of a young wife who was persuaded to take a coca-wine. Within a year she was dead from the combined poison of the alcohol and the cocaine. A third was of a girl of rich family who at 21 years of age was a maudlin drunkard from meat and

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# JONES.

ROY KILMAN.

Parker was pecking away at his typewriter with one finger of each hand when I entered his office. He looked up, finger poised, and nodded.

"I wish you'd tell me"—tap, tap—"why they didn't"—long search for the character, then a sudden jab—"arrange these letters"—tap, tap—"in alphabetical order."

I handed him a newspaper. It contained an item about the discharge of an operative from the service for drunkenness. Parker read it, his face each instant growing more stern.

"Bad business," he announced. "Now, take the fellows that let liquor alone—like Jones. Did I ever tell you about Jones and his hobby?"

I assured Parker that he had not.

"Years ago," the Secret Service operator tilted his chair and began, "Jones came out of the West, with the main business in life of learning the Secret Service work, but carrying a strong line of temperance talk on the side.

"He was tall—tall not because fate made him so, but because his neck was long. He wore red woollen underwear, was as thin as a split bank-note, and had a heart so big you wondered where he found room for it in his body.

"And what he didn't know about sleuth work would fill a large volume; but he had a literary knowledge of the subject; he'd studied books.

"In six months' time Jones was as good a man as the next; he caught the hang of things. You see, he had an important characteristic for a detective; he was patient. My! yes. You could plant him for a piece of shadow work and he'd stick.

"Once I posted him down in the foreign quarter, with instructions to stay until I sent a man to relieve him; then I forgot all about it. I have no excuses—there can't be any—only something 'broke' soon after and drove everything else out of my head. When eighteen hours rolled around, all of a sudden I remembered, and I also remembered that it had been storming all night. A taxicab couldn't get a man up there quick enough."

Parker paused and glared at me.

"Was he gone?" he asked. "Not much! He was soaked to the skin and looked like a shivering clothes-pin, but he was on—the—job.

"Now, you recall that little operation we performed on the Surraco crowd?"

I nodded. It was Parker's chef-d'oeuvre, and he was pardonably proud of it. After nearly two years' continuous work, the Secret Service operatives, with evidence gathered from the four corners of the earth, had succeeded in convicting the entire Surraco gang of counterfeiters—one of the prettiest clean-ups in the history of the Service.

"Well," continued Parker, "when the time was ripe for the finish a couple of special

operatives were sent on from the next district west to help out. I am the last man to criticise anybody in the Service, but those fellows were the poorest combination of plugged nickels I ever saw. Oh, they were a lovely pair of detec-a-tives, they were! Seems some wire-pulling Congressman had loaded them on to the Government a fear before on temporary assignment.

"Anyway about all they were figuring on was a nice permanent berth vacant in the Service in Minneapolis; also to see how much liquor they could stow away and continue fooling Uncle Sam into paying them good money for services rendered.

"Of course, when they arrived, Jones and his hobby had work to do. Here was a pair thinking it smart to tank up. Jones told them—not in a mean way, mind you, just kindly remonstrance—they ought to quit; said they should not drink, not even one little drop.

"Now, those fellows were no friendlier than any two ordinary men after the same job, but Jones struck them as funny—they had that in common—Jones, fussy, old, lady-like Jones telling them to cut out the 'booze'! And I've got to admit Jones was a queer looking chap. He didn't seem to change much; I mean, in appearance. For instance, one look at him told you he was the only support of a widowed mother left in debt by a husband who'd drank himself to death. And he still stuck to Utah neckties, washed his socks in the back office, and laughed at the wrong time in the joke.

"So these two small-town booze-hitters plan for some fun. One evening with Jim Holden they try to coax Jones into 'taking something.' Jones was good-natured, and that's all that saved him from the insult. The only result was that he finally left them in disgust, and then, knowing he was ambitious, they put up a game.

"The first I was aware of it, one afternoon Holden walks into the outer office and slumps into a chair. The two westerners and Jones were there.

"'Well,' says Holden, 'I see they made the Minneapolis assignment.'

"The two westerners jumped up in great excitement.

"'I told you I'd get it,' snored one.

"'Who said you landed?' retorted the other.

"'Boys, boys,' says Jones, in that quiet way of his.

"'Say, Holden,' calls the first one, 'where'd you get the news? It's me, ain't it?'

"Holden acts surprised. 'Why,' he draws, 'don't appear to be either of you; the place has been given to Jones.'

"At that I came out. 'What's that, Jim?' I asks.

"'They've made Jones the operative in charge at Minneapolis,' says Jim. 'And if

## DENTAL CARE.

Every patient gets the same degree of painstaking care and attention in my surgery. I am very gentle with old people and nervous folk, and exercise every consideration for their feelings. You have nothing whatever to fear when you come to me for an extraction or a filling. My special anaesthetic acts successfully in every instance. The pain is completely killed and in no case does the anaesthetic act upon the heart. Let the tooth be ever so abscessed, I can extract it perfectly without causing you even the slightest twinge of pain or leaving any disagreeable after-effect.

My method of filling teeth is also painless. I use great care when drilling that I do not hurt you, and, once in, you can depend upon the filling staying there.

My fees are:—

Perfectly Painless Extractions, from 2/-  
Painless Fillings, from ..... 5/-

Consultation is Free, and gladly given. May I advise you just what would be the best course for you to follow—?

## DENTIST REANEY

The No-Humbug Dentist,  
Opp. Grace Bros. Hours: 9 to 6 Daily.  
And at 8 OXFORD-STREET, CITY.

he'll go over to his room there'll probably be a letter notifying him.'

"Jones wasn't long in taking the hint.

"But I knew it was crooked; I knew it by the way Holden looked out of the window when he told me.

"Just then a couple of city detectives dropped in and I didn't get my chance at Holden. Right after they left, however, I started out, but at that instant the door burst open and Jones rushed in, his baggy trousers flapping and a letter in his hand.

"'It's right,' he cried, his face actually shining. 'They've given me the Minneapolis office.'

"Then he began shaking hands, saying he didn't deserve it, and showing the letter. I examined it carefully. It looked all right and the Washington postmark was there, but I knew that rascally post-office inspector downstairs had a complete assortment of dating stamps. Then Jones hurried out and I motioned Holden into my office.

"'Now,' I flared, 'you and those two tank-town sports staged it; it's a hippodrome—and what do you mean?'

"Holden didn't have a word to say only that he thought Jones wouldn't be fooled by that letter. Well, sir, I laid into Holden god and proper; and when I got through he was willing to eat out of my hand. But the thing had been done.

"Then Jones called me up. 'A little celebration at my room to-night, Cap,' he says. 'House rules, you know; no liquor for the boys, but I'm sure they'll have a good time, and I want you to come, Cap.'

"I mumbled something into the telephone and rang off. Next I put on my hat and went for a walk; I didn't want to hurt anybody—and I didn't want to see anybody

(Continued on Page 5.)



# BUY GRIFFITHS' TEAS

## New South Wales Alliance.

Mr. Marion, writing from Yorktown, S.A., on February 7, says:—

The past week has been brim full of interest. The organized bands of interjectors and interrupters that have attended advertised meetings indicates that the trade is feeling the effects of the arguments being advanced for 6 o'clock. There is a good deal of personal abuse being hurled at the speakers, but we take courage in the words of Emerson, "Abuse is a pledge that you are felt."

Mrs. Barton is visiting the West Coast, and newspaper reports state that meetings have never been more largely attended.

Rev. C. E. Schafer and myself, in addition to big evening meetings, have been conducting some highly successful midday meetings at Port Adelaide Wharf. A show of hands revealed an overwhelming vote for six o'clock. At the railway workshop at Islington, which employs 1500 hands, fine attention was given.

The newspapers all give considerable space to the contest. Some interesting correspondence is going on. We have some splendid controversialists in Adelaide, none better than Rev. J. C. Kirby, who gets in some splendid work on the physical effects of alcohol upon child life.

Another rather good writer pointed out the other day that an eminent chemist had said that before a man could get the amount of nourishment from beer as is contained in a loaf of bread he would need to strain 120 gallons through his stomach.

The Early Closing League intrusted Mr. Delehanty and myself to prepare a small booklet called "The Referendum Blue Book," dealing with the six o'clock closing question. These are available, and are selling at 1d. each at all meetings. It is a common thing to dispose of 100 at an open-air meeting. A small Australian flag to be pinned in the coat, with "Vote 6" printed on it, is being widely sold and worn.

There is to be a great demonstration in the

Exhibition Building on March 1, at which Rev. F. Lade, Mrs. Barton, and myself have been selected to speak. An appeal for funds will be made that night.

Several politicians are speaking in support of six o'clock closing. These include Senators Shannon and Senior, Hon. Wilson and Hanford, Ms.L.C., and Major Smeaton, M.L.A.

Lady Holder, the wife of the late Federal Speaker and Rev. Henry Howard, the celebrated preacher, are touring the State, and doing splendid work.

The publicans have got on lady canvassers, who are adopting N.S.W. tactics in grossly misrepresenting the position. One striking instance is that of stating that it will not be possible to get non-intoxicating drinks after 6 o'clock if that hour is carried. Such is not the case, and whilst the liquor sellers will not dare to print it, they are quite equal to engaging women to vend the lie around the suburbs. The poll is to be taken on March 27. There are 245,000 electors on the rolls, which have now closed. Members of the Expeditionary forces that have left the State will not have a vote. The vote will be taken in electorates that do not have political contests. As South Australia has the highest record in voting percentages at Federal elections, a very heavy poll is anticipated.

There is a good deal of diversion in all open-air meetings. An inebriated youth desired to know what was our "aim and object." The reply was "Our aim is to help objects like you." One gets the inquiry almost every night—"How much do you get?" generally from some apparently worthless tout. The best retort we have been able to use is this: "We get what we're worth, and if you are worth what you get, you don't look it." "Look at the good clothes all you wowsers have got on," said a beery one at Port Adelaide. "Yes," came the reply, "and if you didn't booze you would have good clothes also."

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

Before this work can be commenced we must have £100 promised. We acknowledge with thanks the following promises:—Mrs. A. M. Stupart, £5; J. P. Larcombe, H. L. Tress, S. Wills Pulsford, T. M. Rofe, Fred M. Sky, Jas. Cruden, L. Rossell, W. C. Clegg, Wm. Roberts, Geo. Stevenson, £1 1s. each; C. Luke, 10s. 6d.; Francis Wilson, £1; G. E. Bodley and J. R. Clucas, 30s. each; R. B. S. Hammond, £2 2s.; Rev. H. Wheen, £1 1s.; T. Wills Pulsford, £2 2s.; G. T. Hooker, £1 1s.; McCarron, Stewart and Co., £10; J. E. Sturgess, £1. Total, £37 15s. 6d.

## THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

malt wines. These are but samples out of many.

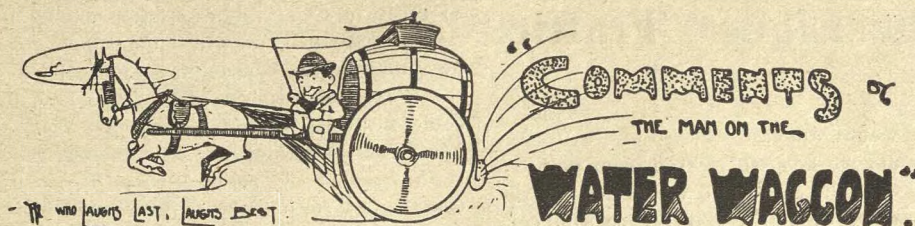
Coca-wines are the most dangerous of all medicated drinks. The name, coca, misleads some into thinking it is cocoa they are taking, a very different substance. Cocoa is derived from the cocoa bean, but coca is a plant from the leaves of which cocaine is derived. Those who ignorantly or otherwise consume coca wines are liable to both cocaine and alcohol habits.

## ALCOHOL, THE DECEIVER.

A temperance man not long ago was telling his physician how much good he and his family were getting from a beef, iron and wine mixture. He seemed not to know or think that it was an alcoholic medicine he was using. The doctor explained to him that it was simply the exhilarating action of the alcohol which deluded him into thinking the "medicine" was doing good. As one medical writer puts it:—"There is no use in studying the action of alcohol on ourselves, as it blunts our perceptions, and renders us unable to depend on our feelings. People feel that alcohol warms them, and yet the thermometer shows that they are really colder. People feel that they are doing more work when they are taking alcohol, yet the result shows they are doing less. People feel that alcohol improves their sight, hearing, and other senses; yet experience proves that it really injures them all. Alcohol not only checks healthy growth, predisposes to sickness, lessens the length of life, awakens hereditary cravings, and weakens the mental powers, but also deceives, making the injury an apparent improvement."

Let women beware of the false claims to "tonic and restorative" power of all "wines," medicated or otherwise. Alcohol is never useful in the human body; it is a dangerous poison. The old warning of the Bible is still needed, and should be heeded, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—"Union Signal."





### A HORRIBLE SHOCK FOR THE OPPOSITION.

Probably the worst hit our friends of the "Trade" have ever received is the wonderful news from the seat of war of the suppression of alcohol.

Russia nobly sacrifices ninety odd million of revenue and France somewhere about that sum, too, in the suppression of vodka and absinthe respectively, and the question arises—Why?

Let Lloyd George arise and answer it. In his recent speech, introducing the War Budget, he thus delivers himself (ext. "S.M. Herald," 17/2/15):—

"After emphasising Russia's undeveloped resources, he said the suppression of alcohol had increased the productivity of her labor 30 to 50 per cent.

It was as if it had added millions of laborers without increasing the expenses of maintaining them."

Now, "Fairplay," sit up and listen. You have always contended—

(a) That the State cannot exist without the alcohol duties.

(2) That the abolition of the drink traffic would shatter the social fabric and throw thousands out of work.

An awfully abrupt answer to No. 1 lies in the fact that a nation previously relying largely on drink duties now goes to war—to war—facing all the terrific cost—without them.

Number 2 is likewise shattered by the apparent firm conviction of the world's greatest statesmen that the less drink the more production.

We have always contended it was so—less money spent on drink—more to spend on clothes and food—more clothes and food sold—more men and women employed.

It seems a very simple problem, but the whisky people make it difficult by throwing in a dozen side issues to throw dust in the eyes of the public.

Now, however, in war time, when the greatest brains are bent on furthering the destinies of the nations, we have a pronouncement that will stand for all time.

No longer can the opposition shout aloud at election time: "Close the breweries and you ruin the country." We have had our lesson, and the public of Australia will never forget what Russia and France elected to do with alcohol in the great war of 1915.

The Editor sent down to us recently an extract from a Sydney sporting paper for the purpose of comment, the subject matter being the recent application of the Evangelical Council to the various racing clubs controlling the courses. The Council wished permission

to hold meetings during races—and promised otherwise to take no interest whatever in passing events. Nor would they interfere nor prevent any such event—apart from the holding of the service they promised to be, for all practicable purposes, "non est." We may cheerfully state at the outset that we enjoyed the sporting editor's treatment of his subject immensely, more, perhaps, than we should have. It bristled with humor, and whilst the jokes were invariably against us—they were nevertheless friendly and somewhat clever.

A picture was drawn of a small army of "punters," and their "satellites," crowding round the "gospel ring" for tips (not the tips one hands a waiter, but tips for ensuing races.)

Did the preacher mention the old Israelitish king Jeraboam, there would be a rush to inspect the race card to find a horse with a somewhat similar title. This was the prediction of the sporting scribe, and must not be mistaken for our opinion.

It was further prophesied (yet not even a child might fear it) that the wowsers would gradually be converted to gambling, having tasted the pleasure of the company of the unwholesome swarms that infest the course.

Poor Admiral Mahan stated very gravely before his death that he "saw no reason to suppose the German naval man would prove handier at sea than the Britisher when the test came."

Very gravely too, would we now state we are not of the opinion there is great danger of the wowsers turning into punters, even with the natural aid to betting of the possession of Biblical and historical names (as sketched above). No, readers; there is more chance for a "vice versa" in that argument.

What we should mostly fear might happen is the total absence (not total abstinence) of the racing man from the meeting. One would heartily welcome the presence of punters, no matter how eager to pick winners from chance remarks—for that is the very essence of the proposition—the securing of a hearing.

Any salesman knows that is always half the battle—to get your man's attention. Let the punter come, and the bookie too, and let them laugh or deride if they wish—our aim is to get them. Every Christian man knows in his heart he misses 90 per cent. of his



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**TRY OUR STEAM-MADE BREAD.**

## JONES

(Continued from Page 3.)

around the place lose his job, and it was coming pretty close to it. I hadn't the authority actually to discharge, but my word went part way.

"By the time I got back I decided to make the three smart alecks inform Jones that the letter was a fake. They could go to his party and square themselves there the best they could. And it didn't improve my temper when Holden came in and said he'd lost his nerve; he'd gone over to the hotel to tell Jones and met him with a telegram just sent to his mother.

"Next morning I came to the office early wondering how the would-be jokers had fixed it up at the 'celebration.' I found a note from Jones saying he'd left to catch an early train for Minneapolis!

"And Jim Holden standing there, looking cheap, and telling me that they'd decided to let him go on—see his mother anyway—and wire him an explanation when he reached Minneapolis, paying all expenses of the trip—that didn't better things at all.

"Sir, then and there I began a written report of the facts, but I hadn't got far when in walks the postman and hands me an official letter. It was addressed to Jones in my care. I opened it."

With a yawn, the Secret Service operative turned to his typewriter. "They ought to put"—tap, tap—"these letters on"—tap, tap—"the way they have the figures, so—"

"Well!" I interrupted angrily.

Parker looked at me in apparent surprise.

"Jones never saw that second letter," he continued. "It was from Washington and notified him that he'd been placed in charge of the Minneapolis office."—"Union Signal."

A BREAKFAST, DINNER, AND TEA BEVERAGE.

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45 HUNTER STREET, 283 CLARENCE STREET.



# The Nationalisation of the Liquor Traffic.

(By O.P.)

The Federal Government has decided to engage in the liquor traffic; or, to use the words, of the Minister for External Affairs in making the announcement, it has resolved to "nationalise the liquor trade in the Northern Territory." Mr. Mahon went on to explain that the men employed on the construction of the Pine Creek to Katherine River railway were being supplied with "such frightful grog" that it had been deemed best to abolish all private licenses, and to establish State hotels. A board is to be appointed to assess the value of the licenses, with a view to compensation being paid. There are at present eight hotels in the Territory, but whether a State hostelry will be established in place of each of these is one of the details that has yet to be determined. Some little time will probably elapse before the changes can be effected, as Mr. Mahon says it all depends on circumstances.

The avowed intention of the Federal Cabinet to nationalise the liquor traffic in the Northern Territory is one which should be viewed with a great deal of alarm by every temperance worker. There are some of our people unfortunately who believe that State control would be a step towards reducing drunkenness. This is a fallacy that has been exposed by its failure in that respect wherever it has been tried. The experience of Russia and other smaller countries has proved that under these conditions drunkenness has increased in every case, so that as a measure of temperance reform it is worthless.

## WOULD IT MAKE REFORM OF THE TRAFFIC EASIER OF ACCOMPLISHMENT?

It is claimed by many that nationalisation would make reform much nearer, as it would eliminate vested interests, and all the powerful influence of the retail liquor seller and his following. But would not the employees of the Government be in a similar position? They would of course be financially interested, and so also would be the brewers and distillers who doubtless would make a strenuous effort to combat any move in the direction of prohibition. Politicians are notorious for taking the line of least resistance, and it is out of the question to even hope that they would restrict a trade that was capable of bringing in revenue for them to squander.

## WOULD THE LAW BE BETTER OBSERVED?

Some think that under this system the law would be better observed, and by the appointing of a Government official in the place of the publican many of our present evils would disappear. At present the police to a large extent control the liquor traffic, but when the State policeman is asked to control the State publican we cannot expect good results.

Who would appoint the State publicans? How could we keep them free from political influence? The State pub would become the worst centre of political influence and corruption, and as demonstrated in other places would leave us with all the evils we have and add a few very serious ones.

The contention is that the Government official would not push the sale, but unfortunately this trade does not need pushing, as the trouble is not so much with the management as with the commodity which is sold and the appetite it creates, and would the State tolerate a man who did not make its pub pay?

## THE NATIONAL ASPECT.

As patriotic Australians, we should strongly object to being made shareholders in a business which is causing so many to suffer. We naturally do not wish to participate in the manufacture of drunkards and derelicts, and resent being involved in a traffic which cannot possibly exist without injuring the manhood and womanhood of a nation, and blighting the lives of many innocent and defenceless people. There is a mighty big difference between nationalising a public necessity like the railways or tramways, which are for the benefit of everyone, and a business which is only used by a section of the public, a very large percentage of whom are seriously and hopelessly injured by it. It would also give the traffic all the dignity of being a public institution, and with all the consequent "pomp and circumstance" surrounding a Government department. The effect on the minds of the rising generation would be very harmful.

## A DANGER TO HEALTH.

It is the highest duty of a nation to protect the health and lives of the people. The most eminent medical testimony of our own time tell us how dangerous this trade is, and if we enquire further, insurance returns prove it. Dr. Bertillon, the great Parisian Statistician, recently stated that the mortality of liquor sellers was twice as high as that of any other trade or calling. The British Registrar-General in a report says that the mortality is appalling amongst liquor dealers, and has issued a return which proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that it is the most dangerous trade. The Hon. Mr. Mahon, Minister for External Affairs, recently asserted through the press that the experiment of State control in West Australia was a splendid success. The measure of success achieved is shown by the report of a coroner's inquest which was held on April 8th, 1908, at Gwalia, where the State runs a drunk manufactory. Dr. O'Hara in the course of his evidence, deposed that the deceased—Michael Hogan—died as the result of suffocation, and declared that had it not been for drink it would not have happened. He found alcohol in the organs. The sworn testimony of Harry Hixon Gover was

to the effect that he was employed by the Board of Health, and whilst going his rounds he found the deceased lying at the back of the State hotel and tried to rouse him, but could not. He was of the opinion that the man was beastly drunk. He did not report the matter to the police because it was too common an occurrence to take much notice of. The jury brought in a verdict that death occurred under the influence of alcohol, and added the following significant rider: "That the manager of the State hotel should receive special notice from the police not to serve persons with drink whilst under the influence of liquor, neither by himself nor his servants, as such course is contrary to the principle and purpose for which the State hotel was erected." So much for the "splendid success" of the State hotel. The temperance forces should indeed be on the alert to combat the proposal and make a united vigorous protest at once.

Of course, in small places, the policeman could also run the pub and run in the customers. This would effect a saving, we have no doubt, of a kind.

## MAHON'S PLEA.

This is not an experiment; it is the revival of an obsolete method, and the reason given by the Honorable Minister is that "the men ought to have good liquor." This, of course, is a confession of failure on the part of the Government, who already have inspectors and all the machinery for protecting the drinker from bad liquor. We may well ask, "Where are the Government going to get this 'good liquor' from?" We expect they will get it where they retail "clean dirt," when they find the place! They ought to know that the verdict of experts is that it is not the impurities in liquor but the alcohol in it that does all the harm. They also ought to know that liquor is not necessary to these men about whom they profess concern; that they would be better off financially and physically, let alone morally, if it were entirely prohibited.

## OUT FOR MONEY.

Maybe, Mr. Mahon has been studying these facts as set out in an English paper. They correspond with those we quoted in last week's issue from the "Bulletin":—

"The additional beer tax shows the same mastery by the liquor trade. The extra tax was 17s. 3d. per barrel, and the price of beer was raised one penny per pint in order to meet it. One penny per pint is 24s. per barrel under exact conditions, but in practice it works out considerably more when the added water ('reduction in gravity' is the phrase used), and the trade done in 'glasses' of beer are taken into account. Of this extra 24s. the Government tax was 17s. 3d., and the balance was to go, 2s. 9d. to the brewer and 4s. to the retailer.

"But this did not suit the liquor trade; 6s. 9d. commission for collecting 17s. 3d. was not enough, and they protested, and afterwards were allowed a private interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. What

(Continued on Page 15.)



## The Physician's Testimony for Christ.

(By Sir Andrew Clark, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., late President of the Royal College of Physicians.)

In an old Hebrew book there are intimations made (which I think would not even now be gainsaid by the man of the world), namely, that the whole world lieth in wickedness—that man is the subject of a strange and mysterious spiritual cancer called "Sin"; that this disease is the cause of manifold and inexpressible evils to mankind; and that, going on unchecked, it ends, not only in the destruction and ruin of the individual, but also in the tainting of the race. Nor is this condition peculiar to the physical man; there is a similar condition in the spiritual. It descends from you into your successors and from them into generations yet unborn.

Now, this Society declares that for this sad condition a remedy exists. And it is with boldness that I say that this remedy exists; in spite of all the philosophers in the world, who have tried every remedy they can think of, and who are obliged to say that with the means at their disposal this disease is incurable. This Society says that there is a remedy; that it is easy of application; that the remedy is Divine and that the object of its existence is to make known this remedy and to persuade men to try it. I have been asked not only to have the privilege of presiding, but I have been asked also to address you upon this very topic.

Remembering what is commonly said of physicians, I suppose it is interesting to know how they would deal with a question of this kind. I have not the time, the knowledge, and the ability to make any such address as ought commonly to be made in an assembly of that kind; for I hold that it is not only perilous, but pernicious, to make weak speeches in advocacy of the faith, still more to write weak books. I would rather, therefore, hold my peace than do that, and make my testimony in my life. I can, however, say a few words, and it may be expected that I should say a few words. I think that all personalities are very uninteresting, but if we have the courage and capacity to unfold the reasons of our belief, they are instructive. I am, I confess, a very unworthy Christian, but I should like to tell you in what manner I have come through seas of doubt to the quiet haven of belief. I shall not give you anything—but a plain and familiar account of my experience, as a busy man in the midst of constant interruptions and anxieties.

Now, the reasons I apprehend, which influence a man in the acceptance of the Christian faith lie in two directions—first, in his head, secondly, in his heart. The reasons which lie in a man's heart are incommunicable; they are not capable of being entirely expressed in words; they work in secret in him; they grow with his growth in faith; they transfigure his life, and they become manifest, and manifest only in the course of his life and in the influence which he comes to exert. I must, therefore, leave the reasons

which lie in my heart—reasons which bear the strongest testimony to the truth of Christianity—and pass on to those other reasons—in my head, and which, I think, we can deal with profitably, if we deal with them in the right way.

The first reason that occurs to me is that there undoubtedly exists at the back of the universe a great Power—a Power which permeates the universe, and of which Power we are, in some way a part. On this point there has been a great advance in late years. Mr. Herbert Spencer, as the representative of the agnostic position—and he is, by the way, one of the most lucid and profound thinkers of the present day—says (as all Agnostics will say) that, undoubtedly, there does exist behind the universe a Power which permeates the universe, and of which we are, either directly or indirectly, a part. I then examine myself to see if there is any relation between myself and the Power behind the universe. And the first thing I see is that that Power must in some sense be personal; for when I examine my own inner life I find that I am an intelligent being, and that my mere body does not express all that there is of me. When I examine the operations going on within me, I find I must speak of my affections, my feelings, and my will. Yes, I feel that this I, this mystery which exists in every man, is a power within his body, a power which is, perhaps, quite independent of his body, but associated with it.

Furthermore, having got so far in the belief of a Power behind the universe, and in the belief that this is a personal Power, I find on watching the events of my inner life that there are two voices, or guides, or laws within me. I do not know what to call them, I find there is a law or guide within myself, by which I discern, I desire, I take what I desire, I gratify myself in every conceivable way. And I have observed that every individual and every nation which permits itself to be governed by this law of Self invariably degenerates and comes to destruction. Furthermore, I find, that whilst I am following this law of Self, whilst I am eating and drinking and making merry, and thinking of nothing but my own gratification, there is another voice or guide in myself, quite of another kind, and inarticulate. And when I am following my own will, and following it to my own destruction, this mysterious, inarticulate voice protests, warns, and sanctions, and speaks strange things about sacrifice, holiness. What is this? that whilst I seek my own will, do my own will, and follow my own will, doing that which seems good to me, I am interrupted by this inner, inarticulate, mysterious voice. What is it? People call it Conscience. Everyone admits that it has a power which it seems to have a right to exercise. Whatever their theological or religious opinions, every-

one will admit that it has a rightful supremacy. Well, what is the meaning of this? I have asked myself over and over again, and I have come to the conclusion that the only possible explanation I can give is, that it is a revelation of the Power which lies behind the universe, and that it is in some way Divine.

But if it be true that the something which we call conscience is in some way or other Divine, and is some part of that Power which lies behind the universe—what does that supposition involve? Very wonderful things, and very helpful things, too, I think. First, it involves a community between man and that Power behind the universe—we will call it God; and, second, it unfolds a relationship between the whole creation. I ask myself, therefore, "What is man?" I answer, "Man is Divine." In the constitution of man I begin to see an argument for the truth of Christianity. The constitution of man is thus threefold—he has a body in common with the earth, with matter; he has mind in common with animals; and he has spirit in common only with God. Like Him, if it is not irreverent to say so, he has trinity in unity, and in the trinity and unity he is linked, on the one hand with God, and, on the other, with the whole creation.

Having got thus far, it seems probable that this relationship which exists between man and God and creation, and the desire which I find in myself for something which I cannot get by myself—something which is higher and better than myself, but which I cannot get because I lack knowledge, strength and light, and a pattern whereby I may shape my own life—it seems, on the face of it, not improbable, but very probable, that God might make some revelation of Himself, and grant man, through that revelation, the strength, the light, and the pattern which he needs. And it is alleged that such a revelation has been made by God in the person of Jesus Christ; and that in Him He has provided the one remedy for the moral diseases of the world and the sin of man. Is that true? That, I apprehend, is the supreme question of this day and all days. If it be true, all is well; if it be false, all is ill. In the latter case we should have neither hope nor joy, and in the darkness in which we should live it would be much better for us to die. But, is it true? is it real? I am convinced myself that it is true; I am convinced that the allegation that God has revealed Himself to man in the person of Jesus Christ is true, and that it is impossible for the ordinarily constituted mind to doubt the fact of its truth. I do not say that there are no difficulties, nor that there is any harm in doubting. What should we be without doubt? We should be stagnant creatures! Doubt is our helper and not our hinderer. If rightly used, these intellectual searchings into spiritual matters should help us.

I will now pass on to mention, more particularly, the special reasons which have influenced my own mind, and led me to accept Christianity.

(Continued on Page 14.)



# 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 mere grit they contain the better they wear.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, FEB. 25, 1915.

## THE DIRECTION OF OUR ENERGY.

We have only a limited amount of time, means, and energy, and it is therefore a matter of great concern to us that we make the most of what little we have. Shall we direct our energy to cure or to prevent? Miss Tarbell, in her remarkable articles on "The Golden Rule In Business" in the "American Magazine," says:—"I had found trained rescue squads in every mine, and had heard the president of the company explode violently at the idea of superintendents depending on them: "To — with rescue work. Prevent accidents!"

It is a tremendous step forward, a step which means much to us and to the generation that will succeed us, when we read this declaration from a successful physician:

"I have sold my sanatorium: I have given up my practice, and in the future will lecture and make addresses to girls in our High Schools and to young women in our colleges, on the subject of personal hygiene. I believe that in so doing I can do more good in preventing the broken health and crippled bodies that have come to me for cure in all these years."

Moral wrecks are pitiable, and men there should be to heal them, but to check at its source the destroying force that is eating into

our social body is work worthy of any man. Kate Douglas Wiggin sang wisely:

"To cure is the voice of the past:

To prevent: the divine whisper of to-day."

Educational work and total abstinence work are both worthy of your best energy.

## THE ONLY ADEQUATE HELP.

It has been said that those who are willing to be carried are not worth carrying, and it is also in a measure true that you do not help a man by helping him, all you do for him may only confirm him in his weakness and willingness to be carried. The unemployed are always suffering because of the unemployable. If you would test them and discover the "ed" from the "able," you must do no more and no less than help them to help themselves. When Peter saw and heard the beggar, he said, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee," and he put the man on his feet. He did not carry him, he helped him to carry himself. This, of course, is so much harder than the giving of the too often harmful money, that not many have the will and character to do it.

There are many things you can't do for another—you can't eat their meals for them, and in like manner you can't say their prayers for them, or fight their moral fight for them, and you are wise if you do not try.

You can't help everyone, and you can't help all those whose needs appeal to you—but you can help someone and you can help them best by encouraging them to effort, by stimulating them to sustained effort, and by pointing out the success that is often a part of failure. The man who best helps his fellow is the one who sees the rainbow when the other only sees the rain. Don't want to be a buzz saw, be content to be the power that makes the saw busy. Don't pay the rent or food bill, but be the power behind whose ingenuity, hopefulness, persistency, make the way possible for the unhappy one to do it for himself. The result is very satisfactory—help a man and he will often bear you a grudge and become estranged from you, and live on in your debt, help him to help himself, and in his sense of well-being he will chum with you and think well of you.

## WHY SOME CHILDREN LIE.

Telling the absolute truth is very difficult for anyone, and much more so for a child. It would be well to see what lies behind this wide-spread failure.

Not infrequently a child has not a clear impression of what has happened. He is

confused to start with. Then the confusion is increased when confronted with a question. The likelihood in nine cases out of ten is that he will speak the first thing that enters his mind in reply, and, having once spoken, he feels under obligation to maintain his position, and he flounders hopelessly on. A highly sensitive and imaginative child has difficulty in distinguishing the real from the unreal. Once an impression is received the image remains in his mind as something very real, and frequently a child will speak with only these imaginings as a basis for his opinion. A parent will doubtless find that her son has no idea of telling an untruth, but is simply unable to speak with accuracy. Instead of punishing him she should remember these conditions, and set about to help him distinguish between the real and unreal facts. A threatened child will make but little progress, but a child sympathetically understood soon learns the meaning of truth and honor and will carefully avoid misrepresentation. Let us get away, however, from the notion that telling an untruth by a child is always a vice, and that the child should be punished for it. It is loving correction and helpful guidance that the child needs—not punishment.

Someone has said: "You keep DON'T BE the Sabbath in imitation of LOPSIDED. God's rest. Do, by all manner of means, if you like; and keep also the rest of the week in imitation of God's work."

It reminds me of a well-known loafer who had been adopted and abandoned by most of the kindly religious bodies in Sydney. He found his way among the Seventh Dayists, and attacked me in an open-air meeting for not keeping the fourth commandment. He asserted I did not keep the seventh day of the week. I retorted that the commandment said nothing about the seventh day of the week, which would have specified a day, but it spoke of the seventh day and only asserted the principle of one day in seven. "But," I added, "you certainly do not keep the commandment, because it says, 'six days shalt thou labor,' and you have never been known to do that." As a matter of fact, this commandment is more often broken, by religious people during the week than on Sundays.

*The Editor*



# The Pledge at the Court.

## THE RECORD OF THE SECOND YEAR.

The pledge-signing effort at the Central Court commenced on January 10, 1913, and the record of the second year provides interesting material for a comparison:—

	1913.	1914.
Convictions .....	8257	9342
Pledges .....	2132	1515
Broken .....	307	169

Roughly speaking half of those before the Court are so evidently the slaves of alcohol that the question of their drinking has passed beyond their will and is just a matter of diseased inclination and opportunity, and it is not a right thing to offer them the pledge. It is most evident that in their case the publican serving them has broken the law and should be proceeded against. There is no greater scandal in Sydney than the way in which liquor sellers violate the law in reference to serving intoxicated men. It is a pitiable thing that nothing, absolutely nothing, is done for these alcoholics. In number they exceed the victims of consumption, and yet we have many and splendid places for consumptives, and not a solitary place for the alcoholic. In cost to the community and burden on their friends they exceed very greatly all the other diseases we are subject to, and yet we do nothing.

Of the other half a large number won't sign the pledge, many because they fear they can't keep it. These ought to have medical treatment at once, and most of them would gladly avail themselves of it. Then there are those who have not sense enough to know that their only hope is in leaving it alone. Of those who do sign we have an encouraging tale to tell; out of 1515 only 169 are known to have broken it, and come back to the court. This is even a better result than the first year, and abundantly justifies our hopefulness.

### THE AFTER CARE.

The mere signing of a pledge would probably not do much more than the placing of a seed in the ground. The after care is essential to good results. Clothing of every description is provided, jobs are sought, shelter provided, fares are paid, and above all these much time is devoted to forming ties of friendship and encouraging the men to join the Brotherhood of Christian men who meet every Wednesday and mutually encourage and help one another in the Christian life. Anything from 50 to 80 men meet every Wednesday, and the greatest inspiration comes from the story of victory as told by a man who has evidently been through the mill. One man says: "I signed the pledge, but it would not have been much good to me if I had not gone to the meetings. I heard other men tell how prayer had helped them, and how Christ had saved them, and it made me sit up and take notice. Religion had never appealed to me before—now it seemed to be the very thing for a man to enable him to do a man's job. Well, men, I have tried it, and it has made this difference that the things I used to hate I have learned to love, and the things I used to love I have learned to hate—that's

what being saved means to me, and I urge you to give God a chance." Another man said: "Drink got me out of several good jobs, and finally landed me in the Domain, and then the hospital. Penniless, friendless, and hopeless I had no time for parsons and nothing but sneers for religion. I finally, in desperation, sought out a parson. Without a question he took me to the Pilgrim's Home. These meetings gave me something to think about, and I watched the lives of those who professed Christianity. I would dearly have liked to pick holes in them, but they were genuine. I asked the prayers of the meeting. I prayed for myself and God answered me, and now I have held a good job for three years and have never wavered in my purpose to leave drink alone for ever. Christ has done much more for me than ever I even hoped."

Every night some three or four men tell the story of their redemption, and from 6 to 16 men ask our prayers, and from among these we get the best results.

### WOMEN DRINKERS.

There is no doubt that alcohol drinking amongst women is increasing. This is very noticeable in all countries where alcohol is used as a common beverage. In Australia and particularly in Sydney drinking amongst women is very common.

The ladies' parlor, the wine shop, the sale of wine in drapery establishments, the grocers' license are all responsible for the increased drinking among women. It is now quite common to see women breasting the bar with the men. Sir E. Henry, the Chief Commissioner of London's police, has this year addressed a letter to the Licensed Victuallers' Central Protection Society, urging them not to serve women before 11.30 in the morning. He said:

"As your society is doubtless aware, I continue to receive numerous reports regarding the incalculable harm resulting from women resorting to public-houses during the forenoon.

"The correctness of these representations I have verified by police observation. Most members of your society will be prepared to admit that for women to commence drinking in the early part of the day must unfit them for their home duties and their work, and will, I am sure, be anxious at a time of crisis like this to do what may be in their power to remedy so grievous an evil.

"If your society can, through its members, introduce the measures needed to remove what is now a scandal and a stumbling block to so many, it will not be necessary for me to take action, and they will have, in so doing, the satisfaction of knowing that they are rendering a public service.

"It is necessary that women should not be served before 11.30 a.m. in licensed houses, and I appeal to your society to bring this about."

We have no evidence that this appeal has been effective. It falls short of the requirement, viz., the closing of the bar altogether.

At one time the hotelkeepers did not cater very much for the women. He does to-day. This can be seen all over the city. Most of the hotels have arranged for special bars and parlors for women, and they are meeting with success, and their success means the downfall of many Australian women.

The other evening, accompanied by two friends, we made a tour of certain hotels. It was a shock to see so many women in the bars and parlours. In one city hotel in Pitt-st. near one of our largest draper's shops. We saw no fewer than 32 women; a few children, also a few men. This was in a bar. The window next to the door had a few scones in it; light refreshments were advocated for women. We went into the place, but were told that we could not be served, as we had no lady with us.

### THE VALUE OF EARLIER CLOSING.

The figures given on December 1st, by the Chairman of the London Sessions, Mr. Robert Wallace, K.C., as to cases of "wounding" coming before him during the present year were a most remarkable testimony to the value of the early closing measures in the London area. In the first nine months of this year 103 cases of that kind were sent for trial—an average of nearly twelve a month. In September the cases rose to 17 a month. In that month the 11 o'clock closing order was made, and the result was that in the following month the cases fell to five. In October the closing hour was made ten o'clock, and the cases fell to two a month. At the present session, for almost the first time in the history of the county, there was not a single case of the kind for trial. These figures are extremely striking. "Wounding" cases, as the learned Judge said, "invariably take place in the early hours of the morning when the parties are drunk." Such cases are a far more reliable index of drunkenness than convictions for drunkenness, as they do not in any sense depend on the whim of the policeman. We hope the Government will note the inference which Mr. Wallace draws from the facts: "I trust that the lessons which this War is teaching, and the experience we derive from it, will have effect in after legislation."

### THE COST OF OUR EFFORT.

The work at the Court costs about £250 a year, and like all other religious and philanthropic efforts, since the war we have suffered by a large decrease in donations. The Pilgrim's Home, which has now been in existence seven years, finds accommodation for 17 men at a cost of about £500 a year. Men who have found work and found friends in the Church are prepared to stay on and pay for their board and lodging, and thus help the Home that has helped them, and give a tone to the place which is the greatest help to the stranger whom we welcome there. Last year the men contributed a little over £300. The entire cost of the Kitchener Pledge effort was borne by the fund that provides the Court and Home expenses. Donations may be sent to Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, Box 390 G.P.O., Sydney.



# CITY OF CRANIA.

(By HENRY JONES, for "Grit.")

## COLOR.

How few persons ever take notice of the color of the eyes of their friends, and yet, from a character-reading point of view, it is the important thing to do. The study of color in relation to intelligence is one of the most interesting and perhaps fascinating subjects a person could apply their minds.

## THE LOWER ANIMALS.

It is patent to the most superficial observer that there is a consistency and continuity in the coloring of the lower animals. A lion or tiger never changes color. The same can be said of the dingo. And when you reflect upon the character of either of the animals mentioned you will find there has been no change in character. The study of this subject has been pursued by many evolutionists and scientists, but none have definitely demonstrated the fact that color and character is closely related, except the students of phrenology. If we go back to our childhood days, or visit a circus at present, we will find ample food for thought. Take the tricky and intelligent ponies that jump through hoops of fire and perform many curious and wonderful feats. These are of the changeable variety; not of the type of one color. Can an Ethiopian change his skin or a leopard his spots? No; not without a change of character.

## BLACKS AND CIVILISATION.

No race that remains black successfully survives civilisation, because black is like carbon—never bends; it snaps. The study of the history of black races proves this. Unless they intermarry they have precious little chance of adopting new methods. Although converted to Christianity, they always remain in jeopardy of reverting back to the wild and savage state when neglected. The Jew, for instance, is an illustration of truthfulness of character and color going together. Had the sons of Abraham not married the daughters of Gentiles there would not have been a race of Hebrews at the present time.

The American negro is another illustration of the changeability of character going hand in hand with the variability of color. Had some of our forefathers not violated the moral law during the time of slavery the American negro would not be such a menace to America as he is at the present day. The negro of America stands as a warning to all nations, proclaiming in no unmistakable manner that the nations that violate moral laws must pay dearly. When some thoughtless, lustful, and immoral man broke away from decency and morality a hundred years ago he started, or set into operation, a physical law that has been operating ever since, and continues to operate in such a manner that unless the American people treat the negro as a brother it will punish the innocent.

## LET US HAVE FACTS.

The contention of the students of character is that color does in a great measure

reveal character. Take, for instance, the color predominating in the Jew and negro. Black comes first. When black predominates in the hair, skin, and eyes it is a sure sign that the original type has not been departed from, and all the virtues and vices of that type may be expected. In the Jew we find frequently the blue (light) eye, especially if he be a money-lender. The blue eye indicates warmth, affection, and diplomacy, but a person may sink wealth more than friendship, and develop cunning and intrigue in place of honorable diplomacy. In the negro we find this fact. All who have risen in the scale of intelligence and attained to any distinction in any department of life have changed from the original type inasmuch as they have light eyes, either blue or grey. Even Jack Johnson has the light (not the yellow) streak in his eyes. Before a negro can rise and adapt himself to all the requirements and duties of advanced civilisation he must have the germ of white blood. In fact, it is the white more than the black man that rises and advances. All the prominent negroes have had either white mothers or white fathers; it may have been their grandparents.

## THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Color has so much to do with compatibility of temperament that it should be taken into account when selecting a partner for life. Many an unhappy marriage might have been avoided had the contracting parties studied the subject of color in relation to intelligence. Only this week there was published in one of our dailies the names of fifty couples who were divorced at the end of last term. This fact must be acknowledged: We are not much better than the savage in regard to matrimony. Certainly there are happy, comfortable and harmonious marriages, but the majority of marriages are contracted in blissful ignorance of the laws of nature and their consequences. Fancy a cattle-dealer buying a beast without considering its color and pedigree. Why, it is unthinkable. Yet we find the majority of people taking unto themselves wives or husbands without even knowing the color of their eyes. Perhaps this can be explained by that old saying, "True love is blind." Well, the sooner it wakes up the better for the world.

## MATCHING AND MATING.

It should be the ambition and honorable desire of all normal human beings to marry. A man who desires to remain unmarried remains a kind of menace to society, so it will be a good thing when fathers and mothers begin to instruct their children in the science of character and the functions of nature.

There are three colors which are to be considered in choosing a mate for life, or even a mate at school—blue, brown, and yellow. Of course, you will find a variety of shades, but the ground color will be of one of the three. Very few biographers take

the trouble to tell us what color eyes their chief characters had. It is rather amusing to hear people arguing about the color of the hair or eyes of some of our prominent men. Only the other day a gentleman of good social and public standing told me I was mad because I happened to say that Napoleon had light grey eyes and reddish hair. His argument was that the great Napoleon was Corsican or Italian, and anybody who noticed the Italian about town would be convinced they all had black hair and dark eyes. I must admit that people are too ready to instantly call to mind some particular person belonging to a certain race when considering color and features, but the character-reader does not worry very much about the other members of a family or race when he is dealing with an individual, so my advice is to study each person separately, each child separately, and remember that color gives you the key to character.

## THE DARK SIDE.

Let us take the dark eyes and hair. When a person has dark hair and eyes there is less chance of being versatile than when the hair is dark and the eyes of another color. Dark color gives an intensity, stiffness, and severity to the character. Like lumps of coal, they contain possibilities of brilliancy or combustion—healing or destroying—and it depends upon circumstances whether they are good or bad. Oak color in the eyes causes them to flash out the feeling, hence the error of considering the dark-eyed person bad-tempered and treacherous. These persons are harder to manage than light eyes. They break before they bend, consequently their actions (and consequences of their actions) are more pronounced than those of the light eyes. By the dark eye I mean either brown or black; the shades will be considered later on.

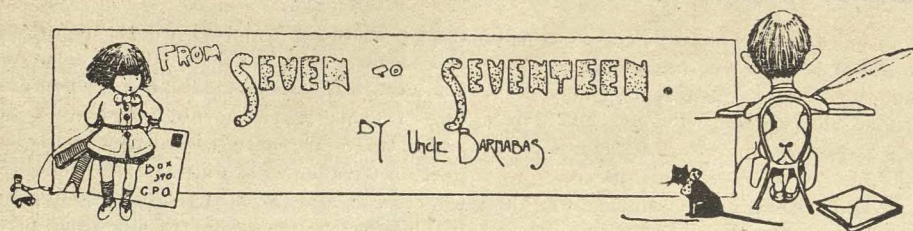
## THE LIGHT SIDE.

It must have been observed by the most casual observer that amongst the fallen and sinful there are quite a number of persons with light hair and eyes. It always disgusts a character-reader to see a good, well-meaning, virtuous woman trying to dye her hair golden. The golden and light straw color hair is a sign of weakness in some particular. This color lacks stability and fixedness of purpose of control over the imagination or feelings.

The light eyes give subtle, secretive, and calculating talent. All great diplomats have light eyes, some blue, and some grey. All the most cute and tactful politicians in this country have had light eyes. Parkes and Reid are good examples. The late King Edward had light blue eyes, so had all the preceding monarchs who exercised diplomacy and tact.

In the next issue we will consider individual colors. It would be interesting to know the color of the eyes of all who send their photos for reading. Have you noticed how many persons with blue eyes are disappearing lately? I will try and explain this next week.



**JUST GONE.**

How often have you heard boys and girls in answer to a question as to what they have done with their money say: "Oh, it's just gone." They have nothing to show for it. It has just evaporated in thoughtless indulgences. I know a girl who receives ninepence a week, that is £1/19/- a year. She spends threepence on the pictures and threepence on lollies on Saturday, and the other threepence during the week on lollies, peanuts, or ice cream wafers. If she ever gives anything to God she begs it from her mother, and it is given her to save her looking mean. Yet she is mean all the time. She never has any money for anything if she is asked for a special donation, and she never has anything to show for it—it just goes. Surely any one with a very little sense could spend the money better than this girl does? Surely she will grow up selfish, a slave to indulgent habits, and a spendthrift, never being able to make both ends meet. If you want real fun and lasting pleasure and deep satisfaction, follow this plan—Spend one-third, save one-third, and give one-third. Then you get an immediate pleasure, an expectancy of a future pleasure, and the feeling within you that you have done right, and that God will bless and prosper you. Mary Pickford, the best known girl in America, and the best loved actress all over the world in the moving pictures, says: "Flowers come to me in profusion, and while I love them I know that sometimes they are sent by my little girl friends at great cost, and I want to say that I wish they would not waste their money in this way, but keep it for some more practical purpose. Put it in the savings bank and start an account. I would like that much better, for I believe that every girl should save money."

Will you keep a faithful account of all you receive and how you spend it for a month, and tell me which gives you the greatest pleasure the spending, giving, or saving. I will give a 10/- prize for the best account.—Uncle B.

**HONOR THE BRAVE.**

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—There are many forms of courage, but for cold-blooded and deliberate bravery I can conceive of nothing that would excel the action of the young fellow who went to the rescue of the lad attacked by the shark in Little Sirius Cove last week.

To plunge into the dark and blood-stained water with the full knowledge that the shark was still there, was surely an act of heroism which could not be surpassed on the battlefield. I trust that there will be some public recognition of this deed.—Yours, etc.,

RICHARD ARTHUR.

Parliament House.

**TOOK A PHOTO.**

Trixy Butterick, Wakanui, Ashburton, N.Z., writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I think it is time I wrote to you again. Don't you? We have holidays from school now. We broke up the day before Christmas for seven weeks, and we invited another school over to ours and had a party. We went to the beach on Christmas Day, and to the mouth of the river on Boxing Day. On New Year's Day we went in a dray to a Domain. I had some nice rides in a boat. It was the I.O.G.T. Lodge picnic.

I got a great surprise one day when I opened the "Vanguard" and saw a photo of Mr. Hammond and you may be sure I cut it out and put it away. We are going to start reaping next week. I just love the harvest. I remember one year I loaded a dray (Don't laugh.) and half of it fell into a stream. All our gooseberries are done now, but we have a few ripe plums and apples. We have over a hundred young plum trees. I must close now with love to all my cousins and yourself.

(Dear Trixy,—So you took a photo of Mr. Hammond from the "Vanguard." I wonder how it got in there? But wait till you see my photo in "Grit" in the birthday issue. So you loaded a dray and it all fell off. Good thing you were not on the top of it. What a pity you can't come to the birthday party. Never mind, we will have some lovely letters about it all, and that will be next best to being there.—Uncle B.)

**A LOVELY PLACE FOR A HOLIDAY.**

Joan Lemm, Wilberforce, via Windsor, 19/1/15, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am staying at Wilberforce, as you see by the address.

I go swimming in the Hawkesbury River sometimes, and we take our tea and play games, and swing on the willows. One day we had a little play called "River Spirits." There is some lovely wattle growing on the banks, and the bushes are laden with sweet brown gum.

We have a big rock melon or water melon every day, and lovely cucumbers, tomatoes, and honeycomb for tea.

The boys are all busy chipping pumpkins, packing tomatoes, fruit, and Cuban melons. The potatoes are being sown, and hay and lucerne are being brought in by cartloads.

I myself am quite a country bumpkin! My legs are a mass of scratches, bruises, and tiny sores, caused by thorns and stinging nettles, and my arms are almost as bad with freckles.

I will tell you more about my holiday when I write, but I am going up to get some peaches and plums now, so I must close. Love to yourself and cousins from your loving ni.



LILLIAN IVERS.

(Dear Joan,—You make my mouth water when you tell of all those lovely things to eat. Why did you not send me a rock melon on a post card? I could have given the rind to our office rat. Don't smile, because he is a really truly rat and he is a fine fat fellow, but he does not show himself to everyone. We would all gladly put up with scratches and freckles, and think nothing of them, if only we could have a fortnight at Wilberforce.—Uncle B.)

**A WILLING HELPER.**

Francie K. M. Brown, "Elim," Ebenezer, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Nearly three months since I wrote to you last! The time just seems to have flown away. Last night I saw the date of my last letter, and said to myself, "Now I just simply must write to Uncle B. to-morrow, or my name will be down on that dreadful 'black list.'" I was staying down at Manly for a fortnight's holiday with my sister just before Christmas. I enjoyed myself very much. Once when my sister and I were over in Sydney we found ourselves in Park-street. I looked longingly up the street and wished I could go to "Grit" office and ask to see Uncle B., but that was out of the question, as it was 6 o'clock in the evening, and we were in a hurry to get home. I also had an idea that Mr. —, I mean Uncle B., was not in Australia at the time. I envy "cousin" Rose the pleasure of hearing your particular friend, Mr. Hammond, preach. It must have been great. I am so sorry the New Zealand "No-Licence" campaign did not meet with better success. Never mind; let us hope and pray that we will gain a decisive victory next time. You ask me what I think of what Mr. Jones said of me. Well, I think that he is right in his description of my character, though I did not know what a lot of things it would be possible for me to do, until he



told me. Anyway, will you please thank Mr. Jones for his trouble, and would you mind asking him to tell me what sort of designing I would do well at. I have bought two shorthand books, though whether I will ever make any real use of them is another thing. Mother says I am lacking in application, and she wonders Mr. Jones did not tell me so.

The evening of the day of my return home from Manly there was a concert held in the Ebenezer Public School, for the purpose of raising money for the school library. Mother and I went to it, though we did not stay to its close. There was a good programme, including selections on the bagpipes by a Highlander in full costume. It was very nice. Have you read "The Laughing Cavalier," Uncle? It is a story of the ancestor of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," but I think "The Laughing Cavalier" is a splendid story. I have lately read "There's No Friend Like a Sister," by Rosa N. Carey; "Emily's Choice," by Maude Jeanne Frane, "Heartsease," by Charlotte M. Yonge; and "The Purple Robe," by Joseph Hocking. I like the first three best, especially "Emily's Choice," though they are all very nice.

What about publishing a list of your favorite books in "Grit"? Could you not manage to do it when you get your work under once again?

I collected for the China Medical Mission again last year and got 10s. I think that was very good for a little place like this with the houses so far apart. The war has made a great difference to people in a good many ways, too, so that they cannot give so much to funds of that sort. I collect for the London Missionary Society every year, and everybody I have asked has always given me something. Everyone who collects 5s. gets a book. I have six books for collecting. I get a collecting card for the Sydney City Mission every year, but as two other ladies in the district collect for it, I can't, especially as just at the same time I also collect for the Sydney Rescue Work.

I wonder what sort of a Xmas you spent this year. I spent a nice, quiet, happy time. On Xmas Day, father, mother and I went for a nice long drive out to Portland Head. The scenery all along the road we travelled was grand, and I will never forget the picture of beauty we saw when we reached our destination. I can't describe it though. Descriptions are not in my line. I did not tell you what Xmas presents I got, did I? Well, among the number were "Plutarch's Lives" in three volumes and a little book called "Kept for the Master's Use." It has a text for each day of the month, with a little reading on each text by Frances Ridley Havergal. Have you read it? It is a lovely book.

We are having some dreadful duststorms. The last two days the dust has been fearful, so has the heat. The thermometer registered 96deg. some days.

Is not the war awful, so many lives being sacrificed just for the sake of one nation's greed and lust of power.

I had better end this long letter at once or

I will never do so. Father says you will have to put it in "Grit" in instalments, to be continued next week until it is finished.

With love and wishing you and all "Grit" cousins a happy, prosperous, and useful New Year,—I remain, your sincere niece.

Enclosed are three funny stories for the "This is Where You Laugh" page. Please send me a Scripture Union Card for this year. Enclosed are three stamps. Did you get the Xmas card I sent you. If any of the enclosed funny stories win the prize, keep the money for your slum work or any other work you like.

(Dear Francie,—I was quite astonished to find how many different things you tried to help by collecting for them, and I guess I had better dodge you, as you must always have a collecting card ready to present to a friend. What a pity you were not able to peep into "Grit" office, though at 6 p.m. there is no one there but the office rat. Yes, I read the "Laughing Cavalier," but it is not nearly so good as the "Scarlet Pimpernel." Yes, "Kept for the Master's Use" is one of the most helpful and inspiring books. Thank you for the stories; they are all good. Yes, I received your card, and thought I had thanked you. It must have been only a wireless message, and gone astray. Scripture Union card will be posted at once.—Uncle B.)

#### I WISH I WERE A FISH.

Beryl Anderson, Bexley, writes:—

My dear Uncle Barnabas,—I feel I hardly deserve to call you "Uncle B." after this long silence, but really I am very sorry for it all. It does seem hard to believe that nearly a month of this New Year has gone. After starting the New Year in the "old" way, by going to watch-night service, I was filled with plenty of new resolves and good resolutions, and one in particular was to send a letter to you. Do you know I wrote (or rather, almost) a letter to you while I was staying up at Mount Victoria. I never managed to finish it off, even after we returned, so that it was never posted. I intended telling you before how I spent Christmas and the holidays. It seems rather out of date to speak of it now, but I must tell you. I spent quite the nicest and happiest time imaginable. On Christmas and New Year's Eves I had a very jolly time loyally with my friends, hearing our bands play and watching the crowd bustling everywhere. After an extra bright service, with carols and other special singing, on Christmas Day we came home, and had the usual "d-i-n-n-e-r," and some time after I set out for Arncliffe to the home of one of my friends. There were eighteen of us there (all young and happy and feeling jolly), so you can guess we managed to get lively. We played tennis for the greater part of the time, and then all other outdoor games. We were able, without the least exertion, to put fifteen quarts of ice-cream into storage, but there were boys in the party, so perhaps that accounts a little for the quantity, although we girls all did our share. On Boxing Day two of the girls and I went to Manly. We had a lovely and lively

time over there, watching all the picnickers and surfers, etc. We also (the three of us) went there the second day of the New Year too. I think it's a splendid place to go to when there are only a couple and no big party is arranged. It's always jolly to watch the crowds, and the boat trip is so delightful. I think there is nothing prettier and lovelier than the sea, especially this awful weather. I often wish I were a fish (those which are never "hooked," of course) in summer, or else that I could go into cold storage till the lovely cold days come back. I have been fortunate enough to have some lovely swims this season, and one day last week in the surf at Cronulla it was extra stiff and good. I felt so braced up afterwards that I could have raced for miles.

I am hoping to come in again soon to see you. I expected to be in very soon after the last visit, but I have been very busy and the heat seems to take all the energy away. Just a short time ago I started first-aid. I want to go through and get my certificate this time. I happened to be away when the examination was held last time I went through the course. I think it so very interesting, but still one needs to keep up the practice to be competent, I think.

The dedication service of our Arncliffe Church is to be held next Monday, and the Archbishop will be the preacher. The three choirs of the parish are taking part, so of course we will be there. It is lovely to see the building finished at last. It is very pretty outside, and I am longing to attend the service there. I seem to have been writing for ages, and yet told you nothing of much interest. The services of intercession were beautiful up here. All the prayers, hymns, and addresses fitted in with each other so well, and there seemed such earnestness that surely great good must come sooner or later from it all, if only we believe and have strong enough faith. Such beautiful prayers they were, and everyone was remembered before God. I must close this now, with love to all from your sincere Niece.

P.S.—I have forgotten to mention the chief reason for writing, and that was for a "brave deed." Ever since the war began we read of wonderfully brave deeds, but I think a time like this calls out bravery in people. I think the instance I enclose is far the bravest of any, because this person could not see what he had to deal with, and knew the risk he ran of such an awful and cruel death. Please accept apologies for this trifle of paper, but I guess if I sent more it will be too much overweight. Love and every good wish for you all in this year and all the following ones.—B.D.A.

(Dear Beryl,—So you wish you were a fish? I once said that, and some one replied, "Well, your wish is granted, for you are a queer fish." So I answered, "Yes, but what good is that; it only gets me into hot water." Hope you will tell us about the dedication service. I wonder have you read a delightfully absurd book called "Torchy." I have smiled over it.—Uncle B.)



## This is Where You Laugh.

6 6



### THE DANGER.

"Pa, a man's wife is his better half, isn't she?"

"We are told so, my son."

"Then if a man marries twice there isn't anything left of him, is there?"

\* \* \*

### A HOUSEHOLD PEST.

The teacher had given the class a talk on household pests.

"What, now, is the greatest foe the housewife has?" he asked.

Up went one little hand.

"All right, Mary; what is it?"

"A husband," came the quick reply.

\* \* \*

### HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

A small boy seated on the curb by a telephone-pole, with a tin can by his side, attracted the attention of an old gentleman who happened to be passing.

"Going fishing?" he inquired, good naturedly.

"Nope," the youngster replied. "Take a peek in there."

An investigation showed the can to be partly filled with caterpillars of the tussock moth.

"What in the world are you doing with them?"

"They crawl up trees and eat off the leaves."

"So I understand."

"Well, I'm fooling a few of them."

"How?"

"Sending 'em up this telephone-pole."

\* \* \*

### AN URGENT CASE.

A girl, reading in a paper that fish was excellent brain-food, wrote to the editor:

"Dear Sir,—Seeing as you say how fish is good for the brains, what kind of fish shall I eat?"

To this the editor replied:

"Dear Miss,—Judging from the composition of your letter, I should advise you to eat a whale."

### A WIFE'S TROUBLES.

A maid who had been employed in the Benner home for several years took unto herself a husband, and went to a nearby town to live. One day, about a month after the wedding, she came to call on her former mistress, who said:

"Well, Phoebe, I hope that you are happy in your new home. How is your husband?"

To this the bride of a month made reply:

"Well, I reckon I'm happy enough, but the chimney in the kitchen don't draw none too good, an' the water in the well is so brackish I ain't never goin' to 'git used to it. As for my husband, well, ma'am, it's with him as it is with your man an' a'll the rest of 'em, if the Lord had 'em to make over He could improve some on the job. Ain't eggs turrible high?"

\* \* \*

### A NEW SECT.

A correspondent of the London "Kelt" relates:—"As might be expected, recruiting is not without its humor. A sturdy young recruit was asked by one of the clerks filling in the papers what denomination he belonged to. The question elicited the startling information that he was a Grasshopper. "A Grasshopper!" exclaimed the clerk, "what sect is that?" "Those who sit in the park on Sundays," replied the recruit.

\* \* \*

### FISHY.

He found his own front porch with wonderful accuracy, navigated the steps with precision, and discovered the keyhole by instinct. Once in the dimly-lighted hall there was an ominous silence followed by a tremendous crash.

"Why, what has happened, Henry?" came a voice from above.

"It's all right, Mary; but I'll—I'll learn those goldfish to snap at me!"

\* \* \*

### WITHDRAWN.

Among the Monday morning culprits haled before a Baltimore police magistrate was a ducky with no visible means of support.

"What occupation have you here in Baltimore?" said his Honor.

"Well, jedge," said the ducky, "I ain't doin' much at present—jest circulatin' round, suh."

His Honor turned to the clerk of the court and said:

"Please enter the fact that this gentleman has been retired from circulation for sixty days."

## W. KERR,

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NEW GOODS BY EVERY MAIL.

CALL AND INSPECT OUR STOCK.

### FLINT AND STEEL.

While Dr. Wilson was speaking on the street of a mining town on Labor Day a saloon sympathiser interrupted the address. The speaker at once pointed to the open mouth and said, "Don't you know you are violating the law of this State?" "No," said the half-intoxicated individual. Said the speaker, "You opened that rum hole without a license!" Just then another sympathiser hissed. Dr. Wilson said, "I notice another red nose has got into cold water; I just heard it sizz!" There were no more disturbances.

## DON'T BE ONE-EYED

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## THE PHYSICIAN'S TESTIMONY FOR CHRIST

(Continued from Page 7.)

The first thing which has influenced me to accept this Christian position is the obvious need, in man's utter darkness and helplessness, of some revelation. If left to himself, following the natural law, the law of his own being—assisted by all the teaching of Science, he is incapable of maintaining himself in the state in which he ought to be. We have the history of individuals numerous enough, we have the history of nations numerous enough, to prove to us that no nation nor individual can be a law to themselves. Therefore man is not perfect man without a revelation.

And when I think of this need of a revelation and look to the person of Jesus Christ and His marvellous character, regarded from the human side, I am quite satisfied with the revelation that He made. In fact, if you were to give a month's study to the human character of Jesus Christ, I doubt whether any person in this room would not be struck afresh with the marvellous beauty, the marvellous exaltation, the marvellous ineffableness of the human character of Jesus Christ. When you go on studying it you are brought at last to the conclusion that it is not possible for this to be a human character only. Think for a moment of the majesty of Jesus, of His simplicity, His sweetness and strength, His sympathy with the poor, and His love for all, the depth of His insight, the scope of His vision, of His sublime intellect, His unfaltering courage, His service of men and His mastery of souls, of the purity of His life, His exquisite tenderness for sinners; and think of Him with all the beauty of character living in the narrow circle of a provincial Jewish town, and yet being the most universal man that ever lived on the face of the earth. He was, for all that, capable of appealing to all, capable of teaching all, capable of feeling for all. If you take the greatest men of all times, what were they compared with Jesus Christ? What was Tacitus? A Roman. What was Socrates? A Greek. What was Shakespeare? An Englishman. What was Goethe? A German. Christ was not one of these, yet He was more than they all—He was the Redeemer.

Take another aspect of His character:—the sublimity of His claims. Some of the religions presented to mankind have been very touching, but never was a religion presented to mankind as Jesus presented it. Christianity was presented to mankind as he presented Himself. Think, then, of the sublimity of His claims! What did he say of Himself? "I have all power." And when he was asked various question as to Himself, what did He say? He said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." I often think that this does not strike people enough. Ask a teacher the right way to truth, and He says, "I am the truth." What a strange claim! "Was it possible?" some would irreverently say.

"Upon no psychological grounds can this be true," they would argue. Further, He claimed to be unlike any other human being, because he had powers which no other human being possessed. It was not only a claim that He was one with the Father, but it is obvious to anyone who studies the life of Jesus in the gospels that He thought as God, spoke as God, acted as God, died as God, and when, having died, He rose to undying life, He was proved to be God. So indeed, He lives even now in the Church and in the midst of His people.

Here is another argument. If we look at the life of Jesus Christ from the historical side, we see Him as a country peasant, an uneducated carpenter. He must have been uneducated, because He could not get any better knowledge, in the ordinary sense, than a poor despised country town could give. He was, I say, a poor peasant carpenter, living in secret for several years, then coming before the world, and calling upon the people to listen to Him. And He delivered a gospel. He lived before them, and died an ignominious death. For a moment it seemed as if all was over, all lost. Yet it is alleged that within a day or two this Jesus rose from the dead, that many saw Him and conversed with Him, and that He gave inspiration to His Apostles; that He founded a Church, that no sooner had He left them than this Church rapidly grew, spread into all lands, became a Kingdom, altered the whole character of human thought; that this Church went wherever civilisation was known; that it is with us to this day, in spite of every conceivable attack made against it; that it is living, flourishing, and spending as much as it ever did, in spite of what distinguished philosophers say of it. I do not believe people are ready to put their hands into their pockets unless they believe in the work. I have ascertained, and I think I am accurate, that Christianity never did spend so much as now in its own advancement. If this looks like being dead, then I don't understand the matter.

There is one thing more. The character which I should like to have portrayed to you—the human character of Christ—is such that it leads you to ask if it is Divine. And when you ask this question, and once more study this character, in its simple, human, historical aspects, I think you will be prepared with me to come to the conclusion that from its human side it is inexplicable on any merely human interpretation.

Now I have an argument as to this—the merit of it lies with Dr. Row. I think it is an argument to be proud of—the importance of it is great. Assuming for the moment that what is called the doctrine of Evolution is true. (My argument is not that it is true, but I want to make a liberal concession.) Suppose, I say, it is true, then it follows as a necessary corollary that in every age the great man of the age represents the age—he is the product of the age; the age accounts for him; he is in harmony with his surroundings; he is an integral and homogeneous part

of the time in which he dwells. And if he is in advance of the age, then he is in advance of it in the way in which it is going. Now, there is only one exception, that I know, to that law—the exception is in the person of Jesus Christ. He did not represent the age; the age did not account for Him; He was not in harmony with His surroundings; and, being in advance of the age He was not in advance in the way the age was going; He was not an integral part of His age. Account for this or give up the decision that Evolution explains the character and life of Christ.

There is one other argument. You know a doctor of medicine is full of theories; and it is good it should be so, because hypothetical explanations of things, and suggestions for treatment of diseases stir us up, keep us alive, and cause us to maintain inquiries and experiments. I hear a man talking about Bright's Disease. "I should adopt such and such a method." I say, "Very well, let us try it." In that sense, in that sense only—apply this argument to Christianity—Try it. Though any man who is arguing with me should show me that the grounds I have taken are unreal or false, or anything else, still—Try it. I believe I am justified in saying that, if tried in the right way, it never fails. So that when all arguments are at an end, if the man is earnestly seeking, striving for the truth; and if he can humble himself like a little child and say there is something in this Christianity, let it be tried; and if he approaches Christ, he will discover the most wonderful revelation that can be made to man; he will discover the way in which to live, to die; and how self-abasement is self-finding. He will discover, too, that the life-sacrifice which Christ asks, the life of service, the life of love, is cheap at the cost which it demands, the life of love, is cheap at the cost which it demands, and is found to be the only life which can be called life indeed.

### MANY THANKS.

Miss Eva B. Watt, W. S. Park, and E. W. Bolus £2, Miss Banks 22/6, Miss F.M., G. Hooligan, Presbyterian £1. Mrs. Anderson 14/-. Miss Hannan 12/-. Miss Herring 10/-. D. Cameron 6/-. Mr. Eipper 5/-. Friend X. 5/-. Miss G 4/6, F. Wilson 2/-. Miss Ireland, 1/6.

Now "The Negro Farmer," published at Tuskegee Institute, Ala., prints a portrait of its editor, Isaac Fisher, with compliments to him from Emmett J. Scott, editor "Tuskagee Student," for winning the first prize in "Everybody's" Rum Contest. And the article from "The Student" says: "What will send a thrill of pride through the hearts of all colored people, beneath the flags of many nations, is the fact that Isaac Fisher is a negro." He has won other prizes. We congratulate him. His face is brighter than any stove polish could make a white man's. His mind must be brighter yet.



## THE NATIONALISATION OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

(Continued from Page 6.)

was said there we, of course, do not know, but as a result the liquor trade has obtained another concession, and until March 31st, 1916, the tax is to be 15s. 3d. per barrel instead of 17s. 3d., and the full amount is charged until March 31st, 1917! So that the beer drinkers are already paying 24s. per barrel extra, of which the Exchequer gets 15s. 3d. only and the liquor dealers 8s. 9d."

### A NEW ARTIST, BUT THE SAME PICTURE.

The English paper already quoted goes on to say:—

"What 'mugs' the beer drinkers are, to use a Sheffield brewer's description of them. So the evil work goes on, liquor and lucre on the one hand, degradation and death upon the other. Our sons and brothers are at the front giving their lives for the country; our daughters and sisters are in the public-house spending the husband's allowance, the War Office grant, and the donations from the charitable public upon liquor. The husband is killed in action, his children are hungry, ragged, neglected and dirty, his widow is in the public-house intoxicated, with another's soldier's arm around her neck, and out of it all the liquor traffickers, wholesale and retail, are making a harvest of gold."

In future the State is to be the artist, and we are asked to believe that the same picture will be less repulsive because the State gets all the profit.

### PROHIBITION AND MORALITY.

Governor-Elect of Kansas Says the Two Go Hand in Hand and Constitute True Greatness.

"It is not surprising that we Kansans stand uncompromisingly for prohibition when we view its results," said Arthur Capper, Governor-Elect of Kansas, in an address in Kansas City, and he continued: "One result of outlawing the saloon in Kansas is the leadership of the Kansas conscience in every movement with a moral background during the last quarter of a century. The true greatness of the State lies in the moral fibre of her people. Nowhere has there been a more genuine effort to incorporate into the body politic the high morality of private life. I believe that Kansas comes nearer to-day to giving every man, woman and child within its borders a square deal than anywhere else under the sun. Most of us will live to see the day when prohibition will become national."

## ORGANISATION & FINANCE IN NEW ZEALAND.

(By VERITAS, Christchurch, N.Z.)

A letter appearing under the signature of Mr. A. Toombes seems to me to call for some comment, in justice to those of our donors who might be led by it to suppose that they were not getting the full benefit of their contributions.

A year's stay in the Dominion ought to have given Mr. Toombes an opportunity for more accurate observation than his letter would indicate. Some of his statements are distinctly beside the mark. Of course no one here ever claimed that the general organization was perfect, or nearly so, but in years past, in several electorates, it has been of a high order of efficiency.

This year for reasons, which Mr. Toombes fails to mention, and mainly owing to the war, the prominence of the Bible in schools campaign, and the strong party political feeling in the period of organization, it has in many cases unavoidably under the circumstances been weak in many electorates.

I do not know what dozen electorates Mr. Toombes refers to, but I can speak for Christchurch. He says, "Not one electorate attempted systematic canvassing of voters." An astonishing remark, for at least three of the city electorates were most thoroughly canvassed, and lists prepared, which were used on polling day. Others were partly canvased, as permitted by the number of workers available.

Nor was roll purging neglected by any means, while instead of "only two electorates having attempted to bring voters to the polls," there were, in and around Christchurch, some fourteen motor cars, besides other vehicles in use, and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty workers were active.

I do not wish to discount one iota the value of the work done in Ashburton under the usual methods of organization in use in former years. It calls for nothing but praise, but Mr. Toombes might make a note of the fact that in the three electorates adjoining Ashburton, where field organization was not prosecuted to any extent, but where a vigorous newspaper campaign was carried on, an average 55 per cent majority vote was obtained. The electorates referred to are Waitaki, Timaru, and Temuka.

A psychologist made the rounds of the hospitals to study the minds of the wounded, and reached the definite conclusion that "most soldiers are liars." Which adds new horrors to war in the reflection that many good fishermen are lost in the trenches.—"Florida Times-Union."

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3/3 .. 2/9

3/9 .. 3/3

38 to 20in. BLACK PAILLETTE SILKS—

Usual Value. Sale Price.

4/6 .. 3/11

4/9 .. 4/3

5/6 .. 4/6

5/11 .. 5/3

6/6 .. 5/6

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36in. Usual Value, 4/6. Sale Price, 3/11.

38in. to 40in. Usual Value, 4/11. Sale Price, 4/3.

38in. to 40in. Usual Value, 5/6. Sale Price, 4/6.

38 to 40in. Usual Value, 5/11. Sale Price, 4/11.

38in. to 40in. Usual Value, 6/6. Sale Price, 5/6.

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Usual Value. Sale Price.

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Usual Value, 2/6; SALE PRICE, 1/11.

NEAT WHITE MUSLIN BLOUSES, fastening at front, and trimmed with Insertion Raglan Sleeve, Turn-back Collar.

Usual Value, 3/6; SALE PRICE, 2/6.

LADIES' WHITE COTTON VOILE BLOUSES, neatly hemstitched, and fastening at front, ¾-sleeves, Turn-down Goffered Collar of Self.

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Usual Value, 5/11; SALE PRICE, 4/6.

SERVICEABLE TUSSORE SILK BLOUSES, fastening at front, in the American yoke style, Long Sleeves, Turn-down Collar.

Usual Value, 4/11; SALE PRICE, 3/6.

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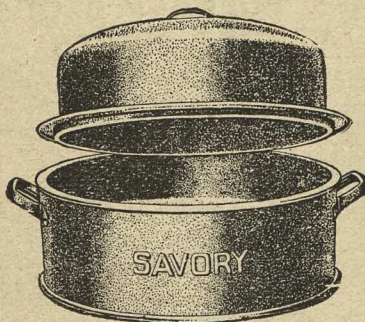
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