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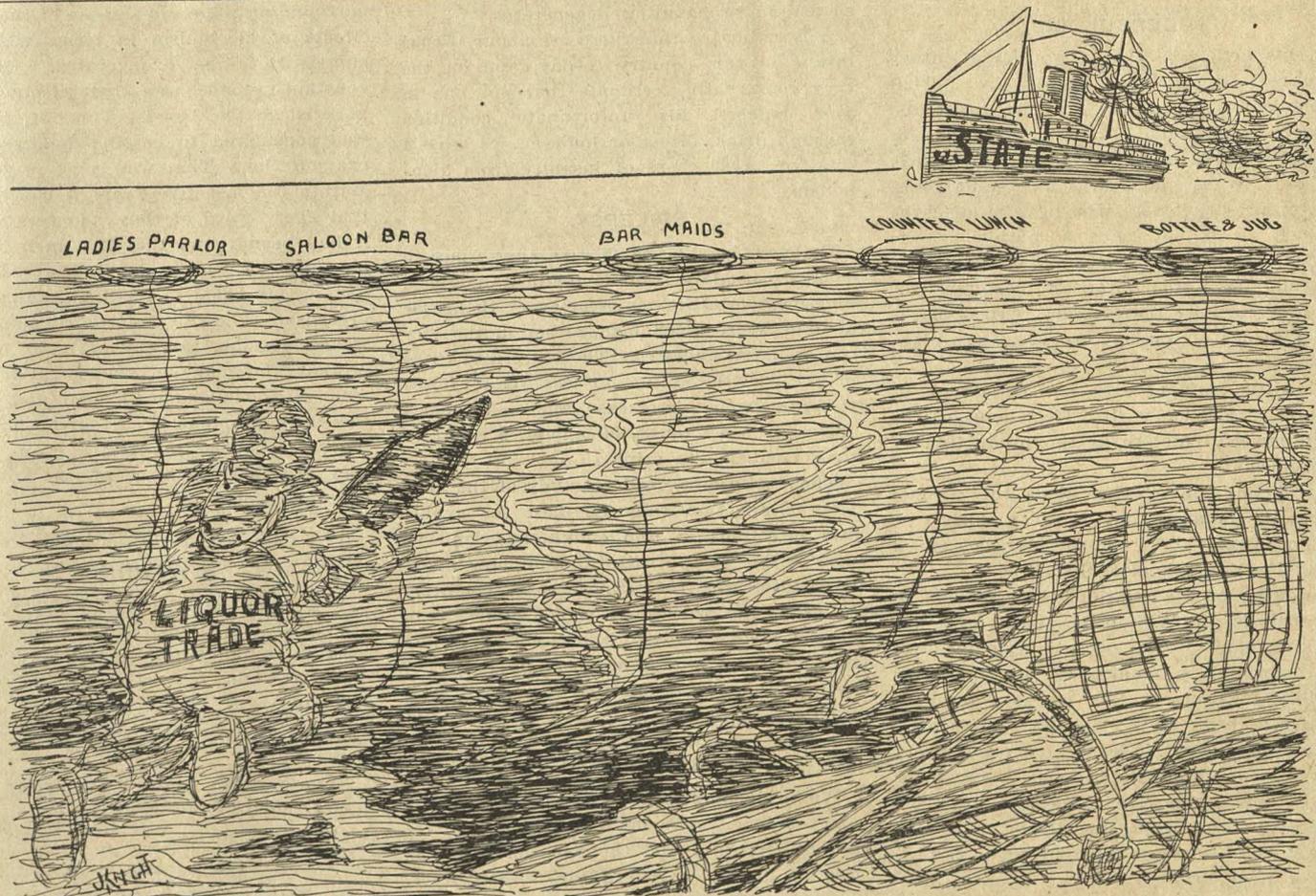
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A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

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The Verdict of Experts.

HEALTH-CONSCIENCE AND THE DRINK EVIL.

(Charles B. Johnson, M.D.)

The following excerpts from a paper read by Dr. Charles B. Johnson, of Champaign, Illinois, at a meeting of the Illinois State Medical Society, and published in "The Illinois Issue," shows the relation between the drink evil and disease in such a convincing manner that a perusal of them cannot fail to stimulate and develop the health-conscience of the reading public.—Editor.

We have in this country a serious disease, concerning which there is urgent need that the public health-conscience should be aroused. That disease is alcoholism. Does someone express surprise at this allegation? If so, I will say that when one contemplates the great amount of sickness, the perverted nature, disordered mentality, pitiful poverty, horrid criminality, and appalling aggregate of human suffering all chargeable to alcoholism, that disease assumes an even graver aspect than that other terrible malady, tuberculosis. Indeed, of tuberculosis, alcoholism is a fruitful cause.

TUBERCULOSIS.

In his article in the "Twentieth Century Practice," Dr. Adolphus Knopf says: "That alcoholism is one of the greatest direct and indirect causes that prepare the field for tubercle bacilli is now generally conceded, not only by all physicians and sanitarians, but by all sociologists who have studied the subject. It is not only a phthisiogenetic disease in life, but according to statistics carefully kept in European hospitals for children, in more than 50 per cent. of cases either father or mother, or both, were alcoholics."

Said the eminent late Dr. Brouardel, of France: "Alcohol is in effect one of the most powerful factors in the production of tuberculosis."

Bernheim said: "The abuse of alcohol favors the breaking out of tuberculosis . . . and in France tuberculosis increases in a parallel ratio with alcoholism."

Speaking of the relation of alcoholism to tuberculosis, Dr. William H. Welch, of Johns Hopkins, said: "The lowered resistance (of the inebriate) is manifested by increased liability to contract the disease and the greater severity of the disease." It is estimated that about 140,000 deaths occur every year in the United States from tuberculosis. If we allow one in five of these to have had its inception in drink, directly or indirectly, we get 28,000 cases of tuberculosis as the result of alcoholism.

INSANITY.

Insanity is another terrible disease that in no small number of cases finds its etiology in alcoholism. And one of the world's leading alienists, Professor von Kraepelin, says that one-third of all the insane cases seen in Munich are the result of drink.

Dr. Clouston, superintendent of the Royal Asylum, Edinburgh, says that 42 per cent.

of the patients under his care owe their condition to alcoholism.

Said Dr. Theodore B. Hyslop, an eminent English authority: "My own experience leads me to believe that alcohol is a direct or indirect factor in the causation of at least 50 per cent. of the cases of insanity."

Magnan, a French alienist, says that of all insane patients received in the great public asylum of Saint Alne during the year 1900, more than 31 per cent. were simple alcoholics, and 19 per cent. were insane alcoholics, making a total of more than 51 per cent. of primary cases of insanity from drink.

But the truth is a drunk man is really insane. Said Dr. Alexander, of Philadelphia: "No one who drinks to excess should be considered sane and responsible. Intoxication literally is insanity and irresponsibility and will be so considered in the future."

Bebee says the inebriate is insane and should be prevented from contracting marriage and propagating degenerates.

It is estimated that there are about 160,000 insane in this country to-day, and on the very conservative estimate that but one in four reached his unfortunate condition through drink, direct or indirect, we have a total of 40,000 cases of insanity from alcoholism.

EPILEPSY.

Epilepsy is another disease that finds in drink a most important factor in its etiology. Conservative estimates refer every fifth case of epilepsy to alcoholism, either in the victim or in his ancestry. There are said to be in the United States no less than 175,000 sufferers from this disease, and on the basis above given we get 35,000 epileptics who owe their condition to drink.

Those who have made a study of the subject believe that fully one-half the syphilitic infections in this enlightened land of ours is due to intoxicants. And how many prostitutes owe their unfortunate condition to drink the world will never know, as a glass of wine and a heartless companion have, without question, been the ruin of thousands of innocent girls who ever after led lives of shame.

LET US BE CONSISTENT.

We pride ourselves on being members of a profession whose chief purpose is the relief of suffering and the cure and prevention of disease. And in these latter days, we are all in a sense sanitarians, and as such are prone to push the good work of disease-prevention. But in this most commendable effort, are we at all times and in all things consistent? If so, why do we quarantine scarlet fever and seek to check the spread of typhoid diseases that claim their victims in this country only in thousands, while alcoholism that meantime slays its hundreds of thousands, is left compara-

tively free and untrammelled to work its ruin and havoc.

Why do we make unceasing war on tuberculosis, which harms only the body, while drink is left free to not only prey on man's body, but likewise on his home, his family, his property, his mind, his character, his all?

Sir Victor Horsley on Temperance Reform.

THE PIONEERS DEFENDED.

Speaking at a meeting at Crouch End recently in connection with the National British Women's Temperance Association, Sir Victor Horsley said that it was obvious that of all our social reforms this, the biggest and most costly, would be more easily accomplished if only the public would look at it from the economic and patriotic point of view. Referring to the early days of teetotalism, he said the "fanatics" were so called because in their endeavors to stir up the easy-going, respectable members of the community to the awful conditions of life surrounding them, they spoke of the physical effects of alcoholism in terms which were supposed to be exaggerated. One point constantly made was that alcoholism impoverished the blood. This, of all points, was considered to be the quintessence of exaggeration. That was some 80 years ago. Within the last five years it has been said that every word of those pioneers was true. It had been found that if a man took only one glass of beer a day it lowered the fitness of his blood in its fight against microorganisms and all infectious diseases. It was impossible to exaggerate by using the ordinary language of condemnation the effects of alcoholism upon men, and certainly the early prophets of the great temperance movement spoke the truth, even although they formed their opinions from wide generalisation.

A WARNING.

After little Edwin's mama had borne with his naughtiness until her patience was exhausted, she gave him a long overdue spanking. After the first sting had passed away and his angry crying had subsided into a whimper of grieved repentance, he sobbed mournfully:

"You w-want to be-be p-pwetty careful, mama, how y-you 'pank me—'tause y-you might cwack m-me!"

* * *

THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

Dorothy had been told that she should never use the expression "I bet," but should say "I think," or "I presume."

One snowy day as she was standing at the window, watching some boys who were coasting down-hill, she turned to her grandmother, and, with the advice fresh in her mind, said: "Grandma, I presume ten cents those boys will fall and break their necks."

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BILLY.

Billy and the alley kitten made their appearance at the house, seemingly at one and the same time, the former to do chores and the latter to steal all the fresh meat and cream it could pick up when the cook's back was turned, but with a pretense of acting as chaser to the mice, of which we had a plentiful crop at that time.

As we looked at the poor, half-starved little creatures, one standing with his ragged cap in hand, out at elbows and knees, looking at us in a pleading, childish manner, and the other sitting in front of us with its tail stuck at a safe distance out, and blinking up into our eyes with its own weak ones, it was a problem which was the more pitiful or which appealed more forcibly to our sympathies.

"I'll do anything yer wants me to; I kin work mo's as good as a man," pleaded Billy in eager, tremulous tones, while the kitty blinked its silent assent to what was being promised.

My sister had a tender spot in her heart for anything with an outcast or forsaken appearance, and I knew as soon as Billy's pitiful little story was finished that he was sure to get the desired position. After a short conversation the contract was closed. Billy ran home to impart the good news to the anxiously awaiting home circle, while kitty was brought to the kitchen fireside to enjoy a saucer of rich milk.

When Billy returned he was dressed in the same old ragged suit, but in the place of the dirty blouse he wore one of his sister's blue shirt-waists, with tie to match. His bare feet were encased in a pair of his mother's shoes, having very high heels and toothpick toes. Billy's accidents during the reign of those shoes were such as to keep our nerves strung to the highest tension, and we were daily expecting an untimely end to Billy's career, occasioned by those high heels.

The second morning after his engagement as chore-boy we were startled by a tremendous crash, followed by a continuous bumping down the staircase, accompanied by the swish, swish, of pouring water. We rushed to the scene in time to discover Billy just rolling to the last step, dripping wet and in the midst of broken crockery. He had started down-stairs with a tray of empty dishes in one hand and a pail of water in the other.

"Why, Billy, my dear child, are you hurt?" asked by sister, grabbing him as he bumped to the floor.

"No'm, I ain't hurt," gasped Billy; "but I am jes' mos' skeered into er fit. I wouldn't er broke them things fer er dime;

it was them ol' shoe-heels; I ain't used to shoes, nohow."

We secured mops and old rags, and, after first drying Billy, it took us some time to get the water from the stair and hall carpets and to gather up the broken pieces of crockery.

The following morning Billy was put to the task of taking up the ashes from different up-stairs rooms. The work had been neglected for several mornings on account of not having a chore-boy, so the grates had an unusual supply. We were rather expecting some mischievous mishap on the part of those high-heeled shoes, so were not surprised when we heard the clatter of the coal-scuttles and again hear Billy's precipitous descent down the staircase. A cloud of ashes filled the house, and the whole stair-carpet and lower hall were thickly strewn with them. Again we made a frantic rush to Billy's assistance; and just as we reached him we saw the alley kitten disappear through the back door, with its tail held high in the air and its original color completely lost in the greyness of its ashy covering.

After this incident we held a family council and decided that Billy and his present footgear must be separated, or there would be nothing in the house left in a fit condition for use; so, taking up a small contribution from each member, we purchased a pair of low-heeled boy's shoes for him, after which quiet again reigned and less peril to Billy's life and limb.

After Billy had been with us nearly a week we began to ask him about his family, for we were getting more and more interested in him, and naturally wanted to know something about the place he called "home." He confided to us that he had two sisters, who were working, and his mother did what outside work she was able to get, but it was a pretty hard struggle, and he was anxious to help all he could.

"But," I said, "Billy, you have not told us about your father. Where is he?"

Billy's countenance changed; he hesitated, and then he said, "Father's away now; he hasn't been home all winter."

I saw at once something was wrong, so I questioned further.

"Well, doesn't he help take care of the family, Billy?"

Poor Billy was much distressed, but realised that he must tell the story, so after swallowing a big lump in his throat he began:—

"Well, I might as well tell yer that father don't do a thing for us. The drink has got him. He used to make lots of money. He could sing like a bird; so mother says: but

since the drink's got him he has lost his voice. He can play the piano as good as ever, but you know we had to sell that."

When he had finished he had the sympathy of the entire family, and we determined to do all we could to help him.

The following Sunday we furnished him with a whole new suit, and I took him with me to Sunday-school. I am sure it was Billy's first appearance in any place of worship. At first he simply gazed in open-mouthed wonder at his new surroundings; and when the immense pipe-organ thundered out its first notes I had to hold Billy with a firm grip or he would have dashed in terror from the church.

As soon as the singing began Billy's whole face changed. It was not only bright, but simply beaming, and very soon I heard a few trial notes, at first so dim as scarcely to be audible, as a canary would do when uncertain of its tones; but in a short time the notes warbled out as sweetly and clearly as a bird's.

I listened in perfect rapture. Visions of the great possibilities that lay before Billy, with that beautiful, untrained voice, so completely filled my thoughts as to obliterate all knowledge of the sermon. The next morning I took Billy with me to the choir-master of one of the wealthiest churches in the city; before going, though, I sat down to the piano and taught him perfectly the songs that he sang the day before. Although his voice was totally untrained, yet it possessed some of the richest, sweetest tones I had ever heard in a child's voice. As soon as the choir-master heard him sing he was engaged as one of the boy choristers, and lessons in voice-training were to be given him.

As the months passed Billy made rapid progress. We had him attend a school near by; and, having a bright mind naturally, it was but a short time before he could learn the songs and memorise the words without assistance from anyone.

Easter was coming on, and Billy was to have the leading part above all the other choristers in the elaborate musical programme. Billy was more than enthusiastic. The fine class of music, together with the training he had been having, had awakened the artist's soul within him, and on his face was an expression when singing the beautiful anthem, "Christ is Risen," that made me think of the heavenly choir, so full of love and adoration was his boyish countenance.

Easter morning dawned beautifully clear. We were all in a flutter over Billy's success as a soloist; each of us felt personally responsible for his musical career, and Billy seemed to be the only one who was unconcerned about the results. The church was

(Continued on Page 10.)

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LADIES' COSTUMES A SPECIALITY.

New South Wales Alliance.

NOTES AND COMMENTS BY THE SECRETARIES.

The General Secretary has recently visited the Newcastle and Riverina districts.

* * *

In Newcastle he met the committee, which sat under the presidency of the Rev. W. J. Ritchie, and till 10.30 p.m. discussed the proposals for the next campaign.

* * *

The business men of Newcastle promised substantial help towards the immediate carrying out of the State Council's plan.

* * *

The Newcastle committee, at a second meeting, has heartily endorsed the new campaign proposals; and it is practically certain that Coalopolis will be the first of the divisions to receive the help of a divisional superintendent.

* * *

The general secretary will resume his work in the northern division immediately, his visits being approximately as follows:—

March 7-8: Raymond Terrace.

March 9-11: Newcastle.

March 12-13: West Maitland.

March 16-19: Dungog and Durham Electorate.

March 21-28: Gloucester Electorate.

* * *

Following these dates he will pay a visit to Wauchope. Wauchope lies outside the boundaries of the new Newcastle division, but Durham and Gloucester electorates will be included.

* * *

The general secretary's Riverina tour was a good success, owing largely to the good work done by the Rev. Mr. Murray and Mr. McDonald of the Coolamon circuit.

* * *

The following earnest workers joined the "Advance to Victory" movement as a result of the general secretary's visit in the Riverina:—Miss Emily Britt, Miss Gould, Miss Downie, Miss Mabel Pierce, and Miss Eunice Murray. Success to them in their worthy undertaking.

* * *

At rare intervals a promise is made to the funds of the Alliance and not fulfilled; but Mr Strongman, of the State Council, recently forwarded a donation a second time, and when his attention was called to the fact, simply replied: "All serene." Surely this is "adding to your faith virtue."

* * *

We regret to record the death of Mr. W. Ewart, of Casino. Mr. Ewart was a prominent temperance worker in that district.

Mr. Hammond's lecture on New Zealand is increasing in popularity. At Mosman, notwithstanding unfavorable weather conditions, about 300 persons were present, and a handsome offering was received. The next lecture is announced for March 13 in the Strathfield Methodist Church.

* * *

The arrangements for the annual convention of the Alliance are being pushed forward. Especially would we emphasise "Alliance Sunday," April 28, and the annual meeting on May 2.

* * *

All churches, Sunday schools, and brotherhoods are being asked to co-operate in connection with "Alliance Sunday." The annual meeting is to be held in the Protestant Hall, Castlereagh-street, Sydney.

* * *

Our president, the Ven. Archdeacon Boyce, is slowly improving in health. He will endeavor to be present at our Convention; but, apart from that, will not be likely to take up his full duties for some time.

The honorary treasurer of the Alliance has moved his city address to 151 Elizabeth-street.

* * *

Two of the members of our State Council, Alderman W. J. Walker and Mr. W. R. A. Kerr, have entered into partnership as public accountants. We wish the new firm of Walker and Kerr every success in their undertaking. Their address is Albert Buildings, 110 Bathurst-street, Sydney.

A MORNING PRAYER.

Let me to-day do something that shall take

A little sadness from the world's vast store,

And may I be so favored as to make

Of Joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed

Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend.

Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,

Or sin by silence when I should defend.

However meagre be my worldly wealth,

Let me give something that shall aid my kind—

A word of courage, or a thought of health,

Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.

Let me to-night look back across the span

'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say,

Because of some good act to beast or man—

"The world is better that I lived to-day."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

RE "GRIT."

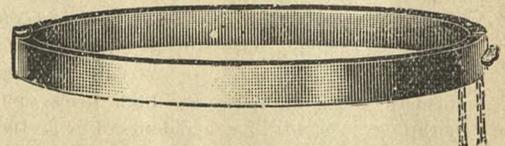
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2. We have in preparation a special issue setting forth by map, cartoon, and article the position of New Zealand. Will you order a few extra copies of this issue, and gain an inspiration as you read the history of the fight in which Prohibition obtained a majority of 54,285.

3. Do you need any medicine memory? or have you failed to save a penny a week? We will be glad to have your subscription as soon as convenient.

THE RACE PROBLEM IN FRANCE.

Like all other peoples, France has her perplexing international problems, but her gravest problem would appear to be within her own borders. The serious attention of the public has again been called to the depopulation question in France by the publication of official statistics throughout the country. These cover the first six months of 1911, and show an excess of deaths over births of 18,279. The figures are all the more discouraging from the fact that in the same period in 1910, the births exceeded the deaths by 2,189. The figures for 1911 from January to June, inclusive, are: Population, 39,252,245; marriages, 153,931; divorces, 6374; births, 385,999; deaths, 404,278.



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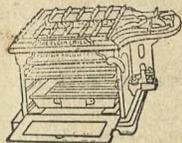
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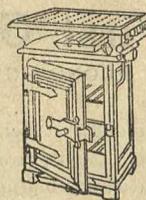
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Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

THE LIBERTY LEAGUE PAGE.

The most amusing corner of "Fairplay's" weekly issue, next to the "Editorial," is the "Liberty League" page, where one can read the latest information of meetings held by that noble band of citizens, whose motto is blazoned forth as being:—

"I must have liberty,

Withal as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please."

—"As You Like It," Act II., Scene 7.

Well, the "Man on the Waggon" forthwith presents his respects, and trusts that none of the "Leaguers" will "blow on him," for the odor of stale ale is not over-inviting nor to his taste.

As far as the reports go to show, most meetings, however, largely consist of "blowing"—in the first place of braggadocio, and, later, blowing the froth from the "foaming pot."

For the publican-leaguer doth, for consistency's sake, make a rush to uphold his side of the argument by "deeds" (which speak louder than words), and with all the talk about "liberty" (which must get sometimes on the said publican's nerves), and "sport," etc., etc., a non-drinker at the L.L. feast would be as happy, to quote Dickens, as a salmon on a gravel path.

Did he urge his fitness for his position as member by a spirited address upon "Liberty" or sport, he would be quickly requested by an old fat beerseller to "Stow that," it's "no good to me," etc. Such an one would be speedily "dropped," and the old song proceed of "Beer, Glorious Beer." Pity, indeed, it is that "that public writer," as he styles himself, who edits "Fairplay," is without the slightest sense of humor. Had he even a grain, he would at times betake himself into a corner and laugh till he cried.

Liberty, indeed—Liberty championed by a collection of fat, beer-logged publicans, whose sole (and very deep) anxiety is to save their licenses. What a picture for Dickens. And into their mouths is kindly placed by the astute brewer the cry of "liberty," which is the one thing the said brewer takes all sorts of care they don't know anything about. Tied body and soul, they haven't even the liberty to refuse to turn up at the meetings. T-I-E-D—yes, and fast too. Poor old publican. No wonder you don't bother about the ethical features of the League. Busy as you are, you have time to see the utter fallacy of it

all, and so, when the minutes are read and confirmed, and the chairman's hypocritical speech concluded, you get back as quickly as possible to your own environment, and order another "beer." You are at least honest about it.

How the word "liberty" must sicken you, though? Positively makes you ill, eh? We are sure of it.

THE CRICKET DISPUTE.

We all deeply regret that there should be any dispute between the leading players and the "Board of Control"—but few thoughtful citizens will do other than commend the Board for the stand it has taken. It is impossible to imagine any good results arising from tours of our team without adequate management and safe and sure control. In these big undertakings there must of course, be "discipline," and it is regrettable that many mature players who would at once condemn any insubordination in club cricket should be guilty of such in the wider field of cricket.

We have reason to feel proud of the fact that our "Board" had the situation well in hand from the outset, and "sat tight." It will be a very salutary lesson.

At the same time we are of the opinion that "new blood" will be unearthed at the very moment in which it is most needed. Not every man has the nice judgment necessary to prompt him when to retire.

It is hard sometimes to realise we have outlived our usefulness. Little incidents like this dispute often bring about necessary changes in personnel that otherwise would not be made.

It will be, after all, probably to the best interests of the "game" that the insubordinate ones should retire.

THE PALESTINE EXPLORATION SYNDICATE.

Speaking of the recently unsuccessful hunt after treasure by Captain Parker at Jerusalem, and after narrating the extraordinary methods adopted by this gentleman and his associates, the "Mail" says:—

"It is indeed a sign of the times that it should have been possible, on such an insecure basis, unconfirmed by any scientific man, to raise a capital of £25,000, in order to unearth the treasure."

Captain Parker acknowledged himself he was after the vessels and treasure of the Temple, which he trusted a small cypher would reveal to him.

With this in view these materialistic marauders burrow under a Moslem harem, and finally succeed in working up the Moslem priests and people into a pretty pitch of antagonism. It is a pity that they were ever permitted (through bribery) to operate at all, for such ancient vessels as they sought would be, if unearthed, of great interest to both Christian and Moslem worlds. As it is, the party have left a bad reputation for the former people behind them, and stirred up seeds of distrust that will soon provide a fine harvest. A mad-brained syndicate with plenty of money can do more harm in six months than can be undone in twenty years.

DRINKING IN EUROPE.

A French paper, the "Cosmos," gives some interesting statistics concerning the drinking habits of Europe. "The Dane drinks annually 104 quarts of beer, little or no wine, and 24 quarts of brandy; the Swede absorbs 56 quarts of beer and nine quarts of alcohol; while the Norwegian is content with 31 quarts of beer and three quarts of brandy. The Russian requires only five quarts of beer and five of brandy (vodka); the Frenchman must have 32 quarts of beer, 108 of wine, and 10 of brandy. The Englishman consumes six quarts of gin, or whisky, little wine (scarcely two quarts), and 152 quarts of beer, ale, or stout; the Dutchman, 38 quarts of beer and eight and a-half of brandy; the Belgian 221 quarts of beer, and nine quarts of alcohol. The Austrian absorbs 16 quarts of wine, 80 quarts of beer, and nearly 11½ of brandy. The Italian drinks little beer (scarcely two quarts), 98 quarts of wine, and 1.3 quarts of brandy; he is the least alcoholic of Europeans."

The "Westminster Gazette," commenting on the foregoing paragraph, says:—"The German is not included in this list. He drinks on the average seven quarts of wine, six and a-half quarts of brandy, and 125 quarts of beer. We fear that in this list we come out easily first as consumers of alcohol. But the Germans in the great cities of Berlin, Frankfurt, and Munich easily beat our working-man in the average of beer-drinking; for in Berlin 200 quarts are annually drunk by each inhabitant, while in Frankfurt the average rises to 432, and in Munich to the astonishing total of 570 quarts, and this includes women and children and old people who cannot drink very much."

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LETCHWORTH: the First Garden City.

A GLANCE AT ITS SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC LIFE.

By ALEXANDER THOMSON, Parliamentary Agent, U.K.A.

The great Local Option victory which was won at Letchworth on January 10, and with which I dealt in my article in last week's "Alliance News," has once more brought the first and only Garden City in this country into special prominence. It is only natural, therefore, that readers of the "Alliance News," as well as other social reformers, should be anxious to obtain fuller information as to the social and economic results which have so far been evolved by this great modern experiment in town planning and town building.

HEALTHFULNESS OF LETCHWORTH.

Letchworth owes its existence to the teaching and enterprise of Mr. Ebenezer Howard, who has been described as "a dreamer of dreams, but as deadly practical as the managing director of any great business." His dream of a healthy and beautiful town built by plan and foresight took shape in actuality when the first garden city company was formed in 1903, the estate of Letchworth purchased, and building operations begun on it in 1904. The whole estate consists of six square miles, and the town, situated in the centre, has, and always will have, the great advantage of being surrounded by an agricultural belt of 2500 acres. The planning of the town provided for wide streets, the planting of abundance of shrubs and trees, and the building of houses that please the eye by their varied and picturesque architecture. Only twelve houses, and not more even of the workmen's smaller houses, are allowed on an acre, and every house has a good garden. The visitor to the Garden City feels that this must be a healthy spot in which to live before ever he looks at vital statistics. But he is not prepared to find that the infantile and ordinary death rate is the lowest of any town in England. It will surprise many people to know that in 1909 the infantile mortality in Letchworth was 31.7 per thousand births, while in London, 34 miles distant, it was 107.9 per thousand, and in Manchester 134.0. The ordinary death rate in Letchworth is 4.5 per thousand, as compared with 14.0 per thousand in London, 15.3 in Brighton, 15.4 in Birmingham, 17.9 in Manchester, and 19.0 in Liverpool. Such a contrast affords some idea of the benefits to health which accrue to a town which has no slums and no public-houses to help to create them.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT.

To the manufacturer Letchworth offers far better facilities for building and equipping bigger and healthier workshops and factories than London or any of the large and congested towns can give. Accordingly many manufacturers from London and elsewhere are taking advantage of the Garden City experiment. Already 47 factories and workshops have been established, including those of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons,

Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., the Heatley-Gresham Engineering Co., Ltd., and the Lacre Motor Car Co., Ltd. With these industrial undertakings come the workpeople. At the present time the working men alone number approximately 1500, or nearly one-fourth of the present population (6750). Many of these men come to the Garden City with drinking habits already formed. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that at first they are discontented because the usual facilities for obtaining beer at the gates of the works or near their homes are wanting in their new surroundings.

A FUTURE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

The size of the industrial population is bound to increase as other large firms remove their works from congested areas or as new works are opened. It is estimated that by the time the next Local Option poll is taken in 1915 the population of Letchworth will be ten or twelve thousand, or one-third of the final fixed population of the town. Already accommodation for workpeople is wholly inadequate, and more money is required to accelerate the building of workmen's cottages. How to win to the side of No-License those of the working people who are in favor of drink shops because they have been accustomed to them is the problem which social reformers have to solve.

THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF PAST EXPERIENCE.

To some people the task might seem hopeless, but the experiences of the past few years have shown what a wonderful educator a No-License area is to those who have formerly lived in "publican-ridden" neighborhoods. A Letchworth resident of high standing knows of ten non-abstaining workmen who, when they first came to live in Letchworth, were in favor of a public-house, but who on the polling day worked and voted against its establishment. A case has been quoted to me of a skilled mechanic who would take only a temporary job at one of the motor-car works, but who, after a few weeks' residence in Letchworth, applied to be put on the permanent list, because he found that, although his wages were not so high as in London, he was much better off in every way owing to his having ceased to waste a large part of his earnings in the public-house. It seems evident, therefore, that if during the next few years a steady and intelligent effort is made to spread the truth among the newcomers as to the great health and economic advantages of a No-License area, and to provide places of healthy amusement and recreation, there is every hope that Letchworth, even when it reaches its fixed maximum population of 30,000, will be a town in which a drink shop has never been opened. Letchworth is looking to temperance people for help in developing this wise preventive policy of education and recreation.

(Fuller information can be obtained by application to the office of the Garden City Co., Ltd., Halton House, 20-23 Holborn, London, E.C.)

LETCHWORTH'S EXISTING PUBLIC-HOUSE.

Although the people of Letchworth declared this month by a majority of more than two to one that they would not allow the proposed house to be opened for the sale of alcoholic liquors, yet they do permit and patronise one public-house in their town. This is the "Skittles Inn,"

A public-house without the drink,
Where men may sit and talk and think,
And sober home return.

When I visited the Skittles Inn I was shown over the place by the active and obliging wife of the cheery landlord, Mr. W. G. Furnston. The "bar," where non-alcoholic drinks and other refreshments are served, is a large room with a supply of newspapers and magazines. Adjoining is the billiard-room, and in another part of the building there is a beautiful and comfortable room where all the friendly and temperance societies, trade unions, and other societies hold their regular meetings. The promoters of the Skittles Inn may not have made any financial profit from it, but they are, nevertheless, to be congratulated on the success of their venture, for the inn attracts the working men, and gives them opportunities of fellowship, improvement, and amusement without putting before them the frequent, and oftentimes fatal, temptation to drink which confronts them in the ordinary liquor shop. Well-cooked meals at reasonable prices are provided, and the whole place is a bright and eminently useful factor in the domestic and social life of the workpeople of Letchworth. Much of the success of the inn is due to Mr. Furnston, the energetic landlord of the Skittles Inn. Mr. Furnston understands working men. He is a member of a trade union himself, and his genial and tactful manner has made his inn a favorite place of resort. It is hoped that other places of a similar character will be opened as the town grows, and, if they succeed in their object as well as the Skittles has done, there will be all the less likelihood that the dangerous kind of public-house will ever get any serious support in Letchworth. Here is a great and fruitful field for philanthropic enterprise.

THE CHILD AND THE NO-LICENSE AREA.

Into the Skittles Inn the child may go as safely as into his home. This is symbolic of the whole of the Garden City life as it affects the child. We have already seen how low the rate of infantile mortality is in Letchworth. The improvement also which takes place in the health of children whose parents have gone to Letchworth from congested areas in other towns is very marked. On this point the Medical Officer of Health says in his report:—"Numbers of the children coming from large industrial towns were

(Continued on Page 10.)

Pernicious Literature.

HOW IT SPREADS, AND THE MISCHIEF IT DOES.

(By the REV. CANON H. D. RANSLEY, in the "Hibbert Journal.")

The first thing we have to realise is that in the last few years the organized production and distribution of indecent pictures and immoral books in all languages has immensely increased. In England six years ago a judge declared from the bench that close upon half a million of indecent papers were being circulated every week, and that four tons of one of the worst of them was being exported to the colonies.

The circulation of these indecent weeklies is said to be nearer a million than half a million to-day. The letterpress of these papers, obtainable at many newspaper shops, and until recently found on the railway bookstalls, contains stories of seduction, debauchery, the life of the demi-monde in some instances, details of the worst crimes in the week, and the history of criminals in the past; and much of this corrosive press is grossly illustrated by pictures of women in every stage of undress and every attitude of lasciviousness.

THE WICKED POSTCARD.

The degrading post-card has an enormous vogue both here and on the Continent. In a police raid at Bradford a few months ago, 32,000 of these postcards were discovered as the stock-in-trade of one purveyor. At Birmingham, as reported in the "Birmingham Post" of June 22, a woman was charged with sending through the post packets containing books and articles of an objectionable character. Under the pretence of being surgical manufacturers, a company which had a place of business in Paris, as well as in Birmingham, was issuing broadcast catalogues of the worst books that have been published during the last few years, and with advertisements of demoralising goods. No less than fifty complaints were received by the Birmingham police of these circulars sent through the country.

But the postcard nuisance is aggravated by the fact that thousands are only on the border line of indecency, and could not successfully be prosecuted. Their vulgarity is undoubted. They are shameless, not only in their mockery of pure family life and true courtship; they turn drunkenness into ridicule, and sail very near the wind in matters of blasphemy. They often take texts of

Scripture as the motif of their illustration, and give a grotesquely vulgar and suggestive picture above the sacred text.

THE TRADE IN INIQUITY.

We have only to turn to the Blue-Book of the Joint Select Committee on Lotteries and Indecent Advertisements of 1908 to find what an enormous trade is being done in the production and distribution of these abominations.

We have been promised amendments of the law for nearly three years; when we shall get it the Home Secretary alone can tell us. The anomalies of the law against pernicious publications at present are most remarkable. Thus, for example, if I procure an obscene picture for the purpose of sale I am indictable and punishable for misdemeanor at common law, but it is no misdemeanour for me to be possessed of it with intent to publish or sell. Again, if I put an indecent post-card picture or advertisement into a public letter-box anywhere in the Empire, I am amenable to the law, but I may put any number of them into a private letter-box and go scot-free.

The cheap weekly pictorial is doing as much harm as a grossly indecent photograph. Owing to continued agitation, bookstall agents or our main railways have removed these. There is no reason why they should ever have been allowed on the stalls, except that it pays, for the directorates of our railways, I am informed, in all their agreements with their bookstall agents, have a clause that nothing objectionable shall be exposed for sale on their stalls; and though still there may be found in some of the weekly papers admitted for sale suggestive letterpress, and serial stories that pivot round seduction, the worst of these papers have been relegated to the small newspaper shop in the side street, and from any of the papers found on the railway bookstalls the old criminous advertisements have been removed.

With regard to the bioscope and the cinematograph show, we have here engines that may help to make or mar a nation. Complaints from many parts of England have been made of the grossness of some of the bioscope views, and the bioscope proprietors in some instances, even where their pictures

were harmless, have been found to mislead the prurient youth of our land by suggestive titles.

IS THE CINEMATOGRAPH VULGARISED?

With regard to the cinematograph, it has not got down to the real bedrock of vulgarity as may be found in Italy at the present time, but it is very questionable whether the choice of films is always carefully selected, seeing that children make up so large a portion of the spectators.

But as far as a nation's morals go, the chief degraders to-day are the nasty novelists. Women in this field of license vie with men in writing seductively and realistically, but with no serious purpose, what they are pleased to call the sex problem.

These novels, some of them, the publishers tell us, have gone through a million copies. They glorify lust; they preach up free love; they mock at marriage as a relic of barbarism, and appeal to pure animal passion and appetite. This erotic, contemptible trash has great vogue with the idle classes, and, though it cannot be obtained at our free libraries, is found upon the top-shelf literature of many small lending libraries.

THE CARELESSNESS OF REVIEWERS.

The worst of it is that our daily press sometimes befriends both publisher and writer, and instead of severely leaving alone the nasty novel that has no serious purpose, reputable papers which, we should have thought, would have been on the side of the angels in this matter, are found giving half-column reviews to the nasty book. The book-trade is beginning to feel that some censorship is very necessary. A few prosecutions have worked wonders. The police magistrate and the police themselves are more on the alert than they were a few years ago, and if everyone who finds a corrosive book has been sold to him will make a note of the seller and the publisher, and the writer's name, and send it direct to the Home Secretary with a request that it be submitted to the Public Prosecutor, or direct to the superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department, Bow Street, he will at any rate find that he has not appealed to deaf ears.

It is sometimes said that it is unfair to prosecute the distributor and let the publisher go scot-free; but in these days, when the distributing firms are of such magnitude, it is quite certain that if they refuse to sell

(Concluded on Page 9.)

J. HEATH, Complete House Furnisher, 549 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1912.

DRINK CURES.

When is a man cured? It is surely playing with words to say a man is cured when there is no chance of his staying cured more than a few months. He is not cured if he is only restored to what he was before he contracted the disease, because the same conditions prevailing he will soon be in need of a further curing. Referring to the alcoholic habit, Dr. Braithwaite, the medical superintendent of the Inebriates' Homes and Institutions of England, says he has personally dealt with over 10,000 victims of alcohol, and that we cannot judge a man cured unless he has been free from the power of the habit for over two years at least, and even then the patient can never take even one drink without relapsing. This result is without any exceptions. When we read the reports of those who make a thorough investigation and take a two-years' test, it is most discouraging. Smallpox, most deadly malady as it is, shows 80 per cent. of recoveries, but alcoholism, as dealt with in institutions, does not show more than 20 per cent. of cures on a two-years' test. Such a record is an emphatic warning against quack remedies, which are frequently very expensive, and both harmful and useless, the only result being to tone the system up until the poor

deluded creatures think they are cured because they feel so well and don't want a drink. The alcohol trouble is sometimes a cause and sometimes an effect; it is the result of a combination of things, opportunity, company, moral weakness and physical affinity for the drug. It is ridiculous to suppose any physical remedy will produce a permanent cure, since it leaves untouched some of the prime factors in the trouble. The remedy must be as complex as the ailment, and it will take religion, law, and society to save alcoholics and protect the community from the distressing and all too common evil, while religion will provide a moral stimulus and strengthen his will, the law will remove the evil, and society must see that the reclaimed one has such rational amusements and such social advantages as are necessary. The star of hope for alcoholism lies in prevention, and this will be possible when we educate and prohibit. However, we must add this word—that while the so-called remedies are not hopeful, the influence of religion is daily being emphasised by hundreds who have been reclaimed and kept by its power; in addition hypnotic suggestion is a lifebelt that has helped some to win through.

TOTE OR BOOKIE.

The Totalisator Commission has been cleverly managed; they have found no difficulty in discovering witnesses who gave unqualified support to this form of the gambling evil. As a matter of fact, all the witnesses in favor of the tote should have been treated as hostile witnesses, because they were interested parties who were practically bribed. Secretaries of racing clubs, owners of racehorses, etc., all of whom expect a new lease of life from the increased revenue to be derived from the tote. No wonder they solemnly declared they preferred the tote to the bookie. No one doubts that cash betting is better than credit, or that you are more likely to get a square deal from the machine than from the bookie. But the question of importance is not which do you prefer, but is it not a fact that both are too bad to be tolerated by decent civilised people? There would be no difficulty in obtaining witnesses who would declare they preferred to drown than to be hanged, or that alcoholic poisoning, in their opinion, was preferable to being poisoned by arsenic, and yet this does not alter the fact that normal people don't want to be drowned, hanged, or poisoned; they want to live. No prosperity conferred on race clubs, or moneys paid to charities, can compensate for the loss that comes to a State that becomes an actual partner in gambling, and ruins the morals of thousands while it patches up the finances of race clubs that were better bankrupt. It is greatly to be regretted that our parliament contains no men big enough to overwhelm this iniquitous and farcical attempt to fasten the vice of gambling more strongly than ever on an increasingly large number of the people. That the people are willing to have this vice fastened on them does not make it right, any more than if you shot a man because he asked

you to. We hope parents will make an earnest protest against this proposed legalising gambling on the ground that it adds temptation to the young, and because it is better than some other form it is not thereby made right, or good, or necessary.

AUSTRALIA'S VAST EMPTY SPACES.

The chief argument for a vigorous immigration policy is to be found in such figures as Dr. Hodgkin has put into an article in the "Contemporary Review." Dr. Hodgkin points out that Australia has great need of more population. He shows that Europe is only 886,000 square miles bigger than Australia, and, on the other hand, that London in 1907 had more people in it than Australia in 1908. Europe contains 3,860,000 square miles, Australian contains 2,974,000 square miles; excess of Europe over Australia, 886,000 square miles. That is rather more than a third of Russia (2,122,000 square miles), so that if we lop off from Europe one-third of that single country, the residue that is left is just about equivalent to the Australian continent. And on this all-but Europe in the Southern seas, what is the number of inhabitants? A little over four millions—that is to say, something less than the population of London. London (1907), 4,758,228; Australia (December 31, 1908), 4,275,306.

THE PLEASURE OF HELPING.

We have all tasted of the pleasure of helping, and with a sigh wished we could do more and do it more frequently; but there are so many calls, and our means are so limited. We suggest a way both easy and delightful. The things you must get, get them from those who advertise in "Grit," and let them know it. This will be a "double helping." Your ordinary business, put through our advertisers, is all that we need to enable us to reach thousands more than we do each week. Try it at once.

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The Parasites of Society.

"If any man will not work neither let him eat."

One of the most evident things in modern cities is the increasing number of human parasites, men and women, who live on their wits. They fairly buzz round the Stock Exchange and the markets picking up a little by way of commission; they tumble over one another at racecourses and such sports gatherings as provide any opportunity for betting. They frequent bars, billiard-rooms, and boxing halls, and spend their time vacillating between hours of plenty and days when they hang on desperately to the ragged edge of nothing. They supply the material that makes the "beer chewer" type of derelict, the "sticky fingered" gentleman who can "go through" anyone whose brain is clouded with liquor, leaving him as empty of a coin as a dust bin; and the "lug puller" whose gentle touch for a "bob" is known to every one, and whose ingenuous pleas, original methods, and fervent promises to repay have won him many a pound. These are the type of non-producers that are a menace to a community, for not only do they frequently get into gaol and become a burden on the community, and sour the milk of human kindness in many a generous person, but they beget children who, neglected—handicapped with no preparation for life, and morally discouraged, follow too often the vicious example of their parent.

SOME CAUSES OF THEIR PRODUCTION.

There is no doubt that the drink-ruined home stands first as a producer of the parasites of Society. The features of such a home being lack of parental control, a vicious example, and the want of means that so often drives those deprived of the necessaries of life to desperation. Next in order comes gambling, producing as it does not only a low type of cunning and deception, but giving a man an incorrigible distaste for work and making him a confirmed loafer. That there is a backwash of the industrial legislation is beyond question; the slow worker finds it almost impossible to get a job, the non-unionist is slowly being pushed off the map, the rise in wages has meant that the girl supplants the man and fewer hands are employed, all those being displaced find themselves out of the running, and in desperation begin by pawning, then borrowing from friends, then from strangers, and after that they put in overtime thinking up schemes for raising the wind without work. There is another factor not to be forgotten that moves us to genuine sympathy, and that is sickness, old age, or displacement by a strike. These things throw men out of work, and they never have a chance of making good their loss, and drift away into humiliating positions that make it imperative for them to supplement their income by their wits or go under altogether.

SOME TYPES.

The "Professor" was undoubtedly a parasite; he was an expert borrower—an earnest promiser, and work always affected his poor

head. He was never worth "powder and shot," and so his victims, ranging from the lift boy who advanced a "bob" to the indulgent parson who put him up for five weeks, all felt the hopelessness of going for him through the police court, and so this "waster" drifts round talking like a man and living like a flea. Such a creature, maintaining a fair appearance, can easily victimise people, and as he is one of a large family, we have a right to expect the State to compel him to work. "I have been recommended to come and ask you for a job," said a dear old has-been, "What can you do?" is the natural inquiry, and then come references and tales of hard luck that would make one smile if they were not so pathetic. Poor chap, he thinks it is his clothes, or his grey hair. As a matter of fact, his face gives him away, and tells the tale of many a debauch. When pushed, he confessed it was years since he had worked, and while he did not expect work, he did expect a pity that would provide a bed and a meal, and this with a few counter lunches washed down with beer enables him to crawl along through life. While the liberty of the subject is a very precious thing, such men enjoy no liberty, and you do not deprive them of anything, but confer upon them a benefit if you compel them to work and live on the fruit of their own toil.

He was quite English, dontcherknow—clothes and voice proclaimed it—his modest request was the price of a cable to his old mother for money. A spoilt boy, you judge him, and on inquiry you find he has never done anything but very mild and genteel office work—he is not worth ten shillings a week to anyone—he has never learned to live or what he could earn, he has grown callous to debt and is too lacking in self-respect to mind sponging on the old lady. One almost hopes the day will come when cables for money will be illegal. So long as these parasites can get money from home they will not work, always excusing themselves on the ground that nothing suitable is offering. For the State to step in and correct the folly and indulgence of the parents and protect society by making such a man work is a reasonable thing to ask.

THE REMEDY.

There is no doubt the remedy is largely in the hands of parents, but since human nature is what it is we cannot expect too much from fond and foolish parents. We can, however, hope that children will be taught independence, and safe-guarded from the indulgence which is fostered by liberal pocket-money. A child that has a horror of borrowing, and is encouraged to save and give in due proportion, will never become a parasite. If parents only had a little imagination they might easily see into the future, and picture the child of their love a human parasite simply because of love's foolish, selfish indulgence. Parents are justly punished for their weakness in the failure of

their children. There is, however, another side of the question; thousands avail themselves of the opportunities afforded by the laws of the land, and, broken and crippled, drift into disreputable ways. Now the Government has taken upon itself to be the sole educator of most of the children, and in its unwisdom permits things known to be harmful, we urge that it be compelled to take the responsibility of the parasites its system has produced, and make provision whereby the unemployable and the workless shall earn independence and tucker. Compulsory insurance and compulsory work will go a long way to rid society of its parasites and raise the tone of the whole people. That it is difficult and beyond hope should not deter us from trying to realise our ideal.

Pernicious Literature.

(Continued from Page 7.)

these pernicious wares, the publishers will not be found willing to take the risk of publishing them. The publishing firms which have amalgamated to protect themselves against such prosecutions have already worked quite a revolution in the trade of the nasty novel; and it was high time, for these corrosive novels were flaunted beneath the eyes of a passing public in the most seductive guise. One of the worst of them a year or two ago, which under threat of prosecution was withdrawn from circulation, came out magnificently apparelled in royal purple and coronetted. A lady found it on a railway bookstall which she believed was impeccable, and, because she had just re-papered her bedrooms with the same royal purple, purchased five of these beastly books right off, and put one in each of the said bedrooms.

What is really needed is that the arm of the law should be so strengthened as to make either the publisher or the distributor of these disgusting novels with no serious purpose, fear it. We may take a leaf out of the book of the Swiss Republic in this matter. The year before last the canton of Berne, after much controversy and much consideration, passed a law which runs as follows:—

"1. Whoever by pictures, writings, speech or actions, publicly offends modesty or morality, shall be punished with a fine up to 300 francs, or by imprisonment up to three months.

"2. Whoever produces for sale, introduces, sells, publishes, circulates, advertises, lets for hire, or exhibits obscene writing, pictures, or any other obscene objects, and whoever arranges obscene performances at places that are accessible to the public, shall be punished with imprisonment up to three months; in less offensive cases by a fine up to 300 francs. The obscene pictures, writings, or other articles shall be destroyed.

"Lastly, whoever sells, publishes, circulates, lets for hire, shows, or advertises offensive writings, pictures, or any objects liable to expose to danger the moral welfare of young persons, shall be punished with a fine up to 100 francs, or to imprisonment up to one month."

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Price List on Application.

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

BILLY.

(Continued from Page 3.)

packed. The bishop was to preach the Easter sermon, after which a large class was to be confirmed. When the time for the solo in the first anthem came my heart beat so rapidly as I looked at Billy's pale little face that I was almost suffocated. He looked so youthful as he stood beside the other boys, all of them so much larger and older than he, and when I remembered his former surroundings and only this one short year of training, it made me all the more nervous when I thought of the great responsibility that rested on his youthful shoulders this morning. But I realised that my fears were all unfounded as soon as I heard the first tones of Billy's voice. It seemed to be inspired. The expression on his face added to the unusual melody and sweetness of his voice that thrilled the hearts of that immense audience. As one sweet note after the other rippled from his lips I noticed many old men and white-haired women bow their heads in silent prayer, while tears stole down their cheeks.

Billy has inherited his father's beautiful voice, and with that there was fame and fortune ahead of him. He had suffered much from the drink and had a bitter hatred for it, so in that respect he would not follow in his father's footsteps, and with careful training there was every reason to expect great things from him.

How true it is that oftentimes God's little ones need but the touch of sympathy and the helping hand to blossom out into perfected and beautiful lives!—"The Visitor."

I know a very clever but close-fisted young man who indulges in punning because it is said to be the cheapest form of wit.

LETCHWORTH.

(Continued from Page 6.)

anaemic and poor in physique, and large numbers were suffering from adenoid growths and throat affections. This state of things is fast disappearing with the new conditions under which they live." School life, as well as home life in this model town makes both for health and intelligence; and as future generations are reared not only in the fresh air of the Garden City, but also in a town without drink shops, they will escape the disease and physical deterioration which are such common products of the liquor traffic in less-favored areas. Let the Garden City have time to carry out its experiment of building a town without drink shops, and the best results will be seen in the future generations who are born and bred under such well-ordered social conditions. As an Irishman once said of the No-License town of Bessbrook, "It is a foine place for raring childer in."

THE WOMEN'S VOTES AT THE LOCAL OPTION POLL.

The poll on the 10th Jan. was an experiment not only in Local Option on English soil, but also in adult suffrage. Some sections of the press have declared that the vote against the public-house was carried by the women. That, of course, is pure guesswork. It is true that many women realise with gratitude the great advantage of living in a No-License area. Before the poll was taken a Letchworth tradesman asked a large number of his working women customers whether they wanted the proposed public-house. Their answer was very decisive and significant. "No," said the women, "we don't. Here we get our full money from our husbands early on Saturday, but up in London we never knew when

they would turn up, or how much they would have to give us." But 550 women who were entitled to vote did not record their votes at all. Were some of them the wives or women-folk of men who voted in favor of the license? Or may we put it down to the natural timidity of many women to make use of the ballot which they may still regard as man's ancient and inviolable prerogative? It is encouraging to know, however, that 58.4 per cent. of the women whose names were on the register did vote. This runs the men pretty close, their percentage being 68.5. I have succeeded in getting the actual figures, which are:—

Men	869
Women	772
Total votes cast	1641
Spoiled votes	3
Total valid votes	1638

It will be seen from these figures that, even if all the women voted against the public-house, a large proportion of the men's votes would have to be added to make up the majority of 1117 which was won for Local Veto.

At a certain juncture in the fortunes of his party a famous statesman's advice to his followers was: "Keep your eye on Paisley." Worse advice might be given to temperance reformers than to "Keep their eye on Letchworth." The future developments of such a wise and sound experiment as is being tried there cannot fail to be full of interest and value to all who are working for healthier and happier social conditions for the British democracy.—"Alliance News."

For Scrubbing and Cleaning
use
PEARSON'S
Sand Soap

DON'T BE ONE-EYED
READ
The Worker
IT GIVES ALL THE POLITICAL NEWS OF THE WEEK.
ITS CARTOONS SIZE UP THE SITUATION.
ALL NEWSAGENTS. ONE PENNY.

From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

A GOOD HATER.

"I hate every false way," says the Psalmist. Dr. Johnson once said of a certain man he and his friends were discussing: "He was a very good hater." Sometimes we hate the wrong things. What we have every right to hate, and what we ought to hate, is wrong in every shape and form. We are "good haters" when, like the Psalmist, we hate "every false way." And not only must we hate wrong; we must fight against it and do our best to right it. Boys and girls can begin "righting wrong" at school. For instance, you can fight against cheating and bullying at school, and do your best to get fair play for everybody. And by standing up for the right in school and at play, you will be preparing yourself for acting a noble part in the sterner and harder fights you will have to engage in by and by.

When ever you hear a girl or boy saying "I hate some one," they are wrong, very wrong—they are not "good haters." For by this expression I do not only mean one who hates thoroughly, but also one who hates rightly. While the Lord Jesus hates sin He loves the sinner, and we must also learn to do this. It is right to hate drink, but not the poor drinker, or even the sordid drink seller. It is a grand thing to be a "good hater," to have the power to be indignant with wrong, to be roused by injustice, and we may well pray to be saved from being like the man who said he loved both God and the devil. If you really love right you will hate wrong, and you will never be a "good lover" until you are a "good hater." I once heard a man describe his conversion as the change made by God in him when he confessed, and gave up his sins, and the way he knew he was converted was that he came to love the things he used to hate and to hate the things he used to love.—Uncle B.

FOR SUNDAY.

What makes a gift a generous one? Can you find in the New Testament a widow—a woman—and a sinful man who were generous?

FOR MONDAY.

- (1) What is twice the half of a third?
- (2) Which would you sooner have: Six dozen dozen or half a dozen dozen.

FIND THE MORAL.

Hon. Ne J.R., Lismore, writes:—

Dear Uncle B,—As "honorary ne," with a sort of duty laid on me to write, it seemed as though I had nothing in my head. But several of the late letters reminded me of something told to me years ago, long before "Grit" was born, which so interested me that I have never forgotten it. In those times many boys and girls had to live right in the bush, going to and from school along tracks just wide enough for a horse to travel.

The undergrowth of vines, small trees, and shrubs reached up about 20 feet; then the large trees grew up, and the trunks would be bare from 10 feet to perhaps 100 feet before the large branches and heads of the trees were reached. I went to a friend's house, right in the dense bush, built in a little clearing which hardly left the dwelling safe if an extra long tree were blown over in a storm; and there on the front verandah the mother and daughter and the two boys told me how one morning, not many weeks before, one of the boys called out. "Oh, mother! come quick, and look at all these 'cockies.' Whatever are they doing?" They all ran to the verandah, and, said the daughter Emily (about 15 years old, then), "the great white cockies were flying here to that great big high tree over there, so plain in the rest of the bush; and screaming and flapping their wings, and every second more and more kept coming and lighting on the tree. We couldn't think whatever was the matter, when, all at once my brother said, "Oh, just look at that great big iguana crawling up the trunk, just clear of the undergrowth." And there, sure enough, the "goanner" was zig-zagging up the tree, seemingly not taking much notice of the birds screaming and flying about him. Then we looked up the tree trunk, and we saw where an irregular part of the trunk had grown out so as to make a sort of flat platform just below the branches, with room for a nest and hardly space sufficient for one of the birds to stand there beside the nest. So we knew the iguana was after the eggs or young, we couldn't tell which. But he crawled on up as if all the cockies in the bush wouldn't stop him, till he got to where the nest was, and was just putting his head over the edge of the flat place, when three great cockies flew, and one caught him by the back of the neck, another in the middle of the body, and the third one at the root of the tail, and then they all three flapped and pulled and wriggled until in a minute or two they pulled the iguana free, and then away they all three flew straight up above the trees a great height into the air, so high that we couldn't see them for bush; and then they let the beast fall, because, in a few minutes more we heard the tip, zip, scrootch, tip, and then the big bang as he struck the ground, just like the noise anything always makes that falls in the bush; besides, we saw him as he fell. The boys wanted to go to see him, but mother was frightened, and wouldn't let them. The cockies were all quiet after the iguana was pulled off, and after he fell they all flew away. If any ne's want to know the moral of this story I think they had better try to find it out themselves, because I used to hate "morals" told me.—Yours, etc.

PASS "GRIT" ON

A SUGGESTION FOR THE NE'S AND NI'S OF PAGE 11.

I think the beautiful prayer composed by Uncle B. for Page 11 in the last number of "Grit" ought to be copied by all the little readers and learned, so that it may influence their young lives. I would suggest that each get it written or typed and put on a stiff card, so that it can be hung in their bedrooms; by doing this it is not so likely to get torn and destroyed. Each child could be taught to repeat it every night, asking their Heavenly Father, as the prayer says, to make them unselfish, kind towards others, and generous in their friendships and love. This suggestion is from one far too old to be a ni or a ne, but who is always interested in Page 11, and hopes all the ni's and ne's will do all they can for Uncle B., who is doing so much for them, and the good of others.—From a New Zealand well-wisher of Page 11.

HOW I SPENT CHRISTMAS DAY.

Essie Moore, aged 10:

Christmas morning found me awake at 4 o'clock, eager to find out what Santa Claus had left me. I found to my surprise and delight that he had been kind enough to bring me a lovely double-jointed sleeping doll, a nice text, three handkerchiefs, a handkerchief basket, and a nice kit. The doll was dressed in a pale blue dress and a lovely petticoat. No sooner had I looked at my present than I ran into my mother's bedroom to wish her a "Very happy Christmas." My father and I gave her a lovely umbrella. As it would not go in her stocking I took it in with me. My little brother Jack got a nice fur pussy, a toy watch, a little book, and a whip with a whistle at the end of it. We spent Christmas Day in a very quiet manner. My twin sisters, Winnie and Daisy, were away at the Thames, and my father, who had taken them there, was expected home that day. But he missed his train and did not reach home until Boxing Day.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Frank G. Costello, aged 9:—

Dear Uncle B.—I went through Sydney with my mother and brothers, and had a good look at the toys in the shop windows, and I can tell you I hardly knew which toy I would like best. We all went to church on Christmas Sunday. In the afternoon the prizes were given out, and I got first in my class. Santa Claus picked out just the thing I wanted, for as you know we boys hang up our stockings, and Old Santa Claus comes and gives us what we wish for, and he put a naval-officer's suit and a ball and lollies in my stocking; and my brothers also got a lot of good things. You ought to have been here, uncle; you would have enjoyed yourself. We had a nice big Christmas pudding. If you had a slice of it you might have got a doll in it like me. I enjoyed myself very well. Now, one thing I can't understand is how people don't enjoy the Xmas feast without wine and beer, for I can tell you our family can, and I felt it strange that my father told me that the hotels opened

BOOKLET ON "HEALTHFUL LIVING" POSTED FREE.

VEGETARIAN CAFE,

45 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

for a short time on Xmas evening, and people were not allowed to drink in the hotels, and, like the blacks from the islands, they sat on the kerbs in rows and drank it, some till they were drunk. Oh! I did feel sorry for them. We all put some money in our No-License Box. I hope you enjoyed yourself as well as I did.

HOW I SPENT CHRISTMAS.

Mavis Myra Wright (aged 15).

Well, to start with, we made the cakes the week before Christmas, which consisted of six fruit cakes, a silver cake, a chocolate cake, a ribbon cake, and lemon cake. Christmas Eve got the chookies ready, six in number. Made some jelly crystals, namely—raspberry, strawberry, pineapple, and vanilla. Made the stuffing for the poultry in the night before retiring. Hung our stockings up on the foot of the bed (but we mostly hang them in the dining-room, 'cause old Santa Claus said we made too much noise). Got up and looked at our stockings about 3 o'clock in the morning. I got a manicure set, a needlecase, belt buckle and belt, two handkerchiefs, a yard of pink ribbon. Well, of course the little kiddies were all awake, and do you think they'd stop their noise

We went to sleep, and woke up about six o'clock. Got up and put two chooks on to make soup for breakfast. This done, we swept up and laid the table for breakfast. This done, dishes were washed and preparations for dinner were being made. Puddings and custard and vegetables got ready, cabbage, potatoes, beans. While the vegetables were cooking, we sorted the fruit. Cordials were set ready, and the chookies roasted and sweets put on the table with little moulds of jelly didn't look too bad. My word, I enjoyed myself. The worst thing was, the dishes had to be washed up after, and it was a hard job for me to get up now that I'd been sitting too long eating. We read, played hymns, and sang in the evening, as there were no services to go to. Tea came next, which was tomatoes, cucumbers, cold mutton and jellies, bread and butter and jams of a good many kinds, and fruit cake, chocolate cake, silver cake. This ends my Christmas day. I didn't do any Christmas shopping, as my mother did it all.

TOO OLD FOR SANTA CLAUS.

(Emily Mann.)

Dear Uncle B.—As I have nothing to do, I am writing to you to tell you how I spent Christmas. I think I am a little too old now for Santa Claus, but I got a Christmas box; that is as good as Santa, is it not?

My Christmas box was some money—10s., and I was told to do whatever I liked with it. My sisters and brothers got money as well, so we all got father and mother a Christmas box. I went down town on the

Saturday night, because I could not go on Sunday, could I?

Next day was exciting, as our Sunday school prizes were to be given out. I received one, "Poverty's Pupil," which I read very quickly, because it was so nice. I was scrry when I came to the end of it.

We had a very nice Christmas service in the morning, as there was no service in our church Christmas Day.

Christmas Day passed away very quietly at our place. I think it was the quietest Christmas we have had. In the afternoon we went for a nice drive.

I went to the Caledonian Sports on Boxing Day, and I went in two races, and got a 1st and 2nd prize.

New Year's Day was quiet, too, but I was reading nearly all day. I had a girl friend with me, and we started to play tennis, but it got too hot, so we left off and read until the cool of the afternoon. Then some of my sisters, and another girl friend, came and asked me to have a game of croquet. Six of us were playing, and it took us an hour and a half to play one game. I don't know how long it would have taken us to play a set, do you? Well, I had a very enjoyable time, although it was quiet, and I hope you and all of my "cousins" did too.

I must now close, wishing you all a very happy, prosperous New Year, full of good luck and fortune.

AN IMAGINARY HOLIDAY.

"Molly" writes from Wellington, February 21, 1912:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I was very pleased to see my letter in last week's "Grit." I will not have room for a long letter this week, as I am sending you "My Ideal Holiday." I think it is a bit too long, but I was unable to make it less wordy, so I hope you will forgive me this time.

There is not much news to tell you, as nothing very exciting ever happens here. It is still hot, and there has been no rain yet, and there isn't much likelihood of there being any. I have started school again now, and I am real glad to be back, although I have to work pretty hard.

It was Harvest Festival in our church last Sunday, and the church was decorated very nicely. I don't think it was as good as most years, on account of the harvest not being so good. Well, I think I must close this short letter, with love from your loving niece.

P.S.—The essay is only imaginary. I never had the chance of such a holiday.

(Dear Molly,—Splendid. If you have a good imagination you can enjoy lots of things others never have, and that you may never have yourself. I will print your imaginary holiday with the other holiday accounts. In fact, I think it deserves a prize, but we will have to see what your assistant.

Uncle B., says about it. Be sure and write again soon.—Uncle B.)

A COMING INVENTOR.

Everard Russell Ford, "Kellerberrin," Balmoral Street, Wahroonga, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I have not done any more magic. I have been doing some more soldering. On Christmas Day I got some paint, with which I painted my signals. We went to Manly for a week and had a good time, but I came home with a bad cold. About a fortnight after, I went to Blackheath for a week with my uncle and aunt. I went to the Grand Canyon, and Govett's Leap, Evan's Look-Out, and a good many other places. Going there and coming back I saw the new deviation works and a great many signals. I have been making a lever frame and some signals. With love, your loving nephew.

(Dear Everard,—Thank you for your letter. I wish you had been in the office yesterday with your soldering irons, because there would have been a job for you. I do not know how they make the solder stick properly. I hope you will some day discover or invent some contrivance that will be a blessing to humanity, so go on with your magic and signals.—Uncle B.)

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

H. Templeton, 5s. (12/12/12); Jean Evans, 5s. (16/11/12); J. W. Watkin, 10s. (19/11/13); Cobar Schools of Arts, 5s. (29/2/13); Rev. A. A. Murray, 6s. 6d. (19/10/12); A. F. Stewart, 10s. (24/7/13); T. S. Aldred, 6s. 6d. (16/11/12); H. L. Lamb, 6s. 6d. (7/12/12); G. F. Beer, 6s. 6d. (26/10/12); J. W. Thompson 1s. (7/2/12); John Cross, 6s. 6d. (16/11/12); S. Long, 10s. (26/12/13); T. J. Eeles, 2s. 6d. (31/6/12); I. Hiles, 5s. (31/12/12); Miss D. Smith, 5s. (31/12/12); Mrs. D. H. Jarrett, 5s. (31/12/12); Mrs. F. J. Wallis, 5s. (31/12/12); S. W. Horner, 5s. (31/12/12); W. H. Crapp, 1s. (29/2/12); L. Tom, 5s. (31/12/12); Mrs. Skervington, 2s. 6d. (6/8/12); Mrs. R. Thorne, 5s. (31/12/12); E. Atkinson, 6s. (16/10/12); E. Brunnsden, 6s. 6d. (26/10/12); R. Hughes, 5s. (31/12/12); A. W. Gee, 5s. (31/12/12); P. A. Pearce, 6s. 6d. (14/12/12); L. Loosley, 2s. 6d. (31/6/12); S. T. Cox, 6s. 6d. (28/11/12); Mrs. A. R. Don, 6s. 6d. (11/10/12); Mr. Morris, 6s. 6d. (1/11/12); J. D. Lewis, 6s. 6d. (1/11/12); C. H. Mee, 6s. 6d. (1/1/12); W. S. Barnett, 6s. 6d. (31/12/12); Miss Atkinson, 6s. 6d. (8/11/12); Rev. H. Buckingham, 6s. 6d. (16/11/12); W. F. Shaw, 6s. 6d. (16/11/12); A. S. Wright, 5s. (31/12/12); A. W. Blowes, 5s. (29/2/12); S. J. Leadbitter, 3s. 6d. (31/8/12); Mrs. T. Berry, 2s. 6d. (27/8/12); Mrs. Cowle, 2s. 6d. (27/8/12); H. Starr, 2s. 6d. (27/8/12); J. Smith, 2s. 6d. (27/8/12); E. R. Betts, 2s. 6d. (27/8/12); F. H. Semple, 2s. 6d. (27/8/12); Geo. Killen, 2s. 6d. (27/8/12); S. H. Rich, 5s. (27/2/13); J. E. Bishop, 5s. (27/2/13); Mr. A. G. Keith, 1s. (10/5/12); Miss Pownall, 2s. 6d. (27/8/12); Rev. A. W. Kyd, 6s. 6d. (22/2/13).

I saw a thin man and a stout lady promenading the other day, and he was so very thin and she was so very stout that I couldn't help thinking that it looked like a toothpick taking an eggcup out for a walk. Shame on me!

The Feats and Defeats of Liquor.

HIGH SCHOOL ATTENDANCE IN LICENSE TOWNS.

"A new study of high school attendance shows the extent to which saloons are depriving boys and girls of high school education," says a poster issued by the Massachusetts No-License League. To prove this statement it gives the following statistics:—

A new comparison of the attendance in the high schools of all Massachusetts cities and towns for 1910 shows that relative conditions are even worse in license towns than they were when we made our first comparison, about five years ago. Then the statistics showed 25 per cent. more pupils in the high schools of No-License places than there were in the License places. The figures for 1910 show that the attendance in the high schools of the License cities and towns has fallen still further behind, until the high school attendance of the No-License places exceeds that of the License places by 37 per cent.

Following figures prove our statement:—

Total population all No-License cities and towns in Massachusetts, year 1910	1,497,722
Total number high school pupils in all No-License cities and towns in Massachusetts, year 1910	34,633
<hr/>	
Number of pupils in high schools of No-License places, for each 1000 population ...	2,312
Total population of all License cities and towns in Massachusetts, year 1910	1,883,924
Total number high school pupils in all License cities and towns in Massachusetts, year 1910	31,707
<hr/>	
Number of pupils in high schools of License places, for each 1000 population	16.83
<hr/>	
Greater number pupils in No-License places, for each 1000 population	6.29
Difference in favor of No-License, 37 per cent.	

Keep the boys and girls in school by keeping out the saloon. In these days of increasing competition, your boy or girl will need the advantages that a high school training gives.

GENERAL FREDERICK D. GRANT OPPOSES RESTORATION OF CANTEEN.

In a letter to the editor of the "Union Signal," General Grant states that, owing to the changed conditions in the army, he would not recommend the restoration of the canteen.

"Governor's Island, New York,

"January 10, 1912.

"My Dear Editor,—In reply to your telegram, I hasten to say that many times in

the past, in official reports, I have recommended the restoration of the canteen in the army.

"This I did, believing that the canteen was the lesser of two evils. In the course of ten years the enlisted personnel of the army has changed, and the soldiers who are now in the army have adjusted themselves to present conditions.

"If the question were left to me, owing to this change of conditions, I would not recommend the restoration of the canteen.—Yours very truly,

"FREDERICK D. GRANT."

A TRUST PUBLIC-HOUSE.

At Ellesmere Port, on Wednesday, the landlord of the Knott Hotel, the property of the Cheshire Trust Public-house Company, was convicted of permitting drunkenness in November. It was given in evidence by one of the barmen called for the defence that there are a hundred men that they have been asked not to serve. The defending solicitor said a customer whom he would have called had unfortunately fallen downstairs and died in the interval. The Bishop of Chester has withdrawn from the trust. We gather these particulars from the "Birmingham Daily Post" of last month.

THE SPEAKER IN CANADA

Canada has had a merry Christmas. This is proved by reports received from all the principal cities in the Dominion, stating that applications for relief this year have been the fewest known for many years. Local relieving officers in Canada and charitable organizations had so few calls upon their resources that they were able materially to increase the individual grants made. The usual official dinners passed off successfully, and the newspapers record that for the first time in political history the Speaker's table was "dry." Dr. Sproule, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and his wife have been lifelong abstainers, and on taking up their residence at the Speaker's official quarters they banned wine and all intoxicating liquors, even for official dinners.

VERDICT OF MURDER.

On Thursday, February 22, the Coroner returned a verdict of wilful murder against Alfred Whittingham in connection with the death of N. J. Blair. The evidence revealed the prominent part liquor played in the fatality.

Dr. John Murphy said Blair was brought to the Sydney Hospital on February 10, about 1 o'clock in the morning, suffering from three wounds. His condition was not serious, but he had lost a good deal of blood. About three nights after Blair's admission, witness received an urgent call, and found Blair struggling violently on one of the beds, and the nurses were trying to hold him down. Witness was told that Blair had run

through the ward and knocked a nurse over. Witness examined Blair, and found him well, physically, but in an active state of delirium. He was removed to the reception house for the insane. The delirium might have been due to excessive drinking, combined with the wounds.

Dr. Spencer Riley said he made a post-mortem examination of the body of Blair at the Gladesville Hospital. The liver showed traces of alcoholism, and in his opinion death was due to syncope, possibly resulting from the wounds.

After being remanded at the Central Court, Whittingham said: "I had a few drinks in, or I would not have done it. The old man pushed me; I had a knife in my hand at the time, cutting up tobacco, and I stabbed him with it." Witness replied that he understood it was done with glass. Whittingham replied, "No; it was a pen-knife."

After further evidence had been tendered, the Coroner returned a verdict of wilful murder against Whittingham, and he was committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court on March 18.

STRUCK WITH A BOTTLE.

Frank McFadden a young man, was charged with having, at Sydney, on November 16 last, inflicted grievous bodily harm on Madge Godfrey.

The Crown alleged that the parties had known each other for some years, but a dispute arose between them, and accused struck the woman on the head with the jagged end of a beer bottle.

The jury found the accused guilty, and he was sentenced to three years' penal servitude. His Honor remarked that this was a particularly brutal case, and that the prisoner seemed to have sunk deeper and deeper in brutality, until he reached a very low condition of degradation.

DRINK AND DIVORCE.

Charlotte Pratt (formerly Fraser) petitioned for a divorce from Richard Gladesville Pratt on the grounds of habitual drunkenness, desertion, and cruelty. After hearing evidence, his Honor granted a decree nisi on the grounds of habitual drunkenness and leaving the petitioner without means of support. The decree was made returnable in six months.

ALES

Mineral **KOPS** Waters

STOUT

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AS A SPECIAL TREAT TAKE A POUND HOME.

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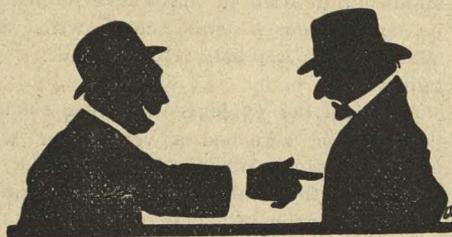
Everyone will be pleased, as the flavor is delicious.

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This advertisement entitles anyone to a sample of the above Tea. Bring clipping to our Salesroom and present at counter.

OUR ADDRESS **534 George Street** (Opp. Town Hall) **Sydney**

This is Where You Laugh.



THE AUDIENCE LAUGHED.

A North of Ireland orator in a Scottish county constituency has just sought to ingratiate himself with his audience at the outset thus: "Gentlemen, I am an Irishman. I am proud to be an Irishman, but I am not ashamed to admit that I have a drop of Scotch in me." And for fully a minute he could not understand what the uproar was about.

* * *

LIGHTENING THE LOAD.

An Irishman, settled in Canada, wrote home to his old mother, living in Dublin, and asked her to send him an ulster from a well-known shop in that city. He received the coat, and with it the following letter:—"Dear Pat,—I send you the coat you asked for, and, as the buttons are rather heavy, I have cut them off to save the postage, and put them in the top left-hand pocket."

* * *

Voice from Below: "Harold, you musn't interrupt the plumbers at their work, dear."

Harold: "It's all right, mother. I'm only talking to the man who sits on the stairs and does nothing."

* * *

Teacher: "Now, remember, Nellie, that anything you can see through is transparent. Can you name something that is transparent?"

Small Nellie: "Yes, ma'am; a keyhole."

* * *

Jinks: "How can you tell the age of a chicken?"

Winks: "By the teeth."

Jinks: "But a chicken has no teeth."

Winks: "No, but I have."

* * *

"She dresses with great pains." "Yes; her shoes pinch, her corset is too tight, and she frequently scorches herself with a curling iron."

HOW, INDEED?

Alice returned from school one day and announced that Mary Delaney, a schoolmate, had a new baby at her house. "Is it a girl or a boy?" she was asked.

"How do you suppose they know till it is christened?" was the indignant reply.

* * *

"Yes, my friends," exclaimed the teetotal lecturer, "there are many excuses for drinking, but I defy any one to mention to me a workman who cannot work as well and better without his glass as with it."

"I'll tell yer one," cried a voice from the audience.

"I defy you to do so," said the lecturer.

And then, amid a ripple of laughter, the voice replied: "A glazier."

* * *

"Mose!" "Yas, cunnel." "You black idiot, I gave you strict orders to go to market after this turkey, and get a tame bird. Here I find it full of buckshot." "Dat's de tamest I evah see, cunnel." "How dare you say that, Mose? I tell you it's full of buckshot." "Dat's all right, cunnel. Dem buckshot was meant fo' me."

* * *

"I do hope," said the man who struggles to be blithe and gay, "that this fear of the airship's being utilised by smugglers will be realised." "What an unpatriotic wish!" "I can't help it. It would give me such a chance to refer to a smuggler as a misbehaviorer."

* * *

She had returned to him all the letters and gifts received from him during their courtship. He, not to be outdone, sent her a half-dozen boxes of face powder, and with them a note explaining that he had probably carried that much away on his coat collar.

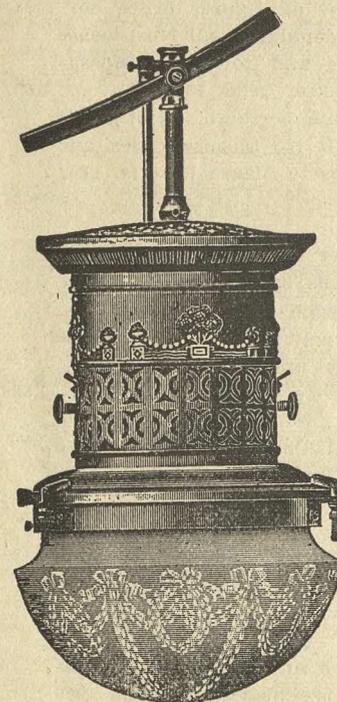
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A Dampcourse is of such vital importance that nothing less than the best should be entertained, and it would be better to select the one of the highest standard with a splendid reputation than take risks with an inferior grade. Analysts, Architects, and Builders have only expressed one opinion about MALTHOID DAMPCOURSE—"Absolutely satisfactory."

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For Fathers and Mothers.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

"The Finest Test of a Nation's Humanitarianism is to be Found in the Value Placed Upon Infant Life."

"The value of a child properly understood by a nation will abolish the vice conditions as they now exist, threatening the national life," says Rev. John H. Williams in his report of the annual convention of the American Association for Study and Prevention of Infant Mortality, published in the "North-western Christian Advocate." At this important meeting the startling statement was made that in the last ten years 2,000,000 babies born alive died during the first year, with possibly as many more at and before birth, and about 4,000,000 died under five years of age. In regard to infant mortality, America ranks twenty-second in a list of 31 civilised nations, and this in spite of the fact that our nation easily leads all in national wealth.

Among the many impassioned denunciations of social conditions which, both before and after birth, handicap the children of this nation, none were more scathing than those against the blight of drink. We quote the paragraphs referring to this particular subject:—

"Alcohol did not look like much of a king, unless he could be called 'King Humbug,' after Dr. J. P. Warbasse, of New York, got through with the old gentleman. His was a terrible indictment of his sovereignty over the race. 'Chemically, alcohol is a poison; socially, a demoralising and deteriorating influence of great potency. Alcoholic therapy is an error; nor has alcohol a place as a remedy in convalescence. The medical man is not living up to his opportunities for human service unless by both precept and example he discourages the use of alcohol just as he discourages its medical use. The constant user of alcohol has a reduced resistance; he dies when he contracts pneumonia; his syphilis is incurable; he is prone to contract nephritis and cirrhosis; he takes an anaesthetic poorly and prolonged operation possesses extra hazards for him; he perishes among the first when exposed to cold and privation; his mental and physical efficiency are impaired; and he is always a candidate for inebriety, which will destroy himself and deteriorate his offspring. It makes for adult morbidity and inefficiency and increases infant mortality far beyond our comprehension. It is the greatest demoralising and deteriorating factor in racial development.'

"None the less scathing was the paper of Dr. Prince Morrow, of New York, on 'The Hereditary Effects of Venereal Diseases and their Relation to Infant Mortality.' Sanitary science has materially lessened the death-rate of the adult and lengthened the average

duration of human life; but the infant death-rate is as high as it was three-quarters of a century ago. Infant mortality is more of a biological problem than a medical one. It is mainly a question of motherhood. Social diseases may ruin the health of the mother and blight the future of the child. Syphilis is the only disease transmitted to the offspring in full virulence, killing them outright or blighting their normal development. When the father alone is infected the mortality is about 38 per cent. When the mother also becomes infected the mortality averages from 60 to 80 per cent. Fully one-third of all infected children die within the first six months. Fully 30 per cent. of morbidity is caused by this dread disease. The chances for these stricken children to get typhoid fever are nearly two and one-half times as great as normal children; for measles, three and one-half times; for diphtheria, nearly seven times; 30 per cent. of the children with tubercular hip disease are congenital syphilitics. In tubercular meningitis it is as high as 60 per cent. Forty per cent. of the cases of gastro enteritis are syphilitics. The chances of an infected child dying under 15 years of age are nearly seven times greater than that of the child free from this disease. Those tainted with this dread scourge may transmit it unto the third generation."—"Union Signal."

COLD WATER.

Water is as multiform as the flora of the tropics. As dew it nestles into the heart of the honeysuckle. As mist it builds a milky way over valley and stream. As hail it rattles its artillery on a thousand battlefields of moor and fen. As fog it sends caution to the mariner's helm and patience to the crow's nest. As rain it transmutes drought to verdure and summons to resurrection the dead and dying of all nature. Crystallise it and you have winter's immaculate blanket. Solidify it and you have the life-saver of high temperatures. Distil it and you have the fleecy mountains building elfland in the skies. As a beverage it dances like sprites in Eden and coquets with laughing jubilation.

Water's servant, Neptune, rolling up his mighty billows from the fathomless deep, echoes the benediction of liberty. The frolic-ing mermaids, combing their golden tresses in the sylvan shades of the seas, melodise a winsome paeon to their limpid mistress. The plunging porpoises, challenging the grey-hounds of the ocean, have no other gods before it. And every celestial sunbeam pleads for some terrestrial Lazarus to dip his finger in cold water and cool its parched tongue.

Water is a white-winged cleanser driving dirt demons from their foul haunts. It is a Gilead balm, oiling the restless mechanism of man and flushing out the clinging barnacles of decay. It is truly an elixir, life-giver,

specially commissioned and credentialed by the genesis of things to hold the outposts of life against the guerilla bands of death.

Because of water Death is a chronic somnambulist and his head boils on his pillow. Because of it Bacchus reels in delirium and rumbles anathemas. Because of it Mars struggles like Prometheus and sends his slouths of poison to defile the living spring. Because of it pestilence despairs of his harvest and famine of his skeleton army.

Water energises the brain and nourishes the brawn. It smoothes the restive pillow of disease and quenches the flames of fever. It baulks the incendiary of the fields, it saturates aridity and lies in the valley like a cuddling cradle for the dumb denizens of the deep. Where it bubbles in the Saharas the palm waves, the oasis is born, and rapture overwhelms the caravan. It tumbles and rumbles over crag and in cavern and kisses the cheeks of mountains into transporting landscapes. To plant and flower it is the charming, golden-slippered godmother. To the birds it is the sparkling nectar of the Hesperides. To the beast it is the infinite Paraclete. To man it is Nature's supreme and boundless boon.

Water never stained its hands with fratricidal blood; never shrouded innocence in the pall of the potter's field; never undermined the bedstones of nations; never pinched and bleached the cheek of childhood; never tolled the death-knell of sweetheart's hope; never strummed the dirge of mother-joy; never wrote black tragedy across the heart of wifehood; never sent manhood on a Tam-o'-Shanter race to doom.

Water is the cup that God proffers the universe and says, "Drink ye all of it."—T. Alex. Cairns.

Mother's visitor told Alice and Betty, when they were brought into the parlor to be presented, that she had two little nieces just about their ages. "That's nothing," said Alice patronisingly, pulling up her skirts. "I dot two little kneeses, too."

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We are now offering a remarkable Sale Line of 30 dozen Men's and Youths' All-Fur Australian-made Lounge Hats. The lines comprise a number of smart dressy shapes in narrow or medium brim, bound or unbound, with Curl or Flat Leaf, in the most fashionable colorings of Greys, Greens, and Cuba.

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Boys' Mid Grey Tweed Oriental 3-piece Suits in Fancy Stripes and Checks. SALE PRICE, 8/6. Usual, 10/6.

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