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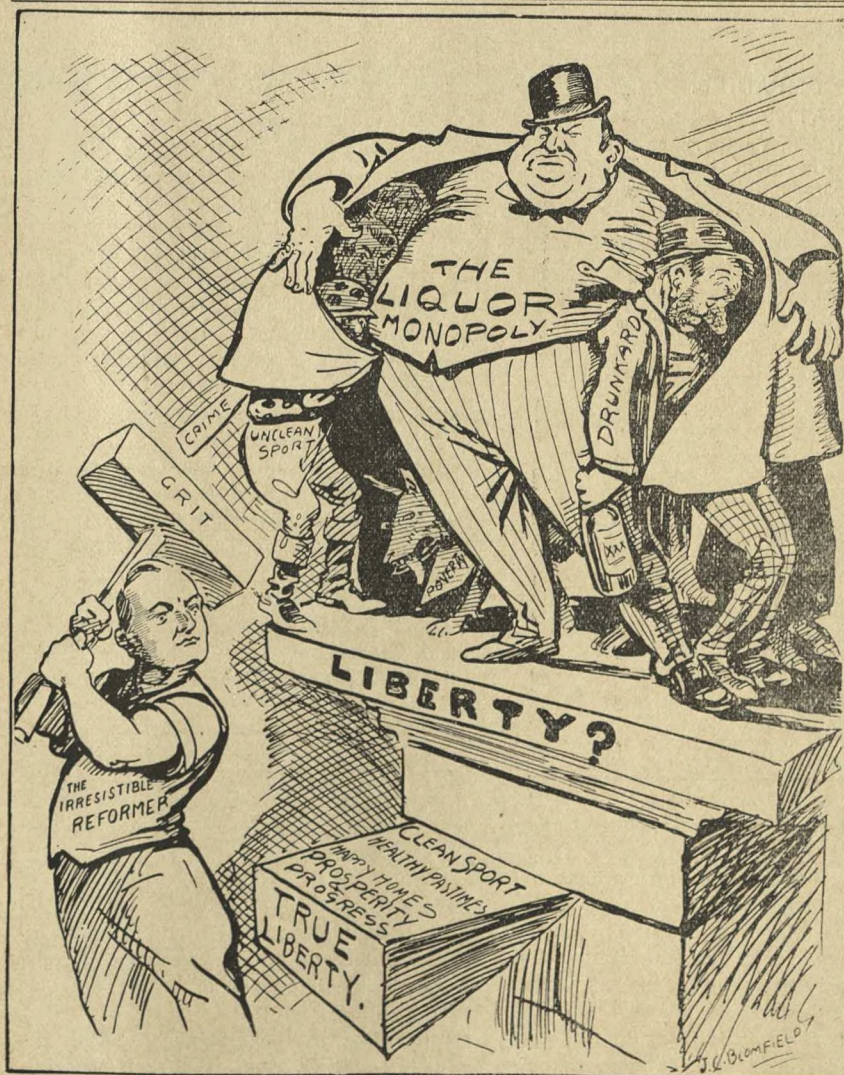


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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1911.

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



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# The Verdict of Experts.

## WHAT MEN OF WISDOM SAY ABOUT ALCOHOL.

(By Richard C. Cabot, M.D.)

Are you interested to know the opinion of intelligent men on the subject of alcohol? Do you wish to learn what competent physicians, statesmen, and others believe on this important subject? While there are still some differences among them on some unimportant points, to-day most of them agree on the following:—

1. Alcohol acts in some respects as a food and in some as a poison. It is not, however, except in unusual cases (for example, in certain stages of kidney trouble, called diabetes), the right kind of material for daily use, even in moderate amounts.

2. Its value in medicine is far less than has usually been supposed. In fact, it is being used less and less each day by competent physicians.

3. "Moderate drinking," if carried on steadily, is harmful to the man who does it in the great majority of cases.

have seen illustrations of this degraded condition in real life. We wish to call attention here, however, not so much to the out-and-out drinker as to the drinker who never gets drunk, but who drinks moderately all the time. It has been found that this man, by the use of alcohol constantly, even in small amounts, blunts the faculties which make him useful. And what has been the result? You probably know as well as we do that in many factories and mills in the United States to-day they do not employ men who drink, even if these men are not drunk during working hours. On railroads, and in other work where care is necessary, drinking is forbidden because it dulls the fine edge of a man's capacities. Neither his hand, nor his eye, nor his memory, nor his power to decide can be relied upon. The same attitude towards drinking is becoming more

only a few people in Germany protested against beer drinking. Germany has recently waked up and is beginning to do things that America knew and acted on 50 years ago and ever since. Germany has recently begun to make regulations to try and lower the amount of drinking which is going on there. It is a very encouraging sign when Germany begins to object to the constant use of beer, and we may firmly believe that the last and most stubborn doubter of the evil effect of alcohol has at last been converted.

What is true of Germany is also true in France. The men of wisdom in that country are becoming alarmed over the harm done by "absinthe," a liquor made of wormwood and very commonly used in France. Nothing new has been discovered about this liquor. Honest men are realising, however, that its effects have been too harmful to the nation to excuse them any longer from facing the facts exactly as they are.

In the United States there are encouraging signs of the growth of a reasonable point of view among those who are fighting alcoholism. The evils of alcoholism are being taught in some of the public schools, so that they do not bore the teachers nor the children, and the instruction is not sensational. If the saloon is now attacked, it is because the many evils which follow in the path of drink are so plain that anyone can see them and must hate them. Fewer doctors are making drunkards to-day by prescribing alcohol to their patients.

We are no longer content to leave the problem of alcohol to be worked out wholly by women, who, until recently, have done the greater part of the labor. We realise that the bad effects of alcohol may be inherited by our children and that we may, unless steps are taken to prevent it, develop into a race of nervous, oversensitive, unbalanced people, and that our descendants may grow up feeble-minded, criminal, epileptic or consumptive as a result of our constant drinking. This has been recognised for many years by physicians and those who have studied criminals, and it is now being more clearly understood by everybody.

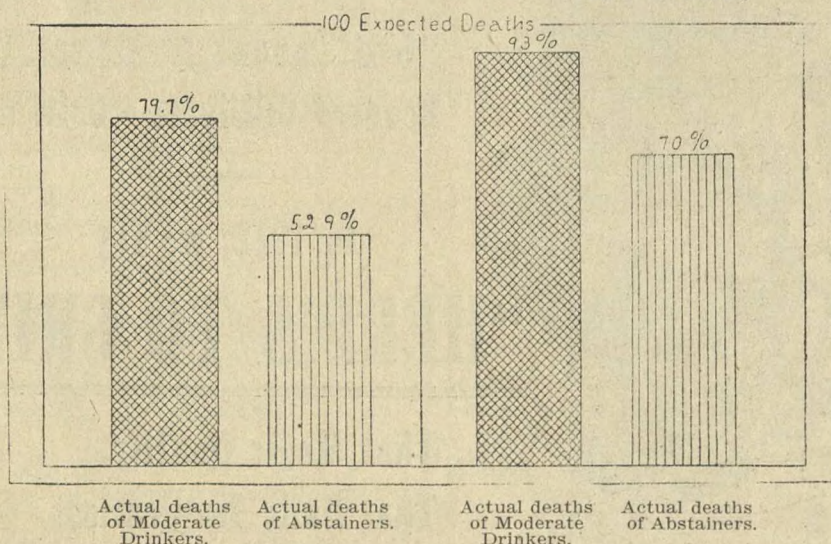
All these signs that we are waking up to common sense are real, and wide-spread. There is reason to hope that we shall be wide awake before long.—"The Metropolitan."

## Moderate Drinking and the Death Rate.

FACTS FROM THE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES.  
FOR EVERY 100 EXPECTED DEATHS.

Sceptre Life Insurance Company,  
Great Britain.  
Years 1884-1909.

United Kingdom Temperance and  
General Provident Institution,  
Great Britain.  
Years 1866-1909.



4. While alcohol affects the body, the greatest harm done by it is to the mind and brain. The constant use of alcohol is bad for the stomach and liver. But these effects, while distinctly harmful, are relatively unimportant as compared with the influence of alcohol on the mind and brain.

When a drug like alcohol affects one's judgment, one's memory, persistence, steadiness, self-control, manual skill, accuracy, and other mental qualities needed every day in business, we may well call in injurious to human beings.

We are not portraying the drunkard in the gutter. You have seen such pictures, and

and more common daily in other forms of industry.

If a man wishes to become an athlete and to go into training, the first thing his trainer would tell him would be to cut out alcohol absolutely. In fact, no trainer would undertake to train a man unless he was willing to follow this rule.

I think it is most interesting in this connection that objections to the use of liquor are growing, not only in the United States, but in France and Germany as well. You know that these countries have always made fun of America because of its so-called temperance movement, and until very recently

### Canon Hensley Henson:

Many a treasured personal friendship is sacrificed to a platform jest.—At St. Margaret's, Westminster.

\* \* \*

In O'Connell-street, Dublin, there is a monument erected to the memory of Nelson. A gentleman happened to be standing close to the pillar the other day, when he saw a countryman, in the orthodox knee-breeches and tall hat, gazing at the monument in blank astonishment. Thinking to enlighten him as to his identity, the gentleman explained that it was Nelson. "Oh, begorra, sir," said the Irishman, "that shows me ignorance. I thought it was his monument!"





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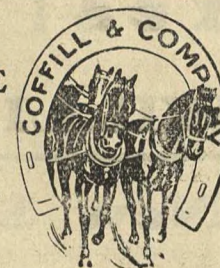
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## A Visible Return.

THE STORY OF A COLLEGE PROFESSOR AND A BASEBALL CHAMPION.

By ELSIE SINGMASTER.

The step with which Professor Henderson crossed the waiting-room of the great station was almost a skip. Only twice in his 65 years had he ever been so excited as he was at this moment. The first time was at sight of the Pyramids; the second was at a great meeting of scientists, who had applauded him, little Professor Henderson, at the conclusion of his paper on "The Ancient Egyptians."

Both those happy days were—could it be possible?—thirty years ago. And now, in his old age, another honor had come to him. From his little New England college he had been invited to a Southern college to deliver a lecture.

He did not know why they had invited him; he wondered, in his modest way, how his fame could possibly have spread so far. He had revised his lecture, toiled over it, given it a new name. Great discoveries had been made since his marvellous half-year in Egypt, and Professor Henderson was not one to ignore them.

There was a crowd that morning at the station where he changed trains. He had forgotten that Philadelphia was so large a city; he remembered, with an absent-minded smile, that other cities were apt to make fun of Philadelphia. Once or twice the throng stopped his way, but he pushed bravely through. It would not do to miss this train. He looked around vaguely when the crowd cheered. Perhaps some local celebrity was arriving or going away. After he had selected a seat in the train the cheering seemed to grow nearer, but he did not look out.

The car was crowded, and in crowded cars Professor Henderson was never the last to offer a share of his seat. A tall young man with a flushed face came down the aisle, a great new suit-case in his hand. At him Professor Henderson smiled pleasantly. He liked young persons; he was always sorry that so few elected his courses in Egyptology and Assyriology. He did not realise until the young man sat down what a very large young man he was. He thoughtfully kept one broad shoulder and one leg pretty well out into the aisle; even so, he took up more than half the space. He opened a voluminous newspaper; Professor Henderson, who liked to see what young men read,

and who looked at little but the editorials himself, sighed now when he saw the young man turn at once to the athletic news.

The young man read the first column and the second and the third, and so on till the end, then he read the first column again. Its headlines announced that the "elephants" had lost their "southpaw," Dick Appleby, who was going home to Gloverstown to weigh out salt and sugar in his father's store. It was a great loss for the "elephants," but Dick, the paper said, was wise; he was going out of the game with fresh laurels. He would not hang round until he became a seldom used substitute; warned by neuritis in his arm, he was going to quit at once and for good. Philadelphia would give its idol a send-off, and there was no doubt that the adoring "fans" of Gloverstown would welcome him home. The paper made Dick Appleby out to be rather a good sort.

Professor Henderson read also, in the "Zeitschrift fur Assyriologie," until, seeing that the young man had folded his newspaper and put it into his pocket, he felt it his duty and pleasure to be sociable.

"Are you a college student?" he asked.

The young man said that he was not.

"Did you ever hear of Gloverstown, Maryland?"

The young man looked at him with more interest. "Oh, yes."

"I am going to lecture there to-night," announced Professor Henderson, happily. "I am a college professor."

"There is a college in Gloverstown," said the young man.

"Yes," answered Professor Henderson. "Perhaps you know something about it?"

"A little," said the young man.

Professor Henderson turned to look at him. He was so big and well and hearty, it was a pleasure to touch elbows with him.

"Do you take any part in politics?" he inquired.

"No," responded the young man.

"Perhaps you are interested in athletics. I believe that most young men are. I believe they have been from the time of the ancient Egyptians. But ancient Egypt couldn't produce such fine types as we have in America to-day, I am sure. I have worked a good deal with the ancient Egyptians. My name"—it seemed imme-

diately to Professor Henderson that he had boasted—"my name is Henderson."

The young man looked at him with amusement.

"I am sure that every one has heard of you," he answered politely.

Then, as if to hide his face, he stopped and opened his bright new suit-case. Before Professor Henderson could turn his eyes away he saw that it was filled with worn, soiled brown clothes, baseballs, and a bat or two. He had been right about the young man's interest in athletics. But even if he had seen the "Appleby" scrawled upon the precious souvenirs, he would have been none the wiser about his travelling companion. The young man's last remark had been in the nature of a compliment; he would have to answer it. He settled back happily.

"I don't know how they happened to ask me, I'm sure. One works along for years and years, and doesn't expect any visible returns; one is grateful for being able to increase by ever so little the sum of human knowledge. But the returns come—they come! Once"—Professor Henderson breathed more rapidly, his cheeks flushed—"once at a great archaeological meeting I was loudly applauded. Some of the members even cheered. We are queer, we human beings; a little praise pays us for the labor of years. That was thirty years ago. I hope that some day you may have the satisfaction of knowing that men approve of what you have done. A little hand-clapping goes a long way."

The young man turned to stare at him. Perhaps he remembered shouts and cheers, perhaps already he longed for them.

"How long ago did you say that was?" he asked.

"It was thirty years ago. But I can remember it as though it were this morning. I shall never have such an experience again. When I am discouraged, I remind myself of it, and I am myself again. If you ever get discouraged, you must remember that some day your turn will come."

The young man put his arm over the back of the seat.

"You said you worked among the Egyptians. What did you mean?"

Professor Henderson answered with enthusiasm.

"I meant that I have studied about them. I have visited the Pyramids. You can't have any idea how wonderful they are. You see—" Professor Henderson selected quickly from the store of his knowledge the

(Continued on Page 10.)



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### New South Wales Alliance.

#### NOTES AND COMMENTS BY THE SECRETARY.

I met the Leichhardt committee on Tuesday, 19th. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bruntnell and family are to be asked to give a "Bruntnell Night." The presidency becomes vacant by the removal of Rev. Mr. Pike, who has been a thorough-going worker, and has won a great place in the estimation of the Leichhardt committee. The branch goes into recess till February.

I held a conference with the Newtown committee on Friday, the 15th, Mr. Geo. Walden, M.A., presiding. Approval was given to the 25 per cent. assessment for headquarters, and to the canvass of the electorate by a headquarters representative. A big meeting of workers is to be arranged for January 24, and Dr. Caro, hon. treasurer, is to be asked to be the chief speaker. Subject: "The New Plan of Campaign."

The regular monthly meeting of the State Council of the New South Wales Alliance was held at the headquarters office, 33 Park-street, on Monday evening, the 18th, and in the absence of the president was presided over by Rev. W. Henry Howard. Amongst the correspondence was a letter from the Department of the Attorney-General and of Justice, suggesting that, as there is very little prospect of legislation on earlier closing of public-house bars being passed this session, the proposed deputation be postponed until Parliament reassembles in February next. The letter was referred to the Executive.

Mr. G. D. Clark gave notice of motion "That in view of the magnificent vote recently recorded in New Zealand in favor of National Prohibition and of the evident sympathy of the masses the world over with the complete anti-liquor programme, this State Council, while putting forth every possible effort to secure the largest obtainable results from legislation, believes that the time has arrived for entering upon an active and extended agitation with a view of such amendments of our liquor law as will give the people the right of a State vote on the clear-cut issue, 'Liquor or No Liquor,' over the whole of N.S.W., the result to be determined by a majority of those voting; further, that as early as practicable a conference of members of the Alliance and affiliated organizations be convened for the purpose of formulating a scheme of work on the lines indicated in the foregoing resolution."

The President, Archdeacon Boyce, was asked to convey the hearty congratulations of the N.S.W. Alliance to the New Zealand

comrades, and to express our profound gratitude for the results of the poll.

It has been customary for the State Council to go into recess during the holiday season, but the business of the Alliance was considered to be so important just now that a resolution was unanimously passed that the next Council meeting be held at the usual day and time.

Favorable reports were received as to the health of Mr. Judkins, of Melbourne, and Rev. Harold Wheen.

Notice of motion has been given by Rev. Joseph Tarn that a monster bazaar be held in the Sydney Town Hall in aid of the funds of the Alliance.

A hearty vote in appreciation of the President's kind thought in celebrating the 29th anniversary by a drawing-room meeting, was passed at the State Council, and the Christmas greetings of the Council were to be conveyed to Archdeacon and Mrs. Boyce.

A suggestion has been made that each electorate hold a conference preparatory to the National Conference at Sydney next autumn. There is a widespread desire for a very practical programme of subjects, with plenty of opportunity for debate by country and metropolitan representatives.

The contribution to this year's Conference of Professor Anderson Stuart's now famous address was a valuable aid to the temperance reform in Australia. Verbatim copies may still be obtained at the office.

By instruction of the Executive, a book-stall for the sale of temperance books is to be opened in the office, 33 Park-street.

Students of No-license are reminded of the 7500 words essay on "The Advantages of No-License." Full particulars will be supplied on application.

Mrs. Sambrook, of Newtown, who recently lost her husband, is, we are sorry to say, very ill. Mrs. Sambrook is an intensely earnest and practical Bottom Square Box agent.

Alliance Calendars are still obtainable.

The Alliance Secretary did pulpit duty on Sunday night for Rev. Mr. Touchell, of Kogarah, who is taking a holiday.

Our collector, Nurse McNicol, came into the office in great distress recently. She was

working near the Sydney Railway Station and suddenly heard a succession of bitter, piercing shrieks. She looked and saw a man rushing, with a child in his arms, in the direction of the ambulance. Blood was gushing forth from the child's mouth, and leaving a crimson stain along the way the man was taking. Near by was a woman, laden with many parcels, and by her side another child. From these two the screams emanated. The poor mother had been doing some Christmas shopping and was making her way through the busy streets, too handicapped to keep secure hold of both children, when one ran away from her into the roadway. A big railway van was coming up, and before the very eyes of both mother and child the little laddie was caught under the merciless wheels. Presently Miss McNicol saw the good-hearted man coming back. "Is the child living?" she asked. "Quite dead," was the reply, "and I will now take the poor mother to the child." One little life crushed out, and it would be a wrong to minimise the horror and loss suffered by the poor mother; it will be a black Christmastide for her. But what of the children, less dramatically, but not less truly, done to death through the drink? Cursed by an alcoholic heredity, cursed by neglect, and sometimes actually murdered by alcoholic-inspired madness, they perish. And what of the children of yesterday, who have become the drunkards of to-day? Said the Registrar-General of Great Britain: "Of every 1000 children born in Great Britain, 155 die annually; in Liverpool the percentage is higher. In those parts where drink-shops are most numerous, the percentage is higher." Mr. A. W. Green, of our State Children's Department in N.S.W., reported 5348 children were dealt with in 1908 by the State at a total cost of £52,130, and in his opinion from 60 to 70 per cent. of these were thrown on the funds of the State through drink. In the report of the National Society for the Protection of Children (England), it is stated: "Fifteen hundred babies are suffocated every year in England by drunken mothers." Unless this Christmastide is different to previous seasons, the drink will kill numbers of our people. Watch the newspapers for the record. What are you going to say? There has been enough said. Rather let each ask, "What am I going to do?"

J.C.

33 Park-street, Sydney. Tel., City 157.

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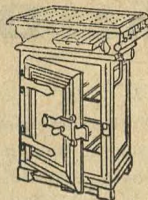


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## Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

The Totalisator Commission has sailed for New Zealand in order that it may study the working of the Tote. It will find that trade is very brisk, and that the New Zealand gambling fraternity will be able to say some nice things about their idol, as the following paragraph will show:—

"There seems to be always something new in the way of totalisators, and New Zealand is able to claim quite its share of inventions. One that was erected recently by the New Zealand Metropolitan Trotting Club is understood to have attracted much expert attention, and, according to one who saw the machine, it is the handsomest form of totalisator in New Zealand. The ordinary racegoer, looking at the face of the totalisator, has little idea of the intricate and busy work that has to be done inside. A staff of 80 is employed to work the totalisator at Addington, and the turnover of tickets was as phenomenal in its detail as it was in bulk. On the first day the tickets sold at the £1 totalisator ran up to 14,091, whilst at the 10s. totalisator they were 26,654. On the second day they were 11,004 and 20,901 respectively, and on the third day 14,004 and 30,905 respectively, making totals of 39,099 £1 tickets and 78,460 10s. tickets."

The totalisator is evidently anything but a cure for gambling. We would suggest that, in calling witnesses to give evidence as to the effect of the tote upon the moral tone of New Zealand, the following should not be omitted by the commission:—

Supreme Court judges, who may have something to say about gamblers who use other people's money in backing "would-be winners," and have to face the music.

Wives and children who find it difficult to get along with the small pittance that a gambler brings home after a race meeting.

In every jail in New Zealand men will be found who will emphatically say that the tote put them behind prison bars. And, yet, because the machine doesn't cheat and the State gets a dividend, we are asked to back a crime-creating and home-wrecking system. But, because we don't believe in making criminals and starving children, we are kill-joys.

### SYDNEY SHORT OF BEER.

The transport strike in the old country has prevented the Christmas supplies of English ales reaching here in time for Christmas, with the result that the thirsty ones will have to drink the local brew. The trade is

overtaxed, and bottled beer cannot be procured. What a dreadful state of affairs, for, should the supply stop, there will be no drink-caused murders this Christmas, and several women will have a period free from black eyes. While back-country rouseabouts and shearers may get home again with a few pounds in their pockets.

And just to think of the easy time the police would have, the nice holiday the coroner could take, and even the barmaids could have a few days off. How lovely! These strikes are terrible things; in fact, it was 255,000 little strikes in New Zealand on the top line of the licensing ballot paper that nearly killed the liquor trade there! How dreadful just to be without poison for a week!

### THE PUGILIST BOOM.

On Boxing Day the Stadium will again attract a huge crowd for the McVea-Langford fight. Thousands of "white Australians" will gather around a ring to see the Boston Tar Baby punch his black brother. "It doesn't matter which one wins, so long as there is plenty of blood and biffing, and the niggers have their eyes closed and have to be carried out. The all-important part is the gate for the promoters to reap a big dollar harvest. This is the main feature of the fight. Who wins? McIntosh, of course. He is finding it far more profitable to cater for the brutal tastes of a pug ring audience than when he was in the refreshment business catering for tea meetings. How long Sydney is going to tolerate this boxing business, which has been banished from England, rests with the present Government, which prides itself upon humanitarian ideals, and yet permits the man-smashing monopoly to go on.

### KINDNESS.

"Beauty," says Shakespeare, "lives with kindness." Lovelier than any grace of form or tint, nobler than the keen glance of discerning intellect, is the beauty which is born of kindness. We have seen how it transfigures warm and rugged faces through the loveliness which dwells within. There is no beautifier of the face like a beautiful spirit. A kind man is like music passing down the street, the cloudiest day is brightened by his presence; we take heart of hope concerning the human world. Kindness restores to men the Divine image and likeness. It is the work of heaven to make people happy, and whoever may be left outside such

workers are of that kingdom. Nor are such opportunities scarce—they are in the daily path of all of us. An encouraging word to a servant in the house; a little genial intercourse with a workman in the railway carriage; a seat surrendered in the omnibus to tottering age, or to a woman with or without a baby; a word of thanks to a preacher who may fear that his message has been powerless; something outside his fee to a hard-worked doctor who has rendered some signal service—these may be little things, but they are often as "rain on the mown grass."—R. P. Downes.

The British Museum has received a draught-board found in Egypt by Professor Flinders Petrie. It dates from the fourth dynasty, 3766 B.C., and is the oldest specimen known.

It is said that Bishop Taylor on one occasion at Cambridge, England, gave a lesson in grammar which was quite unique. He said: "We have learned to say 'First person, I; second person, thou; third person, he.' But that is wrong and upside down. The Christian's grammar is, 'First person, he; second person, thou; third person, I.' And 'he' means God; 'thou' means my fellow-man, and 'I' means myself."

### KEEP A-PULLIN'.

#### A Motto for 1912.

Ef the tide is running strong,

Keep a-pullin'!

Ef the wind is blowin' wrong,

Keep a-pullin'!

'Taint no use to cuss and swear—

Wastes your breath to rip and tear,

Ef it rains or ef it's fair;

Keep a-pullin'!

Fish don't bite just for the wishin',

Keep a-pullin'!

Change your bait and keep on fishin',

Keep a-pullin'!

Luck ain't nailed to any spot,

Men you envy, like as not

Envy you your job and lot!

Keep a-pullin'!

Can't fetch business with a whine,

Keep a-pullin'!

Grin an' swear you're feelin' fine,

Keep a-pullin'!

Summin' up, my brother, you

Hain't no other thing to do;

Simply got to pull her through!

So keep a-pullin'!

—Anon.

It was after the distribution of prizes at a Sunday-school.

"Well, did you get a prize?" asked Johnny's mother.

"No," answered Johnny; "but I got horrible mention."

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## "Just After the Battle."

(By "Argus.")

As a sequel to a series of articles which appeared in this column during the No-License campaign, it seems fitting that a summary of the results should be supplied to the readers of the "Southland Times." The outstanding features of the poll are (1st) the evidence preference of the voters to the drastic remedy of National Prohibition instead of the comparatively mild remedy of local No-License, and (2nd) the surprising and gratifying fact that upwards of 56.47 per cent. of the electors are prepared to exterminate the drink traffic root and branch. I must confess that the revelation has come as a surprise to me. My idea before the poll was that those who were not prepared to go to the extreme length of National Prohibition would vote for local No-License and against National Prohibition, i.e., that the No-License vote would be increased and that comparatively few would vote for National Prohibition. The exact opposite has proved to be the case, and the fact is full of significance. Dealing first with the preference for National Prohibition, a few facts may be noted, viz., that the preference extends over nearly every electorate in the Dominion and was not by any means only local in its operation. Take Riverton, for instance, which has the doubtful honor of having more hotels to the square mile than any other town in the Dominion. Here 272 voted for No-License and 333 for National Prohibition. Bluff, 466 for No-License and 529 for National Prohibition. Makarewa, 112 for No-License and 140 for National Prohibition. Half Moon Bay, 82 for No-License and 98 for National Prohibition. Waikiwi, 238 for No-License and 248 for National Prohibition. Otatau, 303 for No-License and 325 for National Prohibition. In Invercargill one booth showed a three-fifth majority for National Prohibition. Taking other electorates, we find that Westland (supposed to be a very "wet" district) voted for No-License 2012, and for National Prohibition 2963. Hawkes Bay, 2905 for No-License, and 3566 for National Prohibition. Palmerston North, 3008 for No-License and 3615 for National Prohibition. Mataura, 2362 for No-License and 2872 for National Prohibition. Wanganui, 3568 for No-License and 4137 for National Prohibition. Other electorates might be taken, but a sufficient number have been quoted to show that the preference for National Prohibition is not local but universal. The result is more surprising in view of the fact that it cannot be said that the people did not understand the question. All the artillery of the liquor party was brought to bear against National Prohibition. Tons of literature (inclusive of Professor Salmond's pamphlet) were distributed through the post office. Thousands of pounds were spent in printing and postage. The London "Financial News" and "Sydney Morning Herald" gravely warned us of the financial danger. Mr. Handyside, in a full page of the "Southland Times," printed in the largest type, and

with the blackest ink, told us of all the horrible things that were going to happen if National Prohibition was carried. He also told us that "Britons never shall be slaves." The Catholic Bishop in Wellington endeavored to work up a scare at the last moment in reference to Sacramental wine. The Press throughout the Dominion, with few exceptions, was not with us, and yet we have the surprising and gratifying fact that to-day 262,416 voters want National Prohibition in preference to local No-License. The last No-license figures were 221,471. We are told by one of the Dunedin papers that the vote was in many cases cast as a joke. If this be so, all I can say in reply is that there must have been a good many jokers about on Thursday last, as they were joking all the way from Auckland to the Bluff. What will be the outcome of the vote? There can only be one answer to this question. The writing is on the wall, and the drink traffic will have to quit New Zealand. The only question now is at what date? Sir Joseph Ward, in his Winton speech, stated that his personal opinion was that the percentage required to make National Prohibition effective should be reduced to 50 per cent, and local No-License to 55 per cent. If either of these alterations are made the traffic will go. The period between the poll and National Prohibition coming into force should also be reduced to 12 months. This would give ample time for financial adjustments to be made. It is quite evident that those who frequently said, "We will vote with you if you exterminate this thing root and branch," were speaking the truth when they said it. Many of us did not believe them, and looked upon it only as an excuse for not voting No-License. Hitherto it has been said that the No-License party owed their success to the moderate men who did not approve of the open bar, but were not prepared to vote for a drastic remedy like National Prohibition. The result of the poll gives an emphatic denial to this assertion. We now have a solid party of 260,000 voters who want nothing else than the complete extermination of the liquor traffic. In regard to the present No-License areas, it may be said that while no new electorates have been secured, all have maintained their position. It is becoming increasingly evident that the three-fifths handicap is a most unjust one for obtaining new No-License areas. National Prohibition, with a bare or 55 per cent. majority, is the most effective remedy, and a remedy which will no doubt be applied at an early date.—"Southland Times."

### THE LOST CARD.

(By the Would-be Joker.)

The following lines tell the story of the publicans challenge, which Mr. Hammond took up and so successfully "won through" on. Will someone write a poem of that £25

that has not yet been paid? Perhaps "Fair-play" will do so?

Seated one day in a meeting,

I was weary and ill at ease;  
For my feet had wandered idly  
Midst a crowd that was hard to please.  
I knew not what he was saying,  
Nor what I was dreaming there,  
Till he played one card against me—  
That wowser most unfair.

It gave me a bump infernal,  
The card that he played that night.  
As he rapped his fist on the table,  
And his eyes flashed fearsome light.  
The ad. that we'd bought so dearly  
(So he said, that lank divine),  
Was a lie; and I felt uneasy,  
For that ad. was largely mine.

But I put a bold face on it,  
With a pluck no rat could touch,  
And I played my hand with freedom,  
Without speaking overmuch.  
'Twas a bluff of unusual merit—  
At this game I'm pretty slick—  
He was only a Sydney wowser;  
I was sure I could win the trick.

But he blinked not at my challenge,  
And he played his cards with care;  
And the more I bluffed, the bolder  
He played with his certain air.  
Of business, and bankrupts, and bottles,  
He'd a most surprising ken;  
He vanquished my cards as I played them,  
And beat me yet again.

I've played every card I can think of;  
Every ruse that I know I've tried!  
Gone to bed when he wanted to see me;  
Left the district awhile, to hide.  
But he's met me at every turning,  
This chap from Australia's shore;  
Where he learned I don't know; but I'm certain  
He's met my sort before.

I'm sure there's a boss card somewhere  
That would spoil the stranger's lead;  
I've examined my sleeves quite closely,  
It refuses to be freed.  
I thought that I cornered Jimmy  
One afternoon last week;  
And all would have gone quite smoothly  
If he never had learned to speak.

So that game's up; now another  
I've tried in vain to play,  
By saying that ad. in the paper  
Was not as we sent it away.  
The manager wires that our "copy"  
Was followed in word and line.  
This tune from the Wellington organ  
Has played the deuce with mine.

It may be that not in this lifetime  
I shall find that card below,  
That I thought my sleeve enfolded  
Till I needed it to show.  
It may be that only 'mid spirits,  
When I shuffle the pack so slick,  
That I'll find that card elusive:  
'Twill be his, and he'll win the trick.  
—"The Fielding Star."



# Who are the "Big Brothers?"

A MOVEMENT TO HELP THE BOYS.

(From the "Literary Digest.")

## BIG BROTHERS FOR THE HOOLIGAN.

Faith in the "power of personal influences put forth in the name and spirit of Christ" is the dynamic behind the "Big Brother" movement. It grew out of conditions appearing in the operations of the Children's Court, and started in 1904 at the suggestion of Mr. Ernest K. Coulter, clerk of that particular court in New York, who was addressing a men's club in connection with the Presbyterian Church on the subject of boys out on parole or discharged from reformatory institutions. "Don't let us deal with these boys en bloc," he urged. "Let individualism be our watchword. Supposing each man here were to take one boy and be a big brother to him." The men took him at his word, and 40 of them—all business or professional men in good circumstances—volunteered, and had little brothers allotted to them there and then. To-day New York has 394 "Big Brothers" vigorously at work and 1242 boys, of which only 28 have re-appeared in the Children's Court, have been dealt with. Twenty other cities have taken up the work, and the fame of the movement has spread to England, where a writer in the "Christian World" (London) urges its adoption. To this writer, signing himself "E. H.," "it is pleasant to know that the churches have taken the lead," and the scheme is characterised as "quite conspicuously un-American in its freedom from over-organization and pretentious apparatus." The writer thinks that a glance at the "Suggestions to Big Brothers" issued by the executive goes far to explain the success of the movement, and he quotes a few of them at random as follows:—

### HOW TO WIN A BOY.

"You can't enter into real sympathy with your little brother till you know the life he lives, the air he breathes.

"Find out where he spends his evenings. Most of them spend them in the streets. It is your business to provide a more attractive place—not to you, but to the boy.

"Have your physician to look him over—adenoids and mal-nutrition are frequent explanations of moral perversity. . . . Bring him round to one of the boys' gymnasiums.

"Invite him to your home and make him welcome. . . . Invite him to your office or place of business. He must understand something of your life, if he is to look on you as a brother.

"Take him to a ball-game with you. There is no better way of 'warming-up' to a boy and getting him to warm-up to you than by cheering together.

"Don't patronise. You may know more about virtue, but the boy, probably, is a better expert in temptation."

### WHAT THE "BIG BROTHERS" DO.

How the suggestions worked out in actual trial is then sketched:—

"The Big Brother movement not only per-

mits, but demands, the full expression of each man's individuality. To be a Big Brother does not mean to subscribe to anything or comply with any hard-and-fast rules. All that is required is that there should be a little brother very much in evidence. At stated times the Big Brothers meet for consultation, and the records of these 'experience meetings'—human documents shot through with tangled threads of humor and pathos—abound in revealing glimpses, not only of the boy-mind, but of the bunglings of the tyro big brother, who may be a distinguished lawyer or a shrewd financier, but in some cases doesn't know a boy when he sees him.

"One Big Brother relates how he came home one night to find his daintily laid table invaded by two old beer bottles containing a muddy-looking mixture. 'Tomato ketchup,' explains his wife with a warning look. He takes her cue. 'Indeed? How jolly! It looks capital stuff.' A suppressed chuckle, and out comes a radiant little brother from under the table. He had walked two miles from his new employment with the bottles under his arm. He stays to dinner, of course, and the ungodly mess is spread over everything that will stand it. This boy has been one of the worst of a gang of youthful 'toughs.'

### A SAMPLE CASE.

"A well-known lawyer reports that his little brother, once a chronic truant, has passed his school examination with 93 marks out of a possible 100. Busy man though he is, he found time somehow to coach the boy in his weak subject, and now he is prouder of his success than of his own high professional distinctions.

"Another gentleman reports the discovery of a genius in the shape of a very dirty and apparently unmanageable little brother. A few weeks' acquaintance revealed mental qualities and aspirations of so high an order that the Big Brother had no hesitation in taking the boy into his own beautiful home, where he is being prepared for college by an excellent tutor.

"A very penitent Big Brother confesses that he has bungled sadly. Being suddenly called from town, he omitted to leave a farewell message for his little brother. The result was a re-appearance in the Children's Court. Fixing his great eyes on the judge in bitterness indescribable, the little renegade said, 'If Mr. X. had stayed at home as he'd oughter, this would never have happened.' This boy, by the way, was placed in a bank on his release, and has just recorded his third promotion.

"Little brother Charlie presented himself at his Big Brother's house after a gentle talk on the subject of his toilet. His hair looked as if it had been cut with a bread-knife, and was redolent of some peculiarly aggressive grease. His clothes were orna-

mented with tufts of hair, but otherwise improved, his hands and face were piebald with a brave attempt at washing. Shivering and blue with cold, he tramped bravely at his Big Brother's side, and was introduced to his first situation. The manager seemed doubtful about taking him on. Not so the Big Brother. 'We are friends, Charlie and I,' he said, 'and I don't think he'll throw me down.' Nor did he.

"The bully thing about you, Mr. F.," is the recorded remark of one little brother who had been paying his friend an apparently purposeless visit, 'is that a feller can come to see you when there ain't anything he wants—just to talk.'

### THE BOY OF THE STREET.

In urging the suggestion upon the attention of Englishmen, the writer draws a picture of the London street-boy that may stand just as well for universal boy. Its appeal is unquestionable:—

"Every now and again, in wandering through London, one comes upon a ragged, unattached urchin who is almost as far removed from the meek matchseller at his side and from his cousin, the raucous newsboy, as from the smug, well-fed and supercilious telegraph or messenger boy. True, he has most likely sold matches or papers himself at irregular intervals, but never with the un-aspiring persistence of one content to scream his way through life for half-pence. On his grimy face there sits a dawning defiance, an inarticulate mutiny. His talk reveals a shrewd, unboyish reading of human nature, a frankly appalling knowledge of life as seen from city pavements, and a vague but increasing suspicion that the world owes him something. But underneath the sour crust of gutter philosophy there is a thinly-veiled wistfulness, a shamefaced envy of the 'good' boy who goes to work every day and takes his wages home to his mother, which sharply stirs one's conscience.

### THE NEED OF THE "BIG BROTHERS."

"That boy will probably develop into a youthful criminal; he may already have committed his first offence, but he has not yet graduated in crime, and one is haunted by the uncomfortable conviction that he need not do so if only things were a little less rotten in the State of Denmark. The boy conjures up disquieting visions of vicious and stupid legislation, wrong educational methods, an inadequate Sunday school system, a neglectful Church, and last, but not least, individual unwillingness to be one's brother's keeper. His influence upon one's mind is distinctly disturbing, and, seeing one is not cut out for a wholesale reformer, one lets him slip round the corner of one's memory—until next time."

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and No-License.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1911.

## THE NEW YEAR.

We are naturally full of hope about the New Year, and wish our readers prosperity and happiness. We take this opportunity of a little chat about the future. First, a word with our forgetful yet none-the-less true friend. It is only a matter of 5s. a year, and we urge that you help to give us a good new year by sending that amount promptly. We can't send reminders to thousands, can we? Then there is the good fellow who believes in No-License and moral reform, and yet would give up the only weekly paper run in the interest of what he believes in. Come along, now, and talk this over—if those who believe in the principles of this paper don't take it and push it, then the paper must cease and the Cause must suffer. Fancy such a calamity because a believer could not pay a penny a week. Then there is another matter. Advertisers are reducing that department of business to a fine art, and they are quite reasonable when they demand some results for their expenditure. We urge you to deal with our advertisers, and mention "Grit." In these ways you will not be merely hoping for, but helping us to a Happy and increasingly useful New Year. Many thanks,

Christmas Charity.

The generosity of very many at this time is a pleasant thing to dwell on, and so long as the world abounds in kind hearts all good things are possible. It is, however, a thousand pities that there is not a closer union

among all the dispensers of charity. There is over-lapping, waste, and real harm done, all because there is no real conference and no concerted action in the matter. The generosity of the season incites cupidity and plays into the hands of the cadger, and this is a very evil side of a good thing, and a cloud in the bright Christmas sky. The blending of common sense with charity will not diminish but rather increase the flow of the milk of human kindness.

## THE POSSIBILITIES OF PROHIBITION.

The immense vote in New Zealand has lifted the question of prohibition out of the rut of church-debating societies, and it is now in what is called the realm of practical politics, and we are being treated to leading articles and the opinions of people who are waking up to find that what they despised and did not think it worth while to make a study of is a very well known and a very pressing matter to their masters the People. It will amuse many of us who have made a study of this subject as written on in a score of countries for two score of years to hear opinions ventilated by papers and people that are only fit for the Kindergarten stage of the discussion. It is absurd to talk of the prohibition wave and its receding. The cause of Prohibition is a river, and it is gathering power and growing in width as well as depth, and the person who mistakes a backwater for the main stream is apt to become a laughing stock. This stream has its source not in the energy and enthusiasm of fanatics or wowsers, nor does it even get its main impetus from the atrocities of the bar, but it lies way back in the goodness of the human heart and the growing altruism of the 20th century. We can hear the call to arms. It is echoing round the world, and in 1912 the forces will muster in one hundred countries, and "Forward" will be the watchword, and our triumphs will ever overshadow our defeats. The dawn of liberty, true liberty, is unmistakably breaking, and the business that has cried for liberty to make money while it enslaved its customers must fly before the growing light as the bats and night vermin hide from the light of day.

## HOW SOMEBODY HELPED.

One of our readers did us a great kindness a few days ago not only in ordering from one of our advertisers, but they mentioned "Grit." It cost them nothing, and it helped "Grit" in a very real way. Will you make up your mind to help us in this way? It is the easiest and the best way to help "Grit." Send your orders to those who advertise with us, or, when you give the order, cut the advertisement out of "Grit" and leave it. This will make so much difference that if 100 people cut of all the thousands who take "Grit" did it, we would enlarge "Grit" in three months.

DO IT TO-DAY.

## THE WORLD HATES A QUITTER.

So long as you won't acknowledge it, you haven't failed. Suppose one thing has gone wrong—make something else go right. This is such a busy world that we haven't time to recall unimportant things, and if you don't keep reminding us, we'll forget all about the incident.

But if you walk around with the badge of despair in your face and reference to the past in your talk, how can we help remembering? Your greatest trouble is your egotism. You over-estimate your status in the scheme of life. You imagine that your misfortunes are just as fresh in every one else's thoughts; but if you want the truth, we don't know that you are living except when you force us to realise that you are alive.

The fact that all creation has made up its mind that you are done for doesn't settle your fate one jot. You are the only man who can decide. The world does not condemn you when you fail, trying, so long as you don't fail, crying. It does hate a quitter.

A prize fight is not a pretty thing, but it is a man's lesson. No matter how many knockdowns a pugilist gets, he has not lost so long as he is not knocked out. If you want to see how your fellows judge you, watch them hiss the man who throws up the sponge while he had a chance.

We all fail, even those of us whose careers have seemed to be unbroken successes, but we kept the secret tightly locked in our own bosoms and managed to laugh to the world until we had it laughing with us instead of at us.

—Sidney Arnold.

## THE NEED OF THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

At the United Kingdom Alliance anniversary, held in Manchester, there were several items in the report to encourage temperance reformers, including the gratifying statement that intemperance among women is not on the increase. The Bishops of Hereford and Lincoln were among the speakers; but perhaps the outstanding feature of the series was the passionate address of Mr. Snowden, who insisted that—deeper than all social reforms and parliamentary enactments—was the need for personal abstinence; and he urged, with all the force of a mighty conviction, that herein was the remedy. It was a new note on an "Alliance" platform, but emphatically applauded by a large audience.

## PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.

Although the College is 17 years old, our coaching for Public Examinations has only become established in a large way since January, 1908. During the past three years our coaches (all Sydney University men) have been extremely successful. We coach by individual tuition only and prepare students for Matriculation, Bankers' Institute, Cadet Draftsmen, State and Commonwealth Clerical Exams., Pharmacy Board, etc.

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# The Editor's Letter.

## THE HOME COMING.

My last letter was written on the train on my way from Dunedin. I had two hours in Christchurch, and met a few of the leaders in the fight, and it was a real pleasure—they are sane, strong, purposeful enthusiasts, and the plans for the future were already being thought of.

At Lyttelton there was only a few minutes before we started by boat for Wellington, a few hearty words and encouraging thankfulness and the boat moved off. I was "rocked in the cradle of the deep" that night, but sleep is not easily wooed on the ocean; at least, that has been my experience. Landing at Wellington the day after the poll, the all-absorbing topic was the great prohibition vote. It is safe to say it surprised everyone. We had nothing to guide us as to how the great mass of the people would vote, while we hoped liquor's damning record of the past and the sane prospects in front of a prohibitory Dominion would win us a majority, yet hardly let ourselves hope for a majority of over 50,000. It makes one feel proud to have been in such a fight, though it is exasperating to find every bar sheltered behind this cruel and money-bought injustice of a three-fifths majority. I believe not a single member was returned by a three-fifths majority, and yet while a statesman like the Hon. G. Fowlds loses his seat in Parliament by 31 votes, the bars hold on when tens of thousands pile up a majority against them.

### A LITTLE DINNER.

In Wellington, where I spent but the briefest time and really did no work, they had the spirit of thankfulness so strong upon them that they arranged for a dinner in my honor, and I had the pleasure of meeting some 25 of the keenest workers, and after speeches the first meeting of the 1914 campaign was held, and plans laid for the final grapple with the liquor evil in the Dominion. It amused me to look round on the smiling, happy, brimful-of-hope faces at that dinner, and then think we were called "kill-joys." We certainly needed no foreign spirit to cheer us; we had tasted deeply of the joy of fighting for our fellow-creatures, and the wine of victory and the prospects of the next fight gladdened every heart.

### THE MAIN TRUNK.

On Saturday I took train for Auckland, and had the company of Rev. Frank Isitt, brother to the member for Christchurch. It was delightful to learn from him the early history of this fight—how he was drawn into it, and the ridicule that was hurled at them in those first skirmishes. They say a bad actor is one who is egged on by ambition and egged off by the audience. We certainly have been egged at times, but the laurel wreath is not far off now. I also had a talk with an accountant who does much brewery work, but he not only recognised that prohibition was coming, but that it

would be good when it came. The journey is a very beautiful one, though most of the best parts we passed in the darkness. It was so cool, and the company so good, that the journey seemed short. We arrived at 7 a.m. in Auckland, and my former host met me at the station.

### A GREAT MEETING.

In the afternoon over 1000 people gathered in the King's Theatre to give thanks, take courage, and start out on the last lap. The Hon. G. Fowlds was in the chair, and in spite of his accident, from which he is but slowly recovering, Mr. Wesley Spragg was present, Mr. Poole, who has just lost his seat in Parliament, was there buoyant and helpful as ever. I do thank God when I meet an optimist, and Mr. Poole is certainly one. Mrs. Helen Barton convulsed the audience, and received a great reception. They treated me in the generous manner that seems to me is a New Zealand habit. In the evening I preached in the grandest church in the Dominion, that making the 150th address in less than 11 weeks. Monday was a day of embarrassment, for everyone had some extravagant word of gratitude to express, and eager as I was to come back the parting from such friends and such a land as New Zealand was indeed hard.

### FOUR DAYS ON THE TROUBLED SEA.

Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Letham, and Mr. Marion, all of whom had played an important part in the fight, came by the same boat. At the wharf an amusing thing happened. The brewers' colors on election day were pale pink—a truly faded color—and half-an-hour before the boat sailed a man came to the wharf with a large and beautiful bouquet of pink carnations tied up with pink streamers. These he presented to me from one of the largest brewing firms, and, much to everyone's amusement, he would not wait for any thanks, but ran, absolutely ran away. A red rag Socialist came aboard, and a few of his friends sang "Keep the red flag flying." He then spoke about wowsers and killjoys, and generally made us feel that while he was rude and objectionable, yet we must not expect more than a grunt from a pig. To see this "red rag anti-killjoy" moping round the bar while the supposed killjoys were playing with the children on deck, and blind-folded trying to put a tail on a pig, well, it was a suggestive contrast. It was the best trip I have ever known, and thanks to a sea-sick remedy sent me by His Grace the Archbishop of Sydney, called "Mothersill's Sea-Sick Remedy," I was not ill, and while I did not enjoy many meals I enjoyed a good deal of romping, and helped, I am sure, with our noise to scare some of the old sharks and whales we passed. The welcome in Sydney was all our hearts could desire; the little friends and the men waiting on the wharf just made it quite certain that

Sydney was home, and that loving hearts do not forget.

It is grand to look back upon this, the greatest anti-liquor fight in the British Empire, and feel that I had a part in it.

### THE REVENUE QUESTION.

The No-license and Prohibition people in Dunedin got home on the liquor people in the following lucid statement:—

The liquor party urge you to vote Continuance to keep up the revenue. Why?

Here it is in a nutshell:—

#### UNDER LICENSE—

The people pay to "the trade"	
about .....	£5,000,000
And "the trade" pays to revenue .....	800,000

And keeps .....	£4,200,000
-----------------	------------

The people have NOTHING, and have to pay for jails, etc., etc.

#### UNDER PROHIBITION—

The people pay to revenue ...	£800,000
And keep .....	4,200,000
	£5,000,000

And "the trade" gets nothing.

See why they whine about the revenue, eh?

And don't forget that when they talk about £1,250,000 loss to revenue that is their playful way of saying £800,000!

Rev. William Wakinshaw:

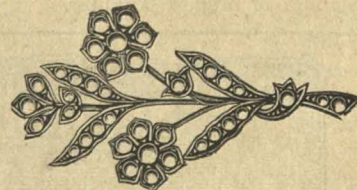
It is better to spend a shilling to save a youth than be taxed a sovereign to keep him when he reaches social perdition.—At the Methodist Council.

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Price List on Application.

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

## A VISIBLE RETURN.

(Continued from Page 3.)

facts most likely to interest the young man. He spoke rapidly, he gesticulated, he drew plans of pyramids on the broad margins of the "Zeitschrift für Assyriologie;" a half-hour went by, an hour; time did not exist until the conductor called, "Next station, Gloverstown!" This was a delightful young man.

Now, suddenly, Professor Henderson began to tremble. This occasion would not be as great as those which had given variety and interest to his young manhood, but it would be interesting and exciting. At home, in New England, they had grown accustomed to both him and the Pyramids; to these people he was a stranger, to them he brought a new message. He was excited and happy.

He stooped quickly for his little black bag, quite forgetting the pleasant young man at his side. Then suddenly he straightened up, forgetting also the little black bag. The train had stopped, he could see the college tower high above the trees, he saw on the station platform a great crowd, he heard shouts and cheers, and felt suddenly frightened and weak. He seized the tall young man by his great arm.

"Do you hear them?" he asked, hoarsely. "Did they know that I was coming on this train? Are they shouting for me?"

The young man was bewildered. The shouts had brought to his face, also, a bright and excited glow.

"For you?" he repeated.

"It frightens me," said Professor Henderson. "It frightens me. My other ovation was different. This is overwhelming."

"Oh, you needn't be frightened." The young man's voice was high and tremulous. He looked as though he could hardly restrain a shout of mighty laughter.

"I didn't expect it," faltered Professor Henderson. "I was wrong to say academic life has few visible returns. I—I——"

Professor Henderson did not finish his sentence. He hastened down the aisle; already he was on the step, already his hat was off and he was smiling at the staring crowd and bowing happily. The young man picked up the amazingly light and shabby little satchel and followed after him.

Already the crowd was laughing; once or twice there was an ominous sound which might grow into a hiss. In the background the president of the college struggled vainly to get closer to his learned guest. Even his own students, every one of whom was there, were too interested and excited to listen or to heed.

Then, as the crowd caught sight of its famous man, a mightier shout arose. And again Professor Henderson bowed, and again began the cruel laughter. They thought he was some strange madman; there was a loud, "Get him out of the way! Hustle him!"

As though in answer, a mighty arm went out across the little man's shoulder, and the young man began to talk. They could hear nothing of what he said—their vociferous cheers were too loud for that; they saw only that he claimed the little man as his friend, and that was enough. A score of hands reached for the little black bag, another score for the great yellow suit-case; in a moment the two celebrities were placed side by side in Gloverstown's only barouche. The little man was Appleby's manager, or perhaps his secretary, or his valet—such was Gloverstown's exalted opinion of its famous "south-paw."

It was only when the mighty left hand beckoned to the college president, and then opened the door of the carriage for him that anyone suspected the truth; it was only

when the carriage turned in at the college gate that anyone really understood.

At the door of the president's house the young man got out first and handed down his elders. Professor Henderson's face was still flushed, his eyes still shone.

"I never guessed that you were the Reception Committee," he said, heartily. "I suppose I shall see you at the lecture."

The young man said that he should certainly be there. Even his big hand ached from the pressure the president of the college gave it. Then, seeing that the college boys were racing rapidly up the street, he grinned appreciatively to the president, and stepped into the barouche.

Professor Henderson delivered his lecture that evening with a spirit which kept almost everyone attentive from beginning to end. If one or two persons nodded occasionally, if a few pressed their hands suspiciously to their lips, if the eyes of the students left his face occasionally to seek the face of the great Dick Appleby, he did not see. He was infinitely happy. So enthusiastic a community would like to hear every detail of the lives of the ancient Egyptians, and he would gratify them to the best of his ability. Once more, he said to himself, he had received a lift on his way, a lift which would help him the rest of his life.

He took the first train in the morning, still happy, still undeceived. There was one perilous moment when the train-boy offered him a morning paper, but it passed. He was too busy thinking his own contented thoughts to read. He thanked the boy in his polite, smiling way, and, with folded hands, sat looking out of the window—"Outlook."

Lord William Cecil:

Every time a new cable or a new railway is laid the world is getting smaller.—At Ac-crington.

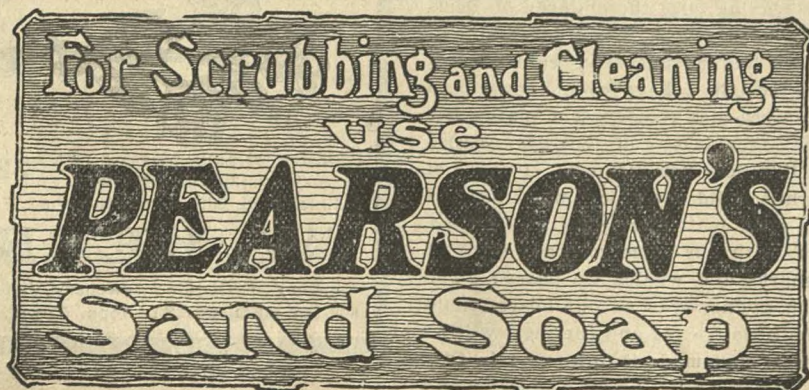
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# From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

## A NEW YEAR WISH.

My dear little friends, this issue I am putting in all the letters I have, and hope to have plenty of fresh ones to start the New Year with. I do hope and will pray that you all have a happy New Year. My wish for you is that you should grow and be useful. Grow in spirit, mind, and body. You can't grow without food, so feed spirit, mind, and body, and you will have a good New Year. Useful—why there's no fun and no pleasure like helping others. Try it.

UNCLE B.

## MANY THANKS.

Beautiful birthday cards, with kind wishes, came for December 5 from Emma and Kathleen Rankin, and also Mavis Wright. I was so pleased, and will keep them and often look at them with pleasure.

UNCLE B., Aged Four.

## DON'T FORGET.

I am going to give two prizes, one for the best account of how you spent Christmas and the other for the best account of your Christmas holidays. Don't forget. I will print all the accounts sent to me, and will get some one to judge which is the best.

UNCLE B.

## THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

### A SAD MISTAKE.

Rosa Jamieson, "Glyndwr," Merrylands-road, Wentworthville, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—You will notice by the above address that I have come a little nearer to you and a large number of nephews and nieces. I have come here for a couple of months' holiday, and hope to have a happy time. I was very surprised when I saw "Grit" with the photo of myself. I think you must have got a little mixed with all your numerous relations for that is not I. In the group of photos which appeared in "Grit" some time ago I was the twelfth photo—the one below the girl with "Grit"—on the left hand side. Bathurst is the name under. The photo is not very much like me now, but I may get one taken while I am here this time. I went into Parramatta to the jubilee celebrations, and thought it was grand. I saw the procession, which was over a mile in length, and representing many of the trades and industries of Parramatta. The Ancient Order of Foresters very quaintly, but yet prettily, represented Robin Hood and his merry men, with a large stag. I saw the balloon rise at night in the park after the sports were over. It floated along a little and very narrowly escaped being caught in the trees, so Captain Penfold dropped to the ground, while the balloon floated away into

the night. We arrived home at eleven about tired out after spending a happy day. This is all the news this time, so I will close with best love.—From your loving Niece.

P.S.—I wish you many happy returns of the day on December 5.—R.J.

(Dear Rosa,—I certainly made a mistake, but then I was not there when I made it! You see, lately I have had to be in two places at once, and it is awkward. I think, however, the blame is not altogether mine, but then if I told you who was to blame you might want to know a few more things, and I must not tell too much. I hope you will get a real good photo, and send it to me soon. And there will be no mistake about it next time.—Uncle B.)

## A CROSSED AND KICKING NIB.

Mavis Wright, Silver Fern, Avalon, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I must write to thank you for printing my letter in "Grit." I am sending a card for your birthday. Mine is on December 30. I will be 15, and would you mind asking some of the Ni's and Ne's my age if they will correspond with me. I think that Glebe murder something dreadful. I wouldn't like to be in that Moir's shoes. Now, Uncle B., won't you come up and have Christmas dinner with us. I am "shure" you'd enjoy yourself immensely among such a family as ours. Be sure and come. If you don't I will be dreadfully disappointed. My eldest sister is going away to Sydney at Christmas for her holidays. She has never been there before, so I expect it will be strange, but she knows a lot of people down there. A lady up here was showing the letters in "Grit" to a missionary the other day, and he said, "I wish I was Uncle B." I must close now. Wishing you a happy Christmas, and health, wealth, and prosperity in the New Year.—I am, your loving Ni.

P.S.—Please excuse writing, as my nib is crossed and is kicking.—M.W.

(Dear Mavis,—Thank you so very much for the birthday card, and also for the kind invitation to Christmas dinner. I wish I could accept it. I am sure we would have a lovely time. I hope you will send me your photo, and that you will write again soon. I am not surprised that the missionary envied me. Why, if I was not Uncle B., I certainly would want to be.—Uncle B.)

## A NEW ZEALAND NI'.

Phyllis W. A. Sullivan, 85 Pollen-street, Thames, N.Z., writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Although I am older than most of your nephews and nieces, I wonder if you will let me write to you occasionally. I live in what some people call "God's Own Country"—that is, New Zealand. A few weeks ago Mr. Hammond paid us a visit, and talked to us about Prohibition. I enjoyed his

lectures so much that I started to take "Grit," to see what he is doing in other places. In about ten days now the election takes place. I hope it will result in a victory for the Prohibition people. I shall write again when I find something to write about that will interest your readers. Till then, good-bye.—Yours sincerely.

(Dear Phyllis,—I am delighted you have joined my family of Ne's and Ni's. I love New Zealand, and am so glad they made such a noble fight for Prohibition. Be sure and write again, and tell us all about the election in Thames. I hope you will get others interested in "Grit" and this page.—Uncle B.)

## ANOTHER NEW ZEALANDER.

Essie Moore, Cambridge, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Though living away in New Zealand, I should very much like to become one of your nieces. Father has just begun taking "Grit" lately, and I always look forward to reading the nieces' and nephews' letters. To-morrow is election day, and as the polling booth is at the school-house, we are having a holiday. There was a great temperance demonstration in Auckland on Saturday last, in which thousands of children took part. Some of my cousins were to go in one of the wag-gons, but were not able to on account of the wet weather. I think they must have been very disappointed, don't you?

I'm sure you would like Cambridge, for it is a very pretty place, with lots of trees about. On the lake in the Domain are two beautiful white swans, sent as a present by King George. They have had a nest on a little rapu island, and have now four little cygnets. We often see them swimming about as we go to church. I will close now, with love from your little niece.

(Dear Essie,—Yes; I want you and many more ne's and ni's from New Zealand to write. I have seen Cambridge, but I won't say if it was in a picture or otherwise. It certainly is a lovely place. Tell us in your next letter how they voted in Cambridge. I wonder what you are going to do in the holidays? I saw pictures of the procession in Auckland, and it was a pity it was so wet. Write soon.—Uncle B.)

## THOSE PUZZLING PHOTOS.

Dot Moore, Concord, Armidale, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have noticed there have not been many letters in "Grit" this last few weeks, so I thought I would write to you. It is quite true what you said about us not writing, as there are always examinations near Christmas time. We have 14 dear little chickens. In September was the Church Anniversary. Dr. Bromilow preached both night and morning. On the Tuesday following we had our annual tea meeting, at which we had a good time. The Sunday before Dr. Bromilow, we had Mr. J. Woodhouse here all day. Everybody seems to look forward to his coming to Armidale, because he is so interesting. His son is our circuit missionary at Hillgrove. I wonder if you know him.



BOOKLET ON "HEALTHFUL LIVING" POSTED FREE.

# VEGETARIAN CAFE,

45 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

We raised £30 at the Anniversary and at our Spring Fair, which is conducted by the junior C.E., we raised £30. They raised £15 12s. 6d. at the fancy stall. Your photos are very puzzling, but I do not think you are Mr Hammond. The Synod was held last month, and lasted about four days. There were about 30 or 40 visiting ministers and laymen. Several of the ladies of the congregation provided dinners at the school hall for them, and one afternoon they had a garden party at Alderman Curtis's. Unfortunately it turned cold, and some of the Ministers from hot climates must have thought they were on an exploring expedition to the South Pole. Love to cousins and yourself.

P.S.—Can you answer this question:

Why is the eye the most ill-used part of the body?

(Dear Dot,—What a splendid letter. I wonder do you feed the 14 chickens on "Grit"? I love the cold, so I would not have minded if I had been among those Ministers. I like Armidale; it was very cold when I was last there, and I enjoyed it. I love snow-balling, and wish I lived where it snowed. You did well in the anniversary. Do you know any one else in Armidale who reads "Grit"? Perhaps you can encourage them to write to me. Write a long holiday letter.—Uncle B.)

## A CERTAIN GENTLEMAN GIVES UNCLE B. AWAY.

Vera Kimberley, Stratford, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I think I've found out for certain who you are. I had my doubts before. There happened to be a certain gentleman here (a minister) and I had the photo you sent me of yourself and some other No-License workers in a small frame only showing the person I thought to be you and the minister said: "Isn't that Mr. — there?" and I said: "That's who I think is Uncle Barnabas." And he said: "I see you have a good idea who he is." He asked then if I was a ni, and when said "Yes" he said no more. I rode into church last Sunday night. It's pleasant riding on a warm summer night.

Christmas is getting close again. It seems no time since last Christmas. I don't understand Anglo-Saxon if Cousin Dora does. It looks to me as if some one just dropped the letters and however they came down they called them a word. Best love.

(Dear Vera,—I am so glad your doubts have been set at rest—though I do not feel very satisfied myself about how you came to know, and in fact I don't know now? I am glad you thought that picture worth a frame. I have not heard from Dora yet, but I expect she is suffering from a headache trying to puzzle out that Anglo-Saxon. I hope you will write and tell me about Christmas in the country.—Uncle B.

## LETTERS MAKE IT INTERESTING.

Clarice Clout, "Bellevue," Tumut Plains, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I have noticed on page 11 only one or two letters lately, so I thought I would write to you again, for I think that page a lot better when there are a lot of letters in it. You asked me to tell you what I learnt at Sunday school. I learnt the 6th chapter of Eph., 23rd Ps. I have 35 texts, and I have learnt all the verses on them, and part of our catechism. We only have Sunday school three times in the month, and service in the Sunday school on the other Sunday. Father went to Goulburn last Tuesday to attend Synod. He writes home every day and tells us how beautiful all the meetings are, and how he enjoys everything. He left Goulburn for Sydney last Saturday to have a look at the Test match. We are having some lovely rain this afternoon and to-night. With love to all your cousins and yourself.

(Dear Clarice,—I quite agree with you the letters make this page very interesting, and so I hope you will often write. If you take after your splendid father, who writes home every day when he is away, then we will often hear from you. Be sure and tell me all about your Christmas and your holidays.—Uncle B.)

## A STRAWBERRY NI.

Milly Yates, Kimberley, Stratford, writes:

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I am glad to be one of your many nieces. I ate that strawberry for you, but I did not put any cream and sugar on it. I am going to start to school after Christmas holidays. We have been having some lovely rain, which was needed very much. Before the rain there were some big bush fires on our land, and they burnt nearly all our grass, but it will grow all the better now it's rained. We have a pretty little fox terrier puppy; his name is Mac, and also a magpie, and his name is Jack. He can say almost anything. I remain, your loving NI.

(Dear Milly,—I am glad you had that strawberry, but I would have been "gladder" to have had it myself. But I like the cream and sugar almost more than the berry. I had some lovely strawberries lately, but I dare not say where, or you might start guessing things. It is dreadful being so mysterious, isn't it? Write again soon.—Uncle B.)

## IF ONLY THE GIRLS COULD VOTE.

Box 32, Waipawa, 8/2/11.

Arini Lock writes:—

Dear Uncle B,—I was so pleased to see, in last week's "Grit," an answer to my letter. I do like reading the letters, and "this is where you laugh." I think I can answer that riddle which one of my cousins sent to the

last "Grit." The question was: "What does a stone become," etc. Answer: Wet.

Yesterday was Election Day. We got 19 more votes for No-License than for License. We had a whole holiday from school. Two boys were going round the town catching all the dogs and putting our members' colors on them. I liked watching the motor-cars taking the people to vote. I have to wait four more elections before I can vote. If all the little girls my age could vote we should have Prohibition. One of our member's colors were red and white, and the other was chocolate and gold. With best love from your fond niece.

Dear Arini,—Thank you for your most interesting letter. Doesn't it make you feel mad when you get more votes for No-License than the other side get against it, and even then the bars are not closed. I agree with you if the children only had a vote there would soon be no bars. Write again soon. You love to read letters, and so do others.—Uncle B.)

## SOONER AND LONGER.

Corrimal, 27/11/11.

H. Acres writes:—

Dear Uncle,—Please excuse me for not writing so long. Some of the children in our school are going up for examination on the 1st of December. I am sending you a photo. that my brother took. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. We are going to get our prizes soon for attending Sunday school. I was twelve years of age on August 18. We have been having some rainy weather here lately. We still get "Grit," and I like reading it very much. I will write sooner next time. With love to all cousins, I remain, yours truly.

(Dear Ni,—I like your photo, very much, and thank you for it. I like your promise of "sooner and longer" next time, and hope many of your cousins will take a note of it. Write about your Christmas and holidays next time.—Uncle B.)

## THE BARGAIN EXPLAINED.

"Every advantage has its disadvantage," said R. V. Dawlish. "Thus, in Topeka the other day, my two little sons were playing circus. To please them I joined them in the garden.

"They were selling circus lemonade.

"Here y'are! Fine pink lemonade! Only 2 cents a glass!" Tommy shouted.

"Here y'are!" cried his young brother. "Fresh lemonade! All you can drink for a cent!"

"I sampled each merchant's beverage. The penny lemonade seemed quite as good as the dearer sort. In fact, it seemed almost better. I drank three glasses of it. Then I said:

"Why is your lemonade, Harry, cheaper than your brother's? It's just as good."

"Of course, it's just as good," said Harry, "only the cat fell into it."—"Washington Star."



# SERIOUS WARNING.

ENGLAND WITHOUT COAL.

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY'S REMARKS.

"We have in this world of ours only a limited supply of stored-up energy; in the British Isles a very limited one—namely, our coalfields. The rate at which this supply is being exhausted has been increasing very steadily for the last 40 years.

"The available quantity of coal in the proved coalfields is very nearly 100,000 million tons; it is easy to calculate that if the rate of working increases as it is doing our coal will be completely exhausted in 175 years. It may also be said that 175 years is a long time; why, I myself have seen a man whose father fought in the '45 on the Pretender's side, nearly 170 years ago! In the life of a nation 175 years is a span."—Sir William Ramsay's address to the British Association, August 30.

What changes are likely to take place during the next 175 years in the nature of our fuel, writes T. Thorne Baker, F.C.S., in a recent issue of the "Daily Mail." Coal, the fuel made for us by long years of chemical change by Nature, has been looked upon as the only material of real value for providing heat, power, and illumination until quite recently, and it is by far the most important fuel the world possesses. But if, as Sir William Ramsay predicts, the hundred thousand million tons of coal now existing in our proved coalfields is used up at a rate constantly accelerated to such an extent that in less than 200 years it is exhausted, a new fuel must obviously take its place.

In the first place, advances in engineering are enabling us to get more and more out of a given amount of fuel, though unless something very revolutionary takes place within the next few years this will only mean a relatively small economy. In the second place, oil fuel is becoming of greater importance year by year, and three years ago the world's output was over 20,000,000 tons for the 12 months. It is impossible to say what amount of oil is stored in the earth, but as coal diminishes the search for oil will be come more critical and fresh sources will be found. Thirdly, there is, as Sir William Ramsay suggests, the possibility of utilising our peat and increasing our forests; while, fourthly, there are probabilities of our eventually utilising sources which at the present moment are only known to or conceived by a small number of pioneer workers.

## "HARNESSING THE SUN."

We talk sometimes of "harnessing the sun," but the sun has already supplied us with coal, oil, and even the wind and flowing water which are used to a minor extent. Burning oil or coal has been called spending capital, yet there is no fundamental reason why new ways of utilising the sun's power should not be discovered.

The enormous stores of power possessed by radio-activity, at one time held out to us as being so full of promise, have so far been

disappointing; yet the fact remains, as Sir Oliver Lodge observed in 1907, that the energy locked up in each cubic millimetre of the ether is equivalent to that given by a 1,000,000 kilowatt power-station working for 30,000,000 years.

To come back to matters of the present, however, we are obliged to realise the improvements that are taking place and are projected in the utilisation of our own supplies of coal from the user's—not the seller's—point of view. Only last year the "Daily Mail" gave special prominence to the presidential speech of Mr. S. Z. de Ferranti at the Institution of Electrical Engineers, when he suggested the utilisation of coal supplies at the pit mouths, turning it there, under State supervision, into electricity by such efficient power plant as the steam turbine, and distributing it thence to factories, houses, and users of all kinds by means of high-tension cables. Power distribution over large areas is very economical when high voltages are employed, and a pressure of many thousands of volts is quite common for an electrical supply from a generating station where a waterfall is the source of primary power.

Mr. de Ferranti also dealt with the economy that would ensue by universal heating by means of electricity supplied from the large central generating stations he conceived, and if any commission formed to deal with the question of our diminishing coal supplies turned his suggestions to practical account matters would assume a very different aspect, and the fears expressed by Sir William Ramsay at the British Association would be far less serious.

## OIL IN GREAT BRITAIN.

It is quite unlikely that we shall in Great Britain tap sources of oil—unquestionably the future rival of coal—such as have been discovered in America and Russia, but the subject of oil fuel is interesting to discuss from the standpoint of all coal supplies ultimately becoming exhausted.

No one can watch engineering progress without being struck with the extraordinary increase in the use of oil engines and oil fuel in almost every industry. Great advance has been made during the last two or three years in the construction of high-power internal combustion engines using more or less crude oil, while the increase in the use of oil fuel is frequently referred to in the press.

On the occasion of a recent visit to one of our largest iron and steel works, situated within a few minutes of their own coal pits, the writer noticed the installation of oil furnaces—doubtless an experiment, but one which surely indicated the progress of oil in its fight against coal.

There is a wide field for research, too, in increasing the calorific value of oils, by modifying or changing their chemical con-

stitution. Much may be done in this way in rendering what supplies of oil we possess more lasting, by diminishing the consumption required for a given amount of power.

## ALCOHOL AS FUEL.

Now to turn to a source of fuel which is largely in the hands of the chemist—alcohol. Compared with petrol and paraffin, the salient property of alcohol is as follows:—

Fuel.	Calorific value, in British thermal units per lb.
Alcohol (absolute) .....	12,600
Petrol .....	20,000
Paraffin .....	23,100

These figures vary with different samples of petrol and paraffin, but represent the approximate values nevertheless. Although alcohol produced from beet, potatoes, and molasses costs something like one shilling a gallon to produce, it is known that it can be made for about 3d. per gallon from peat. The amount of peat in the United Kingdom is, of course, very considerable, and were the end of our coal supplies in view the use of alcohol for internal combustion engines would at once increase to an enormous extent. The report made on alcohol, as compared with petrol and other fuels for internal combustion engines, by the Fuels Committee of the United States Motor Union in 1907 is most convincing.

Quite a new field is opened up by some experiments which have been carried out by the Municipality of Brunn, in Austria, in converting sewerage into illuminating gas. Putting aside all quibbles between electric lighting and gas companies, as to which is the more economical, the fact remains that a very large quantity of gas is used for lighting in this country, and that the end product of the process of obtaining it from coal—viz., coke—is a much-used, but generally wasteful, commodity. Analyses made at Brunn have shown that about 1.7lb. of solid matter are yielded by 100 gallons of sewerage, which in turn gives 6.5 cubic feet of a gas which has as good a calorific value as coal gas, while it produces a better illumination.

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### This is Where You Laugh.

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#### BEHOLD THE FISHERMAN.

He riseth up early in the morning and disturbeth the whole household. Mighty are his preparations.

He goeth forth full of hope.

When the day is far spent he returneth smelling of strong drink and the truth is not in him.

\* \* \*

#### JUST LIKE HER BROTHER.

The new cook, who had come into the household during the holidays, asked her mistress:

"Where ban your son? I not seeing him round no more."

"My son?" replied the mistress proudly, "Oh, he has gone back to Yale. He could only get away long enough to stay until New Year's Day, you see. I miss him dreadfully, though."

"Yas; I knowing yoost how you feel. My broder, he ban in yail sax times since T'ank-giving."

\* \* \*

There is a certain bunch of men—  
Quite often have we seen 'em—  
Who catch a mess of fish, and then  
Hate like the deuce to clean 'em.

\* \* \*

"Before the same wind, two ships pass, one going one way, and one the other. You cannot control the winds, but you can control the rudder, and it is the rudder that counts."

\* \* \*

"When I compare the two or three creditors that I have, with the millions and millions of people to whom I owe nothing, I wonder why in the world those fellows make such a confounded fuss about it."—Bill Nye.

\* \* \*

"Tommy," said the pretty teacher, "how shall I divide one apple equally among three people?"

"Make apple sauce!" shouted Tommy, triumphantly.

#### WHERE HE FELL.

"Ya-as," drawled the Yankee, "I once knoo a man, sir, who fell off a window sill in a flat twenty storeys high and never hurt himself, beyound a few bruises."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"True!" asserted the other. "Up there he was cleanin' the window, and he fell right off."

"Bosh!" said the Englishman. "How could that be?"

"Waal, sir," drawled the Yankee, "you see, he just happened luckily to fall inside."

\* \* \*

A breezy and enterprising Western politician applied to the Secretary of State for a consulship at one of the Chinese ports.

"You may not be aware, Mr. Blank," said the secretary, "that I never recommend to the President the appointment of a consul unless he speaks the language of the country to which he desires to go. Now, I suppose you do not speak Chinese."

The Westerner grinned cheerfully. "If, Mr. Secretary," said he, "you will ask me a question in Chinese I shall be happy to answer it."

\* \* \*

Bath-house partitions are not sound-proof, and consequently a sweet female voice, full of dismay, was plainly heard at a South Coast watering-place on a recent sunny morning.

"Oh, Laura," cried the voice, evidently addressing her girl chum in the adjoining bathing-box, "I have forgotten my shoe-horn. Have you got one that you can lend me?"

"What's the matter?" queried a deep bass voice a few yards away, before Laura could reply. "Can't you get your hobble skirt on?"

"So you want a divorce, do you?" said the lawyer, peering over his glasses at the worried little man in front of him. "Yes, sir, I've stood just about all I can. My wife's turned Suffragette and she is never home." "It is a pretty serious thing to break up a family, you know. Don't you think you had better try to make the best of it for a while? Perhaps it is only a passing fad." "That's what I have been doing, but there are some things a man can't stand. I don't mind the cooking, and I haven't kicked on washing the dishes, but I do draw the line at running pink ribbons in my night-shirt to try to fool the children."

\* \* \*

Two young employees of a florist in Philadelphia, who are supposed to be variously employed in the rear of the establishment while the boss looks after things in the front, were recently startled by the appearance of the "old man" while they were engrossed in a game of checkers.

The proprietor was justly indignant. "How is it," he demanded, "that I hardly ever find you fellows at work when I come out here?"

"I know," volunteered one of the youths; "It's on account of those rubber heels you insist on wearing."

\* \* \*

The Marquess of — is a bric-a-brac hunter, and once, killing time in Northamptonshire, he found himself in the shop of a silversmith with three balls over his door.

Having asked the price of everything in the shop window and finding nothing of interest, he inquired if there was any great collector in the town.

The silversmith's wife said there was Mr. Sable.

"Pray," continued the Marquess, "what does he collect?"

"Oh," replied the woman, "poor rates, sir!"

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# For Fathers and Mothers.

## "IS THE WORLD GROWING BETTER?"

THE ANSWER OF A REJOICING OPTIMIST.

By WILLIAM J. HAMPTON, D.D.

This world is a pretty bad world if we look at it through colored glasses. One always finds what he looks for. He who looks for trouble will find plenty. He who looks for sin will find it. He who looks for ash-heaps and garbage barrels will find them. But a man will live just as long, and be far happier, if he looks for goodness, and for good people, and for beauty in the heavens above and in the earth beneath.

There is sin in the world, but it is constantly going into hiding. Some things that move are too small to be seen by the naked eye. We cannot see the hour-hand move on the watch, but at the end of the hour, or of the day, we know it has moved. So we have no microscope to see that the world is any better on Saturday night than it was on the preceding Saturday night, or even any better this Christmas than it was last Christmas; but after a century we see signs of progress, both morally and spiritually.

Duelling, once a code of honor, is outlawed and frowned upon as murder. Among the students of German universities it was once considered a badge of honor to carry one or more scars received in a duel battle. That more scars received in a duel battle. That sentiment is rapidly passing away. Gambling, which was once the diversion of gentlemen, is to-day in the eyes of the law a felony. "The social vice which was flaunted by Lord Byron as a social distinction would to-day slam the door in his face."

The ethical code was never higher than it is to-day. The moral standard was never higher. The ethical teachings of the pagan philosophers would not be tolerated for a moment to-day. Socrates sneered at the grief of a mother who was weeping at the loss of her babe. Plato advocated every city selecting some distant hilltop and there constructing a pen for the exposure of weak and unhealthy children, and urged that physicians should not prescribe for the incurably sick. Aristotle urged laws making it compulsory for parents to drown unhealthy children, and Seneca said we separate the unhealthy ox and horse from the healthy ox and horse, and it is not wrath but reason which teaches us that unhealthy children should be separated from the healthy. Our answer to this sort of philosophy, in the twentieth century, is our asylums and hospitals and homes of various kinds and the money and time that are annually spent along lines of charity and benevolence.

Compare the ethical teachings of the poetry of one, two, or three centuries ago with that wonderful volume of pure literature which enriched the world during the Victoria era. Even a twentieth-century Shakespeare would not dare write some of the things the sixteenth-century Shakespeare did.

The Gospel of Christ pulsates with life

everywhere. It is felt in politics and in business, and in society and in literature. It is felt everywhere. Talk about a decadent Church! He who thus talks measures the power of the Gospel by an absence of old-fashioned spectacular conversions. Religion, to-day, means life, living according to Christian standards. William Jennings Bryan said: "There is more altruism in the world to-day than ever before, and Christianity is the cause. Go to the lands where Buddhism and Mohammedanism or Confucianism reign supreme, and you will find that except for the few things they have borrowed from the Christians, they have stood still for two thousand years or more. Christianity has lifted up nations in Europe that ten centuries ago were sunk in the mire of obloquy. History shows it is Christianity that has helped to make the greatest nations." Christian nations are building the greatest cities the world has ever known. Christian nations are giving to the world the marvels in the field of invention and discovery. The standard of intelligence was never higher and civilisation never more Christian and more humane than at the present time. When the tourist of to-day visits some of the dungeons in which human beings were once imprisoned, he is filled with horror.

Time was when men were burnt at the stake and beheaded on the scaffold for no greater offence than the simple reading of God's Word. There was no Christian nation to protest. Men were mutilated and murdered for advocating religious freedom. Would anyone care to go back to those "good old days"?

The world is not growing worse. The world is not on a mad gallop to the devil. The world is growing better. Christ is our King. He who believes in his Bible must of necessity be an optimist.

"This world is not so bad a world as some would like to make it.

But whether good, or whether bad, depends on how you take it."

"The world, they say, it gettin' old, an' weary as can be,

But write me down as sayin', it's good enough for me!

It's good enough, with all its grief, its pleasure and its pain,

An' there's a ray of sunshine for every drop of rain!

"They stumble in the lonesome dark, they cry for light to see,

But write me down as sayin', it's light enough for me!

It's light enough to lead us on, from where we faint and fall,

An' the hilltop nearest heaven wears the brightest crown of all.

"They talk about the fadin' hopes, that mock the years to be,

But write me down as sayin', there's hope enough for me,

Over the old world's wailin' the sweetest music swells,

In the stormiest night I listen and hear the bells—the bells!

"This world o' God's is brighter than we ever dreamed or know;

Its burdens growin' lighter an' it's love that makes it so.

An' I'm thankful that I'm livin', when love's blessedness I see,

'Neath a heaven that's forgivin' when the bells ring home to me."

—N.Y. "Christian Advocate."

### THE NOW.

The charm of a love is its telling, the telling that goes with the giving;

The charm of a deed is its doing; the charm of a life is its living;

The soul of the thing is the thought; the charm of the act is the actor;

The soul of the fact is its truth, and the now is its principal factor.

The world loves the Now and the Nowist, and tests all assumptions with rigor;

It looks not behind it to failing, but forward to ardor and vigor;

It cares not for heroes who faltered, for martyrs who hushed and recanted,

For pictures that never were painted, for harvests that never were planted.

The world does not care for a fragrance that never is lost in perfuming,

The world does not care for the blossoms that wither away before blooming;

The world does not care for the chimes remaining unring by the ringer,

The world does not care for the songs unsung in the soul of the singer.

What use to mankind is a purpose that never shone forth in a doer?

What use has the world for a loving that never had winner nor wooer?

The motives, the hopes, and the schemes that have ended in idle conclusions,

Are buried along with the failures that come in a life of illusions.

Away with the flimsy idea that life with a past is attended;

There Now—only Now, and no Past—there's never a past; it has ended,

Away with its obsolete story, and all of its yesterday sorrow;

There's only to-day, almost gone, and in front of to-day stands to-morrow.

And hopes that are quenchless are sent us like loans from a generous lender,

Enriching us all in our efforts, yet making no poorer the sender;

Lightening all of our labors, and thrilling us ever and ever

With the ecstasy of success and the raptures of present endeavor.

—From "Rhymes of Ironquill."



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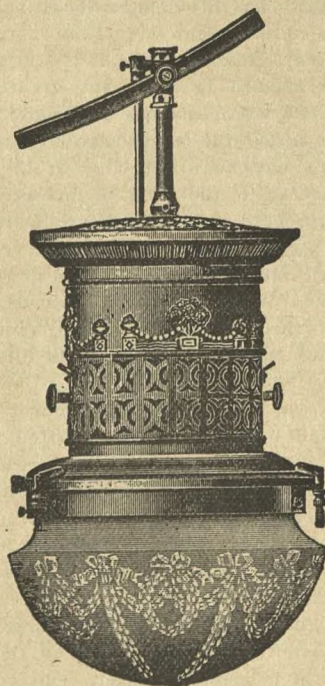
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## PASS "GRIT" ON

### PUGILISM.

New York is much interested in the outcry over the Wells-Johnson contest, and the successful action which has been taken to stop it. For it seems that a bill has been recently passed in New York State which may have the effect of legalising prize fights. "Decent people in New York," says the "Republican," "are disgusted, and legislators responsible for the Frawley bill are likely to hear some unpleasant tidings when they come up for re-election." The "Evening Post" gives the following summary of the chief provisions of the new law: "In order to come under the conditions of the new law, an 'athletic club' is required to put up a 10,000 dollar bond. It then gets a license from the commission. Fights are limited to ten rounds, with 8oz. gloves, instead of twenty-five rounds, as under the Horton law. The buildings in which they are held must have exits, proper stairs, and other provisions against fire risk. If any of the conditions are evaded, or if the fight proves a sham or fake, the club's license is to be forfeited, and in the event of fake fights the boxers are to be punished." As a whole, the press is opposed to this new ordinance, but its promoters deny that it will lead to prize fighting, and declare that it is only intended to control the ring. The first exhibitions under it, however, hardly bear this out.

The negro gardener, a jolly fellow with whom the boys of an American school used to have considerable sport, would sometimes prove too smart for them with his repartee.

One day in the spring Sambo had been burning some withered grass on the college green. A young fellow came along, and, thinking to have some fun, shouted, "Say, there, Sambo, you ought not to burn that stuff."

"Why?" inquired Sambo.

"Because," shouted the other, "it'll make the grass as black as you are."

"Well, massa," retorted Sambo, "dat's all right. Dat 'ere grass'll come up again, and be just as green as you are."

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