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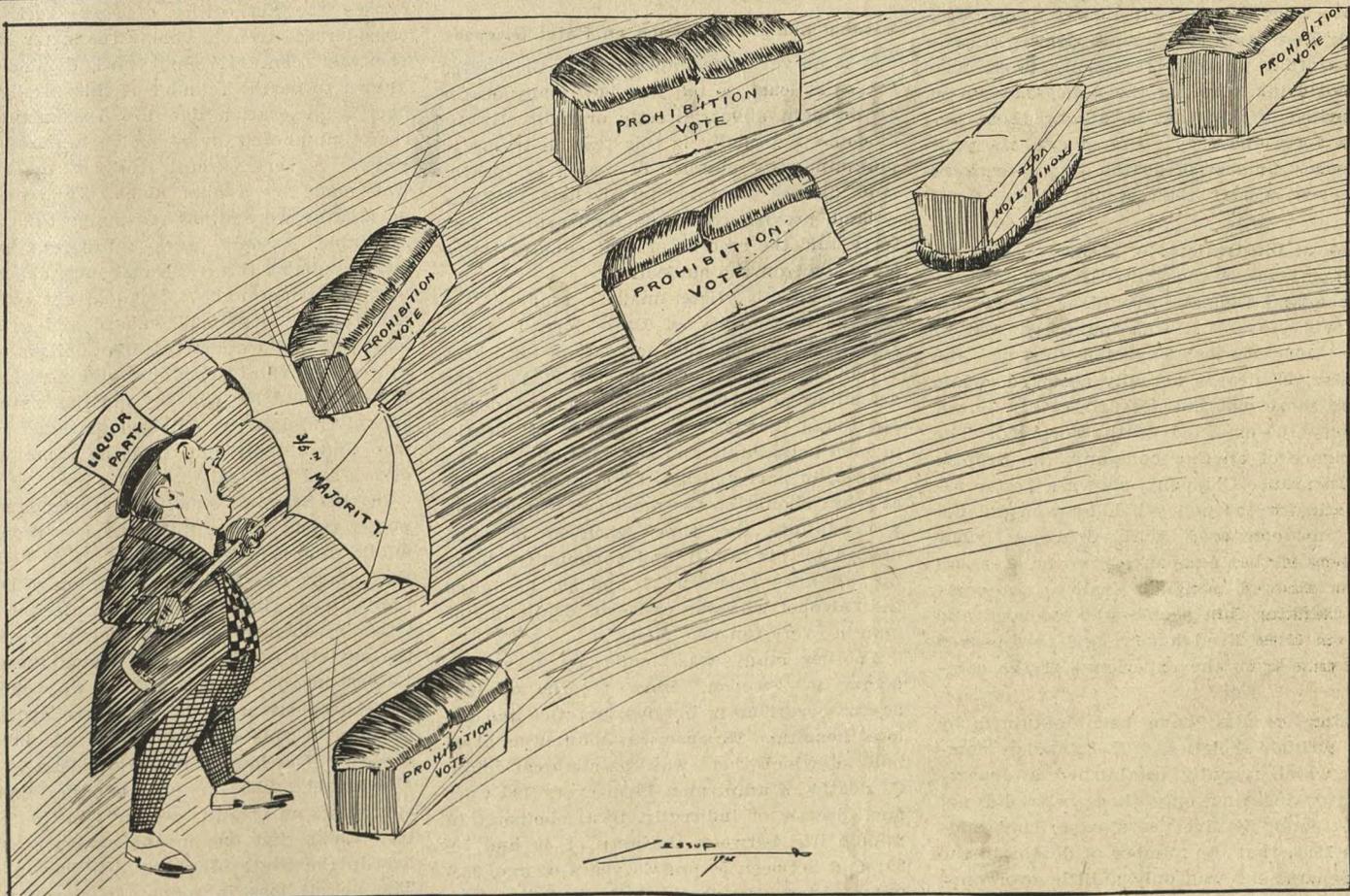
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A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. V. NO. 44. Price One Penny. THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1912.

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"Food for Thought."

The leading Auckland brewer, when interviewed after the Prohibition vote had been announced as a majority of 53,000 for National Prohibition, said: "It certainly supplies food for thought." We now demand that he should put down that umbrella.

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ALCOHOL AND LENGTH OF LIFE.

About seventy years ago a young man in England wished to insure his life. He applied to a London company for a policy. When it was learned that he did not drink liquor, he was told that he must pay an extra premium, as it was then believed that a little whiskey or wine was healthful, and that a man who did not drink would not live as long as one who did. The young man did not think the company was right, so he formed a company which insured only persons who did not drink. This was the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution. For ten years this company insured only persons who did not drink. Then it opened a new department which insured those who drank a little. Even these were carefully chosen as to health and the amount they drank.

The company was in this way able to watch for more than sixty years and see which of their policy-holders died the earlier—those who drank or those who did not drink. They found that among those who drank there were many more deaths in proportion than there were among those who did not drink. Among the policy-holders in the prime of life, that is, among those between forty and fifty years of age, the proportionate number of deaths among drinkers was even greater than among those of all ages.

Look at illustration No. 1 and you will see the experience of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution for forty years. It was found that out of every 100 deaths expected among the drinkers, 93 deaths actually occurred, while among those who did not drink, only 70 out of every 100 expected deaths occurred. The experience of another company, the Sceptre Life Insurance Company, shows a better record still for the policy-holders who did not drink as compared with drinkers. The members of that company, however, were all chosen through religious bodies, the company thinking that people who led good and religious lives lived longer, and this proved to be true from the experience of the company.

Similar results have been obtained by other British societies. A Canadian company, which recently established a department for insuring only those who did not drink, found, by five years' experience ending in 1909, that the number of deaths in the new department was only a little over one-half of the number of the older department.

Dr. Ekshens of the Swedish Life Insurance Company recently furnished evidence which agreed with that of the English companies. He found that drinkers under forty-three years of age came 2 per cent. nearer the death rate than non-drinkers at the corresponding ages. For those over forty-three he found that the drinkers came 26 per cent. nearer the expected death rate, which again indicates that the heaviest damage done by

alcohol occurs during the years of greatest ability—at the age from forty to sixty years.

An interesting study was made in Chicago in 1909 of all the deaths of men of sixty years and over occurring in the one month of April. The results were what were to be expected from the experience of the insurance companies. Of the 175 deaths of men over sixty years of age information as to their drink habit was obtained in 152 cases; 73 did not drink; 75 were moderate drinkers; 4 were heavy drinkers. The drinkers on the average had reached the age of 68 years, but those who did not drink passed the three score and ten mark, reaching over 72 years, or four years more than the drinkers. Figures for the age of forty-five and over would probably have shown a larger difference because of the heavier death rate in drinkers between forty and sixty. None of the heavy drinkers had reached the age of 80, but 19 who did not drink and 8 moderate drinkers had passed it.

Alcohol and its Influence on Fatal Diseases.

It is as yet quite impossible, in the United States at least, to tell just how many deaths are brought about, directly or indirectly, by alcohol. Especially is this true in trying to determine the number of cases of deaths from disease promoted by alcohol. In Switzerland provision is made for learning these facts, and the records of that country throw some light on the subject.

Dr. Rudolph Pfister made a study of the records of the city of Basle for the years 1892-1906, finding the percentage of deaths in which alcohol had been reported by the attending physician as one cause of death. He found that 18.1 per cent. of all deaths of men between 40 and 50 years of age were caused, in part at least, by alcohol, and this at what should be the most active period in a man's life, the time when he is most needed by his family and community. Taking all ages between 20 and 80, he found that alcohol was one cause of death in one man in every ten who died.

Another study was made by a certain doctor in Sweden, from records of 1082 deaths occurring in his own practice and the local hospital. No case was counted as alcoholic of which there was the slightest doubt. Of deaths of adult men, 18 in every 100 were due, directly or indirectly, to alcoholism. In middle life, between the ages of 40 and 50, 29; and between 50 and 60 years of age, 25.6 out of every 100 deaths had alcohol as one cause, thus agreeing with other statistics we have been quoting.

An editor who was courting a woman of uncertain age but positive banking account, was cut out by a gentleman from a neighboring town, who married her and took her away, whereupon the editor sought a mean revenge by heading an account of her wedding, "Another Old Resident Gone."

Alcohol and the Child's Heritage

By FREDERICK PETERSON, M.D.,
Columbia University, New York.

Like begets like. While now and then we meet with some striking exception to this rule, strong and upright parents give rise to strong and upright children. On the other hand, the children of weak and criminal parents are often themselves weak and criminal. We hear it constantly said, for example, that diseases like consumption run in families. So, too, every doctor will tell you that diseases which affect the nerves, such as epilepsy and insanity, are handed down from one generation to the next. It is this fact that makes the immoderate use of alcohol so frightful in its consequences. It deranges the nervous system of the drinker, who often transmits the terrible consequences of his folly in the form of epilepsy and insanity to his children. The sins of the fathers are thus visited upon the children of the third and fourth generation.

A striking example of the consequences of the immoderate use of alcohol is shown by the history of a family called the Jukes, who caused the authorities of New York State considerable trouble during the latter half of the last century. One hard drinker was known to be the founder of this family, and over a generation ago his descendants already numbered over twelve hundred persons. A very careful study of the family was made by a man named Dugdale, and hardly any were either self-supporting or respectable. Some were murderers, others were common thieves, vagabonds dependent upon the community. Dugdale showed that this family alone had caused a loss of at least one and a quarter million dollars to the State, and this large sum did not include the cash paid for whiskey nor the losses incurred through the children of these people who undoubtedly inherited the same weaknesses and bad traits.

In the State of New York there are now some thirty thousand insane persons in public and private hospitals. It is believed that about one-fifth of them, or 6000 patients, owe their insanity to alcohol used either by themselves or by their parents. In the asylums of the United States there are 150,000 insane people, and if we take the same proportions as before, there are 30,000 persons in this country whom alcohol has made or has helped to make insane. Dr. Macdonald, who is one of the greatest specialists on insanity we have in this country, thinks that one insane person causes a loss to the State of nearly 400 dols. a year. The actual loss in money to the State of New York caused through alcoholic insanity must therefore be 2,400,000 and the United States 12,000,000 dols. every year.

As we have already remarked, epilepsy is very often caused by the use of alcohol by the parents of the sufferer. One doctor, for example, found that out of 2500 idiots, epileptics, and imbeciles admitted to his hospital over 41 per cent. had drunken parents. In another colony of epileptics it was found

(Continued on Page 10.)



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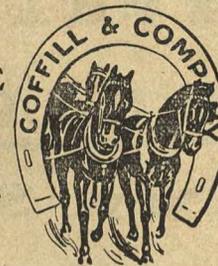
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A Little Girl.

It was a cold night, just two weeks after Christmas. Before a fire in an ill-furnished room sat a man asleep. By his heavy breathing and his flushed face one could plainly see that he was intoxicated. Across the room was a bed upon which a woman lay. By her side was a little girl about eight years of age. Now and then she would give her mother a glass of water, and keep watching the little alarm clock to see when it would be time to give her medicine. The man sleeping in the chair was a hopeless drunkard. The neighbors said he had always drunk and always would. They blamed him for his wife's illness, for half of the time he would not work, and when he did he would spend all his money for drink before he reached home. His wife had to do house-work and take in washing to keep them from starving. She never was very healthy, and was soon bedridden.

The neighbors did all in their power to help Mrs. Kurkos, for they pitied her. They came and watched over her, bringing her food to eat and fuel for the fire. But they dreaded coming to assist her when Mr. Kurkos was at home intoxicated, for he cursed her and everyone about.

"Daddy, daddy, daddy! Wake up, wake up, daddy; mother is dying; wake up" said little Maggy, going over to her father's side. She spoke hardly above a whisper, so that she would not disturb her dying mother. She shook him to try to wake him up, but all that her efforts brought forth was a groan.

"Let him go, Maggy," said her mother, very weakly. "Let him sleep. Do not wake him up, for he will only go for more liquor. Dear Maggy, my child, my only regret is in leaving you behind. If I only knew what would become of you, I could die easier. I wanted to make a man, a Christian, out of your father. I have prayed night and day for God to help me, and I believe I would have succeeded. But I am going to leave my work to you; your father is not hopeless. Help him, Maggy, to resist his temptation. Pray for him, lead him, show him in your childish way that it is wrong. Stay by your father's side, never leave him. Promise me that you will not."

"I will help daddy, mamma. I will never leave him, for he is all that I have to love." And then she laid her head upon her head upon her mother's pillow and fell asleep. Shortly she awoke, remembering that it was time for the medicine. But when she

looked at her mother again, already she had gone to the other world, where all is peace and happiness.

"Daddy! Daddy! O daddy," she cried out, her little heart almost breaking.

"What do you want?" He looked at her, closing his eyes again.

"Daddy, wake up! Don't go to sleep. Mamma is dead."

"Is she dead?" He got up and staggered over to the side of the bed to see for himself.

"O daddy, our mamma is dead!"

"Come! She's dead! Don't blubber over it. Better off! This world's no place for sick people that can't work, no way. She ought to be dead."

"O daddy, don't say that!"

"Shut up!"

"Daddy, where are you going? O daddy, please don't go away and leave me here by myself!" And she knelt before him, taking his hand in both her own. "Please, daddy, don't leave me now! Mamma is gone, and you are all I have. Do better now, daddy. Don't go to that saloon and drink again. Mamma is dead, daddy. Don't leave me!"

"Go away!" and he flung her upon the floor. "What do I want to stay here for? If you are afraid to stay here, go to the neighbors. You fool, dead people are nothing to be afraid of." He went out, slamming the door after him, leaving poor Maggy all alone with the corpse.

But he was mistaken in thinking that Maggy was afraid. She was a brave little girl, fear never entering her heart. "Oh, mamma, mamma, he has gone again!" and she threw herself down by her mother's side, sobbing. "He has gone again, mamma. But I will keep my promise and stay with him, and lead him, so that you may meet him in heaven." Then she put on her wraps, and went out to tell the neighbors of her mother's death.

That night passed, and the next, and still Mr. Kurkos never came near the house. Everything was left to kind friends, who attended to things with a willing heart and hand. Two of Mr. Kurkos' friends had offered Maggy a home with them, but she refused them, saying, "No; I promised mamma I would stay with daddy and help him."

Night came on, and still Maggy's father did not come home. So she made up her mind to go after him. She did not think how ridiculous it would be for her, a little

girl, to try to make her father come home. But her mind was made up. Letting none of the neighbors know of what she was going to do, she slipped out of the room, put on her wraps, and started toward the saloon where she knew her father would be.

When she reached the saloon door a cold chill seemed to run over her. Such cursing and carousing she never had heard. But she hesitated only a moment, and then walked in as any man would have done.

"What do you want, little girl?" asked the saloon-keeper in a harsh tone.

"I want daddy."

"Ha! ha! Here's your kid after you, old man," he said to Mr. Kurkos, who had not seen Maggy come in.

"What do you want?" asked her father, draining his glass.

"I want you to come home, daddy."

"Not yet. Give me a beer, and give the kid one. It will do her good. I drink; she has a right to, I guess. Give her something."

"What will you have?" asked the saloon-keeper.

Maggy flushed and trembled. Then, with a clear, steady voice, she called out, "Give me a beer." She looked at the foaming stuff which had ruined many a young life, and made many a home unhappy, as it had hers. Then she threw the contents in the saloon-keeper's face, saying, "That is what I will do with all that you give me."

This was very interesting to the other men. Some gazed at her in wonder; others laughed loudly at the saloon-keeper, thinking it was a very good joke upon him.

This angered the saloon-keeper beyond words. He fairly trembled with rage. No man would have dared to do that to him. Everyone seemed to fear him. "I'll box your ears for that," he roared out as he came from behind the bar. For the first time Maggy was frightened. As she saw him coming forward she shrank back into the corner.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said her father, stepping in front of Maggy to protect her. "You'll do nothing of the kind. You'll not touch that girl of mine, unless you kill me first. I may be a drunkard and all that, but I never touched that child in all my life, and no other man is going to unless he fixes me first."

"And me, too," spoke up a handsome young man, laying his hand on Maggy's head. "Don't fear, little girl; no harm shall come to you. Men," he said, turning to the crowd; "here's a little angel, a girl whom any father could be proud of. Let us take

(Continued on Page 10.)

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New South Wales Alliance.

NOTES AND COMMENTS BY G.E.B.

The executive has decided upon Sunday, April 28, as "Alliance Sunday." All of the churches will be asked to make special reference to the work of the Alliance on that day, and to remember in prayer all temperance work in New South Wales.

On the next day the annual business meeting of the Alliance will be held. At this meeting the annual reports will be presented and the officers for the ensuing year elected.

The following days (possibly the whole week) will be devoted to a united conference or convention. A big programme is being arranged, particulars of which will be announced later. In the meantime, all temperance people should book the week—April 28 to May 4—as "Alliance Week," and keep it clear of other engagements.

Our general and genial secretary, Mr. John Complin, is away on the mountains enjoying a well-earned holiday. He proposes, on his return, to visit Newcastle and to meet all of the No-License workers in that district.

This is to be the beginning of a campaign which will embrace a visitation of the whole State. Every centre will be visited by Mr. Complin, and the work in each electorate well organized and placed on a sound financial basis.

MRS. HELEN BARTON'S FAREWELL.

Dear Comrade,—After bidding good-bye to you and many of my dear friends on Saturday at the wharf in Sydney, I settled down to a nice quiet time and a lovely voyage to Melbourne. On the wharf there, as the Osterley steamed up on Monday morning, stood my dear daughter, who had travelled from Dunedin, via Tasmania, to meet me and join me in my homeward journey, she having spent a delightful holiday in Maoriland. A number of dear comrades also, of Victoria, came to bid me welcome again to Melbourne, reassuring me of warm hearts and faithful friends. "Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood." Although it will only be for two days, when I go on to Adelaide, where I will meet again many of my dear comrades there. Yesterday I visited our dear fellow-worker, Mr. Judkins, and found him real cheerful and bright, with a face beaming all over at the sight of one fresh from the battle in New Zealand. You can imagine what a good time we had as I related to him some of the experiences we had in the New Zealand campaign. Needless to say, he is still full

of fire and enthusiasm over the temperance cause, and evinced the keenest interest in the latest phase of the movement. To see the great warrior who has done so much for the uplift of humanity laid aside from the more strenuous part of the fight, just at a time when his services are greatly needed, seems hard indeed. Yet, God lays aside His workmen, but carries on His work. Yes, as I bade our brother good-bye and heard his words of faithful trust and saw the calm, resigned look on that strong face that had, in pulpit and on platform, moved multitudes in days gone by, I felt that there is a power in Christianity which can hold us up in every trial and disappointment of earth. Have faith in God.

Judge not the good by feeble sense,

But trust Him for His grace,
Behind a frowning Providence

God hides a smiling face.

Deep in unfathomable mines

Of never-failing skill,

He treasures up His bright designs,

And works His wonders still.

Surely we who are yet in the full vigor and strength of our life should help forward with all our might the work our God has given us to do for humanity's sake in the extermination of the liquor traffic, knowing the night cometh, when no man can work. Now is our day of opportunity. Good-bye, good luck. God keep you. Yours for God, Home, and Humanity,

HELEN BARTON.

Lines recited by Mrs. Barton at the farewell meeting to the friends from over the sea in King's Theatre, Auckland, Decedber 10, 1911:—

CHAMPIONS OF HUMANITY.

Dear comrades in a glorious fight,
Once more, with armor clear and bright
We bravely march with all our might,
Champions of Humanity.

Ours has been the rising star,
Now many hearts from near and far
Join in Emancipation's war,
Champions of Humanity.

On God's own battlefield we stand
And clasp again each other's hand,
To free the drink slaves in our land,
Champions of Humanity.

Like beacon lights on mountain top
Shine brightly for a nation's hope;
Then onward march—we dare not stop—
Ye Champions of Humanity.

Across the sea, on Briton's shore,
Your comrades rally as of yore,
With loyal hearts, true to the core,
All Champions of Humanity.

Though parted for a while we be,
In God's own land remember me,
Still fighting hard my land to free,
A Champion of Humanity.

And when you call to arms again,
I yet may cross the stormy main
To join your great triumphant strain,
Champions of Humanity.

And now the word must come, Good-bye!
One cannot stop the silent sigh.
Our God will watch o'er you and I,
True Champions of Humanity.

—H.B.

A BRILLIANT SAILOR.

Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, M.P., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., not long ago said:—"When I was a young man I was an athlete. I used to box a great deal, ride races, play football, and go in for a number of sports and pastimes. When I put myself into training—which was very often—I never drank any wine, spirits, or beer at all, for the simple reason that I felt I could get fit quicker without taking any stimulants." Again, as he got older in years, he stated that now that he had a position of great responsibility, which often meant that his thoughts had to act very quickly, with determination, and without waiting at all to think over a decision, he touched no wine, spirits, or beer. He knew that doing without them suited him, and that he was more successful without them than he should be if he took them. As a last quotation of this gallant admiral, the following words should be taken to heart by young people: "I do not believe that alcohol in any form ever has done or ever will do any good. I am now 60 years old, and since I have entirely given up wine, spirits, and beer, I find I can do as much work or more, physically and mentally, than I could do when I was 30. I am always well, always cheery, laugh at the downs of life equally with the ups, and always feel fit and in condition. If only some of the young men would try going without liquor for three months I do not believe they would think liquor at all necessary."

GEO. WIELAND,

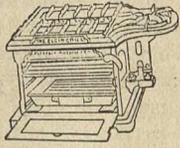
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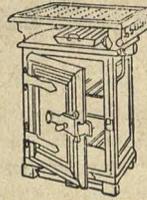
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THE GAS.

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Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

The following extract from our contemporary "Fairplay" would, we think, raise a smile to the lips of a toddler of four years, so very unsophisticated and "raw" are the contentions found in it:—

Why should one man determine for another what he should eat and what he should drink? God made all things good for the use of man. It is the abuse of God's gifts that is wrong. If our teetotal advocates would only impress this fact on their fellow-men, and get them to act on it, they would do more to raise fallen man to the dignity of the position God intended him to attain to, and would do more for true temperance than all the laws of restraint they could hope to put in force. To make a fool or a beast of oneself in drinking is identical with making a fool and beast of oneself in any other human propensity. If you appeal to a man's reason and sense of justice, and his conscience, you will reform him if there is any good in him, if you can win his trust in you; but to tell him he shall not do a thing is the surest way to create in him a determination to do it—and that is just what the temperance people would do. Hence, the bitter opposition to, and the failure of, their well-meant intentions.

We are recommended to "appeal to the drunkard's reason," "sense of justice and conscience." With regard to the two former faculties, is there anyone so simple as to believe a powerful lust for drink can be overcome by an appeal to "reason" or one's "sense of justice"? Eh?

There are thousands of miserable "relatives" of the unfortunate class who could disabuse "Fairplay's" ideas of the fruits of such appeals—that it if "Fairplay" really credited such absurdities. But the fact is she doesn't. The drunkard needs more than moral suasion. His conscience is dead into the bargain. It takes a power higher than that of reason to loose the chains, and then it needs the lessening of the multitudinous "open bars" to tempt the now reformed one back to his old haunts. It likewise needs the demolition of the too frequent hostelry that may lead his children to follow in father's footsteps and seek enjoyment in the "parlor," that is indeed a spider's retreat most fatal to the fly. That is why the temperance advocate spends half his time seeking to abolish the hotel. When the physician is called in to a typhoid case he orders at once the removal of the rubbish tip that has led to the contraction of the complaint. He doesn't seek to "harden" his patient to the fatal germ. So we seek to

remove the "cause" of the moral disorder, which is in most cases the open, tempting bar.

THE DESTRUCTION OF "LA CORNICHE."

We read with sorrow the account in the papers on Monday week of the destruction of "Brock's Mansion" by fire. There is something very pathetic in the "grand finale" of this struggle of a man who was "before his time," and the elements of business disaster he encountered. Something sadder still years after in the final overthrow of the whole edifice by other elements equally formidable. Before fire tore "La Corniche" asunder we had at least a suitable monument to the huge task of a brave man—now that also has perished. Another landmark on our coast has gone. It all goes to show how many dangers and difficulties encompass the business man. He must have an ample capital, good prospects, and with it all be "as wise as a serpent." If he miscalculates at all the popular caprice or trusts too much to either "State" or Nature's aid, he may find himself in difficulties before he has progressed very far. Even when on a good footing and established, he must think of the ever-present dangers threatening him—fire, libel actions, changes in public taste, etc. Illustrative of this we read a good story recently in the introductory chapters of "Sound Business," a new and well-written book dealing with general commerce. A business magnate once asked a British officer what was the worst and most "nervy" position he ever found himself in. He replied that once during the Boer war he and his men were bivouacked for the night in a valley—exactly where they were they hadn't the least idea—but they knew full well the Boers were handy, and they expected to be attacked at any moment. "What I went through that night," said the officer, "I cannot tell you." "Ah," said the business man, "you had a bad time without doubt; but rest assured that, on a somewhat smaller scale, such is the experience of a business man every night. He never knows what is coming—he must be prepared for any emergency. He may be overcome by elements over which he hasn't the least control—that is the worst part about it. He can only do his best and play his part, but it means a lot of anxiety for all that."

A DRUNKARD'S HOPE.

(Written in the "Grit" Office by one who rame seeking help.)

I've tried and tried and tried again,
But every time it's all in vain,
To stem the tide of Liquor's curse
That carries me from bad to worse.

As I am passing down the stream
I think of all that might have been—
Of home and loved ones far away,
All wondering where I am to-day.

While I drink of the bitter cup
A Voice bids me to try. Look up,
Trust not yourself but God on high,
And in His strength strike out and try.

With that assurance now in view,
In Him I surely will pull through;
I'll not despair, but try again,
To rise above a drunkard's shame.

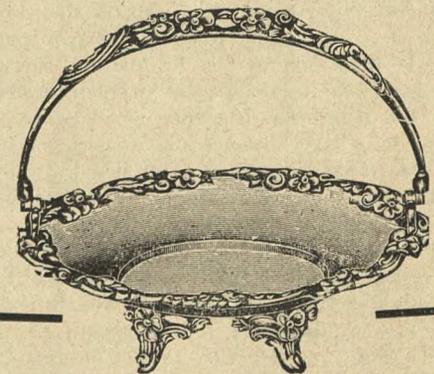
T.

THE LILT OF A LAUGH.

I've toiled with the men the world has
blessed,

As I've toiled with the men who failed;
I've toiled with the men who strove with zest,
And I've toiled with the men who wailed.
And this is the tale my soul would tell
As it drifts o'er harbor bar:
The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

What is the best hour for an appointment
with a dentist? Tooth-hurty, of course.



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Stumps and Stars.

(By John G. Woolley, in the "American Issue.")

KEEP SWEET AND KEEP MOVING.

At once the heaviest weight upon the strength of the reformer and the sin which all too easily besets him is a chronic impatience which, greatly diminishing his skill in bringing others to his way of thinking, in the end makes him color-blind to the signals of his own success and indifferent, contemptuous, or actively opposed to the small, preliminary victories which show that he has turned into the home stretch and won a racer's chance to make the goal.

This strange infirmity of earnest minds has ever put an element of pathos into great moral triumphs and sometimes caused the social daybreaks of humanity to be brought forth amid the jeers of their own prophets. The hardest words that ever tore like shrapnel through the great, tender heart of Lincoln were hurled by good men who through the long night of apathy and doubt and fear had watched in utter loyalty for the coming of emancipation.

It would seem that a reform, so great, so pure, so altruistic, so Christian in its origin, purpose and the means employed to push it, so palpably righteous, as the Prohibition movement, would, in an age like this, touch such a habit only in the breach of it; and, in a way, it does. But too many of our stalwart, nation-wide Prohibitionists seem inclined to meet the present general advance of the flying squadron of Local Option, with criticism, or damn it with faint praise.

This is not due to any lack of loyalty to the main purpose of the movement nor to any coarse bigotry as to the methods hitherto employed. For clear-eyed loyalty and willingness to sacrifice or to perish for the sake of a cause, there is no better record in existence than that of the Prohibition party. But from the very intensity of their desire and the long hear-ache of hope deferred, some of us have become too far-sighted to see clearly things near at hand, or rightly to understand the foreground as related to the whole picture of the times.

Nor is it matter for surprise that the astronomy phase of the voyage carries its peculiar temptation, in political expeditions. Steering by the stars does seem to be a nobler sort of navigation than looking out for painted buoys that mark known channels, and cairns and blazed trees and range points and beacon fires on the shore. But in this world all things and all truths are relative; and for seamanship, where the course is up a winding river of strenuous economics and over sand bars of old habit, prejudice and tradition, a white rock on the hillside with a tall tree on the nose of a cape in range takes far precedence of Ursa Major or the Southern Cross.

STUMPS BETTER THAN STARS SOMETIMES.

We have crossed the restless, chartless ocean of agitation, guided—almost towed—by the stars; and we do well to make our boast on those celestial certainties as against

the sea-rocks and sea-rips and doldrums and Sargossoes we have seen on the long passage. But we are now entering the rivers of prohibitory sentiment, pushing the bows of the greatest and most difficult of reforms into the body of the continent of popular government. Here, the eternal values of latitude and longitude remain. Here the same stars light the way. But the actual course from day to day is laid—has to be laid—by humble, terrestrial, temporary things—by stumps and sand-spits and sunken barges and all the mutiliferous traffic of economics and the racing craft of selfishness. For it is a democracy that we invade, an old democracy, and we are relatively new. It is not a hundred years since Billy Clark raised the first organized voice against the drink, in America.

We shall possess the land—by those very stars that some of us would vainly and foolishly fight for instead of trusting their majestic and changeless certainty to fight for us. But every unit of the democracy, that strives in some way of its own for better things, but "followeth not with us," is equal with us in right, and perhaps in conscience and in wisdom, too, at bottom; and we must learn the lesson—there is no escape from it—of keeping the log of our progress in terms of the established chartings and signals in the various channels of human endeavor where we are led or driven to compete, or else we shall only fail and swing hopeless and derelict across the stream. Knowledge of the Mississippi will not equip a pilot for the Tennessee. Orion would be a will o' the wisp to a boat on Snake River, and to follow the sun would mean shipwreck on the Colorado.

Crossing an unknown ocean is certainly a great achievement, but it amounts to little in the upshot, without the horse-sense, that is near inspiration, and the patience which is only courage of a rarer kind, to explore and navigate the shallow waters that weather highways into the heart of the discovered continent. We came in a ship; the great, broad-beamed, deep-draught proposition that the beverage liquor traffic ought to die as an entirety. But, now that we are here, we moor the mighty craft, fully armed, manned, provisioned, and shipshape from top to keelson, while we build a fleet of less imposing bottoms, of light draught, easily handled, fit for bars and narrow, tortuous channels, and local traffic, and even possible of portage, on occasion. It is folly to spurn this humble moral marine.

I write this as the same radical that I have been for 20 years, and without a thought of paring or abandoning the great elementary claim. But the fundamental principle in the constructive work now opening to us by the general acceptance of our right to take a hand in the politics of the day and work out the details of our doctrine, is that the people are the owners and the governors.

This is not a government of the temperance people, for the temperance people, by

the temperance people; although it surely will be, some day. Even the drinker and the drink seller have a right to be heard, and to be obeyed if they can continue to hold, as in some places they do hold, the majority. Our case now is simply one of patient, reasonable, constructive statesmanship, upon all the facts and all the kinds of facts involved. It is perfectly true that Local Option tends to municipal smirking and self-satisfaction. But it is just as true that, in the long run, it tends to disappointment and humility. Those two facts are range lights of profound importance. Every prohibitory locality must finally, in the nature of things, become a storm centre of State and National Prohibition; for, as it is, State License defeats Local Prohibition more or less; and our national system of internal revenue and Interstate commerce baulks and exasperates the Prohibitory States.

I was never stronger in the conviction that the only antidote for the beverage liquor traffic is no beverage liquor traffic. But the weakness of this theory in practice, in the immediate present, is that there are not yet enough citizens who hold to that opinion. Clearly, then, our main chance, as well as our only right in the premises, is to behave ourselves and direct our energies so as to increase the number of Prohibitionists; and the way to do that is to run the race that is set before us by the sovereign—the people, to wit, national exaltation via local righteousness.

Patiently. There is no hope that the goal will run to meet us, nor is there any way to shunt the people from the plan they have adopted. There is no sense in wasting time and strength and losing self-respect and the respect of others by stopping to throw stones at other runners, nor to dodge the stones that may be thrown at us.

But wherever and whenever the public sentiment shows a light and tries to hit the road of civic righteousness, shame on us if we do not our level best to cheer it and to help it on the way! This necessarily means delay—clean, honorable, unwhining delay—patience.

UNITY AGAINST DIVERSITY.

Another thing that makes a strong demand for patience is the solidarity of the liquor traffic. Licensed or illicit, wholesale or retail, it is one. Not far from 90 per cent. of the saloons—taking the country over—are owned by the breweries, the distilleries, the wholesale wine and spirit merchants, or tied to them by cut-throat leases and chattel mortgages.

On the other hand, we who are in the race against the liquor trade are as diverse as it is united. They call us fanatics, and themselves liberals. The fact is that the temperance movement has been waterlogged for half a century by conservatism, and the liquor power is organized fanaticisms, with the power of fooling, frightening or purchasing its betters almost reduced to a science.

But there is one point on which we who are opposed to the liquor traffic do agree and ought to agree. We are in favor of majority rule, and enforcement of the Prohibi-

tory features of the laws as they stand. The only way we can win, or ought to win, is by drawing to our standard enough to make us a majority. The only way to do that is via the old corduroy highway of patriotic obedience to the laws and practical as well as patriotic endeavor to make them better. There is no truer Scripture than the one which says in substance: The law is the schoolmaster to lead the democracy away from selfishness and meanness to altruism and true, sane social consciousness. Respect for law is the long way and the hard way, but the only way, the feet of democracy can travel; and there is no winged foot-gear for that course in any wise nearly equal to the broad, old-fashioned army shoes of patience.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME.

I have been arguing in public and in private, for nearly a quarter of a century, that the liquor problem is not a local matter at all, but as national as money, quarantine regulations, or fortifications, since at the last analysis, or by the most superficial analysis, it raises the question of the quality of men, and the homes of men, which are the foundation stones of the Republic. I have not changed my mind. But the very thousands whom I have been so happy as to convince have taken the view that the national issue must wait until the trial of Local Prohibition forces the national question in to the arena. I am a stubborn man and I still think that a national campaign, like the Bryan campaign of the gold standard versus bimetallism, or the single issue of the right or wrong of licensing the most demoralising trade a man ever put a hand to, would be the greatest education in finance, labor, marriage and divorce, dietetics, epidemics, clean politics, municipal government, immigration, railroad wrecks, strikes, insanity, pauperism, and crime, the world has ever witnessed, and the door into a period of incalculable prosperity and efficiency such as this richest of the nations has not dreamed of.

But such a lot of men, probably as wise as I and certainly as good as I, have decided against me, that I am up against the question whether I am man enough, as to the method of trial, to follow, where the people will not let me lead. I am.

As to my individual matters, my personal opinions govern and ought to govern; and when I enter the polling booth I must speak into the ear of the nation, the State or the city, the highest thought that I have, as to measures and as to men. So, my consent

can never be given that any man, at any price, in any place, for any hours, or days, or years, may have a license to sell alcoholic liquors as a beverage.

But we appear to be going to Federal Prohibition via State sovereignty demanding decent faith and credit for its judgments in the exercise of the police power, and Local Option demanding justice for the locality from the State. It seems to me a very Irish way to go about it, but there is a strong Irish strain in the people. So, I say that any Legislature, city council, board of supervisors or board of license commissioners which is trying in a real and honest way to pry open the jaws of the great grey wolf, now shut so tight on the throat of our body politic, deserves the aid of every Prohibitionist, however tenaciously we stand by our proposition which is as true as holy writ, that the system of licensing an evil thing in order to prevent its natural consequences is vicious in principle and powerless as a remedy.

At all events, there are signs of progress everywhere. From every corner of the Union comes the cry, "The saloon must go." The liquor traffic rides an ebbing tide, and at every election new communities are joining the ranks of those who take the high ground that even if the public virtue may be violated, it shall not be put up for sale.

A BISHOP ON TOO MANY PUBLIC-HOUSES.

Addressing the annual meeting in Hereford Town Hall in connection with the diocesan branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, the Bishop (Dr. Percival) said that the society in respect to legislation urged that they had far too many public-houses in England, and that they ought to be greatly reduced, because they were greatly in excess of any legitimate need. When they had an excess of public-houses they had an excess of temptations to the weak. There was no question at all about it. They came across people who said that the number of public-houses had no effect upon the amount of drunkenness. That had been very emphatically disproved the other day in Liverpool at the time of the strikes. When the early closing was established there the results were very remarkable in the direction of soberness. The day would come when people would think with surprise of the time when they allowed so many public-houses to remain open as temptations to the weak. That society claimed that the number of

public-houses ought to bear some more reasonable proportion to the population which they were supposed to serve. They had not quite so many public-houses in Hereford as they had a few years ago, but they had 130 licenses there for the sale of liquor. Did anybody suppose that they needed as many as that? It meant one license for every 164 persons—men, women, and children. If they were looking at it as an abstract question from outside, they would say that that was ridiculous. There was no such need. It was only because the liquor interest was so powerful politically in this country that such an absurd state of things continued year after year. It showed some lack of zeal that their Quarter Sessions had for three years since the Act passed raised no levy at all, and consequently had not set themselves to work to reduce the houses as they should have done. The society desired the abolition of what was called the grocer's license. The license should only be given to those who sold drink and nothing else. He had no doubt the grocer's license was given with the best intentions, but it had acted in a way—he was making no complaint of the grocers—that was anything but good for the community at large. It was very desirable, if they looked only at the interests of the mass of the people, that that license should be done away with.—"Alliance News."

Practical Father: "If he says he loves you I suppose he does; but can he support you?"

Daughter: "Why, papa! You must know it wasn't his fault that the chair broke."

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1912.

IMPURE LITERATURE.

At the weekly meeting of the provisional committee of the Roman Catholic Federation, held in Melbourne on the 9th inst., Mr. T. J. O'Brien said the federation could not make a better start than in a vigorous campaign against impure literature. The evil was growing, and if it were to be checked it would only be by powerful concerted action. He recommended a campaign on the same lines as that which had been so successful in Ireland. The Catholics and the various Protestant bodies joined forces, and for the common good of the nation all their differences were forgotten in this co-operation. Those agents who undertook not to sell that stamp of newspaper in which all that was abominable and horrible was dealt with in detail were given a certificate, which was displayed in their windows. The agents had found that, so far from trade falling off through their ceasing to handle these papers and also immoral novels, it had actually increased through the greater demand that had set in for wholesome literature. Not only had the agents been utilised in this campaign, but the newsboys also, and in Dublin the boys had all agreed to sell no paper or book that they knew was of an objectionable character. All this could be carried out in Australia, just as it had been carried out in Ireland.

Mr. Benjamin Hoare said he had asked Archbishop Carr whether he would approve of their seeking co-operation outside the Catholic Church in this matter, and the Archbishop immediately acceded to the wishes of the federation, stating at the same time that he would be heartily in favor of the co-operation proposed.

Mr. O'Brien then moved—"That, in the opinion of this committee, it is desirable that a conference should be held with the representatives of all the religious denominations, the friendly societies, and public organizations, with a view to taking united action against a great and growing evil caused by the circulation of immoral literature; and that letters should be forwarded to such bodies."

The motion was carried unanimously.

We greet this with heartiest approval, and will watch with interest and back with enthusiasm any steps that may be taken.

NEGLECTED AND DELINQUENT CHILDREN.

Sir Charles Mackellar, M.B., M.L.C., left for Europe by the Orama on January 6th, in fulfilment of his mission as Special Commissioner for the New South Wales Government, "to inquire into the treatment of delinquent and neglected children in Great Britain, Europe, and America." Sir Charles has had charge of neglected children and juvenile offenders within the State during the past ten years, and has been associated with the Board of Control since its inception 27 years ago. Apart from that fact, he possesses special qualifications for the task now assigned him, having made it a lifelong study.

The importance of this department of the Government may be gauged from the fact that there are at present no less than 8680 children boarded out under official supervision, and upwards of 1000 on probation. The looking after of this last-mentioned section necessitates the services of 30 paid inspectors, in addition to a number of honorary officers appointed by the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Salvation Army, and different Church bodies. During his tour Sir Charles Mackellar will investigate the systems pursued in other countries in regard to the more advanced and humane treatment of children, particularly the delinquent and neglected. It is his intention also to attend the International Congress for the Welfare and Protection of Children, should he reach Europe in time for the purpose. No definite information is available as to whether the triennial meeting of this important congress has yet taken place, but it was provisionally fixed to be held at Budapest, Hungary, on a date to be named. Should it have sat already, it is the intention of the visitor to get into touch with some of the delegates, and ascertain what has been done.

The International Congress for the Welfare and Protection of Children is, judging by its membership and attendance, one of the most enlightened, representative, and philanthropic bodies in the world. It comprises men of the highest rank and eminence in the different professions, as well as in the

domain of social reform throughout most of the civilised countries of the world. It deals with such subjects as juvenile refugees and homes, epileptics, feeble-minded children mental defectives, boarding out, street trading, children in moral danger, physical training, infant life protection, oral training, the reform of young criminals, reformative and preventive work, the registration of homes, the reclamation of vicious children, the education of the blind and deaf, school attendance, educational control, medical supervision of children, technical education and industrial training, free and compulsory education, probation officers, the relation of the law to the child, hygiene and sanitation, and physical efficiency. It will thus be seen that the ramifications of this body cover a wide field in regard to juvenile life, and much of the modern legislation on the subject has been founded on its conclusions.

The return of the commissioner will be waited for with great interest, and much good is sure to come of this tour of investigation.

WHY NEWSPAPER MEN ARE BALD AND GREY.

Anyone who knows anything about "Grit" knows that Uncle B. is bald, and that the editor is bald, and where the hair still grows it is fast becoming grey. We give an official and scientific explanation of this sad fact. The cause of baldness is a bacillus, called pigmentophagus, a voracious feeder, and one which multiplies with an activity approximating perpetual motion. The strong, vital resistance of youth keeps it down, but low vitality, arising from care, grief, or moral shock, favors its growth and multiplication, and consequent baldness.

The anxiety caused by those who don't pay, the grief felt on account of those who won't respond to our entreaty to pay in advance, and the moral shock on finding how many meanly endeavor to evade their financial responsibility have given the pigmentophagus a great opportunity lately.

Ed. "GRIT."

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The Legion of the Lost Ones.

A SYDNEY EXPERIENCE.

(By HENDY.)

"To the legions of the lost ones,
To the cohort of the damned,
To my brethren in their sorrows over seas."

Sings Rudyard Kipling, but how few of those who read the lines understand the meaning. There are some, however, who might like to, and for them this experience is printed. Of this legion many are well made, cleanly bred, bearing the unmistakable hall mark of 'Varsity about them. Men who, given the chance, would do things—men of the class of which forlorn hopes are formed. The writer confesses to being one of the legion. A well made young man about 28; clothes originally well cut, but showing shiny and thin round the sleeves and elsewhere.

"My pater is a big mining engineer at home, and, unfortunately, as things turned out, he gave me a 'classical training': sent me first to a public school at home, thence to a continental University. My pater, one of the whitest men in the world, is an Englishman of the first water, and a strict moralist himself. He cannot understand, or tolerate, the slightest lapse in any one else. Well, I was 'sent down' (expelled) for a breach of the University regulations; nothing shady, mind you, only the scrape that any healthy young chap gets into at times. I went home and stood my trial before the pater, who, after investigating the circumstance, acquitted me with a warning. Things went on quietly at home for a time. One day I went up to the pater's office in town, on some business, where I met the girl, one of the pater's typists. To cut a long story short, knowing how utterly futile it would be to ask my people's consent, I married her secretly. I told my mother and father next day. Instead of an outburst of rage, my gov'nor did not say anything—for a minute or two; he only showed his feelings by the pallor of his cheeks and a slight compression of his lips. Then he spoke. 'Very well, if you will call on me at my office at nine o'clock to-morrow, you will find a letter awaiting you. Good morning.' I called next morning and this is the letter I received:—

"George,—After your disgraceful conduct at the University and my, as it now appears to be, foolish leniency, you have again given me an example of your depraved taste by your marriage. However, you have made your bed—lie on it. You probably did not realise the folly of your act. Granting you this, I have booked two passages to Australia by the boat leaving on the 19th. Enclosed you will find cheque for £50; see that you make the most of it.—Your Father.' There was silence for a moment after I handed him the letter back, and if I did hear a suppressed sob, what of it. He cloaked his feelings by an effort, and I did likewise. That day I saw my people for the last time. That it broke my mother's heart I know. However, we finally landed in Sydney three

years ago almost to a day. Those three years have held nothing for me but misfortune, born of my own folly. At first my pride forbade me to do manual labor, but poverty is a hard taskmaster, and finally, after practically starving for a month, I went to work on railway construction up near Moree. The obvious result followed. In my weakened condition I was incapable of doing my allotted task. The men in my gang grumbled, quite naturally, and I was discharged. I came back to Sydney, and in desperation, for my wife and baby were starving, I appealed to a 'friend,' a friend, by the way, who had helped me to spend quite a considerable amount in times past. After hearing my story he said, 'Well, old boy, if a chap wants to work there's always plenty in Australia for willing hands.' That's the tale that greets me everywhere. Well, let me tell you that it is a solid indisputable fact that this is a fallacy. You require brawn and the constitution of a bullock, or brains and cash, or a trade, but brains without the cash are useless in Sydney, or anywhere else.

"Now, I suppose you wonder how I'm doing at present. I'll tell you. I'm taking tickets at a picture show at 2/6 per night, and that has to keep me and my family, and I—I am in the ruck.

"The man who gets into a ruck or groove, soon loses hope and energy, and his days are numbered. After my few pounds were exhausted, I had an experience which I can never forget. I was 'cleaned out.' I hadn't got a penny, so thinking that it was seriously time to get busy, I started out on my quest for work. I remember that it was a blazing hot day. I walked down from Darlinghurst minus my breakfast, and commenced calling into all the offices in King-st. No success. I then tried Pitt-st., as far as Circular Quay, and was told on several occasions that if I had only called last week, work was abounding, but that nothing was doing at the time, and, mind you, I was not incapable. I could speak two languages fluently, and swear in about five others, and had a good knowledge of shorthand and typewriting. By this time I was feeling very hungry and tired, so, after trying a few more offices, with the same amount of success as before, I sat down in Hyde Park disheartened, but not beaten. After resting for awhile, I made for George-street, and repeated my efforts of the morning, but nowhere was there any hope held out. Looking back I can understand one of the causes of my non-success. If you are well dressed, have had a good dinner, and can feel a few pounds in your pocket, you can face a prospective employer with an air of confidence. That was sadly lacking in my case. To continue. I slept, or rather walked about in the Domain that night. Next morning, I washed myself at a drinking fountain with a tolerable amount of success.

By this time I was almost dazed: 24 hours do not sound long to go without food, but to me, having been used to full and plenty all my life, it was telling heavily. I had been doing a bit of hard thinking during the night, and determined to go down to the wharves and try there for manual work. Full of confidence I made my way down to Miller's Point. By this time you will understand that I was not particular how much money I would get. My one idea was to get enough for one meal, and with this before me I approached the foreman. He looked me up and down, spat with a great amount of precision and reflection on a stone lying at his feet, and called to two or three men standing round. My clothes, I may say, were well and fashionably cut. The men came up, and after looking at me for a moment burst out laughing. Then the foreman, addressing his mates, said, 'Gussy 'ere wants work; just 'ave a screw at 'im, boys.' Then, diving his hand into his pocket he produced 3d., saying, 'Ere, sonny, run away 'ome to mummy and 'ave a milk shake on the way.' At this there was a burst of laughter from all. Only those who have been in the position I was in will understand the temptation I had to take the money, for at the time it would have meant such a lot to me, but, overcoming it, I turned and was walking away when one of them shouted out, 'Hi, Percy, not so fast.' Thinking they had relented, and suppressing my thoroughly outraged feelings with an effort, I approached them again. One of the men then asked me in a more kindly tone how much I wanted per hour. Never having had anything to do with unionism, I answered hastily, 'Oh, anything, 6d.; anything at all.' He immediately became aggressive. 'Garn, yer dirty scab; it's the likes of you crawling immigrants that stops a poor man from getting a living wage. Now, get out, quick and lively, or I'll stoush yer.' Now, my early training had enabled me to pick up quite a considerable amount of knowledge of 'the noble art.' After giving him all I knew for about five minutes, the strain told on me and I completely collapsed, and for quite 20 minutes 'the subsequent proceedings did not interest me.' When I came to, the atmosphere seemed changed, and the crowd that had gathered were quite sympathetic, especially the man who had 'knocked' me out. He drew me on one side and asked me my trouble. Only too pleased to confide in anybody, I told him part of my story, and added that I was willing to do anything at all to earn an honest living. My new found friend thought for a few moments, and then told me that although it would be impossible for me to get work on the wharves, he knew somebody who was 'supering' at one of the Sydney theatres, and that he thought that I might be able to get on there. He told me where to go, and, after having given me 1s., which he insisted on me taking, he returned to work.

"What a marvellous tonic hope is. After the last two days I felt passing rich with 1s., and straightway made for the nearest 6d. restaurant. What a meal I had. Never in my wildest dreams had I sat down to such,

(Concluded on Page 12.)

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A LITTLE GIRL.

(Continued from Page 3.)

a lesson from her. I am just twenty-three years old, with plenty of time to earn honor and fame for myself. But I cannot do it in this way. I cannot rise to honor with a wine-glass. No! I have been sinking lower and lower; but, thank God, He has sent this little angel here to-night. It is a message from Heaven to me. Boys, I swear to you right here, now, that I never will drink another drop, or enter another saloon so long as I live. If I cannot be your friend without drinking with you, I do not want to be your friend at all."

"Get out of here, both of you, and take the little imp along!" yelled the saloon-keeper to Mr. Kurkos and the young man.

"You bet I will go," said Mr. Kurkos, and I never will enter this place again." He took Maggy's hand and went out, saying, "We will go home now."

On the way home they passed two men and a woman standing in the snow preaching the gospel. Mr. Kurkos hesitated a moment as if to stop, then started on again. Just then, they raised their voices and sang:

"Tell mother I'll be there, in answer to her prayer;

Just tell my darling mother I'll be there."

He stopped. The words seemed to cause a cold chill to run over him. Maggy looked up at her father to see why he had stopped. His head hung low, and she saw two big tears roll down his cheeks.

"Come, daddy, we must go home to mother."

He said not a word, but let his little child lead him home. When he arrived at the house, a few neighbors were there to watch over the dead. It seemed as if he had not realised till then that his wife was dead. He approached the side of

the coffin, and gazed at the pale face. What a different look came into his eyes! All at once he had changed from a demon into a man.

"Daddy, mamma is dead. You must drink no more."

"No, so help me God! I shall never touch another drop. Oh, how I have wronged my wife! How I have made her suffer, and she never murmured. But now I shall make it up to my little daughter. I shall live as a Christian, so that I may go to my wife and ask her forgiveness."

"Thank you, daddy! Now pray."

"O my darling, I can't."

"Do pray, daddy; God will help you."

The strong man bowed his head, and there went up from the side of that coffin such a prayer of penitence, and confession, and supplication for forgiveness that must have thrilled with joy the courts of Heaven. He knelt there so long that the neighbors grew a little frightened, and they coaxed him to go to bed, to get a little rest.

He took his daughter to bed, and tucked the blankets about her as her mother always had done. Then he knelt beside the bed and asked:

"Do you know the song they sang to-night? That is the song your mother used to sing."

"Yes, daddy; I know it. Mother sang it so much, and she taught it to me."

"Sing it to me."

"Tell mother we'll be there, in answer to her prayer;

Oh, tell our mamma daddy will be there!"

—"Telescope."

THE QUERY.

In New England: "What do you know?"

In New York: "How much y' got?"

In the South: "Who are you?"

In the West: "What can you do?"—"Life."

THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

that over 22 per cent. of 950 patients had parents who had indulged immoderately in alcohol. In the same way, it is an easy matter to show that alcohol is to a large extent the cause of much of the poverty and crime of the country.

Fortunately, many victims of alcohol who have suffered most from the ill effects of this poison are locked away in our charitable and reformatory institutions, where they are kept from doing further harm to the world. On the other hand, there are thousands upon thousands of persons loose in the community who, because they are not as yet insane or criminals, are free to bring children into the world, many of whom are sure to become the inmates of our insane asylums, poorhouses and criminal institutions. We have come to learn by this time what these drinkers may do to themselves, their wives, their children and their children's children, and it is because of this common danger that most nations of the earth have combined in a common fight against alcohol. This is not a fight on a single family of Jukes, but rather against a great army of Jukes families that are everywhere rising up.

The question of the harmfulness of alcohol no longer needs debate, and the most careful study has established many convincing facts against alcohol. Medical men are as a group convinced of the need of restricting the sale of alcohol. Many go as far as to believe that alcohol as a drink must be abolished by law and the law enforced.—"The Metropolitan."

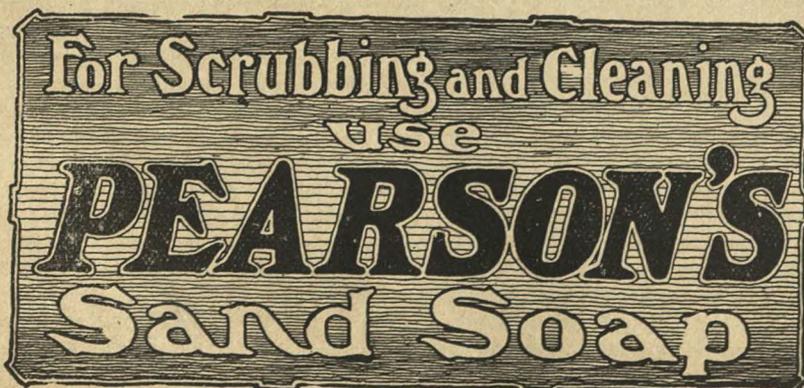
REALLY FORGETFUL.

A minister's wife, a doctor's wife, and a traveller's wife met one day recently, and were talking about the forgetfulness of their husbands.

The minister's wife thought her husband was the most forgetful man living, because he would go to church and forget his notes, and no one could make out what he was trying to preach about.

The doctor's wife thought her husband was the most forgetful, for he would often start out to see a patient and forget his medicine case, and therefore travel miles for nothing.

"Well," said the traveller's wife, "my husband beats that. He came home the other day and patted me on the cheek and said, 'I believe I have seen you before, little girl. What is your name?'"



From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

SOME BOYS AND GIRLS WHO WILL BE READ ABOUT AS LONG AS THE WORLD LASTS.

Miriam must have been a fearless little girl when she watched the cradle in the reeds, and saw the daughter of Pharaoh lift tenderly out of it her little brother. She it was who brought her mother to nurse the child whom the Egyptian princess adopted. In those ancient days childhood was kept much in the background, and the little girl especially stayed close by her mother and was not in any way brought forward into notice. As she grew up and set her hand even slightly on some thread that had to do with the world's work, the Bible records include her name, and such women as Miriam, Deborah, and Huldah are life-like figures on the page of Scripture. So, too, the names of Genesis mean as much to us as the names of women in later periods of secular history. Not to speak of Eve, the mother of the race, there are many others twinkling in brilliant light in the early panorama, women who are mentioned as daughters, sisters, brides, and mothers, women who had their share in the moulding of men and the making of empires. The little maid who sent her master Naaman to the prophet Elijah to be cured of his leprosy was probably a young girl, old enough to be of use as she waited upon her mistress. The niece of Mordecai, who became Queen Esther, and saved her people from destruction, had just passed the boundary line of childhood.

Samuel was brought up within the precincts of the temple, and while yet a child the Lord called him and unfolded to him the vision of his future life. How many times in our childhood have we been thrilled by that wonderful story of the child Samuel lying in bed and hearing the voice of God? Samuel lived to become a great prophet, occupying the front of the stage and anointing kings. He is less interesting in the fullness of his official dignity than in the days when his mother made him a little coat and came to see him once a year. What a supreme surrender she made when she so entirely left the training of the child she had prayed for in the hands of Eli the priest! Her justification was that she too, heard a divine voice and obeyed it.

David must have been a mere boy when he watched his father's sheep and was not daunted by the lion and the bear, those savage beasts which came to attack the flock. He was not much more than a boy when he said to the doubting King Saul: "Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear," and assured the king that he was not afraid of the mighty Philistine. In Bible history David's career stands out conspicuously, and he is noted for his versatility, and bravery, and faith. He sinned and re-

pented and was forgiven, and it was of David's line that the Saviour of the world was born. As in the case of the boy Joseph generations earlier, the elder brothers in the family were jealous and could not understand why they were set aside in favor of one so much their junior. His son Solomon too, interests us as a child because it was in boyhood that he made the great choice. He chose wisdom as the gift of gifts, and in its train came everything else that was desirable.

There is the little King Josiah who began to reign when he was eight years old, and who reigned thirty-one years in Jerusalem. There is no stain on Josiah's record. He was well fitted in childhood to be the great reformer he became. His grandfather, Manasseh, who came to the throne when he was twelve years old, sinned against God in many flagrant ways, but repented and made such amends as he could in the latter part of his life. All this makes us feel that God notices our boy and girl days, and that even little ones may say and do things that will be talked of thousands of years afterwards.

Dear Ne's and Ni's, life is a great thing—I sometimes think a fearful thing—and we might well pray to be earnest, humble, and full of courage.

UNCLE B.

FOR MONDAY.

AUNT AGNES READS A LONG, LONG TALE.

To sleepy Dick Aunt Agnes cried,
"Tis early yet for bed,
Come sit and listen at my side
Until this tale I've read."

The tale was very, very long,
And Dick, to keep awake,
Stared at his aunt, till—was he wrong?—
There must be some mistake?—

Her specs still round and rounder grow,
The chair and footstool fade,
And auntie dear from top to toe
In feathers is arrayed!

At length, alarmed, he cannot keep
From one long frightened howl,
He wakes—to find he'd been to sleep
And dreamt she was an owl!

* * *

Q.: "What is the most dangerous time of the year?" A.: "When the buds are shooting."

Q.: "Why is poultry farming always profitable?" A.: "Because for every grain the poultry take they give a peck."

Q.: "Why is a convicted burglar's life like the toothache?" A.: "Because it is past endurance."

A BUSY HELPER.

Amy E. Cowin, "Mona Farm," Tenterfield, writes:—

My dear Uncle Barnabas,—I am very glad to hear that you have returned from your trip to New Zealand, and I sincerely hope that you have benefited by it, as you were very hardly worked before going. Did you not receive my painted post-card? I thought you might not, as I did not see any account of it in "Grit." However, perhaps you are too busy, as you said you could hardly find time to write even a few words to your Ne's and Ni's. I went over to my brother's last week, and stayed all day, and spent a most enjoyable time. My little nephews and nieces are always glad to see me, and we have grand fun. I took part in the Methodist annual continental. I collected 10s., and also helped in the soft drinks and ice cream stall for one afternoon and two nights. It is getting late, so I must now close. With much love to all my relatives, and accept plenty for yourself.—Ever remaining, your fond Niece.

(Dear Amy,—I am sorry your painted card did not reach me for a long time. See, the postman is not as sure who Uncle B. is as you seem to be. However, I received it, as you will notice in the issue of January 4, which had not reached you when you wrote. I love to hear of my Ne's and Ni's helping as you did in the annual continental. I feel I have the very best Ne's and Ni's an uncle ever had, and I am proud of them and their doings. I hope you are going to write for the two prizes I am giving, for they will be good prizes.—Uncle B.)

A PRIZE WINNER.

Emily Mann, "Edison," Hunter-street, Glen Innes, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am very pleased to join your "ring of relatives." Last Sunday week we had our Sunday-school prizes given out. I received one for Bible lessons, and I tried very hard for it, too. I intend to study for the Scripture examination this coming year. I told you in my last letter that I would tell you who wrote to me first. Well, Miss Doris Wotton, Leichhardt, is the first one; then comes Miss Kathleen Rankin, Casino. I was told in one of my letters that you do not like your old nieces and nephews to stop writing to you. Well, if that's so, I hope some of the older ones will hurry up and write to you. I see that you have lost one of your nephews, but I hope that he will think of all of his cousins and you, and write us a few lines now and again. We had a nice shower of rain the other night, and we were very pleased to have it, because it was so dry. Our school holidays are nearly to an end now, and I hope that all who have to return to school will be in good learning form after their nice long holiday. I will write and tell you how I have spent my holidays in a few weeks' time. To-morrow (Sunday) we are having an address by a lady (Mrs. Cameron), who has given us a good few addresses throughout the year, and they were all well appreciated. I do hope that you will get a good

BOOKLET ON "HEALTHFUL LIVING" POSTED FREE.

VEGETARIAN CAFE,

45 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

few more new nephews and nieces this year who will take a great interest in No-License and also help the Seven to Seventeen's page. I think I will now close. With heaps of love to all my "cousins" and to yourself.—I remain, yours sincerely,

(Dear Emily,—Your letter is most interesting. I am glad two of your cousins have written to you. You will be kept busy before long, but remember Uncle B. comes first. You were told correctly—I do not like my old Ne's and Ni's to give up writing. I think it rather horrid of them, and I don't mind telling them so. I am so glad you are going on for the Scripture examination. We never get anything without making up our minds to try for it, and you have more than half won now you have determined to do so.—Uncle B.)

A LOVELY CHRISTMAS TIME.

Esther House, Mt. Keira, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am sending in this letter a postal note for 5s., which is our subscription to "Grit" for this year. It is raining this morning; it is so nice after so much dry weather. On Christmas Day we had a service in our little church at Keiraville; then we all went up the mountain for tea. Boxing Day a lot of friends and myself went down to the lake for the day, and then went over to Gooseberry Island, where we spent a most enjoyable time, and arrived home safely, but awfully tired. On New Year's Day the Congregational Church held their picnic. On Saturday and Monday the band contest was held. I love band music. I think this is all. So now wishing yourself and my cousins a happy and prosperous New Year, I conclude with best love.—From your loving Niece.

(Dear Esther,—What a gay time you had. I would like to have been at Gooseberry Island—it sounds nice—as long as we had plenty of sugar and cream. I love band music also, and did enjoy the Besses o' the Barn, but I did not like Sousa's band so well. It was funny; but one does not want funny music—at least, I don't. I got very angry with a boy who listened to the Besses play "Lead, Kindly Light." It was glorious. And this boy, when I asked him how he liked it, said "Not too bad." I felt I could shake him for not having a little enthusiasm.—Uncle B.)

THE COWS DON'T ALLOW HOLIDAYS.

Millie Bannerman, Sherwood, McLeay River, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I was pleased to see my letter in "Grit," and that you accepted me as a niece. What a lot of boys and girls call you Uncle. We had a nice shower yesterday. It is still very hot. I think there is more rain about. We had a very quiet Christmas. I never went anywhere for my

holidays; we have too much milking to do. You asked me which is my favorite piece of music I play. I think the "Sweet Bye and Bye" is the nicest piece I have. Our grapes are just beginning to turn. I think I will be taking up too much space on the seven to seventeen's page. I will now close with love and well-wishes to all cousins and yourself.—I remain, your fond niece.

(Dear Millie,—First of all, let me say don't ever be afraid of writing too long a letter. I am like everyone else, I love long letters. I am sorry the cows don't take a holiday and kept you busy. I expect you have to get up very early, but that does not matter, does it, as long as you go to bed in good time. Have you ever seen a milking machine? I have, and I was very interested to find that while it was very good, it needs a human hand to finish or the cow would be spoilt. It taught me the value of the human touch, and made me think some sermons are like the milking machine—they must be followed by a handshake and a kind word or they may do no good.—Uncle B.)

A POST CARD.

Dear Beryl,—Thank you for your New Year card and wishes. It was very nice of you to remember me.—Uncle B.

A NEW NE.

Dudley Holland, Brookida, Alstonville, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I would like to become a nephew of yours. I enjoy reading Page 11. I am 12 years of age, and I am living at my auntie's place, Mrs. W. Crawford. If you are Mr. Hammond, you have been staying here. We have been having some nice rain, which we very much needed. Rev. Field is to give a foreign mission lecture, and, if fine, I will be going.—Love to all cousins and yourself, yours very truly.

(Dear Dudley,—You are very welcome as a ne., and I hope you will often write. I hope some day to pay a visit to the Northern Rivers, but I do not like going in the boat. The coach across from Tenterfield is worse, and the cost via Brisbane is awful. So what am I to do?—Uncle B.)

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

January 4.—Myra Price.

January 6.—Frances Boulton.

January 15.—Rosina Muller.

January 26.—Esther House.

May you each have a happy birthday, and many more of them. I will give you the text my mother wrote in the Bible she gave me on my twelfth birthday:—"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Eccl., chapt. 12, verse 1. "Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."—Verse 13.

TO BE LEARNT ON THE BIRTHDAY MORNING.

Make a little fence of trust around to-day,
Fill the space with loving work and therein stay,
Look not through the sheltering bars upon to-morrow,
God will help thee bear what comes of joy or sorrow.

The Legion of the Lost Ones.

(Continued from Page 9.)

as it seemed to me, epicurean feast. The sloppy tea was transformed into nectar of the gods, and the gristly steak into ptarmigan. On coming out I happened to glance at myself in a mirror. After looking at my reflection for a moment or two in amazement, I realized that my plight was now worse than ever, for my left eye was almost closed, and my forehead bruised. Who, I asked myself, would employ me in this condition? Then followed another afternoon of heartbreaking efforts to secure employment, with hope completely gone.

"10 p.m. that night found me sitting in Hyde Park, opposite Bathurst-st., and as I looked at the obelisk there it reminded me of Cleopatra's Needle in the Embankment, London, and bitter, probably unmanly, tears of mortification, and worse, self pity would not be repressed, and I asked myself whether the future could possibly hold out inducements strong enough to compensate for the mental anguish I was suffering at the moment. And some small evil voice seemed to be whispering, 'Why fight on against hopeless odds? Finish it; one quick plunge into the harbor, then rest—peace—forgetfulness.'"

FRETTING.

There is one sin which is everywhere under-estimated, and quite too much overlooked in valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech; so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone, we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets; that is, makes more or less complaining statement of something or other which, most probably, every one in the room, or in the car, or on the street corner, it may be, knew before, and which probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, ill-cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith has resulted in discomfort. There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we are prone to trouble "as sparks fly upward." But even to the sparks that fly upward, in the blackest smoke, there is a blue sky above, and the less time they waste on the road, the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all "time wasted on the road."—"Herald of Peace."

The Feats and Defeats of Liquor.

PROHIBITION DOES PROHIBIT.

CONVICTIONS FOR DRUNKENNESS FOR SIX MONTHS ENDING JUNE, 30, 1911.

The following figures are compiled from a return laid on the table of the House of Representatives at Wellington, New Zealand, on the 26th October last, 1911:—

UNDER LICENSE.				UNDER NO-LICENSE.			
	Popu- lation.	Con- victions.	Per cent.		Popu- lation.	Con- victions.	Per cent.
Seaport Towns.				Camaru			
Greymouth	5469	84	1.54	5152	25	.48	
Whangarei	2664	64	2.40				
	8133	148	1.82				
Gisborne	8196	202	2.48				
Mining Towns.				Waihi			
Reefton	1912	39	2.04	6436	4	.06	
Winton	564	20	3.55	Paeroa	2202	0	
				Karangahake ..	2952	0	
	2476	59	2.43		11,590	4	.03
Agricultural Towns.				Masterton			
Hastings	6282	97		6500	16		
Pahiatua	1358	25		Milton	1347	3	
Carterton	1546	20		Kaitangata ...	1567	0	
Hamilton	3542	49		Mataura	1199	0	
Taihape	1557	143		Balclutha	1261	0	
Morrinsville	567	14		Eketahuna	608	0	
Riverton	936	15		Geraldine	945	0	
	15,788	363	2.31		13,427	19	.14
Commercial Towns.				Invercargill ..			
Palmerston North	10,991	213	1.94	14,170	64	.054	

REDUCTION IN VICTORIA.

The total number of hotels closed since 1907 is 512, the compensation paid amounting to £243,443.

This compensation money is raised by the Trade contributing a percentage of its takings to a special fund. A Reduction Committee determines what hotels will close their bars and the amount of compensation. The expenses of this committee are also paid out of the Trade's fund. Not one penny of the compensation is paid by the State.

STRUCK BY BOTTLE.

The danger of throwing articles from railway trains was illustrated on Jan. 11, when John Thompson, a fettler on the railway, was struck on the head by a beer bottle cast out of the train by a passenger near Dapto.

Thompson had stood aside to allow the train to pass, when he was struck violently behind the ear. The blow felled him to the ground. He was carried home in an unconscious condition by fellow-workmen, and he remained unconscious for several hours.—"S.M. Herald."

FREE FIGHT.

The North Eton mill at Mackay closed on January 5, and the men were paid off. A hogshead of beer was provided. Under its influence the recent strike was raked up, resulting in a free fight, in which almost everyone present took part, several being badly knocked about.

SUPPOSED SUICIDE.

The unknown man whose dead body was found by Senior-constable Frith, of the Water Police Station, floating in Darling Harbor on December 31, has at last been identified.

The senior-sergeant knew him personally for 15 years, and states that he drank to excess at times.

OVER A GLASS OF BEER.

A country visitor, Alfred John Marshall, has reported to the police that while in an hotel in George-street West last week he was robbed of £102 in notes and gold, two watches, and a guard, of the total value of £113. The property is alleged to have been taken by a man who was in the company of Marshall, and was supposed to be showing him round. A suspect has been arrested.

BEER-DRINKERS STRIKE.

A beer strike took place at Cooroy, on the North Coast line, on January 6.

The local publicans mutually agreed that no drink should be served unless paid for.

A notice was posted up to this effect.

A meeting was held, and a deputation waited on each of the publicans. When they would not alter their decision a round-robin was signed not to drink at the bars until the notices were taken down.

PASS "GRIT" ON

Proclamation for National Constitutional Prohibition.

Whereas, modern science has definitely established for all time that alcohol is a toxin, the worst product of the ferment germ; a poison to every living tissue, destructive and degenerating to the human organism, striking at the health, character, and life of the individual, blasting the lives of children unborn, and undermining the integrity of the family;

Whereas, "Wine is a mocker," and the maintenance of alcoholic beverages in the channels of trade always causes their widespread use among the people, entailing incalculable economic loss in productiveness and heavy burden of taxation; turning out multitudes of slaves and solons of drink; lowering, in an appalling degree, the average standard of character of citizenship, upon which the nation's institutions and liberties must rest; bringing about the untimely death of many thousands of citizens exceeding in numbers all those destroyed by war, pestilence, fire, flood and famine combined;

Whereas, this terrible disease has been running for long centuries, and is now gnawing at the vitals of the nations and civilizations of to-day, gripping the governments of the world, and is interwoven into the political, commercial and social life of the peoples, constituting thus the deepest seated, most chronic organic disease known to the body politic and body social;

Whereas, such a disease for a permanent cure requires of necessity deep, continued organic treatment for the whole body, for which partial superficial and local regulation have always proved and from their own nature must always prove utterly inadequate;

Therefore, in the name of the World's and National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, we hereby make this proclamation for a Great Crusade to carry the vital truth to the peoples themselves in all lands, and through them to place prohibition in the organic law of all nations and ultimately in the organic law of the world now in the forming; and to this high end, we invoke the blessing and guidance of Almighty God and the co-operation of the men and women of all lands who love their fellow-men, and

To America, the birthplace of the local, State, National, and World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, we hereby proclaim, amid the smoke of the second great battle of Maine, in the home of Neal Dow and in the State which longer than any other has had a prohibitory law, that within a decade, prohibition shall be placed in the constitution of the United States; and to this end we call to active co-operation all temperance, prohibition, religious and philanthropic bodies; all patriotic, fraternal, civic associations and all Americans who love their country!—"Union Signal."

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SOMETHING LIKE A NAME.

It is one of the duties of the chief official of a Chancery Court to call out the names of the parties to a case. A perplexing task awaits this officer in Mr. Justice Warrington's Court, for amongst the actions entered for hearing during the coming term is Donnersmarckhutte Oberschlesische Eisen-und Kohlenwerke Actien Gesellschaft v. Electric Construction Company (Limited).

* * *

ON WOMAN.

When Eve brought "woe" to all mankind,
 Old Adam called her "wo-man";
 But when she "wooded" with love so kind,
 He then pronounced it "woo-man."

But now with folly and with pride,
 Their husband's pockets trimming,
 The ladies are so full of whim
 That people call them "whim-men."

* * *

A BITE.

He lent him line and rod, baited his hook,
 and then withdrew to a quiet spot to do some fishing for himself. Presently the novice nervously approached him. "I say, old chap, what do you call that colored thing on the line?" "That's the float." "Are they valuable?" "The one you have is a pretty good one. Why?" "Well, I'm sorry, old man, but it's sunk!"

* * *

A young man spending his holidays in the country, fell in love with a pretty milkmaid at a farm near by. Day after day he hovered about the farm, hoping to catch a glimpse of her, till one day the farmer caught him peering into the yard.

"What is your business here?" he shouted. The poor chap was so surprised he could only stammer, "How's the milkmaid?"

"What?" roared the angry farmer. "Our milk isn't made, it comes from the cow."

TURNED DOWN.

A washerwoman applied for help to a gentleman, who gave her a note as follows: "Dear Mr. H— This woman wants washing." Shortly afterwards the answer came: "Dear Sir,—I daresay she does, but I don't fancy the job."

* * *

One swallow doesn't make a summer, but it may start a spree.

* * *

One of my fool friends wants me to inquire if a Peruvian's bark is more bitter than his bite.

* * *

If every liquor hater, whether Prohibitionist or not, would refuse subscription to a liquor advertising newspaper, booze advs. would be as scarce as acorns on a peach tree.

* * *

"To think," said the aggrieved wife, "that after having been married forty years I should catch you in a lie. I thought you were a model husband."

"But my dear," said the repentant husband, "haven't I made a pretty good record in keeping you in the dark for forty years?"

* * *

Mr. Chatterdon: "I've decided to go into business, Miss Weatherbee." Miss Weatherbee: "I'm very glad, to hear it, Mr. Chatterdon." Mr. Chatterdon: "Ya-as; I've made up my mind to be a farmer. Think how jolly it must be to go out of a mawning and see the butterflies making butter, and the gwas-hoppers making gwass, the dear milkmaid making milk—and—all that sawt of thing, you know."

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

E. Slade Mallen, 5s. (31/12/12); A. Toombs, 5s. (31/12/12); R. H. Gordon, 2s. 6d. (6/7/12); Thos Sabin, 6s. 6d. (31/12/12); Mrs. Woolard, 5s. (21/1/13); Miss V. Musgrove, 2s. 6d. (31/6/12); Mrs. J. Bailey, 2s. 6d. (31/6/12); A. L. Wade, 6s. 3d. (7/1/12); Elsie Duckworth, 2s. 6d. (29/7/12); V. G. N. Rudder, 5s. (31/12/12); H. House, 5s. (31/12/12); John Swanson, 6s. 6d. (18/1/13); Chas. Dixon, 6s. 6d. (31/12/12); H. Hart, 6s. 6d. (26/10/12); E. Knibbs, 6s. 6d. (12/10/12); A. Graham, 6s. 6d. (11/10/12); Mrs. Hood, 6s. 6d. (11/10/12); H. McFarlane, 6s. 6d. (11/10/12); Mrs Richardson, 5s. 1d. 10/1/12); Mrs. Selley, 5s. (31/12/12); Mrs. McKern, 5s. (31/12/12); Mrs. Gurney, 5s. (31/12/12); R. McDonald, 5s. (31/12/11); Miss E. McConochie, 5s. (31/12/12); R. French, 6s. 6d. (12/1/12); W. R. Black, 6s. 6d. (19/10/12); R. J Roberts, 6s. 6d. (24/10/12); F. E. Watson, 6s. 6d. (28/11/12); Rev. S. J. Serpell, 6s. 6d. (16/11/12); Mr. H. Penn, 6s. 6d. (1/11/12); S. Morrison, 10s. (25/8/12); A. Service, 2s. 6d. 4/2/12); Miss Fripp, 5s. (31/12/12); A. M. Waters, 3s. 6d. (12/11/11); W. E. Woodward, 7s. 6d. (31/6/13).

THE GRIEVANCE.

"Martha, dear," pleaded Mr. Meekly, "I wish as 'ow yer wouldn't bring up the coal in my 'igh 'at!" "It don't do it no 'arm!" she snapped. "No, I know it don't, but when I raises it to a lady it looks as 'ow I'd washed me face with me 'at on!"

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For Fathers and Mothers.

PLEDGE IS STILL A POTENT POWER.

A TIMELY MESSAGE FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS AND PARENTS.

By HON. J. B. LEWIS,

President of the Twentieth Century Pledge Signing Movement.

Slavery, witchcraft, polygamy, piracy, duelling, lottery, and the Inquisition, all hoary with age, were abolished during the last century.

Alcoholic drink was universally used during the nineteenth century. It was administered to the newly-born infant, and was the last draught of the aged, used by every one, in every grade of society. In 1820 there was being used in the United States seven and a half gallons of distilled spirits per capita, and the amount of drunkenness in social life was appalling.

Even the church bore witness to the ravages made by the terrible scourge of the new nation. Statistics show that in every twenty of population there was one drunkard. Crime, pauperism, and wretchedness increased with awful frequency and intensity, until at last, human nature, debauched and degraded as it had become, rebelled, and a pledge-signing crusade was launched.

A CENTURY AGO AND ITS LESSONS.

On every side total abstinence societies with pledges sprang up, until they numbered many thousands. It was estimated that the Washingtonian Temperance Society alone took 500,000 pledges. John B. Gough was in the lecture field 17 years, and my research shows that in two years of that time he received 265,000 pledges. When Father Mathew came to the United States, he bore the record of having taken 5,000,000 pledges from among a population of 8,000,000, to which he added 600,000 more in America.

So general were these pledge-signing crusades, assisted by the remarkable campaigns of the American Temperance Society, the American Temperance Union, and others, including Presidents of the United States and their Cabinet officers (twelve Presidents signing a joint statement against the drink), that 15 of the then 31 States in our Union had prohibitory laws, and most of the others declared in favor of the most stringent sort of local option.

It is a significant commentary on the demoralisation produced by war, that all this wonderful accomplishment was crucified in the Golgotha of our great civil conflict in the sixties.

During that stirring epoch in the nation's history, the work of reform reached high-water mark, and that was followed by the ebb tide. In the nineteenth century, and in our land, the temperance reform was born and matured, and the grand men and women who wrought so much have bequeathed to us of the twentieth century the duty and privilege of acting as deputies of God to overthrow the doom of the liquor traffic.

In retrospect we contemplate facts that are tangible; we study conditions that were real; and from that analysis we base our conclusions for the future. We find that the fundamental principle underlying the successful temperance campaign of the nineteenth century was pledge-signing, and this, the most essential item of the temperance propaganda, has fallen into disuse in recent years. A notable exception was Francis Murphy, who took 45,000 pledges in Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1876, while the movement he forwarded influenced 10,000,000 pledges in the entire country.

THE POWER OF THE TESTAMENT PLEDGE.

As president of the Twentieth Century Pledge Signing Crusade, I have had many and varied experiences, and, believing that you may be helped by some knowledge of them, I venture to mention a few instances frankly and without reserve. As a rule adults will not sign pledges, so my work has been largely among the young. In my early efforts in pledge-taking I used a testament, on the inside cover of which was a double pledge. One of these was given to each signer. Both leaves of the pledge were signed, giving name and address, and one was detached and kept by me. At stated times I wrote an encouraging letter to each signer, but this became impracticable when the pledges numbered many thousands.

I made frequent visits to the Lyman School for boys at Westboro. Sometimes several hundred would sign on a single Sabbath, each taking a testament for his own, and I retaining the duplicate pledge. Many a time I have been accosted on the street by those who were boys in that school, and told how the pledge had helped them. Only a few days ago, while I was riding on the steam cars, the newsagent coming through the train spoke my name and insisted on leaving a number of periodicals without pay. My curiosity was naturally aroused as to why, and on inquiry I learned that he had signed one of the testament pledges, and though while still a boy he was offered drink in the smoking-car, he kept his pledge, read the testament, and is now doing well and caring for his mother.

A man partly intoxicated signed a pledge in a testament in Salem Willows. Years afterwards the president of the Y.M.C.A. at Beverly was called to the bedside of a dying man, and was told that the pledge signed at Salem Willows had led him to total abstinence and the testament had led him to Christ. The Y.M.C.A. president found my name on the pledge inside the book and gladly told me the incident.

The fact that many people do not care for the Protestant version of the Scripture, together with the expense, has caused me to adopt a lithographed card pledge, 9 x 6 3/4 inches, quite inexpensive, but the most ornamental one now used in the world. It is made to hang up, and is constantly in evidence, a lasting silent reminder of the intent to lead a sober life. Miss Frances E. Willard said that 90 per cent. of the young people who sign the pledge keep it. Conscience is still a mighty factor for good, and that is why I believe in pledge-signing, urge it, and incorporate it in my work.

WHERE AND HOW TO USE THE PLEDGE.

The questions, "When?" and "How conducted?" may be answered in a few words. Having aroused the better instincts of human nature by earnest appeal, then is the time to bring results by the individual pledge, being something tangible from which reformation may begin. As you would throw a plank to a drowning man to assist him in the struggle with the waves which threaten to engulf him, even so the realisation that he has given a sacred promise helps sustain an erring one until he feels the solid earth beneath his feet.

We have presented the subject of temperance in many phases, by many theories and arguments, and yet, while we have created sentiment in favor of total abstinence, there still remains the lamentable fact that since the civil war the amount of drunkenness in our country has increased by leaps and bounds. In 1855 we used four gallons of alcoholic drinks per capita. This has gradually increased until in 1910 it reached the enormous amount of twenty-two gallons, and the liquor traffic was never stronger than at the present time. It represents great wealth, splendid combination, and organization, and every individual interested votes as one man.

To-day this terrible monster is straining every nerve to fasten the drink curse more firmly upon the life of the nation, whose partnership with the liquor traffic brings to the Government hundreds of millions of blood money yearly, giving the saloons a strangle-hold, making them stronger to compel and enforce their corrupt devices.

There is to be no surrender to the liquor traffic, because we know it to be the deadly foe to God, home, humanity, our country, and morality, and gathering knowledge from the past, to be our guide for the future, let us agitate, educate, and organize for legislation, and on all occasions be sure to crystallise all temperance sentiment into a pledge.

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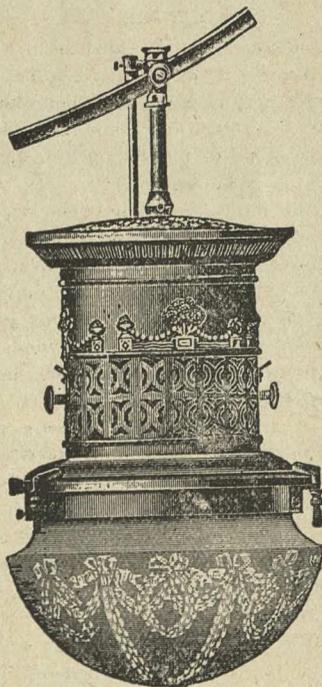
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