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A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

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VOL. V. No. 32. Price One Penny.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1911.

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

The Arch-Deceiver.

The voice is the voice of
Jacob,
But the hands are the hands
of Esau.

The Arch-Deceiver says: "I hate drunkenness"—yet he alone makes them.

He says: "I hate No-License; it sends drink into the Homes"—and yet he has a bottle and jug department to supply the home drinkers, and prints millions of bottle wrappers with deluding statements about the benefits of liquor.

Oh, Lord, open the eyes of the Blind Man.



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STERN VITAL FACTS.

Effects of Alcoholic Indulgence.—Results of Drinking in Everyday Life.—What Science Has to Say, of Counsel and Warning.—Realities to be Carefully Pondered.
Shall We Give Wine and Beer to Children?

(By MISS CORA F. STODDART.)

Some parents who do not know the nature of beer and wine give them to their children with disastrous results.

A school teacher in Vienna made an investigation among over 500 school children. He divided them into five classes: the children who never had any alcoholic drink, those who had it occasionally and those who had it once, twice or three times daily. Then he turned to the scholarship records. He found the proportion of highest marks decreased and of the lowest marks increased with the frequency of drink using.

Why cite these facts here? you ask. We do not give our children drink. This is why. The same story comes to us of the effects of alcohol upon children in Hungary, in some parts of Germany, in Bohemia, in Italy. Every year, thousands of these people—parents, boys and girls—come to our continent. The parents do not leave behind them at Montreal or Ellis Island their practice of giving their children these drinks in the ignorant idea that they are harmless or even beneficial. Many teachers in this country find among their pupils boys and girls who are sleepily stupid because of beer taken with their breakfast or dinner.

These boys and girls are to be the citizens of to-morrow, who will help to decide whether this shall be a sober or a drunken continent; they are to be the fathers and mothers of the new race that is forming. If they grow up to be drinking citizens, by so much will they help postpone the day of national sobriety; as drinking parents they are practically certain to add to the unfit of the race instead of contributing to a new and better race. It is of immense importance, therefore, that as these people come to our shores to-day, they be met at the beginning with education in the school, in the workshop and in the home as to how drink handicaps, and the reasons for letting it alone.

A Check Upon Skill.

The efficient workman needs not only strength and endurance, of body, quickness of mind, but the skill and exactness which show that brain and hand are working together.

A bookbinder once apologised for some gold stamping done by one of his employees,

originally a fine workman, who had become a drinker. He had stamped the cover too deeply. His judgment, and perhaps the nerve control of his muscles, had been injured by the alcohol.

Watchmaking, piano-making, many kinds of machine work, require a degree of delicacy and precision which we know now are usually impossible to the drinker because his brain and nerve control have been impaired.

A test of precision in marksmanship was made in the Swedish army. Out of thirty shots fired in quick succession the abstaining days gave an average of twenty-three hits.

On a second series of days, the men were allowed brandy containing alcohol equal to what one would get in two to two and one-half glasses of beer. Twenty to thirty minutes later they had their firing test. The record of the hits showed, on three days, an average of only three hits out of thirty shots.

Another series of tests was performed without alcohol. This gave an average of twenty-five hits.

The wind, weather, and light were all better on the alcohol days, so that, other things being equal, the marksmanship should have been better instead of far worse, but the soldiers thought they were shooting better.

One of the most practical tests of skill and precision was the famous typesetting experiment conducted by Prof. Aschaffenburg. Four skilled typesetters were employed. Three were accustomed to drink daily. The fourth usually drank on Sundays and holidays.

A preliminary testing of the men showed the average rate of gain in the amount of work which each should be expected to make from day to day when no alcohol was given, and each man showed a gain. Then they were tested with alcohol, the alcohol being given only every other day, the second and fourth days. Two men, A and B, showed a very marked falling off from the work of the preceding day on both days that the alcohol was given.

The third man (C) gained a little on the first alcohol day, but lost heavily two days later, when the alcohol was taken.

The fourth man (D), who was the one who habitually used little alcohol, made a slight gain every day, showing that the effects of the alcohol did not tend to accumulate as they did in the other three men.

When the amount of work accomplished was measured, it was found that on an average there was a net loss of eight per cent. on the alcohol days. In other words, a typesetter who ought to be able to earn 3dol. a day is liable to earn only 2.75 dol. when he takes his beer.

The drink cut both ways. It not only took the money which was spent for the drink itself, but it took the edge off the ability to earn money. It wanted a part of the workman's capital—his earning capacity.

Alcohol the Deceiver.

In all these experiments the deceptive power of alcohol came out very clearly. The persons thought they were doing as good or even better work than usual, when really the work was poorer. A corporal in the shooting test, as he lay down his rifle, remarked: "I am sure a man shoots better after he has had a drink." The typesetters were all accustomed to drink, and before their experiment would not admit that their drink made any difference with their work.

Down through the ages, alcohol, by its narcotic power, has been the greater deceiver. It has made men think they were warmer when they were really cooler; it has made them think they were stronger when they were really weaker; it has made them think they were brilliant and witty when they were really garrulous and foolish.

The Story of the Microscope.

We can understand the reason for these disorders in the working of brain and nerves and muscles when they are studied through the microscope.

The human body is made up of little units which are called cells, and everything that is done in the body depends on the action of some of the many kinds of cells.

The nerve cell has long, branching fibres, along which messages run to and fro in the body, somewhat like telegraph messages over a telegraph wire.

All cells are nourished by food material carried to them by the blood.

In that part of the brain where thought takes place there are cells with delicate fibres branching out in many directions, interlacing with one another somewhat like branches of forest trees, and they are supposed to connect one part of the brain with another. Because of this they are called "association fibres."

(Continued in Next Issue.)



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Our Ungifted Member.

THE STORY OF A PATHETIC GIFT AND A NOBLE WORK.

(By Rance Leyton, in "Presbyterian.")

(Continued from Last Issue.)

Anyway, Johns was taken to the people's heart, and when additional elders were wanted they went for him to a man—and woman. How the minister reasoned him out of his modesty and got him to accept the office, I can't say, but I know the chief elder's scruples had again to be allayed. "It was good to have grace, no doubt—he had nothing to say against that—but there were offices that required a gift or two besides," etc., etc.—the old story over again, with the same ending.

Our chief elder was a character; he had been at the initiation of the church, as no one was suffered to forget from his frequent and impressive references to the fact. What was better, the had faithfully borne the heat and burden of the day without spoiling the circumstance with too much allusion to it. It was, perhaps, only natural, therefore, that he should have got it into his head that the church belonged to him; it is a failing some good men possess who have been "at the biggin' o't."

We did not mind this very much; we knew the good heart that was underneath all surface faults, and honored the man accordingly—quite accordingly. If ever we were tempted to yield to an aggressive spirit concerning him it was in the exercise of his special "gift." It was prayer. Now, we were neither Pagans nor hypocrites; we loved prayer, and were grateful for every whiff of the true fragrance; but when it came to an oblique recital of the Shorter Catechism, with inordinate excursions to the higher Alps of the Confession of Faith, we did sometimes feel wicked enough to admit the "gift," but with marks of interrogation concerning the giver.

Out of evil, however, good came; this wonderment about our brother's gift made us humble concerning our own, lest it might appear in the eyes of others as no better. But this is aside from the story.

Johns was a faithful shepherd of the dumb sort; nothing could induce him to lift his voice in public; by the way he gathered his share of the flock to services on the Sunday, and, in a large measure, on the week-night, too, was a rebuke to us all. He missed folks quickly; if the wonted place was not filled on Sunday by the wonted worshipper put under his shepherding, the said wor-

shipper would be there the following Sabbath, or was on a journey, or ill, for he had been looked up during the week. Most liked this, for there is something in every man that is not displeased at being reckoned of some importance; but some did not like it—and came regularly, so as not to make a visit needful; everyone honored Johns for his kindly faithfulness.

The district assigned to him was a poor one, verging down to poorer and poorest; it was decidedly also out of Johns's way home from business; yet it became his regular route. I often met him in it, once with a brown-paper parcel which I found out, in a roundabout way, contained a pair of strong boots and a jacket to give a bright lad a start in his first situation—got for him by Johns.

Another discovery of his "ungifted" character I made: he could both preach and pray if his audience was limited to one or two, one being ill or in trouble of some sort. His name was a by-word among the poor folk, and was synonymous with angel.

He took up with a curious companion, or was, at all events, very frequently in his company—a young man I knew to be a noted atheist, son of an atheist, and noted propagandist of atheism. I wondered if Johns knew the character of the man, but did not care to enquire. I was certain that whatever Johns was about was good, and felt it would take more atheism than the neighborhood possessed to rob his faith of any of its brightness.

But I confess I was astonished when I saw, not only this young man, but his wife also in church one Sunday morning. They were irregular at first, then fairly regular, till, finally, they were never absent. The attitude of the young man, at first, was that of a superior tolerating the crudities of a dimly enlightened and untravelled mind, but after a while he seemed interested enough to make notes of the discourse, without, however, compromising the lofty air.

So it went on for some months till I ceased to notice them, as you cease to notice a picture that has grown familiar to you, even while you are staring hard at it. One day, however, I was struck with a remarkable change in the expression both of the young man and his wife: there was no longer any-

thing critical or patronising, or superbly tolerant in their attitude; they were, if I could judge aright, humbly, thirstily drinking in the Word of Life. Johns must have noticed this, too, for his eyes were beaming with a softened light, as when the morning sun shines through filmy mists.

I was not altogether unprepared then, when at our next session meeting, amongst other names submitted for membership by the minister, were those of the whilom atheist and his wife. He had examined them, he explained, and found them worthy, but they would need to be baptised. He had evidently not intended to say more, and I could not but admire his delicate feelings; but the need for baptism woke up the catechetical "gift" in the chief elder, who put question upon question to the antecedents of the neophyte pair.

Then the whole story came out. Johns had got acquainted with this young fellow, and, with that penetration of character which only children and simple natures possess, had seen that the young man was honest and sincere according to his light. All he needed, Johns thought, was more light. He found out a hobby the young man had, and straightway let himself go crazy on the same; this threw them often together. Nothing was said about religion at first; all was hobby—hobby, hobby only—necessitating the young fellow, and his wife also, being often up at Johns's house, where the bit of supper was always followed by family worship.

For many a night neither the young atheist nor his wife would kneel: they simply tolerated; but it was natural that the conversation should sometimes thereafter turn on religion, with the upshot that the young fellow consented to come and hear our minister for himself, and make notes of all the statements to which objection could be taken.

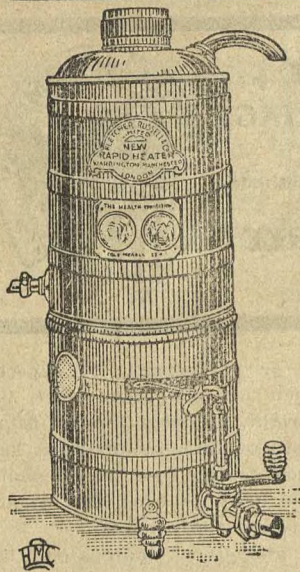
These objections Johns answered, as best he could; at other times he would ask leave to think them over. This meant that he called on our minister, who was in the plot, and with his help the shallow objections were so met that the objector became ashamed of taking notes; then came the simpler and more docile spirit, with the eventual acknowledgment.

(Continued on Page 7.)

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New South Wales Alliance.

NOTES AND COMMENTS BY THE SECRETARY.

A gold medal is to be given for the best essay on "The advantages of No-License." Full particulars as to conditions will be supplied later.

At the State Council (October), Mr. Caldescoat, one of the hon. secretaries of the Tennyson Smith Committee, reported that fixtures had been made for Mr. Tennyson Smith to hold short Missions at Leichhardt, Balmain, Rockdale, Bondi Junction, and one night in the city for the presentation of his extraordinary and popular drink drama—"The Trial of Alcohol."

Mr. Tennyson Smith is quite a unique orator, and we advise not only our friends in the metropolis but in the country, wherever possible, to arrange their visits to the city so as to synchronise with Mr. Tennyson Smith's mission dates—November 11-22. As Mr. Tennyson Smith goes on to England, there will be no other opportunity of hearing him in Australia, and those who fail to be present will be sorry afterwards when they find they have missed hearing so unique and powerful a speaker.

At the State Council last Monday, the hon. treasurer reported on the financial state of the Alliance, and the report was so favorable that the State Council was quite heartened. It is evident that if we continue along the present lines—largely initiated by our hon. treasurer and strongly supported by him financially—we shall soon arrive at a sound financial position which will free those of us more immediately engaged in the work for the actual fight instead of as now absorbing so large a proportion of our time and energy in the mere asking for money.

In this connection let me again appeal to our wealthy friends—the Christian and patriotic rich men and women of the community. The largest single donation to the Alliance during the two years I have been honored with the position of secretary, has

been £50. For such a work as the Alliance is undertaking, £50 is not an adequate sum for our high water mark. Are there not at least four or five friends of God and the people who will donate £100 each to our campaign work? "The fields are white already to harvest." Nearly a quarter of a million voters have been won to the No-license side. If sufficient funds were available at once to carry out the campaign of education so absolutely essential to our success, the better conditions we all long to see would rapidly be reached, and incidentally a great proportion of our drink-caused suffering and disgrace would be avoided.

We do not hear enough about the earlier closing petitions. A circular letter, with the correct form of petition, was sent from this office to every Minister of every church throughout the State, including our friends of the Roman Catholic Church. Also to the official head of each Good Templar Lodge, Rechabite Tent, Women's Christian Temperance Union, Sons and Daughters of Temperance Division, Christian Endeavour Society, etc., etc. Our champion in the House, Mr. Albert Bruntnell, M.L.A., with the Hon. W. E. V. Robson in the Legislative Council, may be depended upon to leave no stone unturned to carry through the Bill to a successful issue, but in a question of this character, where such enormous vested interests are arrayed against us, support by the voters on a very large scale is absolutely necessary. Therefore readers are asked to stir up interest in this question in their respective electorates.

A lengthy discussion took place in regard to the hours of sale by licensed houses, and a report presented to the council, recommended that the new bill to be presented to the House by Mr. Bruntnell, set forth that the bars be opened from 8 to 8 from Mondays till Friday, and from 8 to 1 o'clock on Saturdays, but a previous resolution of the

State council favored the closing of bars at 6 o'clock. Finally, it was moved by Rev. Jas. Steele, seconded by Mrs. Courtenay Smith, and carried, that the report as presented by the president, be adopted.

Forms of petition can be obtained from this office, and names can be obtained by anyone willing to go to the trouble to get them. All petitions ought to be in the hands of the member for the particular electorate where the names are obtained not later than 15th November.

Complaints were made that in many cases the circular letter with form of petition posted from this office had not been received by the persons to whom they were addressed, and the State Council ordered an enquiry to be made.

Mr. George Walden, M.A., one of the most honored ministers of the Churches of Christ, has been compelled to resign from his position as vice-president of the Alliance owing to the pressure of other urgent church and missionary work. I interviewed him, hoping that he might be able to retain his position with us, but when I found that in the effort to keep up with his multitudinous duties he had been working from 6 in the morning till 12 at night, in addition to employing a typist I felt it would not be fair to trespass upon his good will. He is with us heart and soul still, but has to withdraw from active participation in our committee work. The last State Council, on the motion of Mr. W. Winn, seconded by Dr. Caro, unanimously resolved that Rev. Jas. Steele "Be now appointed to the position of a vice-president of the N.S.W. Alliance."

Rev. Jas. Steele, on behalf of the Temperance Committee of the Presbyterian Church, is an alert up-to-date worker in the Temperance cause, and has for long taken a keen interest in Alliance affairs. We welcome him heartily to this new dignity. Mr. Steele when the vote was passed, in acknowledging the confidence of the Council, mentioned that he looked upon it as an honor done to the Presbyterian Church, but our

(Continued next page.)

Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

A SENSE OF PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

We noticed in last week's "Telegraph" that a paper on the above was to be read at the Baptist Conference, and it set us thinking: What an immense field for speculation? Is our sense of personal responsibility declining in the home, the business, in politics? It is an important question. How great is one's influence, could one only fully realise it. It is boundless.

The old parable of the stone thrown into the lake and the ever-widening circles which reach even to the opposite shore is not inappropriate here. But the waves of our influence are infinite. It has been charged to us, however, that we are disregarding our personal efforts in reform movements. The liquor people are very forcible in their denunciation of our "wrong methods." Why go after the Government when there is so much to do in other ways? Oh, dear friends of the Opposition, how solicitous you are of our welfare! How tender your advice!

We shall most certainly confine our attention to the Legislature a little longer. But other people, true friends to the Temperance movement, and not traitors seeking their own ends, tell us we have been doing more propaganda work and LESS PERSONAL WORK. The former is all right—nothing to worry about there. We can't do too much, but we must not lose sight of the latter. Our personal responsibility—our right to show a "light" to those in darkness—our right to abstain from what is lawful to us and not so to them—what of these things?

What are we doing, again, in our pledge and blue-ribbon work? Have we lost sight of the many victories gained before? Each Church member, at any rate, cannot shirk this responsibility. He must be interested in blue-ribbon work; to him every drunkard

brings home the "sense of responsibility." The young must be warned and instructed. We remember years ago how frequently one heard in church announcements the weekly "Temperance" meeting given out. It is not so frequently announced now. The personal work tells. It must be carried out thoughtfully and tactfully. We must give our best attention to our work. The results will be greater than we expect.

My friends, whether we feel our responsibility keenly or let it sit lightly upon our shoulders, remember, we cannot escape it. Our responsibilities are also our privileges, and one day we will regard them as such whether we do now or not.

LATE MR. NORMAN SELFE.

The community has sustained a distinct loss by the death of Mr. Norman Selfe. He was a man of a very original and inventive turn of mind. He designed the old Wallaby, the first double-ended screw-driven ferry steamer in the harbor; also the first torpedo-boats stationed here. Several gunboats used in the New Zealand war were also built to his design, and many useful machines, engines, lifts, etc., can be placed to his credit. In all these he was a pioneer who led the way—and from his genius many other people gathered ideas they would never have dreamt of. All the world loves a man who fights his way up the ladder of success, rung by rung, and on his own merit. This Mr. Selfe could claim to have done, and we hold his determination and perseverance up to our young people as something to be admired and copied.

All honor to the man who wins out on his own initiative and carves his way to fortune. We have need of such men, and never more so than at the present moment.

New South Wales Alliance.

(Continued from Page 4.)

president immediately assured him that it was not less so to himself. We are sure of a practical co-operator in all our efforts in the person of Rev. Jas. Steele.

* * *

Some vacancies in the State Council were also filled, by the appointment of the following gentlemen:—W. J. Green, Esq., of Burwood, formerly a Grand Chief of the Good Templar Order, and a practical friend of the Alliance; Mr. J. A. Packer, Editor of the "Watchman"; and Rev. Mr. Touchell, minister of the Kogarah Congregational Church. Three valuable additions to our strength.

* * *

A letter from a friend gave some startling information in regard to irregular work in connection with the last Local Option Poll, and an enquiry is to be made. If there is underhand work done in connection with the voting papers, the facts ought to be brought to light, and the quarter million

No-license voters ought to insist that justice be done them.

* * *

I concluded my last tour with meetings at Newcastle and Minmi. At the former city an audience of 2000 gathered and listened for about 1¼ hours with great interest to the lantern lecture, "The Great Hypnotist." The Seventh Day Adventist Church organised the meeting in connection with their annual camp, and so far as I could learn it was the biggest No-license meeting on record in that district. At the close of the meeting Pastor Fulton handed me a cheque (on behalf of the Adventist Church) for £50 for campaign work of the Alliance.

* * *

A plan of campaign which, if carried through during the next few years, will, under the blessing of God, bring the Alliance into a strong position both as regards organization, finance, and the education of the electors, was submitted to the State Council on Monday, 16th, and approved. A small committee of experts was appointed to consider each feature of the plan, and bring up

a report to the State Council. It is not too much to say that the far-reaching and comprehensive plans submitted by our hon. treasurer, Dr. Caro, won the admiration of all.

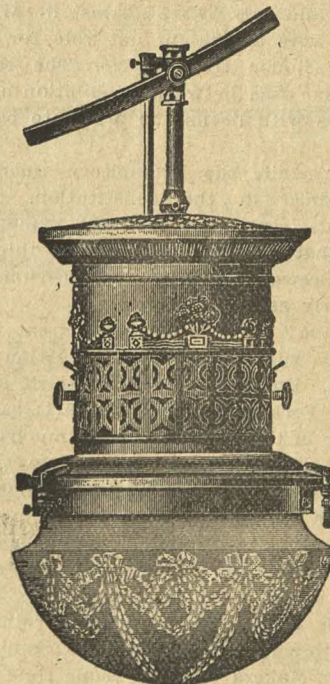
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My two days' mission at Minmi was a good success. Miss Glisgow, Miss Pennington, and Miss Agnes Canning undertook the advance to victory work. Mr. Canning, who used to organize the missions so thoroughly, is away on Presbyterian Home Mission Work, but his son James is excellently well following in his father's footsteps. Rev. Mr. McCallum, just from Bonnie Scotland, is a new helper for the cause, and Rev. Mr. Thomas, of the Methodist Church, will go with us heartily in every advance to victory.

Mr. William George, brother of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the close of the quarterly meeting of the Carnarvonshire County Council, of which he is chairman, gave a luncheon to all the members and officials. "No intoxicants; no toasts," was the special notice on the invitation cards. The firm of Lloyd George and George has never accepted a bribe in connection with the liquor traffic. Once a firm of brewers offered a fee of 100 guineas for a single day's appearance at a local petty sessions, but the offer was refused.

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Maine and Prohibition.

By JOHN COMPLIN, Secretary

I find in my touring about the State that there is an impression prevalent that Maine has reverted to a licensed system as a result of the recent voting there, and, therefore, the cause of Prohibition, after a fifty years' trial, is defeated.

While admitting that the result of the recent voting is no help to the Prohibition movement, I would like to point out that the actual facts of the case do not warrant such a pessimistic conclusion.

The question submitted to the electors was: "Shall the Prohibitory amendment to the State Constitution be repealed?" The response of the people by the insignificant majority of 26 was said to be "yes," the total voting being 157,000.

What then follows? The immediate repeal of Prohibition? By no means. Prohibition still operates in Maine, but—and this is where the risk to the cause of Prohibition comes in—it can be repealed by the State Legislature without reference to the people, although it is not likely that so small a majority would be regarded as a mandate to do so.

But why was the vote for the Prohibitory amendment in the minority? The last vote which was taken in 1884 showed 70,182 for Prohibition, and only 22,811 against it. Was the present vote a straight out vote for or against the liquor traffic? No. The real practical issue was between Prohibition and Local Option with license as a remote possibility.

Of course while the Prohibitory amendment remained in the constitution, the Liquor trade could not lawfully exist in Maine. That was a condition of things which the Brewers could be depended on to alter as early as possible.

"The Trade" therefore took a great interest in the submission of the question to the electors. Bonfort's wine and spirit circular (New York, February 25th, 1911) said: "The Trade in this section is very much interested in the fact that Maine is to vote upon the repeal of Prohibition in September, because it is thought that the overthrow of Prohibition in Maine would have a tremendous moral effect throughout the country."

A recent report from Maine stated: "The campaign is proceeding with extraordinary vigor on both sides. The National Organization of Beer Makers have for some time invaded the State with its emissaries. The insidious device of these brewers, who are lavishly financing and directing the fight against Prohibition, is to support through the said agents the cry for local option. They are of course opposing local option in other States, but the idea is to win anyhow, for, as another great brewery company declares: 'The moral effect of taking Prohibition out of the Maine Constitution would be very great throughout America.'"

The ability displayed in making the issue appear to be merely Prohibition versus Local Option, may be judged from the following statement of the repealer's side, pub-

New South Wales Alliance.

lished as an advertisement in the "Portland Argus."

"THE ONLY ISSUE.

"A 'Yes' Vote Restores Rule of the People.
"Repeal of Amendment Does Not Repeal Prohibitory Law.

"The voters of Maine in September are to decide whether Prohibition shall be taken out of the Constitution of the State. That is the only question in relation to Prohibition to be voted upon.

"Repealing the Prohibitory amendment to the Constitution does not repeal the liquor law.

"Maine had Prohibitory laws for nearly forty years before the Prohibitory amendment was added to the Constitution.

"All the laws passed by the Legislature to prevent the sale of liquor, will be in force after the repeal of the amendment.

"Taking the amendment out of the Constitution does not in any manner change the Prohibitory laws.

"But if the amendment is taken out of the Constitution the Legislature can change the liquor laws, subject to the approval of the people.

"The Legislature, for example, can pass a local option law. To-day the Legislature could not do that because the Constitution forbids it. . . . Those who oppose local option take the ground that the people of the different committees in the State of Maine cannot be trusted to manage their own affairs.

"Those who favor Local Option declare that the people of Maine towns and cities are capable of intelligently settling local questions in accordance with general laws passed by the Legislature, etc., etc."

No doubt this is clever generalship on the part of the Trade to drive a wedge into and split open the solidarity of the anti-liquor people, but it is not the victory for them they would have us believe.

Something similar has taken place in Texas, where last autumn, at a State primary, a demand for the submission of a law for State wide Prohibition was carried by a majority of 40,000 votes. The proposed law had to be submitted to the voters, but the Governor of the State, himself an abstainer and a Local Optionist, took the stump, and with a number of like minded men pushed a strong campaign for the rights of the people in county units to decide the question for themselves. The vote polled was thus one not for or against the liquor traffic, but one in which those who favored the suppression of the traffic by the State were opposed by those who favored the continuance of the traffic and those who believed in suppression by county units, so that the restriction would not be imposed on cities where public sentiment would not support its enforcement.

The voting showed the great strength of Prohibition sentiment in Texas, for in a vote totalling 455,884 the majority against Prohibition was only 4386. The result leaves

Texas where it was with nearly two-thirds of its territory dry through local option, and the "American Brewer's Review" referring to the Texas fight, says, "This is a victory for the 'wets,' which comes nearer being a defeat than a genuine victory."

A Prohibitionist in Maine writing on the eve of the voting said: "If all in Maine who hate and would destroy the saloon refuse to be divided at this time about secondary questions of how it shall be done, they will meet the enemy's proposal to surrender Constitutional Prohibition with a triumphant 'No.'"

Apparently they failed to do so, but we must not blame them too hardly. They are weary of the eternal efforts of "the trade" to defeat the law. Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University (formerly of Maine) says: "Outside of Maine every artifice known to wicked ingenuity is used to defeat the working of the law."

Buxton, the great brewer, once said that the liquor fight was a "part of the war between heaven and hell." He was right. Who were lined up against the temperance forces? Mrs. Stevens, the great W.C.T.U. leader of America, says: "The brewers, the distillers, the liquor sellers, the gamblers, the criminals, the keepers of houses of ill repute, the promoters of the white slave traffic, and their allied forces."

Who were the supporters of the Temperance movement? The same lady answers: "The Churches, the Sunday schools, the Epworth League, the Christian Endeavour Society, the Young People's Christian Union, the Grangers, school superintendents, and other educated of the State."

Let the brewers and their agents in the tied houses withhold their cry of triumph. It is possible when Maine votes on the straight out issue—Liquor Trade or No-Liquor Trade—the result may be anything but pleasant to the Trade.

CREATION.

Thick the darkness round me closed,
A black and bitter night;
The hand of terror clutched my throat;
Oh, for a light! The light!

A friend, unsought for, came to me;
A little gleam afar
Through the blackness overhead—
Look! A star! A star!

Love a silent victory
In every soul has won;
Now glory leaps athwart the sky—
Oh, the sun! The sun!

—C. Linton, in "Munsey's."

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EAST AND WEST.

A Comparison.

The rise of the Japanese to power is not only the most important political event of modern times, but also the most important moral event. Their virtues have commanded the admiration of all civilised peoples. The Japanese have proved their stamina in a series of desperate trials and, finally in a life and death struggle with one of the strongest European powers. A great paper, the "Fiji Shimpo," has just published a series of twelve precepts or commandments, which it puts forward for universal acceptance, and strange to say these admonitions, like the Jewish Commandments, have for sanction, length of days.

The Japanese paper assures its readers that by observing these moral rules they may live to be 200 years old! Here are the Commandments:—

1. Spend as much time as possible in the open air.
2. Never eat meat more than once a day.
3. Take a very hot bath daily.
4. Wear rough warm clothes.
5. Early to bed and early to rise.
6. Sleep at least six hours each night, and at most seven and a half, in a dark room with open windows.
7. Rest on the seventh day, and during that day do not read or write.

8. Avoid every expression of anger: Never exercise the brain too much or too long.

9. Marry early; widows and widowers should remarry as soon as possible.

10. Drink coffee and tea in strictest moderation; do not smoke at all; and never touch alcohol in any form.

11. Avoid hot rooms and, indeed, all rooms heated artificially.

12. In order to strengthen such organs as may be weakened by age or use, nourish yourself on the corresponding organs of animals.

Most of these precepts are excellent, excepting probably No. 12. No. 3 may be modified to read, "take a warm or tepid bath daily."

We have much to learn in our rules of life from this indomitable, persevering, and temperate people, who have in so short a period, become a factor in the distribution of power. Many of us can remember their comparative insignificance in the order of nations, but, now from their semi-barbarous obscurity they are allied to the strongest sea-power and greatest civilising nation the world has known. Temperance, perseverance, and other virtues have overcome centuries of barbarism, and if that can be done so thoroughly and so visibly by what is termed the "England of the East," may we not hope that our own great Christian nation will yet become greater in virtues and morals of a similar character?

Our Ungifted Member.

(Continued from Page 3.)

knowledge of Christ by himself and his wife.

All the time the minister was giving this explanation Johns sat with his face very grace and pale, his eyes cast down like a man in prayer; but our chief elder got redder and redder. It was no doubt gratifying, he admitted, to hear what we had heard, but there was need for caution and thorough sifting; we were "to lay hands suddenly on no man," he declared in a pugilistic tone.

We were all sorry for poor Johns; he seemed in actual pain, but, being "giftless," could not trust himself to speak. I so far forgot myself as to say something about the "elder brother," and St. Peter at the gate, but the minister gently quelled me with a look.

"Here are two candidates for admission to the Church," he said quietly and formally; "they have been six months under Christian teaching and have duly professed their faith in the Saviour. Has anyone any objection to make to their being received?"

Not a voice was heard; only something like a suppressed sob as Johns, after waiting a little, said, "Thank God!"

We have our "giftless" elder still, and would not swap him for half a dozen of your "gifted" ones.

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TOWN HALL



TOWN HALL
TOWN HALL

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:: In aid of ::

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Men's Home)

The Pilgrim's Home

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and No-License.

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Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1911.

BANK ON FACTS.

In our temperance movement we must ever remember that the way to win is to "bank on facts." Facts tell. They are what the world is looking for. The scale must turn in our favor if we stick to facts, because they are with us. The arguments of the Trade may look imposing, but what are the realities of the position? How they alter things! Look at the recent figures sent over by our editor from New Zealand. How they annihilate the sneers of our opponents by showing that the increase of convictions for drunkenness come from open bar districts. Then, temperance workers, stand by facts, and they will stand by you. Stories and instances of great suffering caused by drunkenness are good, and at times very useful, but though real enough, we fancy the public have always their share of these right in front of them all the time. But facts showing the result of legislation in other parts of the world, the great results obtained by active pledge work, by lectures in the schools, also the facts attested to by magistrates, doctors and judges, as to the great physical and moral injury done to the young by drink and its concomitant evils—these are facts we should all have at our finger-tips. Young men, you will always be convincing in your arguments when you are convinced yourself. Why not give time to your temperance study? Give of your best. Form a little temperance library of your own. Buy one or two of the latest standard works. Give an hour or two a week to solid creative thought on the matter. It will soon prove a great joy to you to realise the results. It will strengthen your own mental apparatus. After a few months' solid study and concentrated thought you will go out armed to the teeth with facts you have thoroughly digested and feeling equal to anything. Then you will be convincing. The man who is slip-

ping into bad habits will realise your earnestness and command of your subject and be influenced by you. Isn't it worth while? The cause needs the very best there is in you. Will you not give it? You will be benefiting the whole community if you succeed in persuading even one poor drunkard to quit from his foolishness and sin and look to a higher power to aid him fight his tireless foe. Will you try?

USE YOUR INDIVIDUALITY.

Some people are of the opinion that to help with their influence means to drown their individuality. Such is not the case. One man may be a power for good on the platform and have little patience available for that sympathetic personal work which is most helpful.

Every man has a strong trait in his character—some special ability—and we think it is each man's business to find out what his forte may be. Because Jones is a fine speaker in the open-air is no reason why Robinson should force himself to try and do what he feels no aptitude for. He may find himself naturally drifting into a friendly chat with the young men about him which is prima facie evidence he is cut out for personal work. Each to his own, that is the rule, and one cannot break it with impunity. Some even may prefer to assist in the financial part of our organization and get out after influential donors. They need never fear offending us by bringing in too many sovereigns, for we need every penny we can get hold of. But, find out, my friend, what you CAN DO, and get to work and help us without bothering yourself about the particular forte of anyone else; that is their responsibility, not yours. Get to work!

RAILWAY MANAGEMENT.

The recent crowding of six carloads of intercolonial passengers into two second-class corridor cars has brought a storm of criticism upon the Commissioners. It certainly looks, on the face of it, like bad management. It would also seem that a spirit of amicable working together does not obtain between the railway authorities in the two States, else they would harmonise each other's methods a little. A big load on the Victorian side would be provided with decent accommodation on this side of the border. Surely it is not impossible to wire Albury from Melbourne as to the number of passengers on board! Instead of working each State's service independent of the other, they should work together in the general interest of the travelling public. That a woman nursing a small child should have to stand up all night in an inter-State train is not anything to be particularly proud of, and we trust never to hear of it happening again. Bad enough it is, in all conscience, to have our womenfolk hanging on to the trams on their half-hour journey homewards, but if we are not able to make them comfortable on a long 500-mile trip, it is time to call in other managers and see what they can do.

THE TOTALISATOR.

The advocates of this proposed gambling machine have been very apologetic—so much so that one feels they, too, "protest too much." It generally means that the protesting parties have a sick sort of feeling somewhere arising from a very weak case. The whole proposal has certainly not received any sort of warm welcome, and the friends of machine-gambling are feeling a little alarmed. We await eagerly the return of our Editor with up-to-date statistics, but can truthfully say in the meantime that all we have heard to date does not make us feel at all disposed towards the totalisator. It doesn't keep our old friend the "Bookie" off the green—it legalises gambling; it casts a glamor over the racecourse it does not possess now. We can see no good reason in its favor, but many against it, and have met few people from States where the machine is in use who are at all enthusiastic over it.

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever know a business man to advertise for help who specified that the applicant must be a "moderate" drinker?

Did you ever know a manufacturer to advertise that he wanted "occasional" drinkers? for work in his factory?

Did you ever know a firm to employ a confidential man on the strength of his being a booze-fighter?

Did you ever know an employer to stipulate that the man he employs must spend his leisure time in the saloon and must drink beer and whiskey?

Do you know a business house that makes an agreement with its travelling men that they must be patrons of the saloon in order to hold their jobs?

But do you not know many employers who make it a rule not to engage the services of any man who drinks or visits the saloon?

If a man is discriminated against by the business world because he drinks, even in moderation, what good reason can be given for permitting these drink resorts to exist, especially as they do not do any persons any good in any way?—American Issue.

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The Editor's Letter.

LOGIC AND LAUGHTER.

The last meeting at Gisborne was very fine, the sympathies of the immense audience which crowded every corner of the big theatre were undoubtedly touched, and they all felt the reasonableness of the appeal to their common sense to remove the cause of the world's greatest sorrows and to strike out the top line on both papers and thus vote for No-license and Dominion Prohibition. Next morning came the Australian mail. What a feast of good things! What a stirring of gratitude for loyal, loving friends and their help in my absence, and their kind letters to cheer me in the fight.

ONCE AGAIN THE SEA.

I have had some unkind things to say about the sea. It is too acrobatic for me, too playful; its humor is too boisterous. But here I must say a good word. It attempted to be decent, and like a mischievous school boy, under promise to behave, it gave us many a sly nudge. We left in the tender at 10 a.m. sharp, and in 10 minutes were alongside the ship, and an hour later, in glorious sunshine, and with a seemingly calm sea, we made our way to Auckland, a trip taking about 22 hours. I was reminded of the old riddle about the cowardliness of the sea, since so often one could see "a big swell pitching into a little cove." Well, we met with a "blind swell." Not a ruffle on the surface, and yet the boat would rise and fall as this "blind swell" came along from time to time. I joined the no-breakfast fad-dists at 8 and dispensed with tea and lunch on the ground that it is wise to give your digestive organs a rest sometimes.

AUCKLAND.

Familiar faces greeted me with the heartiness so characteristic of New Zealand, and I became the guest of one whose quaint remark three years ago has often made me smile. At a meeting of farewell my friend said, "He is a man after my own heart, and he was not after it long before he entirely captured it." A home in which there were five children seemed to me a suburb of heaven, and I was as happy as I was comfortable. I slipped away to the wharf at noon, and seeing a group of men, I proposed to discuss with them whether National Prohibition would affect wages and the labor market. I had hardly made a start when a man came up to me quietly and said, "You can't speak on the wharf." I replied, "As a matter of fact, I can't speak very well anywhere, but the wharf does not make any difference to me." However, he persisted that I must not do so. This only meant a move of 20 yards and in a few minutes a very large crowd gathered and we had a lively time. The opposition did not come from the liquor people so much as from Socialists, who did not object to what I was doing, but only the way I was doing it. We all kept smiling and parted good friends. In the evening the Hon. G. Fowlds presided at a meeting in His

Majesty's Theatre. This place is very much sought after, and the Alliance had to take it for three nights or they could not have had it, and it cost £20 a night. A charge was made of one shilling, sixpence, and the gallery free, with a collection. This filled me with anxiety, as I feared no one would come, but some 1200 gathered and they were "big of good hope," and full of enthusiasm. The most striking thing of the evening was said by Mr. Mack, railway guard, and secretary of the Amalgamated Railway Servants' Union of New Zealand. He is a candidate for Parliament in the interest of Labor, and having for a long time been in charge of the train that ran through the King Country, which is under Prohibition, he said: "I have never taken a drunken man out of the Prohibition area, but I have taken hundreds into it." As a matter of fact, the cost and scarcity of drink in "dry" areas brings drunkenness to the vanishing point.

IN THE STREET.

Again at noon I jumped on a box and had an audience of from four to five hundred. Just a few questions, and they were entirely irrelevant, and there was never an effort to controvert the facts that are so damaging to the open bar and so favorable to No-license.

"Oh! You're trying to dodge work," cried one honest son of the shovel.

"Don't you make any mistake about that, my friend. Don't think that because you've corns on your hands that you're the only kind of fellow who works. Who invented that train? Where did your telephones, your steamboats which bring New Zealand within three days of New South Wales; your motors, electric light; where do all these come from? From the man who works with his brains and who provides work for the man with the corns on his hands."

"What about sly grog shops under No-license?"

"There are more sly grog shops in Auckland, a licensed area, than in any No-license area. Anyhow, respectable men like you and I could not get into a sly grog shop. Only men with a nose like a paraffin flare and a breath like the exhaust of a motor can get inside the doors of sly grogeries. And they exist only to supply the needs of the man debauched by the open bar, and who won't be satisfied with anything less than a torchlight procession down his throat.

"I thank you all for a patient hearing. I think this crowd has treated me most fairly and is certainly the most orderly it has been my lot to address."

"We don't need Prohibition then," said a voice.

"That's not a far-seeing remark. I expect many of you men have been to races and put your money on a horse winning by a neck, carrying 8.4. What do you think would have happened if he had carried 6.10 instead? He'd have simply 'romped' home.

And so it is with this place. You are a fine community with many open bars. Close these and you will be chronic arch-angels."

THE SLUMS OF SYDNEY.

In the evening I showed some pictures of Sydney and the theatre was packed to the doors. A man and his wife from Omeo, an old Sunday School boy from St. Philips's, a lady who had sung at St. Simons's, a gentleman who had been in the "Grit" office a week ago, an enthusiastic helper of the Pilgrims' Home, and an old friend who had helped much at St. Simons's were among those I recognised, and whose friendly sympathy put one in good heart. The morning paper was kind enough to say it was a blend of laughter, tears and applause. After the pictures half an hour was devoted to No-license and Dominion Prohibition, and if any one in Auckland did not think it was needed, they were asked, amidst an impressive silence, to face the fact that last year New Zealand had 11,718 convictions for drunkenness, an increase of 1061, of which increase Auckland supplied 829.

OHINEMURI.

One of the electorates to go "dry" last poll, and one full of interest, was on my programme for the next day, and I started off by the 10 train. Mr. Marion joined me and was full of the news of the fight and hopeful about the result. At Karangahake I had an open-air meeting among the miners and found them keen and appreciative. They lately came into much prominence owing to the offer of the Auckland brewers to let them have all the profits of the pubs, in their midst if they would vote them back. The Miners' Union refused the bribe amidst the applause of the whole Dominion. A fact that they felt the full weight of was that under license the big mine would only pay once a month on Saturday, because Sunday gave a man a chance of sobering up, otherwise experience taught that many absented themselves. Now they have no pubs, and the mine pays twice a month, on the 5th and 20th of each month, no matter what day of the week these dates fall on. They have now no fear of the old drinking bouts, with the subsequent absence from work. A wonderful drive of 10 miles in the moonlight, between great hills, and following the course of the river, brought me to Waihi, a place of about 7000 inhabitants, depending entirely on the greatest and richest mine in New Zealand. Four grand services and meetings on Sunday made a full and happy day. The question of prosperity in Waihi, as in any mining town, is, above all things, dependent on the mines. A fall of some pounds in the value of the shares and an exodus of men shook the town severely; but the mine has struck it rich again, and in spite of the new blood in the place there seems to be no room for any anxiety. Waihi will remain "dry." Hei Kona ra, as a Maori would say.

PASS "GRIT" ON

DOCTORS AND DRINK.

The following is a contribution to a programme publication of the National Commercial Temperance League by one of a number of doctors connected with the Leeds Branch:—"The present-day attitude of the medical profession towards alcohol as a drug is almost entirely changed from what it was ten years ago. The reason is simply this—the scientific study of the action of alcohol has revealed the fact that the formerly believed 'virtues' of alcohol have been proved to have been in most cases anything but 'virtues,' more probably vices, and whereas we formerly believed the chief action of alcohol was stimulating, we now know that this action is very temporary, and that the more lasting effort is one of depression rather than stimulation. 'The gradual and recent discovery of several valuable and reliable medicines renders frequent resort to the use of alcohol as needless as it is often unsatisfactory.' A striking testimony to the decreasing appreciation of alcohol as a drug is seen in the hospital reports. It is interesting to look into the alcohol bill at the General Infirmary in Leeds—an institution known throughout the medical world for the original and valuable work of its staff. In the year 1901 the cost of alcoholic beverages of all kinds used for the in-patients (6398 in number) amounted to £363, roughly a cost of £1 per day. A gradual but marked decline in the use of wines, spirits, and beers for the patients has taken place ever since, and we find that for the year 1909 the total cost of all alcoholic beverages only amounts to £73 for 7357 in-patients. Compared with 1901 the year 1909 costs one-fifth the amount, with nearly 1000 more patients—4s. per day, or 2½d. per patient per annum! If our friends who 'take a little wine for their stomach's sake,' as they so love to say they do, would limit the amount to threepennyworth per annum, the social conditions of life would be so changed that much disease would give place to health, sorrow to happiness, and poverty to prosperity."

Maud: "Tom had me talk into a phonograph so he can hear my voice while I am away." Clara: "How lovely! And he can stop the machine!"

Teacher: "Tommy, do you know 'How doth the Little Busy Bee?'"

Tommy: "No; I only know he doth it!"

SIR HENRY PARKES ON DRINK.

Although the late Sir Henry Parkes was not a total abstainer in his declining days, he never missed an opportunity of speaking against indulgence in strong drink and giving the most wholesome advice to his audiences. On one of his tours in the north of New South Wales he was asked to address the parents and children at the mining town of Hillgrove, outside of Armidale, and he took as his subject, "The shocking effects of drink in parents and its baneful influence on the children." People throughout that part of the country flocked to hear him, and his almost magnetic speech against drink touched them so forcibly that many fathers and mothers and children wept to some purpose—the parents because their loose habits were truly pictured, and the children (in many cases) doubtless because they were the pained and periodical sufferers of the father's or mother's mistakes. "When the innocent and promising boys and girls get up of a morning," said the statesman, "let them feast their eyes upon the beautiful in nature, and not glasses and bottles, the remains of a night's drinking in the home; adorn the tables, the mantel, and the sideboards with flowers—cultivate the lovely plants yourselves; teach the little ones to plant and grow them about the home, and never under any circumstances allow them to see the beer bottle and jug brought into the house, or the effects of their maddening and debauchery contents, consumed with idle and backbiting chattermaggery and slander."

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HOW ALCOHOL WORKS.

A patient was arguing with the doctor on the necessity of his taking a stimulant. He urged that he was weak and needed it. Said he:—

"But, doctor, I must have some kind of a stimulant. I am cold and it warms me."

"Precisely," came the doctor's crusty answer. "See here. This stick is cold," taking up a stick of wood from the box beside the hearth and tossing it into the fire. "Now it is warm, but is the stick benefited?"

The sick man watched the wood first send out little puffs of smoke and then burst into a flame, and replied:—

"Of course not. It is burning itself."

"And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol—you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain."

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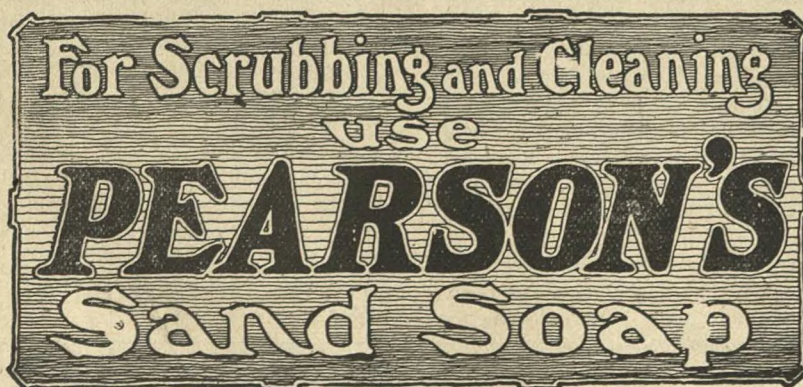
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From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

PETER AND HIS PET.

"Peter," said John Coleman to his younger brother at breakfast, "I had a great tumble over that goat of yours last night. He was right in the middle of the front path. I want father to get rid of him."

"Poor Peter!" said his mother. "Really, I wish you would consent to sell him. I think, perhaps, the butcher would buy him."

Peter's laugh vanished as he shook his head. "Buster is the only pet I have. I don't see why you all pick on him," and he fled in tears from the table.

"We wouldn't," John called after him, "but Buster doesn't earn his salt. I know some boys who do lots of work with their goats. Owen Ripley took all his father's vegetables to market with his, last summer."

"I have lots of rides with Buster," sniffed Peter.

"That doesn't count, that isn't work," returned his brother.

Peter threw back his head and left the room without looking at John. When he returned, two hours later, the house was silent. He remembered his mother was to spend the day with a friend, and he was to lunch downtown with his father. He went out in the yard to play, and noticed a pile of ashes that his mother wanted taken away.

She said that very morning, "Those ashes must be removed before my garden party on Tuesday."

Peter sat down on the porch and thought for a few minutes; then he started for Buster. "Come, Buster," he said; "we'll take those ashes away; then John can't say you're no good." Buster was soon harnessed to the little waggon; then Peter found a shovel and went manfully to work. At half-past 11 he telephoned his father that he would not be down to lunch.

"Sick?" asked his father, anxiously.

"No, I'm busy. I'll find something to eat here," and Peter hung up the receiver before his father could ask any more questions. He ate some lunch, then read a while to give Buster a long rest. All afternoon he worked hard, and by 4 o'clock the ashes were all gone. He was tired and dirty, but happy.

"I'll clean up and they won't guess," he said to himself. He secretly hoped his mother would notice the ashes were gone, but she did not.

At supper, Mr. Coleman said: "Peter, what were you so busy about to-day? It is the first time I ever knew you to miss a chance to have lunch in town."

"You'll have to find out for yourselves," was Peter's smiling answer.

"Let's find out, then," said John, as they rose from the table.

They found nothing in the house, but when they went into the yard, Mrs. Coleman noticed the ashes were gone. "Did you take away those ashes, Peter?" she asked.

"Me and Buster," was the ungrammatical reply, with a triumphant look at his brother.

"If I had known that, I would have paid you with hot biscuits and blackberry jam for supper," said his mother.

"John shall not talk about Buster any more, Peter; I'll see to that," his father said.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated John. "I guess I'll have to buy the new harness Buster needs. I believe in encouraging a good work."

"Buster," said Peter, when they were alone, "we'll do some more work next Saturday. People don't respect lazy goats and lazy boys."—"Christian Standard."

FOR SUNDAY.

Can anyone tell me what this is? It is a text in John's Gospel: "Koia ano te aroha o te Atua ki te ao, homai ana e ia tana Tama kotahi, kia kahore ai e ngaro te tangata e Whakapono ana ki a it engari kia whiwhi ai ki te oranga tonutanga."

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES.

Grace Hawkins, Wyville, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I must ask you to forgive me for not writing to you before, but I have been selling tickets for our concert, which was held on 20th inst. It was a great success, and after all expenses are paid they ought to have about £16 at the very lowest. We are having very nice weather in Cooma at present. Mother and Bertha have made two nice beds along the front of our verandah, and they are full of pansies which are blooming. Mother planted a packet of sweet-peas, which are all growing lovely. I will give you the answers to those puzzles which I sent on July 8. I made a mistake in the first one. It should have been: "Why is a watch the most difficult thing to steal?" The answers are: (1) Because it's always on its guard. (2) The houses of bald men, because their locks are few. (3) A daughter. (4) Because the train runs over sleepers. (5) In the dictionary. (6) Potatoes.

P.S.—One of my cousins got some of them correct, but I forget her name. Love to all relatives—From your fond Niece.

(Dear Grace: Thank you for your letter and the answers to your very puzzling riddles. I wonder did you ever make up a riddle all yourself? You look on another page for a letter from Mr. Marion; he has a fine lot of new jokes and riddles he has been making up in New Zealand. Did you take part in the concert? I think the best concerts are the ones in which the children take part. Be sure and write again soon.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NI. WHO THINKS SHE KNOWS.

Grace Davies, Olive-street, Albury, writes:

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Will you accept me as a Niece? I have been reading "Grit" for a long time, and like the second page in



VIOLET OF ORANGE.

Violet looks as if she could enjoy a little fun. It would not be hard to bring a merry smile to this ni's face. Write and tell us what you enjoy most, Violet.—Uncle B.

double numbers very much. I reached my teens three months ago. I have not seen you, but you have spoken here under the name of Mr. Hammond. It has been windy here lately. One night a tall dead tree covered with creeping roses of all kinds was blown down. It took the verandah post with it. We had fine weather for our show. This week is a holiday. I have to go to the doctor. I went to Sunday School to-day. I belong to St. David's S. and D. Society. Last time I was there it was a social evening, and puzzles and competitions were given. One was a test with the left hand, such as threading beads and lacing boots. I hope No-license wins next time. We did not even get reduction here last time. Father asked me to send amount for "Grit" till the end of the year. Find enclosed postal note please.—I remain your affectionate Niece.

(Dear Grace: So pleased to receive your letter and the amount for "Grit." I am glad to have you as a Ni, and hope you will often write and tell your Cousins about your lovely town. I wonder what you liked best about the show. I always love the horses, and I like to see all the animals looking so fat and comfortable and well-cared for. When you next go to a social be sure and write and tell us of all the puzzles and competitions; it will help some of your cousins when they go to socials.—Uncle B.

A NE. WHO LIKES THE BANGERS.

Athelstone Russell Ford, "Kellerberrin," Balmoral-street, Wahroonga, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Thank you very much for your birthday wishes. I found out Ann's age in "Grit," August 24. It is 18. I got to the fireworks party, and I liked the bangers best. It is Thordis' birthday to-day, and he got a Bible from one of his grannies. She gives one to all her grandchildren on their fifth birthday. He is having a music lesson from father just now; he likes it.—With love to the cousins and yourself, your loving Nephew.

(Dear Athelstone: Thank you for your nice letter. I like fireworks, but I like the rockets that burst in the air best of all. The bangers are mostly noise, and I don't care for them because I can make all the noise I want so easily myself. I once went into a mission hall where the boys were making a tremendous noise, and instead of telling them to stop I picked up a stick and made more noise than any of them, and they seemed so surprised

BOOKLET ON "HEALTHFUL LIVING" POSTED FREE.

VEGETARIAN CAFE,

45 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

that they all stopped; and then I told them any silly could make a noise, but you had to be good or clever to do something better than make a noise. How nice for Thordis to get a Bible and to be taught music by his father. I hope he will soon be able to write to "Grit."—Uncle B.)

A MAGIC GIANT.

Everard Russell Ford, "Kellerberrin," Balmoral-street, Wahroonga, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Thank you very much for your kind wishes. My birthday is on August 16. I went to two school sports at Chatswood, first Barker College, and then to my own sports (C.P.S.), and joined the egg-in-spoon race and came in about fifth. I am having holidays now. I bought four 4-inch diameter cast-iron wheels for a tender. I pretend to be the king of giants and pretend to do magic. I have been doing some soldering, and I cast a zinc nut on an old bolt, and it works well.—With love, your loving Nephew.

(Dear Everard: Your letter is most interesting. We would all like to hear more of your magic; it seems wonderful to me that you should be able to solder. I am afraid I can't. It won't stick when I put it on, and last time I tried I burnt myself. I wonder what you are going to do with the tender. You must write and tell me more about all the wonderful things you are doing and those you pretend to do.—Uncle B.)

A NI, WHO HAS BEEN TOLD A SECRET.

Judith Laycock, Coward-street, North Botany, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I am not yet one of your Nieces, but would like to be one. When I read "Grit" I always wondered who Uncle B. was. One of your nieces told me the joke last week, and asked me to write to you. Have you been to Botany? It has a very nice beach, and as you like the surf

it would suit you. It has been a dull and miserable day out here.—I remain, your affectionate Niece.

(Dear Judith: I wonder do your girl friends call you Judy? I am glad to have you as a Ni. Who was the Ni. who told you about Uncle B.? There was a Ni. a long time ago who wrote and said: "I was sure but now I am certain I know who Uncle B. is," and I envy those who are "certain sure," because I am very much puzzled about myself sometimes; and when I looked at all those pictures the other day I was quite confused. However, there is one thing I am "certain sure" about, and it is that I love my Ne's and Ni's, and am always pleased to receive their letters. So write again.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NE, WHO HAS A GOAT.

Leslie Dutton, Camp-street, Adelong, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I want to ask you if you will have me for a nephew? We are having holidays from school this week. I have a big goat which I drive in a cart, and he looks very proud as he walks along. The weather has been wet to-day and also very chilly. I put some tomato plants in to-day, and they look nice and healthy; besides these I have radishes, pumpkins, beans, and lettuce. I put two young peach trees in the other day. I cannot think of any more news this time. So good-bye.—I remain, yours truly.

(Dear Leslie: I am so glad to have you as a Ne., and think it is just splendid that you are growing such useful things in your garden. I find the radishes are the quick ones; they always come up first, and the parsnips are the slow old chaps. I know some radish boys and some parsnip boys, and you can easily tell which they are when mother asks them to go a message. What do you call the goat, and did it take long to break it in to harness? Be sure and write again.—Uncle B.)

"A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN."

The serious young woman looked up from the volume she was studying, and surveyed her sister with a grave countenance. "What are you giggling over?" she said. "You should not waste your time on nonsense." The other was laughing over a jest that she had heard, and as she rose and made a curtsy to the student she hummed a foolish verse by Gelett Burgess:—

"I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one;
And yet I think that anyhow
I'd rather see than be one."

"That," said Portia, "is an absurd jingle. How can you spend precious time over mere amusement, when there is so much trouble in the world?" Priscilla dimpled. "I am going down to make something nice for supper," she said, "and I am saving all the funny things I know that I may tell them to grandfather and make him laugh. We don't help the trouble by standing and weeping over the broken pitcher. Do let me have my nonsense, Portia. It has its place in the scheme of things." Priscilla was right. A sense of humor and a love of fun tide their possessors over some very real sorrows. Austerity has no particular claim to be considered saintly, and folly with its cap and bells once in a while does angelic work. Blessings on the children with their merry laughter. Blessings on the old people who have not forgotten how to be sunny. Take it all in all, this world of ours is not so bad a place. Every season brings its gifts of love from heaven, the skies are oftener blue than grey, the birds sing in the branches, fathers and mothers bend over the cradle, and the joy of life is deeper than the woe.—"Christian Globe."

GIVE, GIVE.

The sun gives ever; so the earth,

What it can give, so much 'tis worth.
The ocean gives in many ways—

Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays.
And so the air, it gives us breath;

When it stops giving, in comes death.

Give, give, be always giving;

Who gives not is not living;

The more you give, the more you live.

God's love hath to us wealth upheaped,

Only by giving is it reaped.

The body withers, and the mind,

If pent in by a selfish rind.

Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give pelf,

Give time, give prayers, but first give yourself.

Give, give, be always giving;

Who gives not is not living;

The more you give, the more you live.

—Anon.

"Why do they call these dentists' offices dental parlors?" asked Smith of his friend.

"Why, parlor is the old-fashioned name for drawing-room."

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• Special Oil for Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc.

For Our Encouragement.

WORLD VISION.

(Continued from Last Issue.)

PROHIBITION IN THE ORIENT.

In Asia abstinence from intoxicating drink is recognised as part of the Mohammedan, Buddhist, Brahman, Parsee, and other oriental religions, numbering 800,000,000 population and covering about 13,000,000 square miles. Members of these bodies are strictly prohibited from drinking or selling alcoholic liquors, but outside traders are continually endeavoring to break down these standards of abstinence. In India, China, Japan, Persia, Turkey, etc., much agitation is going forward against the introduction and beverage use of alcoholic and other dangerous narcotics, such as opium and hasheesh.

THE FIGHT IN CHINA.

The work of reform is encouraging. The opium habit is to the Chinese what the alcohol habit is to Europe and America. The evil was thrust upon them by the commerce of Christian nations. But in 1907 overtures were made by the Parliament of Great Britain to the Government of China proposing the eradication of the evil. On the 30th of May, 1906, the House of Commons unanimously resolved "That this House reaffirms its conviction that the Indo-China opium trade is morally indefensible and requests His Majesty's Government to take such steps as may be necessary for bringing it to a speedy close."

As early as March 15, 1909, a Chinese imperial decree, sealed by the Prince Regent and signed by the Grand Councillors, Prince Ching, Shih Hsu, Chih Chang Tung and Lu Chuan Lin, in connection with the prohibition of opium throughout the country, declared that, "Though the government is in straitened circumstances, it will neither seek to satisfy its hunger nor quench its thirst at the expense of this harmful poison, so that it may rid its people of this great bane." Three thousand opium dens were closed in Fuchow in one day when this law was promulgated; in Canton, 10,000 pipes were publicly burned, and from many parts of the empire news comes of the effectiveness of the self-sacrificing measure of Prohibition instituted by the Chinese Government to put down this paramount evil.

The Chinese Government was prompt to take advantage of all British overtures, and as a result, in November, 1910, the law providing for National Prohibition of the Opium Traffic was passed by a large majority in the Chinese Parliament.

Whether or not this attitude of "New" China will actually become established depends in a large measure upon the action of the British Government.

And here the words of a former Emperor of China ought to be a suggestion even to Christian rulers: "It is true I cannot prevent the introduction of the glowing poison. Gain-seeking and corrupt men will for profit and sensuality defeat my wishes; but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the misery and vice of my people."

CHINA DEMANDS FREEDOM.

On the 1st of March, 1911, the Chinese people sent to King George of Great Britain a monster petition, 130 feet in length and signed by thirty thousand Chinese, imploring deliverance from the invasion of China by Indian opium traders.

In a single week that month one hundred thousand more names were added. All classes are joining in the demand for relief. The petition is pathetic in its appeal to the sense of justice of the British nation:

"We, the four hundred million people of China, pour out our hearts' blood before your Majesty and hope your Majesty will listen to us. Opium has and will continue to poison us continually, and we know that if we do not cease to use it the future of our country will be very gloomy. Our country has already suffered from this curse for fifty years. The injury is so great that we cannot tell one-thousandth part of it. We regret, we hate it. Now, our Government has been enthusiastic in reorganizing our country and is determined to earnestly prohibit opium. Our Government prohibits the planting and smoking of it very strictly and gives no heed to any opposition. But even whilst this strict prohibition has been executed for three years, the poison cannot be entirely put down. Even though we prohibit our own citizens from planting the poppy, that which comes from abroad is being imported more and more. We implore your Majesty to issue your benevolent order and firmly prohibit opium from coming into this country. We know that there will be some who will urge your Majesty not to prohibit opium at once. But we believe that these thoughts can be spoken in only one word, MONEY. Can our great nation endure to throw away her reputation and glory for money?"

The latest word that comes over the wires is that China has successfully completed her negotiations with the British Empire for the curtailing of importations of opium. England has agreed to reduce the exportation of opium. England has agreed to reduce the exportation of Indian opium to China in just the proportion by which the home Government succeeds in abolishing the local production.

THE NATIONAL MOVEMENT IN JAPAN.

The army of Japan, during the war with Russia was prohibited from the use of sake or other intoxicants, with marked benefit, according to official statements.

The full-fledged and aggressive movement against the Liquor Traffic is in operation in Japan, where, the National Temperance League held its thirteenth annual convention at Tokio. The attendance was large and encouraging from all parts of the kingdom, and native Japanese leaders, distinguished in scholarship, as well as public life, were included in the delegations and presided over its deliberations. The convention was pre-

sided over by the Hon. Shoo Nemoto. The Hon. Taro Ando is the official President of the League, and their national organ is well known as Kuni No Hikari.

PROHIBITION IN INDIA AND CEYLON.

The prohibitory movement in India is steadily gaining strength as the people recognise the necessity of national and local Prohibition to prevent the further spread of the evils of intoxicants among hundreds of millions of almost helpless people.

Various prohibitory actions have been urged upon the British Government for India by the Provincial Conference for the United Provinces, Indian National Congress, All-India Temperance Congress, Anglo-Indian Temperance Association, Missionary Societies, Good Templars, etc. Lord Curzon, when Viceroy, appointed a special committee for inquiry to bring forward a scheme for reform. The alcoholic consumption of India has quadrupled in 35 years. "I am a Prohibitionist," said the Hon. G. K. Gokhale, a member of the Viceroy's Legislature, "and would earnestly request the Government to stop this traffic altogether." Other high officials have declared their convictions in almost equally definite terms.

THE MILITANT MOVEMENT IN JERUSALEM.

In Ceylon a great temperance wave occurred in 1904, when 190,000 Cingalese signed the total abstinence pledge. The inclination of many for Prohibition has never, however, been recognised by the British governing officials.

The workingmen of Jerusalem are actively interested in the world-wide fight against alcohol. A voluntary collection was recently taken in Mount Zion I.O.G.T., Lodge No. 1, and the piastres then collected amount to five francs for the funds of the International Prohibition Confederation. And a petition was recently circulated in the Holy City, in nine languages, praying the Turkish Pasha to shut up all of the drinking places in the world's spiritual metropolis.

(To be continued.)

"Pa, is a vessel a boat?"

"Er—yes—you may call it that."

"Well, what kind of a boat is a blood-vessel?"

"It's a life-boat. Now run away to bed."

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PUT ME TO SLEEP.

A clergyman was once sent for in the middle of the night by one of his women parishioners.

"Well, my good woman," said he, "so you are ill, and require the consolations of religion?"

"No," replied the old lady, "I am only nervous and can't sleep."

"But how can I help that?" said the parson.

"Oh, sir, you always put me to sleep so nicely when I go to church that I thought if you would only preach a little for me!"

* * *

WHERE THEY LEAD.

An American divine charges his countrywomen with dressing immodestly. In that respect, he adds with unconscious aptness, they "outstrip" the women of any other nation.

* * *

TROUBLING FOR OTHERS.

He was a kind-hearted man, and the sight of the little nipper who stood wailing mournfully on the sands filled him with sympathy. He approached the youthful sufferer.

"Well, my little man," he said as cheerfully as he could, "what's wrong? Are you lost?"

"No-no," blubbed the little man, "I ain't lost!"

"Then what's the matter? Tell me, and I'll see if I can help you."

Still the little one sobbed.

"It—it ain't me who's lost," he said sorrowfully. "B-but I'd like to know where father and mother's gone and wandered off to!"

* * *

A FULL STOP.

He was a great, great poet—or thought he was. Even at nights he would versify in bed, and his wife was called on to assist.

"Maria, get up!" he would cry excitedly. "I've thought of a good word."

And Mrs. Wordsworth-Tennyson-M'Callum would rise sleepily, light a candle, and write for ten minutes or more at her husband's dictation.

But at last the patient, long-suffering wife grew tired of the game. A night came when her husband awakened her with more than usual excitement.

"Maria, Maria," he cried, "get up quickly! I've just thought of a good word!"

But Maria barely moved.

"Oh, get up yourself!" she retorted. "I've just thought of a bad word!"

WHAT THE TAILOR KNEW.

"Are you married or single, sir?" asked Snipquik, the tailor, as he measured his customer.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the new-suit seeker. "Married, of course! But what on earth do you want to know that for?"

"Then let me recommend this, sir," said Snipquik brightly. "My own device, sir—a patent safety deposit pocket for married men. It contains a most ingenious little contrivance that feels exactly like a live mouse. Yes, I thought you'd like it, sir!"

* * *

BETTER STILL—QUITE STILL.

He had sung several times during the evening, and his friends had murmured words of praise, then escaped as quickly as possible.

But as he was going homeward he managed to catch one of these self-same friends, and he insisted on a truthful opinion.

"You see," he explained, "I don't quite know how to take Miss Cuteon's comment on my performances to-night."

"No—really! Why—what did she say?" asked the friend hopefully.

"Well, she said she'd heard Caruso several times, and thought his voice was excellent, but she was quite certain that mine was better still."

* * *

NOTHING FAST ABOUT HIM.

"Miss Dorrington—Sybil, I love you," he said.

"Oh, George," she sighed, "this is too sudden. Speak to father, will you, dear? He'll be in shortly."

Ten minutes later the nervous young man was facing his adored one's sire.

"Rather sudden, ain't it?" interrupted the old man, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Love refuses to be checked by horology, sir," declared the youth. "It was sudden, I admit."

Then father-in-law laughed. "Take her, boy; take her," he said. "You ain't a bad sort of chap, George, but you ain't swift, and that's a fact. For six months you made sheep's eyes at the girl without speakin'; for another twelve you sent 'er enough flowers to stock Covent Garden, and this last year you've been around 'ere every night squeezin' 'ands, sighin' like a steam syren, an' sittin' with the gas out. Sudden! Great Scott, Georgie. You'll be takin' a 'earse 'oss for the Derby winner next!"

NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

The afternoon was warm, holidays were approaching, and the teacher was almost worn out in trying to drum the elements of grammar into the wooden craniums of her pupils.

"Now, Johnny," she said wearily, "tell me—would it be proper for you to say: 'You can't learn me nothing?'"

Johnny looked thoughtful for a moment, and then replied in a tone of conviction:

"Yes, mum."

The teacher sighed.

"Why, Johnny?" she asked. "Tell me why?"

And now the answer came quick and pat: "'Cause yer can't!" said Johnny triumphantly.

* * *

THE INFECTIOUS TONGUE.

The Amateur Theatrical Society of Slapton-on-the-Slowe had decided to give an open-air performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

It was a huge success. The elite of S-on-S. came in crowds, and to the applause was added the sound of the hammers of the carpenters and the trowels of the bricklayers who were engaged in building the new swimming baths in the park where the performance was given.

And that, perhaps, was the only flaw.

For suddenly, during a lull in the acting, came a voice from high up on the new building. 'Twas a bricklayer calling to his boy.

"I prithee," he cried, "young Malapert, pass me yon brick, an' it please you!"

* * *

LIFE'S MIRROR.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,

There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength to your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

* * *

"How's vacation, Johnny?" "Bully! Fell off a shed, most got drowned, tipped over a beehive, was hooked by a cow, Jim Spindles licked me twice, an' I got two stone bruises an' a stiff neck!"

Pabco Roofing.

(Asbestos Coated Malthoid)

OVERCOMES THE SUMMER HEAT, MAKES THE HOUSE COOL BY DAY, AND COMFORTABLE BY NIGHT.

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For Fathers and Mothers.

"DRIVEN UP" AND "LOVED UP"—A CONTRAST.

The winters in Denmark are dull, long, blustering and sunless, and it is not easy then to make plants grow. Nevertheless, the poor have their window-boxes, and their flower-pots, and the little homes are often brightened with smiling blossoms. The housewife is proud of her flowers, and when she speaks of them she does not merely say that she has grown them. She says that they have been "loved up." The phrase, beautiful and significant, is used of anything into which a man puts his whole soul.

Samuel was no ordinary child. He was "loved up." If Monica's prayers made St. Augustine, Hannah's prayers moulded Samuel's life. And Samuel learned how to "love up" the people. No trace of selfishness tainted his career. He never strove for place or honor, and he never "put up a fight" for his rights. There was no bitterness in his heart when he was rejected, and no envy when he anointed his successor. There was love in the kiss he gave to Saul. Love expressed in service gets abundant and abiding results. Young people may be "loved up" when they cannot be "driven up." We must dare to trust love and faith and prayer and unselfishness when these qualities are scorned as weakness, knowing that they are the only abiding realities.—Rev. R. P. Anderson.

SAYING "GRACE."

The head of the family at the morning meal asked the blessing as usual, thanking the Lord for the things so bountifully provided. Immediately afterwards, as was his bad habit, he began to grumble about hard times, the poor quality of the food he was forced to eat, the way it was cooked, and much more.

His little daughter interrupted him: "Father, do you suppose God heard what you said a little while ago?" "Certainly"—with the confident air of an instructor. "And did He hear what you said about the bacon and coffee?" "Of course"—not quite so confidently. "Then, father, which did God believe?"

There is a whole sermon in that little incident which strikes both at the dead formality with which too many people "say grace," and the wickedness of perpetually finding fault about everything, and the insincerity of religious profession that does not fit in with conduct.

SWEETENING MARY.

"I want a drink," said baby.

"Go to the kitchen; Mary will give you a drink," said mother.

"I don't want to," said baby. "Mary is cross."

"Why, what made her cross?"

"I dess I did sumpin' to her."

"Then if you have done something to

make her cross, you had better do something to sweeten her."

Baby thought over it a minute, and then trudged to the kitchen. "You are a sweet Mary," he prattled, "and I want to hug you." Mary stopped her work and stooped, and he threw his arm around her neck and kissed her, and called her his "dear sweet Mary. I love you two hundred bushels," he said.

When he came back smiling, mother asked, "What did you do to Mary this time?"

"Oh, I sweetened her, I dess," was the reply.—"Our Morning Guide."

THE MOTHER.

What magic does that loved word, "Mother" hold!

And next to God, the sweetest ever said;
The king and slave, the child, the hero bold,

At mother's name bow reverently the head.
Her love outlasts all other human love,

Her faith endures the longest, hardest test,

Her grace and patience through a lifetime prove

That she's a friend, the noblest and the best.

Her eyes the fount of shed or unshed tears,
If tear or smile could lighten others' care;
She bore her silent sorrows through the years,

And burdens that no other heart would bear.

Through joy or sorrow, poverty or wealth,
When youth's elastic step was lithe and gay,

Or in the tottering years of broken health,
Her face was bright with hope and faith
always.

How brave she was! when others in despair
Lost faith and hope, she, with her knowing nod,

Betook herself the more to earnest prayer,
And while they doubted, leaned the more
on God.

In every furrow of her face was writ
Love's record of unselfish toil and thought,
She listened to what others said was fit,
But always did and said the things she
ought.

No higher knighthood can a young man prove,

No richer gem can maiden's bosom wear,
Than true devotion to a mother's love,
Than faithful answer to a mother's prayer.
Who is this mother too obscure to own,

How has she helped the world and where
and when?

Ah! she, the unseen power behind the throne,

Has conquered vastly more than all the men.

She rules the ruler, and her gentle hand

That rocks the cradle moves the world
more sure

Than all the kings that ever held command,

Than all the heroes whose proud names endure.

For did not she the moulding power impress—

Before the heart was swept by passion wild—

Which swayed the will through all life's
"storm and stress,"

Was not her knee the prayer throne of the child?

She laid the deep foundation, and the best,
Of all that's lasting in the home and State,

She guided man in all his noblest quest,
Her love inspired to all that's good and great;

We hail with gladness, then, this "Mothers' Day,"

And thank our God for such a noble friend;

And pray that joy attend her all the way
And crown her life with glory at the end.

—F. Watson Hannan, D.D.

SUN-DIALS.

In the course of an interesting and well-illustrated article on sun-dials, in the July "Architectural Review," we are told that the origin of sun-dials is almost lost in obscurity, but it is generally believed that the Babylonians or Chaldeans were the first people to divide the day by mechanical contrivance, long before the commencement of the Christian era. The Book of Isaiah furnishes the first authentic record of the existence of sun-dials: "Behold, I will bring again the shadow of the degrees, which is gone down in the sun-dial of Ahaz, ten degrees backward." The dial there referred to probably came from Assyria about the year 714 B.C. The lucid atmosphere of the East is favorable for celestial contemplation, and sun-dials are most plentiful under clear skies. In China they are as common as clocks are in Great Britain, and our allies, the Japanese, carry small dials as we carry watches.

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