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A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

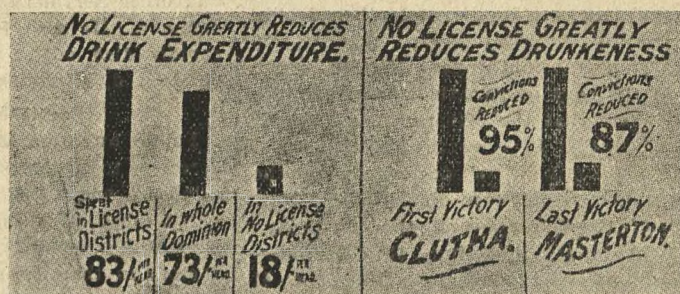
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VOL. V. No. 34.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1911

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HEREDITARY.

**A Terrible Indictment—How Drink Tells Fearfully upon the Vitality of Drinkers' Children—Susceptibility to Disease—Impaired Physique—Proneness to Crime
The Sins of the Fathers.**

Sir Victor Horsley and Dr. Mary Sturge, are joint authors of "Alcohol and the Human Body," which is recognised as a standard authority in connection with the subjects with which it deals. From that important work, we have pleasure in reprinting for the information of our readers, some forcible passages. It says:—

Influence of Parental Alcoholism on the Nervous Systems of Children.

The brunt of the evil heritage caused by alcoholism falls upon the nervous system of the next generation.

Owing, first, to the deterioration of the germ cells, and secondly to the impoverishment of the system of the mother during the important months of pregnancy, children of such parentage frequently possess an enfeebled nervous organization at birth. It may be possible to recognise this immediately, although even during infancy impaired nerve vitality frequently shows itself in convulsions, meningitis and other debilities.

Moreover, it would appear that it is not only in the case of parents who are habitual drinkers that the offspring are affected thus adversely. In a recent thesis on the subject, the author, a doctor, shows the close connection between the alcoholic condition of the parents and the consequent detriment to the offspring. In these asylums, out of 2554 admissions, 1053 (i.e. 41 per cent.) were the offspring of drunken parents, i.e., 933 had drunken fathers, 80 had drunken mothers, and 40 had both parents drunken. Concerning about 450 of these children no information could be gathered, while the remaining 451 were said to have "sober" parents. The investigation did not include, however, the habits of grandparents with regard to alcohol, and by the law of averages it is probable that some of these other children had grandparents who took alcohol freely, influencing thereby the mental development of their grandchildren. During the present century there will be, in England, at any rate, a considerable number of both parents and grandparents who are total abstainers from all alcoholic liquids, and it will be of interest to note whether they possess as off-spring children who are idiots and epileptic, or whether their families can claim freedom from this disaster.

With the four great classes of mental deterioration in children we now propose to

deal, indicating where the alcohol factor in the parents appears to have an influence:

- (1) Idiocy and imbecility.
- (2) Epilepsy.
- (3) Feeble-mindedness.
- (4) Mental deficiency as shown in school-work.

Epilepsy Often Caused by Parental Alcoholism.

There is very strong evidence to show that parental alcoholism is one of the most frequent causes of epilepsy in children.

Epilepsy and imbecility often go hand in hand, but if for the moment we deal with epilepsy alone, we find that alcoholic mothers possess a far larger number of children afflicted with epilepsy than do the ordinary mothers of the same social position.

Dr. Legrain personally followed up the descendants of 215 drunkards, and found that in these descendants epilepsy, insanity, and other nervous disorders were extremely common. He also found that the families rapidly died out—a large number of the children dying young.

Feeble-Mindedness.

Public attention is at this moment being directed to the "problem of the feeble-minded," and those experts who have devoted most attention to the subject regard alcohol as certainly one of the causative factors in that deterioration of brain-tissue which lies at the real root of the mental inability and feeble-mindedness of so many human beings.

In addition to those whose feeble-mindedness is quite apparent, we have in our midst thousands of children more or less mentally deficient, many of whom are attending our day-schools and are the despair of their teachers, by whom they are known as "dullards." These supply the ranks of the criminal and vicious who fill our reformatories, work-houses and gaols, and their numbers are reinforced by a large contingent of other children who, although fairly bright at their lessons, are nevertheless morally defective.

Mental Deficiency as shown in the School-Work of Children.

In a study of the mental deficiency of the ordinary children undertaken in 1901 for the New York Academy of Medicine by Dr. Mac-Nicholl, the effect of the alcohol as a factor in the causation of such deficiency was strikingly shown. Fifty-five thousand school children were examined. Of these 58

per cent. were below the required standard of intelligence, 17 per cent. being actual "dullards," 25 per cent. "very deficient," and the other 16 per cent. merely deficient.

The habits of the parents with regard to alcohol are reported in 20,147 cases:

Children of drinking parents	6,624
Children of drinking parents, reported dullards, per cent.	53
Children of abstaining parents	13,523
Children of abstaining parents, reported dullards, per cent.	10

The family histories of 3711 children were traced through three generations. This was done in great detail with regard to the taking of alcohol. Of the children of abstaining parents and abstaining grandparents only 4 per cent. were "dullards," whereas of the children of abstaining parents, but drinking grandparents, 78 per cent. were "dullards."

Dividing the 3711 children into two classes, viz., those free from hereditary alcoholic taint, and those with hereditary alcoholic taint, we note very striking contrasts:—

(1) Of those free from hereditary alcoholic taint,—

96 per cent. were proficient.

4 per cent. were dullards.

18 per cent. suffered from some neurosis or organic disease.

(2) Of those with hereditary alcoholic taint,—

23 per cent. were proficient.

77 per cent. were dullards.

Of these dull children more than one-third were very deficient.

Of these same children with hereditary alcoholic taint, 76 per cent. suffered from some neurosis or organic disease.

"At a discussion on this subject at the Vienna Congress against alcoholism, a medical man stated that the teachers in wine-growing districts of Lower Austria know that a supply of very bad scholars in any one year denotes a good vintage of six years previously."

Indirect Effect of Alcohol in Causing Infant Mortality.

Briefly summarized, the indirect effect of alcohol in leading to infant mortality is as follows:—

(a) Money is wasted by the parents on alcohol, although required to buy good food and milk for the mother and the child. There is a popular belief that stout and porter taken by a nursing mother lead to an increased secretion of milk, and so it happens that many a woman takes these liquids in the honest faith that they are helping her to feed her child. The real truth is that although malt liquors stimulate for a time a secretion of extra milk, this secretion is of a watery nature, and is therefore of inferior

(Continued on Page 7.)



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The Thief and the Prayer.

AN UNCOMMON BIT OF FICTION.

(By Algernon Blackwood.)

There was a glitter in the eye of O'Malley when they met. "I've got it!" he said under his breath, holding out a tiny phial with the ominous red label.

"Got what?" asked Jones, as though he didn't know. Both were medical students; both of a speculative and adventurous turn of mind as well; the Irishman, however, was ever the leader in mischief.

"The stuff!" was the reply. "The recipe the Hindu gave me. Your night's free, isn't it? Mine, too. We'll try it. Eh?"

They eyed the little bottle with its shouting label—Poison. Jones took it up, fingered it, drew the cork, sniffed it. "Uh!" he exclaimed, "it's got an awful smell. Don't think I could swallow that!"

"You don't swallow it," answered O'Malley, impatiently. "You sniff it up through the nose—just a drop. It goes down the throat that way."

"Irish swallowing, eh?" laughed Jones, uneasily. "It looks wicked to me." He played with the bottle, till the other snatched it away.

"Look out, man! Bedad, there's enough there to kill a Cabinet Minister, or a horse. It's the real stuff, I tell you. I told him it was for a psychical experiment. You remember the talk we had that night—"

"Oh, I remember well enough. But it's not worth while in my opinion. It will only make us sick." He said it almost angrily. "Besides, we've got enough hallucinations in life already without inducing others—"

O'Malley glanced up quickly. "Nothing of the sort," he snapped. "You're trying to back out. You swore you'd try it with me if I got it. The effect—"

"Well, what is the effect?"

The Irishman looked keenly at him. He answered very low. Evidently he said something he really believed. There was gravity, almost solemnity, in his voice and manner.

"Opens the inner sight," he whispered darkly. "Makes you sensitive to thoughts and thought-forces." He paused a moment, staring hard into the other's eyes. "For instance," he added, slowly, earnestly, "if somebody's thinking hard about you, I should twig it. See? I should see the thought-stream getting at you—influencing you—making you do this and that. The air is full of loose and wandering thoughts from other

minds. I should see them hovering about your mind like flies trying to settle—understand?—the cause of a sudden change of mood in a man, an inspiration, a helping thought—a temptation—!"

"Bosh!"

"Are you afraid?"

"No. But it's a poisonous doctrine—that such experiments are worth while even if—"

But O'Malley knew his pal. They took the prescribed dose together, laughing, scoffing, hoping. Then they went out to dine. "We must eat very little," explained the Irishman. "The stomach must be comparatively empty. And drink nothing at all."

"What a bore," said Jones, who was always hungry, always thirsty. The prescribed hour passed between the taking of the dose and dinner. They felt nothing more than what Jones described as a "beastly uncomfortable sort of inner heat."

Opposite to them, at a table alone, sat a small man, overdressed according to their standards, and wearing diamond rings. His face had a curious mixture of refinement and wickedness—like a man naturally sensitive, whom circumstances, indulgence, or some special temptation had led astray. He did not notice their somewhat close attention, because, in his turn, he was closely watching—somebody else. He ate and drank soberly, but drew his dinner out. The "somebody else" he watched, obviously enough, was a country couple, up probably for the Coronation festivities. They were bewildered by the town. They carried hand-bags. From time to time the old man fingered his breast pocket. He looked about him nervously. The beringed man was kind to them, lent them his newspaper, passed the salt, gave them scraps of favored, kind, and sympathetic conversation. He was very gentle with them.

"Feel anything yet?" asked O'Malley for the tenth time, noticing a curious, passing look on his companion's face. "I don't feel a blessed thing myself! I believe the chemist fooled me, gave me diluted stuff or something—"

He stopped short, caught by the other's eye. They had been dining very sparingly, much to the waiter's disgust, who wanted their table.

"I do feel something, yes," was the quiet

reply. "Or, rather, I see something. It's odd; but I really do—"

"What? Spit it out quick. Tell me!"

"A sort of wavy line of gold," said Jones, calmly, "gold and shining. And sometimes it's white. It flits about that fellow's head—that fellow over there." He indicated the man with the rings. "Almost as if—it were trying to get into him—"

"Bosh!" said O'Malley, who was ever the last to believe in the success of his own experiments. "You swear it?"

The other's face convinced him, and a cold thrill went down his Irish spine.

"Hush," said Jones, in a lower tone, "don't shout. I see it right enough. It's like a little wavy stream of light. It's going all about his head and eyes. By gad, it's lovely, though—it's like a flower now, a floating blossom—and now a strip of thin, soft gold. It's got him! By George, I tell you, it's got him—!"

"Got him?" echoed the Irishman, genuinely impressed.

"Got into him, I meant. It's disappeared—gone clean into his head. Look!"

O'Malley looked hard enough, but saw nothing. "Me boy!" he cried, "the stuff was real. It's working. Watch it. I do believe you've seen a thought—a thought from somebody else—a wandering thought. It's got into his mind. It may affect his actions, movements, decisions. Good Lord! The stuff was not diluted, after all. You've seen a thought-force!" He was tremendously excited. Jones, however, was too absorbed in what he saw to feel excitement. Whether it was due to the drug or not, he knew he saw a real thing.

"Wonder if it's a good one or a bad one!" whispered the Irishman. "Wonder what sort of mind it comes from! Where? How far away?" He wondered a number of things. He chattered below his breath like a dying gramophone. But his companion just sat, staring in rapt silence.

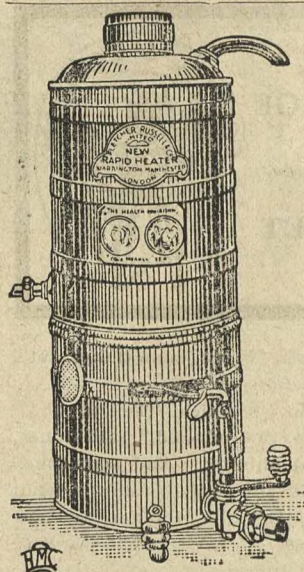
"What are you after here?" said a voice from the table behind them quietly. And O'Malley turning—Jones was too preoccupied—recognised a plain-clothes detective whom he chanced to know from having been associated with him in a recent poisoning case.

(Continued on Page 10.)

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is preferable to many concoctions as a beverage; but there are times when hot water is more desirable. For instance, those who find the cold bath enervating should instal the

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New South Wales Alliance. Tennyson Smith's Campaign

Alliance Calendars will be ready by the time these notes appear in print. The Calendars are an improvement on last year's issue. Price, one shilling.

Metropolitan electorates which have not been visited by the secretary are urged to call the workers together at the earliest date possible for a working conference.

Strathfield Methodist Circuit has instituted a quarterly mid-week temperance meeting, and I was privileged to give the address at the initiatory meetings held at Concord and Strathfield churches. Mr. Aulsebrook presided at the Concord meeting and Mr. Murphy at Strathfield. At the latter church their well-trained choir was in attendance and added considerably to the interest of the evening. The collection at

both meetings was donated towards the work of the N.S.W. Alliance, and the Bottom Square Box also met with a hearty reception. Mr. Lumsden Aulsebrook and Mr. Hubert Miller undertook to organize the box work.

Miss Anderson Hughes writes me:—“Everywhere I go things look hopeful for National Prohibition. I think we shall get three or four fresh No-license places, but the three-fifths is so terrible a handicap, and that with the methods of the evil trade make so large a handicap very nearly impossible. We realise in N.Z. now that the majority MUST be lessened, and we have men coming out in many places on ‘bare majority.’ Re ‘National,’ the feeling would lead one to expect a very much heavy vote than on the No-license ticket.”

PROGRAMME OF MEETINGS IN THE ST. GEORGE ELECTORATE.

Monday, November 13.

3 p.m.—Public Reception in Rockdale Town Hall, presided over by Mrs. Blow, President W.C.T.U.

8 p.m.—Public Meeting in Rockdale Town Hall. Subject: “The Curtain Lifted.” Chairman: W. Taylor, Esq., M.L.A.

Tuesday.

8 p.m.—Public Meeting in Brett's Hall, Kogarah. Subject: “The Drink Demon.” Chairman: Dr. Edgar R. Caro.

Wednesday.

8 p.m.—In the Methodist Church, Arncliffe. Subject: “The Great Struggle.” Chairman: Alderman W. J. Berryman, Esq., J.P.

Thursday.

8 p.m.—In the Town Hall, Kogarah. Subject: “The Searchlight Thrown on the Liquor Traffic.” Chairman: John Complin, Esq., Secretary N.S.W. Alliance.

Admission free to all meetings. Collections to defray expenses.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER.

(Continued from Page 9.)

BOOMED IN HAMILTON.

Mr. Marion, who has done such good work in New South Wales as a mission zone agent, then as organizer in the Illawarra electorate, and afterwards as Bottom Square Box organizer, is working the Waikato electorate from Hamilton. The notices of my coming were in the style of Wirth's Circus—and made one think of the wild man from Borneo. Arriving at 2, tired, and with my throat in very bad shape—I addressed a meeting at 3, and at night addressed one of the finest and keenest and most useful meetings I have yet had. I asserted that “the liquor traffic is not a possible good thing for the Government to foster, it is a notoriously evil thing for the people to banish.” And this was proved conclusively. If Dominion prohibition is as effective as No-License in Masterton, and it will be more so, then you will reduce the convictions for drunkenness from 11,708 to 1521 a year, Masterton having reduced drunkenness from

302 to 39 under No-License. It is certain if we have not the money we have the facts, if we have not the hide we have the enthusiasm, and we will surely win, and many for the first time will strike out the top line on both papers. There is a good time ahead of New Zealand.

INTOXICANTS IN WORKHOUSES.

The Lambeth Guardians paid over £1000 per annum for intoxicants used in the workhouse forty-four years ago, but such expenditure had dropped to 18s. last year. The Wandsworth Guardians in 1876, with 1416 paupers, spent £480 in intoxicants, and in 1908, with 5641 paupers, they only spent £1 10s. 4d. In the former case they spent £426 in milk, and in the latter case £1347 was spent in milk. In the Worcestershire Poor Law Unions, except Droitwich and Shipton-on-Stour, no intoxicants were used in the workhouses last year, except in infirmaries and sick wards, and in even these the cost averages but 9d. per head per annum.—“Alliance News.”

TENNYSON SMITH'S GREAT SPECIAL NIGHT

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On a charge of robbery and murder. Not a sham, but a REAL TRIAL, with judge, counsel, and jury.

Admission—Reserved 2/-. Unreserved 1/-. Tickets obtainable from Rockdale and Leichhardt Branches, or the Head Office, New South Wales Alliance.

“What shall we say of Senator Smugg?”

“Just say he was always faithful to his trust.”

“And shall we mention the name of the trust?”

Nearly every case of sunstroke or heat prostration is due to the mistake of taking beer and other “stimulants.” A sunstroke is often a beerstroke.

Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

THE POSSIBILITY OF THE PICTURE SHOW.

There is no doubt about it the "picture show" has come to stay. Everyone goes. Even the slum kiddies are able to annex a few pennies weekly to see the "pitchers." On a summer evening there are worse places to spend an hour than the open air show. And so the general public thinks and patronise the picture showmen ad lib. We are of the opinion a lot of good can be done per medium of the latter class. If the "pictures" can drive home a moral lesson, why not use them more than we do? The writer has recently visited a suburban "Palace" on more than one occasion, and been delighted to find on every occasion a good picture driving home the curse of the traffic. One saw the young husband, tender and true, the young bride, and perhaps a little later on the crowing kiddie—a pretty picture that brought forth applause. Then the scene changes—the loving face of the husband is distorted and hardened by strong drink—he spurns the woman and kicks her from him—and sooner or later gets into serious trouble which breaks the heart of his young and loving wife. All these little episodes are watched with breathless interest by the young people, and the effects cannot well be other than good. Why then cannot we still further secure the aid of the picture man? Cannot we arrange "Band of Hope," or

"Sunday School" evenings, and carry our children occasionally in a body to see a carefully assorted bunch of pictures? Cannot we secure a fair number of good temperance pictures being shown in return for our patronage? It is surely foolish to let a chance slip by that may be of good service to us as we believe the picture shows can be made to become.

ANOTHER SLUMP.

We have from time to time noted in our columns the "unsportsmanlike" attitude of the prize fighting fraternity. Only a fortnight ago we commented upon what "Fairplay" described as a disgraceful display between two young fighters, and in the same issue pointed out the lack of any sport (in the true sense) in the proposed Johnson-Wells encounter. Now we find that on a recent Saturday evening an imported black-man annihilated a local champion in two rounds, and the public "stayed away." It seems to us the fight promoters are consummating for themselves the end we desire. They are "killing the game," to use a slang expression. It is an old proverb that give a "bad egg" rope enough he will hang himself. It seems also to be true of a "bad cause." In any case, the promoters are out of friends with their "supporters," and that means someone is disgusted. Our opinions have been proved to be correct up to the

hilt, and we are not sorry that the general public seem to be possessed of them also. Sport is sport, but the varieties served up as such recently in the fistic arena have lacked the appearance, if they have been samples of sport.

A NEW ZEALAND CONTRIBUTION.

"Fairplay's" issue of October 20 publishes the following excellent (?) little sample of yellow journalism:—

"It will be pleasing news to our big sister across the seas ("Fairplay") to learn that the Trade all round in Auckland has now taken a firm hold of the bit and determined, whatever may come, to put up a good fight for victory. Never before since the diabolical laws of robbery and confiscation and the purloining of the people's rights came into force in Auckland has there been such bright and encouraging prospects for squashing the impudent pretensions of the wowsers, and we shall be greatly mistaken if in another couple of months' time an unmistakable revulsion of feeling has not set in in the direction of overthrowing the enemy. All that is required on the part of the advocates of Liberty and Right to win is to stand shoulder to shoulder as one solid, compact army, to use every possible means to counteract the questionable and dishonorable methods adopted by the other side, to fight a fair stand-up fight from the jump, and listen to nobody who prognosticates our defeat. Then there cannot be the smallest doubt of our success."

We were of the opinion that big sister "Fairplay" could supply a fair order in the way of strong adjectives, "diabolical" laws, "hideous" legislation, etc., but the younger member of the U.L.V.A. family seems to be able to do her share. She is a very promising youngster as far as extravagant language goes.

FATE'S LITTLE JESTS.

He was a happy-go-lucky man, and, according to his friends, seldom allowed his debts to weigh heavily on his conscience.

Yet one day he seemed serious and thoughtful, and talked like it.

"You know," he said ponderously, "there are times in my life when I feel that Fate is indeed ironical."

"Do you refer to any particular occasion?" asked the longest-suffering creditor, who was still living in hope.

"Yes—one of them came last week," explained the man who made money fly. "I was down at the seaside, and hadn't a farthing in cash. But I had a cheque for ten pounds, which the bank wouldn't cash till I proved my identity. And the only person in the place who knew me well enough for that was a man to whom I owed fifteen pound!"

LIFE ASSURANCE.

S. B. WEATHERLAKE,
AGENT FOR
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FACTS CONCERNING THE Green Coupon System

IT IS JUST—Because it places the Cash Buyer on a better footing than the Purchaser on Credit.

IT IS BENEFICIAL—Because it encourages thrift and Cash Trade, thereby improving the solvency of the community.

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IT BENEFITS THE PUBLIC WHO PAY CASH.—BECAUSE they can furnish their homes with the discount they obtain.

IT CHEAPENS COST OF GOODS—Because Traders who give GREEN COUPONS thereby get more cash, and with it can themselves buy better and cheaper from the wholesaler, and consequently can sell cheaper.

IT IS POPULAR ALL OVER THE WORLD—The COUPON System is in full operation in Great Britain, the United States of America, Germany, France, Belgium, and elsewhere.

VISIT SHOWROOMS, **387 GEORGE ST.** OPPOSITE STRAND ARCADE.

And see what can be obtained Absolutely Free in exchange for GREEN COUPONS.

National Prohibition.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IS ANTI-SOCIAL, ANTI-NATIONAL, INHUMAN.

A MESSAGE OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

From end to end of New Zealand the patriotic humanitarians of the Dominion are fighting against the brewing monopoly, the money-bought press, the crass ignorance and the intense selfishness of large numbers, and the only thing that can snatch the victory from the Prohibitionists will be the undemocratic three-fifths majority required to sweep away the liquor evil.

FACTS THAT URGE US ON.

The Auckland Province No-License Council and the Auckland Prohibition League on Saturday, October 14, took a census of the number of persons coming out of 34 hotels in Auckland. The watchers took up their positions at 9 p.m., in a heavy downpour of rain, and remained until closing time, at 10 p.m. They report that in that hour no less than—

9682 persons came out of the 34 hotels.

1300 were more or less under the influence of liquor.

235 of these were decidedly drunk.

About two-thirds of the men were under 30 years of age.

1762 were apparently under 25 years.

Whether the wet night or the recent agitation regarding women drinking had a restraining effect or not, only 191 women were reported, which is below the number recorded on the last occasion. Of these 115 came from three hotels.

FIVE MILLIONS A YEAR!

Mr. J. McCombs says:—

"The annual drink bill in New Zealand equals the total amount received in 1909 for our exports of wheat, oats, barley, butter, kauri gum, and gold. It exceeds by half a million sterling the total amount of wages paid to the 56,359 hands employed in the 4186 industries in New Zealand.

"Consider what would happen if New Zealand in any one year received nothing from the exports enumerated above, or if, by some calamity, our industries failed, and the 56,359 hands were thrown out of employment.

"On the other hand, imagine what would happen if it were possible to throw an additional £5,000,000 every year into the regular industries of the country. What a tremendous impetus it would give to trade and commerce and to the prosperity of the whole community!

"By a single stroke of the pencil you can divert the £5,000,000 now spent every year on drink into the channels of more wholesome trade. This money is wasted not in one year only, but in every year. Set it free to go into useful channels, and your manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers will be hard put to it to cope with the enormous expansion of trade. The increased demand for labor will produce an immediate and marked increase in wages.

"Every section of the community performing any useful office will benefit by this veritable revolution.

STOP THE LEAKAGE! STOP IT THIS YEAR!

"The local market is the small farmer's most valuable market. Set free those five millions of money every year, and the small farmer will find the reward of his industry enormously increased.

"Excluding the 4118 hotel servants not directly engaged in the sale of intoxicants, there are altogether only 4991 persons engaged in or connected with the manufacture and sale of wine, spirits, beer, cordials, etc. Set free those five million pounds every year, and employment would be found not only for these 4991 persons, but for ten times as many. The total wages of 56,359 hands in all industries in New Zealand are only £2,457,619.

"Stop the leakage! £5,000,000 would pay for the working expenses (1909) of our railways, post and telegraph department, defence, old age pensions, civil and military pensions, superannuation grants, the administration of justice, and the total cost of public instruction, including primary, secondary, higher, technical, native and industrial schools.

"Think of it! Your drink bill would pay for all these national services, including the wages and salaries of all the men and women employed, as well as the cost of all material used.

"These are facts for hard-headed business men, for the wives and sisters, for the professional man, for the manual laborer, for everybody. Do they not convince you? Not only does it not pay the individual to pour his money over the bar, but it does not pay the community to vote for the continuance of the facilities for this tremendous annual waste.

"This is the business aspect of National Prohibition. There should be no need to preach sermons about the moral and social benefits that would be conferred on the people of New Zealand if the liquor trade were wiped out of existence. None of England's great reformers had a better grip of the financial, industrial, and political problems of his day than had Richard Cobden, and Cobden said emphatically: 'The Temperance Cause lies at the foundation of all social and political reform.'

BACK FROM AMERICA.

The well-known Christchurch minister, Mr. Gray, has just returned from an extensive visit to America, and he throws some light on the liquor question in Kansas. The "Vanguard," of October 14, says:—

"The Mayor of Topeka informed Mr. Gray that he had received a communication from New Zealand on the question, and had re-

plied that, in his judgment, Prohibition was a failure. When Mr. Gray informed him that he had seen the Chief Justice, two other judges, the District Attorney, the Minister of Agriculture, the ex-Chief of Police, and the largest newspaper proprietor in the State, and that they not only approved without reservation of the law, but attributed to it the present great prosperity of Kansas, the absence of crime, and the high educational standard of the State, the Mayor of Topeka assured him that these were all good men, but that they were mistaken. Mr. Gray learned that this Mayor was elected to this position because of a false sense of security which prevented the Prohibitionists of the city from prosecuting a vigorous election campaign against him.

"The Governor of Kansas, Mr. W. R. Stubbs, spoke in unequivocal terms, said Mr. Gray, of the beneficial effects of Prohibition, and stated that he had not seen one drunken man in Topeka for twelve months. Mr. Stubbs added that, in a campaign throughout the entire State, in the course of which he delivered public addresses in ninety-two counties, he could not recollect seeing one drunken man.

"Crime had decreased in Kansas to a marked degree, Mr. Gray added, and 50 per cent. of the county jails were empty. There was only one convicted prisoner in the jails to every 7000 inhabitants. Kansas had a population nearly twice that of New Zealand, the population being 1,800,000. The good record of Kansas was the more striking when it was known that Kansas City, Kansas, was divided from Kansas City, Missouri, a licensed State, only by a river. Most of the arrests for drunkenness in Kansas City, Kansas, so the Chief of Police informed Mr. Gray, were of men who had obtained liquor across the river. A most remarkable testimony to the efficacy of the reform was the resolution passed at the annual meeting of the editors of the Press of the whole State, in which they expressed unanimous approval of Prohibition.

"Mr. Gray made some personal tests as to the efficacy of the Prohibition law while in Topeka. He stated that he walked the streets at all hours of the night, and asked individuals indiscriminately whether he could not get liquor, invariably receiving the reply that it was practically impossible, as 'the lid was tight on.' He saw no drunken men during his stay in Topeka. He discovered in almost every No-License district he visited that the majority of the persons arrested for drunkenness were 'old-timers,'

(Concluded on Page 12.)

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The Pilgrims' Home.

The attention of our readers is specially directed to the grand concert in aid of the Pilgrims' Home, conducted by Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, to be kindly given by Mr. Haffenden-Smith on Tuesday, 14th inst., at the Sydney Town Hall. We append an excellent little epitome of the good work done by the Home and its inmates, which we have reprinted from "Grit," June 15, 1911:—

In March, 1908, the Pilgrims' Home was quietly commenced in Newtown. No appeal was made to the public, no official opening was announced. A donation of £10 from a lady and gentleman at Beecroft made the start possible. The idea was to give the man who was down and out, who wanted to be a Christian, an even chance. It helped no man to give him a shilling, and it as not fair to expect any man to be a Christian if he had no friends, no work, and no place in which to rest, and be encouraged. So the Pilgrims' Home was started to give a few at least a real chance "to make good." The watchwords of the Home have ever been Friendship, Work, and Religion, and it has been impressed on all who came to the Home that "courage and commonsense make a man and a little more of them will make him a Christian." It is not an institution, but a home, and there are no rules and no penalties, no questions are asked, no promises exacted. Men are simply encouraged to play the game according to the unwritten yet well-known standards of manliness.

THE EXPECTATIONS OF THE BOSS.

This is a home, not an institution. We have no rules, but we are not free from obligations, and every one must play the game, not only for their own sake, but for the sake of others. Man's redemption is brought about by Religion, Friendship, and Work. We wish to help him to all three. In the matter of religion every man is expected to give personal religion a trial. This will mean

reading the Bible and praying morning and evening. If not, what is the use of the Home? In loyalty to the founder of the Home, those who care to stay there are expected to attend the services of St. Simon and St. Jude in preference to any other. If they don't stand by the Church that helps them, who will?

In the Home.—While it is meant as a place for men who need some help to enable them to get work, yet men in work are welcome to stay and pay 12s. 6d. a week, but will still be expected to help all they can in the Home. Bed-making, house-cleaning, washing-up, etc., are things all should be willing to take a hand at, without being asked. **Let all take pride in the Home, and daily make it more homely.**

A REVIEW OF THREE YEARS.

During this period about 300 men have been in the Home, and very many more have attended the weekly meeting held there. It may be said of these—

Master, they come, poor broken, guilty men,
The refuse of the race, their kindred's shame—
Debtors, delinquents, hiding from the ken
Of lynx-eyed law; they bring a shadowed name,
And offer it to Thee; Thy boundless grace
Is their last hope of any hiding-place.

Yet e'en from these Thou dost not turn
Thy face,
And, seeing it, despair begins to die:

With long, rapt gaze Thy loveliness they trace,
Till hope is born from sorrow's deepest sigh.

Slowly, but surely, these, the sons of shame,
Shall find a place on Thy bead-roll of fame.

Last year, men who came because they were penniless and friendless, paid into the Home £83; this was a welcome contribution towards the expenses, which for the year amounted to £338. This includes rent, furniture, and wages of superintendent or cook.

in families in which the parents are of dissipated and dissolute habits, and living amidst squalor and filth. Of 461 cases which have come under my own observation as Surgeon of Police during the past twenty years, no fewer than 219, or 47 per cent., occurred between Saturday night and Sunday morning, a fact which speaks for itself.

In 1903-4 the mean annual number of deaths of children in London from overlaying was 612. The large majority of cases occurred on Saturday and Sunday nights.

The Influence of Heredity up Inebriety.

The question is sometimes debated as to how far the tendency to inebriety is inherited. Proof is wanting as regards the existence of a distinct inebriate diathesis which is handed on and cannot be resisted, and by means of which the drinker suffers early elimination from the race. On the other hand, careful scientific investigation shows that the children of inebriates inherit

a faulty organization and an impaired type of nervous system, which often leads to their also falling victims to the "craving" for alcohol, especially when surrounding social and industrial conditions encourage indulgence in its use.

In order to elucidate the influence of heredity as a direct or indirect cause of inebriety, a prolonged investigation, lasting thirteen years, was undertaken by a committee of doctors in America, the results of which have not yet received full publication. In a preliminary statement, Dr. Crothers, their chairman, reports that the histories of 1744 cases of inebriety have been obtained which may be classified as follows:—

Distinct history of heredity	1080
Disease, injury, shocks, strains, and infection	390
Starvation and poisoning	180
Exposure, ignorance, mental contagion	85
Causes too complex for classification	9

He says:—

The heredity of inebriety is established from such studies beyond all possible question and doubt. The central conclusion, which cannot be stated too strongly, is: that the injury from alcohol to the cell and nervous issue is transmitted to the next generation with absolute certainty in some form or other. It may not always appear in the drink and drug symptoms, but the injury breaks out again in some neurotic trouble, defect, or predisposition.

Part of the tragedy which surrounds this question of heredity is due to the fact that some children inherit from parents accustomed to moderate drinking a food craze and abnormal hunger which never seems to be satisfied. This early provokes dyspepsia and inebriety.

Another class is born with a precocious sexual instinct, which seeks gratification apparently without limit or control.

Often there appears to be a passing over of inherited predispositions from one to a third or fourth generation, the descendants being liable to instability and lack of will-power, and to "invalidism" of all grades and types; persons, namely, whose lives are a perpetual struggle against some bodily or nervous difficulty.

Whether the actual taste for alcohol is ever inherited is at present a somewhat open question; but in face of the fact that so many other "cravings" haunt the life of the descendant of alcoholic parents, it seems not unlikely that he should possess a sense of "need" for the sedative effect of the drug.

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This is the age of specialists, and it is scarcely the business of the employer to adjust claims for accidents happening to his work people, although he is liable for them under the Workmen's Compensation Act 1910, so that the wise employer takes out a Policy with a well-known Insurance Company such as the SOUTH BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED (Head Office for N.S.W., 12 Bridge Street, Sydney; Geo. H. Moore, Manager), which secures him against all such claims, just and unjust alike, so saving him time, worry, and expense.

THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

nutritive value to the child. For instance, cows are frequently fed upon malt grains in order to increase the amount of milk they supply regardless of its quality.

(b) The inertness of body and mind induced by alcohol leads to maternal laziness and neglect, whereby dirt and semi-starvation prevail in the home and often lead to illness and death.

(c) The drowsiness and lethargy of the alcohol-taking mother is recognised as a frequent cause of the overlaying of infants. Thus, Dr. Templeman states:—

There can be no doubt, too, that drunkenness on the part of parents is a very important factor in the production of our infant mortality. Apart from the effects of this on the child in utero, there is another aspect to which I could allude, viz., deaths from overlaying. These cases occur, as a rule, in one and two roomed houses, and in a large majority of cases

GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

"Grit, clear Grit."—A pure Americanism, standing for Pluck, or Energy, or Industry, or all three. References probably had to the sandstones used for grindstones—the more grit they contain the better they wear.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

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All Communications to be sent to
ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND,
Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1911.

"FAIRPLAY'S" EXCUSES.

We are treated to so many "excuses"—lame ducks, too—from our contemporary when the figures are against her that one more advancing with a limp towards us is not at all unexpected.

Treating of our Editor's analysis of the police figures for convictions in New Zealand in 1910, which said figures showed the increase came in toto from wet areas, "Fairplay" says:—"How wonderful. Yet it is susceptible of an extremely simple explanation. All those who could manage it simply went over from the 'dry' areas into the 'wet' areas, and had all the drink they wanted."

[A sort of periodical afternoon excursion.—Ed. "Grit."]

How very simple indeed, readers. How came we to miss such a solution? What is the good of wasting your youthful hours reading the "Arabian Nights" if one forgets the wonderful powers of the magicians so soon? Here we all are in Sydney to-day. We wish a little liquid refreshment (Sydney, for the sake of argument, is "dry"). Hey presto! we press the button and mumble the password, and lo, we are all at Bathurst. Another word and we are back again. By the aid of the same magician's skill one could pass easily from "dry" to "wet" areas in New Zealand, but, once under the influence, it would seem one must remain and get arrested. No, no, "Fairplay," such excuses will not avail. The reason why your association fights so terribly hard and spends so much to keep up the number of licensed houses is because you know only too well most men will not travel very far for a drink. Some, of course, will—the majority will not. They will allow themselves to be led in and "shouted" if near a hotel, but the less the number of hotels the fewer the

shouts. You don't want to be educated on that point, "Fairplay." Besides which you are now contradicting all your old arguments. What a bad memory you Liberty Leaguers have. Your faculties are not improving under the influence of your beloved alcohol. You have always been shouting in frenzied tones that "No-License" brings the sly-grog pitcher into the home (not 50 miles across the border). That is to say, the sly-grog "fiend" practically chases the poor artisan to his dwelling. Now you want to argue he chases the liquor fiend away over the border. What an ass he would be when his cupboard is full of it. And we poor wowers are wrong when we complain of the muddling effect alcohol has on the reasoning faculties. Try another excuse.

ARCHDEACON BOYCE ON THE DRINK BILL.

"S.M. Herald" of 1st inst. says:—

"Canon Boyce's annual estimate of the drink bill is always an interesting summing up of one aspect of social progress. As is pointed out, the new Liquor Act is slow in its effective operation, and even after a favorable Local Option vote reduction of licenses take a considerable time. But the value of the Act is hardly to be measured by the immediacy of its application or by what it actually accomplishes in the closing of bars. The really important thing is that gives a leverage to public opinion so that hotel-keepers in any district have to be severely circumspect in the conduct of their business. Canon Boyce might fairly chronicle a very noteworthy improvement in this respect during the last two or three years, and, after all, it is a very great gain for the community to be saved from the more sordidly disgusting side of the drinking habit. Perhaps the best evidence as to the extreme care with which the business is now carried on is afforded by the extraordinary fall in the number of convictions for drunkenness on the Sunday."

It is indeed a very wholesome thought that we are only just beginning to feel the good effect of the Liquor Act, and our opponents likewise to feel the reverse side of its effects. Some have been inclined to underestimate the great good that will obtain from this legislation when the hotels that have been given "notice" do finally quit. Their death plunge has been protracted, but the end will soon come, as it does to all things human. The poor publican has groaned and protested, the Liberty Leagues wailed, and "Fairplay" shrieked, but it has all been of no avail. It has even been decided by the U.L.V.A. not to protest any further in the matter of the recent election and the possibility of that vote disannulling the former. So we shall have now less hotels and better order generally.

The "Herald" concludes with a summary that will be sure to bring a howl from our contemporary:—"It is, however, not possible to overstate the evil of habitual drinking, even on a moderate scale, and Canon Boyce's figures and comments deserve the

thoughtful consideration of everyone who has the social well-being of the country at heart."

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. W. H. JUDKINS.

(To the Editor of the "Herald.")

Sir,—As I cannot make a formal reply to the presentation of the splendid testimonial which has been made to me, I shall be glad if you will kindly allow me to express my appreciation through your columns to my New South Wales friends. It was as cheering as it was unexpected, and it is a tribute of which one may be worthily proud. Its magnitude makes it most valuable, but even that is overshadowed by the affection which is expressed by it. I knew I had many friends in the fight for reform, but I am grateful for this testimony of their love. It is inspiring, indeed, and I shall cherish it as a very precious possession, more valuable to my spirit than even the tangible manifestation. May I say that the testimonial will go to make more adequate provision for my wife and daughter (which, needless to say, gives me great satisfaction and comfort), and not to my own financial benefit.

Will you also permit me to thank those who have written to me, and whom I have been unable to reply to, and to let my friends know that during the last fortnight I have rallied considerably, and am much freer from pain, although there is no change in general conditions. And in case another opportunity does not come to me, I would also like to urge my friends and those who have labored so abundantly in good things, to keep up the fight for social reform in all its branches. The need is so great. I can conceive of nothing finer than to be given opportunities for helping one's fellow creatures, unless it be the taking up of the opportunities. Time will never in Australia bring bigger opportunities for doing lasting good to the Commonwealth than are present with us now in our young nationhood, for we are in the foundation-laying days when work accomplishes much more than even greater work can do when national habits are formed. I am, etc.,

W. H. JUDKINS.

Camberwell, Melbourne, Oct. 13.

PASS "GRIT" ON

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The Editor's Letter.

OUR ENEMY AT WORK.

I last wrote from Te Aramutu, where, in spite of bad weather, we had a very good and interesting meeting. One of the most active No-license workers here is an expulican. A journey of five hours brought me to Pukekohe, and here I found an old friend in the Rev. E. Blamiers, with whom I stayed. The weather continued bad, but we had a large meeting, and it carried conviction. Two hours in the train the next morning brought me to Auckland at 9 a.m., and there I was presented with this astonishing programme, none of the details of which I had heard a word of.

RETURN VISIT TO AUCKLAND.

Friday, 12.15 p.m., Wharf; 1.30 p.m., Chamber of Commerce; 8 p.m., Grey Statue.

Saturday, 12.15 p.m., Wharf; 8 p.m., Karangahape-road.

Sunday, 11 a.m., St. Sepulchre's; 3 p.m., Opera House; 5 p.m., Tea at Y.M.C.A.; 7 p.m., St. Matthew's; 8.15 p.m., Grey Statue.

Monday, 9 a.m., King's College; 3 p.m., Domain; 8 p.m., Synod; 8.30 p.m., Oddfellow's Hall, Parnell.

APPEALING TO MEN.

At the wharf a great crowd gathered and the rude interruptions of the brewers' agent brought an unexpected justification of my utterance re Guy's Hospital. This man made it very difficult to proceed with the meeting because of his loud voiced and continuous interjections and lengthy statements. He referred to my statement mentioned in my last letter re Guy's Hospital. I explained that it was ninepence per head, not £9 per annum. He retorted, "Well, you are wrong, as our cable shows it is less than ninepence." This was delightful, and I at once pointed out that my figures were for 1905, his, by cable, were for 1910, and that it gave further emphasis to my point that the medical profession, as judged by the practice in hospitals, was discarding and eliminating alcohol, and that, as testified to by the brewers' agent, Guy's Hospital proved this by a considerable reduction in its use of alcohol in the last five years. The crowd enjoyed it, and listened with keen appreciation to every point as it was advanced in favor of No License and Dominion Prohibition. The Chamber of Commerce was packed at 1.30 and I set before these splendid thoughtful men the relation between drinking facilities and (1) efficiency; (2) spending power; and (3) the unrecognised creditor—their child—who was often allowed to acquire habits while his father acquired money and the father found out too late what a poor bargain he had made. At night we had a very large meeting, and the only interruptions proceeded from intoxicated men. Someone has said arguments that won't hold water won't keep out whisky, and there is nothing like the open air for testing one's arguments. I cannot help feeling that the No-License party are winning sympathy by their bold challenge to investigate the

facts and test their statements, while the cowardice of the other side, who never speak except from behind the protection of the advertising columns of the papers, is giving their cause away badly.

Mr. A. E. Creagh, Crown Solicitor of Oamaru, says:—

"I am satisfied that NO-LICENSE ALMOST ENTIRELY PREVENTS THE FORMATION OF THE DRINK HABIT by the younger generation. The question of the making of new drunkards is the central point of the problem. If we fail here we fail everywhere; if we succeed here, we eventually succeed everywhere. EMPHATICALLY, SO FAR AS I CAN SEE AND HEAR, A NEW CROP OF DRUNKARDS IS NOT BEING MANUFACTURED in this No-License district. The drinking is now almost confined to a comparatively small section, whose appetite for alcohol was roused in License days and who continue the habit. With the passing of these, the drinking circle will become a very small one indeed."

"WITH REGARD TO CRIME: There has been a marked diminution in the district. As Crown Prosecutor, my duties are now very light, and there is a STRIKING CONTRAST between the PRESENT STATE OF THINGS and THAT RULING PRIOR TO NO-LICENSE. These offences usually having been almost entirely absent."

Such a statement as this carries conviction every time—and it gives one a very comfortable feeling when speaking on No-License to have such an authority behind you. The facts give us confidence, and our confidence is carrying conviction at all our meetings.

WHAT A SUNDAY!

At 11 a fine congregation in the church of which the present Rector of Wagga Wagga was formerly the Minister. At 3 o'clock about 1200 men in the Opera House made an inspiring audience, 5.30 a delightful tea and talk at the Y.M.C.A. This splendid organization has just accepted a tender for over £17,000 for their new building. At 7 a wonderful congregation of not less than 1200 gathered at St. Matthew's Church, a building that cost some £30,000—then an open air meeting at which there were about 1500. The gentleman who by his interruption re Guy's Hospital had helped me so much came to my rescue again quite unintentionally. He interrupted by saying that ours was a campaign of promise, and that we dare not quote the only real prohibition country, viz., the unspeakable Turk. It seemed to the crowd as it does to all intelligent people, that three things account for the unspeakable Turk. First, his want of education. Second, his want of civilization by wise laws; and lastly, and above all, the absence of the Christian religion. Missing these three factors, which have made us what we are, he cannot be said to be a pro-

duct of the prohibition of liquor. To put it in another way, if he is an unspeakable Turk without liquor, what would he be soaked in it? This was followed by an even more disastrous example. The brewers have everywhere advertised that National Prohibition will throw 11,000 people out of work, and their agent reiterated this misstatement. I claimed that the New Zealand Year Book proved conclusively that, including all the servants in hotels, there were not 8000 engaged in the liquor business, and that Prohibition would not throw more than a very few of them out of work, as most of the hotels would still run as accommodation houses and retain the servants, and that the Dominion, that was absorbing so many immigrants could easily find work for any that the closing of the bar displaced, more especially as the millions now spent in liquor would be spent in other directions that would necessitate a large demand for labor.

AN UNFORTUNATE ILLUSTRATION.

The brewer's agent mounted my box at my request to give a shocking example from his own experience of unemployment, one of the 11,000, through the closing of the bar. He asserted he had lately been to Waihi, and with others had sought at 10 a.m. breakfast at a barless hotel. The lady, and he mentioned her name, said she could not do it, as she could not afford to hire help, and her husband was working in the mines. This was said to be a result of No-License. I drew attention to the fact that he was not unemployed if he was mining, and it was better, more respectable, and more profitable to be getting out quartz than pints! Just at this moment someone took hold of my arm and put a card in my hand. It was the nephew of the man referred to, and he bid me tell the crowd that his uncle had earned his living as a miner all his life, had only taken the place over as a boarding house since No-License, and that it was absurd to quote him. A vote was taken by a show of hands, and while we could not count those in favor of No-License and Dominion Prohibition, we only counted eleven against. The President of the Alliance then drove me out to his home at Mount Albert, and I enjoyed the comfort of delightful rest.

THE ANGLICAN SYNOD.

Bishop Crossley, who has only been a few months in New Zealand, referred to prohibition in his Synod address, and said he was not convinced yet, and that he wondered if we had exhausted all the other methods. He posed as an agnostic, and since he did not know most people felt he would have been wise to have refrained from speaking till he did know. I was given a seat in Synod, and an effort was made to suspend the standing orders to allow of my addressing the Synod, but it is necessary that the vote be unanimous to suspend the standing orders, and while the great majority wished me to have the privilege of speaking, a few objected, and I had to be content to look on. A talk to 270 boys at King's College, Remuera, brought my brief stay in Auckland to a conclusion.

(Concluded on Page 4.)

The Thief and the Prayer.

(Continued from Page 3.)

"Nothing particular; just having dinner," he answered. "And you?" The detective made no secret of his object. "Watching the crowds for their own safety," he said; "that's all. London's full of prey just now—all up from the country, with their bags in their hands, their money in their breast-pockets, and good-natured folks ready everywhere to help 'em, and help themselves at the same time." He laughed, nodding towards the man with the rings. "All the crooks are on the job," he added, significantly. "There's an old friend of ours. He doesn't know me, but I know him, right enough. He's usually made up as a clergyman; and to-night he's after that old couple at the nex' table, or my name ain't Joe Leary!"

O'Malley, however, was far too interested in hoping for a psychical experience of his own, and in watching the "alleged phenomena" of his companion, to feel much interest in a mere detective's hunt for pick-pockets. He turned towards his friend again. "What's up now?" he asked, with his back to the other; "see anything more?"

"It's perfectly wonderful," whispered Jones, softly. "It's out again. I can see the gold thread, all shining and alive, clean down in the man's mind and heart, then out, then in again. It's making him change—change—I swear it is. By George, it's like a blessed chemical experiment. I can't explain it—as I see it, but he's getting sort of bright within—golden like the thread." Jones was wrought up, excited, moved. It was impossible to doubt his earnestness. He described a thing he really saw. O'Malley listened with envy and resentment.

"Blast it all!" he exclaimed. "I see nothing. I didn't take enough!" And he drew the little phial out of his pocket.

"Look! He's changed!" exclaimed Jones, interrupting the movement so suddenly that O'Malley dropped the phial and it smashed to atoms against the iron edge of the umbrella-stand. "His thought's altered. He's going out. The gold has spread all through him—!"

"Great Scott!" put in O'Malley, so loud that people stared, "it's helped him—made him a better man—turned him from evil. It's that blessed wandering thought! Follow it, follow it! Quick!" And amid the general confusion that came with the paying of bills,

cleaning up the broken glass, and the rest, the "crook" slipped out into the crowd and was lost, the detective murmured something about "Wonder what made him leave so good a trail!" and the Irishman filled in the pauses with hurried, nervous sentences—"Keep your eye on the line of gold! We'll follow it! We'll trace it to its source. Never mind the tip! Hurry, hurry! Don't lose it!"

But Jones was already out, drawn by the power of his obvious conviction. They went into the street. Regardless of the blaze of lights and blur of shadows, the noise of traffic and the rush of the crowds, they followed what Jones described as the "line of wavy gold."

"Don't lose it. For heaven's sake, don't lose it!" O'Malley cried, dodging with difficulty after his disappearing figure. "It's a genuine thought-force from another mind. Follow it! Trace it! We'll track it to its source—some noble thinker somewhere—some gracious woman—some exalted, golden source, at any rate!" He was wholly caught away now by the splendor of the experiment's success. A thought that could make a criminal change his mind must issue from a radiant well of rare and purest thinking. He remembered the Hindu's words: "You will see thoughts in color—bad ones, lurid and streaked—high ones, sweet and shining; like a line of golden light—and if you follow, you may trace them to the mind that sent them out."

"It goes so fast!" Jones called back, "I can hardly keep up. It's in the air, just over the heads of the crowd. It leaves a trail like a meteor. Come on, come on!"

"Take a taxi," shouted the Irishman. "It'll escape us!" They laughed, and panted, dodged past the stream of people, crossed the street.

"Shut up!" answered Jones. "Don't talk so much. I lose it when you talk. It's in my mind. I really see it. It can't get away. Come on, come on!"

And so they came at last to the region of mean streets, where the traffic was less, the shadows deeper, the lights dim, streets that Coronation and Empire-movements do not change. No match-sellers, bootlace-vehdors, or "dreadful shadows proffering toys," blocked their way on the pavement edge, because here were none to buy.

"It's changed from gold to white," Jones cried, breathlessly. "It shines now—by gad, it shines—like a bit of escaped sunrise,

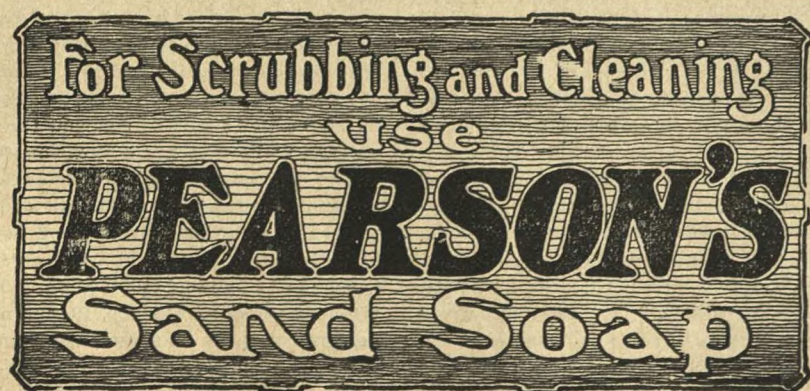
Others have joined it. Can't you see 'em? Why they're like a network. They're rays—rays of glory. And—hullo!—I see where they come from now! It's that house over there. Look, man, look! They're streaming like a river of light out of that high window, that little attic window up there"—he pointed to a dingy house standing back against the murk of the sky. "They come out in a big stream, and then separate in all directions. It's simply wonderful!"

O'Malley gasped and panted. He said nothing. Jones, the phlegmatic, heavy Jones, had got a real vision, whereas he who always imagined "visions" got nothing. He followed the lead. Jones, he understood, was taking his instinct where it led him. He would not interfere.

And the instinct led him to the door. They stopped dead, hesitating for the first time. "Better not go in, you know," said O'Malley, breaking the decision he had just made. Jones looked up at him, slightly bewildered. "I've lost it," he whispered, "lost the line —" A taxi-cab drew up with a rattling thunder just in front, and a man got out, came to the door, and stood beside them. It was the crook.

For a second or two the three men eyed each other. Clearly the new arrival did not recognise them. "Pardon, gentlemen," he said, pushing past to pull the bell. They saw his rings. The taxi boomed away down the little dark street that knew more of coal-carts than of motors. "You're coming in?" the man asked, as the door opened and he stepped inside. O'Malley, usually so quick-witted, found no word to say, but Jones had a question ready. The Irishman never understood how he asked it, and got the answer, too, without giving offence. The instinct guided him in choice of words and tone and gesture—somehow or other. He asked who lived upstairs in the front attic room, and the man, as he quietly closed the door upon them, gave the information—"My father."

And for the rest, all they ever learnt—by a little diligent enquiry up and down the street, engineered by Jones—was that the old man, bed-ridden for a dozen years, was never seen, and that an occasional district-visitor, or such like, were his only callers. But they all agreed that he was good. "They do say that he lies there praying day and night—jest praying for the world." It was the grocer at the corner who told them that. —"Westminster Gazette."



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From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

LEND A HELPING HAND.

Dear little friends, a great poet once said, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," and we who pray know that the poet spoke the truth. Every day you pray "Deliver us from evil," that means, and I always say—"deliver us from the Evil One." Just now the Evil One is very busy in New Zealand, and I want you all to pray twice every day till the poll is taken over there that God will deliver that grand land from the Evil One. He is perverting the minds of men, money has become his weapon for circulating lies, and the cause that seeks to protect the weak man, the woman, the child, and the home is being threatened by many evil tricks. Will you each pray that God will give His people courage and wisdom, and that He will deliver this grand Dominion from the Evil One.—Uncle B.

THE FOUR MACHINES.

G. R. Stewart, in the "Union Signal," tells this splendid parable:—"Here are four little machines. I step up to the first little machine and say, 'Hello, little machine, what are you?' And the answer comes back, 'I am a saw mill.' 'A saw mill? And what is your raw material?' The reply is 'Old logs.' 'What is your finished product?' 'Lumber.' 'Lumber worth more than logs?' 'Yes, certainly.' 'Then you are creating values?' 'Certainly, I am.' 'Then you are an industry worthy of the protection of this republic, and we will throw our arms around you.'

"I step up to the next little machine and say, 'Hello, little machine, what are you?' And the answer comes back, 'I am a grist mill.' 'What is your raw material?' 'Corn and oats.' 'What is your finished product?' 'Meal and flour.' 'Meal and flour worth more than corn and oats?' 'Certainly.' Then you, too, are creating values, and we will throw our arms of protection around you.'

"I step up to the next little machine and say: 'Hello, little machine, what are you?' The answer comes back, 'I am a paper mill.' 'And what is your raw material?' 'Old rags.' 'And what is your finished product?' 'Linen paper.' 'Linen paper worth more than old rags?' 'Certainly.' 'Then you also are creating values, and we will throw our arms of protection around you as an industry worthy of protection.'

I step up to the next little machine and say: 'Hello, little machine, what are you?' And the answer comes back, 'I am a gin mill.' 'A gin mill? And what is your raw material?' And if it tells me the truth, as the others tell me the truth, it must point its finger at yonder boy, and that other boy, and that other, and say: 'There's my raw material.' 'What is your finished product?' And again, if it tells me the truth, it must point its finger to yonder bleary-eyed,

bloated-cheeked old drunkard, staggering down yonder back alley, soon to drop into a drunkard's grave. Is the finished product worth more than the raw material? No, no! The more the grinding process went on in the grist mill, the finer and the greater in value the product turned out. The more the grinding process goes on in the gin mill, the less fit for future usefulness or service the product that is turned out. The gin mill and the traffic is not an industry worthy of the protection of any people."

FOR SUNDAY.

Can you find out three things that the Lord Jesus did not do? Find two of them in the Gospels and find one in the Epistle to the Romans.

FOR MONDAY.

Stand with your back to the wall and your heels together and pressed against the wall, and then quickly stoop down and touch your feet with your hands.

When you have made a success of that, stand sideways, with your right shoulder against the wall and your right foot pressed with its side against the wall, and then lift your left foot and see how long you can stand on one foot.

PUSH UP THE CORNERS.

Push up the corners of your mouth,
Even though it pain them;
Push them up and make them stay,
If you have to chain them.
Turn up the corners of your mouth,
You can't feel sad or surly,
If smiles are dimpling o'er the lips,
Crisp, and sweet, and curly.

A frown will kill the brightest laugh,
Make vinegar of honey;
A smile will kill the blackest frown,
And make a dark day sunny.
Turn up the corners of your mouth,
No matter how you're feeling;
And soon you'll feel the way you look,
A heart of joy revealing.

—Mrs. Frank H. Breck, in the "Advance."

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

A TONGUE TWISTER.

Doris Warren, 58 Belmont-street, Alexandria, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose you think I have forgotten you, but I have been busy with Homeworks for school. I think your photo. was very good, but I would like one of you now. We have some pretty little kittens—three of them. One is black, one grey and white, and the other all grey. I have been reading "Grit" now for a long time, and try to find puzzles, and have found a tongue twister. We are practising for our Anniver-



ROSA OF WEST WYALONG.

So glad to introduce you to all your cousins. Won't you write soon and tell us all if you have been down a Wyalong mine yet, and if so what it was like?—Uncle B.

sary every Sunday. It is on the 29th of this month. Our picnic is on the 11th of November. We are going to Athol Gardens. I will say Good-night, with love to all your ne's and ni's.

(Dear Doris,—So glad you found time to write. I get disappointed very often when my ne's and ni's forget me. I know homework must come first, but try and find room for me sometimes, as your letters are always welcome. I fear I could not say your tongue twister quickly.—Uncle B.)

PETER PIPER.

(By J. Harwood.)

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper;
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper
picked.
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled
pepper,
Where is the peck of pickled pepper Peter
Piper picked?

—Sent by Doris Warren.

WHAT THE BEAR SAID.

Two friends were travelling on the same road together, when they met with a bear. The one in great fear, without a thought of his companion, climbed up into a tree, and hid himself. The other, seeing that he had no chance, single-handed, against the bear had nothing left but to throw himself on the ground and feign to be dead; for he had heard that the bear will never touch a dead body. As he thus lay, the bear came up to his head, muzzling and snuffing at his nose and ears, and heart, but the man immovably held his breath, and the beast, supposing him to be dead, walked away. When the bear was fairly out of sight his companion came down out of the tree, and asked what it was the bear whispered to him, "for," says he, "I observed he put his mouth very close to your ear." "Why," replied the other, "it was no great secret; he only bade me have a care how I kept company with those who, when they get into a difficulty, leave their friends in the lurch."

There is nothing more beautiful in friendship than loyalty. This means standing up for one's friend when they are absent and protecting one's friend in the presence of danger. We could have no better thing said of us than he or she is a loyal friend. Will all my little friends pray daily that they may have the courage and steadfastness to be loyal to the Lord Jesus, to the cause of Temperance, and to their friends? A true

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friend is God's best earthly gift, and we must begin at once to fit ourselves to keep His gift and so learn to be brave and steadfast. Nearly all broken friendship and unhappiness comes from cowardice and fickleness. Some of us have a very much harder fight than others, but God never fails to help those who trust him.—Uncle B.

A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE.

Charles Stelzle is one of the wonderful ministers in America who have triumphed over every disadvantage and discouragement of his poor boyhood. He tells the following incident:—

Apparent failure may really spell success. Some years ago a genius sent a raft of logs from Canada to New York. This method of transporting logs was then unknown. When near New York a great storm snapped the cables which bound the logs, and they were scattered far and wide. The Chief of the Hydrographic Department at Washington heard of the accident, and sent word to shipmasters the world over to watch out for the logs, noting the latitude and longitude in which they were discovered. Hundreds of captains reported, with the result that remarkable discoveries were made as to the courses of ocean currents. Joggins lost his raft, but the world gained new knowledge of marine geography and navigation.

Perhaps your raft has been destroyed. You had hoped great things for it; but the logs are not lost. You will find them scattered all through your life, and perhaps in a time of storm they will save you from shipwreck. They have gone into the building up of your character. Also, and more important, they will save some other fellow from disaster.

When one has honestly done his best, he may have the consciousness that no one can do better than his best—not even the angels in heaven.

It is so hard for many of my Ne's and Ni's

to see what is the good of some of the things that they have to learn at school, and why they sometimes have such bitter disappointment; but we are always learning that our failures and disappointments are not wasted; they are used by God, and often become our biggest blessings. Be patient, little friend:

"God is too wise to err,

Too good to be unkind,"

and the older we grow the more sure we are that when we trust Him and do our best, "all things work together for good to them that love God." We need most of all to be "certain sure" that we have done our "best," and not our "second best."

UNCLE B.

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NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

(Continued.)

or "bummers," as they were called in the States. One Chief of Police told him that certainly 60 per cent. of the arrests in his district were 'old-timers,' and that there was little or no drunkenness amongst the young people.

"In conclusion, Mr. Gray said that his general impression was that Prohibition, wherever an attempt was made to enforce it, was the solution of the liquor problem."

BUT WHY GO TO AMERICA?

The conditions in America are very different to those of New Zealand, and it must not be forgotten that the laws of the States of the Union are seriously over-ridden by Federal laws, and the Interstate Commerce Act makes Prohibition in America little better than No-License in New Zealand—that is, liquor can be legally obtained. Again, it must be borne in mind that the control of the liquor traffic is in the hands of a nominated sheriff, who appoints his deputies, and, as "Hampton's Magazine" says:—"The sheriff is paid three dollars a day for hunting and capturing 'blind pigs,' as they call sly-groggers, but as he can always pick up twenty-five dollars if he does not locate the blind pig, the result is obvious. With these drawbacks it is wonderful indeed that the results in America are so remarkably favorable to Prohibition."

In New Zealand the population in the 12 No-License areas is 160,996 for the six months ending June 30, 1911. We learn from a parliamentary return that there were 165 convictions for drunkenness. The interesting thing about these convicted persons is that more than half of them were arrested on the railway station getting off the train returning from licensed areas, and according to the return which states their age most of them are "old-timers." This means that only one person in every 975 is convicted for drunkenness in No-License areas but one in every 78 is convicted in the licensed areas.

WHAT TO DO.

Strike out the top line on both papers. If you get local No-License it will become effective in six months, but if you get Prohibition it will not take effect for four years.

This is the year of your emancipation if you are true to God and to your opportunity.

FOR HOT WEATHER.

With reference to "Tea-Totaller's" remarks about cold tea for hot weather, in the "Daily Mirror," a correspondent of that journal asks why not drink warm tea? It is certainly more cooling in its after-effects than cold drinks. No doubt it is a natural tendency of mankind to resort to cold beverages during a spell of hot weather, but it does not seem to be generally known that cold drinks tend to warm the blood. A cold bath always produces a warm glow over the system, and a warm bath drives the heat out.

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Special Oil for Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc.

For Our Encouragement.

WORLD VISION.

(Continued from Last Issue.)

SWEDEN'S SUCCESSFUL TRIAL OF NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

Sweden is now in the forefront of the nations in the battle against intemperance and the liquor traffic. In the present Swedish Parliament there are 138 "teetotallers," including 136 in the Second Chamber and 2 in the First. Thirty-six of these are Good Templars.

The Swedish Riksdag has appropriated 2800dol. to the Central Temperance Education League, to be used in promoting anti-alcoholic instruction in the public schools. Still more striking, the Swedish Parliament recently voted 2000 kroner (555dol.) to the educational work of the W.C.T.U. This is the first time that Parliament has made any such grant.

Staff correspondence to the Associated Prohibition Press notes the fact that the King of Sweden, on the occasion of the grand manoeuvres at Adalen, gave a dinner to some 200 persons, at which no wine nor beer were served. The information is also given that no wine is served upon the ordinary table of the King.

A strong movement is urging that the study of the liquor problem be made a regular subject in the theological colleges of Sweden, on the ground that clergymen should be prepared for leadership in the temperance reform.

SWEDEN NO LONGER "DRUNKEN SWEDEN."

Particulars regarding the remarkable plebiscite on Prohibition recently taken in Sweden illustrate the thorough nature of the agitation in that Scandinavian country. The State was sown almost knee deep with Prohibition tracts; an army of volunteer workers were enrolled, and the question was stirred in every church and chapel throughout the land. The overwhelming victory for Prohibition confirms the judgment of a well-known writer that "Sweden has been changed in a few generations from one of the drunkenest countries in the world to the soberest." In all the country parts of Sweden, with 4,000,000 of a population, there are at present only about 140 spirit shops.

Remarkable temperance progress is noticeable in the press, there now being 125 daily papers in Sweden, each representing total abstinence principles, and which refuse to insert advertising relating to liquor. There are now one-half million known teetotallers in Sweden.

The Swedish temperance organizations, eight in number, with a membership of nearly half a million, have united for political action, which means National Prohibition within a few years.

In Sweden the House of Representatives, by a vote of 89 to 86, declared in 1907 approval of the principle of Prohibition, which was put into effect temporarily throughout the national strike from the 4th to the 31st of August, 1909, with an immensely beneficial

result. Restaurants only were permitted to serve wine and beer with meals. The mortality in Stockholm for the 8th to 14th of August, 1909, was but 8.7 pro mille, as against 13.4 pro mille as the average for the corresponding days in the previous ten years.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Official police court statistics during the strike show that at Gothenberg, in August, 1908, there were 847 arrests for drunkenness; during August, 1909, but 113; from September 1 to September 7, 1908, 188 arrests; September 1 to 7, 1909, only 3; on September 8 the public houses are opened again, and from September 8 to September 19 there were 259 arrests. At Stockholm, in August, 1908, there were 1549 arrests for drunkenness, but 169 only in August, 1909; at Nykoping, 26 arrests for August, 1908, 1 only in August, 1909. Orebro showed 100 police court cases, 84 of which were for drunkenness, in August, 1908; 9 only, and none for drunkenness, in August, 1909. At Malmo, in August, 1907, 346 arrests for drunkenness; August, 1908, 443; August, 1909, 175, of whom 152 were in the streets adjoining the port; most of the men arrested were foreigners who came directly from Copenhagen. These improvements were all assigned to Prohibition, which was hailed with satisfaction by the great mass of the workingmen. On August 11, at Stockholm, a meeting of 20,000 strikers begged the Government to lengthen the period of Prohibition.

By request of Parliament, the Government has appointed a committee to investigate and make clear how the provincial boards and assemblies (county councils), the communities and the State may be released from economical dependence upon the drink traffic. A meeting called by the State church ministers in the Cathedral of Upsala declared itself in favor of Prohibition. It is estimated that four-fifths of the population are now living under Prohibition, the total abstainers being estimated at 500,000 persons.

SWEDES OVERWHELMINGLY FOR PROHIBITION.

Of the population of Sweden, about 4,400,000 were over 18 years of age and entitled to vote in the plebiscite on Prohibition taken in 1910. The voting papers were distributed throughout the country. The total votes received against Prohibition were only 16,613, being but about one-half of one per centum of those voting. The total of votes for National Prohibition numbered 1,878,519. Thus about 54 per centum of those above 18 years of age voted for permanent Prohibition. The leaders in Parliament are therefore moving anew in the matter of constitutional Prohibition for the entire country, and with good prospects for success in the not far distant future.

Popular endorsement of National Prohibition appears to be the final verdict of the Swedish people with regard to the Gothenberg system. Nowhere has this scheme

of private monopoly of the liquor traffic been so long or thoroughly tried, and this popular decision must prove the last word with regard to its value as a solution of the drink problem.

FINLAND DEMANDS NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

In Finland, 30 years of strenuous work, agitating and educating, preceded the adoption of national Prohibition, in October, 1907. But although the sentiment in its favor was well-nigh overwhelming, the Czar of Russia has withheld his official approval. And as Finland is merely a grand duchy of Russia, she is powerless to enforce her own will. In November of 1908 the Parliament, by a vote of 158 to 34, reaffirmed its vote for Prohibition. But the evil influence of the whisky-controlled Government of France was used with the Czar.

To counteract the financial and other outside influences brought to bear upon Russia by French wine growers (through the French Government and bankers), to make the will of the people ineffective, 300,000 persons specially leagued themselves together to abstain from drinking all spirituous liquors for several months from June 1, 1909.

Every teacher in the schools of Finland is obliged by law to give anti-alcohol instruction, and, as a preparation, is required to pursue a course in alcoholology in the University of Helsingfors.

Tamefor, a Finnish working-class centre with a population of over 25,000, has put Prohibition into effect. It is the largest city in Central or Northern Europe to entirely abolish the legalised drink traffic.

RUSSIA LEADERS ASK FOR PROHIBITION.

In Russia, peasant members of the Duma in 1907 denounced the national system of selling vodka, and demanded its imperial Prohibition. The Siberian town of Silovanoff, occupied by the Sceptsi sect, is carried along on Prohibition lines as a protest against the immense evil of vodka drinking in the empire, which has much more than doubled under the government monopoly during the past 13 years.

At the first Russian Anti-Alcohol Congress, held in St. Petersburg, December 31 to January 6, 1910, the following resolution was passed: "The first National Anti-Alcohol Congress of Russia is of the opinion that the only effective weapon against drunkenness is total abstinence."

(To be continued.)

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THE TOOTHsome TEST.

Enticed by a window display of freshly-dusted tomatoes and lettuce-leaves, the unwary stranger dropped into the Betternot Buffet and called for the bill-o'-fare.

An aged waiter approached, and flicked yesterday's crumbs from the table with a da'-before-yesterday's napkin.

"What have you got good to-day, eh?" asked the stranger.

"Hoysters," answered the waiter, nodding with kindly assurance. "And you needn't be afeared of 'em, sir for they're very good indeed. Why," he added confidentially, "we're eatin' 'em ourselves!"

CLEARING THE WAY.

"Dad," said his son and heir, somewhat doubtfully, it seemed, "would you be glad if I saved half-a-sovereign for you?"

His father looked surprised.

"Certainly, Jack," he answered. "I should be exceedingly pleased."

"Then you will be glad, dad," went on the youthful financier, "because I have saved it for you all right. You said you'd give me half-a-sovereign if I brought a first-class report home from school this term. And—well, dad, I—haven't"

WHAT IT WAS WORTH.

The small boy stood in front of the sea-side theatre, and under his arm he carried a dog. When presently a prosperous-looking person appeared on the steps, the manager approached him.

"Are you the manager?" he asked; and the man nodded.

"I—I'd like to go in," said the youngster thoughtfully, "but I've spent all my money on ice-cream. If—if you'd let me in, I'd give you my dog!"

The adamant heart of the manager melted. He, too, had been a boy.

"You can go in," he said; "but never mind giving me the dog; you can keep it."

When the performance was over the manager caught sight of the boy.

"Well, young man," he said, "how did you like the show?"

"Not bad," admitted the youthful critic thoughtfully; "but—well, I'm jolly glad I didn't have to give you my dog!"

THERE ARE OTHERS.

Miss Young—"In Turkey a woman doesn't know her husband till after she's married him."

Mrs. Wedd—"Why mention Turkey especially?"

WAIT AND SEE.

It was his first case. It was, moreover, an impossible case. The youthful counsel, with one eye on the shifty prisoner he was defending, and the other on his copious notes, raised his voice to a passionate squeak, and waved his arms about like a storm-smitten windmill.

But it wasn't a bit of use. The prisoner looked as guilty as a bad sovereign, and the jury winked and yawned, and smirked.

At the conclusion of a lengthy peroration which perorated for about 1010 miles, the youthful counsel cried:

"Do you mean to say, gentlemen, that this poor man actually stole those ill-omened sausages? Look at him! I ask you, can he be guilty of such a despicable act?"

"Just you wait a minute, young feller," replied the foreman genially, "and then we'll tell you!"

THE VERY MAN.

An auctioneer advertised on his office window for an assistant, and added a list of qualifications which showed that he expected his new man to possess all the virtues. Many people read the notice and turned away, but at last a more venturesome individual entered the office and informed the auctioneer that his brother was just the man for the job.

"What is your brother like?" queried the auctioneer. "Is he quiet?"

"Oh, yes."

"Used to stopping a long time in one place?"

"Rather! Sticks to one place like glue."

"Never gets into trouble through meddling with other people's business?"

"Never."

"Wouldn't answer back if I called him the hardest names I could think of?"

"He'd be as mum as a fish all the time."

"Jove! He's the very man I want. Where is he now, this brother of yours?" eagerly inquired the auctioneer.

"Couldn't say with confidence," dryly responded the man, as he backed towards the door. "He's been dead for the last seventeen years!"

Jack: "Once more, Molly, will you marry me?" Village Belle: "For the thirteenth time this hour I tell you I will not." Jack: "Well, 13 knots an hour ain't bad sailin' for a little craft like you."

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THEIR EYES.

Two eyes there are of liquid blue
Which hold for me a magic spell.
They're ordinary eyes, 'tis true,
And may seem commonplace to you;
But still, you see, you're not my brother,
And those two eyes belong to mother.

But there's another one I know,
Who fathoms oft those azure depths;
Whose glances soft too plainly show
The message passing to and fro.
And as I watch, it makes me glad
To think that other's name is dad.

For Fathers and Mothers.

SHALL YOUNG CHILDREN JOIN THE CHURCH.

A QUESTION FOR CHRISTIAN PARENTS.

There is little difficulty in saying how early a child should become a disciple of Christ. Just as soon as his mind can receive the idea of a great unseen Friend, just as soon as his nature is capable of loving, just so soon must he be made familiar with the fact of Jesus, and with the thought and duty of loving surrender and obedience to Him. This can be brought about so early as to be almost incredible to one who has not been accustomed to look and work for it. By the grace of God and the power of His Spirit working with and through our human faithfulness and love, it can be wrought so gently, even imperceptibly to the child, that, like F. B. Meyer, and many another saint deep in the mysteries and power of God, he never knew the hour when he turned his face heavenward. And every Christian parent must understand that precisely this is the task set before him when that baby is put into his arms, and that he must begin with the first contact of his personality with the child's personality, and never cease his efforts till the goal is reached—and not then.

THE CHILD AND THE CHURCH.

But there are parents to whom it occurs that the coming to Jesus is one thing, and the coming to the Church, with its professions and demands and responsibilities, is another. The first is always safe. The second, they believe, may be full of risk. It is not proper or wise that so solemn and weighty a thing as declared and active discipleship and church-membership, they reason, should be undertaken by one who does not understand their full significance. But suppose the case to be that of a child who has made a definite and voluntary commitment of himself to Jesus, and who, by such loving and genial tests as may apply to a child's religion, rather than an adult's, is clearly a genuine follower of Christ. This immortal soul, made in God's image, and remade by the power of the Spirit, has entered into the most solemn and glorious personal relations with his Heavenly Father, and desires to express the relationship in the logical, the appointed way. Who shall say him nay? Who will not help him to his desire?

THE DUTY OF MEMBERSHIP.

The unattached Christian is the abnormal Christian. The unattached Christian is abnormal in being unattached, but still more is he abnormal by being unattached. The pine-tree which it to furnish clear, straight-grained, knotless timber, fit for framing in with others, is not the pine-tree that lives in the open, swept to and fro by every wind that blows, and following the caprices of its own wild will. It is the pine-tree that grows in the forest, surrounded by others, limited, confined, directed to straight and upward growth by the interacting growth of its fellows. The guerilla Christian is the eccen-

tric Christian. The Christian of the orderly, symmetrical, mutual character has from the start been subject to the influences, has sustained the burdens, has enjoyed the guardianship, of consistent, faithful, active, church-membership. He cannot be normal without. Refuse him membership, and you subject him to the unchartered twist during the very days wehn the twig is bent.

A WRONG TO CHILDHOOD.

Any Christian worker of wide experience can cite scores of cases where men and women who came at last, but came all too late, dated their first impulses to religion back in an old childhood experience. But parents or friends frowned on it or neglected it, and no further step was taken; it was forgotten or overlaid by the sins or follies of the years, until late in life this new experience came. Some authorities assert that none ever come late in life but those who did have such a childhood experience. They came at last, however? These did. The others did not report. And how did these come? Robbed of all the precious Christian experience of the years between, robbed of the cumulative growth of Christian service, robbed of the inestimable fellowships of the Christian life, robbed of the moulding and enriching presence and influence of a Christ loved, confessed, obeyed, throughout these plastic years—robbed of all this, and injured by the sins and twists and atrophies and deteriorations and habits of an imperfectly nurtured or un-nurtured Christian life. Never on earth could they be what they might have been. Was it not partial spiritual murder?

Or complete spiritual murder, sometimes? When one discourages a child's religion, or hinders its full and normal expression, is he not dangerously near attempting the suppression or suffocation of a soul?

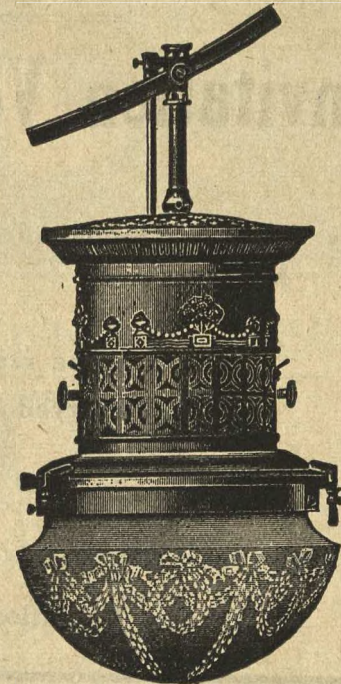
The child Christian, properly trained—and he is so much more susceptible of training—is incomparably the safer. He yields the most of the bright stars in our galaxy of Christian workers. He yields no such proportion of failures. This is Spurgeon's testimony, and many another's. And we can better afford to run what risk there may be, if indeed there is any, of now and then letting an earnest child mistakenly press his way in. We are much more likely by our frost to blast some tender shoot, one of God's little ones, than by excess of sunshine to stimulate some strange growth. We may trust to God's grace and power, if we have done our best, the possible errors of too great faith and hope.

If we have done our best! What a challenge to parents and older Christians! A challenge to furnish that life-giving atmosphere, a challenge to faithful tutelage and watchcare, a challenge to a high Christian living that shall be an example, an inspira-

tion, an inescapable influence!—The weak point in church-membership for everybody concerned, young and old, is not at its entrance, but after.—"S.S. Times."

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