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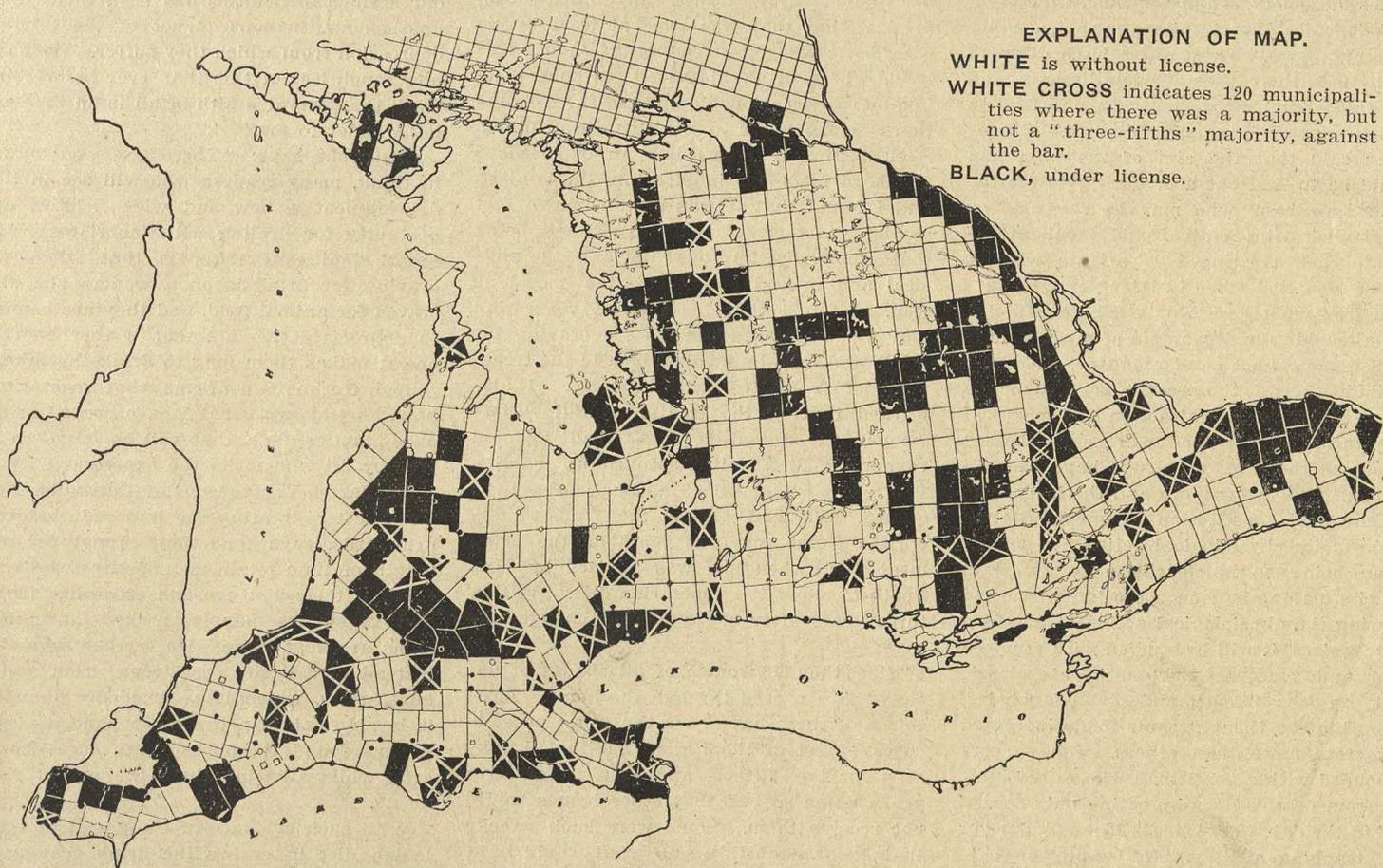
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Price One Penny.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1911.

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

"CLEANING-UP" OLD ONTARIO.



EXPLANATION OF MAP.

WHITE is without license.

WHITE CROSS indicates 120 municipalities where there was a majority, but not a "three-fifths" majority, against the bar.

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DIET AS A FACTOR IN THE PREVENTION AND CURE OF INEBRIETY.

(By JOHN HADDON, M.A., M.D., C.M.)

Many now regard inebriety as a disease, and drugs have been prescribed for its cure, just as they were for gout or rheumatism long ago. In those days it was thought that the physician did well if he could cure a disease, and his reliance upon drugs may be traced to the efforts of the alchemists to discover the elixir of life, by drinking which a man might live beyond the allotted span. The study of disease, however, in recent times revealed the fact that some were due to poisons entering the system in water or food, or even through the air we breathe. That discovery gave rise to what may be called preventive medicine, and now we have an army of medical officers of health, whose duty is to remove all possible causes of disease. Their efforts have lessened our mortality; nevertheless, we have still much disease and many premature deaths, which continue in spite of our public health officials. Gout, rheumatism, and cancer still prevail, and even increase, attacking all classes of society, while sudden deaths from what is called heart failure are becoming more numerous. These facts have directed attention to the causes of such diseases, and we are beginning to learn that our food is a potent factor in causing disease. Hippocrates said that the aim of the physician should be to find out a diet suitable for the sick. Sydenham, who may be regarded as the English Hippocrates, paid much attention to diet, treating his patients without animal food, and when in later years he suffered from gout he ate only once a day.

The teaching and example of such fathers of medicine cannot be disregarded, and there are indications at the present day that in the future the physiological action and chemical constitution of our food will be studied as closely as those of our drugs have been in the past. We know more and think more of the chemical constitution of our food than we do of its physiological action, its constitution being so much easier to ascertain than its action; but, once the importance of knowing the physiological action of our food is recognised, it will be studied with renewed vigor and success. Burton, in his classic work on the "Anatomy of Melancholy," shows that he thought some foods increased that state more than others. I have corresponded with a gentleman who raised himself from death's door by eating only 6oz. of food in the day. Now he eats 16ozs., and never ails, teaching all day. He wrote of eating too much at times, and asking him how he knew when he had eaten too much, he said he was not so merry, proving that, though the quality of food may depress the spirits, quantity will also do so—for my cor-

respondent is a vegetarian and his own cook.

If, then, both the quantity and quality of our food may affect the mental state as well as the physical, giving rise to mental as well as physical depression, how important must diet be in the treatment of inebriety, where depression is so marked a symptom. My attention was called to this subject by a patient who by my advice changed his diet, giving up all animal food. The change in his physical condition was simply miraculous, for, though a perfect cripple, unable even to dress himself, he began to work. His glowing description of the changed mental outlook was delightful to hear. From being a sort of purgatory, this world became to him a paradise; but what astonished me most was that, having been a drunkard, drinking as much as a bottle of brandy before breakfast, he told me that if I put anyone on the diet I had prescribed for him, he would never desire any intoxicating drink. That that was true, at least in his case, he proved by attending an annual festival, where drink abounded, without tasting, on two occasions, in spite of the solicitation of companions to join them in drinking. Such testimony from such an experienced drunkard made me inquire into the subject, and I found that it was a well-known fact among vegetarians, their experience being that such a diet improved not only the physical and mental state, but the moral as well. I found that in America vegetarian diet was known to remove the craving for drink, and used by medical men in the treatment of inebriates with success. I also learned that in the treatment of inebriate women, the Salvation Army had adopted vegetarian diet, with astonishing results. The testimony of Miss Hudson deserves to be quoted. She had worked the Women's Inebriate Home for four years on the usual meat diet, when she was advised by Mrs. Booth to adopt the vegetarian diet. Writing three years after she made the change, she says:—

"Since then 110 women, of all shades of society, have passed through the home. Two-thirds of these have been the worst possible cases. Most of them were habitual drunkards for ten, fifteen, and even twenty-five years, some so bad that other homes would not receive them. Some were such wrecks that I was doubtful as to what would happen as a consequence of giving them the new diet. I feel sure you will agree with me that I had a variety of material to work upon. Now for the results. First with the officers, both I and my assistants were quickly con-

vinced that we had taken a right step. We found that the continual strain and anxiety of our work gave place to a much more restful and peaceful state of mind; also that we could think and sleep better. This was a great gain, especially for myself, since, humanly speaking, I was beginning to find the duties very trying. Some of us had suffered from very severe headaches for years, which gradually disappeared. I was not long in finding out that that which was taking place in us was rapidly developing in the inmates, but their sad condition made the change much more marked. Lazy, vicious, bloated, gluttonous, bad-tempered women, heavy with years of soaking, whose bodies exhaled impurities of every description, and who had hitherto needed weeks, and even months, of nursing and watching after their arrival in the home, to my astonishment and delight, under this new treatment, made rapid recovery, many of them assuming a fairly normal condition in ten days or a fortnight. The people as a whole are much happier. We do not have the same violent outbreaks of temper. They are more contented, more easily pleased, and much more amenable to discipline. One of our serious difficulties has been their variable moods, in consequence of the terrible depression from which they suffer. We have now much less of this than ever before; indeed, the general health of all is an increasing wonder to me."

Again she says: "There are, we venture to think, many readers who will see in this development a new and wide field of opportunity for dealing with inebriates. Another significant thing is that when the craving for drink is on a woman she also craves for animal food, and they are coming to appreciate the fact that if they eat the one it makes them long to drink the other."

Such testimony confirms what vegetarians have long known, what I have proved in my own practice, and what will be found to be true by all who make the experiment.

Dr. James C. Jackson, of Dansville, New York, after treating a hundred habitual drunkards, says that they cannot for any length of time retain an appetite for strong drink if their diet consists of grains, fruits, and vegetables simply cooked, and their skins are kept clean. He further says that instead of a desire for strong drink a disgust arises, which is as decidedly moral as it is physical. On the other hand, he says he has found it impossible to cure drunkards while allowing them the use of flesh meats.

With such evidence of the power of vegetarian diet in curing the drink craving, it should surely be tried in all our registered inebriate asylums, whose success in treatment has so far been a failure; and if it is found to be successful in curing inebriety,

(Continued on Page 12.)



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WISE AND OTHERWISE.

By M. C. RAMSAY.

(Continued from last Issue.)

"Oh come, Miss Mabel!" murmured Ken. "I never did, never do. I simply follow my own inclination, and leave my friends and neighbors to do the same!"

"Then perhaps," with twinkling eyes, "if your best girl, if you happen to have one, tried to bring you into line with everyone here, she wouldn't have a very difficult task?"

"Oh, well," he hesitated, then concluded, "I haven't got a girl at all—as yet," with a significance which was not lost upon the match-making Allen. "So of course I can't imagine what I might, or might not, do to please her."

"Aye, beforehand," quoth Aunt Helen. "Afterwards, you wouldn't go a quarter of a mile out of your way to save her crying her eyes out! You're all alike! Men are April when they woo, December when they wed!"

"You've had so much experience, Aunt Helen," said Mab sweetly. "Mr. Mackenzie, I believe I'll think it is unlucky if you alone refuse to drink Guy and Pearl's health in wine, and you know we are to be largely responsible, you and I, for everything going right. If you had been pledged I wouldn't have asked it, but seeing it is just a fad, and one with which, I must own, I have little if any sympathy, I do feel strongly tempted—"

And as she paused Ken, rather to his own surprise, said quickly, "Miss Mabel, please don't! What if I had not the strength of will to refuse?"

And though she had been merely teasing, as light-hearted girls will, there was that in his tone which made her, with the inherent desire for conquest common to her sex, there and then decide to test her suddenly-acquired power over a strong man the moment the opportunity came.

And when the toast of the evening was being proposed, with her own hands she filled a glass and held it out to him, softly saying:—

"Mr. Mackenzie, please! Just this one, to allay my fears of some untoward happening if you don't."

And for one moment he hesitated, while she almost held her breath, little dreaming, foolish girl, how great an issue was at stake, then silently bowing his thanks, took the glass from her, and a few minutes later her eyes actually sparkled with pleasure to see

him "honor" the toast in like fashion with the rest.

But all too soon would the light in those beautiful eyes be quenched by bitter, bitter tears!

II.

Having thus, at the behest of a girl he had known some three or four hours, broken through his life-long habit of abstinence, for it was nothing more, it was quite a simple matter for Kenneth Mackenzie to slip into line with his strictly "moderate" friends, some of whom chaffed him unmercifully about his sudden change of front, though only to his cousin, Will Baxter, did he make frank confession of how it came about, a day or two after he returned from his second week-end in Fairhaven, which followed very soon after the first! And though Will was not a teetotaler, he rather drily said—

"One man's meat is another man's poison, of course, but I can't say I think much of a girl who would laugh a fellow into doing anything of the kind, no matter what her own opinion on the vexed question might be, and if she could only see it, she's a fool for herself."

"In what way?" queried Ken, and Will calmly quoted—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

"But substitute principle for the poet's 'honor,' and there we are! Yielding on any such point at the very beginning, to my thinking, augurs but poorly for the future. If she wanted you to yield, it says little for her; if she didn't, it says still less for you, and she can never feel sure of how you'll act in any great crisis! In either case she would have thought twice as much of you if you had stood firm!"

"You seem to know all about it," said Ken, rather shortly. "And it was never what you could call a principle with me; just a sort of habit of saying 'No thank you; I don't take any, when anything of the kind chanced to be agoing, and not a bad habit, on the whole, most certainly!"

"Well, I always guessed there were queer folk amongst the temperance people as well as in the Shaws," said Will. "But it's to be hoped they have not very many like you." Plain speaking, under which Ken visibly winced, but he merely said—

"Seeing I never did a hand's turn to help on any temperance society, I can be no great loss. But you go miles too fast, Will, with

your talk of love. I like the girl very much, and we're good friends already, but as for anything more, bless you, we've only known each other three weeks."

"And you're going north again next Friday, and you find it necessary to write to each other two or three times a week—concerning the wedding arrangements, I presume; in order to save the bride and groom bother! And, railway fares to the north apart you've suddenly become economical to a fault, so if all that doesn't point to another wedding right speedily, I'll write myself down a Dutchman!"

But of course Will had to do no such thing. Instead, when Christmas came round, he found himself acting as groomsman in his turn, for Ken had secured an appointment as headmaster of a country school, with house and garden and all complete, the whole place so charming that it would have been perfectly sinful not to bring a fair young mistress to it, and somehow Mab, who had oftentimes declared that she meant to die an old maid, men were such a bother, needed no great amount of persuasion to exercise the woman's privilege and change her mind.

And because they were so deeply in love with each other, Will's prophecy that, accustomed all their lives, the one to the city, the other to a fairly busy town, they would be bored to death in the little Fifeshire village was proved to be false, for when he paid his first visit, and put the blunt question, Ken laughed lightly, and, looking across to his wife, softly said, "The poor old chap is more to be pitied than blamed, eh, sweetheart? What was it I quoted from old Omar Khayyam only yesterday, Mab?" And Mab also laughed her soft, musical laugh, and responded:

"Here with a little bread beneath the bough,

A flask of wine, a book of verse, and Thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
Oh wilderness were Paradise enow!"

"But all the same, Will, he'd soon tire of it if I offered him nothing better than the flask of wine and bit of bread, so I must go and see about supper." And she slipped off, on household duties bent, singing light-heartedly as a bird, Will, with something strangely akin to a sigh, said quietly:—

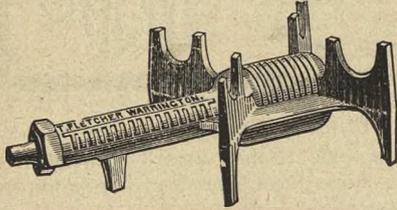
"Well, old chap, you are to be envied, I must own. I only wish—"

"Yes?" as he paused.

"Oh, nothing!"

"But it's oh something," persisted Ken. "Who is she?"

(To be continued).



BEFORE BUYING

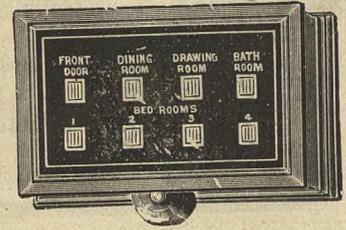
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New South Wales Alliance.

The increased vigilance of the police has been responsible for another heavy batch of sly-grog sellers. These cases all come from the overlicensed areas of Surry Hills, Woolloomooloo, and Darling Harbor. No cases are reported from Campsie, with a population of several thousand people, where there are no licenses.

* * *

The Federal Capital has a splendid opportunity of starting out without a liquor bar. The only place in the territory that has a bar is Hall. Here the vote at the last local option poll was 21 for Continuance and 55 for No-license. This should be closed, and then the whole of the Federal Capital Territory would be free.

* * *

We have frequently called attention to the fearful havoc liquor is making upon human life. There is scarcely a day passes but what some man is done to death, and is killed directly or indirectly through drink. Continuance voters are again reminded that in voting for the open bar they give their consent to these calamities.

* * *

The latest case comes from Newtown, the unfortunate man being only 24 years of age. The police have arrested two men in connection with the affair. A young man dead. His friends plunged in grief. Two men arrested, and endless trouble to the authorities. Yet there are over 300,000 electors in this State who "don't care" or "won't care" how many people are wounded, ruined, disgraced, or slain through drink.

* * *

The wreck of the Yongala is causing a good deal of public interest. One paper points out the need of more lighthouses, another the necessity of wireless. The loss of life has been heavy, and has stirred the public mind to the necessity of preventing future calamities if at all possible. There are, however, far more people going down to their death under the crimson wave of liquor than on our coasts. Will the country not enter its protest against this traffic?

* * *

Mrs. Helen Barton continues to have fine meetings on the Northern Rivers. At Grafton and Casino she met with fine receptions,

and the singing of Miss Nellie Barton was greatly enjoyed. At the time of writing these notes, she is having a good time in the River Capital—Lismore.

* * *

Next week Mrs. Barton goes on to Queensland, and will return to Sydney via Tenterfield and Glen Innes.

* * *

Mr. Piper, our popular soloist, has almost recovered from his operation, and is taking part in a few meetings at an early date.

* * *

Several well-known country Temperance workers are down for the big Easter Show, and are manifesting a keen interest in the cause. The Big Conference this week, which will be fully reported later, will be of great interest, and should prove an inspiration to our outside friends.

* * *

The Grand Lodge Session of the I.O.G.T. is in progress. Although that order is not as strong numerically as in days gone by, owing to the number of other organizations doing temperance work, it is still a powerful factor in the fight. The Good Templar is affiliated with the Alliance, and their deliberations are of keen interest to the temperance workers of the State.

"NOT AT ALL SATISFIED." Coroner and Hotel Licensee.

"I am not at all satisfied with the evidence of the licensee, or the conduct of the licensee, in this case. There is no doubt that this man was in a state of intoxication, and was allowed to remain on the premises, in violation of the Liquor Act. Had the licensee obeyed the law, and put him off the premises, there is no doubt that his death would not have happened in the way it did."

These were the remarks of the coroner yesterday at the conclusion of the inquest upon Albert Theodore Jenkins, an elderly man, late of Foster-street, Leichhardt, who died at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital on Sunday last from fracture of the skull. The injury had been received on the previous Thursday.

Charles Cook, the licensee of the Wheelwright's Arms Hotel, Parramatta-road,

Lewisham, said in his evidence that deceased asked for a glass of rum, about 10.30 p.m. on the Thursday, but he refused to serve him. Presently he heard a fall, and found Jenkins in a sitting position on the floor. He assisted him to a room, and left him. Deceased was not drunk, and said he was all right.

Bertram Cook, son of the licensee, said he helped deceased part of the way to his home. He then went on and told Mrs. Jenkins about the condition her husband was in. He gave her the name "Jones," because it was a most unthankful thing to take home a man who had had a few drinks. He was sorry afterwards.

A verdict of accidental death was returned.

FEDERAL CAPITAL SITE. Hotel Without Liquor Bars.

As all who know him anticipated, our Bro., the Hon. A. Fisher, P.S.J.W., the Prime Minister of Australia, stands true to the principles that he years ago taught the boys and girls in his Juvenile Temple, and in response to a protest letter re the reported intention to establish liquor bars under Commonwealth control at Yass-Canberra, he writes:—"I desire to inform you that it is not the intention of the Government to go into the business of liquor selling, the only proposal so far made being to establish a State hotel, which would be purely a temperance one." Hurrah! There is some advantage in having an abstaining Prime Minister, supported by an abstaining Cabinet. Instead of a menace as reported, there is a blessing, and the Government are going to prove that living accommodation and liquor can advantageously be separated.—"The Queensland People."

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Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

ANOTHER JUDICIAL VIEW OF THE DRINK QUESTION.

We were so surprised at the recent outburst from the Bench in the defence of alcohol, that it is refreshing to find the account balanced by an opposite view from the same privileged quarter. Lawyers tell us we should never be surprised at anything that happens in court—"they" certainly never are. We have had some extraordinary experiences ourselves in civil cases—obtaining results that drove one aghast. But with all one's previous experience to boot one cannot but be amazed at any judge defending alcohol. Of all men he should loathe its evil results, for they are before him almost daily. Quite recently another of our judges claimed that drink accounted for about 75 per cent. of all the cases brought before him. We repeat, we cannot but be tremendously surprised that any member of the bar or bench can defend the use of alcohol.

But to continue our narrative. We enter the court. Two well-dressed young men are in the dock. They plead guilty—one to damaging property, the other to "stealing." They are very penitent, and it is made no secret that the cursed drink and an open bar accounted for all their trouble.

His Honor speaks in a kindly manner:—

"I see by your references that you have a good character, and that you can do a good day's work, but drink is at the bottom of all your trouble. It has not yet made a physical wreck of you, but it undoubtedly will if you continue. A man who has been in the habit of taking strong drink should not touch it at all, for it is poison, and means ruination. I shall give you another chance owing to your credentials, and will sentence you to six months' hard labor, the sentence to be suspended conditionally. No, on second thoughts, I shall pass a sentence of 12 months. I have a reason for that, for, under the First Offenders' Act, you will be required to be of good behaviour and abstain from drink for that period. I hope this experience will be a lesson to you."

Accused: Thanks, your Honor. May I be allowed to say that if any policeman ever sees me in an hotel I will be quite satisfied to be arrested, and undergo the sentence you have imposed.

His Honor: I am pleased to hear you say that, but I hope you will keep your word.

In the second case his Honor remarked that, as nothing was known of the character of the accused—a recent arrival from Ireland—he would sentence him to six months' hard labor. "Your are only a young man," said his Honor, "and as you

have been drinking so heavily since your arrival here, there is only one cure. In order to save you, I must, therefore, pass a sentence which will keep you under compulsory temperance."

We recommend this to the study of the "U.L.V.A." and the entire staff of "Fair-play." Note his Honor's remarks. "It (strong drink) is **poison**, and means **ruination**." This speaks for itself.

* * *

EASTERTIDE.

The solemn season of Easter is upon us, and has gone, and we note with pleasure the growing religious tendency to keep it solemnly as it should be kept. Some few years ago the proposal to close the Agricultural Show upon Good Friday would have met with little sympathy. Although condemned by the "world," it has been received by the great body of Christian workers with much sympathy, as evidencing a desire to give a little more time to the consideration of the world's greatest tragedy. We are not of those who believe the universe is getting less religious-minded—it is, we think, on the contrary growing better year by year. The whole trend of religious and political thought is towards greater attention for the poor and suffering—the tempted and the fallen—the outcome of deeper religious thought.

But we specially rejoice to see expression of this feeling on the part of the State—and the city—as evidenced in the legislation for the closing of hotels on Good Friday and the more recent decision that licences of picture shows and open-air theatres must likewise close on that day. It is an excellent object lesson to the community, and, if we as a young nation pay homage to the Ruler of this universe and give time to the consideration of His laws, we shall enjoy the peace and prosperity that have been the heritage of the British people. Let us hold fast to this legacy, for it is the most precious of all our assets.

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'PHONE, 160 PETERSHAM.

An American Page.

Booze, Boodle and Bloodshed in the Middle West

THE REIGN OF TERROR CREATED BY THE "WETS" AND THE "DRYS"
WHICH IS AFFECTING THE WHOLE NATION.

By SLOANE GORDON, in "The Cosmopolitan."

(Continued from last Issue.)

Most of the trouble, most of the contention, most of the controversy, harks back to the county-option legislation, which the Anti-Saloon League justifies in this wise:

"The burdens of the traffic, the costs of criminal prosecutions, so far as those result from the sale of beverage intoxicants, and the support of the poor fall upon the whole county and not upon the particular part of the county that goes wet. The wet people of a town, most of whom pay little or no taxes, have no right to ask the taxpayers of a dry township to pay the public expenses of the saloon business, simply to give them the free exercise of their sumptuary tendencies.

"The people of a whole county are interested in the moral welfare of the whole county, and have a right to be heard upon all questions affecting that moral welfare. The citizen of a township has a right to be heard on the question whether his county-seat shall support sources of crime and misery to society, because he is a part of the society affected."

"To what do you attribute this agitation over the liquor question?" I asked Mr. Durand, secretary of the Personal Liberty League.

"There are many causes," he replied, "but one of the most potent has been the greed and ignorance of the dive-keeper. He has been the best asset of the prohibitionists. We are trying to stamp him out now."

Mr. Durand might have adverted to the fact that the brewers, who are now insistently in favor of suppressing the dive (so they say), are the ones primarily responsible for it. Scores and hundreds of buildings occupied by unspeakable doggeries in many western cities and towns are owned by brewing companies. The keeper of the dive often owed his start in business to the brewery, which rented him his location, furnished him with his first working capital, gave him credit, paid his liquor license, and compelled him, of course, to sell its particular brands of beer. This would have been all right if the brewery had also compelled him to obey the laws, but it didn't.

But conditions are changing, and the Anti-Saloon League must be given credit for at least compelling the brewers and distillers to clean house. It isn't easy in these days for a thoroughly disreputable character to get the backing of a brewery in starting a saloon. Formerly it made but little difference whether he had a criminal record or not, so long as the brewery was reasonably sure of getting its pay out of him. The Ohio Brewers' Association now main-

tains a Vigilance Bureau, and aims to prosecute all law violators. It appears to be in earnest, although the anti-saloon forces scoff at such an idea. At all events, it has sworn out many warrants against saloonists and brought about many convictions. It is a wholesome sign. Anything tending to cleanse the sores is good. But the Anti-Saloon League wants to cauterise the entire body. It does not concede that there is any essential difference between a respectable saloonist and a criminal dive-keeper. It battles to drive them all out.

The following is an extract from the notable speech delivered at Chicago last December by Bishop Luther B. Wilson, the president of the Anti-Saloon League in America.—

"Pity for this traffic! As it pleads for mercy let us remember the wrongs that it has inflicted; let us remember the groans and tears of wives and mothers upon whose tender hearts its iron heel has fallen; let us but call to mind the panorama of the centuries, childhood, youth, manhood, womanhood, old age staggering on, the garb of penury only hiding the more awful wretchedness of mind and heart; let us remember how faith and love have died, how sodden will has at length lost all power of resistance and response, how at last the staggering have fallen and fallen to be spurned, and how the quenchless greed of this iniquity had turned from the spectacle of its victims dead, in its reach for others who might take their place and fill its coffers. Mercy for the saloon means cruelty to mankind. There can be no day of grace for this traffic. Every day of grace can but be disgraced by it. Our hostility toward the saloon has not been tempered by these years. Our purpose now is as our purpose at the beginning. The saloon must go, must go utterly, must go never to return. There is a promise in the circumstance which hedges us about, growing with the days"

Col. T. M. Gilmore, head of the Model License League, of Louisville, Kentucky, a man of striking personality and force, puts it this way. He may be right, and he may be wrong. This is his view:—

"I say that the liquor business of this country is either right or wrong. I say if it is wrong it ought to be stamped out eternally and absolutely and stamped out in every conceivable way. I say if it is right it ought to be treated right and treated with sanity, and not in such a way as the emotions might dictate.

"If the whisky business and the beer business and the wine business be so bad

that statesmen can afford to encourage the destruction of hundreds of millions of dollars without compensation, invested under the sanction of the law, if it be so bad as that, then why don't you make laws prohibiting the purchase and the use? If the business be wrong why not stamp it out of existence forever? Why dally with a crime, as they say it is?"

In Ohio 57 of the 88 counties are dry (nominally) under the county-option law. Five are dry under other laws. There is one county (Ashland) which has but one saloon. Seventy-five per cent. of the area of Kentucky is nominally dry. Does any sane person believe that it is actually dry?" In Indiana 80 out of 92 counties are dry. There are nine States in the Union "totally dry," and Florida and Oregon are to vote on State prohibition this fall. In most of the other States there are dry spots. If in these dry places the majority sentiment of the community (always separating the urban from the rural) favors prohibition, there the enforcement of the law is possible, though even there it does not absolutely prohibit. If the majority sentiment is opposed to prohibition the law is a joke and a farce and a travesty. For the same people in a municipality who vote wet and are, through the opposing sentiment of the surrounding rural population, voted dry are the ones who elect (without the assistance of the suburban population) the officials of their city. Musking County, Ohio (including Zanesville, the county seat), went dry by 1011. The city of Zanesville went wet by 1414. Zanesville is not observing the prohibitory laws. Circleville, in Pickaway County, Ohio, went wet, the county dry. Efforts on the part of outsiders to compel the enforcement of the law in Circleville resulted in a murder.

When Mayo Atherton, of Newark, was suspended by Governor Harmon's order he wept. "I thought I was running the town as a majority wanted it run," he sobbed. He had been elected to office four times by that majority. Was his logic faulty?

Wherever Western legislatures meet, this fall or next, there will be the liquor question to wrestle with. There will be petitions for and against the suppression of the liquor traffic through local and county option measures and through State prohibition. Laws that cannot be enforced will be passed, and respect for the law will sink lower and lower. And the nation will go on, as usual, drinking its whisky and its beer and its wines, the consumption of the first named increasing in the dry territories, that of the second and last named and least harmful, decreasing in proportion to the stringency of attempted enforcement of the sumptuary laws. It has been so for years. I know a whisky salesman who travels almost exclusively in dry and local option States. He ships his goods by express.

"From a standpoint of dollars my firm is making more money now than ever before," he said, "and from that viewpoint I don't care if all the States go prohibition

(Concluded on Page 10.)

SLY-GROG SELLING.

(By "Verb. Sap.")

The Continuance party are very much in awe of a number of bogeys which they have planted across the road that leads to reform. They are afraid to pass them, and so are some timid, hesitating voters who, as yet, belong to no particular party.

In the days when the mist of prejudice hung heavily across that road, only a few of the boldest citizens pushed their way beyond these terrifying objects. The bogeys loomed largely through the fog; they glowered upon the traveller with hideous faces, and their long, skinny fingers were outstretched in menace. Now that the sun of knowledge is dispelling the gloom and revealing things as they really are, many thousands of citizens are taking heart of grace and pushing past the barrier. The bogeys are not now so terrifying as they once were.

Those hideous things that once inspired awe and dread are now revealed as mere stuffed figures with cardboard masks.

The Home Journal has already knocked the stuffing out of two of them, and they hang very limply and dejectedly from their supports. One bears the label, "Prohibition Doesn't Prohibit," and the other is designated, "Liquor is Good in Moderation."

The next figure in the row is the "Sly-grog" bogey, and there will not be much left of that one presently.

To rise to the level of commonsense, the sly-grog argument amounts to this, doesn't it? That if licenses are abolished in an electorate, a crop of sly-grog shops will immediately spring up to satisfy the desires of thirsty souls, and that then the last state of things will be worse than the first.

Less dangerous, you say, to have licensed houses under control than to have sly-grog dens under no control.

Even assuming that you are right when you claim that No-License increases sly-grog selling, why should reform be barred on account of that objection?

Suppose the voters in an electorate, by a three-fifths majority, declare for No-License, then, according to your argument, the majority must not have what they desire, because—**You Continuance People**—think the change would not be good for your own morals. For No-License people do not haunt sly-grog shops, you must remember, and boys and girls who have not learnt to drink are not likely to go near such places. The dives and dens are patronised by your own crowd, when they exist at all, and you must shoulder all responsibility of them. To prevent voters having No-License when they desire it by a large majority, just because a minority of voters are afraid of one of the fruits of their own pet traffic, would be the very worst form of tyranny.

I do not deny your constitutional right to influence voters before the time of the poll by holding up before their gaze the bogey of sly-grog. But I ask you to look at your bogey, and see whether it is really dreadful

enough to frighten sensible people any longer. If you could only realise what a poor, pitiful figure it is, perhaps you would bury it decently or cremate it, or something, before it gets more dilapidated still.

Now look! Sly-grog selling is not, as you claim, the result of carrying No-License in an electorate. Its father is the liquor traffic, and its mother is greed. Sly-grog dens are born and grow in license areas, though a few of the tribe may move to No-License districts in search of a living. But, seeing that the father is the liquor traffic, if you kill the father you put an end in the long run to the brood.

There might be a posthumous litter, certainly, after Dominion Prohibition is carried, but the father once out of the way, it should not be difficult to finally exterminate the offspring.

Now, perhaps, I shall astonish you with the statement that sly-grog selling is really not the serious menace to public order in No-License districts that you make it out to be. You claim that No-License increases sly-grog selling. I assert that it decreases it. You don't believe me. No; I thought you would not. But if seeing is believing, perhaps you will alter your minds after an inspection of the following table:—

CONVICTIONS FOR SLY-GROG SELLING in the year 1906 in the following electorates:

Auckland	26
Ashburton	11
Clutha	5
Invercargill	4
Mataura	1
Oamaru	1

I have selected the year 1906 because all these electorate, with the exception of Auckland, carried No-License in 1905.

This record should settle the sly-grog difficulty in the minds of all fair-minded people. In Auckland, under License, where hotel bars abound, there were 26 convictions for sly-grog selling in one year. If the contention of your party is correct, viz., that directly No-License is established, sly-grog selling becomes a rampant evil, you would expect to find the convictions in the No-License areas of Mataura and Oamaru, for instance, running into three figures. Instead of that you find that there was but **one** conviction during twelve months in each of those two electorates.

A close inspection of the matter makes it clear, then, that sly-grog selling flourishes under License and dies out under No-License.

Oh, burn or bury your poor bogey before sensible people begin to laugh at you for exhibiting it!

You don't want sly-grog selling—all you Continuance people profess to regard it with a holy horror. Then, as the surest way to get rid of it is to kill its father, the liquor traffic, join with our party and vote Prohibition. Sly-grog selling won't live long in

the Dominion after that reform is carried. This land will not be a healthy place for law-breakers in the good time that is coming.—"N.Z. Home Journal."

A SYDNEY ILLUSTRATION.

Three convictions were imposed last week at the Water Court on charges of selling beer without a license. Richard Governor, or Cavanagh (40), was fined £30, or two months, for selling beer at Berwick-lane on April 2 without a license. He sold two bottles of beer to a constable, who afterwards found twelve bottles of beer and a bottle of whisky.

Emily Solomon (54) was similarly penalised for a similar offence in Langley-lane, on March 26. A point was taken for the defence that the magistrate had no jurisdiction, as the case should have been heard at the Central Police Court. Sergeant Drew pointed out that the section quoted had been repealed, and the point was over-ruled.

George Williams, or Ford, or McGregor, or Moore (38), was fined £30 or three months, for selling beer without a license at Stanley-lane on April 2. A long list of convictions for other offences was read out against him.

At the Water Police Court Sarah Phillips, 42, pleaded guilty to a charge of selling liquor at a house in Kent-street, City, without a license, on Sunday, April 9. The evidence for the prosecution was that when the police entered the house there were 19 men—some of them drunk—sitting round the room with glasses of beer. One of the officers purchased a bottle of beer, and on searching the premises 42 bottles were discovered. The magistrate (Mr. King) imposed a penalty of £30, in default three months' hard labor.

MR. HESKETH SPEAKS.

Mr. Hesketh, the Australian Commonwealth electrical expert, said, in the course of a recent press interview: "There is a perpetual controversy as to what amount of electric voltage will kill a man." Mr. Hesketh continued: "It all depends on the condition of the man. Some men, in perfect health, can withstand a current of 400 volts. Others have been killed by a 100-volt current. It is an interesting fact that persons accustomed to the constant use of alcohol will be killed by a very low voltage, while total abstainers, other conditions being equal, can withstand a very strong electrical shock."

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THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1911.

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HOTEL WITHOUT A BAR.

The Federal Palace Hotel, Melbourne, is a well conducted, up-to-date hostelry, carried on in a magnificent building, and apparently possessing all appliances necessary to the comfort of guests. A representative of "The Patriot," South Australia, during a recent visit to Melbourne, had a chat with the manager, Mr. H. P. Smith, from whom some interesting information was received. The Federal was built 20 years ago by a company, partly composed of prominent members of the temperance party. About twelve months after the erection of the hotel the land boom burst, and under the pressure of circumstances some members of the company became unfaithful to their temperance principles, and favored an attempt to obtain a licence.

One very prominent temperance man had to drop his interest in the Federal about this time through financial pressure, and a good deal of the stock got into the hands of other people. Mr. Smith at that time favored the idea of a liquor bar for the hotel, and strove for years to get one. A clause in the Victorian Licensing Act forbidding the transfer of licences blocked this scheme, and it

failed. Mr. Smith's own words were: "I battled for years to get a licence, but couldn't succeed, and then the time came when the Lord got hold of me fully in connection with Dr. Torrey's mission in 1905. Then I resolved to make a definite stand. We had a licence for a little colonial wine bar, but that had to go. It seemed miraculous, but the board consented, and since January, 1906, we have been without a bar of any sort, and instead of the loss feared through dropping the wine licence, the opposite has been the case. Every year since then the profits have increased. We get the same class of people who go to other hotels, and some come here because we haven't got the drink. Several racing people stay here because we haven't got a bar. From my personal experience I can say there is no difficulty in running an hotel without a bar."

The experience of the Alliance Headquarters Hotel is equally encouraging, and they are now rapidly enlarging their fine building to meet the demands of the great numbers who wish to stop there. Do not fear to invest in this new company which is being floated to not only run the Alliance Hotel, but to start other such places.

AFTER CARE ASSOCIATION.

At the annual meeting of this association, which seeks to provide means to care for those who are discharged from the Mental Hospitals, Dr. Eric Sinclair, Inspector-General of the Insane, stated that he had read the cases described in the annual report with interest, and these, added to others that he was already aware of, should demonstrate the value of the association and the necessity for keeping it going and affording it increased support. There was no class in the community more deserving of sympathy than those who had the misfortune to suffer from an attack of mental disease, and none which more needed a helping hand in commencing a new struggle in the outside world. In these cases, above all others, the assistance of a kindly and sympathetic hand in tiding over the first few weeks, or in assisting in the search for employment or new home, might make all the difference between continued health or a further breakdown. The work of the association during its four years of existence had proved its value in meeting this need over and over again, and he trusted that means would be devised by which an even wider scope might be given to the society."

The annual report, which was adopted, pointed out that during the past year, owing to lack of sufficient support, the progress of the association had not been quite so satisfactory as hoped for, but eight new cases had been dealt with, as well as seven others previously taken in hand. These had all been relieved or assisted in various ways. This is the only charity organization of its kind in Australia, and generous help is much needed to carry on its work. The committee much regretted to have to express the opinion that without increased support it would be most difficult, if not impossible, to continue to endeavor to give efficient ef-

fect to the objects and aims of the association. It now devolved upon the humane members of society to endeavor to devise means, urgently required, to infuse more interest into the association's good work, to arouse fuller sympathy, and to secure additional help in extending its sphere of usefulness, and in making its aims and efforts better known, understood, and appreciated; the most urgent need is that some lady of independent means and a good deal of leisure should come forward and take up the work of assistant-secretary and visitor. Amidst the many charities of Sydney this one at least deserves a place, and we hope will find some sympathy among the readers of "Grit."

GERMANY'S "WAVE OF INTEMPERANCE" RECEDING.

The consumption of beer in Germany, according to official statistics, is rapidly decreasing. During 1909 the consumption diminished approximately by 65,000,000 gallons, or one gallon per head of the population. During the preceding year there had been a diminution of nearly 70,000,000 gallons, whilst during the last decade there has been a decrease of three gallons per head of the population per annum. The decline in the brewing trade is also revealed by the diminishing number of breweries in Germany. In 1906 there were 6035; in 1907, 5792; in 1908, 5590; and last year 4768. During 1909 alone there was thus a decrease of 822 breweries.

Listen to what the old doctor in Robert Chamber's story, "The Danger Mark," said to the young clubman. This was it: Alcohol is poison, and it has not and never had in any guise the slightest compensating value for internal use. It isn't food. It's poison. It isn't an aid to digestion. It is a poison. It isn't a life-saver. It is a life-taker. It is a parasite, forger, thief, liar, brutaliser, murderer! There isn't and there never has been one word to say for it, or any excuse except morbid predisposition or self-inculcated inclination for swallowing it!"

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The need of the present hour, for the preachers of Christianity, is a return to the missionary spirit of their great forerunners, the apostles and martyrs.

And there is one way, bright with hope and glad with promise, which the philosophers of the Churches must seek before they can hope to capture the magic and enthusiasm of the missionary spirit. It is the way of observation which follows the great highroads of civilisation and pursues the thousand deviations of those roads to their darkest windings. Let the preacher forsake his books of theology and go upon this way, and everywhere he will see the power of Christ. For the Christ whom he deems is neglected by men, and the religion which he fears is losing its hold upon the loyalty and affection of mankind, are everywhere at work in the social organism, are everywhere leavening humanity and saving the soul of the world. Without any rich or powerful organization, without method of procedure or elaborate definition of belief, without conscious knowledge that they are the salt of the earth, exactly as Christ Himself foretold, men and women are doing the will of God. "Then shall the righteous answer Him, saying, Lord, when saw we Thee an hungered and fed Thee, or thirsty and gave Thee drink?"

IN THE SUNSHINE.

One breathes a different atmosphere. Gone all the anxiety, perplexity and complaining which trouble the brain and distress the heart in the Churches. Here in the open air of the great toiling world, with the winds of heaven blowing upon us, and on our crowded road the light of that same sun which warmed the gentle slopes of Olivet when words were uttered twenty centuries ago destined to revolutionise the thoughts of men, here in the open world we may see and feel the Spirit of Christ moving upon the face of the waters of humanity and transfiguring the whole orb of our animal existence. Follow the path of observation, forgetting all your books of theology and all the misgiving and anxiety of the Churches, and you will find your heart filling with enthusiasm and overflowing with an immense thankfulness of God. For there is not a single field of human activity, not a single region of human thought, which has not been invaded and illumined by the Spirit of Christ. Everywhere the sacred leaven is at work, and everywhere there are signs of the triumph of the Kingdom. And everywhere, also, there are the old oppugnance, the old antagonism, the old malice and hatred of good which prove and justify the fundamental thesis of Christianity that life is a conflict between the forces of righteousness and sin.

I cannot understand how any man who closely observes the present condition of things and follows the course of their tendency, can be in despair of Christianity. The morals, ethics, politics, philanthropies and ambitions of mankind are not only, all

of them, woven and interwoven, permeated and pervaded, penetrated and interpenetrated by the Spirit of Christ, so that they cannot by any manner of means become disentangled from Christianity, but they instantly become, every one of them, utterly irrational and absurd when the revelation of Christ is denied.

THE DIVINE LEAVEN.

Examine any of the general and embracing ideals of humanity and you will find that in every case the foundation is Christ, and that without that foundation the ideal is illogical. There can be no reason, for instance, why statesmen should struggle for peace, provided conquest can be proved an economic advantage, unless we accept the teaching of the brotherhood of man. And without the Fatherhood of God, can there be a greater folly than this "brotherhood of man"? Why should England hold her hand at this moment when an overwhelming superiority in ships and men would put a crushing end to the rivalry of another people and remove the enormous hindrance of increasing armaments which prevents us from the possession of material benefits? Why do we not strike? Why is it that the Agnostics and Materialists in Parliament do not clamor for this obviously wise and decisive course of action? If we are animals, if there is no God for us and no eternity for our souls, if this brief and bitter struggle for existence is all we are ever to know of life, then by what possible jugglery of logic can men justify a burdensome struggle for peace when the forged and ready weapon is in our hand and we have only to strike to make ourselves the masters of Europe? Why not a scramble among the nations for conquest and over-lordship, and in every nation a savage strife for wealth and idleness? Why should we discuss the "rights" of our native subjects and care at all for the agonies of the Congolese? Materialism thrust back upon its base has no answer to give. "One man," says Goldwin Smith, "is a lamb by nature, another is a tiger. Why is not the tiger as well as the lamb to follow his nature so far as the law will let him or as he has power?" So far as the law will let him! How is it that we have a lamb law and not a tiger law? The tigers of evil are more numerous and infinitely more hungry than the lambs of

righteousness. Who shall explain, if Christ be ruled out of history, how it is that the lamb rules and the tiger obeys?

There is an utterance of Christ, too often forgotten by the preachers and apologists of Christianity, which forbids despair and enlarges the vision of the saint. It was spoken at the end of His ministry, in the very shadow of death, with the ignominy and defeat of the Cross before His eyes, with the rising shout of victorious Mammon in His ears. "Be of good cheer," said the Christ, "I have overcome the world."

CHRIST'S VICTORY.

Who can think that He meant by these words, so quiet, so victorious, so divine, that in some far-off millennium all men should be gathered into His Church and the whole earth at last be filled with praise and thanksgiving? Is it not plain that He meant precisely what He said?—that then and there He was conscious of having accomplished the work His Father had given Him to do?—conscious that for ever after the world could never be as if He had never revealed the will of God?—conscious that always, from that time onward, the Holy Spirit would guide humanity upon its way?

You cannot follow the course of history, or profoundly observe the modern world, without perceiving that ever since the dawn of Christianity a new and gentle Spirit has accompanied mankind and that the victory is Christ's. Here and there evil organises itself and fills its local habitation with the devilries and abominations of a logical materialism, but the Public Opinion of Europe is Christianity, and the Heart of the World is Christ's. If you would enlarge your vision, look away from empty pews to the homes of men and consider the exhortation, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

The truth is a great torrent of Christianity, is pouring through the whole earth and watering all the fields of human action. Men are conscious, as never before in the history of the world, of moral responsibility. The attitude of the employer to the employed is unthinkable different from the days before Christ and from the conditions which even now exist in lands where the Church has not yet carried the lamp of His illumination. All these modern schemes of profit-sharing, healthy conditions of labor, shorter hours, fairer wages and increased opportunities for rational happiness, have their rise in Christianity, and are the most faithfully developed where the Christian

(Concluded on Page 13.)

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Booze, Boodle and Bloodshed in the Middle West

(Continued.)

But," he added, "I'd rather do business on a legitimate basis."

In Kansas City one day I was invited to visit the warehouse and bottling plant of a big brewery, the main plant of which is located in another State. In one long room were hundreds of what appeared to be sugar barrels all headed and labelled for shipment.

"And what might they be?" I asked the manager.

"Well," he laughingly replied, "they might be sugar, but they aren't. That's bottled beer packed for the Kansas trade."

How to handle the liquor question? Who knows? Certainly prohibition will not solve the problem. It has been tried. It is superficial. Those back of the Anti-Saloon League are too prone to point to the mere passage of a law as the achievement of a victory. They seem not to understand that law, in itself, is nothing unless backed by the sentiment of a community. Law is the effect, not the cause. It is the instrumentality through which public demand operates. Lacking the energisation of public demand it becomes, in itself, negligible waste; but when alien "morality" enters that community, the waste law becomes tinder that may be fired and that may lead to conflagrational disaster.

And remember this, that the end is by no means in sight, that the contending forces of fanaticism are by no means at rest. Even now there is a movement afoot to erect a monument in Newark to the dead Etherington—a monument that must be a constant reminder of the Red Lay, of the contest that is waging, of the triumph of municipal minority over a municipal majority. Remember that not only in Ohio but in a score of other States children are being educated, on the one hand, to hate law, on the other hand, to hate those who break laws that they consider unfair and unreasonable and unnecessary. Remember that money is being poured into rival coffers for the purpose of carrying on the struggle, that every city and county and State official must take a stand with one side or the other or gain the crimson opposition of both, that every city council has the question to wrestle with, that every legislature is beset by the opposing forces, that men are elected to or defeated for office on this issue, and that the standard of official ability as well as the general standard of citizenship is being lowered rapidly as the contentious days go by. It is a question so broad and so far reaching that the end is hard to predict. It is the great American issue.

THE END.

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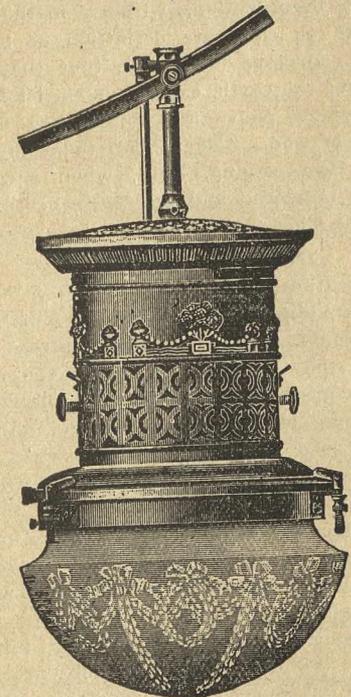
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From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

ABOUT BOOT PROTECTORS, RADIUM, AND A DEAD DOG.

Dear Seven to Seventeeners,

I am always on the look out for things that are passed by by most people, as not being worth wasting time over. I remember, when I was a boy, that boot protectors were invented—those terrible bits of spiked metal that you see sometimes adorning the soles of the boots of the gentleman who comes on to your best carpet—with the best intention in the world, but with the most dreadful effects upon your poor mother's nerves. I was told that the man who first thought of boot protectors was a great iron manufacturer, who was looking one day at his big heap of scrap iron—just old rubbish that everybody thought was almost good for nothing—when the happy thought came in through a chink in his mind—Boot Protectors! Boot protectors! And out of that scrap heap he made a bigger fortune than he had ever dreamed of making out of his iron foundry. Long after I heard that, and whenever I saw a boot protector, I used to think I would make my fortune some day out of a rubbish heap. But I am a long way off being rich yet. I have never found the right rubbish head, I suppose, but I still go groping about like that old rag man I saw a few days ago at Kensington turning over the garbage at the great tip there. He looked a long way off finding a fortune, and so am I, but if I can't find gold, or boot protectors, I find a lot interest in the things that other people throw on the rubbish heap. Wonderful Radium is to be found in dust heaps, and all the lovely colors you nieces of mine love so much are picked out of smelly coal tar, and this glossy paper I am writing on just now, with a picture of our late dear King Edward VII. on the other side of it, was made out of what the Bible calls "rotten rags." Have you ever seen "rotten rags" in the Bible? Try and find the verse, and tell me the story in which "rotten rags" comes in, will you?

Yes, and didn't our Blessed Lord Jesus go amongst the rubbish heaps to find his saints? I like that old story of Jesus about the dead dog, don't you? It isn't a Bible story. It is one of those old stories that have come trickling down the ages, nobody knows how—so we call them legends. Here it is: Once upon a time a dead dog lay by the roadside, exposed to the contempt of every passer-by. "What a wretched mongrel!" cried one. "No doubt he deserved his bad end!" said another. "How loathsome an object!" added a third. At last there came one who looked upon him, and said, "Pearls cannot equal the whiteness of his teeth!" And those who heard Him, said one to another: "This must be Jesus of Nazareth. None but He would find anything to praise in a dead dog!" Have you ever tried to find beauty and worth where other people only see a rubbish head? Just try it.

UNCLE BARNABAS.

FOR SUNDAY.

ACROSTIC.

(The first letters of the words make a Bible name. It is not a well-known name. What is it? And where is it mentioned? Use the Authorised Version).

1. A book of the Bible with 4 chapters and 85 verses.
2. A book with 6 chapters and 155 verses.
3. A book with 4 chapters and 55 verses.
4. A book with 1 chapter and 25 verses.
5. A book with 3 chapters and 56 verses.
6. A book with 9 chapters and 146 verses.
7. A book with 3 chapters and 47 verses.

FOR MONDAY.



A FLOWER WEDDING.

(By BESSIE BOWDITCH and MOTHER).

- 1.—Two flowers fell in love. Which were they? Sweet Alice and Sweet William.
- 2.—What did they meet on? Heather.
- 3.—What did they say on parting? Forget-me-not.
- 4.—What did he do on their next meeting? Aster (asked her).
- 5.—What was her color on answering? Pink.
- 6.—What month did they meet in? May.
- 7.—What was it said she married for? Marigold (marry gold).
- 8.—Who said this of her? Primrose and Wallflower.
- 9.—What did he marry for? Heartsease.
- 10.—Who was the bridesmaid? Lily of the Valley.
- 11.—Who was the best man? Jonquil.
- 12.—What did he wear? Joseph's Coat, with Soldiers' Buttons.
- 13.—What perfume was used? Musk.
- 14.—Who decorated the church? Ivy.
- 15.—Who played the wedding-march? A Canterbury Bell (e).
- 16.—What was the bride's dress trimmed with? Lupins (loopings) of Orange Blossoms.
- 17.—What color were the bridegroom's gloves? Lavender.

18.—What did they toast the bride's health in? Honey-dew.

19.—What did they drink out of? Butter-cups.

20.—What place was the honeymoon spent in? Southernwood.

21.—What did the happy couple live in? Clover.

22.—For how long was their happiness? Everlasting.

N.B.—Each answer is the name of a flower.

WHAT THE POSTMAN BROUGHT.

A WELCOME PARKES NIECE.

Bessie Bowditch, Bushman St., Parkes, writes:—

Dear Uncle B,—I suppose I may call you that, as you are uncle to everyone under 17. Well, I am a little over 16, so will not be able to call you uncle very long. I noticed the puzzle about the flower wedding, and tried to solve it. I showed it to mother, and she is fairly good at puzzles, so we have a solution between us. I always read the Seven to Seventeen Page, as it is very interesting. I shall watch to see who else tries to solve that puzzle. Wishing you and "Grit" all success.

(Dear Bessie,—Welcome, indeed, to our circle! Hope you will keep on being sixteen, for quite a time. I was charmed with your town. It is Pleasant, Pushing, Prosperous Parkes. I have not forgotten my hospitable friends there. And I especially admired the courageous folk who fought right in the short article on "Parkes, and how a good open for No-License. Will you write me a town might be improved?"—Uncle B.)

NEW METHODIST CHURCH AT WEST WYALONG.

Rosa Jamieson, "Mount View," Wyalong West, writes:—

Dear Uncle B,—I have something very interesting to give an account of this time. That is, the opening of our new Methodist Church.

The Methodists were very fortunate in having the Rev. C. T. Newman to preach the Dedicatory Sermon. The service was an impressive one. The church was comfortably filled, and a solemn silence fell on the congregation as all rose and remained standing while the dedicatory prayer was offered. The subject of Rev. Mr. Newman's discourse was "Love and Service." It was a very clear and helpful sermon, which, no doubt, impressed the people greatly. A large congregation assembled for the afternoon, and the interest of people was stirred, for the evening service was crowded, many unable to be seated. It was a splendid sermon, and it is to be hoped that many will benefit from it. The choir was very helpful during the services, and was greatly praised by the minister. On Monday, a tea-meeting was held at an auction mart, and was a huge success. The public meeting at 8 o'clock in the church was largely attended by the people.

Mr. Theobald, Methodist minister of this circuit, was chairman. There was an ex-

cellent musical programme, and a fine address by Rev. Mr. Newman, who praised the people for the commodious church that had been erected. The chairman then read the treasurer's report, and it was shown that the cost of land, building, and furniture amounted to £1080, about £500 of which had already been received, and the opening celebrations increased the amount by £120. There is now only £460 owing on it. The chairman felt deeply grateful for the good result of all their labor.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Rev. Mr. Newman for his valuable service, which concluded a very successful meeting. As I have now given my account of the proceedings, I will close now, with all good wishes, and love to ne's and ni's.—I am ever, your loving niece.

P.S.—Forgot to tell you that I was 14 years of age.

(Dear Rosa,—I think you have quite a journalistic gift. Do you know what that is? If not, ask Mr. Theobald. The West Wyalong Methodists know how to do things well. I once heard Mr. Newman preach—at a little place within sound of the breakers—and I agree with you, he is a splendid preacher. Thank you for your capital article, dear Miss Fourteener, and please write again soon and often. Love from Uncle B.)

THE MAN THE PRINTER LOVES.

There is a man the printer loves, and he is wondrous wise; when'er he writes, the printer man, he dotteth all his i's. And when he's dotted all of them with carefulness and ease, he punctuates each paragraph and crosses all his t's. Upon one side alone he writes, and never rolls his leaves; and from the man of ink a smile and mark "insert" receives. And when a question he doth ask—taught wisely he hath been—he doth the goodly penny stamp for postage back put in. And thus by taking little pains, at trifling care and cost, assures himself his manuscript will not be burned or lost. So let all those who long to write take pattern by this man, with jet-black ink and paper white do just the best they can; and then the printer man will know and bless them and his friends, all through life's journey as they go, until that journey ends.

(Send everything for Page Double One to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney. Write on one side of the paper only.)

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ARE MADE FROM THE WHOLE GRAIN OF THE WHEAT.

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The Temperance Handicap.

THE BARE MAJORITY.

The secretary of the No-License Party in Dunedin, in a letter to the local press, says:—

There are still some persons who support No-License who are held by the idea that if majority rule is granted on the No-License question, as on all others, there will be a danger of a number of districts see-sawing back and forth. Of course, all opponents of No-License are three-fifths men. To these, and those M.'s.P. and others who do their best to prevent us obtaining for the people the just right of the rule of the majority on the liquor question the following facts from Ontario, Canada, will come as a crushing, final, and complete reply. For some time Ontario had Local Option under the bare majority conditions. Then a Government, adverse to No-License, without the least shadow of justification from the facts, enacted that a three-fifths majority must be obtained to carry No-License in any place in the future, but that areas that had carried No-License by a simple majority could still repeal the law by that majority. Since then there have been three elections. Nearly all, if not all, of the places concerned in the following could have repealed No-License by a single majority. The hard facts are eloquent, both of the bluff and bluster of the Liquor party, of the satisfaction of the mass of the people with No-License, and of the fact that a three-fifths majority is not needed for the stability of No-License. The only thing that can possibly ensure permanence is that the law satisfies the people. The facts are: That in 1908 there were 97 places that could have repealed their No-License by-laws by the vote of the people; it was only repealed in two small areas. In 1909 there were 111 possible repeals—only two were effected. In 1910 there were 134 repeals possible; the utmost efforts of "the Trade" only secured repeal in three. Now, in 1911, out of 138 possible repeals, only three are to be attempted by the Liquor party, in spite of a great deal of blow and

bluster earlier in the year. Thus, out of a total of 480 possible repeals, only seven came off, and three may possibly come off. During this same period, nearly 150 places have been prevented from carrying No-License by the three-fifths majority. Thus, under a pretence of friendship, we were deprived of 150 victories, in order to save seven possible defeats. Is it any wonder that in Canada any person who supports the maintenance of the three-fifths majority is at once classed as a supporter of the liquor trade?

THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued.)

its success would furnish a strong argument for the general adoption of vegetarian diet, since what can cure the craving for strong drink would surely prevent it, and anything that would lessen the drunkenness that prevails would be a great gain to the nation. To change the food of the people is no doubt difficult, but if the medical profession were unanimous in favor of vegetarianism, there would soon be a great increase in the number of vegetarians, which even now is large, even in the West, while among Eastern nations they are most numerous.—"The British Journal of Inebriety."

A QUIET BOY.

A very quiet boy, of studious habit, was apprenticed to a naturalist. He was willing enough, but painfully slow. After giving the canaries seed, a job that occupied him two hours, he said to his employer, "What shall I do now?" "Well," replied the master reflectively, "I think you may take the tortoise out for a run!"

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CHRISTIANITY IN ACTION

(Continued.)

spirit is strongest. The great fortunes devoted by single individuals to public benefits are signs of the progress of the Christian idea. The loving kindness which now marks our administration of the poor law witnesses to a deeper religious consciousness than was known to the framers of that law. The existence of insurance offices testifies to a religious self-sacrifice on the part of parents for the sake of their children. Our anxiety concerning national education, even if we omit to consider the vast and extending work of our Sunday-schools, is testimony to the Christ idea of moral responsibility. Recent reforms of our prison system witness almost more eloquently than anything else to the dominion and increasing dominion of the Christian spirit. In such startling reforms of our prison system as have just been proposed one can see the working of the national conscience, and the whole of these humane reforms have their inspiration in the arresting and gracious words, "I was in prison, and ye came unto Me." No longer is any man, however base and however hardened, regarded only as an object for punishment. The national conscience believes in the possibility of regeneration. The State itself is to perform the Christlike task of appealing to the higher self which exists in every man. The old callousness to suffering, the old pessimism regarding the bad, the old indifference to the needs of others, the old selfishness which made struggle for existence the law of life and the excuse for every form of brutality—these ideas, existing still in the individual mind, are dead and powerless as regards the national conscience.

UNCONSCIOUS CHRISTIANS.

And if some of the reformers express bitterness towards the Church of Christ, if they declare that they are carrying their reforms against the opposition of Christian people, and if they assert that nothing in Christianity inspires them or upholds them, but that everything they do and strive to do is dictated solely by the gospel of humanity, none the less are they doing the work of Christ—"Lord, when saw we Thee an hungry, and fed Thee?"—and all the more must the Church claim them for her true children. Indeed, it is on this ground that the ministers of Christ can most firmly stand, and it is from hence that they can most unanswerably challenge the gospel of materialism. For the moral conscience which these reformers obey, unless it have a religious sanction, is entirely irrational in the midst of obvious natural laws. I have never met an agnostic democrat who could tell me, when pressed for the ultimate reason, why he gives his life to the work of democracy. It is logical to work for the happiness of others if their unhappiness causes you distress; but what is the logical answer when one asks, Why does the unhappiness of other people distress you? In all Nature there is no excuse for altruism; in all Nature there is no gospel of humanity; in all Nature there is no whisper of an

ideal, no hint of a heaven. But in the religion of Christ, denied and rejected as it seems, there is everything the reformer seeks and a complete harmony with the purest ambitions of his soul. It is the religion of moral and spiritual evolution.

THE NEW CONSCIENCE.

The moral conscience existed before Christianity; it existed when man ceased to be an animal and began his evolution towards God; but it was created by the religious idea, and it has been educated and developed to its present fineness of perception by the Spirit of Christ. No man can think that this moral conscience would have obtained its power over the human race if in earth's earliest ages the theory of struggle for existence had been understood as the law of life, and if the idea of a God had never been realised. And no man can honorably declare that the Christian religion has not immensely fortified the motions of this mysterious agent in human life and placed it on the pinnacle of supreme authority. It is to the conscience of a people, and not to its appetites or self-interest, that the great poets and politicians of modern Europe make their appeal.

A very little reflection forces upon the mind this central truth, that conscience cannot exist without the religious sanction. Materialism may justify policemen, but it cannot justify martyrs. Materialism may explain charity, but it cannot explain self-sacrifice. Every act of unselfishness is a witness to God. And the power and supremacy of conscience—everywhere visible in Europe—is the triumph of Christ.

The best way, then, to dispel the present anxiety among the Churches is for the leaders of religious thought to abandon pessimism and to cultivate the Divine optimism of Christianity. This they can best do by observing the Spirit of Christ in its operations in every field of human activity and thought. And by observing the wonderful triumph of the Christian idea, and by frequenting the society of those actively engaged in the work of reclamation, they may best get back to that mood of burning zeal and unquenchable enthusiasm which will make Christianity in the pulpit, not a philosophy, and not a thesis in morals, but a living force and a vital principle in human existence.

MISTAKEN CHRISTIANITY.

Let us be quite honest with ourselves. For many years Christianity in the pulpit has been a smooth and elegant philosophy, its foremost preachers have been men little experienced in saving souls, its most palpable ambition has been a respectable congregation and a comfortable income. Now and then a feverish mission has startled the dull apathy of this philosophised Christianity, but it has soon recovered its respectability and sunk again into its ancient torpor. Here and there men have felt the spell of John Wesley and, by realising that Christianity is a saving and a miracle-working force, not a philosophy, have given a new impetus to some particular religious organization;

but as a whole, and generally speaking, the Church of Christ has preserved a cold and passionless demeanor, and instead of seeking the lost has only expected to be sought by the saved.

I welcome the present anxiety among the Churches. It means, it must mean, an awakening to the truth of the situation. It means that instead of despair we shall have optimism, instead of philosophy we shall have enthusiasm, instead of rhetoric we shall have conversion. For this is the truth of the situation; the churches are empty at a time when the power and attraction of Christ are everywhere manifest in the affairs of the world. Let the ministers of this triumphant religion take heart of grace. Let them consider that whether churches be full or half full, the Christ whom they serve is now more than ever Light of the World and Bread of Life. Despair for them should be wholly impossible. Every minister of Christ, however obscure and neglected, is a holder of that lamp from which streams to those who sit in remotest darkness the Light of the World. The general kindness of men, the general anxiety to do what is fair and right, the general conscience of Christian Europe, working towards peace and brotherhood, these are witnesses to the achievement of the servants of Christ.

But the Church must study the mind of Christ more deeply and more earnestly, and must turn resolutely away from all that obscures or minimises that fountain power. She needs neither second-rate philosophers nor hysterical fanatics, but disciples able to save men from the clutch of sin and who are persuaded, above all things, that there is no depth in the abyss of evil to which the saving love of their Master cannot reach.

"Can it be true, the love He is declaring?"

O let us trust Him, for His words are fair; Man, what is this, and why art thou despairing?

God shall forgive thee all but thy despair."

—Harold Begbie, in the "Christian World."

THAT AWFUL SMALL BOY.

Small Boy—"What is a roost, papa?" Parent—"A roost, my son, is the pole on which chickens roost at night." Small Boy—"And what is a perch, papa?" Parent—"A perch is what chickens perch on at night." Small Boy—"Well, papa, could a chicken roost on a perch?" Parent—"Why, of course." Small Boy—"And could they perch on a roost?" Parent—"Certainly, of course." Small Boy—"But if the chicken perched on a roost, that would make the roost a perch, wouldn't it?" Parent—"Oh, heavens, yes! I suppose so." Small Boy—"But if just after some chickens had perched on a roost and made it a perch, some chickens came along and roosted on the perch and made it a roost, then the roost would be a perch, and the perch would be a roost, and some of the chickens would be perchers and the others would be roosters, and—" Parent—"Susan, Susan! take this child to bed before he drives me mad."

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WAITING FOR THE STORM.

Mrs. Curbchain does not allow the offence to pass unnoticed when poor old Curbchain comes home a little later than usual, with an odour of something else mingled with that of cloves and coffee-beans in his breath. He shrinks and cowers, but endures the reproaches, though to a man who is really of a sensitive nature, they are very distressing. The other night he went home with reasons for an unusual sense of guilt, and with some sort of physical fear of what was going to happen to him. So, when he had entered the door, he sat at the foot of the stairs, and held an open umbrella over his head. By-and-by Mrs. Curbchain came to the landing, and saw this strange black fungus beneath her.

"John, what on earth are you doing?"

"Waiting for the storm to pass over, m' dear," a weak voice replied.

HOW THE DOCTOR DRANK.

Little Girl: "Doctor, here is a cup of tea; please let me see you drink it?"

Doctor drinks.

Little Girl: "Why, you drink just like anyone else."

Doctor: "Of course I do. But why do you ask?"

Little Girl: "Oh, mother said that you drink like a fish."

THE PLUMBER.

"Are you the plumber?" asked an exasperated householder of a grimy-looking workman, who was tinkering with the pipes in his cellar. "Yes, gov'nor." "Been long at the trade?" "Bout a year, gov'nor." "Ever made mistakes?" "Bless ye, no, gov'nor!" "Oh, then I suppose it's all right! I imagined you had connected up the wrong pipes, for the chandelier in the drawing-room is spraying like a fountain and the bathroom taps are on fire!"

ADVICE—GRATIS.

Drink less—Breathe more.
Eat less—Chew more.
Clothe less—Bathe more.
Ride less—Walk more.
Sit less—Dig more.
Worry less—Work more.
Waste less—Give more.
Write less—Read more.
Preach less—Practise more.

* * *

NOT PROUD OF HIS WORK.

One Saturday night a publican was trying to eject one of his customers at closing time. He could not manage it himself, so he crossed the road and asked the shoemaker to "lend him a hand."

"Oh, no," replied the shoemaker to his request; "I would leave him there."

"But I can't do that," answered the publican.

"Well," replied the shoemaker, "whenever I make a good job I put it in the window."

* * *

UP-TO-DATE.

Country Cousin: "I want some photos taken, please."

Photographer: "Yes, sir; certainly. Sit down, sir. What will you have—carte or cabinet?"

Country Cousin: "Well, I don't want either a cart or a cab in it. I want them up-to-date, so please put in a motor car."

* * *

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.

Bob, (to Mr. Brown, who is making an afternoon call): "Mr. Brown, can whisky talk?"

Mr. Brown: "No, my little fellow. Why do you ask such a question?"

Bob: "Because I heard ma tell Mrs. Lee this morning that whisky was beginning to 'tell on you.'"

* * *

SNAPSHOTS.

A young lady expressed her regret at not being present at one of Sir Robert Ball's lectures, "Oh, I don't think it would have interested you," Sir Robert said, "Because it was all about sun spots!" "Was it really?" she replied. "Then it would have greatly interested me, for, between you and me, Sir Robert, I have been a martyr to freckles all my life!"

A DIFFERENCE.

A visitor to a farm, walking one morning in a meadow, met a little boy gathering mushrooms. "Have you had good luck?" asked the visitor. "Fair," answered the lad, showing his basket. The visitor uttered an exclamation of alarm. "Why, my lad," said he, "those are toadstools you've got! They're poison—deadly poison!" "Oh, they ain't for eatin', sir," the boy said, with a reassuring wink—"they're for sale!"

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Copies of the constitution, badges, etc., will be sent on application to Mr. Walter Foster, 185 Pitt Street, Redfern, hon. secretary.

**SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS
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OFFENCES AGAINST GIRLS.

We are most reluctant to reprint this horrible record, but feel that nothing will so rouse parents to a reasonable concern about their children as this actual "record of horror." A like record has lately shocked our sister State of Victoria, and we hope all thoughtful people will take their share of responsibility and face the facts.

DUBBO, April 7.—The Dubbo Circuit Court commenced on Wednesday, before the Chief Justice (Sir William Cullen). The Sheriff (Mr. C. E. B. Maybury) was also present. William Maher, a blackfellow, was charged with breaking and entering a room at Martin's Hotel, Orange, with intent to commit a serious offence on a girl under 16; also on a second count of being on the same premises with intent to commit a felony. He pleaded guilty to the second count. The first count was withdrawn, and prisoner was sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment.

Edward James Thomas Parker, found guilty on a charge of criminally assaulting a girl 13 years and 1 month at Gundabooka, near Cobar, on December 7, was sentenced to four years.

George Cole Russell was found guilty of a serious offence against his own daughter, aged 13 years and 7 months, at Meryula, near Cobar. The girl gave birth to a child in January. Russell was sentenced to seven years.

John Cuneen was charged with criminally assaulting a girl, aged 13 years and 11 months, near Dubbo. Under cross-examination, the girl contradicted herself often, and the jury declared that they wanted to hear no more evidence. Accused was discharged.

His Honor characterised the juvenile depravity cases as a disgrace and insult to a civilised community, and commented on the frequency with which they were heard in the courts.

WEST MAITLAND, April 7.—At the Circuit Court today, before Mr. Justice Pring, John Nobbs, who had pleaded guilty to committing a serious offence on a girl 14 years of age at the Washpool, North Coast Railway, on February 28 last, received a sentence of 12 months' imprisonment, with hard labor, in Grafton Gaol.

John Nicholson, alias "Texas Jack," who was yesterday found guilty of having, at Quirindi, improperly assaulted a little girl, of the age of 3 years and 11 months, was also brought up for sentence. Prisoner's record showed that he had been previously convicted for a similar class of crime, and he was sentenced to two years' hard labor in Grafton Gaol.

HAY, April 7.—At the police court to-day, William McKinney and Arthur Bloomfield, two young men, were charged with a serious offence on a girl under 16. Both accused reserved their defence, and were committed to the next Quarter Sessions in July, bail being allowed.

HELENSBURGH, April 7.—Arthur Forgar, a young married man, who was charged last week with committing a serious assault upon a little girl at Helensburgh, and who was found guilty of attempting the offence, was presented for sentence. His Honor said that he had tried vainly to discover any extenuating circumstance in the prisoner's favor, and thought he would not be doing more than he ought to do in sentencing him to five years' imprisonment with hard labor.

NORTH SYDNEY, April 12.—A young girl was assaulted to-day. At the time of the assault she was at home alone, her mother being on a visit at a neighbor's house a little distance away. The girl, who is about 13 years of age, but looks much younger, bravely defended herself against her assailant, the while screaming lustily for help. Her cries frightened the man, who made off.

In the afternoon a young man was arrested and charged with assaulting the girl.

SYMPTOMS ONLY.

When the sparks fly up from the chimney top and appear vividly against the black darkness of the night, it need not be told that there is a fierce fire burning out of sight. These cases we have just drawn attention to are only the sparks, and we want parents to take their courage in their hands and tackle the great furnace of lustful desire from which they spring. The very nature of these offences is the guarantee that by far the larger number are hushed up, since many prefer to suffer in silence than to add to their sufferings that of a hideous publicity. It is a most startling and discreditable fact that 46 out of every 100 first-born children in New South Wales a year or so ago, and there is no evidence of any improvement, were conceived out of wedlock. While only about 12 out of these 46 remain unmarried, yet the other 34 marriages were under compulsion and have small prospects of happiness. Add to these disquieting figures the great number who resort to all sorts of dangerous and always harmful expedients to hide their lapse from virtue, and we have a very grave and sad picture.

THE TROUBLE AND ITS REMEDY.

Parents are to blame almost entirely. In the first place they, through cowardice, neglect to educate the child, and the child picks up knowledge from the worst possible source, and this creates a barrier between parent and child, and at the same time leaves the child with a poisoned mind. The remedy is knowledge at the hands of parents and self-control through religion. Children must be more closely watched and more definitely warned; and to those who wish to impart knowledge we are prepared to send a few suitable booklets at a cost of sixpence. Write to Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

THOUGHTS TO THE POINT.

"Thoughts are creators. With positive thoughts you can set in motion certain forces that contribute to your success. You can actually think things into existence. That you can do this is demonstrable. Belief in this power will come and remain with you if you will but try the force at your command."—T. Drier.

"To be successful means to be cheery, faithful and kind!"—Sibyl E. Horning.

"You don't have to start big to grow big! What did the oak start from?"—J. P. Fleishman.

"Those who succeed in overcoming evil must set themselves burrowing at foundations. They must know the truth."—Rhena E. G. Mosher.

"To save the soul, implies not only the deliverance from the bondage of sin and error, but a conservation and development of positive good."—Henry Wood.

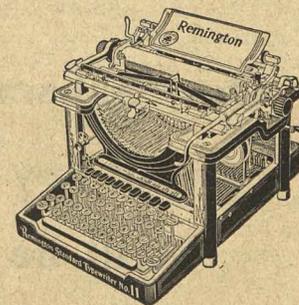
"Let the fires of your enthusiasm be fed by a knowledge of the subject with which you have to deal."—Bessie L. Scovell.

GOT MIXED.

An editor was asked by two subscribers, respectively:—1. Which was the best way to get a couple of twins safely through the trouble of teething and (2) How to protect an orchard from a plague of grasshoppers? He answered the questions rightly, but mixed the initials. The happy father of the twins was told "to cover them carefully with straw and set fire to them," and the man plagued with grasshoppers to "give a little castor oil and rub their gums with bone rings."

* * *

Many a man thinks the angels stagger in amazement every time he gives a pair of worn-out shoes to a tramp.



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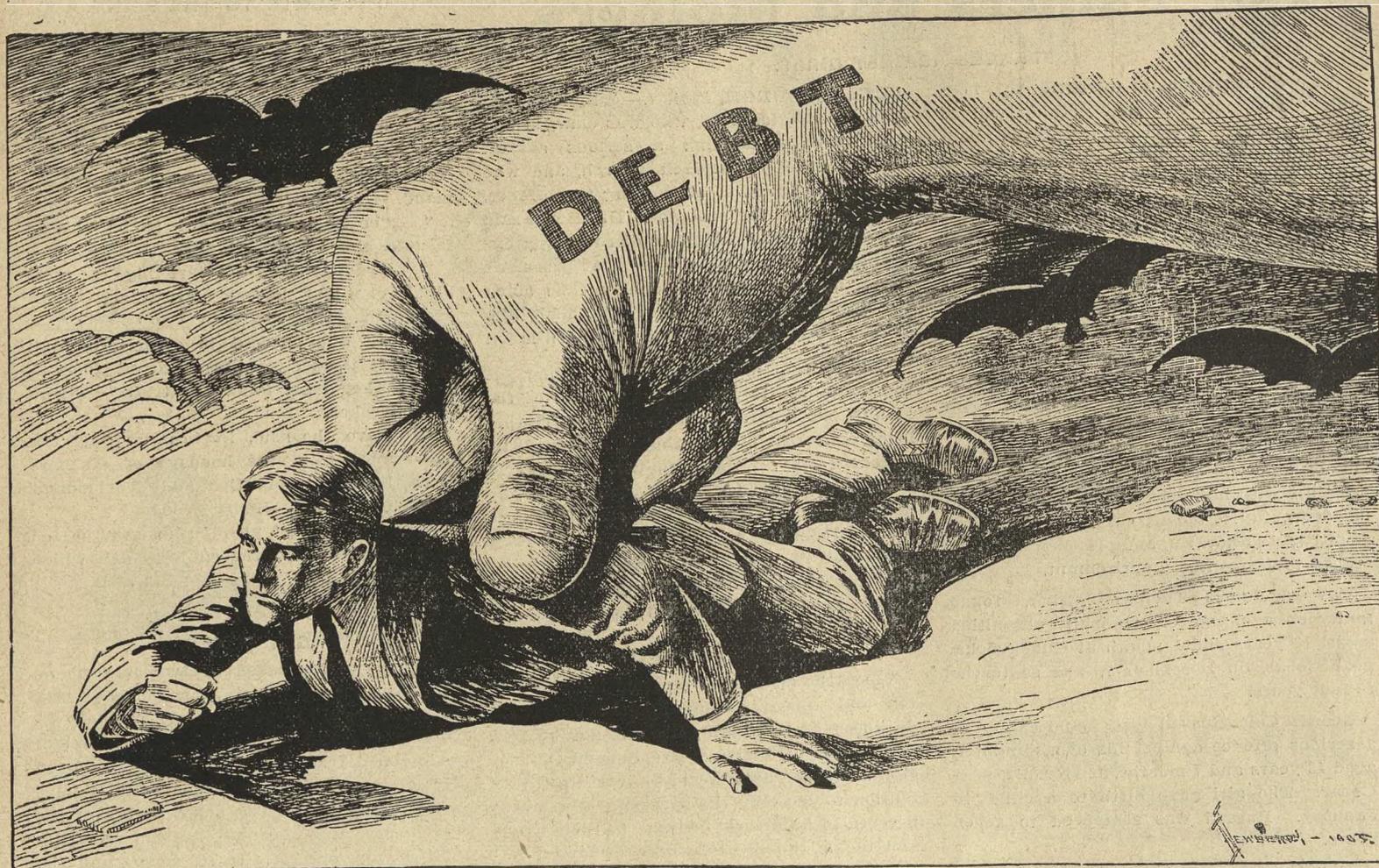
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