



A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

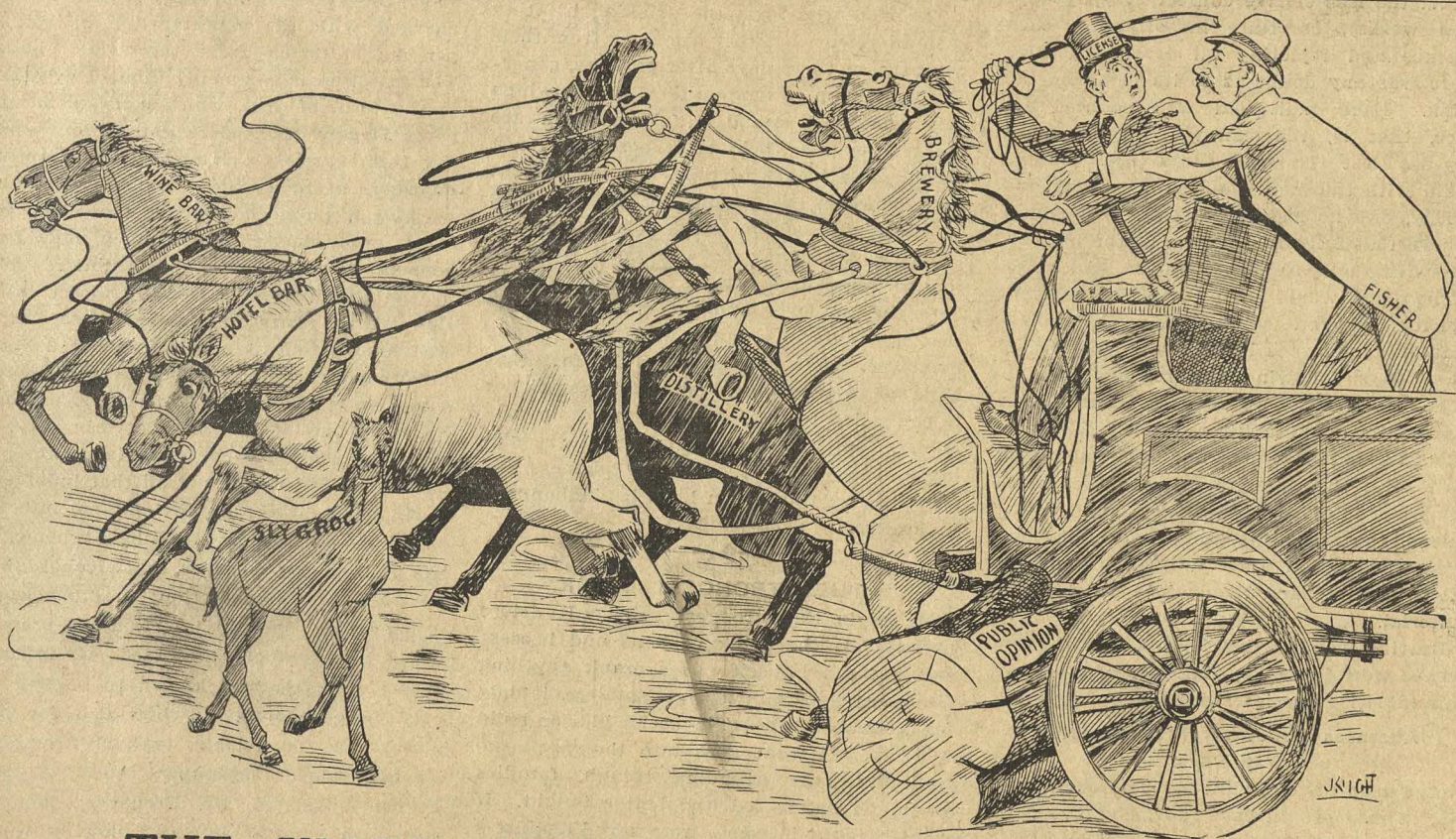
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THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1911.

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THE UNCONTROLLABLE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Federal Parliament is seeking the power to control Monopolies, and among them talks of taking over the Liquor Traffic. We have no hesitation in saying that the Liquor Traffic when legalised has proved itself an uncontrollable business; but when outlawed it becomes a sneaking, slimy thing of such ill-repute that it has no foothold in decent communities, and while it may do harm, it does so like a bushranger of the olden days, with the certainty of a bad and speedy end ever

before it. The only advantage in the State taking control of the sale of liquor is that it is a financial success; but this does not make it morally right. The State Hotel at Gwalla, South Australia, shows since 1903 a profit of £12,196. This recouped the State the whole of the capital outlay, and, in addition, left a credit balance of £3114. During that time several inquests have been held, at which the verdict was "Drink was responsi-

ble," and it was procured at the State Hotel. State-owned pubs., with State-appointed managers, become political centres of the worst kind, the State publican holding his job just so long as his member holds his seat. But, after all, it is the liquor that is the trouble, and so long as it makes men drunk it is not to be tolerated whoever may serve it—barmaid, barman, State official, or "bootlegger."

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The Verdict of Experts.

THE FINANCIAL LOSS OF ABSENCES DUE TO DRINK.

R. H. SCOTT, Factory Manager, Reo Motor Car Co., in "Scientific Temperance Journal."

For several years I have been investigating the drink question from the standpoint of the employer and the employee, and among other things, the matter of unnecessary absences.

In the Reo Motor Car Company Works (Lansing, Michigan), every second Wednesday is pay-day, and after these pay-days there has been considerable loss of time on the part of drinking employees.

In order to learn definitely the extent of this loss, the time-keeper was instructed to report the loss of five consecutive pay-days (ten weeks), carefully investigating each absence and rejecting all cases in which there was any doubt as to its being due to drink. Each individual was counted but once, that is, the man who after a given pay-day lost Thursday was not counted again with the men who lost Thursday and Friday, or who lost three days. However, I believe that fully 50 per cent. of the men off after different pay days were the same ones.

The report would fairly represent the average for the year. In the ten weeks no less than 190 employees lost from a half day to three days following the receipt of pay. Such absences mean a considerable loss to the manufacturer, for when a man fails to appear machines and other men must wait until the man's place can be filled. Time means money. If, after a night in the saloon, the men do come to work, in their groggy condition their working ability is often impaired and they waste considerable material.

Bearing in mind that Wednesday of every second week is the day that men are paid off, this table is very interesting:—

Absences Following Five Separate Pay-Days:

No. of men off one-half day Thursday ..	11
No. of men off all day Thursday	13
No. of men off Thursday and Friday ..	2
No. of men off Thursday, Friday and and Saturday	14
No. of men off one-half day Thursday ..	23
No. of men off all day Thursday	27
No. of men off Friday	21
No. of men off Thursday, Friday and Saturday	19
No. of men off all or part of Thursday ..	24
No. of men off Thursday and Friday ...	1
No. of men off Thursday, Friday and Saturday	9
No. of men off one-half day Thursday ..	11
No. of men off all day Thursday	14
No. of men off Thursday and Friday ...	1
No. of men off Thursday, Friday and Saturday	9

No. of men off one-half day Thursday ..	8
No. of men off all day Thursday	13
No. of men off two and one-half days ..	5
No. of men off Thursday, Friday and Saturday	9

The wages of these men average 2.25dol. per day. It will be noted that after the five pay-days, fifty-six men "celebrated" for three days each, i.e., Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, at a personal cost to them of 6.75 dol., or, each man sustained a loss equal to about 25 per cent. of his two weeks' wages.

The men who form the drinking habit to such an extent that they are away from their work two or three days after pay-day, generally keep it up as long as the firm for which they work will stand it. When men are scarce they may hold their positions for a considerable length of time. At the present time, however, we would not tolerate this, as we are in position to get sober men.

As a result of my investigations, I believe that drink causes serious financial loss to both the employer and the employees; and that it results in a lower wage scale to the employee, made necessary by the fact that he is not a sober man, and that the employer is compelled to have his investment in machinery, buildings, etc., standing idle, resulting in a loss of production and business, especially at a time when he is behindhand on his orders.

THE STRONGEST DRINK.

Water is the strongest drink. It drives mills; it is the drink of lions and horses; and Samson himself never drank anything else. Let young men be teetotalers, if only for economy's sake. The beer will soon build a house. If what goes into the mash tub went into the kneading trough, families would be better fed and better taught. If what is spent in waste were saved against a rainy day, poor-houses would never be built. The man who spends his money with the publican, and thinks the landlord's bow, and "How do you do, my good fellow?" means true respect, is a perfect simpleton. We don't light fires for the herring's comfort, but to roast him. Men do not keep pot-houses for the laborer's good; if they do they certainly miss their aim. Why, then, should people drink "for the good of the house?" If I spend money for the good of the house, let it be by my own house, and not the landlord's. It is a bad well into which you must put water; and the beer-house is a bad friend, because it takes your all and leaves you nothing but a headache. He who calls those his friends who let him

sit and drink by the hour together, is ignorant—very ignorant. Why, red lions, and tigers, and eagles, and vultures are all creatures of prey, and why do so many put themselves within the power of their jaws and talons? Such as drink and live riotously and wonder why their faces are so blotched and their pockets so bare, would leave off wondering if they had two grains of wisdom. They might as well ask an elm tree for pears as to look to loose habits for health and wealth. Those who go to the public house for happiness climb a tree for fish.—C. H. Spurgeon.

CONSUMPTION.

Consumption is due to infection by a microbe, the tubercle bacillus, which is discharged with the expectoration or spit of persons suffering from the same disease. The infection is commonly inhaled by others in the form of dust, which consists in such cases largely of dried expectoration, resulting from careless spitting by consumptives on floors of rooms, etc. But why do those working in public-houses and those who frequent public-houses suffer much more from consumption than others? Doubtless much of the mischief is caused by direct infection at the bars of public-houses. It is well known that as a rule frequent doses of infection are required before active consumption is produced. To frequent a public-house is one of the most certain ways of receiving these frequent and large doses of infection. But this is not all that indulgence in alcoholic drinks implies. If so, infection might be avoided by drinking at home. It has been shown, however, that alcohol lowers the resistance to infection; in other words, it opens the door to infection; it prepares the soil on which the seed of infection grows. This is well known to be true not only for consumptives, but also for such diseases as pneumonia, typhoid fever, erysipelas, blood poisoning, etc. A great French physician, Dr. Brouardel, has well stated the matter in the following words: "Alcoholism is in effect the most powerful factor in the propagation of tuberculosis. The most vigorous man who becomes alcoholic is without resistance before it."—Dr. Arthur Newsholme, F.R.C.P., in Sir Victor Horsley's book on Alcohol and the Human Body.

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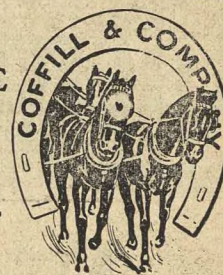
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THE COWARD.

(By KATE UPSON CLARK.)

The food was almost intolerable. The water was scarcely better than mud; the air was like a great furnace. Almost every night there was a shower, but it did not cool the hot earth. It merely made everything dank and damp and mouldy.

These conditions did not promote health in the great army of the South-West, pressing on towards Port Hudson, in the hope of unlocking the Mississippi. The hospitals were full, and many soldiers who would have been called sick at home were trying to do camp duty. Haynes, of the Eighty-Eighth, was one of these. His soul was all right, but his body had suffered from the sour pork and the foul water.

"Why don't you report for the hospital, Haynes?" asked Hendricks.

"There are plenty of men there now," responded Haynes, briefly.

"Lots of 'em ain't half so sick as you are."

"Maybe not—but I hear the camp is going to be moved. Then, perhaps, we shall all feel better. And if there is going to be a fight I want to be in it."

Luckily, they were soon ordered to march onward to a place only eleven miles from Port Hudson—much better in every way than that which the Eighty-eighth had just left. Great thickets of dewberry bushes, full of ripe fruit, were discovered within half a mile. Those dewberries were food and drink and medicine to many of the exhausted men.

Every day rumors of a coming assault floated in upon the camp. To storm those five miles of strong earthworks at Port Hudson seemed a desperate undertaking, but the men were ready.

One morning the order came to make fascines. In two days' time a great pile of them lay in a corner of the camp.

On the evening of the second day afterward, they were told to be ready to march at five the next morning. Before they turned in, the fascines were all loaded upon waggons. Then some of the men sat down to write letters—with white faces and heavy-lidded eyes. Those letters might be their last.

All that night the earth shook with the noise of distant artillery. The soldiers of the Eighty-eighth heard it with sinking hearts. After their long anticipation of a battle, what if it should all be over before they could get there!

Promptly at five they started. That night they encamped within a mile and a half of the great fort.

When the men had had their supper, the colonel went through the camp with his aides to ask who would volunteer for a forlorn hope. One field-officer, four captains, eight lieutenants and two hundred men were desired from each brigade. The Eighty-eighth was to furnish five from each of its companies.

Quietly and rapidly the volunteers came forward. It was asked that they should be unmarried. As each one stepped fearlessly from the ranks, a thrill ran through all who were looking on. The quota was filled.

The order said that half of the forlorn hope were to run from "the woods" (which the Eighty-eighth as yet knew nothing about) and bridge with fascines the ditch in front of the enemy's parapet. This ditch was said to be fifteen feet deep and eleven wide, while the parapet was eight feet high.

The other half were expected to cross on the fascines and assault the enemy at the point of the bayonet.

How far they were to run, they knew not. The fascines, made of branches and twigs, and bound together with grape-vines, weighed from fifteen to thirty pounds each.

The next morning opened with a continuous roar of guns. Shortly after daybreak, the men ate breakfast. Then "Fall in Eighty-eighth!" "Attention! Forward march! Guide right!"—and amid the storm of orders the well-drilled men marched a half mile or more, and filed into a cornfield. They were commanded to halt and ground their arms.

In the meantime, Holcomb's Vermont Battery had been advanced to the front and had opened fire. They made one unbroken roar, stirring up fighting blood in the men as not even martial music could do. The ground trembled under it, and the soldiers' clothes shook as if they were in a high wind.

Now and then the cannonading would stop. Then a sound of heavy musketry came from the right. Evidently hot fighting was going on there. How soon would the Eighty-eighth get into it?

Suddenly one man cried out, "Our turn comes in fifteen minutes!"

Nobody knew how he could have heard, or whether he really had right information—but over more than one of his hearers crept a mortal, sickly fear—that battle-dread which the bravest sometimes feel on the eve of combat.

It was really true that in just about fifteen minutes the Eighty-eighth were ordered to advance.

Soon they were in the thick of the fight. Bullets, grape and canister hurtled through the air. Men began to fall to right and to the left. Some cried in heart-rending accents, "I am hit!" One with blood rushing to his neck, moaned, "Boys, I am killed!"—then dropped.

Nobody could stop to help. The dead and wounded had to lie as they fell—many of them to be wounded again by the bursting above them of the terrible shells.

The heavily-laden fascine-bearers could not keep up with the storming party, who were constantly obliged to stop, under a galling fire, to wait for the others. A deep ravine was passed—yet still the brave fellows bore their fascines. Then they entered a forest.

One by one, the fascine-bearers fell, some from bullets, some from sheer exhaustion, until not a quarter of the original number were left. On every side bleeding men were dropping their bundles and breathing out broken prayers as they tried to drag themselves to the safe side of the terrible felled trees—to die.

Hendricks had been one of the volunteers. Minutes passed. More and more men sank—but he was still pressing on unhurt, when he suddenly discovered that nearly all of his comrades were gone. Counting proved that there were only five others beside himself.

"Six of us can't do this thing. The bridge has got to be given up," they decided.

"Let's go in with some regiment and go to fighting," said Hendricks.

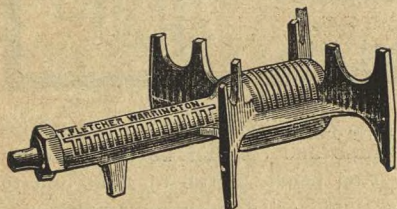
They agreed with him, but none of them except himself had taken the precaution to strap a gun on his back. Fortunately for them, there were plenty of dead and wounded whose guns were free for anybody to take—and soon the brave six were rushing forward into the fray.

Hendricks, being ready equipped, got started first. Where should he fight? Ah, there was the white flag of Massachusetts. It was not that of his own regiment—but no matter. He joined them eagerly. Suddenly, he discovered that beside him was Haynes. He was marching steadily along, but he was doing no firing.

"What's the matter?" asked Hendricks. "Why don't you fire?"

"He's afraid," sneered a cool, hardy stranger near by. "I never saw such a coward in my life. He hasn't fired a round since he came running up fifteen minutes ago. In his scare he has lost his own regiment, and now he is trying to disgrace ours. He wants to

(Concluded on page 12.)



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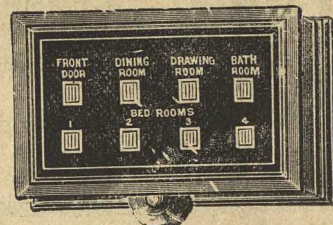
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New South Wales Alliance.

On Sunday afternoon last, Mr. J. Complin addressed the Lyceum Hall meeting, his subject being "Diamonds in the Rough." The remarkable strong story was followed with intense interest. Rev. P. J. Stephens spoke of it as wonderful, and invited Mr. Complin to deliver "Diamonds in the Rough" on a Sunday evening at the C.M.M.

* * *

In putting in a plea for the shepherding of the man who is fighting the drink habit, Mr. Complin said with much intensity, "Some of you people do not know what it is to have the grappling hooks of hell tugging at and seeking to draw you into every pub that you pass. God pity the victim of drink."

* * *

The story "Diamonds in the Rough" reveals the great possibility for active work in churches, endeavor societies, and other Christian agencies, and seeking to win the drunkard from his evil habits, into the fold of Christ. Wonderful trophies have been won, and provide the finest evidence of the power of Christianity. A desperate effort is imperative to save the thousands of drunkards in this State who are not yet beyond redemption.

* * *

The following little dialogue was presented at the door of the Alliance Hotel the other day, between a country clergyman and a country publican:—

Clergyman: Hello! Mr. —, you staying here?

Publican: Rather. A good place to stay.

Clergyman: But this is a temperance place. I thought you would rather stay somewhere where there was a liquor bar.

Publican: Oh, no. I have enough of the pub at home, without being in one when I come to town.

* * *

A glaring example of the tyranny of Liquordom has been brought under our notice. "A country newspaper published a letter by a temperance advocate." The trade would not answer it. A representative of a brewery firm that controls seven hotels in the town called upon the proprietor of the paper, and told him that he must not publish any more temperance letters, otherwise all liquor advertisements would be withdrawn.

This was backed up by a letter from Sydney. The pressman has since sold out, and has gone to another part of the State, where he hopes to have a little more liberty. What a pressman in such cases should do is to report the matter to the secretary of the Liberty League—which, if it still exists, "may" take action.

* * *

The Temperance and Morals Committee of the Churches of Christ is a very active organization. In connection with the annual convention of that Church, a big temperance rally is to be held. Mr. Complin and Mr. Marion will speak, and a musical and elocutionary programme of considerable merit is being arranged. The date is April 13, at the City Temple, Campbell-street.

* * *

The N.S.W. Alliance calendar, which was published successfully last year, has encouraged the Alliance to prepare for next year. We shall start much earlier, and hope to get a multitude of names and mottoes from all over the State. Amongst the Birth-days this week are Venerable Archdeacon Boyce—motto, "Faithfulness, Unity, Energy, Victory"—April 6; Rev. Dr. Thomas Roseby, LL.D.—motto, "Temperance allays the appetites, that they may obey right reason" (Cicero)—Saturday, April 8. We have a few calendars on hand, and as they contain nearly 500 messages from the best known temperance people, they are of great interest, and worth buying apart from their use as calendars, at the reduced rate, 6d. each, which includes postage.

◆

NATIONAL NO-LICENSE CONFERENCE.

Has your organization appointed its five representatives to the Conference? It is close upon us. This great temperance council at the present juncture is full of possibilities.

When at the Conference secretaries and delegates are asked to personally interview the secretary and Mr. Marion in reference to the following matters:—

- Bottom Square Box Scheme.
- 1912 Calendar.
- Country Temperance Missions.
- And Meetings.

The Alliance must keep busy fighting the drink demon. The coming months can be utilised for missions and meetings of an educational character. Each league should immediately consider the question of organizing a meeting at every polling centre with a view to securing new members. Bottom Square Box holders, and support to the temperance cause. To sit idly by and allow our young men to be absorbed by the hotel bar without making an effort to save them is nothing short of a crime.

Rather than leave it in the home unprotected while they were away at Melbourne, Square Box to the Alliance Secretary. This Mr. and Mrs. Tyas handed their Bottom was the first of the boxes to be opened, and produced 6s. 5½d. As we estimated on 4s. a year per box, there is great satisfaction at the result of the first box. Three shillings and threepence is banked to the credit of the Annandale Alliance Branch.

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Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

THE SILENT THIRD.

It has often been a puzzler to the community to account for the results of an election. Two parties, bitter and forceful, have fought to a finish. As far as one could judge, they were evenly matched—both in material and invective, and one anticipated a very close result. It was here one went astray—for the victors inflicted a most slashing defeat upon the vanquished. And everyone wondered. This is not to be taken as an epitome of any particular recent happening—it is a matter of history, and, as we know, history has a little habit of repetition, that, whilst sometimes disconcerting, should make it really easier to prophesy results in the future.

Now, why should things happen as above? Why should two parties, numerically almost equal, have the chance each of routing the other? Each member has a vote. Do they fail to use it? At times, certainly, "Yes," but that does not apply, on the whole, to any party in particular, extending one's view over long periods of history. Are there deserters in each contest? A few; but not any great number. Are there political converts? No, sir, practically none. We are most of us too narrow for that, and thoughtful men will be the first to admit it. Then how do we account for the election majorities? Simply thus: Every man is not a partisan. Nor every woman. The armies meet with loud and defiant clatter of arms—each representing approximately a third of the great body of electors. They vote also to a pretty high percentage. They call loudly for recruits. But their call falls upon indifferent ears. They add few to their numbers. The great cold and callous third will not give any inkling of its partisanship. It will vote fairly strongly, but like the wind, no man knoweth whither it listeth. It stands a cold unbiased judge, and, after all, it is best it should do so. It is bound to no party, and when it has decided a Government has had a sufficiently long innings it simply turns it out. The Opposition may congratulate itself upon a magnificent feat of arms—but it is an idle belief. It had, perchance, little to do with the decision! The Silent Third sought out its own reasons, as it has not acquired the habit of attending

lively election meetings in midwinter, when they generally fall, and newspaper headings do not attract, apparently, for the "Third" often vote in exact opposition to the press. Their votes represent the quiet judgment of the onlookers, who, at all times, "see most of the game." And the way to secure votes from the silent ones is to **deserve them.**

RECONCILE YOUR OPINIONS.

You will say, with recent happenings, Mr. Water Waggon, and we will believe you. Most certainly; it is remarkably easy to do this if one does not insist upon too narrow a range of years. Looking back a decade, did any one, we ask, imagine a party more secure than the late Sir John See's Government? Did it seem possible to overthrow them? Yet the "Third" tired, and they (the See Government) left the stage precipitately, even as the present "Lord High Commissioner" had done before them. We could easily carry on the demonstration with recent State and Federal parties, but a little reflection will show our contention is unsailable. The Third is a critical judge, and tires quickly.

And now we get an hysterical "shriek" from "Fairplay"—good old "Fairplay"—ever ready to rush in with an old womanly waddle when she sees a chance, or what she thinks a chance, of a blow. "What!" shrieks "Fairplay," "what then, about the recent temperance vote? How do you account for that?" And "Fairplay" waves her cotton umbrella over her head and laughs loudly and long.

But stay a moment, Mr. Brewer, before you throw any more bouquets over yourself. Carry your eye over the past decade again, for a decade is the least historical unit upon which one can form any opinion at all. Within that period there have been two referendums on the liquor question. At the first, the Silent Third made a big decision for "reduction." As is usual, their demand was a very decided one. Standing between the two great parties, they gave the decision for greater temperance. Now we have been trying to show that at all times the "Third" abstains from partisanship. The pendulum swings—not necessarily in condemnation—but the "Third" is rarely found supporting

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S. HAGUE SMITH, Secretary.

one party "in toto." If so, it simply would merge its identity. "Reduction" was again carried last year in a good number of electorates, but, realising that time would prove results as to its 1907 decision, the "Third" stayed its hand. It was simply acting up to tradition, as Mr. McGowen will find it act again. To the student of history there is nothing remarkable in it all.

As far as we are concerned, we will cheerfully abide by results. Temperance orators do excellent work, but they cannot but be bounded by severe limitations. But the brewers cannot persuade the "referees," as we may call our silent friends, that the tendencies of the 1907 vote are bad, when they are good. And therefore we are certain the pendulum will again swing in our direction in 1913.

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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."

Out in the Middle West to-day there is warfare, vicious, vigorous, and pregnant with possibilities. Communities are divided, families are separated, men are reasonless and women prayerful. It is a warfare between the "wets" and the "drys"—a warfare in which the participants on either side Jesuitically maintain that the end justifies the means. The East cannot appreciate it. It hasn't reached the acute stage there that it has in the Ohio and northern Mississippi Valley country. Such Eastern States as have prohibition—Maine, for instance—are suddenly content, it appears, to get drunk and let the statute-books contain such words and phrases commanding prohibition as political expediency puts there and keeps there.

The liquor question in the South has no bearing upon the issue that is convulsing the Middle West. Those States north of Mason and Dixon's Line have no race problem coupled with the liquor question, except in isolated spots.

The Far West isn't wrought up over the matter yet, because the agitation hasn't, generally, assumed a malignant form in that particular portion of the Union.

It is in the Middle West, particularly in Ohio, that the battle rages, that the communities are disrupted, and that "liquor lynchings" are occurring.

One may prate about the tariff, about the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, about Cannonism and Aldrichism, and all of these. They are potential issues, in their way, but they are not the real issues. There is but one paramount issue in the cities and the towns and the counties of Ohio, for instance. And that is the liquor question. It doesn't appear in political platforms, of course, except the negligible and fanatical Prohibition party platform. Why? Because political parties are cowardly. Platforms are not builded ordinarily upon foundations of candor. They rise upon the sands of expediency. They are constructed as vote-traps. And the political parties of the Middle Western States avoid the liquor question as they would the plague. "It is not an issue," they repeat, knowing the while it is the issue that settles more than one election, that determines governorships and senatorships in many instances, that sways and agitates Legislatures that has its bearing upon every bit of legislation enacted by every General Assembly in the State in which the fight is going on. Many a vote is traded in legislative councils for this measure or for that, for this appropriation or for that, on the basis of a return vote for or against some anti-saloon measure. In many a city in Ohio, in Indiana, in Illinois, in other States, the Mayor is elected or defeated on

this sort of a platform, "Will he let us violate the law?" or, from the other viewpoint, "Will he enforce the sumptuary laws to the last limit?"

I shall take Ohio as an example for several reasons. First, because the contest has become more acute there than elsewhere. Second, because Ohio is not only the birthplace of the Anti-Saloon League and the headquarters of that powerful organization, but also the birthplace and the headquarters of the antagonistic organization, the Personal Liberty League. Third, because Ohio has furnished, in a recent riot and lynching, the most notable example of the lengths to which the contending forces of fanaticism and hatred may go.

One day last summer a city of forty thousand population went crazy. That's the only charitable view to take of it. An entire municipality lost sense and reason and human attributes and ran amuck. It lusted for blood, and the blood-lust was sated. It babbled and prayed and shouted and pleaded; it cursed and raged; it dug with claw and fang into quivering flesh.

A venturesome boy—a "detective" who, for hire, came into the town properly armed with legal authority to arrest those who were defying the law—was chased for two miles, surrounded by a frenzied mob, and beaten into insensibility. Before entirely losing consciousness he shot a man who was holding him while the cowardly assailants were hammering him over the head. Tardy officials took the boy from the mob and to jail. The mob followed, battered down the jail doors, dragged the boy through the streets—beating him and kicking him all the way—stopped to consider whether to hang him in the courthouse yard, in the yard surrounding the residence of an eminent minister of the gospel, or in the yard surrounding the home of the common-pleas judge. Not arriving at a decision, a compromise was effected by stringing the unconscious body up to a telegraph pole at a corner of the public square, within a stone's throw of the county temple of justice, within sight of the business centre of a prosperous, progressive, beautiful town.

Eight thousand people witnessed this outrage. City and county officials saw it. And not a hand was raised to prevent it! Newark is within 30 miles of Columbus, the capital of Ohio. Not an official call for State help was sent to Columbus, although it would have been possible to get troops to Newark within two or three hours at the most. The mob raged for a day, crowning its passion with probably the most cowardly, most disgraceful, lynching that ever took place in America.

This maniacal mob was incited, if not actually led, by a man who had become rich through open defiance of the law—a defiance made possible immediately by his alliance with public officials, primarily by the disinclination, yes—the positive refusal—of a majority of the people of Newark to obey a law governing their internal affairs against which that majority had voted, but which law was fastened upon Newark by the votes of the people of the county living outside of Newark.

The prohibition element contends that the law-defying saloon-keepers are responsible for Newark's day of horror. The "liberal" element claims that the over-zealousness of the anti-saloon forces in their efforts to compel the observance of laws that a majority of the municipality had voted against is responsible. Both of them are wrong. Also, in a measure, both of them are right. But the Newark disgrace is only an incident in the internecine warfare that is raging throughout the Middle West to-day—raging there as it never has before and threatening, as it never has before, not only a repetition of Newark, but worse things. This is not exaggeration. It is proper, therefore, that a more detailed account, not alone of the Newark lynching, but of the conditions that preceded it, should be here set down.

Under the sun that warms and energises the Buckeye State there is no more beautiful, no more prosperous, no more attractive little city than Newark, the county-seat of Licking County. It is not a bad town, albeit the lynching has blackened and befouled it. Its citizenry, taken by and large, will compare most favorably with the citizenry of any town of similar size between the seas. It has handsome buildings, paved streets, strong financial institutions, good men, good women. To be sure it has always enjoyed, or suffered (according to your viewpoint), the reputation of being free and easy. It has had many saloons, a few gambling-houses, and just about the ordinary evils that an ordinary town in an average county in the Central West usually has. No one seemed to care much. The people were happy and prosperous, and there was no more violence there than elsewhere, no more trouble there than elsewhere. Conditions were not ideal, it is true; where are they or where will they be ideal this side of the Gates of Pearl? She had her reformers, too, who protested with intermittent regularity against the "monstrous evils" that were threatening to bring down upon fair Newark the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah. The city officials took due cognisance of these reform protests in the regular, established, routine way; ordered the saloons to be more observant of the laws, arrested a few of the unpopular recalcitrants, caused the gamblers to growl by opposing, for the nonce, their ideas of personal liberty, and then looked the other way, followed their own inclinations and the line of least resistance, and allowed the town to drift along, happy and contented and more or less averagely sinful.

These little outbursts of reformation took place in Newark every once or twice in a

while, just as they do in other towns everywhere. Many a youth, no doubt, was ruined by sinful associations. Possibly some of them would have sought and found ruination and embraced it affectionately even if Newark had been hermetically sealed and orthodoxly sterilised. Anyhow, Newark was an average town, with average sins and average virtues, and the Darwinian law of the survival of the fittest was working along clockwise and inevitable. This condition of affairs went on for a long period of years. And then came the day when Newark "saw red" and splashed blood along the curb that encircles the county's courthouse!

Now, in Ohio, they have four major liquor regulation laws. The first one of the quartet is the Beal Municipal Local Option Law, which went into effect April 3, 1903. It provides that a special municipal election may be held, when 40 per cent. of the voters of a municipal corporation petition for it, to determine whether or not such municipality shall prohibit the sale of liquor within its limits. This law worked well, although arrogant saloon-keepers and rich brewers and others interested in the liquor traffic made themselves obnoxious by shouting abroad that the world was going to pot if such a law passed. Many villages and towns voted dry under the provisions of this measure. Many didn't.

There were violations of the Beal law in the dry territory, of course, and this had the natural effect of bringing about the passage of a search-and-seizure law, known as the Blind Tiger and Speakeasy Law, which went into effect early in 1906. The law providing for residence-district local option by petition, the title of which discloses its nature and purpose, was passed and went into effect during the same year.

The next step was for county local option, which had already been tried in some other States. Every one of these laws was championed by the Anti-Saloon League, and when it became known that this gerat organization had its agents at work throughout the State, with a view to electing members of the Legislature who would favor such a law, there was consternation, indignation, and bitterness abroad in the land. That was the real start of the trouble that since has torn Ohio, that is tearing Indiana and Illinois and Wisconsin and Missouri. The liquor interests lined up in solid phalanx in opposition. A vast corporation fund was raised. The Anti-Saloon League, headed by Rev. Purley A. Baker, of Westerville, Ohio, the present general superintendent of the order in the United States, rallied its forces. It appealed to the churches; special prayer meetings were held; children marched in the streets of the cities; women became hysterical. The legislators were inundated by telegrams. And the law was passed and signed. This law, known as the Rose County Local Option Law, went into effect September 1, 1908. Immediately petitions were circulated in various counties, and, just as promptly, the counties began going dry. But usually, in a county containing a town of considerable size, that municipality voted wet, its ma-

jority being overcome by the almost invariable dry majority of the country districts.

Now, to return to Newark. Licking County held an election under the Rose law a year ago last January. Newark, the county-seat, went wet by 1557 votes. The county, including Newark, went dry by 798 votes. Newark didn't want to abolish her drinking places, as shown by the vote. The country folk, some of whom lived many miles away, felt otherwise about it. Now Newark, among other things, manufactures—or did manufacture—more beer bottles than any other city in the world. The immense plant of the American Bottle Company, with its 2500 employees, is located there. This plant still down. The owners were resentful. The employees, thrown out of work, were furious. Newark had become dry against her will, and the seeds of passion, sown in the election, rapidly grew and ripened.

Some of the fifty odd saloons of the town closed their doors. Others began the operation of speak-easies. There was, for a time at least, a nominal observance of the law. The good people of the town were joyful and felt that they had accomplished, with the assistance of their country cousins, a great deal for the uplift of local humanity. But the unrest among those who chafed under the new restraint, who were sinfully desirous of doing as they pleased, regardless of the code of morals sought to be made standard by others who had never enjoyed the flavor of forbidden fruit, presented an opportunity to the vicious, who promptly recognised the advantage.

Lewis Bolton, a hackman, came to the front as the Napoleon of the army of lawlessness. Bolton was a local "sport" and had dabbled a bit in politics. He is slender, smooth faced, sharp eyed, and vicious looking—the sort of a man who can command and control the criminally inclined. Furthermore, his brother was the city solicitor, a position of no slight importance. Bolton had four times aided in the election of Herbert Atherton as mayor of the town. He had assisted others into office, this assistance consisting in handling the vicious elements on election day—in getting them to vote the way he wanted them to vote. Of course they all voted for ignorant, easy-going, negligible "Hub" Atherton, because "Hub" was always willing to buy a drink, always called the street laborers by their first names, and always shook hands all around whenever he had the opportunity.

Hardly had Licking County awakened to a realization of the fact that she was really dry when "Lew" Bolton opened a saloon within less than fifty feet of the public square. There was a bit of mild surprise at this audacity, but Newark had long been used to being free and easy. The county-option law wasn't to her liking, anyhow; Mayor Atherton liked the brand of whisky that Bolton served across the bar; and—well, why fuss about it? Other saloonists might make a pretence of selling only "near-beer" if they wanted to. Bolton made no such pretence.

"Give me a glass of near-beer," remarked a timid customer in Bolton's one day, soon after the place opened.

"How near do you want it—St. Louis, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, or Columbus?" responded the facetious barkeeper.

All standard brands of whisky were kept and displayed. Not only the mayor but other officials, of both the city and county, patronised Bolton's bar. Other saloonists, noting his success and jealous of the golden harvest he was reaping, took down their screens, and Newark, in less than a month, not only was as open as in the old licensed days, but was wider open than ever known in the history of the place. The town began to acquire a reputation as a "red light" town, and gamblers, thieves, and scarlet women flocked to the new El Dorado where law was laughed at and where Vice could walk unveiled. With the influx of the riff-raff all local restraint and all local respect for law and decency and morality seem to have disappeared. Newark went from bad to worse and from worse to the unspeakable. Within the proverbial stone's throw of the courthouse pictures so vile that they would not be tolerated in any but the lowest Parisian dives were exhibited in nickel-in-the-slot machines, and there was none to stop them. Worst of all, children—boys in knee trousers and girls in pinafores—were allowed to see these infamies.

Vice and crime became arrogant. Saloons were operating not only without license, not only without contributing to the support of the city, as in the old days, but absolutely without regulation or restraint. Good citizens, whether they were opposed to county option or not, were menaced and threatened and even assaulted when they attempted to enter complaint. It became necessary to organize a Law and Order League, and some of the best and most substantial citizens gladly joined. Warrants—search and seizure warrants—were sworn out before Common-Pleas Judge C. W. Seward. These were placed in the hands of the sheriff, William Linke, but it always "happened" that the saloons were conveniently closed when his officers went to serve them. "For over a year," Judge Seward says, "efforts were made to get the sheriff to act, but the efforts were fruitless."

The saloon-keepers, headed by Bolton, began to harass and hound the members of the Law and Order League. Judge Seward says that he held court with a revolver in an open drawer at his side. He was afraid to walk the streets unarmed, because he had dared to espouse the cause of decency. A beer bottle was thrown through a window of his residence. The home of Rev. L. C. Sparks, pastor of the First Methodist Church, was rotten-egged. Scores and dozens of scores of threatening letters were sent to men who dared to demand an enforcement of the law. And all the time Newark was being more and more shamelessly debauched through the medium of cheap saloons, filthy exhibitions, and unbridled harlotry.

(To be continued).

GRIT.

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and No-License.

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WHERE DRINK CONSUMPTION INCREASES.

The Rev. Arthur Dewdney, chairman of the New Zealand No-License executive, and resident in Wellington, in referring to the increased drink bill in New Zealand, said:—"New Zealand, in common with the other Australasian States, is experiencing great prosperity, and increased prosperity always means increased drinking. In 1909 we had, commercially, a bad year, and our drink bill was 4/5 a head less than that of the previous year. In 1910 the return to prosperity gave the increase in the liquor bill, but we maintain that but for the no-license influence the increase would have been very much greater. We have figures that show this. The Minister for Customs gave us a return showing the aggregate amount of duty paid on spirits and beer at the several ports of New Zealand for the two three-year periods 1904-5-6 and 1907-8-9. We asked for these for purposes of comparison. Almost everywhere increases are shown, but by far the smallest increases are in those ports which serve a district where most no-license areas are to be found.

"Here are the figures:—Oamaru, Dunedin, and Invercargill are the three ports of Otago and Southland. We have four no-license areas in these districts, and the net increases in duty in these ports for the second period of three years was only £7342, whereas in Auckland it was £57,788, and in Wellington £77,553. Other ports showed corresponding increases. The import duties

on other commodities in these three southern ports showed similar increases, so that the decrease in duty on spirits cannot be put down to lessened prosperity. These facts seem to us to speak volumes in proof of our contention that no-license has greatly lessened drinking."

This is the sane and indisputable explanation of the position in New Zealand. Where No-license is in force there the drink consumption decreases to one fourth where the open bar remains, without exception, the consumption of liquor increases. Variations in the amount spent on drink bills are common to every land, but there is no variation in the fact that the drink consumption declines rapidly in No-License areas.

BUSINESS AND BOOZE.

WANTED—Two moderate drinking engineers and one moderate drinking conductor; also one steady drinker in train dispatcher's office. Apply to General Superintendent of R. R. Co.

No such advertisement as the above is ever going to appear in any newspaper. But just suppose it did appear, and that it was a genuine advertisement inserted by the general superintendent of a railroad company.

What would happen to that superintendent? And what would happen to the railroad company?

In less than ten hours there would be a new superintendent and passenger trains wouldn't be needed — there would be no travel. Even liquor drinkers themselves would choose some other road.

Yet there is many a man who has every dollar he possesses in the world invested in his business who, to-day, has in his employ a dozen or more liquor drinkers. These drinkers are just as dangerous to business as a drunken engineer is to the safety of a train. The business man who himself drinks liquor, no matter how many sober employees he may have, will fail. A whiskey brain isn't a business brain.

SLY-GROG IN NO-LICENSE AREAS.

The Liquor people raised a great scare about the dangers of sly-grog if New South Wales voted No-license, and it is well for us to keep the facts ever before us. On March 23rd last the following cable appeared in the "Daily Telegraph":—"Mrs. Jean Carter, proprietress of one of the largest and best-known boarding-houses in Auckland, was fined £50 for sly-grog-selling." In the Otago "Daily Times" of March 13th, the following interesting statement is made in a sub-leader:—"Those amendments of the Licensing Act having for their objective the more perfect enforcement of the law in No-license districts would appear to have fulfilled that object in Oamaru. A telegram recently sent by the Press Association agents in Ashburton stated that in that district, as a result of the increased powers conferred on the police by last session's Act, sly-grog-selling had become practically a lost art. Though the police and persons of authority in Oamaru will not go so far as this (says

the 'Mail'), they state that the illegal trade is not now the abuse that it was at one time. 'Lighthouses' have been extinguished, and a number of lesser lights in sly grogdom have flickered and gone out. Also the importation of liquor is carried out with strict attention to formalities so that the police are afforded greater facilities in tracing such persons as bring in liquor for illegal purposes. Altogether police vigilance, aided by the amended Act, has so succeeded in frightening sly-groggers that as a gentleman well-acquainted with the state that is remarked, 'His Satanic Majesty himself couldn't buy a drink here unless he were known.'"

The fact is sly-grog is more prevalent in the cities of N.Z. with all the bars than in No-License areas. This of course is true of N.S.W. We find no sly-grog in Haberfield, but we find very much of it in Surry Hills, which proves that the open bar does not protect us from sly-grog, nor does its banishment produce the evil to any extent. So dies another liquor scare.

A CREED.

Let me be brave,
And face the night,
And bear my portion
Of the fight
With courage, not
That I may be
Accounted great
In victory,
But that another
Treading on
May still keep heart
When hope seems gone.

Grant to me wisdom,
Not that I
May pose as one
Who's clambered high,
And count myself
Superior clay
To those less-learned.
God, I pray
For wisdom and
A clearer mind,
To aid the ones
Who come behind.

Let me be strong
And teach me
How to play my part
And brave of heart,
As one who toils
Not just for gold;
Thus, I'd not have
My history told;
But let me serve,
As best I can,
My God, my home,
My fellow-man.

—"Detroit Free Press."



A BUSINESS LIKE GIFT

THE BEST GIFT YOU CAN GIVE YOUR BOY—THE GIFT MOST LASTING IN ITS GOOD EFFECTS—IS A BUSINESS TRAINING AT THE M.B.C.—A TRAINING THAT IS UP-TO-DATE, THOROUGH AND PRACTICAL IN EVERY DETAIL.

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Justice and Generosity.

(By ISHMAEL.)

"Be just before you are generous." That, like most old saws, proverbs, "wise" sayings, will not bear the scrutiny of experience, the analysis of cold fact. It is one of those "cowardly and prudential" injunctions dearly beloved of the selfish and the heartless, hugged to the bosom of those who have not the remotest intention of being either the one or the other, used as a salve to the consciences of those anxious to find an excuse for their attitude of cold-blooded indifference to want and suffering. How apt indeed we find these folk to be in side-stepping a direct answer to that eternal question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It provides a species of sanctuary for those who are afraid to commit themselves to a definite "Yes," an unequivocal "No," who are never lacking in apparently good reasons as to why they should not be on the side of the angels, who are rarely at a loss to justify themselves in not giving way to a weakness when that weakness spells succor for the miserable and the distressed. Don't we all know them well; haven't we applied to them times out of number for help in a good cause (or what seemed to our hearts to be a good cause), and had that aphorism hurled at us like unto the slamming of Charity's door in our very faces? "I should like to help. I would if I could; but the man drinks, or has been improvident, or was extravagant in his younger days, and I'm not sure that it is a deserving case. One must really be just (and there are so many claims upon me!) before one is generous." Let us try and probe into this question more deeply.

THE "JUST" MAN.

Now few people will dispute the statement that the perfectly just man does not exist. To be perfectly just would be to be free from all human imperfections; to be without passions, prejudices, predispositions, emotions, feelings—in short, to be "superman." More than that, it would necessitate, demand, perfect knowledge; if we are to work upon cold, hard, dry, mathematical lines we must be certain that the premises upon which our subsequent deductions are based are absolutely unassailable. Of course, this ideal of perfect justice is unattainable. But presuming it could be, see what hangs upon the hypothesis of perfect knowledge. Bear in mind that mighty French saying: "To know all is to forgive everything"—that, of course, cannot be applicable, except in a very approximate degree—to man's knowledge and man's capacity for forgiveness. It does most emphatically apply in its full sense to the Supreme Being, to God's knowledge and capacity and power of forgiveness. But even only approximately possible to mankind, whither does it lead us? Not to the so-called "justice" of the phrase-mongers; but the greater the knowledge, the more one dives into the recesses of the human mind and heart, the more one really knows, the greater the call to kindness, help, commiseration, rather than to that dry, hide-bound dealing

out of "wages for work done," that bestowal of rewards and penalties beloved of those who think that their obligation to their fellow-creatures can be adjusted by the scales of a self-seeking commerce. No, man cannot rely upon being just; he can never be certain that every factor has come under his consideration. And, as has been said, if he could attain to the ideal—well, there would be no need to write upon the subject here or elsewhere.

PERFECTLY SAFE.

But without worrying his head about what is, to be sure, a rather abstruse matter of philosophy which may be safely disregarded, he cannot go wrong if he allows his heart to be the motive power rather than that much-belauded and generally hopelessly wrong "head" of his. The promptings of generosity can never lead you wrong. Is this too sweeping? I mean it. Never mind whether the impulsive generous act is lacking, or apparently lacking, in any concrete results; never mind if it appears to have been productive of harm rather than of the good it was intended to bring about. Those material results are negligible; as is, in the vast majority of cases, the person who expects to get "paid" for his benevolence by immediate concrete results, which pander to his self-esteem, and make him feel that his "bread upon the waters" has been returned with compound interest. Generosity, like Mercy, is twice-blessed; it is not the recipient who always profits the most—perhaps never. The outpouring of the generous spirit, the spirit which feels a pain when witnessing the pain of others, and by immediately seeking to relieve that pain, relieves its own—that spirit is a mighty dynamic force; its output is as a stone thrown into a lake which sets up rippling circles, growing wider and wider, and journeying no man knows whither. "Justice" timorous, suspicious, letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would," talks grandiloquently about making sure that a "case is deserving before it can be helped." Isn't it a paltry equivocation! "Deserving"—how acted the Good Samaritan? Did he ask from the man lying stricken by the wayside testimonials as to his bona fides, cross-examine him as to his past life, searchingly investigate the causes which had contributed to bring him to his present deplorable plight? Not a bit of it; he saw the man in need of

help; he didn't stop to enquire whether he deserved it or no; he straightway went and helped him. Bound up his wounds, and gave him the material assistance necessary to take him on his road. He didn't lecture him, or even give him spiritual advice and counsel at that juncture—he merely acted on the generous impulse of the moment—that generous impulse so objurgated by our friends who live by rule, and which "organized charity" does its level best to stamp out. And yet surely the beauty and the nobility of this spontaneous generosity, this "indiscriminate" charity, is precisely the lesson which the story of the Good Samaritan is designed to teach. Of course, there will doubtless be found people who will contend that that impulsive person might really have done better with his two-pence if he had only stopped to think of the "justice" of the case!

THE FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

After all, it is not necessary unduly to labor the question. "Be just before you are generous" is one of those sayings which, expound its inherent viciousness as one may, will always be beloved by a certain order of mind. Those who swear by it, who think that the feebly false platitude abounds in wisdom, will probably never be brought to see that their repetition of their shibboleth implies that they are really incapable of either of the attributes thus brought into antithesis. That is, they are incapable of being either just or generous. So they shelter themselves behind an aphorism.

"Doctor," said the sick man, "I'm afraid my nerves are in bad condition." "Oh, no," replied the physician, "that's not what is the matter with you. The fact that you have sent for me after ignoring the statements I've been sending you regularly during the past year and a half indicates that your nerve's all right."

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THE BOY.

A BOY WHO KNEW HOW.

An American boy, nineteen years of age, once found himself in London, where he was under the necessity of earning his bread. He was not like many other young men who are "willing to do anything," because they know how to do nothing; but he had learned how to do something and knew just where to go to find something to do; so he went straight to a printing office and inquired whether help was needed.

"Where are you from?" inquired the foreman.

"America," was the answer.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America. Can you set type?"

The young man stepped up to one of the cases, and in a brief time set up this passage from the first chapter of John: "Nathaniel said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately, that it at once gave him an influence and standing with all in the office. He worked diligently at his trade, refused to drink beer, saved his money, returned to America, became a printer, publisher, author, postmaster-general, member of Congress, signer of Declaration of Independence, ambassador to royal courts, and finally died in Philadelphia at the age of eighty-four. There are more than one hundred and fifty counties, towns and villages in America named after this same printer boy—Benjamin Franklin.

WHAT IS A BOY WORTH.

During a county local option campaign in Ohio for the prohibition of the liquor traffic, an incident occurred that created a good deal of amusement, and at the same time taught a valuable lesson. At a temperance meeting a speaker was comparing the worth of a boy with money, because so many people in the county were afraid that the banishing of the saloon would injure business and increase the taxes. After the speaker had dilated on the peril coming to the boys through the open saloon and the liquor traffic in general, he declared that the boys were worth a great deal more than business or any money value whatever. In order to make his argument all the more forcible by means of a concrete example, he stepped forward to the front seat, and laid his hand on the head of a bright lad, saying, "What, for example, is this boy worth?"

There was a moment of impressive silence, while the speaker looked earnestly over his audience. Then a mischievous lad some distance away called out, "He's worth ten cents!"

For a moment there was an uproar of merriment. The laugh was on the speaker. It was a question how he should recover his poise and save his argument on the value of a boy from utter defeat. You know how that is. In a promiscuous crowd the fellow who gets off the laugh on his opponent almost always has the best of the contest, whether the argument is on his side or not. The temperance orator had to save the day in some way—for, after all, the truth was on his side. So, after the laughter had subsided, he took advantage of the situation in this way: "Yes, that is just the way a good many people look upon this matter. They put a high money value on a horse, a cow, a sheep, or even a hog; but when they come to estimating the value of a boy, they think he is worth about ten cents."

That was a pretty apt reply, and many in the audience caught the point, and applauded loudly.

However, another thing happened to save the day for the temperance cause. As the speaker ended the foregoing sentence a man on the other side of the room arose and spoke as follows:

"Mr. Speaker, the boy you have been referring to is my boy; and I want to say before this whole audience that there isn't enough money in the county or the State to buy him."

Then a storm of applause that almost "raised the roof" broke from the delighted auditors, who appreciated the noble way in which the true worth of a boy had been vindicated. It is a good thing to be as quick-witted in the cause of truth as other people are in the cause of error.—Leander S. Keyser, in "The Classmate."

Many of our ships would come in if only we were willing to go out with a tug and meet them.

Don't work a man more than two hours overtime—that is, if you expect his usual effort next day.

Never ask why a person loves you. Be content to know he sees something in you—which isn't there.

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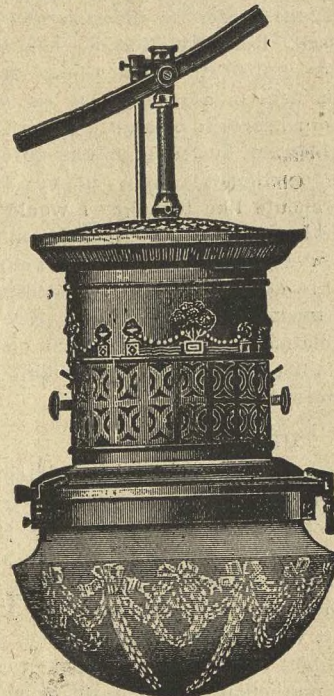
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PUNCTUALITY. QUICK DISPATCH.

PRINTERS.

From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

THE 'SKEETER THAT COULD NOT TAKE HIS TRUNK WITH HIM. AND COULD NOT LEAVE WITHOUT IT.

"This grew on a hedge in Woollahra!" So said the gentleman who gave me the little piece of *Arangia albens* which is lying close to this paper on which I am writing my letter to you. I want to introduce you to my little friend with the foreign name. Shall I call my friend "He," "She," or "It"? I think I will do as I do when I have to speak about the new baby, and don't know whether "It" is a "He" or a "She." So let us say "It." Well, then, It is a little South African hedge plant which someone has brought over to Australia. It is like the baby in this respect also—It is most most innocent looking. Pretty graceful leaves and a flower like an orchid. Lots of flowers—almost a flower for each leaf. But look into the flower and you will find something tempting. Nice sweet juice to make the 'skeeter's mouth water. Oh, so good. And here comes a 'skeeter to drink this Nectar. In he goes—orders his cool, sweet drink, for isn't it a hot day? Then as he hasn't a straw to dip down into the deep cup he pokes his trunk into the narrow opening of the bowl or cup that holds the lovely, cool, refreshing lemonade. Suck! Suck! Suck! Well this is scrumptious. 'Tis awfully good of somebody to bring this sweet *Arangia albens* from far away South Africa to quench the thirst of panting Sydney 'skeeters and ants. Suck! Suck! Suck! "Oh, if only my throat were a mile long," sighs Master Moss Skeeter to himself. "I wish I were a giraffe!" But all good things come to an end, and at last the visitor has drunk his fill of the cooling liquid, and he must go. But before he takes his departure he must, of course, take his trunk out of the cup, for the simple reason that he never travels without his trunk. Indeed, he is so attached to that old narrow trunk that he would die if he were to leave it behind. Now begin his troubles. The trunk won't come out of the cup. Whilst he has been drinking those luscious draughts the neck of the cup has grown narrower. The trunk, that slipped in so easily will not come out no matter how he pulls and struggles. He is held in a vice, and held by the nose too—a most undignified fix certainly. And I am sorry to tell you that our South African friend will have no mercy. "It" will hold fast, and no matter how Master 'Skeeter may beg, and pray, or kick, and swear, there will be no letting go, and there the victim will stay until death ends the story.

I wonder if any of you, who read this, are in the habit of buzzing around some of the pleasant looking death traps that are to be found all over this lovely land in which we live. There is a gay looking flower called *Bad Company*. And another that grows in the dark, and is to be found in

in great abundance in the neighborhood of places of amusement—it is called *Late Hours*. Then there is the cigarette. "Suck! Suck! Suck!" Oh, isn't it a lovely weed, this *Nicotiana Tabacum*? What nice juice. Doesn't it make you feel funny, and don't you look like a man? And there is the glass of shandy-gaff. "Alright for a hot day, isn't it?" But, dear Sevens to Seventeeners, I have seen some years more than you have, and I want you to remember that it is easy and very pleasant to poke your nose into these pretty traps, but it is not so easy to get away from them. *Bad Company*, *Late Hours*, *Cigarette Sucking*, *Shandy-gaffing*—they all make you think what jolly, manly, clever things they are for a boy (and some of them for a girl) to dip into, but keep on dip, dip, dipping, and they will have you as fast as if you were nipped by the nose. Be careful—there's *Death and Shame* in these *Pretty Traps*.

UNCLE BARNABAS.

FOR SUNDAY.

THE LIFE OF ELISHA—(Continued).

- 1.—What three rivers are mentioned in the story of Elisha?
- 2.—Where was Elisha staying when the soldiers surrounded him?
- 3.—Whom did Elisha call the son of a murderer?
- 4.—Who happened to come in as Gehazi was talking to the King?
- 5.—What great city, not in the land of Israel, did Elisha visit?

(All these questions may be answered from 2 Kings, chapter 5 to 8.)

FOR MONDAY.

(FROM AUNT PRISSY).

Dear Uncle Barnabas,

The following are not original, at least they are not mine. Most of them were made up by a little English girl only 10 years old!

AUNT PRISSY.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

- A vowel.
- Short for often.
- Not before.
- A number.
- A consonant.

A SQUARE WORD.

Something hot. A mineral. A way. Pieces.

BURIED GIRLS' NAMES.

- Ida is young too.
- The dog raced with them.
- Robert, have you seen her to-day?
- I will try to live wisely.
- The rut has been made by the wheel.

Note:—Send everything for this page to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney, and only write on one side of the paper, please.

BIRTHDAYS AT HAND.

To Emily Warren, of Alexandria, and Harry Andrews, of Hurstville, who each celebrated their birthday on April 1st, Uncle B. and "all of us" send loving greetings. Doris Wotton's birthday will be on the 6th, and may it be the nicest she has ever spent! Our Bible message to all three is—Psalm 119, 11.

LETTER BOX.

WHAT A BOY THINKS OF CIGARETTES.

Arthur E. W. Poore, North St., Nowra writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you will excuse me please for not writing to you sooner. We have had a lot of rain down this way lately. It has done damage, and good, too. It has cut up the roads a lot, and washed away farmers' land and fences, too, but I think the worst of all was poor old Sam, the Chinaman, at Berry. He lost everything; the water washed everything out; he had to shut his horses in his kitchen. I am now having a holiday, and I have enjoyed myself very well as yet. I have been tempted often to drink, and more times than that to smoke cigarettes, but I know perfectly well that if I did it would be a downfall in life. I have a proof of that—a very simple one; just walk up the main street of the fine town of Nowra on a Saturday evening. First of all stand on the corner, and watch the young people that go into the bar for "a wet," as they say, you would be surprised; and then walk up the street and see a man fall into the gutter and cannot get out of it again. Please send "Grit" to new address. With kind regards to ne's and ni's, and you.

(Dear Arthur,—I have seen those groups at the corner of Junction Street. I am glad you have so much good sense. If you were to join that "set" your bright prospect of being a good, useful man would be shattered. Try to help up some silly lad who is beginning to slide. Very pleased to hear from you again.—Uncle B.)

BLACKBERRIES ARE GONE, BUT CREAM, CRICKET, AND CHURCHES ARE LEFT.

Vera Yates, Stroud, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It is raining here again to-night, nothing but rain. Mr. Hutching is holding a mission here, too.

Mr. Walker held a mission here two weeks ago, and there is another man coming next week.

There was a very exciting cricket match here this afternoon, between the Good Templars and the storekeepers. I do not know which won, but when we left the ground the Templars had scored the most. Refreshments were provided by the ladies belonging to each side. A similar match was played two weeks ago—the storekeepers winning.

The blackberries have nearly all gone; we have had plenty of pies and plenty of cream, too. I suppose you were very much disappointed about your wish not being fulfilled.

I went over to Dungog last Saturday. It is a very interesting trip over there now—

one can see the railway line all the way. The arch over the road is a beautiful piece of work. People will think it a very pretty place—between Stroud and Dungog—when they come through in the train. You must come and see. Give my love to all cousins and yourself.

(Dear Vera,—I hope to cross that very arch someday. I shall give you a wave, if you are to be seen. New railway lines seem to grow by magic. But it is not magic, but the man with the wheelbarrow that makes railways grow. No-license will not come by magic, but by the man, woman, boy, and girl that keeps pegging away like those barrow men up your way. I think you are one of the Wheelbarrow Brigade, and so am I.—Uncle B.)

GARDENING NOTES FOR APRIL.

(By GLADYS NOBLE.)

Flowers.—Do not delay to sow annuals and biennials now, as this is the last month of autumn, because seeds germinate more quickly in the warm weather.

Seed to Sow.—Primrose, forget-me-not, fox glove, stocks, wallflower, poppies, sweet peas (winter variety), pansy. The following may be sown out of doors:—Anemone, calliopsis, candytuft, annual chrysanthemum, convolvulus, cornflower, dianthus, eschscholtzia, godetia, larkspur, lobelia, lupinus, mignonette, nasturtium, poppy, phlox, rhodanthe, salpiglossis, stocks (ten week). These would be safer sown under canvas shade frame:—Snapdragon, aquilegia (columbine), carnation, and carnation marguerite, cowslip, dahlias, daisy, delphinium, forget-me-not, gaillardia, hennemannia, maurandya (creeper), pansy, penstemon, polyanthus, primrose, petunia, ranunculus, violet, wallflower, stocks (Intermediate and Brompton).

Frosts will be here soon, so do not forget to cover seedlings at night, but remove covering during the day, as they will need sun.

Coleus slips may now be struck for pot-plants. All winter bulbs should be sown this month, eg., snowdrop, freezia, jonquil, daffodil, hyacinth, etc.

Vegetables.—Sow largely peas, broad beans, white turnip, onion, leek, lettuce, radish, herb seeds. Also sow spinach, broccoli, parsnip, carrot, mustard, and cress and water-cress. Herbs may be divided and replanted, also winter rhubarb, unless young plants are to be had from the seed bed. Plant out cabbage and celery plants, garlic, eschalot, tree onion bulbs, also a few early rose potatoes (main planting in June). Crimson winter rhubarb may also be planted. Work the ground thoroughly between rows of peas and draw a little loose soil towards plants. To keep down slugs, scatter freshly slacked lime or soot over the surface of the soil. Epicure climbing beans are very good to have, because they last for several years, and though they are nipped by the frost if undisturbed will come up better the following year. They are used as French beans.

Ask your Grocer
—for them—

Granose Biscuits

ARE MADE FROM THE WHOLE GRAIN OF THE WHEAT.

SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD CO.,

45 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

THE COWARD.

(Continued.)

run away, I guess—but he is too scared to do even that."

Hendricks was thunderstruck. He turned to Haynes for an explanation. The man was marble-white, but evidently his mind was clear.

"He is quite right," said the poor fellow, with chattering teeth. "I've been this way ever since that big fool hollered out, 'Our turn comes in fifteen minutes.' I s'pose it gave me some kind of a shock. I can't even load my gun. I keep trying, but I can't do it. See."

Hendricks's gun was foul and smoking. He stopped under a sheltering rock to clean it. There he could watch Haynes as he tried to load. It was utterly out of his power. His hands shook like leaves in a gale.

"You are sick, man," said Hendricks, kindly. "That long course of vile food and drink at camp has got in its work with you. You had better cuddle down here behind this rock till you can steady your nerves."

"No I won't," persisted Haynes. "I'm all right. Maybe something will come up that I can do, even if I can't load my gun."

Suddenly, not two rods from them, Haynes's chance came. The iron hail was pounding down on every side when the bearer of the proud white flag was seen to waver. A river of blood began to gush from his mouth, but, before the banner could fall, Haynes had clutched it. His hands still quivered madly—but they held.

Still on the soldiers pressed until they were within forty rods of the parapet. At the very front stood the coward Haynes, paying no more attention to his evidently mortal terror than as if it were a buzzing mosquito.

Then, from behind the advancing brigade, a new fire opened upon them. It was later

found that this, through some ghastly blunder, proceeded from one of their own regiments.

A few in the rear saw the trouble and shouted, "Fire higher! Fire higher!" But the officers in front, in the confusion and noise, could not make out the situation. They thought that the enemy had managed to form an ambush. The order to retreat rang over the field, and presently everything was changed.

The most unwilling of all to face about was Haynes. He could not even credit the order until several of his comrades had repeated it to him. Then, reluctantly, and still desperately grasping the flag in his shaking hands, he marched along beside the others in the orderly retreat. The worst of the firing ceased when the troops turned, but still now and then came a scattering shot.

"Look out!" cried Hendricks, quickly. "That's the second ball that has come close to you, Haynes. Some sharpshooter is bound to down that flag."

"He never will down it unless he cuts my arm off," said Haynes, doggedly.

On the moment, a third shot came whizzing along—and Haynes staggered backward.

"Take it! Take it!" he shrieked, holding the banner wildly aloft. "It hasn't touched the ground since I took it. Don't let it!"

Hendricks seized the staff. He was none too soon. A shot had entered Haynes's back just below the shoulder-blade, and had penetrated his arm, where it had severed the main artery. In less than half an hour he was dead.

In after years, whenever Hendricks was asked to name the bravest man he saw during his three years' service in the Civil War, he always answered, "Haynes—known to some as the Coward."

And then he tells this story.—"Christian Herald."

TO EVERY VOTER IN NEW SOUTH WALES

Colemanes' Eucalypte Remedies

WHY? BECAUSE they are manufactured in AUSTRALIA from AUSTRALIAN products by AUSTRALIAN labor, and are offered to the public by a genuine AUSTRALIAN FIRM. On EVERY bottle trade mark "TREE OF LIFE" appears

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Tree of Life Extract for Influenza, Colds, etc.

Healo Ointment heals every hurt.

Melba Jubes and Eucalypte Lozenges for the Voice and Throat.

Special Oil for Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc.

Mrs. Barton and Un-"Fairplay."

TEMPERANCE "FANATICISM" AND LIQUOR "FANATICISM."

(By E. L. SLADE MALLEN.)

Although Mrs. Barton was successful in her claim for libel against "Fairplay" Newspaper Co. (a better and more appropriate name would be "Unfairplay"). His Honor Mr. Justice Pring rebuked Mrs. Barton for "fanaticism" because she said that she would not give alcohol to a dying person. He further said that if she refused to administer intoxicants on the "advice" of a doctor and the child died that she would be guilty of manslaughter. First of all, his Honor should be conversant with the fact that medical opinion as to the "merits" of alcohol for the sick, injured, and dying, has veered right round, and where we find stray quacks recommending it, it only advertises the paucity of their skill as medical men, and often that they themselves are in constant "need" of the "medicine." Most of the world's greatest medical men are strongly against its use in health and disease, and the practice of every hospital bears eloquent testimony to the passing of alcohol as a medicine. It is not strange, therefore, that Mrs. Barton does not believe in the superstitions attaching to the "merits" of alcohol, and therefore would have no faith in the "advice" to administer intoxicants to a dying person.

Then Mr. Justice Pring should know, having a logical mind, that if a person refuses to give intoxicants on a doctor's advice and the person dies and that one is guilty of manslaughter, is not a person guilty of manslaughter if the doctor orders spirits for a dying person, and they were given and thereby caused a too great reaction as to kill the patient? In the first case, of course, it is "fanaticism" to refuse, and in the second it is not "fanaticism" to give and kill. A number of deaths have been caused by the promiscuous giving of spirits on any pretence with or without medical advice, but nothing is said only "It was impossible to save them." Nothing is said about "manslaughter." It is merely "accidental death" or "death from natural causes." It is only "fanaticism" to believe that alcohol would kill!

When anyone is given alcohol in sickness or accident or when dying it is blazoned abroad that intoxicants "saved their lives," when it would be more correct to say that alcohol failed to kill them, in spite of the administration of intoxicants the patients recovered. But when alcohol is given and the

patient veritably killed in some cases, alcohol is not blamed and "manslaughter" raved about. Oh, no! The patient would have died!

The supposed medicinal value of intoxicants is the last outpost of the liquor fort, and many people pin faith in it like their religion, but we must keep up our attack on the superstition, and thus capture the outpost. Let us use our reason a bit. Why is it that medical men, after long years of strenuous study of medicine, are unable to prescribe anything better than a quack? What is the use of their training and study and what is the use of paying 10s. 6d. or £1 1s. for a doctor to "advise" spirits—a publican's advice would be better, and not cost so much. The medical fraternity scowl on patent medicines and quack doctors, but has it ever occurred to them that the promiscuous ordering of spirits is as bad as ordering a patent medicine, as bad as telling their patients to consult a quack doctor? It does not take a great intellect or amazing skill to recommend spirits. It all savors of the patent medicine vendor and quack physician. It is so easy. It saves them the trouble of thinking, but it certainly leads one to doubt their medical capacity. There are other drugs on the market which answer the purpose of reviving a person, and are not possessed of the dangerous properties of alcohol, and don't produce too great a reaction, which often causes death. There are some superstitious medical men left regarding alcohol as of benefit—they are rapidly becoming extinct—but they are hopelessly out of date, years behind the best medical opinion, though there is this in their favor, that they are not afraid to take their own medicine. Since alcohol is recommended for headache, backache, toothache, heartache, corns on their toes, warts on their noses, mosquito bites, baldness, cross eyes, wooden legs, anything and everything—it has such "virtue"—it has become reduced to an absurdity. Here is one concrete example of the folly and irresponsibility of one medical man. I was in an Australian country hospital recovering from an attack of typhoid fever, and the doctor ordered me "egg and brandy." I asked if egg only would not do. "Oh, no; the brandy is absolutely necessary for the digestion." So when it was brought I sipped

it, and took no more, but it burnt my throat. The next day I told the doctor that I thought the egg only would do me more good, so he stopped the brandy, and I didn't die. That is the remarkable and inexplicable part about it! I ought to have done, according to "Fairplay" and Mr. Justice Pring. Now, where is the logic of the position. If brandy was "absolutely necessary for the digestion" why was it left off? If it was not, why was it forced on me at all? Just a matter of ancient and traditional methods of treatment. We are slowly yet surely advancing to a stage when the medical profession almost to a man will not recommend intoxicants for health or disease, and Mrs. Barton is only one of the pioneers in this matter, and her belief that alcohol is of no value in cases of sickness, accident, or dying is not surprising.

MOVING THE CHURCH.

The following appeared in the funny columns of the press recently:

"What are they moving the church for?"

"Well, stranger, I'm mayor of these diggin's, an' fer law enforcement. We've got an ordinance what says no saloon shall be nearer than 300ft. from a church. I give 'em three days to move the church."

This incident did not occur in Chicago, but the idea has been occurring every day since the anti-saloon campaign began. It is about all there is of the saloon side of the question. Wives have cried out in agony that the saloons were taking the husband's wages and robbing the children of bread.

"Well, let the wives move out and the children stop eating." Mothers have said with bitter tears that saloons were ruining their sons. "Well, let the mothers forget their sons and stop their whining." Citizens have declared that saloons are the resort of thieves and the whole bad bum element. "Well, let the good citizens go to some other country, if they don't like it."

In a word, the saloons are against the welfare and the common good which all law and righteous government are intended to promote. "But let it all go—the saloon must stay."—Chicago "Advocate."

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Clean or Dye Ladies' Dresses from
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A NEW SIGHT ON AN OLD SITE.

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Complete House Furnisher.

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**Fine —
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**Of Every
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This is Where You Laugh.



THE DARK HORSE.

Bishop Candler recently preached at a colored church, and did so without giving the colored preacher his name. But the latter suspected it, and at the close of the services he halted his congregation and told them a little story.

"Dis occasion reminds me," he said, "of a hoss race de oder day. Out dere on de track wuz all de good horses, those wid long, slim legs, and good-bred, what you would know wuz race-horses. Right at de last dey brung in a little round-bellied, short coupled hoss, an' everybody laffed. But they started, an' dat little no-good-looking hoss kept right erlong till just ter de last, an' den he give er great jump an' landed er whole neck erhead uv dem others. An' I 'lows dat hoss' name wuz Candler."

SHE WAS QUITE SATISFIED.

A dear old lady who was lately staying near Dartmoor was very much exercised in her mind as to the physical and spiritual health of the convicts confined in the prison. Meeting a squad one day, she asked the warder in charge if she might present them with some delicacies she had with her and a few tracts. The warder, as was his duty, replied in the negative. Then she pleaded to be allowed to speak one word of admonition and comfort.

"No, ma'am," said the warder. "It's against the regulations."

"Oh, dear, dear," sighed the old lady; "but tell me, do you think they are all converted?"

"Well, ma'am, I shouldn't take upon myself to say that," he answered. Then, seeing her distressed face, he added: "But there's one thing I will say for them; they're all teetotallers and non-smokers."

And the old lady departed much comforted.

SCIENTIFIC ESCAPE.

The pater was about to apply the strap. "Father," said Willie, who had just completed his second term at the grammar school, "unless that instrument has been properly sterilised, I desire to protest." This gave the old man pause. "Moreover," continued Willie, "The germs that might be released by the violent impact of leather upon a porous textile fabric but lately exposed to the dust of the streets would be apt to affect you deleteriously." As the strap fell from a nerveless hand, Willie sloped to imbibe a little more science.

SIXTEEN AND SIXTY.

"Your mudder is suttently a mighty nice-lookin' lady. Seems like she look better'n you do. De ole folks has de 'vantage now-adays, sho' 'nuff." These words were addressed to a young girl whose sweet-faced mother had just passed out of the room. "Then probably I shall look better by and by," replied the girl, with a smile. With a solemn air the old "aunty" looked at the girl, as she said, "Dat 'pends 'pon whether yer gettin' ready to look better, chile." She uttered a deeper truth than she knew. Cultivating those inward graces of the mind and heart which shine through the face will help more in this "getting ready" than all the prescriptions of the so-called "beauty-doctors." Frances Willard once said: "Not every woman can look well at sixteen; but every one can at sixty."—"The Wellspring."

When the late W. E. Gladstone was addressing a Liverpool audience on a great step his party had taken, he said: "We have resolved never to turn back. We have sunk our boats and burnt our bridges;" But the phase was imperfectly printed to read: "We have sunk our boots, and burned our breeches."

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, when Postmaster-General, was addressing his constituents, and was showing that, after all, it was not the classes but the masses who really governed the country. "For instance," said he, "who made me Postmaster-General?" And a voice at the back of the hall squeaked, "Papa!"

QUITE TRUE.

The chief mate had looked often upon the whiskey when it was hot, and in consequence the captain had "logged" him thus: "Mate drunk to-day." The mate duly pointed out to the "old man" that the information would be detrimental to his prospects in the eyes of the owners. "Well, it is true, isn't it?" was all the satisfaction he could obtain from his captain. Subsequently the mate's turn came to enter up the log book. "Captain sober to-day," he wrote. "What do you mean by that entry? What do you mean, sir?" demanded the incensed captain. "Well, it's true, isn't it?" blandly enquired the mate.

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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
BOOK DEPOT.**

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