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VOL. V. No. 16.

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THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1911.

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

LIQUOR PULLED THE TRIGGER.



"Kurri Kurri, June 26th.—Thomas Riley shot his brother Barney dead during a drunken squabble."—News item.

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SCEPTRE LIFE ASSOCIATION LTD.

From "The Statist," May 13th.

In an unobtrusive way this admirably managed life office has established for itself an enviable reputation. Over a series of quinquennial valuations ending with 1903 the actuarial basis was strengthened on each occasion, concurrently with a continuous increase in the distributed profits to policy holders. At the valuation at the close of the year referred to, the methods adopted had reached such a degree of stringency that it was subsequently found unnecessary to vary them in 1908, and thus no portion of the normal profits of the last quinquennium had to be drawn upon for that purpose. As a result the allocations of profit to policy holders were larger than on any previous occasion in the company's history, and, like the valuation standards, were amongst the most satisfactory disclosed by British life offices. The bonus additions represented in reversionary form £2 2s. per cent. per annum on participating policies on the lives of total abstainers, who form the great majority of the company's policy holders, and £1 16s. per cent. per annum on participating policies in the general section. Moreover, more than 10 per cent. of the valuation surplus was carried forward. The consulting actuary, Mr. H. W. Manly, a former president of the Institute of Actuaries, made the following encouraging statement in his valuation report as at December 31st, 1908: "The reserves are established on a very strong basis, and I see no reason why the extremely handsome bonuses now declared should not be fully maintained in the future, and even improved, if the rate of interest obtainable on investments does not diminish." It is evident that the sources of profit to policy holders in this company are more than usually productive. For example, it is actuarially assumed that the funds will accumulate at the rate of only 2½ per cent.; whereas the actual yield in 1910, after deduction of income tax, now a more serious burden on life offices than formerly, was £3 19s. per cent. Again, whilst a proportion of over 20 per cent. of the premiums was reserved for expenses and contingencies at the last valuation, the ratio of expenditure, inclusive of commission, in 1910 was only 12.8 per cent. of the premium income. From interest and economy alone the profits contributed during 1910 towards the next valuation surplus cannot have represented much less than 30 per cent. of the premiums. This is a fine bonus-manufacturing position for a life office founded in 1864 to have attained. But the company has always derived a large amount of additional profits from other sources, one of the

most important of these being a consistent and unusually favorable incidence of mortality. This has been particularly the case in regard to the abstainers' section, where the number of deaths in 1910 were under 46 per cent. of that assumed in the Institute of Actuaries' HM Table of Mortality. In the general section the corresponding percentage was under 82. There appears, therefore, good reason for the view which the actuary takes of the company's future bonus prospects, and few British life offices seem intrinsically so attractive to new entrants, particularly to those who are total abstainers.

BEER VERSUS MILK.

On May 11th last, a public meeting was held, under the auspices of the South London Local Option Union, for the purpose of proving the statement made in recent advertisements of Bass and Co. that "a glass of good beer is as nourishing as a glass of new milk" to be untrue and misleading, "beer makers, beer sellers, and beer consumers" having been specially invited.

Councillor A. H. Edward presided, and in his opening remarks said it was astounding that any firm should publish such a statement at the present day with the scientific knowledge there was on the subject, but he supposed a number of thoughtless people believed it. Not so long since as that the Lambeth Guardians used to spend over £1500 a year in the provision of intoxicants in the dietary of the inmates of their infirmaries; but, through the action of some of the "bigoted teetotalers" of the South London Local Option Union, who were on the Board, it was decided that no intoxicants should be supplied except under medical orders, and the sum now spent amounts to scarcely more than a guinea a year, and the course pursued by Lambeth had become general.

Mr. Frank Adkins, U.K. B.H. Union, referring to the statement made by Messrs. Bass and Co., as given above, demonstrated the unlikelihood of its truth by quotations from other parts of the booklet, "Bass Notes," in which it appeared from the firm's own showing that, providing only British barley was used, one pennyworth of barley sufficed to make 16 bottles of Bass! He further showed that even the small quantity of barley thus used was reduced by the processes of malting, mashing, fermentation, and fining until it had almost reached the vanishing point, and quoted the syllabus of the Board of Education to the effect that beer, wine, and spirits could not be regarded as foods, and that these liquors had the power of

hindering the absorption of rich food into the blood. He showed by a diagram founded on the analysis of foods at South Kensington that beer possessed only 12 parts of nourishment as compared with 135 parts in a corresponding quantity of milk. Taking the analysis of Burton ale made on the initiative of the brewers themselves, he showed that there would be only three quarts of nourishment in 144 uarts of the liquor in question.

CONTINENTAL DRINKING.

Dr. Herod, of Lausanne, the eminent Swiss statistician, says of Continental alcoholism: "It seems difficult for one who knows the facts to pretend that the German beer garden is the Temple of Peace which some of its advocates in England believe it to be. . . . It would be a very foolish policy for England to try to import the drinking customs which all social reformers on the Continent are earnestly endeavoring to discourage. . . . All who know the situation, not only in Switzerland, but on the Continent as a whole, can only say: It is too true; alcoholism is our great enemy."

PROHIBITION IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

The "Charlottetown Guardian" of Prince Edward Island says: "The Prohibition Law has proved to be most beneficial in this city. In the old days, with 2000 less people, we kept sixteen policemen. Now we have but six. We have reduced the arrests for drunkenness to one-fourth or one-fifth of what they were under license."

"THAT'S THE WAY THEY ALL DO."

An enthusiastic citizen about to visit Europe was rejoicing over the fact and the pleasure to come.

"How delightful it will be," he said to his wife, "to tread the bounding billows and inhale the invigorating oxygen of the sea, the sea, the boundless sea! I long to see it—to breathe in great drafts of life-giving air. I shall want to stand every moment on the prow of the steamer with my mouth open"

"You probably will, dear," interrupted his wife encouragingly. "That's the way all the ocean travellers do."

Who She Was.—"Well," laughed Squiggles, "some men never know when they are snubbed! That lady you just spoke to was about as distant as they make 'em in her greeting." "Well, why shouldn't she be?" retorted Jabbers. "She's a distant relative of mine." "By marriage?" "No—by divorce. She got rid of me at Sioux Falls back in 1898."



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Mrs. Webb's Lesson.

(By B. H. D. Kempsey.)

The west wind, with a cadence all its own, was creating sad minor music in the swaying tree-tops, and driving before it the falling and fallen leaves. My thoughts were attuned to the spirit of autumn sadness; nay, I should say, rather, were a discord of the same notes. For I missed all the glory and sweetness of the undertone which breathed of fulfilment of purpose; my vision was closed to the beauty of tinted leaves, not a riot of color as in the dear English woods at home, but even along the lonely Australian bush road which I was travelling, sufficiently delightful to the observant eye.

But the same west wind that was rustling the leaves about my foot, was swaying the crape veil on my widow's bonnet, causing it to brush against my face. Small wonder, then, that my thoughts were with the tragedy of the fallen leaves.

I was supposed to be going on a visit of sympathy. Our minister, a few days before, had called on me, and casually remarked that it would be a charity if I called on a semi-invalid lady who had recently settled in the neighborhood. Not a call in the Society sense—that would have been an added burden in our busy work-a-day lives, and I understood the minister's unspoken desire that I would spare the time to cheer the lonely life of another woman. But what a "Job's comforter" I would be! That is rather maligning myself, however; for did not the historic Job's comforters find fault with him, saying he must have sinned deeply, that such calamities should befall him? I smiled at the absurdity of the thought of criticising a stranger's past life, but sighed to think what poor comfort my clouded belief in God's goodness would bring to any sufferer. All I could say would surely be a repetition in differing phrases of the words: "I, too, have suffered." And how could one's misery comfort another's sorrow?

But I must confess that a great measure of curiosity was mingled with my desire to be neighborly—we daughters of Eve have such complex natures that we do not seem to be able to execute any purpose with singleness of aim (I often doubt whether the men folk are different in that respect). In this case, however, a natural curiosity concerning the new neighbours was intensified by local gossip, which, if it could be believed, enveloped the lady with an atmosphere of pleasant mystery. Those of you

who have lived in a sparsely-populated district know that such gossip does arise, emanating from nobody knows where, possibly with no foundation of fact. One piece of gossip specially interested me; I was told that her speech betrayed the fact that she was English. And since the time when, by my husband's death two years before, my last English tie had been severed, I had longed inexpressibly for things English. I was living in the past; and although I knew that by so doing I was stultifying the present, I was too despondent to care; I performed my daily tasks, mourned over past joys, and told myself that life was not worth living. Then the gossips made many conjectures about what motives a lady, evidently well-to-do, could have in settling in such a place. I myself admitted that there was little in our neighbourhood to attract such a person as she was supposed to be; and looking critically at the place as I approached, I was convinced that no person who wished to gain a livelihood from the soil would settle there. It was a quaint little house, with irregular roof, and walls almost covered with a beautiful clinging vine all a glory of autumn leaves, crimson and green and gold. A tiny garden was in beautiful order, and the blooms of a Souvenir rose filled the air with fragrance. But the extent of the grounds was only about half an acre; just a kind of recreation ground for its late owner, a retired school-teacher, whose family had settled in the district.

An elderly woman who, I afterwards learned, acted as nurse and housekeeper, admitted me, and treated me with a smiling deference which was very puzzling to me. She ushered me into a cosy sitting-room, where the bright-faced owner of the house sat reading; and, announcing my name, withdrew.

"Ah! I have been expecting you, Mrs. Webb," said the lady. "Excuse me; but I cannot stand. Sit close to me, and we will have a nice talk. Our minister told me yesterday that you were coming, and I have been looking forward to your visit."

"Ah! you are English," I exclaimed impulsively—I, who was generally so reserved.

But she laughed softly, appreciatively. "I haven't lost the 'accent,' have I? Neither have you."

I am afraid I stared a little, for I thought that I had become thoroughly Australian in manner and tone.

"Nurse heard that you were English, so perhaps I only imagine the accent," she said, divining my thought.

"I am so sorry to find that you cannot enjoy the pleasure of walking out to my home," I said, remembering my errand. "But perhaps you can drive?"

"My good nurse takes me out in my chair. So you enjoyed your walk?" She turned the conversation adroitly from herself, revealing a selflessness which aroused my sympathy to a degree which no catalogue of ailments could have done.

"I'm afraid I did not," I admitted.

"No?" she queried.

"But just allow me to tell you how sorry I am to find you such an invalid."

"My dear Mrs. Webb, there is not so much genuine pity in the world that you need waste it on me. Save it for somebody who needs it," she answered quickly. Then, glancing at my astonished face, she laughed again—a sweet, joyous laugh. "I'm afraid that sounds abominably rude," she added. "But does a happy person need pity?"

"But your infirmity," I stammered. "I've had trouble myself, and can pity those who suffer."

"Don't you think, Mrs. Webb"—and the sweet voice was sweeter still—"that when suffering is absent, one should rejoice in the temporary respite, and not spoil present blessings by commiserating one's self or others for past pains and losses? Don't imagine that I cannot appreciate true sympathy in the hour of need," she added wistfully, and I could see that she feared being misunderstood.

But her words pictured such a contrast to my daily mode of living that, though I felt their truth, I would not concur. "There are pains and losses which demand retrospect," I said.

"Even then," she answered quickly, not attempting to refute my rebellious half-truth, "should we not be careful lest we become selfish, and bind our burdens to the lives of others? Did you ever hear those lines:

"Talk Happiness: The world is sad enough

Without your woe. No path is wholly rough;

Look for the places that are smooth and clear,

And speak of those to rest the weary ear Of earth, so hurt by continuous strain Of human discontent, and grief, and pain."

Certain tricks of expression, the lilt in her voice, stirred old memories. Whom did she

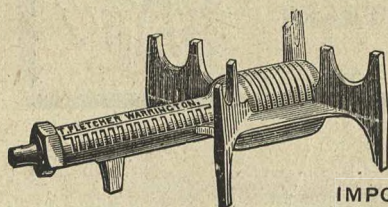
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BEFORE BUYING

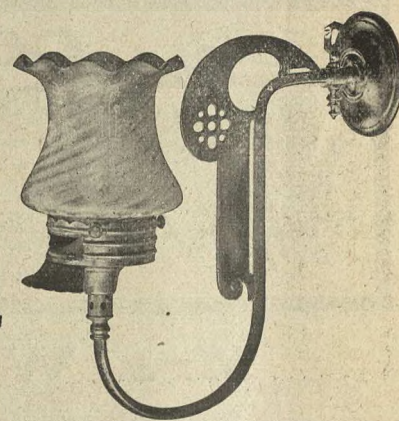
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New South Wales Alliance.

MEETING OF BOX AGENTS.

The event of the week has been the first meeting of Bottom Square Box Agents. The Alliance office was nicely filled with an enthusiastic band of workers, who came together to discuss the scheme and gather such information as would be helpful in its advancement.

Dr. Caro and Mr. Marion spoke on the scheme generally, their address being very brief. The agents were then asked to continue the discussion.

Mr. Mitchell (St. George electorate) reported that 270 boxes were out in his electorate, but said that thorough organization was necessary in order to prevent over-lapping. The question of defining the duties of Chief Box Agents was ventilated, and a recommendation embodying desired regulations was sent on to the Council. Mr. Mitchell has some splendid assistants in St. George.

Mr. Cook (Burwood) and Mr. Thorne (Middle Harbor) both dwelt upon the necessity for closer attention to detail. Mr. Thorne has given much thought to the scheme, and hoped that the whole State would be taken in hand and organized.

Mrs. Heydon said that for years she and her late husband had helped various rescue and reform agencies, but they recognised that but for the liquor bar there would be very little need for many of these institutions. She enthusiastically welcomed the Box Scheme.

It is proposed to hold the meetings of Agents regularly, and it is hoped that in future every agent within the metropolitan area will make an effort to be present.

Mr. Complin, the secretary, is at present on the southern line, conducting an organizing and lecturing campaign. We expect to have a report of his tour next week.

The finance committee is meeting regularly every Thursday. Dr. Caro, the treasurer, is evincing a keen interest in his important department.

There was an enthusiastic gathering at the Burwood Christian Brotherhood on Sunday afternoon. Mr. Marion was the speaker. Several Box Agents and Box-holders were secured. Mr. J. Cook is the Chief Box Agent.

Mr. Cully, of Botany, wrote a letter to a friend in the country re the Box Scheme, with the result that a new agent for 12 boxes has been secured. This missionary enterprise is helping matters forward.

The I.O.G.T. open-air meetings on Sunday afternoons in the Sydney Domain draw large audiences. The aggressive speeches meet with much sympathetic comment. Well done, Good Templars!

EARLIER CLOSING OF HOTEL BARS.

While at the present the majority of the people are not prepared to close the bars altogether, there is a most marked feeling in favor of the curtailment of the hours of selling liquors.

At meetings of shopkeepers and others, attention has been drawn to this matter, for while in the city of Sydney nearly every business place is closed at 1 p.m. under the Saturday Half-Holiday Act, the hotels keep open and do a big trade. Business people complain that this is grossly unfair, and the result is that many men, having no opportunity of spending their time and money in buying clothing and other commodities on Saturday afternoon, find their way into the hotels, with the result that the spending power of the people is reduced. For very little of the money going over the bar re-circulates amongst the people of this State. The big distilleries of Great Britain mop up hundreds of thousands of pounds annually, and even the local breweries contain a big list of absentee shareholders.

It seems a strange law that allows a man to buy as much alcoholic poison as he requires any time up till eleven o'clock at night, and yet if he wants a candle to light his room and a loaf of bread he cannot buy it after six at night or after one o'clock on Saturdays. If this law is necessary, and is applied to the absolute necessities of life, it certainly should be most strictly applied to a drug that is not a necessity, and is indeed harmful and injurious.

A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.

The Inspector of Nuisances at Casino, is evidently tired of his present position, and is an applicant for a conditional hotel license in that town to be called "The Club

Hotel." In one sense the name is most appropriate, for the liquor traffic has "clubbed" many a man as truly as men have been "clubbed" by the street garrotter and sand-bagger. It is to be sincerely hoped that the energy of the local residents will meet with success in preventing the license being granted; and it will certainly be better for the applicant to remain an inspector of nuisance than be in a business that creates nuisances.

DEATH OF MR. W. J. PEARSON.

The New South Wales Alliance has sustained a loss in the death of Mr. William James Pearson, J.P., who died very suddenly at his residence, Rayner-street, Leichhardt, on June 27th. The deceased gentleman, who was only in his 57th year, was seated in the dining-room in front of the fire, in the presence of several members of his family. He was apparently in good health, though suffering from the prevailing influenza, and was talking and laughing, when he suddenly fell forward and collapsed. The news was the subject of regret in Leichhardt, where he had lived for many years. He founded and built up the successful soap works lately carried on by him and his sons in Henry-street, Leichhardt, and was a public spirited citizen in every respect. For ten years he occupied the position of alderman in the local council, and for three terms filled the mayoral chair, while his activities found vent in many other directions, politically, socially, and in religious matters. He leaves a wife and a family of seven.

Mr. Pearson had for many years been a member of the Alliance, and at the last annual convention was elected a member of the State Council.

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Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

BRAIN AND NERVE.

An Answer to "Fairplay."

We have been duly honored by "Fairplay," and we feel elated, very much so, thereby. We have been most extensively quoted by that hilarious journal, no less than a whole column being given "in extenso," and as that particular column pinned "Fairplay" down to a suicidal admission, we have reason, we think, for feeling somewhat self-satisfied. Yet "Fairplay," blundering stupidly into the admission in the first case, now flounders into a silly attempt to "explain," which, as we shall presently show, leaves it high and dry upon the sands of defeat.

To come to the point at issue. Our jocular contemporary first published an article (quoted by us) that stated clearly "that all the cold-blooded crimes requiring coolness and nerve were carried out by perfectly sober men. The specialised criminal who pitted his brains against the police—the man who chose a criminal career as a profession—this man was always a sober man, and almost invariably a Teetotaler."

So far, so good. At this sweet piece of news we didn't cavil at all, as you may suppose, dear reader. We simply congratulated "Fairplay" on its conscientious admission, and noted that while its Liberty League logic was supposed to convert the general public to a belief in alcohol, it hadn't apparently converted even the "staff" yet. At the same time we pointed this out to our friends; they were on the horns of a self-appointed dilemma, and we were interested to know which way they would jump to destruction.

For (a) either they must believe in the nerve damaging effects of alcohol, or (b) they are arguing that every man should become a drunkard to avoid becoming a burglar.

To this "Fairplay" retorts that we have a kink in our logic-box, and refers us to the so-called "stock teetotal argument" of all crimes coming from the "cursed drink." But we are not to be bluffed that way, Mr. "Fairplay," and will just state our case very pointedly for the benefit of yourself and friends. If you can't then understand

where the logic comes in, wait awhile and "sober up" and then consult the very first man you meet in the street.

For it is only necessary to ask you to make one admission to prove our case, and that is that when you wrote the article aforesaid you were sober and "meant something." Good then! Allowing that you were trying to show some conclusion from your statement, what (ask any friend) are the only two conclusions (absolutely the only two conclusions) you could have been making for?

Examine your premises carefully. You state, in brief, that all cool, calculating crimes, such as burglary, etc., requiring coolness, also require abstinence from alcohol. Exactly. But allowing you were making for some port—we ask whither are you bound? Did you write the above with the object of throwing some mud at your thrice beloved alcohol and contradicting all your old stories of its medical virtues, eh?

In such a case you should be on the temperance platform.

The only alternative is that you were trying in a muddled manner to show that alcohol unfits one for a burglarious career, and is therefore to be extensively used. It's the only alternative. It is no good squealing, "Fairplay;" you're c-a-u-g-h-t, fairly caught. Appeal to any of your friends and they will tell you so.

And what hurts you most is that it is patent you fully believe the first proposition—that alcohol damages the nerve tissues, and have admitted it. We are reminded of an old story of the Boer war at a time when some of our generals were unfortunately blundering a great deal. It is credited to Kruger that he issued very specific instructions that no one should on any account shoot a general, for, said he to his men, they are more valuable to us than their men.

We are quite sure from the weekly samples we peruse, most of "Fairplay's" staff are of more valuable service to the "cause" we are fighting for than to King Bacchus. And the gentleman we have been dealing with to-night is an especially "green" bird, who, very obligingly, constructs a net for himself without bothering about waiting even for salt for his tail.

AN APPEAL TO THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

We are informed that the Liquor Trades' Association contemplate an appeal to the Privy Council over the recent decision. There are, however, quite a number of hotel-keepers who state that they are unable to wait until the above appeal is made—they have accordingly shut their doors. We do not wish to make any comment upon a matter that may even be in the future "sub judice," but our readers can quite understand that we feel some sort of gratification at the disappearance of certain hotels in localities already "over supplied" with them. Many a wife, and many a mother, will have cause to inwardly bless the Local Option Act, despite all that has been said to the contrary; and, after all, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," and the glad wife who finds John comes home more often sober than intoxicated will not worry over the fact that, according to "Fairplay," he simply can't be doing so. She will tell "Fairplay" to confine its remarks and prophecies to subjects (such as reports of Liberty League socials) that it does know something about.

Discretion the Better Part.—Old Gentleman—"What are you doing with those snowballs?" Small Boy—"Sellin' 'em three a penny, and those who can't afford to buy 'em gets 'em for nuffin'!" Old gentleman—"I'll take the lot."

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In Tune with the Age.

By REV. GEORGE R. STUART.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC MUST DIE WITH THE REST OF THESE LIFE DESTROYERS.

Why, this movement against the liquor traffic is not a single movement which has just broken out, gentlemen. We are after all things that are ruining our country. We are spending millions upon the virus that destroys disease. We are spending millions of dollars for the development of the anti-toxine that checks the diphtheria, and for the checking of scarlet fever and all diseases. We are working for the betterment of humanity.

I was standing down on the streets of San Antonio, Texas, some years ago. I had missed my connection there and was waiting for a train to take me to a town where I was to deliver a lecture.

I spit on the sidewalk and an officer walked up to me, took hold of my arm and said, "Come, go with me." I said: "Well, I guess you have got the wrong man. I can look through my life back to the cradle and I don't see anything for which I feel particularly guilty. You have the wrong man." He said, "No, I have not." "Whom do you think you have got?" I asked. "I have got you," he replied. "What do you think I have done?" "I saw you do it; I caught you in the act." "Well," I asked, "what did you catch me doing?" He answered: "I caught you spitting on the sidewalk." "Well," I said, "I just spit spit." And he said: "You cannot spit spit. I am going to take you down to the police headquarters and fine you five dollars." I said, "Can't a man manufacture his own spit and spit where he pleases?"

You needn't be afraid of going back to tuberculosis, milk, to cholera hogs, to tubercular steers, or typhoid fever milk, or spitting in public buildings. We are not going back; we are going on and on. And you needn't be afraid of the South going back on her prohibition laws. We are going on and on and on.

DON'T LET THE DOLLARS BLIND YOU.

Hear me. There are eight money-making devices preying upon our civilisation, just like the five great diseases prey upon our bodies; and our present civilisation is after these eight money-making vices, just like it is after the five great destroying diseases. With our modern civilisation we are lifting up the present mode of living. We are going after the germs of diseases in our human bodies, and we are going to make our body politic new with beauty, because

we are after the germs of disease. We are going to clean them up.

I repeat, there are eight money-making vices, and when money is in it, it is mighty hard to stop. Have you two silver dollars, some one of you? Somebody give me two silver dollars. (Two dollars are handed to Stuart.) Much obliged to you. I just wanted to see if anybody would give me two dollars. Do you see these two dollars? I hold them up at arms length, and when I do that I can see every woman in this building; I can see this preacher from head to foot. If the Bible were on the stand here, I could see it. I can see the light. Watch me. I am going to pull these dollars a little nearer to me. (Drawing the dollars close to his eyes.) Now, I cannot see just exactly as you see this thing. I differ with you. I think that you, Mr. Preacher, ought to preach the gospel. I don't think you ought to talk about the questions of the day. I think you ought to stick more closely to the gospel. I think you ought to stay at home, you woman, and take care of your children. I move those dollars up a little closer. (Putting dollars over his eyes.) I can't see a woman; I can't see a man; I can't see the flowers; I can't see the twining vines. I forget the home problems; I cannot see a sign of anything beautiful here. Why? I have just let the dollars get too close to me. They are too close to my eyes. I cannot see anything. The light has been shut off. Brethren, keep those dollars away from you as far as you can.

WHEN VICE PAYS DIVIDENDS.

Hear me. Whenever a vice has money in it, it has got the Devil in his biggest form. God Almighty said there was one root—one root out of which all evil springs. What is it? The inordinate love of money. I want to tell you that whenever a vice gets money behind it, it goes, it goes. Yes, this policeman will catch me or you and will fine us five dollars for spitting. But how about the policeman of our large cities who is in with the liquor crowd? You spit on the sidewalk and he will take you to the police station. Now, there is a blind tiger in your town. You say: "Let us go down and get the policeman to lock that man up. Let us get him after the blind tigerkeeper, who is openly violating the law. There are men coming from his place even now, staggering from the effects of drink, which he has furnished them." You say to the policeman: "Go right quick after this." And he will say: "Hold on, hold on. I think that fellow is going to spit directly." Talk

to me about putting policemen who have been elected by this liquor power after men who violate the liquor law. Talk about this kind of policeman arresting a blind tiger owner and carry out our law. I would just as soon think of putting a hound with wax legs after an asbestos cat in Hell.

Brethren, hear me. These money-making vices must be suppressed, and I will tell you where our hardest task is. We have to contend against hired agitators whom the brewers and distillers procure to fight our cause. Brewers and distillers of America in this fight can go out and hire every old broken-down politician and every old shyster lawyer (and when they hire these old politicians and these old lawyers to do their work, they are pretty hard up). When you hear these old politicians talking for liquor, and these little whisky editors writing for liquor and these little shyster lawyers appearing on the platform as advocates of the saloon and advocating its cause, you may know that they are being paid for it. When you see a little calf wagging its tail right lively, you know that it is getting milk at the other end. Nobody can see the milk passing, but you can tell by the action of the little animal that he is getting it.

BECAUSE HE WANTS MONEY.

Now, then my fellow countrymen, the greatest power in this country is an inordinate love for money. And I want to warn you that this inordinate love for money is back of all the vices. Hear me. There are eight vices preying upon our civilisation.

What are they? As soon as I name them, you will say, "Why, Stuart, that is so." I don't ask that you have two eyes and good sense. I can show it to you with one eye and half sense. Here they are: "House burglary," "train robbery," "counterfeiting," "kidnapping," "grafting among the rich and trick stealing among the poor," "gambling," "bawdy house keeping," and the "saloon business." Now these are your eight money-making vices. Is that right? Yes, that is light. Now listen. All have the same base motive. It is hell-inspired and hell-born love for money. What makes the fellow rob the house? Because he wants money. What makes the fellow rob the train? Because he wants money. Why does the fellow pass his counterfeit money on you? Because he wants money. Why does the fellow kidnap your child and steal it from your house? Because he wants your money. Why does a gambler gamble with you? He wants your money. Why does the grafter play his tricks on big corporations and the little trader play his tricks on the common people? They want your money. Why does the bawdy house run? The bawdy house people have got to have the money. Why does the

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DELICIOUS FLAVOUR . . .
DIGESTIBLE & STRENGTHENING

saloonkeeper sell the stuff to debauch his neighbor, ruin his family, deprive them of comfort and even of necessities and damn his own soul? He wants the money; that is all there is to it. And I want to tell you why the business man votes for the saloon; he does it as a money proposition. And I will tell you that any dirty scoundrel that will vote for the saloon because he expects it to create business for his account is as corrupt and bribable a scoundrel as ever received money to murder a man in the dark and rob him.

GETTING BEYOND THE MONEY ARGUMENT.

I want to tell you I have about quit making that old money argument. There are people who attempt to prove that in certain towns the saloon makes money for the town; that prohibition hurts business. Do you know, any man that makes an argument upon anything of that kind reflects upon your citizenship and your character.

Take this as an illustration. I come to you and say: "I want to get you to kill that man." You say, "I won't do it, because it is wrong." "Well, there is money in it. I will tell you what I will do. I will make it worth 10,000dol. to you if you will kill him." If you accept that offer, why you are a 10,000dol. scoundrel. When I go to you and offer you 10,000dol., I have in my mind that you are a 10,000dol. scoundrel, and if you listen to me and accept my offer you are. "No, I won't kill him," you say. "Well, I will make it worth 100,000dol. to you;" and if you listen and accept, you are a 100,000dol. scoundrel. "No, I will not kill him for even a 100,000dol." "Well," I state, "I will make it worth to you and your town 1,000,000dol. if you will kill him;" and if you accept my proposition you are a 1,000,000dol. bribable scoundrel. Hear me. Whenever you walk up to a man and make the money argument to him, that shows you believe he is a money bribable scoundrel; and if he listens to you, he is. Any man that will vote for liquor purely as a money proposition is as dirty and crooked a bribable scoundrel as was ever hired to kill a negro and rob him. I want us to quit making that low-down financial argument, unless we want to be lower than the brutes. We are getting above it.

QUIT BEING BRIBED.

Listen. There is money. Yes, sir. I heard that Prohibition hurt that town. Well, suppose that stopping thievery and robbing and counterfeiting and gambling and brothel-house keeping hurts the town financially? Are you going to let them run? Is that the kind of fellow you are? If you were

a banker, I wouldn't put my money in your bank. I wouldn't trust you. You are crooked. You say: "Brother Stuart, that is mighty rough." Well, we are handling mighty rough folks.

I tell you this country has got to wake up to the most dastardly and damnable proposition that was ever made to an American citizen, and that is the proposition to let a saloon run because it helps the town financially—because there is money in it. What makes this fellow rob the train? There is money in it. Now listen. I say every one of those vices is based upon inordinate love of money. Again, every one of them operates upon some weakness of humanity.

RAILROAD MAN'S ATTITUDE.

I was invited to speak to the Locomotive Engineers of Tennessee, in the city of Knoxville, some time ago, and there was present the grand chief or high Mogul, or high cockylorum—I don't know just what it was—but, at any rate, he was one of the big fellows, one of the men high up in the brotherhood. I love the railroad men. I have been tangled up with them for 50 years. I have eaten out of their snips and tin buckets. I have been with them in hours of wrecks and darkness. I was talking with them, and as I closed my address, I said: "Boys of the throttle, boys of the headlight, boys of the reverse lever, boys of the steel rail! Brethren, when you are in your cab and have your hand on the throttle and have a hand on the reverse lever and drop your eyes on the tracks, remember our wives are on the train; remember we are depending on you boys for a clear eye and a steady hand. Boys, don't drink. Don't drink. Keep your heads clear and your hands steady. Don't drink." I sat down. The great chief rose up and said: "Brother Stuart, we are glad to have you present. Yes, sir, we are always glad to have preachers among us. But," he said, "your advice to railroad men on liquor is 10 years behind time." (I want to tell you that the travelling drummers and railroad men are regular travelling Prohibitionists. They go up and down the country preaching Prohibition wherever they go. The time is about played out when any great commercial firm will put a hilarious, drunken, spewing drummer on its list to go about the country representing it. They want clean men; they want sober men; they want moral men to do their work and to represent them in the field.)

TO PROTECT THE WEAK IS THE BROTHERHOOD'S MISSION.

The great chief said to me: "Many of us are members of your church, but I will tell you that the part of your lecture on liquor

is 10 years out of date. The time used to be when on a stormy or rainy night we thought that an engineer might take one or two drinks of liquor to warm him and brace him up, but the drinking of liquor affects the men differently at different times. And the different kinds of liquor have such different effects that we have come to the conclusion at last that no man who holds his hand on the throttle can take a spoonful of the abominable stuff in his system and be a sane man."

I want to tell you that every brotherhood is organized to take care of the weaker brother; and the saloon is organized to knock down the weaker brother. You may talk about strong men who drink and who can take a glass now and a glass then, and not be overcome by liquor. The Bible said: "Woe unto those who are strong and do evil." Some of the strong men who can take a drink and stop are the stumbling blocks over which thousands of poor men stumble into drunkards' graves. The brotherhoods are organized to protect the weak brother.

THE HUMANE SPIRIT.

I was standing in this city some time ago, when I saw an old horse drawing a heavy load and a fellow larrupping him with a whip; a man stepped up to him and said: "Stop, sir; in the name of the Humane Society of this city, I command you to cease." The spirit that will take care of the dumb brute, the spirit that will provide for the widow and the orphan, the spirit that will watch over our aged and see that want does not overtake them—that spirit will no longer tolerate the liquor traffic. I said, as I stood there: "Thank God for this humane spirit, thank God for this age in which the poor horse has a protector." I thank God for the warm-hearted men and women who will protect the dumb animals, and the warm-hearted men and women who will go to the drunkard's home and take the drunkard's family and provide for them. That is the spirit that is going to abolish the saloon. Sure, it is coming.

(Continued in Next Issue.)

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

GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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

THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1911.

FRESH AIR LEAGUE.

This league is now in the 20th year of its work, and really owes its existence to the visit of the Countess of Meath in 1890, when branches of the Ministering Children's League, of which her ladyship was the foundress, were formed in nearly all the States, its greatest aim being to help helpless children. The first country branch in this State was formed at Bong Bong, at the residence of Mrs. Tarrant, by Rev. W. A. Leech, who decided that the funds of this branch should be used to give weak and delicate children from the city a month's holiday and health-giving power in the pure country air, always choosing—

"A peaceful spot,
Where Nature's gifts abound."

Early in 1891, Lady Darley, hon. organizing secretary of the Ministering Children's League in New South Wales, invited the late Lady See and the present hon. secretary (Mrs. Kellick) to form a city committee for the purpose of finding suitable cases to send to Bong Bong. A small committee of six ladies was formed; a very successful charity ball was carried out by one of these ladies, Mrs. Mailler Kendall, and a cheque for £498 was placed to the credit of the Fresh Air League. Since then the members have increased to about 60, and the number of applicants increase every season. During the first year, 1892-3, the league sent 147 persons, chiefly children, to the country; in 1895-6 as many as 360 applicants received the much-needed change. This was due to the heat wave that passed over the city during January and February, causing great mortality amongst delicate infants. Only one death occurred in the many cases sent by the league to Moss Vale and Bowral. This season 273 applicants have received the benefits of the League—the total number sent to date being 4343. About £100 are needed to meet the demand that will be made on the funds in the coming summer. The league deals only with the poorest and the neediest and with those whom no other organization can touch. They do not need medicine or institutional treatment; they need to be relieved from the atmosphere and handicaps of their environment, and the fresh air of the country is the best doctor and the wholesome and abundant food the best nurse. This is an admirable league, admirably managed.

LOCAL OPTION AND ELECTIONS.

Members of the State Parliament are evidently strongly opposed to the local option poll being taken on the same day as the general election. When Mr. McGarry last week moved that it should be taken on some other date, the House divided without any debate, and the motion was carried by 50 votes to 8.

It is difficult to see quite how far this will affect the poll, but we fear it will further handicap the No-License movement. Self-interest is stronger than any other motive, and it is to be feared that the liquor interest will, with the large amount of money at its back, be able to bring great pressure upon its following to record their vote. On the other hand, they may save themselves much money in vehicles by discouraging people to vote, and thus multiply the temperance vote by bringing it below the necessary 30 per cent. demanded by the Liquor Act, for unless 30 per cent. of those on the roll, including the dead and those removed to other parts, record their vote not even the three-fifths majority is sufficient to carry No-License, as was the case in Allowrie in 1907. It is one of the astounding puzzles of the 20th century that liquor, the most noted of all evil producers, should be protected and permitted every facility for doing its deadly work, and every effort to reform, an acknowledged evil is heavily handicapped. Given a bare majority of those who vote, and we fear neither defeat nor reversion of our victories.

ROOSEVELT AND INTOXICANTS.

Theodore Roosevelt evidently does not believe the use of intoxicants is of much benefit on a big hunting expedition. In his story, "African Game Trails," the ex-president says: "There are differences of opinion as to whether any spirituous liquors should be drunk in the tropics. Personally, I think that the less one has to do with them the better. Not liking whisky, I took a bottle of brandy for emergencies. Very early in the trip I decided that even when feverish or exhausted by a hard day's trip hot tea did more good than brandy, and I handed the bottle over to a member of the party. At Khartoum he produced it and asked what he should do with it, and I told him to put it in steamer's stores. He did so after finding out the amount that had been drunk, and informed me that I had taken just six ounces in eleven months."

PARCELS OF CLOTHING.

Those who wish to help in the work among men and the poor of Surry Hills, are asked to send old clothing to 69 Reservoir Street, Sydney. The cost by rail is double if it is not prepaid. If parcels are left at the Railway Station, the ticket should be posted to Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, Box 390 G.P.O., Sydney.

CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought! be up and stirring night
and day:
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—clear
the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them, as ye
may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing into
gray
Men of thought and men of action, clear the
way!
Once the welcome light has broken, who
shall say
What the unimagined glories of the day?
What the evil that shall perish in its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken into play,
Men of thought and men of action, clear the
way!
Lo! a cloud's about to vanish from the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble into clay.
Lo! the right's about to conquer; Clear the
way!
With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant throng shall fall
Many others great and small,
That for ages, long have held us for their
prey.
Men of thought and men of action, clear the
way!
—Charles Mackay.

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SHORTHAND EXAMS.

The Students of the Metropolitan Business College still continue to secure the cream of the results in the important Shorthand Examinations conducted by the Incorporated Phonographic Society of Australia. Following are the places in order of merit in N.S.W. won by these Students at the latest Exam. (1st April, 1911):—Advanced Theory: 1st place, Ida Grice; 2nd, W. Steele; 4th, M. Colquhoun. Theory: 1st place, Marion Kark; 2nd, Dorothy Beveridge; 4th, Winnie Buckler. To date, the first place in N.S.W. in eight out of the eleven Exams, held in Sydney by the above Society have been won by Students trained by the Metropolitan Business College, a result of which, in view of the keen competition existing, they have every reason to be proud.

The Proof of the Pudding.

PROSPERITY OF "DRY" AREAS

Less Crime and Misery.

The annual convention of the New Zealand Alliance closed in Wellington on June 15th, and during the afternoon some interesting statements were made regarding the operation of no-license in prohibition areas.

Mr. J. T. Bull, who had resided in Mataura for six years, said that he had only seen one drunken person under arrest in the Mataura borough. Hotel accommodation was fully as good, if not better, than in license days. There was no evidence of home-drinking over what existed in license days. The Gore Court records showed a very great decrease in drunkenness, comparing the figures of the last five years of license and the first five years of No-license. Sly grog-selling was being effectively dealt with by the police.

Mr. Froggatt (ex-Mayor of Invercargill) testified to his knowledge of the great improvements in every direction since No-license came into operation. There had been especially a great advance in building, and a great demand for dwelling-houses and business premises.

The Rev. W. J. Williams, Oamaru, said the crime record had been reduced practically to a nullity. The moral tone had been greatly improved, and business had not been injuriously affected. Mr. Williams admitted that local No-license had not been so perfectly successful as to be looked upon as the final solution of the liquor problem.

Speaking of Clutha, the Rev. J. A. Hosking testified to the growth of the No-license sentiment, as manifested in the steady and continuous growth of the vote. Balclutha was a complete refutation of the assertion that business was detrimentally affected by No-license.

Mr. J. Watkinson testified that the juxtaposition of Grey Lynn electorate to Auckland City to some extent hindered the full benefits of the abolition of licenses. Thirty shops, over 400 dwelling-houses, and three large halls had been built since No-license came into operation. Seventy per cent. of the occupants owned their own dwellings. Good work had been done for a great number of years, this being one of the factors leading to, in band of hope work among the young, such good results.

Mr. P. MacSkimming spoke of the Bruce electorate, having been a resident there for the past 30 years. Speaking of Stirling, where a hotel had been, there had been no evidence whatever of sly grog-selling. At Kaitangata sly grog-selling was a diminishing quantity, as was also the keg system. At Milton, where four hotels had formerly existed, since the locker system had ended there was little or no evidence of sly grog-selling. At Lawrence Gabriel's Gully jubilee was recently celebrated, and there was no evidence whatever of drunkenness.

Masterton experience was detailed by Mr. D. McGregor, who said there had been a great reduction in court cases. Post office savings bank deposits had increased by about £1000 per month. He had no evidence of home-drinking being on the increase, but knew of one case where it had existed in license days where it did not now exist. In answer to questions Mr. McGregor said that some hotel premises had been closed, and were still lying idle, owing to the unwillingness of brewer-owners to let them.

The Rev. F. Thompson spoke on behalf of Waihi, and affirmed that No-license had been a decided success from a business, property, and moral point of view. He dealt with the charges of Mr. Parry, of the Miners' Union, in regard to poverty and the failure of the churches to relieve cases. The police had dealt very effectively with the sly grog-seller. Dealing with Mr. C. H. Poole's statement, Mr. Thompson eulogised the general behaviour of the men of the town, while at the same time Mr. Poole's statement was perfectly correct when not perverted.

Mr. L. A. Faulkner spoke on behalf of the Eden electorate. The population was largely composed of business and working men, who did not want liquor bars. The four hotels formerly existing were purely drink shops, and did not exist for the purpose of supplying lodging and table accommodation. Avondale, a small township, had improved from a business point of view. At Henderson there had been a very considerable "clean up" of the characters who resorted thither on the plea for another chance at the police court.—N.Z. "Herald," 19/6/11.

SIMILAR TESTIMONY FROM AMERICA.

Not long ago an article appeared in "Harper's Weekly" entitled, "The Failure of Prohibition in the South." Since then a number of illuminating "open letters" from men of the South have been published by the paper, without comment, all of them bearing strong and emphatic testimony to the success and value of prohibition. Among them is a communication from Governor Noel of Mississippi, showing the untruthfulness of the statements made in the article. He says:

Mississippi's Governor.

"The overwhelming public sentiment of Mississippi is in favor of the prohibition of the liquor traffic, and of the full enforcement of the law.

"Of course, there are some violations of all laws but our liquor laws are as well enforced as the laws prohibiting gambling, pistol carrying, Sabbath desecration, disturbance of the peace and other offences.

"That our prohibition laws do immensely curtail the selling and use of intoxicating liquor is manifest to all intelligent and fair-

minded men who have seen our laws tested and is demonstrated by the immense expenditure of time, money and work on the part of the brewery and liquor interests in their persistent endeavor to discredit and repeal prohibition legislation."

A Former U.S. Senator from North Carolina.

The editor of the Raleigh (N.C.) "Progressive Farmer" writes to "Harper's Weekly": "Old men say there is less drunkenness in Orange than there has been for seventy years. Former opponents of prohibition say they would not go back to old conditions for anything. Two days later I heard Circuit Judge J. C. Pritchard (formerly a Republican United States Senator from North Carolina) say: 'Prohibition has done all that could be expected in western North Carolina. Counties whose criminal dockets were never cleared, now get through court in half time. In my old country the jail is empty for the first time in fifty years—and the county scrip, once worth twenty-five cents on the dollar, is now worth one hundred cents.'"

South to Hold Fast to Temperance Legislation.

Robert S. Keebler, writing from Harvard University, says: "I am a Tennessean and to be perfectly frank, a staunch believer in prohibition. For some months after our Southern States began to adopt their stringent prohibition laws, I made a practice of clipping newspaper comments and comparative statistics. Of course a man may choose what figures he will and figures can be produced to prove almost anything. But I tried to be impartial and I came to the conclusion that prohibition was so eminently successful as to render further data unnecessary. Last summer I travelled from Pensacola, Florida, to Bristol, Virginia, stopping off at Birmingham en route, and during the entire journey I did not see a drunken man and the only suggestion of liquor was the breath of a Pullman porter. We have our toppers in the South and they must be supplied and occasionally we get a Governor like Patterson who renders null the law. But the South can outgrow these. Patterson is unsaddled and the toppers will die off. Clubs and blind tigers may flourish for a time, and even openly under certain administrations. But it is to old appetites that they cater. The enticements of the saloon have largely disappeared. It is the coming generations about whom the South is particularly concerned and if I know the temper of our people, the South will hold fast to her temperance legislation."

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"PROHIBITION DOES NOT PROHIBIT."

The common stock phrase among opposers of the prohibition of the liquor traffic is "prohibition does not prohibit." The common argument used to sustain this charge is prohibition does not stop liquor selling or drunkenness; therefore it does not prohibit.

The fact that there were 3400 arrests for drunkenness in Portland in 1910, and 1700 in Bangor is declared to be proof that prohibition is a failure, and the present sale and use of intoxicants with the attendant results are charged against prohibition.

Is This Charge Fair?

Where was the liquor produced that caused the drunkenness in Maine indicated in the arrests for 1910? Was it brewed and distilled in Maine? No, there are no breweries of intoxicating beer in Maine, nor distilleries of intoxicating liquor. All the liquor which produced this indicated drunkenness was produced in license States.

Where do the liquor circulars that flood Maine through the mails come from? From license States.

Where does all the liquor sent into Maine by express and freight come from? From license States.

Whom do the drummers, soliciting liquor orders in Maine, represent? Wholesale liquor dealers in license States.

Who furnished the money to corrupt Maine officials into the toleration of the liquor traffic in Maine? Wholesale liquor dealers in license States.

The evils of the liquor traffic, then, in Maine are not the evils of prohibition, but are the evils of outside license reaching into Maine and rendering prohibition nugatory to the extent indicated in the arrests for drunkenness and in the illegal sales of liquor. But for the outside license of the liquor traffic thus reaching into Maine, prohibition in Maine would largely, almost wholly, eliminate the beverage use of intoxicating liquors. If New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and other license States would keep their produced liquors at home, Maine's troubles from the liquor traffic would almost entirely cease.

The evils of the drink traffic in Maine, charged against prohibition, are not the evils of prohibition but of outside license. And if these evils from outside license are as great in Maine as the enemies of prohibition charge, how great would they be if we had license inside of Maine. Put the blame where it belongs. License outside of Maine and not prohibition in Maine is responsible for the conditions in Maine charged against prohibition.—The Maine "Civic League Record."

Truth Unawares.—First Chappie.—"I wonder how the donkey ever came to be used as the emblem of stupidity?" Second Chappie, with a yawn—"Don't know, I'm sure, dear boy; must have been before our day!"

MRS. WEBB'S LESSON.

(Continued.)

remind me of? The cross-current of my thoughts acted unconsciously on the conversation, turning it into more formal channels. But when I rose to leave, I realised that it was she who had acted as comforter, and taught me a lesson of self-denial and the necessity of living for others, that would strengthen and bless my future.

"And have you not wondered what brought me to this district?" she asked, holding my hand as I said good-bye.

"If you were a prophetess, I would have said that you came to comfort me," I said.

A tremulous smile answered me. "Ah! Polly, your memory isn't as good as mine. Don't you remember the girl who fell in love with you at boarding-school? I have come to be near the friend I have loved through all these years, and to prove that there is such a thing as love between two middle-aged women!"

Can you understand my joy at meeting such a friend—one from whom I had been separated by stress of circumstances? Oh, the love which had planned this delightful surprise for me! The sun, setting in a golden haze, shedding his yellow rays over the evergreen gums and the autumn-tinted cedars, seemed to shed a halo of glory round me as I walked homewards, helping me to realise that the commonplace tasks of daily life do, indeed, furnish all we ought to ask—"room to deny ourselves," and "a road to bring us daily nearer God."

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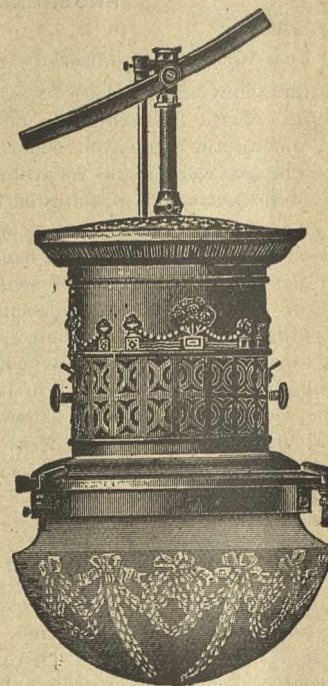
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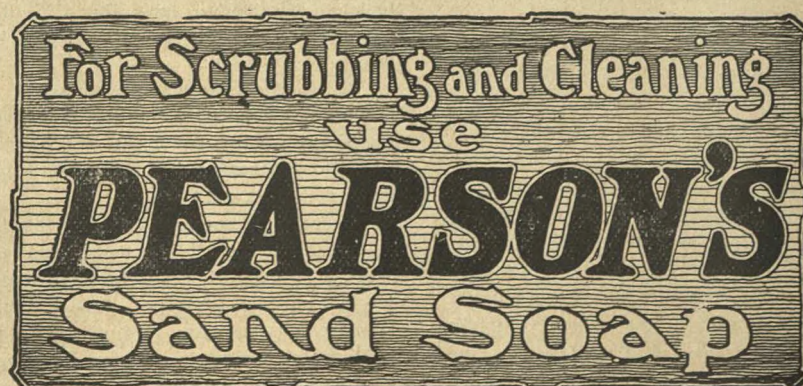
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The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

THE STORY OF BRAVE WILLIAM TELL.

THE MAN WHO FACED A TYRANT.

(From the Children's Cyclopaedia.)

There walked one fair day across the market square of Altdorf, in Switzerland, as fine a looking man as one could wish to see. Tall and straight, broad and shapely, with ruddy bearded face and proudly-held head, this man of the mountains trode with clean, swinging strides across the square, with a look of bright happiness in his eyes and a cheerful word of greeting for his friends. Many turned to say, "There goes William Tell, crossbowman of Burglen."

This man, who was said to be the finest crossbowman in Switzerland, and the best handler of a boat on the storm-swept lake of Uri, lived quietly in a mountain cottage, with a wife, who shared every thought of his heart, and children for whom it was his pleasure and delight to work. He hunted deer in the mountains and went a-fishing on the lake. His children never lacked good food and decent clothing. His home was trim and neat. There was no family in that district more firmly established in peace and contentment.

Tell had sold the pack of deer skins which he had brought to Altdorf. He was on his way now to buy warm winter clothing of wool for his children. He had money enough and to spare, and he was in a mood of great happiness. In an hour or more he would be singing a song on the road to his mountain home. Suddenly he felt his arm seized, and found himself in the grip of an Austrian soldier. In another instant he was surrounded. The soldier who had seized his arm pointed to a pole with ducal cap on the top. "It is death not to bow to that cap, and you know it!" said the soldier.

A silence fell upon the whole square. People left off their trading, and crowded round the group. A thing greater than trade was at stake now—a man's freedom, a nation's liberty.

William Tell had flushed a deeper red. He brought his eyes from the cap on the pole to the soldier's face. "I have done nothing unlawful," he said slowly.

"You have insulted the Majesty of the Duke," said the soldier. William Tell kept a steady eye. "Why," said he, "should a man show more reverence to an empty cap than to any empty cloak or pair of hose?" At this there came from behind the soldiers the figure of the Governor of the district—the tyrant Gessler. It was this Gessler who, set over the once free Swiss by their conqueror and oppressor, the Duke of Austria, had trodden liberty under foot, had murdered and imprisoned all who stood against him, and, as a last barbarity, had declared that every one who did not do homage to the badge of Austrian rule, set up on the pole in their market-place, should die. William

Tell faced the Governor. He feared no man. No one could break his proud spirit. In his mountain he had brooded upon the shame of the slavery which enchained his country, and had already spoken with his friends of resistance. Never, never, would he do homage to the hated badge of the tyrant's mastery.

"So you would make a jest of the sign of Majesty?" asked the Governor, approaching him, while the soldiers saluted. At that moment there came from the crowd the cry of a child. "Father, Father," was the cry. The crowd turned about, opened out, and presently William Tell's little son, who had come without leave to the fair, was rushing to his father. The Governor caught the boy's arm. "Is this the brave traitor's son?" he asked. "Hurt him not," said Tell, "he is my first-born."

"Oh, I won't hurt him!" answered the terrible Gessler. "If any harm should come to him, it will not be by me, but by you." A horrible smile lighted his eyes. "Here," said he to a soldier, "take the boy and tie him to the trunk of that linden tree, and place an apple on his head." "What is this for?" demanded Tell.

"I am told you are called the Crossbowman of Burglen," replied the Governor, "and I should like you to give me an exhibition of your skill. Your life is forfeit. But I am in a merciful mood; I will give you a chance of redeeming it. Come, listen to me. If at this distance you can shoot an arrow, so as to split the apple on the curls of your first-born, I will let you go free. If not—if you miss the apple, or kill your child, I will execute you here and now."

(To be continued in next week's issue.)

FOR SUNDAY.

Five Questions About Trees.

1. The name of a tree into which somebody climbed. (St. Luke's Gospel.)
2. The name of a tree under which a man was standing. (St. John's Gospel.)
3. The name of trees that Solomon spoke of. (1 Kings.)
4. Which was chosen to be King of the trees? (Judges.)
5. What was the tiny seed that grew into a tree? (St. Luke's Gospel.)

FOR MONDAY.

"Little Slips of Schoolboys."

1. The magnesium salt in the sea creates the effervescence in the sea when the tide comes in.
2. If the air contains more than 100 per cent. of carbolic acid it is very injurious to the health.
3. Gravitation is that which if there were none we should fly away.
4. The press-to-day is the mouth-organ of the people.
5. Martin Harvey invented the circulation of the blood.



EVERARD. THORDIS. ATHELSTANE.

Here is a picture of three brothers from Wahroonga, two of them are enthusiasts for "Grit," and Thordis will soon be a nephew, and Uncle B. is proud of their interest and friendship. If all the ne's and ni's try hard we will soon get our 1000 men subscribers.—Uncle B.

6. A deacon is the lowest kind of Christian.

7. The Isles of Greece were always quarrelling as to which was the birthplace of Homer. Chaos has the most right to claim him.—"The World's News."

HOW MANY PASSENGERS? (1512).

"I will take you for ninepence each," said the boatman at the ferry.

"Will you take two more and make it eightpence each?" asked a passenger.

"Yes," answered the boatman, "I shall make sixpence more if I do."

How many passengers were taken altogether?

THE FAVORITE.

(By Agnes E. Volentine.)

I've gone to school now two whole days;
I sit with Lucy Lee;
I like my teacher very well,
And she, I'm sure, likes me.

I'll tell you why I think she does;
I get so tired, you know,
Of sitting quiet all day long,
And have to wriggle so,

That teacher saw 'twas hard, I guess;
So she said, "Gracie Dare,
You may stand on the floor awhile,
And get your lesson there."

So up in front I got to stand
Till rested up, you see.
The others looked and looked; I know
They really envied me.

But all the time I've gone to school
Nobody else has stood!
D' you s'pose I'm teacher's favorite
Because I am so good?
Sorento, Ill.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.

To Kathleen Howard, Parkes, for July 11 (12).

To Maud Andrews, Hurstville, for July 14 (12).

(You are both twelve. Half way between seven and seventeen. So you are just right,

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45 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

and I hope you will write to Page Double One often during the next five years. Psalm 1:1.)

UNCLE B'S PICTURE.

It has been decided to print this interesting picture on July 20. For over three and a half years there has been some doubt in the minds of certain readers of this page as to whether Uncle Barnabas is Mr. This or Mr. That, and it only seems fair, after this length of time, to publish his picture without anyone in his company—just himself, in fact, so that those who are puzzled may see for themselves.

SEVEN YEARS' OLD, AND FINDS THE FOWLS' NESTS.

Noel Swain, of Waipara, New Zealand, writes all his very own:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you have me for your nephew? I help mother, and find all the fowls' nests. I was seven on the 17th of last November.—Your loving Noel Swain.

(Dear Noel,—We will have you! Do the fowls ever make a nest in mother's old hat? The hats the ladies wear in Sydney are like bee-hives, and would make beautiful nests. It is grand to help mother. How do you like this verse?

N oel is a happy boy,

O f his mother is the joy.

E rrands quickly run his legs,

L oves to spy the chuckie's eggs.

Do you know him?—Uncle B.)

MY ADVENTURES ON A DARK, WET NIGHT.

Daisy Hawkins, Wyville, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am going to write you a short note on our experience going and coming from church last night. The wind was howling dismally and rain falling in torrents. I was at Grandmother's for tea, and Father, Stella, Bertha, and I went to church. When we got there only the local preacher was there. The lamplighter and Mr. Wise arrived at about half-past seven. There were not enough for church, so off we went to the Presbyterian Church. On our ar-

rival there we found the only two there putting out the lights, so we broke up at the Manse corner and went in each direction. When we came down towards the council chambers we noticed three men walking ahead of us. When they heard us coming they stepped toward the wall to let us pass. Father, Stella, and Bertha went on the outside to pass and I went between the wall and the outside. When I was passing my umbrella (gent's.) scraped on the wall. This frightened the outside man, and as he jumped my umbrella lurched, and gave him a shower down his neck. He could not help saying "Oo-oo-oo-oo." This was followed by a hearty "Ha, ha," from the other two men, and then Bertha and I laughed. Stella did not like us laughing, but we could not help it. As we passed the hotel a big black dog jumped up and frightened Stella. (It must have known we were T.T. Methody's.) We eventually arrived home rather wet and covered with mud. I hope your nieces and nephews had better weather.—I am, yours, sincerely.

(Dear Daisy,—What a pity the local preacher did not hold the service. I never believe in giving up because only two or three are present. Perhaps he thought you would be better home by the fire. You made a mistake about the dog wanting to frighten you. He was frightened. The publicans are like that black dog—they make a big noise, but they are horribly afraid that something is going to happen—and it is!—Uncle B.)

FROM A YOUNG LADY TO "THAT GENTLEMAN."

Lucy Miles, Lithgow, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—As I have been writing some letters I thought I would write to you also. I am very glad "that gentleman" took the opportunity, and went across our lakes. Are they not beautiful? I have only been across twice. On the King's Birthday a party of us spent the day out there. Parts of it remind me of pictures of the Wanganui River, in New Zealand. Did it appear to "that gentleman" as such, I wonder. When he inquired for me I do not suppose he knew that he passed our

place on the way to the waterworks. Anyhow, I am very sorry I did not see him. We have had two light falls of snow here, and I do hope we have no more. It is bitterly cold to-night, and has been all day. I have not a presentable photo to send to page "Double One." I was very much disappointed in the last I had taken, but if I can get one of some I had taken some time ago I will send it. Well, dear Uncle Barnabas, I think I will close, as I am almost frozen, so with lots of love to all cousins and page "Double One."—I am, your sincere niece.

(Dear Lucy,—The lakes were charming, and old Mr. Ford, the caretaker, was the very essence of kindness and courtesy. Some of those hidden beauty spots will be widely known some day. Yes, please send us the photo, for the beautifying of our page. You are quite welcome to all the snow and ice. I like them thawed best. "That gentleman" hopes to hear from you whenever you can spare time to write a few lines for page "Double One."—Uncle B.)

HAS READ TWENTY CHAPTERS OF MATTHEW.

Athelstane R. Ford, Balmoral - street, Wahroonga, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am sending you a photograph of Everard and myself. This is our only recent one, and our little brother, Thordis, aged 4½, is with us. He generally looks more smiling. I shall not be 10 till August. I missed a lovely party this week through having a cold, but I got some bonbons and cakes from it. I hope to be well enough to get to a fireworks party next week. I have read 20 chapters of Matthew.—With love, your loving nephew.

(Dear Athelstane,—The photo is perfectly lovely. Am sure all the "Cousins" will like it. Did you get to the fireworks party? And did you like the bangers or the wheels best? I would like a slice of cake myself just now—with a bit of icing on; or a taste of one of those chocolate-pinkie-lemon-colored-three-thickness cakes. What a jolly little chappie Thordis is. Can he swim?—Uncle B.)

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Hit on Every Side.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.

(Concluded from last issue.)

Apart from the fact that the workmen's trades unions recommend their members to abstain from alcohol as a means of ameliorating their lot, they also advise abstinence as a method of escaping taxation. The "Gewerkoerein," a trades-unionist newspaper, recently published the following notice, addressed to its readers, in reference to the permit given to wine-growers to distil a certain quantity of spirits free of duty: "Beer, spirits coffee, tea, tobacco, cigars, matches, have risen considerably in price owing to the new taxation. The burden is thrown on to the poor in order to protect the rich. We put the question to the German workers, whether they are going to support this policy of favors to the rich. Under no circumstances should they do so. Many persons never take alcoholic liquor of any kind; but the majority of German workers take an occasional glass of beer, and find pleasure in a cup of tea or coffee with their families. They should make up their minds that they will do without spirits. The watchword of the future should be '**Not another drop of fusel.**' Spirits must be avoided like the plague. They have already ruined physically and morally millions of mankind. Let the German workmen swear never to touch them again. If a comrade weakens in his resolve, let his stronger-willed fellows give him moral support. The workman's wife should be able to do much good in this direction. Two things will thus be attained—the workman will escape the baleful influence of bad spirits, and at the same time frustrate the efforts of the rich to exploit his 'weakness!'" What a temperance sermon from such a powerful source!

The Church authorities, at their meetings, frequently discuss ways and means of combating alcoholism, but, although they recommend pastors and Church officers to show by their example the benefits of temperate and orderly life, and also recognise the necessity of explaining to children the dangers of intemperance, the Church has hitherto not taken a very active part in the fight against the abuse of drink.

The school authorities are fully aware of the dangers arising from the indulgence in alcoholic liquors by their pupils, and scholars of the elementary schools and the lower classes of the superior schools are forbidden to enter public houses unless with their parents, under penalty of punishment. It is, of course, impossible to exercise any effective control so as to carry out this order, which is comparatively a dead letter. It is now proposed to abolish the threat of punishment, and even to rescind the order prohibiting children from entering public-houses alone. In their place it is suggested that the pointing out of the evils of strong drink for children shall form part of the school syllabus, for, it is contended, education will have a better effect.

The German society against the Misuse of Spirituous Liquors has been in existence since 1883. It does not impose absolute abstinence from its members, but endeavors by personal example, by advice to school children, and by lectures and publications, to combat the evil of drinking. The State and municipal authorities at first regarded the influence of the society as against the public interest, but at the present time its services are recognised in every way. The society erects small booths in open spaces and opens shops for the sale of milk in busy streets and in this way offers a substitute for the temptations of the beer and spirit shops.

The Good Templars pay more attention to individual cases of alcoholism, and have helped many families to save themselves from threatened ruin by taking charge of chronic drunkards.

The Good Templars were the first to take up the total abstinence movement in Germany, where they founded a lodge in 1851. Many other temperance societies have, however, since been formed. Pastors, students, teachers, schools, women, railway men, church members, doctors, commercial men, artisans, all have their own societies, and there is also the Blue Cross Society. According to the latest returns, the membership of all these societies does not exceed 50,000. Notwithstanding the deplorable effects of drink, Germans, as a rule, do not pin their faith to absolute abstinence. The movement is, however, growing, and this is one of those subjects which will have to be faced before the energy and vitals of this great nation are undermined and destroyed.

In the course of an extended inquiry into the causes of alcoholism, it has been proved that when the working man's home accommodation is bad he has more inclination to seek cheerful surroundings, which he generally finds in the public house. And it pays the publican at the expense of the artisan. Thus, the ill-paid single workman or shop assistant, compelled to seek lodgings near his work, is often driven, perhaps against his own desire, to the public house, because he in many cases finds no attraction in his miserable home. It must be said that of late years, in many German cities, the newly-

built houses in the working-class districts are airy and spacious, with every hygienic convenience, and it is found that the **greater the space allowed in the lodging the lower the outlay of the working class family for alcoholic liquors.**

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SOME PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

Does soup ever make a man crazy?

Do fish ever drag a man down under the table?

Does bread ever give a man the big head next morning?

When a man eats beefsteak to-day, does he crave the whole cow to-morrow, and, if he cannot get it, does it set him smashing the furniture?

Does the leg of a chicken ever send a man home to kick his wife and spank his babies?

Does a woman ever send a notice down to the hotel man forbidding him to sell her husband pancakes?

Do life insurance companies ever turn men down because they are addicted to strawberries and cream?

Do apple dumplings ever keep a man rosy-nosed?

Does pumpkin pie ever keep a man from finding the key-hole?—Wilbur L. T. Davis.

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NECESSARY PRELIMINARY.

A teacher in a Birmingham school was endeavoring to explain the term "booking," as applied to the railway system. "Now," he was saying, "can any of you tell me the name of the office at which railway tickets are sold?" "The booking office," replied one of the lads. "Right," responded the teacher. At this moment his eye fell on a small boy at the end of the class who was evidently paying very little attention to what he said. "Did you hear that, Spry?" he demanded. "Wot, sir?" asked that youth, innocently. "Ah, I thought you were not listening. We will suppose your father decided to have a day's holiday and visit the seaside. What would he have to do before he could take his seat in the train?" Without a moment's thought, the youngster electrified his teacher by replying: "Pawn his tools!"

THE FASTEST STORY.

An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotshman were one day arguing as to which of the three countries possessed the fastest trains.

Said the Englishman, "Well, I've been in one of our trains and the telegraph poles have been like a hedge."

"I've seed the millstones appear like tombstones," said the Scot.

"Be jabbers," said Pat, "I was one day in a train in my country and we passed a field of carrots, a field of turnips, a field of parsley, one of onions and then a pond of water, and we were going so fast that I thought it was broth!"

Teacher (to new scholar)—"How does it happen that your name is Allen and your mother's name is Brown?" Little Boy—(after a moment's thought)—"Well, you see, it's this way—my mother married again, and I didn't!"

FOLLOWED GOOD EXAMPLE.

Some Army Reserve men before leaving for the Cape were entertained at a farewell supper by their fellow-workers. "Now boys," said the chairman, after an appropriate speech, "treat what is on the table as you would the Boers." As the feast ended one of the Reservists was observed stowing away a bottle in his pocket. "What's that ye're daein' Tam?" shouted the chairman, good humoredly. "Oh," replied Tam, "I'm only obeyin' orders. Ye telt us to treat the supper as we would the Boers, and, ye ken, what we dinna kill we tak' prisoners."—"Harper's Weekly."

LITTLE ELSE.

A London attorney named Else, rather diminutive in his stature, and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Jekyll. "Sir," said he, "I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you done so, sir?"

"Sir," said Jekyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel, but I said you were 'Little Else.'"—Westminster "Gazette."

A PERFECT CURE.

"Yes," said the man in the mackintosh, lighting another cigar; "it was one of the most remarkable cases I ever knew. Rheumatism 25 years, both shoulders; had to be fed like a little child. Arms had hung helpless ever since I knew him—no use of them whatever."

"And he was cured without medicine?" asked the man who had his feet on the table.

"Yes."

"Or liniments?" enquired the man with the slouch hat.

"Or liniments!"

"And recovered the use of his arms in one moment?" observed the man with the goggles on.

"Yes."

"I thought so. He was induced to believe he could be cured if only he made the effort, wasn't he?"

"I suppose so. Something or other of that nature."

"Then there's nothing strange about it. The history of medical practice is full of

such cases. It was only an instance of what they call faith cure."

"No," said the man in the mackintosh, reflectively; "you could hardly call it that. The cure was effected by a man with a revolver, who met him on a lonely road and said, 'Hold up your hands!' And he held them up."

AT THE MENAGERIE.

"No," said the lion-tamer to Patsy Flannigan, "you cannot have a job to look after the animals; but one pet lion died last week and we've kept the skin, so I'll give you two pounds a week to dress up as a lion."

"Two pounds!" cried Flannigan. "Good gracious! Is there so much money to be had for the asking? Right, sorr; I'll be your lion."

So Patsy dressed up as the lion, and lay down in his cage.

The menageries doors opened, and the performance began. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the keeper, "to show the wonderful docility of these animals, we will now place the lion in the cage with the tiger."

Patsy gave a horrified whisper, "Man, are ye mad? Think of me poor wife and children."

"Get in," was the stolid reply, "or I'll run this pitchfork through you. You are keeping everybody waiting."

Patsy thought that he might as well die in one way as in another, so he crawled into the tiger's cage. When he saw the animal's big, ferocious eyes fixed on him, he uttered a doleful wail, and commenced praying in Irish. The tiger walked over to him, and he felt its awful breath upon him. "What's the matter wid ye?" asked the tiger, to Pat's unutterable astonishment. "Shure, man, ye needn't be afraid, I'm Oirish meself."

Artist's Friend (patronisingly)—"I think those thistles in your foreground are superbly realistic, old chap! 'Pon my word, they seem to be nodding in the breeze, don't you know!" Ungrateful Artist—"Yes; I've had one or two people tell me they would almost deceive an ass!"

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

CHAS. C. MIHELL,
Bible House, 242 Pitt-street, Sydney.

Love as a Fine Art.

Address by Lady Dudley.

One of the last public appearances of Lady Dudley in Melbourne was made at a meeting in the Masonic Hall last week of the Melbourne diocesan branch of the Mothers' Union.

Lady Dudley said: It so happens that these words which I speak to you to-day will be almost my last spoken publicly in Australia, and to me this seems a happy coincidence. During the past three years it has fallen to me, as wife of the Governor-General here, to speak in public now and then upon diverse matters of social and general interest. To some extent upon these occasions I have stood, as it were, upon official ground, by reason of the high office with which at least I have been associated, and which naturally brought with it an almost overwhelming sense of diffidence and responsibility; but now I feel all such restraints slipping from me, and I am glad that it should be so, for to-day the ground beneath my feet is sure and sound, and I stand amongst you confident and unafraid.

On this occasion I may speak unreservedly, because I speak to you in one capacity alone—that of a mother, untrammelled by any officialdom, weighted with only the natural responsibility of that great office of motherhood which we hold in common, and of which we may speak as those in authority may speak of what deeply concerns them. Since I was asked to address the Mothers' Union, I have naturally thought much about what points we might consider to-day. We are a gathering of mothers, and therefore it naturally comes about that I should speak of some of our complex experiences as such, our duties and responsibilities, our joys and anxieties, our hopes and fears. But we also represent a large and widespread organisation—the Mothers' Union. So it follows that I should touch upon the possibilities which are open to a combination of what, taken singly, is one of the greatest of human forces.

Five Headings.

Then we are also a Church Society, so we may well take this opportunity of considering our relation to Church influence and Church authority, especially in this country. So my subject falls naturally into five headings: Our responsibilities as mothers, as the creators of home life and influence, as an organization, and therefore as a factor in social life, as a Church Society, and from a general and national point of view. To take my first point, our responsibilities as mothers. I feel I must speak in all humility, for many books might be written upon this subject, and yet if we read them all we should be no wiser, for every woman must live her own experience, and each one's is perhaps peculiarly her own. But perhaps there is one salient point which stands out in connection with this subject as a great and living truth, and cannot be too constantly borne in mind. There is nothing so sure or so true as the instinct of a child;

it goes behind every sham and uncovers what is real. There are no such merciless judges of faults and failings as children.

Force of Example.

This, therefore, is the truth; that it is what you really are that influences your children, and in order to make them what you would wish them to be in the future, you have got to be that yourself now. This lies at the root of all we are to discuss to-day. A mother can have no influence apart from herself; the measure of what she is will be the measure of her influence on her children. Then let us take ourselves as the creators of home life and influence, which we undoubtedly are to a very great extent. Again, it seems to me that many books might be written upon this subject, because it belongs to the great primary elemental category of things. But again let me try and seize upon the greatest living factor in its existence and hold it up for our remembrance. The most potent force in all the world is that which alone can create and influence a home-love, nothing less. It is irresistible. It influences and moulds character when nothing else will; it creates and maintains the home because it acts like a magnet to draw each member of that home circle back to itself. And no one can diffuse this wonderful power of love like the mother, who is the central figure in the home.

Greedy Hunger for Love.

I often think children ought to be taught how to love, because it can amount to a fine art, and not only does not always come naturally, but is by no means easy to acquire. People are not, I think, taught half enough the greedy hunger there is for love in human nature. If they realised this more they would realise the tremendous force they are dealing with when they make use of it, and they would use it far more than they do. The love that never fails, that endures all things, and is kind, that is strong enough to move mountains; by this alone can we create and influence our home life. Now let us take ourselves as an organization in this Mothers' Union, and so as a factor in our social life, will you bear with me if I venture to speak from your point of view here in Australia, and, perhaps, too, speak a little plainly.

As an onlooker amongst you for only a short time, it has seemed to me that Australian conditions presented more difficulties in the way of a real and stable home life than we are accustomed to in England. I don't know how far I am right in thinking that the climatic conditions of this country are partly responsible for this. Just as at Home the early dusk and the long cold evenings for the greater part of the year offer the comfort of the home fireside most forcibly, so the great heat of summer and the long sunny days in Australia send the young people out into the open air and away

from the closer atmosphere of home. Many things here tend a little to interfere with the family gatherings at home which form so striking a feature of life in England.

Church Influence.

My next point touches our relationship as an organization to church influence and Church authority. This Mothers' Union is known all over the world as a Church Society, and as such is definitely pledged to recognise the authority of the Church, and to inculcate into the minds of its children those great principles of life and conduct which the Church has laid down, and upon which its rests. Now with regard to this question of authority. This is a democratic age and country, and the tendency of the young generation growing up in it is to be a little impatient of authority, and yet it must be recognised in every department of life. Home authority must be established and maintained, and how better can this be accomplished than by the recognition on the part of the parents of the authority and discipline of the Church to which they stand pledged?

The Last Point.

And so I come to my last point: What does the Mothers' Union represent from a national point of view? Or may I put it in another way? What might the results be of a corporate effort on the part of every mother in Australia towards the uplifting and the ennobling of the future generations for which they will be responsible? It seems to me that they might be so stupendous as to dwarf all speculation with regard to them. Home is the breeding-ground for character; there the character forces are marshalled into proper co-ordination one with another.

Character is the foundation of national prosperity, and must determine alike the destiny of the individual and the nation. The community is what its units are; it is for this reason that character is the first and last essential to a nationality that can be justly proud of itself and sure of its future. And this young nation, to which you mothers of Australia belong may rise to heights unsurpassed in the history of the world if you prove yourselves equal to the task of fulfilling the great responsibilities with which you are weighted.

As the mother influences the home, and the home influences the man, so the future of this country must be determined in greatness and in achievement by the mothers of Australia. May God bless and guide those mothers of Australia.

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