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A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

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VOL. V. NO. 21.

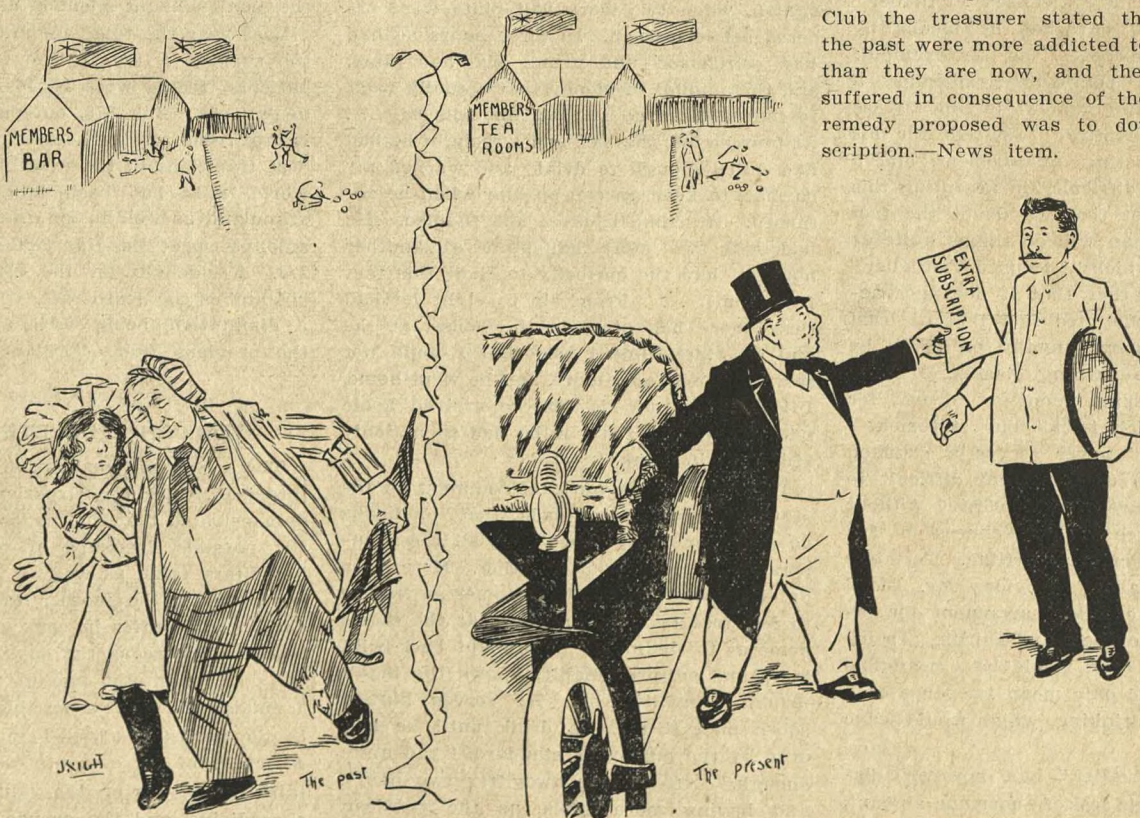
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THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1911.

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

BOWLS AND REFRESHMENTS.

At a meeting of the North Sydney Bowling Club the treasurer stated that bowlers in the past were more addicted to refreshments than they are now, and the revenue had suffered in consequence of the change. The remedy proposed was to double the subscription.—News item.



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"DRUNK FOR EIGHTPENCE!"

A NOVEL LINE OF "TRADE" DEFENCE.

"Alliance News," England, says:—We must congratulate "The Standard" on having given to the public one of the most ingenious articles in defence of the "Trade" that we have read for a long time. We quote it, and also some comments of approval from the current issue of the "Brewers' Gazette." The article is entitled "Public-house Reform," but its especial interest lies in the fact that a "South London Licensed Victualler" has been good enough to give a most illuminating account of the manner in which he conducts his business, in illustration of his "exposure of a very general fallacy that the working man frequently spends all his wages, or at least a large portion of them, in drink." The "Licensed Victualler's" view is that "the majority of working men get drunk for 8d., and the fact that a workman will leave his factory with 25s., and will arrive home to his wife at night almost penniless, does not alter the circumstances. It is not the money he spends in drink, but the money he foolishly wastes when drunk upon wholly absurd purposes that robs his unfortunate wife of her allowance." This is certainly a novel theory. The "Licensed Victualler" gives illustrations of what he means by "wholly absurd purposes," as, for example: lending 2s. to a companion; spending a shilling at a shooting gallery; buying a glass butter dish, a quantity of sweets for his child, a wire toasting arrangement, and a pincushion. Our difficulty in accepting this new theory is not that we doubt the fact that a drunken man will do things quite as foolish as those which "Licensed Victualler" narrates; it is rather that it does not account for the undoubted fact that at least £100,000,000 is spent annually on drink by the weekly wage earning classes. If "the majority of working men get drunk for eightpence"—which is not our statement—and the "Trade" never serves a drunken man, it seems to us somewhat difficult to arrive at the figure of £100,000,000 without assuming a degree of drunkenness in this country which is rather startling. Certainly "Licensed Victualler" provides Mr. Lloyd George with an excellent argument for increasing the tax on beer and spirits. An increase of 25 per cent. would be a negligible quantity, it would only mean twopence on a whole evening's drinking, which would leave the man drunk.

"Licensed Victualler" has, however, disclosed an economic loss of enormous amount, which, we confess, we had not sufficiently appreciated. He gives an illustration of a man who reached the public-house with 25s. but "reached home with nothing," having, says "Licensed Victualler," only spent 1s. 2d. on drink, and the rest on silly purchases. If this witness be correct, and if the rest of England be as "South London," then, in ad-

dition to the enormous expenditure by some one in drink, we must add a far larger wasteful expenditure on foolish purchases. This, even if it be a fact, does not seem to us to help the "Trade" much.

Not the least instructive portions of these articles are those which disclose the attitude of the "Trade" towards the offences of drunkenness on licensed premises, and supplying drink to drunken persons on licensed premises. Here is the brewers' view of the matter:—

"The customer stands on the sawdust-covered floor, leans against a bar and drinks. When his drink is finished he either has to have another or leave. He probably has another, possibly two or three more, and leaves the house a trifle 'elevated.' In this mood he goes out, buys a number of things he does not want, and passes on to the next house of call."

The Licensed Victualler goes one better:—

"A. was a laborer, earning, I should imagine, about 23s. a week. He came into my house sober at a quarter past one on Saturday afternoon. He bought half-a-pint of ale, and was joined soon after by a companion, when two more half-pints were ordered between them. In three hours he had had purchased and drunk six half-pints, and the amount of money that actually went to the publican up to that time was 6d. . . . At four he left the bar, and I thought he had had quite enough to drink, and warned my barman to keep an eye on him when he returned. He came back at six, fuddled. He had had two more half-pints at another house (I had the curiosity to elicit this fact from him). . . . From six to eight he had three more half-pints in the house, at the end of which time I told him I could not serve him with any more, and he went home. I learnt that of his 23s. he arrived home with 6s., but of the 17s. he had spent, only 11d. went in drink."

This story is a significant comment on the statement commonly made that publicans do more for Temperance than all the Temperance Societies put together. Here is a publican, who knows his customer so well as to feel free to make enquiries at the man's home as to the money he brought back with him; and so, presumably, knows the man's drinking proclivities. He serves him—a sober man then—with drink until he has, even by the publican's standard, "had quite enough." After being away for two hours, and having more drink, as the publican learns, the man comes back, "fuddled," that is, drunk, in the publican's opinion; and yet during the next two hours he is again served three times by this publican! If this story be true, it would take a very clever advocate to save this publican from a conviction for unlawfully supplying drink to a drunken person on licensed premises; but grave as

would be the criminal offence, the moral offence would be far more serious. For the sake, on his own showing, of the profit of 11d., this publican admits having sold to a man, of whose drinking tendencies presumably he was aware, sufficient drink to bring the man into such a condition that he wastes 17s. out of his hard-earned 23s., and leaves his wife, and possibly his children, to starve on 6s. for the rest of the week. If we had made such a charge we should have been pilloried in the liquor press as slanderers of an honorable and legalised profession. We venture to say that no Temperance advocate, even in the heat of controversy, ever made more damaging allegations against the "Trade" than this "South London Licensed Victualler" has made against himself; and this is the man who is quoted in "The Standard" in support of "Public-house Reform," and who sagely remarks "the study of the drunkard I have found a very interesting one, and a very sad one!" We are much obliged to "South London Licensed Victualler" and to "The Standard" for this piece of "inside information."

HOSPITAL DRINK BILL.

The forty-second annual report of the Melbourne Homoeopathic Hospital discloses interesting reading from the Temperance standpoint.

We have frequently drawn attention to the small amount spent in alcohol annually.

Last year the total amount spent totalled the sum of £10/0/7. The total number of patients treated were 10,146—the number of in-patients being 878, out-patients 9268. It is gratifying also to note that, following the best traditions of the great hospitals of the world, milk has been largely used as a stimulant, as well as for other purposes, the amount spent on this article being £212 2/2. A sidelight on the efficiency of the hospital is the death-rate, which also shows a diminution, being 6.06, against 7.05 for the previous year.—"Alliance Record."

ALCOHOL DELETERIOUS.

There was no moderation in the use of intoxicating drink. Experience everywhere demonstrated that the moderate drinker was the possible drunkard of to-morrow. The hereditary taint, as well as virtue, was present, and if the mother took alcohol, her child would suffer in consequence. He saw more and more as the days went by, clinically and mentally, and in recent years as a magistrate, what a terrible foe drink was to the health and well-being of the people. Members of his own profession placed less faith every year on the value of alcohol as a medicine, and the excuse so often made that the doctor ordered it had no foundation in fact. Very often it was some friend of the patient who suggested it after the doctor had gone. The effects of alcohol were deleterious on every organ of the body.—Dr. Greaves, J.P., at Blackburn.—"International Good Templar."



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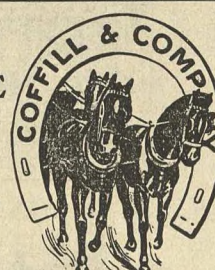
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THEIR DOROTHEA

A STORY WITH A HINT TO PARENTS IN IT.

By ELSIE SINGMASTER, in "Harper's." (Continued from last Issue.)

"Look, Henry! The light! What is it?"

Mr. Hobart's eyes sought his great furnace. But there was no unusual light there. The relief made him speak sharply: "What light, Katherine?"

"There!"

He saw now. On the close-cut grass below the dining-room windows were long, narrow streaks of bright light shining from between curtains not quite drawn together.

"Somebody's in the dining-room," he said, bewildered by her fright. "What of it?"

"It's ten o'clock at night, Henry, and I can see heads moving. Henry! Dorothy has gone to bed—you see how Dorothea takes responsibility—and the maids are giving a party! I——"

"Let us go and see," said Henry, cheerfully.

Mrs. Hobart led the way. The dining-room windows were low; one could sit comfortably in a rocking-chair on the piazza and look through the bay at the table. And into a rocking-chair Mrs. Hobart now sank, not for the sake of comfort, but for actual physical support. For the first time in her life she was sure that she should faint.

"Henry!" she cried, desperately. "It is not our house!"

Henry's voice was as unsteady as hers, not from fright, but from excitement. The changes in the furniture, the absence of the row of homely plates—the World's Fair plate, the President Arthur Plate, the Battle of Gettysburg plate—and of the wax fruit piece, the work of his wife's hands, and of the stuffed birds which he had shot before he was married, made no impression upon his masculine mind. It was the other extraordinary details which overwhelmed him.

"It's our house all right," he whispered. "Isn't it jolly?"

"Jolly!" repeated Mrs. Hobart, with a gasp. "Jolly!"

Her plates were gone, her fruit piece was gone, the pheasants were gone. The table was covered with trifling doyleys instead of a table-cloth; the "dome light" with its fine Welsbach burner was scorned, almost hidden with vines; instead of its bright comfort there was candlelight—the worst of all the stupid modern fashions. And the company gathered round the board—the board which had been hers!

At its head sat Mr. Hilton, on one side sat Mrs. Hilton and Jack Warren, on the other Ethel Warren and an entirely strange and handsome young man. At the foot—Mrs. Hobart put a trembling hand across her heart—at the foot sat Dorothea, plain, quiet Dorothea, whose mother thought her still a child. Her dress was low in the neck; her mother had never for a moment pictured Dorothea in a low-necked dress. It was pale blue and lovely; it had been made to wear at Aunt Helen's. But it had had a guimpe! Her hair was elaborately arranged, her chin—her father had never realised that Dorothea had such a lovely chin—rested on her hand; she was talking to Hilton, while the rest watched her, Jack Warren blinking, the strange young man not taking his eyes away from her long enough to blink. She was enchanting; she was incredible; she was an utter stranger to her father and mother, watching her, breathless, amazed, with aching hearts.

It was upon the unknown young man that Mrs. Hobart's ominous gaze now rested.

"Who is he? Who can he be?" she whispered.

Her husband did not answer. He was trying to hear what Dorothea had to say to Hilton. Hilton laughed like a boy. But Dorothea's voice was low. Suddenly Mrs. Hilton pushed back her chair.

"William," she said, clearly, "are you aware that we've been sitting here for three hours listening to this young siren?"

"Three hours!" Mrs. Hobart repeated it dully. Where were Martha and Jennie, who resented nothing so much as late hours? Perhaps they had gone, perhaps Dorothea had sent them off. Then she clutched her Henry's arm. The dim light in the library brightened. For an instant Jennie, smiling, evidently interested and wholly good-natured, stood before them. Then, having adjusted the light to her satisfaction, Jennie vanished.

"It's like a comedy," said Hobart.

"It's a tragedy," wailed Mrs. Hobart.

Suddenly her hand tightened on her husband's arm. In the library, within ten feet of them, the guests were saying good-night. They could see their Dorothea now from the top of her head to the sweep of ruffles at her feet. She stood straight, smiling, composed, their childish Dorothea.

"This has been the loveliest dinner-party of my life," declared Ethel Warren.

"She speaks for me too," said Jack.

The stranger took Dorothea's hand in his.

"I don't wonder that your aunt can't entice you away from these charming neighbors. Good-night, Mrs. Hilton. Oh, I should like to, Mr. Hilton, but I'm off tomorrow. Good-night."

"And now, Dorothea," said Mrs. Hilton, breathlessly, "explain yourself!"

Dorothea laughed gently. "I'm the same Dorothea," she said. "Mr. Rossiter is a friend of Aunt Helen's, and he was to be here just for a day and a night. I wanted to do something for him, so I gave him the greatest pleasure I could think of." The Hiltons glanced at each other, the Hobarts seized each other a little more closely. This facility of speech, this grace of compliment! "And Martha and Jennie were interested, so it was easy to do." Cross Martha and flighty Jennie interested! "I am so much obliged to you for coming. You see, father and mother won't be here till morning——"

"So father and mother can meet him then," said Mrs. Hilton. "Well, he's charming."

But Dorothea was not to be teased. "Yes," she said. "Isn't he? Good-night. Good-night."

"Now come!" Mrs. Hobart put both hands on the arms of her chair and lifted herself as though it were only by main force that she could rise. The Hiltons had gone across the lawn; their screen door had slammed behind them.

"Hush, Katherine!" warned Mr. Hobart.

The Hiltons had gone, but the young man had come back. He stood just inside the window. Distressed, confused, the Hobarts dared not move. Dorothea's father shut his eyes.

"Dorothea!" cried the stranger.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" said Dorothea, breathlessly.

"Do you really, really love me?"

"I love you more than tongue can tell."

"You have such a dear name! And you are such a dear armful! How early in the morning may I come?"

"At ten. Are you sure you don't mind seeing him alone?"

The stranger laughed happily. "Why, no. You aren't afraid of them, dearest?"

"No," answered Dorothea, clearly and slowly. "Not exactly afraid. But you know how parents are; they do not understand. Oh, you must go! I've been so proper, haven't I?"

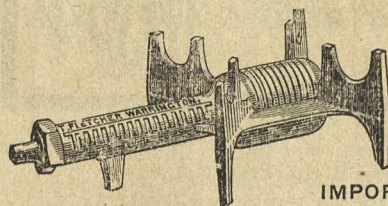
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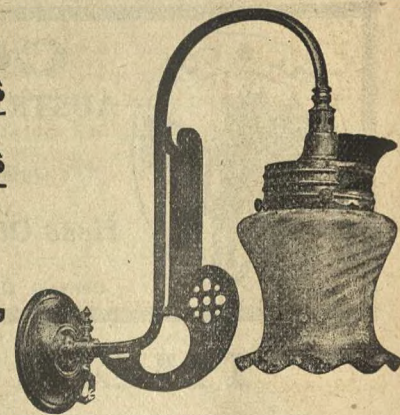
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New South Wales Alliance.

THE NEED OF THE HOUR.

"I will help thee; I will strengthen thee; I will uphold thee with my right hand. It is nothing for the Lord to help with few or with a multitude. Is anything too hard for the Lord?" All power in Heaven is pledged to men and women, who unselfishly work to uplift their fellows, but there are no promises for those who lose heart and do nothing in the face of great opportunities.

Spasmodic Efforts Will Not Suffice.

If ever there was a time when the Alliance and its Branches needed courageous, persistent workers it is now. Made bold by a defeat less crushing than even its friends anticipated, the Trade is more blatant than ever in its total disregard of the misery and destitution that result from the sale of strong drink. At any hour of the night mere lads can be seen, as never before for many years, staggering home, helped by their less drunken comrades; while the most insidious plans are being put into operation to blight the lives of our young womanhood.

Stepping into a Sydney bar-room only last night, the writer counted sixteen young men of the seventeen indulging in an "evening nip"; and, upon the authority of a "Trade" lecturer, is able to assert that the Liquor Party's latest devised snare—a ladies' refreshment room in connection with the hotel—is catching many unwary birds. In one such establishment thirty-one women entered in a little over an hour, and of that number twenty-nine partook of alcohol, mostly in the form of stout, which contains from 20 per cent. to 30 per cent. of alcohol.

We fought a good fight during the last campaign, from one end of the State to the other, and, I doubt not, will make a still stronger bid for victory at the next; but is that enough? Spasmodic efforts, however vigorous, will never free our land from serfdom to the liquor bar. The crying need of the hour is persistent bull-dog tenacity, that will press the battle to the gate every month and every week and every day of every year, until the drink Goliath is dead and buried beyond the hope of resurrection.

The Call of the Sufferers.

Eternity alone will make manifest the awful iniquities associated with the sale of

alcohol. As the famous mud geysers of New Zealand reveal the treacherous nature of their smooth, grey surfaces by here and there vomiting forth their oily, murky contents, so from time to time the true character of this traffic in bodies and souls is revealed by some dark deed that cannot be hidden, or by information gleaned from men who have left the hateful business for a more honest calling. I have seen in New South Wales, a drunken man hurled off the footpath on to the road by the fist of a publican, who, himself, sold the drink that made the sot sing his ribald songs in front of the bar door. Within a month I have seen a mother staggering from side to side of our city streets, while her little child, in terror, tried to follow in her steps. This very day I have seen a guard lock one door of a carriage that the passengers might not unconsciously tread in liquor-laden vomit of a drunkard, who, by his maudlin obstinacy, had wasted three minutes of the lives of over four hundred men and women.

Expert Testimony.

"I never taste a drop of liquor; it is too deadly," said a publican within the week. "If I did not own my public house I would vote no-license; I have seen too many splendid men and women ruined through drink," are the words of a lady who sat opposite in a Sydney restaurant.

"I have cause to hate the drink," said a young man to-day. "It has cost me a good father; it has alienated my brothers and myself from my mother; and through it I have lost my share of our inheritance of £15,000.

"Do you mind telling me your experience?"

"My father owned three public houses in Australia, and drank himself to death. Then mother kept them on, and we four boys served over the bar. We all drank, of course. When my youngest brother came of age, we decided that mother must sell the hotels or give up her sons. She chose the former and turned us out of doors."

"Why did you decide to have nothing to do with the liquor traffic?"

"Because of the wholesale ruin it wrought. Pure drink is bad enough, but the atrocious liquor of the backblocks is

still more deadly. With my own eyes I have seen rum adulterated with tobacco, cheap brandy, fortified with methylated spirits, and colored and flavored with a decoction of tea; beer 'salted,' and a poor grade of whisky 'doctored' with bluestone."

"The profits must be enormous?"

"Rather; a bottle of cheap, tea-doctored brandy costs 1/-, and in the backblocks is retailed over the bar for as much as 15/-. I have seen so many fine, young men from the cities join a gang of bush workers, and in 'six' months become hopeless wrecks, helped back to town out of the police fund."

Surely such a state of things in our fair land calls, in clarion tones, for men and women, who will not dare to talk anything but courage and renewed efforts. "If a gain of over 30,000 votes is to be called defeat," said a New Zealand lecturer recently, "then I hope you will be defeated in the same way every election for the next twenty years."

"Our Immediate Work."

At the Alliance headquarters the entire work is being thoroughly organized, a campaign planned, and our finances placed in a sound condition. This is as it should be; but the time has fully come when every electorate must reorganize, and reorganize, too, on a permanent fighting basis. At (Concluded on Page 13.)

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Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

THE POLITICAL KALEIDOSCOPE.

We do not pretend to discuss politics in this journal—all (political) "coons" look "alike to us," if they vote right on "local option" principles—but we cannot refrain from noticing the present parliamentary pickle (we apologise to Mr. Norton for infringing his "alliterative" monopoly).

At the time we are going to press, Mr. Miller has handed in his resignation, as if to show that Liberal as well as Labor member can throw his contribution into the resignation box and then immediately to withdraw it. Never before has the country had before it a more charming problem to discuss. The "man in the street" is having the time of his life. It is absolutely impossible to say what will happen next, and we do not think such a mix up will do any great amount of harm. For when the inevitable "appeal to the country" takes place it will shake both Labor and Liberal voter up to the polling booths. The Liberals certainly need some dynamite beneath them. But they seem to be rising to a sense of their responsibilities a little just now.

"THE NON-DRINKING COMMERCIAL."

It is quite a pleasure to find out "something wholesome" about any particular class of citizen. When it comes to finding out such good things of hardworking and intelligent people it is doubly pleasant. Now, few will deny that our commercial travellers come well within the latter category. Their life is indeed a hard one—their hours long and wearying, and if they seem to fall easily into dissolute habits they have at least the excuse of being sorely tempted. In the baking summer heat of the back country one feels inclined to drink "something" pretty often—as they (the travellers) invariably put up at the local hotel, it is not to be considered unlikely they will "refresh" there. And when the winter comes round and they sally forth at all hours into the chilly night they can be easily persuaded to fortify with a little firewater, believing they receive some warmth thereby. A very poor friend is alcohol to them, and most often a deadly enemy, who destroys their constitutions in most malignant style—but propinquity counts for a lot in this world, and they cannot sometimes resist an ever present temptation.

However, what we wish to point out is just this: That as a class the commercials are rapidly becoming much more temperate. A representative of a wine and spirit firm assured the writer he drinks practically no alcoholic drinks at all, and declared most emphatically that the idea that a whiskey traveller must "booze" is simply rot.

"Not at all," said he; "there's not the slightest need for it." And, mind you, this man was calling upon hotels all day long. He is by no means a "wowser." The writer is sorry indeed he has so few "wowserish" proclivities. He spoke simply as a common

sense business man, and his opinion has been confirmed by many other travellers. This is an era of keen business competition, and employers—yes, even whiskey and wine wholesalers—realise their men must be kept clean and wholesome to get orders. That is the test. So they discourage intemperance, and pay large salaries to good men. The young, active salesman is fast superseding the older man—and the young man is trying to keep "fit." He knows well he can't do it and drink too.

THE SLEEP THAT KNOWS NO WAKING.

Again has the coroner to speak forcibly upon the fatal habit of taking heavy doses of "Chloral hydrate." The last resource of those poor victims of intemperance who find their nerves throbbing wildly—sleep an utter impossibility—and then to the potent drug they regard as a friend, and which is a most deadly, insidious foe. A foe who can mask as a friend, and then in one malignant stroke annihilate is indeed a foe to beware of. But custom allays caution—the same old dose is taken and the result on the last fatal occasion—is death. It is easy to condemn the poor wretched victim, but it is not easy to try and imagine his state of mind during the last few months or years of his bondage.

The specious arguments of our opponents pale into insignificance in the presence of such a picture as a capable artist could draw of his living death.

Despised by those who once knew and loved him—feeling life to be practically unbearable—he is in the chains of a vice that hugs him tighter than an octopus. Filled with a knowledge of his own self degradation—tortured by bodily as well as mental suffering unable to sleep—and forget—it is all a picture too horrible for words. But we desire to secure your influence, dear reader. Your best influence—best efforts to help us in our never-dying fight against the drink traffic, and the hosts of hell who delight in it.

HOW TO GET DRINKS IN KANSAS.

Next to owning an alfalfa ranch, the most profitable thing in Kansas now is to be a hotel porter (says an American exchange). Since the drug stores were prohibited from selling intoxicants the hotel porters have been reaping a harvest. In most of the larger towns all that is necessary for the thirsty traveller to do is to lay a half dollar on the dresser in his room, go downstairs, and wink at the porter. When he walks back to his room a few minutes later he finds a two drink "pony" where the half dollar lay. Incidentally there has sprung up in Kansas City a large business in these pony bottles. One Kansas City liquor dealer is said to have sold more than 10,000 of them in the last month.

CHEAP WINTER SALE

NOW ON AT

The State Stores Ltd.
BOTANY RD., REDFERN.

Distance is no bar to you participating in these bargains.

If you cannot call, post your order.

We Pay Freight during this Cheap Sale on all Drapery Parcels to the value of 20/- and over.

We quote a few savings here in our Dress and Silk Departments.

SILKS AT SALE PRICES.

20in. JAP. SILK, black, white, cream, sky, turquoise, rose, salmon, grey, mauve, lavender, prune, violet, scarlet, cardinal, grenat, wine, nil, moss, olive, myrtle, emerald, golden brown, mid brown, dark brown... Sale Price, 6½d. yd., 5/11 doz.
23in. JAP. SILK, black, ivory, shrimp, rose, scarlet, cardinal, sky, navy, helio, moss, golden brown, mid and dark brown, Chartreuse, violet—

Usual Price, 1/3; Sale Price, 1/-
36in. BLACK UNTEARABLE GLACE SILK.
Sale Prices, 2/8, 2/11; Usual, 3/3, 3/11.
40in. COLORED CHIFFON TAFFETA SILK, wonderful value; 2 navys, 3 browns, moss, myrtle, sky, reseda, turquoise, peacock, amethyst, violet, wine, marone, 2 greys, helio, coral pink, cream—
Usual Prices 4/11 5/6
Sale Prices 3/9 3/11

BUY NOW FOR THE SUMMER AT

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BLACK EMBROIDERED SILK BLOUSE

LENGTHS—
Usual Prices 14/11 17/6
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JAP. CREPE SILK EMBROIDERED

BLOUSE LENGTHS, few only—
Usual Price, 38/6; Sale Price, 30/-

EMBROIDERED JAP. SILK ROBE

LENGTHS—
Black, 5-panel—
Usual Price, 52/6; Sale Price, 45/-

Black and Cream, 5-panel—
Usual Price, 59/6; Sale Price, 50/-

Black and Cream, 7-panel—
Usual Price, 65/-; Sale Price, 55/-

Cream, 7-panel—
Usual Price, 70/-; Sale Price, 59/6

BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS.

ALL-WOOL AMAZON CLOTH, royal, light navy, navy, natter, wine, marone, V. rose, myrtle, moss, reseda, brown—
Usual Prices 2/11 3/6
Sale Prices 2/3 2/6

RESIDONAS and RESILDAS, all-wool rose, helio, navy, brown, natter, reseda—silk finish, perfect dyes, amethyst, V.
Usual Prices 3/3 3/9
Sale Prices 2/11 3/4

VELVETEENS AT HALF-PRICES.

22in. CHIFFON VELVETEENS, of the very best make, in sky, rose, pink, camella, salmon, v. rose, Peacock, saxe, bronze, moss, electric, mauve, terra cotta, blue, fawn, reseda, dark olive, green—
Worth 1/11, 2/3 yd. Sale Price, 11¾d. yd.

11¾d. yd. VELVETEENS 11¾d. yd.

SILKY SICILIANS, 42in. wide—
Sale Price, 1/2 yd. In black, cream, v. rose, navys, browns, saxe, moss, prune. What better than a good Sicilian Skirt for the Summer. Don't miss this offer.
Sale Price, 1/2 yd. for 42in. Silky Sicilians.

LIGHT GREY DRESS TWEEDS actually reduced half price—
Usual Price, 1/6; Sale Price, 8¾d. yd.

40in. GREY CHECK WOOL MIXTURE TWEEDS; some are a small line check, others are grey grounds with a grey or blue over check effect, also mid and light grey, soap shrunk Tweeds, in mottled and granite effects—Our Usual Price, 1/6. Sale Price, 8¾d. yd.! 8¾d. yd.! 8¾d. yd.!

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PROHIBITION.

DOES IT PROHIBIT?—TWO VIEWS OF THE QUESTION. — A STATEMENT OF THEORY AND A STATEMENT OF FACT.—THE VERDICT OF EXPERIENCE. —BETTER THINGS TO COME.

If twenty men tried to climb a certain ladder and only one man succeeded, the failure of the nineteen would not prove that it was impossible to perform the feat; but the success of the one man would prove that the feat was possible. There might be some explanation given of the failure of the nineteen. Some of them might have been so lame, or some of them so heavy, or some of them so weak, that they could not accomplish what they tried. The success of the one would convince any intelligent person that the ladder was sufficient for the purpose of the climb, if used wisely by healthy, intelligent men.

Theorising about the possibility of ladder-climbing might be interesting to some speculative people. The problem that would interest the people who wanted to use the ladder to reach a stage or floor at the top of it is the problem that would be solved by the men who went up.

Theories concerning the practicability or usefulness of prohibition may be interesting. Academic discussion of them might entertain some citizens of leisure. The fact that prohibitory laws have effectively curtailed the liquor traffic and lessened intemperance is the fact which will settle for practical men the question of whether or not prohibition is possible and useful.

In a recent issue of the *Augusta, Ga., "Herald,"* the editor, deploring the terrible evils of intemperance, said:—

It blights homes; it robs wives of happiness; it deprives children of the necessities they should have; it brings misery and want where otherwise there would be contentment and plenty. It makes men neglect their business and their families, and unhappiness follows in its wake without one single compensating good. It is a terrible evil, and because they realise this so well good men and women are so earnestly trying to suppress it.

Several States have passed such laws, among them Georgia. Our State has been "dry" for three years. Now, what is the result of three years of operation of "state-wide prohibition?"

From Atlanta comes the report that "more whiskey was shipped into Georgia this Christmas time than ever before in the history of the State." This is a sweeping general statement, the accuracy of which may be questioned. But specific facts are cited to substantiate it. "A certain south Georgia town of 5000 inhabitants received in one day five full carloads of whiskey from Jacksonville." As this would give a carload for each 1000 inhabitants, this statement is certainly overdrawn, but every railroad man, and every person who has had occasion to notice these things is aware of the fact that the shipments of liquor before Christmas were of colossal proportions.

This applies to all railroads in the State, and proves absolutely that not only does prohibition not prohibit, but it does not in least curtail the consumption of liquor. The real truth is that prohibition does not prohibit and never can prohibit unless it be absolute and applied to the whole country.

This article was sent to the pastor of the St. John Methodist Church, Rev. Dr. Dubose, with the request that he would write an answer to its assertions. The answer was written and it sums up so much of important fact, argument and conclusion that we have pleasure in placing nearly the whole of it before readers of the "Pioneer." If the word "Canadian" is substituted for "American," and the word "Parliament" or "Legislature" for "Congress," every word of it will apply to the situation in this country. He said:—

You answer with an unqualified negative the familiar categorical, "Does prohibition prohibit?" In support of your answer you offer a volume of evidence which would be esteemed too small by the court of public opinion were another matter of equal importance being considered. But both the letter and spirit of your leader, so far as the canons of candid criticism serve to reveal them, are so favorable to the higher morality that I am led to believe you will treat hospitably a frank review of your arguments, I promise that you shall not have occasion to complain of either the letter or the spirit of my dissent.

Your exordium on the evils of alcohol is both eloquent and startling. It would have done credit to the periods of John B. Gough, Neal Dow or Father Murphy. Taken out of connection with its insufficient sequences it is a jouvian thunderbolt. It would make a rare motto for young men exposed to the temptations of drink.

You predicate the evils of drink and of the abuse of the drink habit. But since such evils grow out of it, is not the very "use" of drink an "abuse?" Men, you allow, have no moral right to "abuse" their taste for drink. Have they, in fact, any moral right to "use" that taste? Have men a moral right to sell a thing so manifestly evil as alcohol? The right to "use," not to say "abuse," often hurtful on depraved tastes is allowed neither by the state nor organized society. The international ban put upon the opium traffic is a familiar example. The state can not make the liquor traffic right. Society, in segments great or small, cannot make it right. The state either licenses or outlaws the traffic; there is no middle ground. Outlawed, the whiskey traffic is a crime; licensed, it is no less a crime, the guilty tolerance of the state taking the crime to itself.

Organized society has certain great evils to grapple with, chief amongst these being the drink evil. The view expressed in your editorial, namely, "If the manufacture and sale of liquor could be stopped entirely, that of course, would end the drinking of it," is the one held by those who believe in the power of society to purify itself. To this end a multitude of people and forces are at work. For instance, practically all the great magazines of the country have adopted this view, and have favored the adoption of prohibition laws. They have carried their faith to the point of rejecting the advertisements of the whiskey trade.

Prohibition, as an instrument of government, is confessedly in its introduction stage. It has yet to pass through stages of test and adaptation; but it voices the eternal principle of righteousness, which fact, to say the least, your editorial leader does not disallow. The exceptions which so many legislatures have attached to their corrective bills have embarrassed the execution of law; but these are the very matters which a wise experimentation may be expected to correct. The laws against murder and other crimes are hampered in a like manner, yet nobody asks for the repeal, or even the disregard, of the statutes against them.

Your conclusion that all prohibition statutes are abortive and ineffective is particularly unsupported by a sufficient volume of direct evidence. In some places, as you show, and as all men know, the statutes are unenforced; but you overlook a notable report sent out from Atlanta, within five days past, that drunkenness, and consequent arrests therefor, have greatly decreased under prohibition. Arrests for other crimes have increased, due, no doubt, to growth of population. I am personally informed concerning conditions in half a dozen states where prohibition obtains either as a state-wide measure or as a local preference of communities. The State of Mississippi is a conspicuous example. For the sake of its laboring population, as for high moral reasons, the state shut out the saloon and has reaped a golden harvest in consequence. Jackson, the capital city, has for nearly twenty years been as free from saloons as it has been from the yellow fever, both of which curses went out about the same time, and both as the result of legal vigilance.

Oklahoma is another monument to prohibition, and its marvelously effective prohibition laws are a monument to the democratic party. Knoxville, Tenn., has enforced the prohibition law with more than fair success and with most satisfactory results, as have the other larger towns of the state, excepting the three principal cities where the saloon was early permitted to get the upper hand in local politics. I challenge a study of the moral conditions of prohibition Maine, the prosperity of its people, and the lists of its criminals, paupers and lunatics as compared with those of the states which have saloons. I spent a week last summer in one of the principal towns of Kansas.

(Concluded on Page 12.)

BENS DORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA

HIGHEST QUALITY . . .
DELICIOUS FLAVOUR . . .
DIGESTIBLE & STRENGTHENING

Sacramental Wine.

MAY ALCOHOL LIQUORS BE SAFELY USED IN COMMUNION SERVICES.—
EXPERIENCE AND OPINIONS OF A SCIENTIST. — A WARNING THAT
OUGHT TO BE CAREFULLY CONSIDERED.

An English work on the modern treatment of alcoholism has received a good deal of attention. It is written by Dr. McBride and is a valuable presentation of modern conclusions and methods. In this book is a chapter dealing with sudden outbreaks of inebriety on the part of patients who had been supposed to be released from the tyranny of the drink habit. Discussing this matter, Dr. McBride refers to the sacramental wine question in terms that are exceedingly forcible. He says in part:—

"I am not qualified to discuss the religious aspect of the question, nor is it within my province; but merely to point out the danger from a medical aspect and then leave it to the conscience of the clergy. I have been told by clergymen that the small sip of wine taken at Communion cannot possibly have any influence upon the drinking habits of the communicant. While this is undoubtedly true of the great majority of cases, it is not true of all. There are some individuals so sensitive to the action of wine that even such a small quantity as that taken at church runs through their veins like liquid fire and arouses the demon within them as surely as a larger amount does in less sensitive users. This seems incredible, and I did not believe it myself at one time, but I now know it to be a fact.

"If we turn for a moment to another narcotic, namely, morphine, we find it on record that one injection of one-eighth grain affected the patient to the extent of making him a morphine victim there and then. The same is known of cocaine. The disturbance to the system of one small dose has been so profound that from then onwards the victims could not resist its use. I admit that these are very exceptional cases; but I am now writing about exceptional cases. The above drug cases were without any previous experience of the drugs, while the cases which are affected by the sacramental wine are already fighting against the narcotic. It is also a fact that the very odour of fermented wine as the chalice is raised to the lips is known to have the most potent effect upon some, causing an instantaneous breakdown of all their will-power and lighting up within them an uncontrollable desire to indulge; some of them have been known to do so there and then, causing them to take not a sip but a draught of the wine, while in one case known to me the communicant could not resist until he had drained the cup. It is on account of these exceptional

cases that I hope to see the day when unfermented wine alone will be used.

"I have had some of these cases under my care, and if I had doubted their evidence, which I did not, I had a personal knowledge of these things in the sad death of a dear friend of mine. He had been a victim of alcoholism, but for two years had not touched a drop. His wife pressed him to attend a Communion service one Sunday. She afterwards told me that he accompanied her with great reluctance, although he delighted in attending the ordinary services. At the time she did not suspect the reason of this reluctance, although she discovered it before his death. The effect of either the fumes of the wine or its taste was so marked as to lead him to an immediate outbreak of drinking, which ended in an attack of delirium tremens. While delirious he evaded the attendant and leapt from an upper window into the street below, and was carried into the house in a dying condition. Well and happy one Sunday; dead the next. When such sad cases are known to occur, surely we are justified in pleading for the use of only unfermented wines in all Communion services."

A NOTABLE ADMISSION.

"No law will ever be tolerated which puts liquors without the pale of the law," declared Levi Cook, general counsel to the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association assembled in Chicago June 6th, 7th, and 8th, according to the liquor press.

And, possibly as an illustration, Mr. Morris Westheimer, of the Board of Governors, stated, "There now exists an era of bootlegging and blind tigers unprecedented in the history of the country."

The policy is announced and the proof submitted. "We won't obey any prohibition law, and we point to our violation as evidence that we won't." That is the plain meaning of the double statement.—"American Advance."

A TRUE FRIEND.

A party of Scotsmen had been having a "convivial," and unsteady were the steps of the home-going in the morning. One fell by the wayside and called for help from another wayfarer. The would-be Good Samaritan tried to steady himself as he looked down on the fallen one, and then settled matters by saying, "I canna help ye up, but I'll lie doon aside ye!"

EXTRACT FROM CHARLES KINGSLEY'S
"YEAST."

"To my mind, sir, a man may think a deal too much about many matters that come in his way."

"What should he do with them, then?"

"Mind his own business."

"Pleasant for those whom they concern! That's rather a cold-blooded speech for you, Tregarva."

The Cornishman looked up at him earnestly. His eyes were glittering—was it with tears?

"Don't fancy I don't feel for the poor young gentleman—God help him! I've been through it all—or not through it, that's to say. I had a brother once, as fine a young fellow as ever handled pick, as kind-hearted as a woman, and as honest as the sun in heaven. But he would drink, sir!—that one temptation he never could stand it. And one day at the shaft's mouth, reaching after the kibble-chain—maybe he was in liquor, maybe not—the Lord knows, but —"

"I didn't know him again, sir, we picked him up, any more than —" and the strong man shuddered from head to foot, and beat impatiently on the ground with his heavy heel, as if to crush down the rising horror.

"Where is he, sir?"

A long pause.

"Do you think I don't ask that, sir, for years and years after, of God, and of my own soul, and heaven and earth, and the things under the earth, too? For many a night did I go down that mine out of my turn, and sat for hours in that level, watching and watching, if perhaps the spirit of him might haunt about, and tell his poor brother one word of news—one way or the other—anything would have been a comfort—but the doubt I couldn't bear. And yet at last I learnt to bear it—and what's more, I learnt not to care for it. It's a bold word—there's one who knows whether or not it is a true one."

"Good heavens!—and what then did you say to yourself?"

"I said this, sir—or rather, one came as I was on my knees and said it to me—'What's done you can't mend. What's left, you can. Whatever has happened is God's concern now, and none but His. Do you see that as far as you can, no such thing ever happens again, on the face of His earth.' And from that day, sir, I gave myself up to that one thing, and will until I die, to save the poor young fellows like myself, who are left now—a-days to the Devil, body and soul, just when they are in the prime of their power to work for God."

PASS "GRIT" ON.

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, AUGUST 10, 1911.

THE SADDEST SIGHT IN THE WORLD.

This good, and as someone has said, "best of all worlds," is full of many and very sad sights, and it is difficult to say with any certainty which of them is the saddest. It is certain that the things that are preventable rank as sadder than those that are accidental, and moral failure is sadder far than physical suffering. To see a mother laughing at her offspring for trying to be good, to see a wife standing by a drunken man, to see young men intoxicated and girls thinking nothing of it, merely laughing at it, to see young girls falling into the snares set by human animals who destroy the best in them and then brand them as outcasts—these indeed are sad things—but we verily believe it is the saddest thing of all that clever good men should lend the protection of their vote to the open bar, for the bar is parent of all that is saddest. At present it does its worst under the sanction of law and with the support of all who vote for so-called regulation. Once we outlaw the bar, liquor may still do some harm, but we are no party to that harm. It is done in spite of us, and is done by an outlaw whose chances are few and whose days are numbered. Liquor then becomes like the famous Tantanoola Tiger, a raider, a defiant murderer, but finally discovered and adequately punished. To vote for the open bar and then have your loved girl wedded to the victim of the bar, that indeed must be to taste the torture of Hell; that is indeed sowing to the wind and reaping to the whirlwind.

MR. W. H. JUDKINS.

It is difficult for the people of New South Wales to fully understand the place Mr. Judkins has filled in the progress of moral reform in Victoria. His visits here have been brief and under circumstances which did not show him to full advantage. In Melbourne he commanded remarkable audiences, and won their deep regard for his courage and their confidence because of his undoubted sincerity and integrity. He now lies on a bed of sickness from which it is feared he will never rise. His friends are concerned to show their appreciation of the man and to do it in such a form that his wife and child may be in such a position as Mr. Judkins might have placed them if he had been a selfish man and used his opportunities for money-making instead of

using them as he did for the betterment of others. The following amounts have already been forwarded to Melbourne:—E. Vickery, £5 5s.; W. Winn, £3 3s.; Strongman and Bruntnell, £2 2s.; J. Vickery, £2; Archdeacon Boyce, A. Bruntnell, M.L.A., H. M. Hawkins, J. H. Wise, and R. B. S. Hammond, £1 1s. each, a friend 10s. We will gladly forward any sums and acknowledge them through "Grit."

EARLY CLOSING.

There is little doubt that the early closing movement has not yet finished its work, nor will the work it has done be ever undone. The post offices have been closed earlier and no one has suffered, the pharmacies have closed at 8 p.m., and a month's trial has justified the experiment; the shops have closed at 6 p.m. for a long while, and every one concerned is the better for it. The country stores will now close at 9 p.m., and the only surprise is that they did not make it 8 p.m. There is only one logical outcome of all this, viz., the earlier closing of the pubs. At present we lag behind Scotland, Canada, and New Zealand, and we congratulate the New South Wales Alliance on their determination to agitate for this reasonable restriction of the sale of liquor. We would like to hear from the liquor people their objections to, say, opening at 7 a.m. and closing at 8 p.m. with the exception of Fridays, when they might stay open till 10 p.m. This movement must win, and we hope the public, who will reap so many benefits from the early closing of the bars, will encourage the Alliance in this move.

IF I CAN LIVE.

"If I can live
To make some pale face brighter, and to give
A second lustre to some tear-dimmed eye,
Or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by;
If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,
My life, though bare,
Perhaps, of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us of earth, will not have been in vain.
The purest joy,
Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,
Is seeing cloud give way to sun and shine;
And 'twill be well
If on that day of days the angels tell
Of me, 'She did her best for one of Thine.'"
Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson.

METHYLATED SPIRIT DRINKING.

An extraordinary position has been created in Melbourne by the successful prosecution of a chemist's wife for having unlawfully sold intoxicating liquor, the liquor in regard to which the prosecution was launched being methylated spirit. A couple of revenue detectives gave evidence that when they purchased the methylated spirit the defendant told them that it was sold extensively for drinking purposes in the neighborhood on Sundays. The police magistrate remarked that methylated spirit was now so commonly used as a beverage, especially on Sundays, that it had become a spirit within the meaning of the Act. The fact that methylated spirit has come to be labelled by a magisterial decision as a beverage in Victoria is painful and deplorable. And it is much to be feared that its use is spreading in Sydney as well as in Melbourne. The drinking of methylated spirit disorganizes the brain of the drinker more rapidly and more dangerously than indulgence in the ordinary forms in which alcohol is presented to consumers. Insanity is one of the commonest results of repeated bouts of drinking methylated spirits, and persons who indulge in the debased craving for such a beverage are apt to become a danger to their fellow-citizens as well as to themselves. The most stringent measures that can be adopted to prevent indulgence in such a degrading habit could not possibly be too severe, and as the State has prohibited opium-smoking and made the possession of opium, except in accordance with a medical prescription, a punishable offence, it is equally justified in the public interest in penalising the drinking of methylated spirit.—"Daily Telegraph," July 24, 1911.

The Illinois Legislature has passed an act to prohibit and punish the publication of detailed statements and descriptions of crimes and executions of criminals.

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No-License and Accommodation.

A PERSONAL ENQUIRY.

(E. J. F. King.)

"What about the accommodation?" is a question constantly asked at our No-License meetings, and often put to us privately. Sometimes this question is raised by genuine enquirers after the "facts of the case," but in the majority of instances it is referred to by persons who think they have got hold of an unanswerable argument against No-License. Having this in view, I determined, shortly after my arrival in Invercargill, to prosecute a personal enquiry both in that town and in some of the other No-License towns. The following is the result: Invercargill is a good place to put this question to the test. It has a population of about 16,000, and is by far the largest town in the Dominion that has so far gone "dry."

If satisfactory accommodation can be provided in a town of this dimension, then surely the "problem is solved" for both town and country districts, both in Australia and New Zealand. I was fortunate in that, when I set out to enquire, I made the acquaintance of Assistant Borough Inspector Murdoch. He was at that time acting as chief inspector. He permitted me to accompany him on one of his tours when inspecting temperance hotels, for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not the fire appliances were in perfect order.

Incidentally, let me state that every precaution is taken in this respect. It would be hard to find anywhere houses where the safety and protection of life from fire is better provided for. Every room must have direct communication with the outside of the building, and where this is not possible, by way of stairs or passages, ropes are provided.

We visited two of the leading hotels. The hour chosen was early in the morning, and so I saw things under normal conditions. No one knew that we were coming round.

We examined every room, and saw everything that we wished to see.

I am confident, as a result of this inspection, that it would be difficult to find anywhere accommodation of a higher order than can be obtained at moderate charges in Invercargill.

The rooms were all clean and wholesome. No stale beer aroma here. The bedclothes clean and good. The furniture first class, and the menu of a kind that should give satisfaction to the most fastidious traveller or permanent boarder.

The general tariff is 6s. per day, or 30s. per week. This brings good accommodation within the reach of all.

Of course, at the houses which cater specially for permanent working men boarders the tariff is even lower.

There are about 15 temperance hotels in the town. Everything that can be done is done by both the municipal authorities and

the proprietors of the various establishments to ensure comfort, cleanliness, and safety.

Boardinghouse licenses are issued at the cost of 10s. per year for a house intended to accommodate six lodgers, and 20s. for any number over six.

The conditions imposed under the municipal regulations are of the strictest possible kind, and in no instance is a license issued until the authorities are convinced that these bylaws and standing orders (a copy of which I have before me as I write) are complied with. I interviewed several of the proprietors. Let two speak. The first hotel has increased its capital value, according to the municipal handbook, from £5865 in 1904, the last year of license, to its present value of £6400.

The proprietress said: "I have accommodation for between 60 and 70 persons. I entered this place immediately after the carrying of No-License. I employ a much larger number of hands now than when the hotel had a liquor license. The first year I had a struggle, but each year since has brought increased business, and I am quite satisfied with the financial results of this venture.

No. 2 is the proprietor of an hotel that has increased in value from £3850 in 1904 to its present value of £6400. It may not be out of place to record here the fact that the total capital value of 17 hotels has increased from £65,543 in 1904 to £89,345, their present value, or an increase of £23,802, nearly 36½ per cent., during the No-License period.

What about the oft-repeated statement that hotel property decreases in value when de-licensed in the face of such evidence as this?

No. 2 proprietor said: "I have accommodation for 60 boarders. I have been here 18 months. My profits are not large, but they provide me with a decent living. The huge profits made by the sale of liquor make competition with licensed hotels almost an impossibility. The manager has only to transfer some of the bar profits, and he has an unfair advantage over his temperance competitor in that he can with such moneys provide a few 'extras' that it would not be possible to give customers if he had to rely solely on his accommodation trade. But when, as in Invercargill, all houses are put on the same level there is no difficulty in successfully running temperance hotels. I am often called upon to accommodate more than I have room for, and have at such times to ring up private houses and arrange for customers to stay there."

I interviewed the Mayor of Invercargill, Mr. W. A. Ott, on this subject. He said: "You may tell the people of Australia, Mr. King, that we have no difficulty here with the accommodation of travellers or boarders. The menu, conveniences, and comfort sup-

plied by temperance Hotels are quite equal to those provided for the travelling public at licensed hotels."

I also interviewed Mr. C. S. Longuet, ex-mayor of the town, and a prominent citizen.

He said: "I am of opinion there is no marked difference in the quality of food and accommodation provided in temperance houses as compared with licensed premises. In some instances there may be a little luxuries provided at hotels which are not given to the customers in temperance hotels, but if this is so the lack of such luxuries is more than compensated for by the entire absence of any of the undesirable odours and scenes associated with the sale of liquor."

At the present time there is being erected in Invercargill a new temperance hotel to cost from £10,000 to £12,000. Its site is that of the old Prince of Wales Hotel, so you see that even the very ground of Invercargill is being put to better purpose since the advent of No-License.

Mr. Longuet told me that if the company financing this concern had not been formed he knew of several gentlemen who were quite prepared to finance a scheme to utilise another building for the same purpose.

So much for Invercargill. I visited Balclutha. A new hotel has just been erected here—the Crown Hotel. It is without question the finest country town hotel I have seen anywhere. Everything is up-to-date. Two menus are provided. I sampled both. One cost 1s. per meal, the other 1s. 6d. Both are excellent. Baths, sitting, and bedrooms, also smoke and commercial rooms, are splendidly equipped. There are, of course, other excellent temperance hotels in this, the principal town of the now world-famous Clutha, but this one deserves special mention. If you are ever privileged to visit this place, be sure and stay at the Crown Hotel.

I stayed two and a half days at the Globe Hotel, Oamaru. Here, too, everything was all that could be desired. There are 13 accommodation houses and temperance hotels here. Six or seven of them are equal to the Globe, and the others are all good places, but smaller, and catering more for private boarders. I made a number of enquiries here, and I am confident that what I have said about Invercargill applies also equally to Oamaru.

I desire to be perfectly candid in this article, and so I am compelled to say that there are one or two places that have carried No-License where there is room for improvement in this connection, but it is a significant fact that in both instances this has arisen not through any lack of business or demand for first-class accommodation, but it is the result of another of the "tricks of the trade." For instance, in one case the owners of several of the largest hotels either refused to sell or demanded such high rents as to make it impossible to run a temperance hotel successfully from a business point of view.

In another case local residents are convinced as a result of carefully noting the kind of men put in charge of the houses

(Concluded on Page 15.)

No-License and the Rates.

We quote what follows from a leader in the "Southland Times," of June 19, 1911:—

Probably there is no part of the Council's business in which the ratepayers are more closely interested than in the fixing of the rates, and when the estimates came before the Town Council at its meeting on Thursday evening, there was plainly an inclination on the part of some councillors to question the Mayor's assurance that no increase would be made this year. On the part of some ratepayers there also appears to be a fear that rates are going up, and if the correspondent whose letter we publish in another column may be regarded as speaking on their behalf, the increase apprehended is very large. The complicated figures of municipal finance are not easily understood at a glance, but the closest examination bears out the Mayor's statement that, as a matter of fact, there will be no increase in rates whatever this year, either in the main borough or in the extended area. The Mayor was very definite in his statement that in the central part of the borough £10,143 would be raised this year as compared with £10,132 last year—a difference of only £11. Our correspondent "Ratepayer" makes the statement that the tax in Dee Street will be 100 per cent. higher. What warrant the writer has for so remarkable a forecast we do not know, but he has against him the instances worked out by the Town Clerk and submitted to the Council at its last meeting. For the purpose of these examples, six typical cases in the main area were taken, and the Dee-street case, a Bank corner, showed a reduction in the rates from £151 12s. 7d. to £127 16s. 1d.; on a property in Spey-street the rates will be reduced from £7 14s. 9d. to £6 13s. 2d.; on a property in

Gala-street from £10 8s. 3d. to £9 10s. 5d.; and on a property in Teviot-street from £4 15s. 6d. to £4 13s. 9d. The estimates of receipts and expenditure submitted at the Council meeting and published in our issue of Thursday, show that the General Rate will produce considerably more than last year; but the General Rate is only part of the rates, and the Council has effected a reduction by reducing the Special Rate. In South Invercargill, for instance, the Special Rate has been reduced from 3d. to 1d.; in North-end from 2d. to ¼d.; in Gladstone from ¾d. to one-sixteenth pence. These substantial decreases in the Special Rate are sufficient to enable the Council to show a reduction in every division of the town, with the exception of Avenal, Lindisfarne and East Road.

The main fact to be emphasised is that no increase in rates has been made by the Council, and that though the unimproved value of the town has increased from £768,525 to £1,079,572, the increase in the value of property has been largely counter-balanced by a reduction in the Special Rate. In South Invercargill, where the increase in valuation was 73.3 per cent., the Special Rate has been reduced from 3d. to 1d. In North-end where the increase in the valuation was 116.6 per cent., the Special Rate has been reduced from 2d. to ¼d. There is no reason to be dissatisfied with the rates, and if the Council can carry on for the year, meeting all requirements, and wiping off out of revenue the accrued debit balance of £355 in the Town Hall account, and that of £619 in the Quarry Account, it will have done the town very good service.

How is this for No-License?

GERMAN EMPEROR AND TEMPERANCE.

The Kaiser's known sympathy with the temperance movement suggested the idea of marking his recent visit to England by presenting him with an address from the temperance organizations. The matter was at once taken up, and although the time was short, it was carried through successfully. Lord Roberts, who signed the address as chairman of the Royal Army Temperance Association, obtained the Emperor's consent to receive the address, and subsequently it was handed in at Buckingham Palace for the Emperor. The text of the address was as follows:—

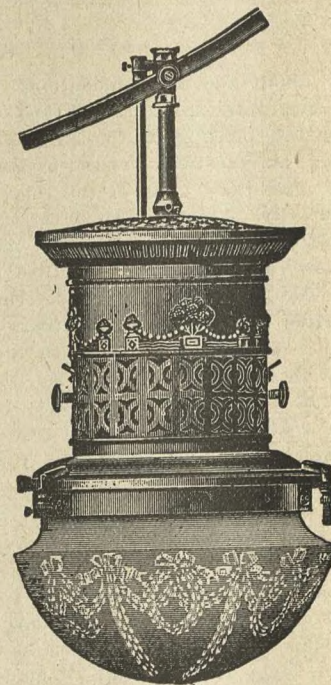
"To His Majesty the German Emperor, King of Prussia. Your Imperial Majesty,—On behalf of the temperance societies of Great Britain, we, the undersigned, respectfully desire to express our most cordial appreciation of your Majesty's interest in the promotion of the cause of temperance. We gratefully recognise the great and good influence which your Majesty is exercising in this respect; we have read with much pleasure your Majesty's clear and powerful utterances in favor of temperance and of organ-

ized temperance work; and we sincerely pray that your Majesty's words and influence may result in still greater sobriety, efficiency, and righteousness, both in your Majesty's dominions and in other lands."

The address was signed by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, as chairman of the Royal Army Temperance Association; the Lord Bishop of Croydon, as chairman of the Church of England Temperance Society; Mr. Leif Jones, M.P., as president of the United Kingdom

VESTA.

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A Delight in the Home—A Necessity in Business—A Luxury in Church or Hall.

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Offices: 108 PITT ST. Opp. G.P.O.

Telephone 63 City.

Send for Descriptive Catalogue.

ROGERS' BROS.

Clean or Dye Ladies' Dresses from 3/- to 7/6, equal to new.

181 OXFORD STREET AND 775 GEORGE STREET

Alliance; Mr. A. Cameron Corbett, M.P., as president of the National Temperance Federation; Mr Robert Whyte, junr., as chairman of the National Temperance League; Mr. Lionel Munday, as chairman of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union; and Mr. Arthur Sherwell, M.P., as hon. secretary of the Temperance Legislation League.

For Scrubbing and Cleaning

use

PEARSON'S

Sand Soap

From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

NO LICENSE OR REDUCTION.

'Twas a dangerous cliff, as they freely confessed,

Though to walk near its crest was so pleasant;

But over its terrible edge there had slipped
A duke, and full many a peasant;

So the people said something would have to
be done,

But their projects did not at all tally.

Some said, "Put a fence round the edge of
the cliff";

Some, "An ambulance down in the valley."

But the cry for the ambulance carried the
day,

For it spread through the neighboring
city;

A fence may be useful or not, it is true,

But each heart became brimful of pity

For those who slipped over that dangerous
cliff;

And the dwellers in highway and valley
Gave pounds or gave pence—not to put up a
fence,

But an ambulance down in the valley.

"For the cliff is all right if you're careful,"
they said,

"And if folks even slip and are dropping,
It isn't the slipping that hurts them so
much

As the shock down below—when they're
stopping!"

So, day after day, as these mishaps oc-
curred,

Quick forth would these rescuers sally,

To pick up the victims who fell off the cliff
With their ambulance down in the valley.

FOR SUNDAY.

The First Letters of the Names Make a
King's Name.

A king who died a dreadful death. (Acts.)

A man who gave not up his breath.
(2nd Kings).

A little man who climbed a tree. (Luke).

A queen who set her people free. (Esther).

A man whose son was very tall.
(1st Samuel).

A prophet who obeyed God's call. (Isaiah)

A son 'gainst father went to war.
(2nd Samuel).

A priest who found the Book of law.
(2nd Kings).

FOR MONDAY.

Word-Making.—A Fireside Game.

Near the top of a slip of paper each player
writes down a word given out by the leader
of the company. Then all start to make a
list below it of other words, spelt from the
letters it contains—and these letters only.
When the leader says that time is up—about
10 minutes should be allowed—the lists are
added up and the player who has made the
largest number of words is the winner. It
is not necessary to choose a very long word,

for it is surprising how many words may be
made from the letters contained in any
word of ordinary length. For example—
From the word "animal" we can get an,
am, nail, main, lain, Milan, and many more.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.

To Arthur Poore, for August 10th. Hope
you are well Arthur, and that the cows are
not kicking the bucket. May you get the
cream of life's joys this year. Read over
Proverbs 3, 1-6.

ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS.

About Metal.

1. Luke: 15th chapter, 8th verse.

2. Brass, tin, and iron.

3. Genesis: 2nd chapter, 11th verse.

4. Revelations: 21st chapter, 18th verse.

5. Silver cup.

Edith Hughes, Wollongong.

SYMPATHY.

Only a few "Seven to Seventeeners"
knew Mr. T. E. Taylor, M.H.R., the
grand New Zealand warrior. But many
knew of him, and knew that he was
fighting the battle for the sake of girls
and boys. And now he has fallen!
But his soul is marching on, and Seven
to Seventeeners will keep the flag fly-
ing. They join in loving sympathy for
those of his dear ones who are plunged
into deep sorrow.

HAS ANYBODY SEEN TWO PIGEONS?

"Four Have Come Back and Two Haven't."
Arthur Day, Bligh's Road, Tapanui, N.Z.,
writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I am going to write to
you. I suppose you will be thinking that I
was not going to write to you at all. We
have nice big medals that we got from
school with head of King George V. and
Queen Mary. I have got nine pigeons, and
two sitting on eggs. I took six for a fly
and four have come back and two haven't.
I hope it doesn't rain on Coronation Day,
because I want to see the processions on
Thursday at two o'clock. I have got a
ticket for the pictures on Friday afternoon
at two o'clock. I have got a week's holiday
from school. I hope it will be fine weather
so that I can have some fun outside.

We hope that you will be coming over
soon to help us with the No-license and
National Prohibition vote. Mrs. Lee-Cowie
and Miss Hughes are coming to Christ-
church in September.

I went to hear Mr. Poole at Tapanui
school-room; he spoke on "No-license work
and No-license districts." With love to all
cousins and yourself.—I remain, your loving
nephew.

(Dear Arthur,—I am on the look out for
those pigeons. I saw a big steamer from



LUCY OF LEICHHARDT.

Hurrah for Lucy, but after such a very
long silence it might have been a longer
letter. While half a loaf is better than no
bread, a whole loaf is better than half a
one. Am glad you still read "Grit" with
interest.—Uncle B.

N.Z. come through Sydney Heads yesterday,
and my thoughts flew over to your lovely
country. We are all so sad about the loss
of your great, good Mr. Taylor. But you
must work on. Arthur, I hope you will grow
to be a great Soldier of Jesus Christ, like
him. Much love to you.—Uncle B.)

WAS UNCLE B. FOND OF TREACLE, WHEN YOUNG?

Gladys Noble, The Rectory, Liverpool,
writes:—

My dear Uncle Barnabas,—Did you see the
Junior results? Our school passed 31 girls,
of whom one got the medal for Algebra, and
another 7 A passes, and the other did well,
too. Now that the Junior is over, we feel
that the Senior is nearer, so my time is
quite filled—even Saturdays. At present the
only flowers we have are a few struggling
bulbs, and some winter sweet peas, but we
are looking forward to the spring. We en-
joyed our visit to Mr. Hammond's tea-
meeting very much, also the pictures after-
wards. All the children seemed to have a
great time, and I wish some of my "cousins"
could have heard them sing.

The Sheffield Choir sang "Elijah" beau-
tifully. I was sorry when they had finished.
A number of our girls went to hear Sousa,
and we went, too. We heard Miss Virginia
Root sing, and were charmed with her.

Although I was wrong about the picture,
I was only half wrong, as you look so very
young. Were you very fond of treacle as a
boy, Uncle B.? It seemed to get to your feet
very easily, as you had long trousers when
you were quite small. There is something
familiar about that happy-serious face. I
wonder of whom it reminds me? I wonder
how much has happened between the time
that was taken and to-day. Sometimes
people say they would like to have their
childhood over again, but that is not quite
right, is it? Because if we keep on looking
forward to greater things to come, life will
always be opening out for us, and we shall
always feel that we are still learning. And
our hearts will be still young.

Now Good-night, Uncle B. Love to all my
"cousins" and elusive "aunties," and es-
pecially to yourself, from your loving niece.

(Dear Gladys,—Bread and treacle was al-
most my staple diet in youth. No wonder I
grew sweet and long. Boys in my day very
largely wore the trousers of elders cut down,
hence they (the trousers) were mostly too

BOOKLET ON "HEALTHFUL LIVING" POSTED FREE.

VEGETARIAN CAFE,

45 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

long, and, indeed, too everything that was opposed to "chic." Still, childhood was a jolly time, and, like you, I mean to keep young. Hearty congratulations on the junior success. You will soon be too high for Page Double-One to see you with a telescope. In the meantime, favor us with an occasional nod—and a smile, please.—Uncle B.)

"THEN SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS."

Sylvia Beven, "Thelma," Drayton-street, Leichhardt, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Though I am not one of your nieces, I have taken the privileges of addressing you as such. I have been reading in a back number of "Grit" about your Sunbeam Society, and I feel I would like to help in some way the poor and needy. I go to business, but have spare time in which I could do some work, if you would send me samples of those garments made from stockings, etc., or advise me in what other way I could help so noble a cause, I will be very grateful. Yours sincerely.

(Dear Sylvia,—Thank you for your kind wish. I am asking the manager to look up some of the samples you desire. Could you call some time at "Grit" office for particulars? Perhaps you could form a little band of helpers and become yourself a manager. Will you write sometimes to our Page?—Uncle B.)

MARY'S LETTER NEVER CAME.

Mrs. E. S. Wallen, Macknade, via Townsville, N. Queensland, writes:

Dear Mr. Hammond,—Our little Mary wrote to you some weeks ago, addressing her letter to "Uncle Barnabas, Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney," and has been looking out to see her letter in "Grit," but has not seen it yet. Did you get it, please? She is now laid up in bed with a sprained knee, and rheumatism in it, and may have to go the hospital. Yours very sincerely,—A. N. Wallen.

(Dear Mrs. Wallen, — Mr. Hammond's letters are as you may understand sometimes read by me, hence I am replying to yours of July 12th. I am sorry to say little Mary's letter did not reach me, or it would have been printed. I hope she will be able to write again soon, and that her painful knee will soon be well. The nephews and nieces down south will be delighted to have "a cousin" in N. Queensland. Thank you for your kind interest in "Grit."—Uncle B.)

BOXING CONTEST AT BEXLEY.

Beryl Anderson, "Karlsruhe," Bexley, writes:

(Dear Uncle B.,—At last I have found a little time to write to you. For many weeks I have been practising a cantata, "The Coming of the Flowers," one of the items for our church concert which was held last Wednesday. I was a lily. We had two

practices a week, besides the time spent in learning all our words, and I was very busy making peach blossom to decorate the stage with. Besides all this we are rehearsing a Dialogue for next Band of Hope ("Peter Squill's Downfall"). I am the drunkard's wife. There were all the parts to write out. There are five girls from our class and three Bible class boys taking part. You will be very surprised, no doubt, to hear that mother and I have started boxing, though the contest will not take place at the Stadium, but in the St. George Electorate, against the U.L.V.A. Mother is an agent for the No-license Boxes. When we were in the train the other night, going into town, I noticed a very bright light outside a public house, shining very brightly on the tomb-stones opposite (in a "Tombs to Order" place). I thought it such a good idea to have it there, as the poor fellows going in could choose their own, before doing so. Mr. Publican stands inside, and pointing across, says, "There you are, pick your choice; hurry in!" (and you'll soon be under).

I started this letter yesterday, but as I had burnt my hand I couldn't hold the pen to finish. Must conclude now, as I want to learn my part. With love to all.

(Dear Beryl,—In the contest, Box versus Barrel at Bexley, with Beryl referee, I predict Box will win. If all our mothers and daughters would do a bit of Boxing, the Barrel would have its Bung knocked in before Boxing Day. You are quite right about the publican assisting the tombstone trade—though it often happens that of the two the only man who can afford an elaborate tombstone is the drink-seller—the Drink-buyer swallows his tombstone. I'm afraid you won't shine as "a drunkard's wife."—Uncle B.)

A STAMP COLLECTOR.

Edgar Molineaux, Woodlands, Adelong, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—Well you have me for a nephew? I often read the letters and jokes in your corner of "Grit."

My hobby is stamp collecting. I have about 300 different kinds—Australian, American, Persian, and lots of others.

I have a garden, which has lettuce and cabbages in it, but the frost keeps them back.

Where is gold first mentioned in the Bible?—Genesis: 2nd chapter, 11th verse.

What metal was found in the bags?—Silver and money.

Where is gold last mentioned in the Bible?—21st verse of the 21st chapter Revelations.

What else besides lead went into the furnace?—Silver, brass, iron, and tin.

The above are answers to questions about metals.

(Dear Edgar,—I am glad to welcome you,

Do you know we are having
A SALE OF HIGH-GRADE FOOTWEAR?

Our Stock Rooms are not large enough to accommodate the vast stocks of Footwear we must carry to supply the ever-growing demand for the "Cropley Shoe."

Stock must be cleared to make ready for the building extensions.

THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO
SECURE GOOD QUALITY FOOTWEAR
at small cost.

CROPLEY'S LTD.

736 and 800 George-street, Haymarket.
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SYDNEY.

and hope to hear from you lots of times. Stamps teach geography in a very pleasant way. Have you seen the new English King George stamp? Your answers are good.—Uncle B.)

PROHIBITION.

(Continued.)

The city authorities declared that whiskey sales were unknown, and the claim was testified to by the pastor and public school teachers.

What is "regulation?" Does it mean that the constabulary can find and suppress blind tigers when outlawed under license, and yet cannot even see the same "tigers" when outlawed under a prohibition statute? The conclusion is not creditable to American cleverness or American integrity.

Let every true man stand for the law. It can be enforced if we do our duty. The law should be enforced because it is the law, and we are traditionally people of law, and because the drink curse is what you have so justly shown it to be.

Congress will, no doubt, at a not distant day, come to the aid of the states by passing a law protecting the prohibition states from internal license abuses and interstate shipments of liquor. I have under my hand the copy of such a bill, which two distinguished members of the present congress have drafted and will seek to pass. Let all true men take hope and push the fight against this direful curse.—"The Pioneer."

Teacher: Freddy Fangle, you may give the German name of the River Danube.

Freddy: Dunno.

Teacher: Donau! That is right. I am glad you have studied your lesson so well.

Freddie is surprised, but keeps still.

Send letters, answers to puzzles, and everything for Page 11 to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

The Output of the Bar.

A WEEK'S RECORD FROM THE SYDNEY PAPERS.

SAILOR DROWNED—SUFFERING FROM DELIRIUM TREMENS.

An inquiry was held on July 29th into the circumstances of the death of Adolph Molander, a Swedish sailor from the barque Yola, whose body with the hands manacled was found in the bay on July 20.

Dr. England said that on June 20 he visited the Yola and treated Molander, who was lying on the bed handcuffed, and with his feet tied with a rope. Molander told the witness that he himself had asked to be put under restraint, as "the devil was standing in a corner of the room waiting for him." The man was suffering from delirium tremens, and witness thought that the restraint was reasonable. Molander no doubt managed to free the rope binding his feet.

The Coroner said that the captain of the Yola had treated Molander in a kindly manner, and that there was no evidence of foul play.

A verdict of "found drowned" was recorded.

WOMAN FOUND DEAD.

Ada Ward was found dead outside a house in Crystal-lane, Broken Hill, on 1st August. She got up and dressed that morning, and later was found dead. The body was carried inside by Annie Corrigan, Clara Edwards, and O'Brien. Corrigan informed the police that they had all been up all night drinking beer and brandy. A bottle of brandy and a jar of beer were found in the house.

HUGE CONFLAGRATION.

A clerk named Schottek, who had been dismissed for drunkenness, set fire in revenge to a great stack of timber at the Northern railway station, a huge conflagration resulting.

Six hundred firemen, 3000 police, and 2000 railway men fought the flames for 18 hours, and prevented them from igniting a warehouse containing 2000 tons of benzine.

The timber, which was valued at £50,000, was destroyed. Schottek has been arrested.

DRUNKEN BRIDEGROOM.

The president of the Methodist Conference, the Rev. A. McCallum, at the Wesley Church on July 30th, delivered an address entitled "The Church and the Marriage Question."

He illustrated the deplorable levity with which so many young people treated what should be the most solemn moments of their lives, by narrating an experience of his own, in which he had been flippantly asked to "run the thing over in the house," because the bridegroom was too drunk to attend the church. He had refused, but he regretted the day that some disgraceful man in a black coat was found willing for the sake of a fee to thus degrade his holy office as a minister.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

"I've been drinking and having a terrible time, so I did it to end things," was the reason given by Alan Meredith for attempting suicide in Hyde Park on Saturday morning.

He was found by one of the park rangers lying on a grass plot near the Park-street entrance of Hyde Park, and was bleeding from a self-inflicted wound in the left arm. A few minutes after Constable Newell, of Darlinghurst, appeared on the scene, and took him to Sydney Hospital.

FOUND IN THE HARBOR.

At the City Coroner's Court on July 29th, the Coroner (Mr. Stephen Murphy) concluded an inquiry into the death of Carl Swanson, a seaman, who was found floating in Darling Harbor, near the Pymont bridge, early on Saturday last. Evidence was taken, which showed that the deceased, who was a Swede, was last seen alive on board the vessel Urilla, which was lying at the Fresh Food and Ice Company's wharf late on the Friday night. He was then somewhat under the influence of liquor. The Coroner returned an open verdict.

TWO BROTHERS IN TROUBLE.

There was a wild wrestling display at Alexandria on July 28, and a result of the severe handling Constable Dudley received two men, Thomas Moran, 24, and John Moran, 22, were charged at the Redfern Police Court with having assaulted the constable whilst in the execution of his duty.

Constable Dudley related that his attention was first attracted to the men while they were fighting over a bottle of beer. He endeavored to arrest Thomas Moran, when the other man struck him on the mouth. The two accused then wrestled with witness, and knocked him down. Tom Moran kicking him in the mouth and knocking a tooth out. Two hundred people gathered, and one of the accused shouted, "Come on, you mongrels. Can't you give us a hand?" Both men were under the influence of drink.

The brothers pleaded guilty. Thomas Moran was fined £5, or two months' gaol, and John Moran £3, or one month. Fourteen days were allowed to pay in each instance, on a surety being found.

N.S.W. ALLIANCE

(Continued.)

present probably not more than one-tenth of the Branch Leagues are conducting regular meetings of workers.

By the date of issue an official letter will be received by the various League Presidents and Secretaries, calling upon them to reorganize their working forces, and to furnish certain important information to the office of the Alliance. Your executive will be greatly helped in the truly difficult task of organizing the State if immediate attention is given to this correspondence.

We congratulate such electorates as Gordon, St. George, Granville, Burwood, and others at present unknown to us that have never ceased from fighting. During the next few weeks the officials and honorary lecturers associated with the Alliance will assist the officers of only partly organized metropolitan leagues to complete their organization, and we call upon these officers just now to heartily co-operate with us, so that the General Secretary may speedily be released to carry this good work throughout the country electorates.

A Pregnant Message.

Mr. Camplin has only recently returned from a five weeks' tour in the Goulburn and Cootamundra electorates, where he received a hearty welcome. Besides widely introducing the Box Scheme, and giving some practical attention to finance, a large number of private and public meetings have fanned the enthusiasm of the workers into flame. Confined to his room for a few days by a severe cold, our secretary sends, through the writer, this concise, but pregnant, message—

Organization; Co-operation, Supplication.

Inquiring Lady: How much milk does your cow give a day?

Truthful Boy: 'Bout eight quarts, lady.

Inquiring Lady: And how much of that do you sell?

Truthful Boy: 'Bout twelve quarts, lady.—Human Life.

VERY BEST FUEL AT LOWEST RATES.

"Grit" Readers, Order From
WARBURTON AND SON.

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THE BEST PRESERVATIVE PAINT ON THE MARKET.

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PRESERVES METAL, WOOD, AND STONE FROM MOISTURE, RUST, AND DECAY.

THE PARAFFINE PAINT COMPANY, Challis House, Martin Place, Sydney.
D. S. Evans, Australasian Manager.

**Fine —
Flavored**

TEAS

**Of Every
Description**

OBTAINABLE AT

Griffiths Bros., 534 George St., Sydney.

This is Where You Laugh.

⊞ ⊞



THE PROOF OF THE PARCEL.

"Porter!" Thus the passenger for London hailed a railway servant at a small Scottish station.

"Yes, sir?" The man instinctively held out his hand.

"Do you think this parcel well enough tied to trust going in the van?"

"Weel, I'll see," answered the porter, dropping the parcel with a bang. "She'll get that here, an' she'll get that at the Junction"—giving it another drop—"and she'll get that at Perth!"—banging it so lustily that all the contents scattered over the pavement. "Weel, sir, if she be goin' farther than Perth she'll nae do whatever!"

* * *

SOMETIMES IT'S THE WIFE.

Customer: "How is it that your horse is so thin?"

Cabby: "Well, you see, he is very unlucky, sir."

Customer: "Unlucky? How's that?"

Cabby: "It's this way. When I get through my day's work I toss up a coin to see if he will have his oats or if I will have my ale. And the poor, unlucky beast hasn't won once."

* * *

MOSTLY AN ABSENTEE.

An Englishman was driving through a beautiful glen in county Wicklow, and asked the driver the name of the valley, to which he replied, "Sure, and it's the devil's glen, yer honour." They afterwards drove through another valley, and the stranger said, "And pray what do you call this?" "It's the devil's kitchen, yer honour," was the reply. The stranger then remarked, "He seems to have a good deal of property in these parts." "Indade, yer honour, he has," said the driver, "but he's mostly an absentee, and lives in London."

NOT FOR ALL MARKETS.

Editor of Humorous Journal (to office boy): "A Mr. Charnel writes about a batch of jokes he left here last week. Have you seen them?" Office Boy: "No sir. We read them, sir, but we couldn't see them, sir."

* * *

CAUGHT.

Andrew Carnegie, at a dinner in his honor, told a characteristic story at his own expense:

"I was travelling Londonward on an English railway last year," he said, "and had chosen a seat in a non-smoking carriage. At a wayside station an apparent gentleman boarded the train, sat down in my compartment, and lighted a vile clay pipe."

"This is not a smoking carriage," said I. "All right, governor," said the man. "I'll just finish this pipe here."

"He finished it and then refilled it."

"See here," I said, "I told you this wasn't a smoking carriage. If you persist with that pipe I shall report you at the next station to the guard."

"I handed him my card. He looked at it, pocketed it, but lighted his pipe nevertheless. At the next station, however, he changed to another compartment."

"Calling the guard, I told him what had occurred and demanded that the smoker's name and address be taken."

"Yes, sir," said the guard, and hurried away. In a little while he returned. He seemed rather awed. He bent over me, and said apologetically:

"Do you know, sir, if I were you I would not prosecute that gent. He has just given me his card. Here it is. He is Mr. Andrew Carnegie."

* * *

A BARGAIN AT THAT.

A little boy had got into the habit of saying "Darn," of which his mother naturally did not approve.

"Dear," she said to the boy, "here is sixpence; it is yours if you will promise me not to say 'darn' again."

"All right, mother," he said, as he took the money. "I promise." As he lovingly fingered the money a hopeful look came into his eyes, and he said, "Say, mother, I know a word that's worth a shilling."

RATHER AWKWARD.

A woman wearing one of those new tight-fitting, mannish gowns boarded a car the other day, and when the conductor came around for her fare she began to hunt for her pocket. Oh, yes, there was a pocket in the dress, because it was a mannish dress. While the woman remembered that there was a pocket in it she couldn't seem to remember just where it was. The pocket had buttons on it, and while the conductor stood patiently waiting for her nickel she spent about five minutes hunting for the buttons. Suddenly her face lit up, and then she scowled; then she smiled again only to frown again. Finally, the man who was sitting next to her said:

"Pardon me, madam, but if you don't mind I'll pay your fare. That's the third time you've unbuttoned my vest."

* * *

AN AMBIGUOUS WIRE.

A certain member of Parliament was announced to make a speech in a distant town, but owing to heavy rains a washaway occurred on the railway, and he could not get through. So he wired: "Cannot come, wash-out on line." In an hour or two, he got a reply telegram, "Never mind; come anyway; borrow a shirt."

* * *

THE REST WAS SILENCE.

"Why do they say 'As smart as a steel trap'?" asked the talkative boarder. "I never could see anything particularly intellectual about a steel trap." "A steel trap is called smart," explained the elderly person in his sweetest voice, "because it knows exactly the right time to shut up." More might have been said but in the circumstances it would have seemed unfitting.

HEADACHE CURE.

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For Fathers and Mothers.

THE GIRL I USED TO BE.

She came to-night as I sat alone—
The girl that I used to be;
And she gazed at me with her earnest eyes.
And questioned reproachfully:
Have you forgotten the many plans
And hopes that I held for you?
The great career, the splendid fame,
And the wonderful things to do?

Where is the mansion of stately height,
With all its grounds surpassing fair?
The silken robes that I dreamed for you,
And the jewels for your hair?
And as she talked I was very sad,
For I wanted her pleased with me—
This slender girl from the shadowy past,
The girl that I used to be.

Then gently arising, I took her hand
And guided her up the stair,
Where peacefully sleeping my babies lay—
Innocent, sweet, and fair;
And I told her that they were my only gems,
And precious they are to me;
That my silken robe is my motherhood,
Of costly simplicity.

And my mansion of stately height is Love;
And the only career I know
Is serving each day in its sheltering walls
For the dear ones who come and go.
And as I spoke to my shadow guest
She smiled through her tears at me,
And I saw that the woman that I am now
Pleased the girl that I used to be.

—Grace G. Crowell, in "The Circle."

THE WISDOM OF A SLOW TONGUE.

From the beginning of the day to nightfall we need to say, not to our neighbor, but to ourselves—*forbear*; and again, *forbear*. Seldom do we regret silence, often must we lament speech. Our hasty words, impetuously spoken, linger in wounded memory, and leave scars. One questions whether affection is again the same after an unjust or brutal attack has flawed its perfect arc. In the home realm, where relatives meet in the unrestraint of daily intercourse and the social guard is down, there is always occasion for the exercise of forbearance. Wait a little; repress the impulse to censure; drive back the spirit which is bitter and bristling, and wear the look and speak the language of amiability. Recall the assertion of a certain old book, that "better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." If the small son or daughter has transgressed, *forbear* reproof until assured that the error was intentional; that the accident was due not to innocent misunderstanding, but to wilful mischief. If the friend fails to do what in given circumstances is expected of her, *forbear* the unkind reflection, and give her the benefit of charity. Most wrongs right themselves and most frictions are smoothed if only forbearance directs the domestic engineering.—*Exchange*.

THE DAISY.

A certain prince went out into his vineyard to examine it, and he came to the peach tree, and said: "What are you doing for me?"

And the tree said: "In the spring I give my blossoms and fill the air with fragrance, and on my boughs hangs the fruit which presently men will gather and carry into the palace for you."

"Well done, good and faithful servant," said the prince.

And he went down into the meadow, and said to the waving grass: "What are you doing?"

"We are giving our lives for others; for your sheep and cattle, that they be nourished," said the grass.

And the prince said: "Well done, good and faithful servants, that give up your lives for others."

And then he came to a little daisy that was growing in the hedgerow, and said: "What are you doing?"

And the daisy said: "Nothing! Nothing! I cannot make a nesting-place for the birds, and I cannot give shelter to the cattle, and I cannot send fruit into the palace, and I cannot even furnish food for the sheep and cows; they do not want me in the meadow. All I can do is to be the best little daisy I can be."

And the prince bent down and kissed the daisy, and said: "There is none better than thou."—Lyman Abbott.

THE BIBLE.

Someone writes to the "Christian Herald," making this inquiry: "A preacher here stated lately that the reading and study of the Bible were on the decline—that it no longer held the attraction for men it formerly did. Was such a statement justified by the facts?" It is, says the "Christian Herald," by no means the fact. The Bible is to-day more widely read than ever. Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, an authority on Bible-reading statistics, states that 80,000 college men in eighteen different nations are now studying it. One great organized Bible class movement has a membership of 350,000. Our Y.M.C.A. Bible classes last year had 64,960 Bible students. Throughout the globe, there are 27,888,000 Sunday-school children studying the Word. Last year, Bible societies printed and circulated 11,378,854 Bibles. More Bibles were sold than any other hundred books together. It is now printed in 400 languages. China alone last year bought 428,000 Bibles. Our contemporary, the New York "Times," in a recent issue, reported the last year's output of the British and Foreign Bible Society at 6,620,024 copies. In the 106 years of its existence, that society has issued 220,000,000 copies of Scriptures, and its annual output is steadily rising, that of 1909 being 685,000 copies in excess of the year preceding.

NO-LICENSE AND ACCOMMODATION.

(Continued.)

still owned by liquor advocates that a deliberate attempt is being made to make it impossible to provide the travelling public with the kind of food and convenience it demands, desires, and deserves.

A word to the wise is sufficient. Another feature of this same subject is that of tea rooms. Enquiries both at Oamaru and Invercargill and at other places reveal the fact that this class of business is far more remunerative in No-License than in License towns. Take, for example, Oamaru. There are seven tea shops here, and one in course of erection. I was astonished but delighted to find them all fitted up in an elegant manner equal to anything I have seen in Melbourne or Sydney.

One Saturday night, when passing some tea rooms in Invercargill, I heard folk evidently enjoying themselves immensely. On looking in, I saw a number of young men laughing heartily as they drank "the cup that cheers but does not inebriate." Further comment is unnecessary. It is quite the custom in No-License towns for business men to resort to the tea shop for a cup of afternoon tea after the transaction of their business.

I copied the following motto from a business card that I saw hanging in an Auckland office the other day:—

"Many a business preliminary is arranged over a bottle of whisky, but the solid, stern, hard business contract is settled over a bottle of ink."

Experience has proved that even the preliminaries are better arranged over a glass of water or a cup of tea.

Summarised, my enquiries and personal experiences seem to prove that—

1. Temperance hotels can be run successfully.
2. Business men look upon this class of business as a safe investment for their money.
3. Hotel property increased in value after the carrying of No-License.
4. The accommodation provided leaves little room, if any, for complaint.
5. The fair-minded travelling public not prejudiced in favor of liquor are quite satisfied with the temperance hotels.
6. Last, but certainly not least, better temperance hotels are found on an average in No-License towns than in those where liquor is still sold.

THE "GREAT LAFAYETTE."

The "Great Lafayette," who was killed in the Edinburgh music-hall fire in May, used many efforts to get the members of his company to sign the pledge. He started an insurance scheme among them, and gave total abstainers special benefits. "No man who has to earn his bread can afford to play with drink," he said, "especially in the music-hall business, where they require all their wits—and more if they can get them."

Yes! We Make Good Bread!

If you would like to try the Bread, ring up No. 192 Redfern, or 367 Newtown,
and ask us to send a Cart. YOU WILL CERTAINLY LIKE IT.

WILLIAM WHITE, Redfern and Newtown.

RHEUMATISM and THE REMEDY

Rheumatism may be traced to several causes, the chief of which may be summed up thus—defective kidneys. These fail to keep the blood free from uric acid, or urea, or waste blood product; this breeds nerve and fibre inflammation, which causes agony or pain. Kidneys, cold, weakness, constipation, causes poisoned blood, which again may mean RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, DROPSY, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, and GOUT.

Heavy flesh diets, eaten day after day, with their animal fats and acids, make a charnel-house of the stomach and a fermenting sewer of the kidneys. To check this evil, here is the remedy. PAGE'S INDIAN COMPOUND is the scientific cleanser of uric blood poison; it is its antidote by virtue of certain neutralising properties it possesses. It strengthens and tones the stomach, gives bowel regularity, soothes and eases the irritated nerves, gives a natural kidney strength, and leaves the blood clean and pure. And this process is the only radical cure for rheumatism in any form. Try it.

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