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
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VOL. V. No. 7.

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THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1911.

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The Verdict of Experts.

SOME SUGGESTIVE STATISTICS.

By T. D. CROTHERS, M.D., Hartford, Conn.

Persons who wish to become teachers or state authoritative facts on the alcoholic problem appeal for help on the supposition that a specialist in this department has the facts so thoroughly at his command as to put them down with great accuracy at once.

In this they are mistaken. The facts are so numerous and so widespread that the student himself must turn to authority and data before he can state off hand the exact truths. Both the teacher and preacher must buy books and study the conclusions and appeal to leaders for special definite facts and not expect them to give them a whole volume at one sitting.

In answer to many inquiries I wish to repeat three distinct facts and the data on which they are based, which are so authoritative and have been confirmed in so many ways that they can be stated as established beyond question.

The action of alcohol on protoplasm of germinating seeds can be determined in every home by selecting any ordinary house plants that are thrifty and growing in the same conditions. Take a geranium plant as an example. Use one part of alcohol to 100 plants that are thrifty and growing in the with pure water. Continue the conditions the same, and after a time note the difference between the two.

The proportion is two and one-half drops of alcohol to four ounces of water. The difference in the growth which this small amount will make after a time is very evident. Suppose the amount of alcohol is doubled, the difference will be more marked, and this can be carried on in many ways, showing how destructive a small quantity of pure alcohol is to plant growth.

The fact is well known that alcohol given to puppies in their food stops their growth and eventually changes the breed of the dogs. An ordinary dog may become a toy dog by using alcohol in the food through several generations. The growth is stopped and the animal remains in puppy proportions. Very interesting experiments can be made on kittens, giving three or four drops of alcohol in sweetened water or milk daily and observing the retarded growths and changed conditions.

The second great truth grew out of a study of 20,000 policies issued by the United Kingdom General Temperance Providence Insurance Company of England. These policies were divided into two sections—one whose members drank alcohol in moderation or at intervals, but never to so-called excess. The other in which the members

were total abstainers drinking no spirits of any kind.

It was understood that any member in either division who should drink spirits to excess would forfeit his claims to the company. Mathematically based on the returns of life insurance in general, the company would have been called on to pay the claims of between 6000 and 7000 per 10,000 of these policies. The remainder would have dropped out, forfeiting their policies, for various reasons.

Up to 1909 the mortality lists per 10,000 in the moderate-drinking section was 9416, in the temperance section 7117. In reality the company paid the claims for 2299 more policies in the drinking section than in the temperance section, and this explains the mortality difference between the two.

In the English Army in India an attempt was made to determine the difference between the sickness and mortality rates of the abstainers and non-abstainers, and the results of twenty years showed that of the total abstainers forty-five per cent. received hospital treatment during this period and 100 per cent. of the moderate drinkers were cared for in the hospitals. Of the non-abstainers three to 100 were invalided from the service. Of the total abstainers one to 180 went back as invalids. Of the mortality among the moderate drinkers there were twenty-seven per thousand. Among the total abstainers only nine and a half per thousand.

These facts are unmistakable evidence of the increased disease and mortality under conditions similar. A third statement of truth was made by a study of the prison population in Liverpool by Dr. Sullivan, the medical officer.

He ascertained that of 600 children born of 120 drunken mothers fifty-five per cent. died at infancy, ten per cent. were epileptic and twenty per cent. were mentally defective. In comparison with 600 children from mothers who were abstinent it was found that twenty per cent. died at infancy and only eight per cent. were mentally defective or imperfect. He observed in the families of 100 degenerates, mostly from alcohol in both parents, there was a mortality of seventy per cent. of the children, and of the thirty per cent. more than half suffered from convulsions, epilepsy and other serious degeneracies. These families were dying out, and of the children who came to maturity only a few lived to middle life. The race was practically extinct in the third generation.

These three studies are unique in many

respects, and may serve as a guide to observations which can be made in any section of the country. If enthusiastic temperance men want to examine the facts of the action of alcohol on plant life it can be done in their own homes with great certainty, and there is hardly a community in the country in which the experience of life insurance companies cannot be confirmed in a great variety of ways.

TEMPERANCE EDUCATION.

In a letter recently received from Professor Samuel Zane Batten he says, speaking of temperance reform:

The recent defeat, East and West, ought to open the eyes of our people; they ought to make us know that there is a missing factor somewhere. We have no comprehensive programme; we are fighting battles here and there, but we have no plan of campaign. It is about time for us to hold a general council of war and plan our campaign. Unless something is done within the next year, in five years' time every gain made by the temperance people will be swept away.

There can be no doubt with regard to the peril which Dr. Batten here points out. The temperance forces are fighting "against fearful odds," not because they are numerically weak, but because they are undisciplined, do not fight together, and become easily discouraged or diverted to other issues. In the early days of our great Civil War the armies on both sides were to a large extent undisciplined mobs, and the tide of battle rolled this way or that on emotional rather than scientific lines. We cannot hope to win permanent victories in the cause of temperance until we can oppose to the vigilant, disciplined and united hosts of liquor manufacturers and dealers an equally well, or better, organized army of temperance advocates. Sporadic victories have been won, but they are soon followed by humiliating defeat, and the last state is, for a time at least, worse than the first. Professor Batten's forecast is supported by abundant experience.

The writer of these words is old enough to remember when Myron H. Clark was elected Governor of New York on a Prohibition ticket, and a prohibition law was soon placed upon the statute-books. It proved a brutum fulmen. The prohibition sentiment of the State had no depth of earth, and soon withered away. Liquor saloons were "closed for repairs," and in a week or two opened in greater splendor than before. And this points directly to the "missing factor." It is education. A respectable, in some localities a considerable, minority of our people is fairly well informed on the subject of temperance, but

(Concluded on Page 6.)



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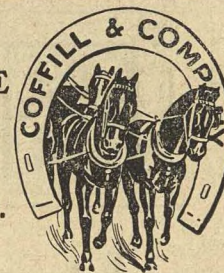
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The Hospital Angel.

HOW ONE PERSON BROUGHT JOY TO MANY.

By LOUISE E. DEW.

It was the afternoon following a regular visiting day in a big city hospital. Everything in the wards was as spick span as on the previous day, but there was nothing for the patients to look forward to until the doctors again made their afternoon rounds. With the exception of the nurses moving quietly about, performing their regular duties, there was a monotonous silence broken by an occasional moan of some bed-ridden sufferer.

"I'm always so glad for visiting day," whispered a patient to her new neighbor in the adjoining bed. "It helps to pass the tedious hours of convalescence. Why, I'm so lonely this moment it seems I must just scream. If only something would happen to break this awful monotony," and she closed her eyes with a sigh.

Suddenly, the little new patient thought she must be dreaming, for beyond the curtained bed there was a long sweep of the keys of a musical instrument unlike anything she had ever before heard. This prelude was followed by a medley of sweet sounds marvellously soothing, so she lay with closed eyes, scarcely daring to breathe for fear the dream music would cease, as had the song of a robin on her window sill the day before, when she had turned in bed to view her visitant.

As melody after melody swept the keys of the unseen instrument, an indescribable atmosphere of peace and rest filled the chamber of suffering. It seemed as if the Great Physician Himself had silently entered the ward, bringing healing and comfort to every heart.

"It is the Hospital Angel," whispered the little German nurse to the new patient, "she comes here once a week to play the zither. Is it not beautiful music?" she added, as she threw a robe about the girl's shoulders. But the new patient was too entranced for words, and recklessly leaned forward on her elbow to catch a glimpse of the player and her harp-zither.

Even the scrubwomen in the halls gathered about the open doorway, and the corridor was soon filled with wheel-chair patients and many other patients on crutches, who hobbled as near the doorway of the enchanted chamber as possible, to listen to the music. And she with the magic fingers played on and on to the Unseen Guest, her face as radiant as an

angel's, for was it not her beloved instrument bringing healing to bruised hearts and bodies? What was the honor and glory of playing to the crowned heads and nobility of Europe as compared with this hour?

The little new patient selected the most fragrant rose in her vase beside the bed, and asked the nurse to present it as an encore. Other patients did likewise, and soon the lap of the player was overflowing with floral offerings. And all begged for more music. But as groans and sighs had long since ceased, and the Angel of Peace now hovered over the chamber, the Hospital Angel withdrew to minister to the sufferers in other wards, promising to come again soon.

Madame Kitty Berger, of New York, is thus known as "The Hospital Angel" in ten of Manhattan's leading hospitals. She was born in Austria, but spent her childhood in Germany. From there she went to London, where she taught zither-playing to the two daughters of Millais, the painter. On one occasion she was commanded to play before Queen Victoria, who presented her with a solitaire diamond ring. Before going to America Madame Berger also played by special invitation before other crowned heads of Europe, and a few years ago she was invited to play at the White House before Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt.

On entering the next medical ward she observed at a glance that although it was not a regular visiting day, a lady was seated beside a bed near the door, and the sick woman lying thereon was evidently relating something of interest to her visitor. The Hospital Angel knew that this special dispensation meant that the patient was not yet past the danger point, and sweeping the strings of her instrument lightly she watched the face of the sufferer to see if the strains of music soothed or disturbed her. Instantly, the sick woman lightly touched the hands of her visitor to silence her, and with a radiant smile closed her tired eyes. Pleased and satisfied with the denouement, the player thought no more of the incident until later, and after a few moments withdrew to another ward.

It was the surgical ward, and there she found a woman now fully awake from an anaesthetic, groaning piteously. To her bedside went she of the magic fingers, and lightly touching the poor throbbing forehead, she said:

"Would you like to hear some music, dear?"

"Oh, yes—music, yes!" was the eager response between moans of agony.

"Very well," was the gentle, reassuring reply. "I will play for you if you are very quiet, and while I play all pain will vanish, for music has great healing power."

And she of the magic fingers played soothing strains of music, so low and subtle that the sufferer must needs lie very still to catch their melody. And again it was as if the Great Physician Himself hovered near the pair with healing in His seamless robe. The tense look of misery gradually left the sufferer's face, while moans and intermittent sighs ceased.

"Have you any pain, now?" asked the musician, with a confident smile a few moments later.

The patient flashed her a grateful look and replied with astonished emphasis, "Why, I have no pain now!"

"Music hath charms!" quoted the player, smilingly. She knew that long after the lights were low, and the white curtains drawn about the snowy beds, the spirit of her music would linger with a perfume sweeter than the fragrance of the roses that would be banished from the ward that night. But neither music nor roses would be forgotten by the sufferers long since soothed to rest in that Nirvana which is a foretaste of heaven itself.

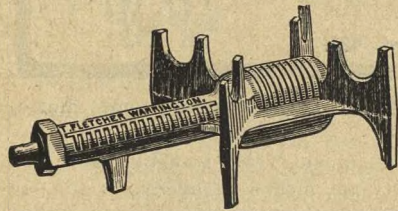
As the musician and the chaplain passed the "nursery" on their way to the men's ward, they peeped in to watch the babies on their rocking-horses or at their games, while the more restless little wheel-chair and bed patients were enjoying a concert all by themselves.

"You have a rival here," laughed the good-natured chaplain, indicating the music-box.

"Music hath charms!" again quoted the Hospital Angel, with glistening eyes and a big lump in her throat as she watched a spellbound youngster listening raptly to the mechanical airs, "even if it is only a music-box," she added, giving her own instrument a loving pat.

It was nearly dusk when they reached the men's ward. The nurses were already pulling down the shades, and preparing the patients for the night. But every one was glad to see the visitor, and the weary faces brightened after the dull, colorless day. So while the trays were passed and they ate their supper "by early candlelight," the "orchestra" played in the "balcony." At least they had music far more delightful than

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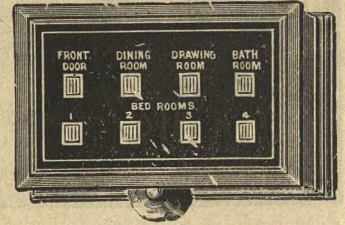
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New South Wales Alliance.

The Annual Convention of the Alliance will be held in the Pitt Street Congregational School Hall on Monday, May 29th.

The business meeting will be held in the evening at 8 p.m., when the annual report and balance sheet will be submitted for adoption.

The election of officers is of the greatest importance. All members of the Alliance should wake up and make their wishes known and see that only live people represent them.

Attention is drawn to the following by-laws:—

No. 4 and 5 read as follows:—

4. The nominations for the offices of president, vice-presidents, treasurer, and members of the State Council shall be sent to the Secretary at least fourteen days prior to the Annual Convention. The written consent of persons nominated must be obtained and sent in with the nominations.

5. The names so nominated shall be printed on a list, after being certified to by the president, who shall also arrange for the checking of the roll of members, prior to the ballot papers being sent out, and sent by the secretary to every person entitled to vote, to be returned to the scrutineers under cover, endorsed to the secretary, at least three clear days before the Convention. The result of the ballot shall be declared at such Convention.

Those entitled to vote are the members of the Alliance, who pay a subscription of not less than two shillings and sixpence per annum, and have been subscribers to the Alliance not less than three months prior to the Annual Convention.

The elected members of the State Council at present number 18. But provision has been made for increasing the number of the same to thirty.

Nominations for the offices of president, vice-presidents, treasurer, and members of the State Council close on Monday, May 15.

Owing to the recent national No-license Conference having dealt with the most important questions, there will be no conference of workers this year.

At the annual meeting the president will submit an important resolution involving an alteration in the constitution.

The annual public demonstration will be held in the Protestant Hall on Tuesday, May 30th. Ven. Archdeacon Boyce will preside. In our next issue the names of the speakers will be announced. It is gratifying to find the sustained interest in the Temperance question, and it is to be sincerely hoped that Temperance organizations, Churches, C.E. societies, and kindred organizations will rally in force with the general public to the big Protestant Hall meeting on 30th inst.

LIQUOR'S DESIGN ON PORT KEMBLA.

Another attempt is being made to secure Liquor Licenses for Port Kembla in the Wollongong electorate. Two applications have been lodged, and have been partly considered by the Licensing Court. The local harbor authorities, police, and shipping companies are opposing the license. Since the advent of a liquor bar will mean increased lawlessness, decreased efficiency of the workers, and the usual crop of poverty and domestic unhappiness, it is to be hoped that in the interests of the people of Port Kembla they shall not have thrust upon them a traffic which has nothing to commend it, and everything to condemn it.

PROFESSOR ANDERSON STUART'S ADDRESS.

The N.S.W. Alliance Executive has decided to have the splendid verbatim report of Professor Anderson Stuart's address printed. The address delivered by the eminent Professor at the National No-license Conference has excited considerable interest. It is the weightiest pronouncement we have had on the Temperance question. To circulate such an address should be the ambition of every person interested in Temperance educational work. Public school teachers, Temperance and Christian workers and debating societies can study this address, with profit.

Copies can be secured at the Alliance Office, 31 Elizabeth St., Sydney, at the rate of 2/6 per 100, or £1 per 1000. Send at once and deluge your district with Professor Anderson Stuart's famous Temperance address.

ALLOWIE REDUCTION RESULTS.

Some old liquor land marks will go as a result of the recent reduction vote in Allow-

rie, the Reduction Court having decided to close three hotels. The places affected are—Jamberoo, Dapto, and Shellharbor. Seeing that Allowrie was deprived of any reduction, owing to a flaw in the Act at the 1907 poll, our splendid workers in Allowrie will be pleased to feel that at last the rout has set in on the South Coast.

THE CURSE OF AFRICA.

A Greater Evil than Famine, Pestilence or War.—Missionary Coming Back to take Platform Against Rum Traffic.

"I wonder that the Africans do not shoot with poisoned arrows every white man that lands upon their coast, for he has brought them rum, and is still bringing it; and in a few decades more, if the rum traffic continues, there will be nothing left in Africa to be saved." In these trenchant words the Rev. David A. Day, missionary to Africa, expresses his feeling in regard to the situation in the field in which he has labored. He continues:—

"The vile rum in that tropical climate is depopulating the country more rapidly than famine, pestilence, and war; and I am only waiting for a man to fill my place at Muhlenberg Mission to come home and take the platform against the rum traffic; for I can do Africa more good warning against the liquor traffic here than I can preaching and teaching the gospel there. Africa, with the simple gospel of Jesus, is saved, but Africa with rum is eternally lost; for the few missionaries that can survive there cannot overcome the effect of the river of strong drink that is being poured into the country."

PROHIBITION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Ma-Rotse, a people living in South Africa, were characterised by Livingstone as a mass of bandits living by war and pillage. Yet, after 25 years of missionary effort, the things that once made them "savages of the harshest type" have passed away. "Peace and security are everywhere absolute," says "The Record of Christian Work" for January. "In 1906 slavery was officially abolished. In a recent general council, conducted with great seriousness and skill by the Christian councillor of the king, the sale and manufacture of beer has been prohibited."

Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

INACCURATE COMMENTS.

The "conference" of the members of the U.L.V.A. has dragged along its weary path with mostly the same old arguments, the same old comments and the same old inaccuracies. Members have attempted to cast all sorts of scorn upon the "Wowser," and doubtless feel assured they have abundantly succeeded. As usual, special emphasis has been laid upon the fact that we are not "sports"—although we venture to say that even the average Parson would give the average fleshy publican 30 yards in a hundred and beat him easily. All the pleasures in life we are said to eschew, and it was declared solemnly at this last convention that it had been discovered that the "Wowser" would not even smoke. Exactly what the aforesaid "pleasures of life" may be, we cannot say, and as some of them might be reckoned dubious by some of us, we refrain from discussing them, but as for the "smoking" part of the business, we can join issue at once, and in no uncertain manner. Taking the U.L.V.A. definition of a Wowser as a "person of any religious convictions whatever," which, boiled down, is exactly what they really mean, we can cheerfully state that of the hundreds we know personally, the clergy included, it is hard to think of more than a handful who "don't smoke." Of the Parsons themselves easily 75 per cent. can be adjudged patrons

of "the weed," mostly, however, in a temperate manner.

The man who readily condemns "smoking as a filthy habit," most always concludes by blossoming out in another direction as a "No Breakfast Fiend," or an advocate of a strict vegetarian diet! He is an awful bore as a rule, but, we ask, does he not appear in every sidewalk of life? Is there any large counting-house in the city, or even any branch of the Liberty League in which such a person is absent? Can any reader of this journal call to mind a dozen intimate acquaintances without a "proteid" disciple staggering upon the stage? To attach all non-smoking, non-meat eating enthusiasts to the Temperance cause is ridiculous, although doubtless hundreds of our adherents may have a dislike for tobacco. But we are not writing thus to defend the latter commodity. By no means. Smokers are well able to look after themselves. We want, however, to enter a most emphatic protest against any of our extremists who "may" not be smokers playing into the hands of the enemy by uttering narrow sentiments on this or any other similar subject. Such tactics are most unwise—most uncharitable, and **most damaging** to the cause. Most unwise—for, after all, such are "matters of opinion," and so should be treated; most uncharitable because they place almost 75 per cent. of their brethren under condemnation;

most damaging, as their constant use for capital by the opposition prove them to be able weapons in their hands. We want, my friends, to close as many open bars as we can. We want the help of the man in the street. He is, unfortunately, not often a religious man—we must then appeal to his commonsense, if he has no religious convictions to be appealed to.

Shall we help at all if we start off by condemning his pipe of peace, which he enjoys after dinner nightly, and which is, perhaps, the only enjoyment often he has throughout the day? This would not be acting in accordance with our orders to be "wise as serpents and innocent as doves," and we would deserve the sincerest condemnation of our opponents.

We have a tremendous fight ahead of us. We need every gun—every ounce of powder—the deepest concentration in our attack. Are we to divide our energies, to drag in a score of side issues, to train our guns upon every straggler in view instead of combining every force in our possession upon the foe we are out to annihilate, or shall we stop short, as some petty extremists would wish and start an attack upon our own vanguard to satisfy the aspirations of a few faddists?

LOCAL OPTION POLL IN W.A.

The results of this poll are indeed satisfactory, more so than we could have hoped. A direct answer has been given to a direct question—17,743 people declared the existing licenses should **not** be increased, whilst only 4152 thought they should. The West is generally supposed to be the hotelkeepers' "paradise," yet the miners' vote has not shown their satisfaction with the publican. Wise Liberty Leaguers will ask themselves some very straight questions before they commence the task of manufacturing excuses. When the miner, flush of money and good-hearted, always ready to "shout," does not want any more "pubs," one can indeed claim to see the "writing upon the wall." Well done, W.A.; vote reduction next time and you will have moved up one or two pegs.

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The New Zealand Drink Bill.

DOES NO-LICENSE DIMINISH DRUNKENNESS?

By J. McCOMBS.

In a former article it was shown that the drink bill per head of the population was

	£	s.	d.
Dominion	3	13	1¼
License areas	4	3	1½
No-License areas	0	18	0¾

That the arrests for drunkenness per 1000 of the population were

	1901.	1906.	1908.
Provinces "wet"	11	12.3	13.5
Provinces partly "dry" ..	9.6	7.1	6.9

and the increase in the total number of arrests for the Dominion, periods 1901 and 1906, was made up as follows:—

Provinces "wet"	1771 increase
Provinces partly "dry" ..	618 decrease

Dominion 1153 increase

A special return prepared for the Minister of Customs tells practically the same tale as the above tables. The Customs return shows the aggregate amount of duty paid on spirits and beer at the several ports of New Zealand for the two three-year periods—July 1, 1903, to June 30, 1906, and July 1, 1906, to June 30, 1909. Every province shows an increase but by far the smallest increase has taken place in the provinces where most No-License areas are to be found. Here are the figures:—Oamaru, Dunedin, and Invercargill are the three ports of Otago and Southland. There were prior to July, 1909, four No-License areas in these two provinces. The duty paid on liquor at these three ports combined shows an increase of only £11,057. The increase for Auckland alone was £59,788, while Wellington shows the huge increase of £77,553. When the increases in population between the two periods are taken into account, we find that the duty paid in Southland and Otago decreased by 2s. 7d. per head, while that in the other provinces increased by 3s. 10¼d. per head. The total value of imports for the three southern ports for each of the two periods, 1904-5-6 and 1907-8-9, was £7,864,639 and £8,896,603 respectively, an increase of over one million pounds sterling, which shows that the decrease in the amount of duty per head paid on beer and spirits was not due to trade depression.

If further proof is wanted to show that No-License reduces drunkenness and that license as surely promotes it, it can be strikingly shown by separating the figures for Otago and Southland for the year 1909. This is the first year in which there were five No-License areas in the two southern provinces. Taking the population census figures of 1906 and allowing 18.15 per cent. as giving the mean population of 1909, it will be found that the arrests for drunkenness for the two southern provinces were 5.2 per thousand of population, while for the rest of the Dominion they were 12.8 per thousand. Clutha, the oldest No-License electorate in the Dominion, is situated in these two pro-

vinces, and its influence for good on the surrounding electorates has been enormous. Its own record of arrests for drunkenness, calculated over a period of five years, was only .51 per thousand of population annually, or one in every two thousand. There are altogether fifteen electorates in Otago and Southland, five of which are "dry." Bruce, the last of the five to go "dry," was "wet" until the middle of the year (June 30, 1909).

The fact of the matter is that drinking is increasing so rapidly in the "wet" districts that the influence of the few dry districts is barely noticeable until the returns are carefully analysed. The new No-License district of Masterton, in the North Island tells the same tale as the No-License areas in the South. No-License has almost abolished crime in Masterton, as the following Court records will prove:—

	Last year. Under License.	This year. Under No-License.
Drunkenness	287	41
Vagrancy	25	2
Obscene language ..	21	2
Theft	44	8
Indecent exposure..	3	0
Injury to property..	5	1
Obstructing police..	12	2
Totals	397	56

With regard to the above figures for drunkenness, it was proved in Court that 26 of the arrested persons were drunk when they arrived in town from adjoining License electorates. These figures appear to be conclusive, and if local No-License, under disadvantageous circumstances and with all its limitations, can accomplish so much, what may New Zealanders not expect from national prohibition?

DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT?

The Ashburton "Guardian," of April 12, after about eight years' of No-License experience, in a leader on Mr. McCombs's article, says:—

An emphatic reply in the affirmative must be given to this question by any one who studies with an open mind the facts and figures presented by Mr. J. McCombs, in an article on "New Zealand's Drink Bill," of which he forwarded us a copy a few days ago. The writer boldly faces the fact that, while No-License is gaining ground in New Zealand, the drink bill of the Dominion is steadily growing, and sets himself the task of elucidating the seeming enigma. He finds from Parliamentary returns that during last year the No-License areas consumed £144,331 worth of liquor, while in the License areas consumption for the same period was valued at £3,659,107. Working this out per head of the population, the consumption in License areas is found to be

at the rate of £4 3s. 1¼d. per head, against only 18s. 0¼d. per head in the No-License districts. Even allowing for a considerable amount of liquor being illegally sent into prohibition districts, it is contended that the rate per head in such districts would not exceed £1 per head, while in the License areas it would still be over £4 per head of the population. There can be no gainsaying the legitimate deduction from these facts—that the closing of public-houses causes a marked diminution in the consumption of intoxicants in the districts where No-License prevails. And if, at the same time, we find that drinking is on the increase in those areas where the open bar is in evidence, there is a good deal of force in the terse comment of Mr. McCombs: "The remedy is more No-License."

From the prominence given to reports of cases of drunkenness and drunken brawls in No-License districts, it is sometimes assumed that the closing of the bars does not reduce drunkenness. Here, again, Mr. McCombs frankly tackles the problem. It is shown that in the "wet" districts there has been a steady increase in drunkenness, corresponding with the increased quantity of liquor consumed, while in the partially "dry" regions there has been a steady decrease. The result is, perhaps, more strikingly shown by the actual figures than by means of percentages. In the three Southern provinces, containing five No-License districts, the arrests for drunkenness in the five years from ---- to 1906 decreased by 618; in the other parts of the Dominion, under License, such arrests increased by 1771 in the same period. The conclusion is irresistible that prohibition does prohibit to a very large extent.

The Verdict of Experts.

(Continued from Page 2.)

the majority is either indifferent or hostile. They do not know, and therefore do not realise, the full measure which the free, and even the restricted, sale of intoxicants entails upon the community. They are ignorant of the extent and of the enormity of the traffic, of the effects of the continuous use of alcohol poison upon body and soul, and of the vast misery and loss resulting from its sale. What is needed, therefore, to make effective restrictive or prohibitory laws—which ever may be deemed most advisable for the time and circumstances—is to enlighten the people. Agitation, appeal to the emotions, is well; education is essential. The former is the call to battle, the latter the drill which gives unity and force and staying power to the assembled army.

It may be objected that education is a slow process, while temperance reform is urgent. That is true. The one need not, however, be intermitted while the other is being pressed. Agitation and education may, and ought to, go hand in hand, at once keeping the reform constantly before the public mind and preparing for greater conquests and a firmer holding of whatever may be gained.—The "Examiner."

BENDORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA

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

Vice-Admiral King-Hall.

AN ADDRESS TO SEAMEN.

The Seamen's Institute was favored on May 4 with a visit from our newly-arrived Admiral, who addressed a most enthusiastic meeting of seamen. His Excellency said:—"A total abstainer all my life, and believing in it implicitly, I gladly say a word on the subject to-night. My father became an abstainer when he was captain of a man-of-war, and I followed his good and wise example. Personally, it affects me favorably in three ways—I am better in health, in pocket, and in nerves. Dining with an Admiral last year, he said, 'I never take a drop from the time I go to sea until I return to port.' One can't afford to run risks, and a very little alcohol covers a big risk. The H.M.S. Natal affords an interesting illustration of the effects of alcohol on the nerves. They keep a daily record of the big gun practice, and it has been noticed that there are distinct and regular gradations in the shooting record, which is at its worst the day after leave and at its best at the day before leave. This the men call the 'grog curve.' A deputation waited on the captain and asked him not only to arrange the battle firing test for the day before leave, but also to postpone the giving of the daily portion of rum until the evening of that day, the result being that the Natal has won the battle-firing test two years' running. There are over 20,000 total abstainers banded together in a total abstinence society in the British Navy, and I am proud to be the president of such a society. I recommend that you should spend one shilling on a small book

called 'Our National Drink Bill,' and you will provide yourself with much useful information to support you in being an abstainer. But apart from all these personal advantages, we must think of our influence on others and our obligation to help those who are weak. We can give another no better or bigger help than our own example. While I counsel your signing the pledge, I do not hold that it will do you much good if you do not go on your knees and ask God to help you. That the weakest may be helped by prayer is very conclusively proved in that wonderful book of Harold Begbie's called 'Broken Earthenware.' If only God in answer to our prayers helped us to realise the worth of a soul there is nothing we would not do to help win one. We would say, like one drunken fighter quoted as a convert by Mr. Begbie, 'God has done a lot for me, and I ought to be doing a bit for Him.' The Lord Jesus has brought us back to our Father, and we must do all we can to bring others back to Him. At least 60 to 70 per cent. of our troubles come from alcohol and therefore we must leave it alone. I personally, on leaving England, thanked His Majesty King George for permitting us to drink his health in water, and His Majesty said he was pleased to think so many did so." In conclusion, His Excellency said:—"I have seen the evils of intemperance and the blessedness of total abstinence, and cannot but speak of what I know; and I have also found the truth of God's words, if you honor Him He will honor you. To this I bear personal testimony."

SLY GROG SELLING.

Heavy Fines Inflicted.

Heavy fines were inflicted by Mr. Clarke, S.M., at the Water Police Court on May 2 on two men for having sold liquor without a license.

Harry Scott (28), of New Zealand, was charged with having sold beer on April 30 at Fitzroy-street without a license. He pleaded guilty.

Evidence was given by Senior-constable Ebert, who said that on Sunday night he gave instructions to two members of the police force to purchase some beer at the place mentioned, and the money handed the constables was marked. The officers visited the house and bought beer.

Sergeant Drew informed the Bench the police had reported that systematic sly grog-selling had been taking place there for some months past. "It has been the rendezvous for other toppers," he said.

Defendant: I'd like to hear what the sergeant is saying. I have a right to hear what he has to say. I can't hear a word.

The S.M.: Don't you be impertinent; it will not do you any good.

A fine of £50 or four months' hard labor was imposed.

Daniel Timney (61) was charged with selling bottles of beer in Hyde Park last Sunday without a license to do so.

"This is what is known as 'running the mail,'" interposed Sergeant Drew.

The S.M. inflicted a fine of £30, or three months' hard labor.

INTERNATIONAL OPIUM CONFERENCE.

On the 20th of March the State Department gave out an official statement in regard to the "International Conference for the suppression of the opium evil," which is now officially appointed for July 12th. This conference is closely related to, but entirely independent of, the great battle that is going on in China between the Chinese and the British Government in regard to the immediate prohibition of opium in that country. Great Britain has insisted on excluding from the Hague Conference in July the main opium question, the forcing of British opium upon China. It is to be hoped that the postponement of this Hague Conference from the original date in May has been made with a view of settling the Chinese issue before the international conference convenes. If China should be forced, against its tremendous protests, to allow the sale of British opium for seven years more, the conference at the Hague will lose its chief significance, and would be able to deal only with the minor issues of the question for seven years at least, which would tend to encourage another trial of the tapering policy which has utterly failed in Burma, in Formosa, in the Philippines, and in China. One year is long enough for closing up the business, and the habit is cut right off when a man goes to prison in Hong Kong showing that no tapering is necessary for the victim.

In any case the assembling of the Hague Conference should be celebrated on July 12th all over the world by a day or week of prayer and conference.

It is certainly a day when all missionary societies should be on their knees, and an equally fitting time for all who have been fighting alcohol to meet for conference and prayers, since a victory over opium would form a strong precedent for similar international action against alcohol, which Sir Frederick Treves, who was King Edward's physician, has declared to be "an insidious poison that ought to be put under the same restrictions as strychnine, morphia, and opium."

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MOTHER'S DAY.

Some time ago the "Sydney Morning Herald," in a special article on Mother's Day, said:—

"Is it not right that a special day should be set apart in honor of the good mothers still with us, and in memory of the mothers who are gone? Empire Day is an established fact now, and it is hoped that before long 'Mother's Day,' will be universally kept throughout the world, because while honoring our Empire, it is only proper we should also honor the Empire Builders—the good mothers."

We heartily agree with this, and feel the first Commandment with promise might well be revived among us. And in what better way could this be done than by the establishing of mothers's day. The day was founded in Philadelphia in May 1908, and has caught on in America splendidly, and well it might, since the wealth of the world's most fragrant and hallowed memories linger round the word "mother." The man who has never known his mother, or who has never had a mother worth knowing, is the most to be pitied of any man on earth. His life has been robbed of its most

delicate perfume—its most potent influence. The little child that is motherless is not so much to be pitied as the mother forsaken of her children, doomed to spend the last years of her life in a glacial atmosphere of neglect, her devotions, her labors, her sacrifices forgotten. We can only do our best to stir such memories that gratitude and kindness may prompt the doing of something to perpetuate the memory and influence of the best woman on earth—my mother.

THE PLUMAGE BILL.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Unless more general protective measures are taken forthwith to check the appalling slaughter of birds in the millinery interest, there is immediately ahead of us a time that will be full of solemn consequence to us all. As birds are Nature's check on insects, can any thoughtful man, indeed, be blind to the inevitable result of this wholesale destruction of valuable life at the height of the breeding season? The fact that many species in India and our colonies were being wasted to the point of extermination, and that others had disappeared utterly, led me, in 1907, to originate the Plumage Bill, which Lord Avebury carried so successfully through the Lords, and which, with some slight alterations, is now in the Commons. The primary object of this bill is to prohibit the importation of plumage smuggled out of our Oversea Dominions. So soon as this is achieved, and the Mother-country fulfils her duty towards her dependencies in co-operating with them to enforce their bird-protection laws, steps can and will be taken to prevail on other countries to stop the illicit traffic in wild birds' plumage. The European Continent looks to this country for initiative in matters of this kind, and if England will only give the lead, I know, from my position as one of Great Britain's representatives on the International Committee for Bird Protection—Lord Avebury being the other—that this task will not be nearly so difficult of accomplishment as some people appear to imagine.

Apart from the enormous amount of labor connected with the furtherance of the Plumage Bill, have devoted much time in recent years, and with splendid results, in urging our States to strengthen their bird-protection laws. Meanwhile, a very great deal remains to be done if many species, now threatened with extermination, are to be saved. Hitherto I have given my time and my money in this public work freely and ungrudgingly, but unfortunately the hour has come when I am no longer able to fight unaided against the large sums which the trade is spending to defeat the measure. Now that I am compelled to appeal for funds to bring this great endeavor for the good of man to a successful issue, I am sanguine enough to hope that assistance will be forthcoming.

Donations in the form of cheques, postal orders, etc., can be paid into my credit at the Union of London and Smith's Bank,

Limited, Charing Cross branch, who will duly acknowledge all remittances.—Yours, etc.,

JAMES BUCKLAND,

Fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute.
London, March 31.

I am privileged to subjoin the following names to the above appeal:—Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P., Mr. Walter Crane, R.W.S., Mr. George A. B. Dewar, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, J.P., Colonel A. R. Lockwood, M.P., the Earl of Lytton, the Countess of Lytton, Lord Tennyson, G.C.M.G., the Countess of Winchelsea, Mr. George Wyndham, M.P.

EXPLOSION IN A BAR.

Nowra Publican Killed.

A dreadful accident occurred last week in the bar of the Bridge Hotel, Nowra, resulting in the death of the licensee, Mr. David Boyd. Shortly after dinner he went into the bar, which had been closed since Saturday night, to see about a leakage in a rum cask. He struck a match to inspect the cask, when the spirit fumes ignited, causing an explosion, and setting alight to the bar.

The cask, in blowing up, struck Mr. Boyd on the head, causing terrible injuries. He was dragged outside, and medical attention obtained, but he died in a few minutes.

The fire brigade was called out, and extinguished the flames in the hotel. Deceased was about 35 years of age, and leaves a widow and four young children.

(We mention this sad fact, and cannot help asking, What happened to the men who had been drinking this rum on Saturday? Is this a beverage fit for human consumption?)

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One copy of Vol. IV. No. 2; also one copy of Vol. IV. No. 3.

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The Cure of Alcoholism.

THE "NEAL" METHOD.—SOME CRUEL QUACKS.

The following statement appeared in the "Daily Telegraph" last week:—

"In the opinion of the South Australian Premier, Mr. J. Verran, nothing to equal the 'Neal' method for the cure of alcoholism has yet been seen in Australia. The Acting-Premier, Mr. W. A. Holman, stated a few days ago that he has been making inquiries of the South Australian Government with regard to the results of the 'Neal' treatment in that State, and these results are, Mr. Holman thinks, most interesting, and of such an encouraging nature that he has asked the medical officers here to fully consider the matter with a view to applying the treatment to persons detained in our prison inebriate institutions, if they think it can safely be done. From information supplied by Mr. Verran, it appears that this method of treatment was commenced by Dr. Soper on October 15 last. During the remainder of that month twelve patients were treated for alcoholism, of whom three up to date have been treated a second time—in one case effectively, and in the other two cases without satisfactory result. During November 54 patients were treated, of whom 13 afterwards underwent a second treatment, with known good result in three cases and unsatisfactory result in five. During December (a short month, during which one of the medicines used in the treatment ran out, and a delay occurred in getting a further supply), 29 patients were treated, of whom five were afterwards up for treatment as second time, with known good result in two cases and unsatisfactory result in one. During January 28 patients were treated, three of whom were treated again subsequently with known good result in one case. During February 28 patients were treated, thus making a total of 171 patients during four and a half months. The medicine, it appears, is imported from America."

DISEASE OR SIN. WHICH?

Many years ago alcoholism was looked upon by most religious people as a flagrant sin, a wilful depravity. Of late years the pendulum has swung right over until many now consider it a disease. As a matter of fact they are both as much right as the two people were who quarrelled because one held the lobster to be red while the other stoutly affirmed it to be black. Alcoholism is both a sin and a disease, but when it ceases to be a sin and becomes a disease even doctors may hesitate to say. There are at least two distinctly different kinds of alcoholics—one being the alcoholic of appetite, the other of temperament. The former really loves alcohol. His drunkenness is the result of gluttony, and is a self-indulgence that leaves little room for disputing its sinfulness; the other may sincerely hate the very smell of alcohol, and yet may be impelled towards it for the sake of the effect it will produce in dispelling gloom

and relieving nerve depression. In the one case alcohol is a cause; in the other it is an effect. We may safely say, however, that the early stages of alcoholism, either through appetite or temperament, is sin. It is the deliberate tampering with an agent that education and experience have taught us is harmful to an extraordinary extent, and even in the late stages, when the matter has grown beyond the will of the victim, there is still a measure of responsibility, and failure is sin even if a diseased condition places the odds against the person resisting, and "they ever weaker grow through acted crime."

THE THREE CONTRIBUTING AGENTS.

The fact that alcoholism is the result of a combination of entirely different things makes it impossible to cure it by one simple specific. It will be found that it arises from moral, social, and physical causes, the preponderance of any one of which may differ in individual cases. A man may come from a twelve months' stay at Darlinghurst and be physically as "fit as a fiddle," and yet fall immediately, because the treatment has not removed the social customs and opportunities, nor even morally helped him. Again, a man may have a great shock, and in sober moments see the harm and wrong of his drinking habits, and sincerely determine and pledge himself to abstain. If he fails there is no reason why we should doubt his sincerity, but rather must we suspect that opportunity and appetite have defeated his will. The same way to attempt to cure an evil that arises from such threefold source is to combine the threefold remedy of religion, legislation, and hygiene.

ADVERTISED TREATMENTS.

Many of these are shameless quack nostrums that in some cases contain other equally dangerous drugs or are harmless and worthless. Many a poor wife has denied herself to scrape together a sum that was to purchase some wonderful remedy, and she is basely deceived by those who are prepared to make money out of the sad circumstances in which she finds herself. It is imperative that a reputable family doctor be consulted about these advertised remedies, since some of them are more dangerous than the disease, and his judgment is not for a moment to be doubted because the

quack says it is prompted by professional jealousy.

THE "NEAL" RECORD.

There is nothing even out of the ordinary in the record as given in the "Daily Telegraph" of the "Neal" treatment in South Australia. We note that 171 patients were treated in four and a half months. Of this number we exclude the 48 treated in February, as it does not say how many of these lapsed; but it does say that 24 are known to have lapsed out of 123 on less than a three months' test, and yet the doctor in charge is reported to have claimed 98½ per cent. of the cases treated as cured. The fact is Dr. Braithwaite, the medical officer in charge of the Inebriate Institutions of England, says that it is useless to judge results on less than a two years' test; and Dr. Truby King, who was in charge of the Government Home for Inebriates in New Zealand, insists on a three years' test. Ignoring the conditions imposed by these authorities, a claim is made for cures that have not had three months' test, and the result even then is not encouraging, as the relapses grow more frequent as time goes by. Those who have experience with alcoholics know that of every 100 cases at least half may be expected of their own initiative to leave alcohol alone for periods of from one to twelve months and then relapse badly; and of the other half the greater number placed in new circumstances will go for varying periods without alcohol, and these results may be gained without any cure. We fear, in the face of this, to hope too much from the "Neal" cure.

WHAT MAY BE DONE.

There are those who have prayed until their faith has wavered and their hearts have almost broken, and yet we would say pray on. Dr. Cutten, in his book on the "Psychology of Alcoholism," says that no cure that has been investigated has the same great and encouraging record as has religious conversion—and in this direction we may be reasonably hopeful. Drug cures do not touch the combination that makes the alcoholic; but religion strengthens morally, while at the same time it finds now friends and a new environment, and even physically has a good effect. There are men who, with good reason, hold that a meat diet makes recovery very hard and sometimes impossible, and that no person will continue to take alcohol who becomes

(Concluded on Page 10.)

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a vegetarian. The alcoholic that can be persuaded to eat fruit, vegetables and sweets can't take alcohol; the two things are as incompatible as oil and water.

IN THE MEANWHILE

We must safeguard the growing generation, and do all in our power to promote temperance education. Surely thousands can be persuaded to take "Grit" weekly, and train their loved ones in the knowledge that arms them against the enemy of the race. We must legislate and remove the open bar and with it the opportunity to drink, and we should more enthusiastically than ever support the religious effort that seeks to help the victim of alcohol.

The Hospital Angel.

(Continued from Page 3.)

that of any orchestra, and they entered into the spirit of the music happily.

"Are you engaged for the next waltz?" said an a la Grecian-blanketed youth to a wheel-chair patient in a stage whisper, as the dreamy air of a Strauss waltz filled the ward.

An old man in the corner bed, who until that moment had lain as if dead, gradually opened his eyes and raised himself to a sitting posture. His face and long hair were as white as his pillow, and he made a striking picture in his black skull cap. It seemed as if some miracle had been performed, for it was the first time he had rallied in weeks. His supper was quite forgotten until the nurse came to his side and began playfully to feed him. Even then he brushed her impatiently aside, and his black eyes continued to gaze in wonderment at the magic fingers that had played so marvellously they had brought him back to life.

"How are you this evening, Father?" inquired a white-robed student, making his rounds and pausing in astonishment beside the old man's bed.

"I'll be leaving soon, son, if I keep on improving like this," was the joyous reply.

The chaplain who noted the incident told the player afterward, adding appreciatively, "We may be able to get on without doctors, but we surely cannot get on without you, after this."

It was quite dark when her labor of love was over for that day, and as she carried her zither case to the car, it seemed as if the instrument grew heavier every step of the way.

"I felt like Saint Christopher," she says, as she rehearses the incident, "and the weight of my zither wearied me so it seemed I could never carry it to and from the cars again. As I stood waiting for a car I was

approached by a lady who said, 'Oh, you are that angel who played in the hospital to-day. I wonder if you know what you are doing?'"

"I think so," I replied, quietly. "I go to lift the sick up spiritually and mentally, never to amuse or entertain. My zither talks to their souls, which means more than either medical or mental healing."

"Then the stranger continued: 'The sick woman whom you saw me visiting is my sister, and when you entered the ward she was relating an experience of her delirium in her recent illness. It seems she thought she was in heaven, and she was describing to me just what she had seen and heard, the beautiful flowers, the spirit folk, the marvellous music, and her exalted state of happiness. But it was the music that impressed her more than all else, for said she, "it was unlike anything I have ever heard on earth and it haunts me all the time. I would give half my life to hear such music this very moment."'"

"And just then," the stranger continued, "you entered the ward and touched your instrument."

"Hush!" said my sister, "that was the music I heard up there, my beautiful dream has come down to earth."

"And Saint Christopher-like," says the Hospital Angel, "my burden suddenly grew light, for I knew I was doing the work of the Christ."—"The World To-day."

"If you want to live to be a hundred, do not smoke, drink no alcohol, take plenty of exercise, and, above all, be cheerful." That is the message sent to the readers of "Lloyd's" by Dr. Edgar Jones, J.P., who celebrated his 101st birthday on January 6.

* * *

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Pure Food Commissioner at Washington, D.C., spoke strong words for prohibition at a banquet in New York City in the early part of this year:—"It would be better for this country if there were no alcohol in it. The medical profession does not supply it as it once did. I shall be glad to see the day of universal prohibition. Even the German Emperor has warned his army of the dangers of beer drinking. It would be of great benefit to humanity if all the saloons and breweries were closed up."

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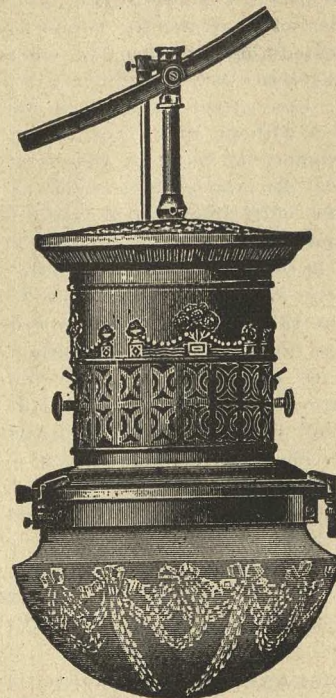
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The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

THE PREACHER WHO BELONGED TO EVERYBODY.

By UNCLE BARNABAS.

PART 1.

Your elder brother or sister who is nineteen was just beginning the journey of life when Charles Haddon Spurgeon's dead body, enclosed in a beautiful casket, was being carried across the English Channel to be laid once more in his great Tabernacle, before it was carried to its resting place. On that coffin lid were the words: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." May all who read this story fight, and build, and keep their trust as nobly as did Charles H. Spurgeon! As a little lad he used to ask big questions about big subjects. One day he was reading at family prayer in the Book of Revelation about "the bottomless pit." He stopped and said, "Grandpa, what does that mean?" "Pooh, pooh, child, go on!" was the answer. But next morning and again the morning after that, he chose the same passage and stopped at the same place and asked the same question. At last his grandpa said, "What is it that puzzles you, Charles?" And Charlie said that if there was no bottom to a basket and you put fruit in the basket the fruit would fall on the ground. "Well," he wanted to know, "where would all the people fall that dropped through the pit?" I wonder what the puzzled old grandpa would say to that! But do you see that we have here two of the great secrets of Spurgeon's wonderful life? First, he not only read the Bible, but he tried to find out what the hard things meant, and secondly, he kept at a thing until he mastered it.

He was a minister's son and a minister's grandson, too, and yet he was turned fifteen before he was truly converted. For a long time, even for years, as a boy, he would try to find out what it meant to be saved; he went to hear all sorts of preachers, hoping they would help him, but still he came away with a heavy heart. But (to tell the story in his own words) "At last, one snowy day—it snowed so much I could not go to the place I had meant to go, and I was obliged to stop on the road, and it was a blessed stop to me—I found a little chapel—a Primitive Methodist chapel. I had heard of these people from many, and how they sang so loudly that they made people's head ache; but that did not matter. I wanted to know how I might be saved, and if they made my headache ever so much, I did not care. So, sitting down, the service went on, but no minister came. At last, a very thin man came into the pulpit and opened his Bible and read these words: 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.' Just setting his eyes on me he

said, as if he knew all my heart, "Young man, you are in trouble, and you will never get out of it till you look to Christ." And then, lifting up his hands, he cried out, as only a Primitive Methodist could do: 'Look! Look! Look! It is only look!' And I saw at once the way of salvation. Oh, how I did leap for joy that moment."

Wasn't that a blessed snowstorm that drove the boy into the shelter of the little chapel? No one but God knew that the fifteen year old boy, who went out again into the snow with sunshine in his face, was going to be, during the next 40 years, one of the greatest men in England. And I am sure that that shouting preacher never guessed how the angels were shouting for joy over young Spurgeon's conversion and consecration to Christ.

FOR SUNDAY.

Three Questions about Mary, the Mother of Jesus.

1. What did Jesus say to her at the marriage feast? (St. John's Gospel).
2. What did Jesus say to her from the Cross? (St. John's Gospel).
3. Where is she last mentioned in the Bible? (Acts).

FOR MONDAY.

Twisty Twirlers.

Thay thith three times without lithping, if you can:—

The Leith police dismisseth us.

Or try this:—

Susan shineth shoes and socks. Socks and shoes shines Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan.

WORD RE-ARRANGEMENT PUZZLE.

(From Chatterbox for Page Double-One).

Sent by EVERARD RUSSELL FORD.

In the following sentence, five four-letter words are represented by dashes. Each word is composed of the same four letters arranged in different order. Can you fill in the blanks correctly?

"Brightly colored flowers in — grow round the — that — the mound, and cause many a passer by to — at the — to admire their luxuriant beauty."

ANSWERS.

Missing Words from the Psalms (April 27).

BERYL ANDERSON.

1. **Seek** ye my face. Psalm 27-8.
2. **Ye** that fear the Lord trust in the Lord. Ps. 115-11.
3. I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. 23-6.
4. For the righteous **Lord** loveth righteousness. Psalm (?).
5. Thus will I bless Thee **while** I live. Psalm 63-4.

6. And he shall be like a tree. Ps. 1-3.

7. That our sons **may** be as plants. Psalm 144-12.

8. Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Psalm 118-26.

9. The sparrow hath **found** an house. Psalm 84-3.

Make up the text: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

FOR MONDAY.

E.R.'s telegram translated—"Morse code is used in lighthouses for signalling to ships at night by mean of electric light."

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON ELISHA.

(2 Kings, Chap. 5 to 8).

By EVERARD R. FORD.

1. Three rivers—Jordan, Abana, and Pharpar.
2. At Dothan.
3. The King of Israel, Jehoram.
4. The Shunamite woman, whose son Elisha had restored to life.
5. Damascus, in Syria.

Acrostic on April 20. Remphan: Acts 7-43.

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

Picnic Perils and Pleasures.

Gracie Cowx, "The Vicarage," Waipawa, N.Z., writes:—

Dear Uncle B,—You must think me most dreadfully lazy not writing before, but "better late than never," so I am sending you this letter hoping that you will print it in "Grit." We are having holidays now; it is such fun. We have been for three picnics just lately; last picnic there were four traps taking all the people there and back. Frank was driving one of them full of little kids, when the horse started to kick (he was frightened by a lot of empty lemonade bottles rattling in the trap behind him). He kicked two or three times and broke the splash-board right off, and then he kicked the bottle about. Some of them went right over their heads, nearly hitting them.—Your loving niece.

(Dear Gracie,—Letters from your lovely island are always welcome. We are hoping that New Zealand will do with the beer bottles what Frank's gee-gee did with the lemonade bottles. Were the poor "little kids" fastened by their horns, or did they jump out, when the bottles began to fly? Holidays must be very jolly. I say, Gracie, wasn't it a blessing that lemonade had been drunk? Please write again soon and tell us how the Beer Bottle Battle is progressing.—Uncle B.)

HARMONY AT ST. JAMES'.

Dora Howell, 11 Ben Eden St., Waverley, writes:—

Dear Uncle B,—I must apologise for not writing for such a time. We gave Mr. Knox a farewell before he left for England, and there were several good speeches. I was very sorry when he went, although I was glad he was able to go home to Durham College. Our locum tenens, Mr. Newton, is very nice. On Good Friday night I went to an oratorio, "The Crucifixion," at St. James'.

It was very beautiful. I always enjoy good music of any description, indeed I am passionately fond of it (because I can neither sing nor play any instrument myself, I suppose), especially singing and the violin.

We had a very nice sermon this morning. I enjoyed it very much. I suppose I shall go to the show to-morrow, if it does not rain. I must stop now and have tea, so as to get to Church nice and early. With love to my cousins and aunts, T. and P.—I remain your affectionate niece.

P.S.—I did not attempt Aunt P.'s puzzles; all my knowledge of Shakespeare's plays vanished as soon as I saw the questions, and the same with flowers.—D.H.

(Dear Dora,—I had the great pleasure a few days ago of hearing a quartette party from St. Barnabas'—your church. It was a great treat, I can tell you. I wonder if you have heard them sing. I think I caught sight of a young lady remarkably like you on Good Friday night. You were smiling—oh, so sweetly, at someone in the next compartment of the tram. Could it possibly have been you?—Uncle B.)

A LETTER FROM THE WILDS OF HORNSBY.

"Milcie," "Emmaville," Bridge Road, Hornsby, writes:—

Dear Uncle B,—It's rain, rain, the whole of the time. Yesterday we went down to the gully, just near the house. To get to the bottom of it, we had to jump over trees—of course only small ones—and crawl underneath vines. There are plenty of ferns and flowers down there, and plenty of caves, too—quite big ones. We had to jump through the top of one cave to get into it, and from that we crawled along a narrow ledge to get to another. In almost every house along this way the most beautiful flowers are grown. I get two copies of "Grit" every week now. I'm greedy aren't I? Still I generally give them to some one else afterwards.

That was really a good puzzle about the wax, wasn't it? Its getting late now, so I must close with love from your niece, Milcie.

(Dear Milcie,—What beautiful and wonderful jungles and caverns you are discovering! And what hair-breadth escapes you must be having on those narrow ledges! I have looked in the newspapers carefully, but have not yet seen the announcement of "a daring Seven to Seventeen's" narrow escape from the jaws of an awful death in the Hornsby Halps! You make us all want to come to Hornsby to see you, and to ex-

plore the impenetrable forests. Thank you for passing "Grit" on. I wish the other people would do the same.—Uncle B.)

BISHOP BARLOW AND THE BULLOCKS.

Mabel Muller, "Allen Dale," Gunning, writes:—

Dear Uncle B,—I hope you will forgive me for not writing before. I did write some time ago, but it was mislaid, and I thought it was posted, till about a week after I had written it. I did not go to church to-night, so I am writing to you instead. Since I wrote last we have lost one of our best friends from Gunning, that is Rev. A. R. Shaw (and family) who is at Belmore, so I suppose you can see them often now. There was a concert in Gunning last Thursday night. It was in aid of the Goulburn Cathedral Tower Fund. I think they did well by it. Bishop Barlow and Archdeacon Bartlett were present. They both gave a speech, which were very good. The bishop's speech was very amusing. He gave us a story about once he was travelling down the South Coast in his motor-car. As he was spinning along, he passed a Scotchman, driving a team of bullocks. He thought to himself how nice it was to spin along, while the poor bullocks trudged along. They rolled their eyes at him. Bye and bye the motor-car went into a sandy creek, and the Bishop could not get it out, so he sent one of his men back to the Scotchman for help, and he brought back four bullocks, which pulled the motor-car out of the creek, and they rolled their eyes the other way then. The Bishop said now, whenever he sees a bullock he lifts his hat to it. Well, Uncle Barnabas, I think I am taking up too much space in Page Double-One, so, with love

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to all nieces and nephews, not forgetting yourself, I remain your fond niece.

(Dear Mabel,—The good Bishop learned a lesson that some other people ought to learn. I think Sydney is like that motor-car, and the country is like the bullocks. Sydney sometimes thinks itself very much above Gum Tree Flat and Kangaroo Corner, and pities the poor slow-coaches that live up there. But when Sydney gets into trouble it is the slow, but sure, bullocks that pull us out again. I'm glad you didn't mislay this interesting letter.—Uncle B.)

BIRTHDAY GREETING.

To Edgar Swain, Waipara, N.Z., for May 23. N.S.W. cousins waft you good wishes for your 12th birthday, and hope you will always "strike twelve." Tell me if you know what that means.—Psalm 27-1.

Send everything for "Seven to Seventeen" to Uncle Barnabas, Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

PARCELS OF CLOTHING.

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

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Would No-License Promote Sly Grog and Home Drinking.

(By ALDERMAN W. J. WALKER.)

(Continued from last Issue.)

You must compare the limited demoralisation with the unlimited demoralisation. As to liquor going into the houses. Now I am speaking of what has come under my own personal knowledge, and what I have taken the trouble to verify. **I defy anyone to show me a home in Ashburton where liquor enters to-day where it did not enter in licensing days.** (Applause.) Here is a typical instance. A capable and industrious old man, but with one failing, has spent every penny in drink during the past thirty years. After the bars closed, that man has not spent a penny in drink to this day, and to-day he is endeavoring to repair the waste of former years. If No-License had been carried in Ashburton thirty years ago, that man would now be independent."

Last year Rev. E. Whitehouse wrote our Alliance office, saying he had never withdrawn the above challenge, and it had never been taken up, so it remains in force to-day.

Mr. Ranking, who was sent by the Queensland Government to specially investigate the No-License question in New Zealand, in his report published on May 12, 1909, said, "The street drunkard has practically disappeared, and No-License towns are the more pleasantly habitable for his absence. Co-incident with this is the fact that many homes, the head of which in the past squandered his earnings and the occupants of which were, in consequence, poorly clothed and scantily fed, are now prosperous, if not continually, at least for lengthened periods. In too many instances, the one-time persistent drunkard still breaks out on occasions, and taking advantage of a holiday, proceeds to the nearest town where liquor is procurable, with the inevitable results. Still, much comfort is in the intervals enjoyed by the wife and children, and the beneficial influence is from this aspect not to be minimised." I ask you to mark well his words, that these unfortunate persons have to proceed to the nearest town where liquor is procurable—why should they have to do so if sly-grog dens are everywhere open in No-License areas and liquor is so easily procurable as the liquor advocates would have us believe. This statement should be sufficient in itself to clearly prove that the sly-grog evil in itself is nothing but a bogey. Then, again, if this evil does exist, which I claim it does not, why is it that the neighboring electorates to those which have adopted No-License are the very first ones to follow the lead? The only reasonable answer to this query is, "that the evil does not exist."

Mr. Ranking also stated in the report just referred to that "Liquor of all descriptions is now kept regularly in homes in which it was not previously to be found," but on this point Mr. Tom Taylor, M.P., of New Zealand, while in Brisbane last year, said: "There was another statement in regard to which he

absolutely joined issue with Mr. Ranking. That gentleman said that the closing of the hotels in the No-License districts had led to more home-drinking, and that the fact that liquor was kept in homes where previously it had not been seen, was having a bad effect on the children. He (Mr. Taylor) absolutely denied the accuracy of that statement, and thought that with his 35 years' experience in New Zealand, he was better able to speak of the conditions of home life there, than Mr. Ranking, whose visit was a very short one. He questioned whether Mr. Ranking had lived in a single private home in a No-License district during his brief stay in New Zealand."

This Conference must judge as to whether Mr. Taylor or Mr. Ranking knows best about the New Zealand homes.

In regard to sly-grog, Mr. Ranking reported "Sly-grog shops are to be found in every No-License town, but, judging from the number of convictions obtained, they are perhaps not more numerous than in towns where licenses are in force. **Of such establishments I can only write from hearsay.**"

The Continuance Party assert that No-License increases sly-grog selling, but I am clearly of the opinion that it decreases it. The following table should be conclusive proof of the latter:—

Convictions for sly-grog selling in the year 1906 in the following electorates:—

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

The year 1906 is selected because all these electorates, with the exception of Auckland, carried No-License in 1905.

This record should settle the sly-grog difficulty in the minds of all fair-minded people. In Auckland, under License, where hotel bars abound, there were 26 convictions for sly-grog selling in one year. If the contention that directly No-License is established, sly-grog selling becomes a rampant evil, one would expect to find the convictions in the No-License areas of Matura and Oamaru running into three figures. Instead of which you find that there was but one conviction during twelve months in each of these two electorates. Therefore a close inspection of the matter makes it clear that sly-grog selling flourishes under License and dies out under No-License.

In conclusion, I will again quote from the report of the Rev. A. Doull regarding sly-grog selling:—

Sly-grog Selling.

The presence of any sly-grog selling is denied in a good number of the reports.

This phase of rebellion against the law is generally confined to areas recently captured for No-License. For some months in Waihi it probably existed to a considerable extent, until the police made a raid upon all the suspected houses, and sly-grog selling has languished since then. Our Waihi report says: "If there is any sly-grog selling it is now kept under the strictest supervision. If you contrast with this the state of the trade under License, how different it was! There was Sunday trading and selling after hours (both being forms of sly-grog selling). It was fully reported that during License there were many unlicensed places where drink could be procured. We had even a 'private still' going on for some time under License. The contrast between what it was and what it is is most marked."

This report may be taken as a sample of the electorates that have more recently adopted No-License. At first quite a number of sly-grog shops spring up. Then comes a police raid and a number of convictions. After that, a man must be known in a place as a safe man before he can purchase liquor illegally. When this stage arrives, it is only the more disreputable that resort to a sly-grog shop; they are few in number, their facilities are very restricted, and the probable sly-grog shops fewer still.

Ashburton reports: "All the sly-grog shops put together do not sell anything like the quantity sold by one hotel under licensed conditions. The implication that sly-grog selling is so general that a stranger can get many drinks without any trouble is a wild exaggeration. The police know every sly-grog shop in the town, and there are not nearly so many as outsiders and interested visitors palm off upon the public. We who live in the town seldom or never hear of them."

When, however, we come to Oamaru, Invercargill, Mataura, Clutha, and Grey Lynn, we find the sly-grog element is very small. Balclutha reports:—"Sly-grog selling to-day exists, but on a very limited scale, and with our good police supervision, under great difficulties." And other districts quote police authority for saying that there is no sly-grog selling in their parishes. These electorates and parishes have settled down to the new conditions, and the other electorates are in the process of settling down.

As a result of much study and careful investigation, I am firmly of the opinion that "No-License does not promote sly-grog selling nor home drinking."

THE END.

Dr. Eugene H. Porter, Health Commissioner of New York, speaking at the same banquet, said it would be better for the health of the people if every saloon, brewery, and distillery in the nation were shut up.

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Teacher (to the dull boy): "Now, what country is opposite us on the globe?" Dull Boy: "I don't know, sir." Teacher: "Come, come; suppose I were to bore a hole through the earth here, and you were to go in at this end, where do you think you would come out." Dull Boy: "Out of the hole, sir."

* * *

Too Sharp.—While travelling on a steamboat, a well-known sharper, who wished to get into the priest's good graces, said: "Father, I should very much like to hear one of your sermons." "Well," said the clergyman, "you could have heard me last Sunday, if you had been where you should have been." "Where was that, pray?" "In the county jail," answered the bluff priest, as he walked away.

* * *

Prosaic.—Soon after the arrival of her first baby a mother went upstairs one evening and found her husband standing by the side of the crib and gazing earnestly at the child. She was touched by the sight, and tears filled her eyes. Her arm stole around his neck as she rubbed her cheek caressingly against his shoulder. He started slightly at the touch. "Darling," he murmured dreamily, "it is incomprehensible to me how they can sell such a crib as that for seven and sixpence!"

* * *

For the Bird.—During a grammar lesson the teacher was telling the boys of the functions of the hyphen. She wrote upon the blackboard several instances of the correct as well as the incorrect use of that mark. Among those was bird-cage. "What is the reason," she asked of one boy, as she pointed to the word, "for placing a hyphen between 'bird' and 'cage?'" After a short silence the lad, who had been unjustly reckoned as one of the dumbest in the class, replied: "It's for the bird to perch on, ma'am."

A Rise Imperative.—"Your references are good. I'll try you," said a farmer to a lad who applied for a job in the poultry-yard. "Is there any chance to rise, sir?" the boy asked. "Yes," said the farmer, "a grand chance. You'll rise at 4 o'clock every morning!"

* * *

Why Elijah Did It.—Among the questions put by the teacher of a Sunday-school class was this: "Why did Elijah put water on the sacrifice?" After some hesitation an answer was forthcoming from a little girl in front, who said: "To make the gravy, ma'am."

* * *

"LIFE" AND THE SUFFRAGETTE.

New York "Life" is almost equally down on vivisection and votes for women. The editor has recently offered a prize of £60 for the best set of arguments why any man should not marry a suffragette. Of the thousands of entries, over fifty accepted ones have already been published. Here are a couple of examples:—

Twenty-six Reasons Why any Man should not Marry a Suffragette.

Because, in Man's Lexicon of Love:

- A stands for Angel, not Amazon.
- B for Bon-bon Box, not Ballot Box.
- C for Cosy Corners, not Clubs.
- D for Darling, not Delegate.
- E for Epistles, not Exhortations.
- F for Frills, not Finance.
- G for Gossip, not Gymnastics.
- H for Home, not Homilies.
- I for Ideals, not Iconoclasm.
- J for Joys, not Jars.
- K for Kisses, not Knocks.
- L for Love, not Law.
- M for Mercy, not Missiles.
- N for Notes, not Notoriety.
- O for Order, not Orders.
- P for Poetry, not Politics.
- Q for Quips, not Questions.
- R for Roses, not Rights.
- S for Smiles, not Speeches.
- T for Trust, not Trusts.
- U for Unity, not Units.
- V for "Vittles," not Votes.
- W for Witchery, not Wisdom.
- X for X-cuses, not X-amplis.
- Y for You, not Yoke.
- Z for Zest, not Zeal.

—Ella Randall Pearce.

A countryman who visited the National Gallery stopped in front of a portrait which showed a man sitting in a high-backed chair. There was a small white card on the picture reading: "A portrait of Edward Smith, by himself." The farmer read the card, and then chuckled to himself. "Regular fools these city fellers are," he said. "Anybody who looks at that picture 'ud know Smith's by himself. There ain't no one in the paintin' with him."

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SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

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

A Plea for the Boys.

By CHARLOTTE WHARTON AYERS.

It is deplorable that all mothers cannot be made to realise how important the atmosphere of a boy's room becomes to him as he grows from boyhood into manhood. They seem to think anything is good enough for the boys, providing it is dark enough not to show dirt, and sufficiently substantial to stand the wear and tear to which it will be subjected.

Sometimes the furnishings are not even selected for those admirable qualities, but are taken haphazard from the leftovers as occasion seems to demand, and the consequence is that the boys are brought up with the idea that their own room is the one place in the home that is utterly void of that personal touch which goes so far toward making "atmosphere." This thought remains permasently fixed in their minds as one of the disagreeable features of their boyhood.

Boys should have an opportunity to exercise their own judgment and taste, to a certain extent, because they can always be guided by a tactful mother in order to avoid any glaring blunders, and this would undoubtedly afford great opportunities for the development of any special ideas or natural aptness they may have in decorating and furnishing that would be a great benefit to them in later years.

So many young men seem to be utterly devoid of any artistic ideas in regard to decoration or furnishing, and possess only a crude conception of what constitutes good taste in such matters. Generally speaking, that phase of a boy's education is greatly neglected. If his surroundings are all that they should be, then his difficulties in that direction are materially lessened. If the circumstances are not so favorable, however, no amount of time or trouble would be wasted in trying to develop their ideas along those lines. They are quite likely to have pronounced ideas in regard to colors and grouping; and, as they grow older, if not corrected, it generally takes the form of a love for bright, brilliant colors, glitter and gauds, and all the impossible combinations that appeal to the uneducated taste.

Many times one sees a young married couple trying to adjust their widely divergent ideas in regard to the furnishing and decorating of their home. This difficulty would have been avoided if the same attention had been paid to the boy's education in furnishing and decorating during his formative years as had been given to the girl's as a matter of course.

Encourage your boys to make a study of good pictures; show them the difference between a good print or even a "chromo" and a poor one. Teach them that a good copy of a famous picture is in better taste than a brilliantly colored chromo or an imitation oil painting. If economy must be considered, have them learn to frame and mount their own pictures. This can easily

be done by buying a strip of moulding, and, with a small saw, cutting the corners to fit. When finished, they can be stained with Flemish stain and the work of framing little prints or engravings will occupy many a long evening very pleasantly.

Never go into a boy's room and change the position of any articles of furniture to suit your own ideas without first having a consultation with the occupant of the room. There is nothing one can do which will produce a greater feeling of insecurity in regard to one's goods and chattels than this habit which is so strong in some mothers. Let the boy have the feeling that that particular spot is his own inviolate place, where he is small master of all he surveys. Nearly all boys will respond to the feeling of responsibility by an increased manliness and interest in their home life and the proper care of their furnishings.

Many of the magazines published to-day are full of clever ideas for the putting together of home-made furniture; and, if economy must enter largely into the scheme of furnishing, there is no better method of interesting a boy in his home, and especially his room, than to let him help to make the things that are to be used in furnishing and decorating. Apart from the economical feature of this, the plan offers invaluable opportunities for self-expression.

Let us do anything and everything we can to foster and develop the love of home, which very often lies dormant in our boys' hearts. And at the same time we should cultivate their artistic sense in every possible way, while we are educating them in all the cardinal virtues. It is only by giving them a sense of proprietorship in their homes that we may be able to exert the necessary influences over their future lives that is the fondest desire of all parents.

Give the boy his own place of refuge, teach him to keep it tasteful and tidy, and this responsibility will engender habits of neatness that will last him all his life. When mother goes to see her boy, let her always tap at his door and ask if she may come in. This little courtesy will teach him that he is also a full-fledged member of the family, with his own interest and privileges, and the result will be the making of a very satisfactory man.—"The Mothers' Magazine."

—♦—
"OMMY."

One day, as Tommy was going past the storeroom door he saw that it was open. He peeped in and found there was no one there. Then he went inside and began to look at the things on the shelves and the table. Pretty soon he saw a large cake, beautifully ornamented on the top. It looked so good he wished he had a piece of it, but he knew he should have to wait for that. Then he thought he might just taste of the icing,

and he broke off the tiniest bit and put it in his mouth; and then he took another bit, and another. "Nobody'll notice it," he said to himself; "I'll just have one more piece."

But this time a good sized piece came off in his finger.

"Oh, dear, I wish I had let it alone," he thought. "What shall I do if mamma asks me about it?"

He laid the piece back, and turned to go out, but there was mamma just coming in the door.

"I saw you, Tommy," she said. Then she turned the cake around, and told him to look at it now.

He did look, and what do you think he saw? Right in among the decorations and reaching all across the cake, were the letters "OMMY."

"Do you know anybody of that name?" his mamma asked him.

"Why, it is part of my name," said he. "O, mamma, is it mine?"

"No, your name is Tommy, and there isn't an T there. It can't belong to you."

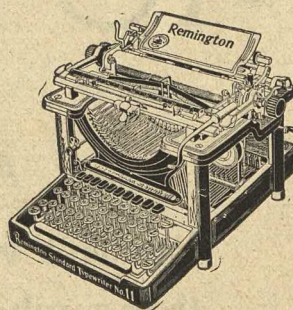
"Was it meant for me?" asked Tommy, feeling very much ashamed.

"Yes, I made it for you, and was going to let you invite some other children and have a good time some day soon; but now I shall not, and you cannot have any of it to eat."

Tommy began to cry, and his mamma said:

"I am sorry for you, but I must try to cure my little boy of meddling."

And it did cure him; for after that, when any of the family saw him beginning to handle something he had no business with, it was only necessary to say "Omy" to make him stop; so he soon got rid of his bad habit, and now no one can call Tommy a meddling boy.



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MEMORY
OF
ALL WHO
HAVE
DIED.

MOTHER'S DAY

MAY 14th, 1911.

AN APPEAL TO CHIVALRY.

Let the whole day be given up to the doing of the thing which we know would please the Mother—the dear old Mater. If she is living, write to her; if she is dead, remember the sick and sorrowing and do something for them in her name.

DON'T FORGET THE WOMAN WHO NEVER FORGETS YOU.