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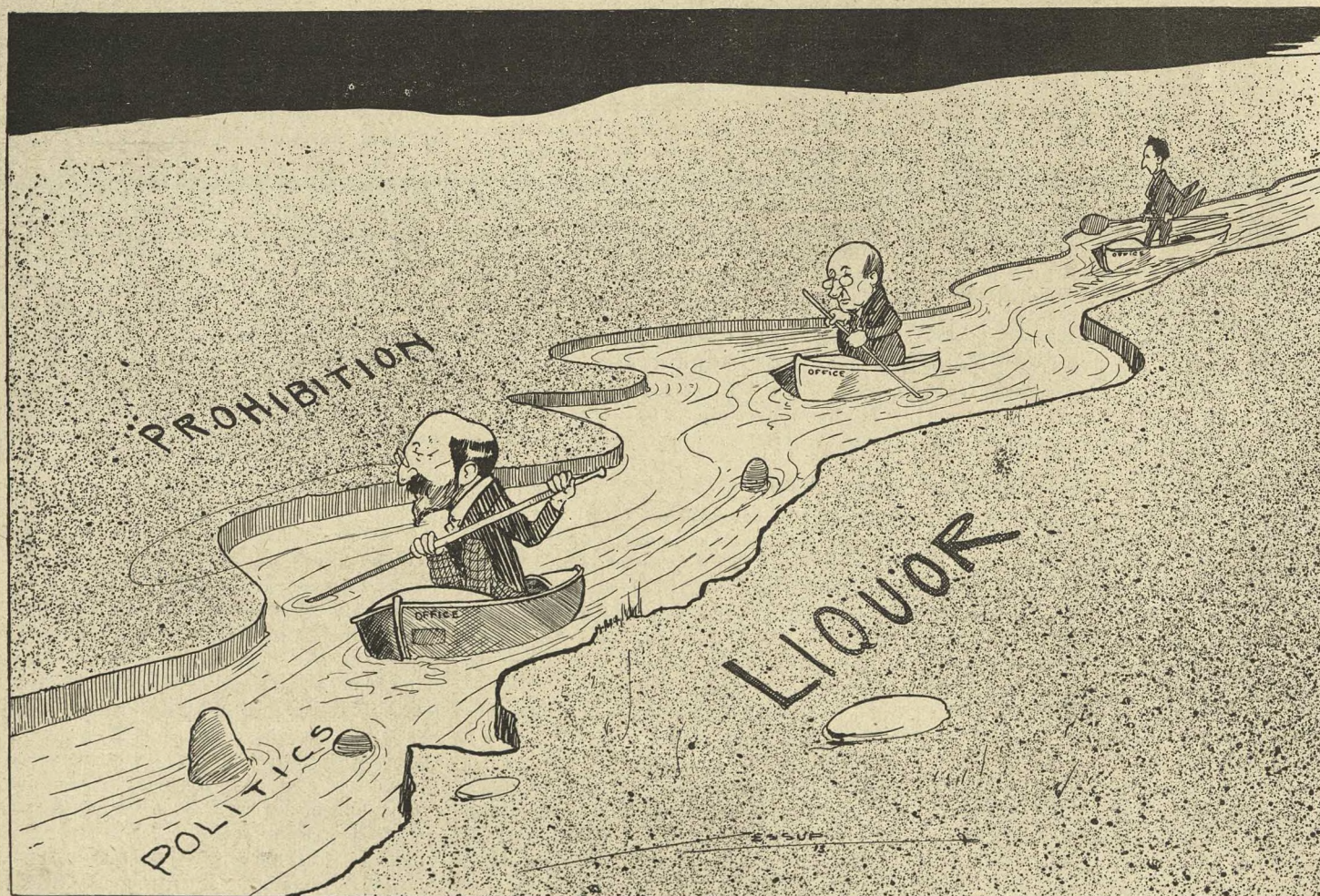
Grit.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1913.

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The Politicians' Difficult Course.

Is it a tribute to the skill or a reflection on the sense of our leading politicians that they do not touch the most important, urgent, and far reaching of all questions, viz., the liquor traffic?

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TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

By W. McADAM ECCLES, F.R.C.S.

Speaking at the annual meeting of the C.E.T.S. in England recently, Dr. McAdam Eccles, F.R.C.S., said:—

"We are sometimes apt in these days to be fed up with all the horrors—for they are truly horrors—concerning the immoderate consumption of alcohol; and I think the time has come in this twentieth century, when we as workers in the temperance cause must face not quite so much the evils of intemperance, but devote ourselves to the better position of total abstinence. There are three classes in society so far as alcohol is concerned, those who take a quantity which is more than moderate; in other words, the immoderate drinker. If you ask me to define what is a moderate quantity, then comes the difficulty. But may I give you a suggestion? A moderate quantity of alcohol is such as does not leave its mark in any deleterious way upon the physical organism. That, of course, requires a knowledge of physiology and pathology. (Laughter.) Then there are those who take no alcohol at all in the way of alcoholic beverages; in other words, they do not consciously imbibe any fermented spirit. And, lastly, there is the class who take a moderate quantity of alcohol. I find in going up and down amongst the community that it is not difficult to make people understand that the immoderate use of alcohol is not only individually baneful, but that it is absolutely harmful to the community at large. But when one comes to discuss the difference between the every-day moderate users of alcohol and the absolutely teetotal people, the difficulty becomes in many cases very great indeed. May I venture to say, with all deference, that it is amongst what we style the upper classes that we find most of this difficulty, and I think that until we can get the upper classes to realise the difference between the moderate quantity that they take and the total abstinence position, we shall never get it permeated down to the lowest classes that total abstinence individually is the best. With regard to that class of person who takes an immoderate glass of al-

cohol—what we term the alcoholic—I have, I was going to say, every sympathy. I am one of those who believe, in my profession, that taking immoderate doses of alcohol is in the majority of cases due to ignorance, heredity, and, in a larger number of instances, to poverty. With regard to the question of heredity, no doubt all of you have read and heard a good deal about it; but I recently came across a passage in the "Parents' Review," concerning the father's share in the education of his children, written by a member of my profession, which I think is so pregnant with truth that I cannot do better than quote it. It is as follows:—

"OVER-INDULGENCE IN ALCOHOL IS NOT HEREDITARY."

"That is a bold statement to make, but it is absolutely truth. The son of a drunken father is often now-a-days—is usually—a teetotaler; but the hereditary tendency is not destroyed, it is broken, it is lying latent, dormant and not dead, and the teetotal son may be just as much subject to the desire for drink as was the drunken father." My first point, therefore, is in connection with total abstinence, that in so far as hereditary influences are concerned, total abstinence is the only certain way of preventing the continuance of the hereditary curse.

Then, coming to the class of total abstainers, and reviewing the past 50 years, I think we may say, without a shadow of doubt, that the number of total abstainers in our land at least has vastly increased. Of course, we realise that up to the age of fifteen the bulk of the nation are total abstainers. No child in its early days is a taker of alcohol, unless the alcohol is given to that child by parents or others with whom it comes in contact, and there is no doubt there is a wave rising in our schools, both elementary schools and the public schools, whereby the youth of our land, male and female, are not taking to alcohol nearly so early as they used to do. I would like to say, in passing, that I had the honor of speaking, not many months ago, in Winchester, with the headmaster of the College

in the chair, and I was bringing before the meeting some of the old Winchester notions, and I was able to show out of that Winchester notion book there was word after word with an asterisk against it, which meant it was obsolete, and that those words refer to the drinking habits of past generations of Winchester College. The headmaster, too, said out of the seventy scholars in the college to-day he knew that only five ever take any alcohol at all. (Applause.) There is another way in which one sees that the class of total abstainers is increasing in number, and that it is in our life insurance work. It is a very interesting fact that in those life assurance societies—which are not, by the way, temperance societies or philanthropic bodies, but hard commercial concerns—that in those assurance companies who have two classes of insured persons, the total abstainers and the moderate drinkers, it is extremely interesting to notice on the total abstainers' side that we are keeping the sons and daughters of total abstainers, and the effect in lives is perfectly marvellous. With regard to the question of total abstinence and health, I think it is now pretty universally agreed among the medical profession that alcohol is not necessary for perfect health. May I repeat that statement? Alcohol is not necessary for perfect health. It is sometimes quoted in another way, which is wrong. The question is sometimes met by the answer that alcohol does not harm in perfect health. That may be true, if the quantity which is taken is almost an infinitesimal amount. I am going to put before you one or two elementary facts as to the difference between the position of the total abstainer and the moderate drinker—elementary because, though I venture to think that the larger number present here to-day already know them, they, to my mind, cannot be too often repeated or impressed upon temperance workers as strong weapons which they can use in this warfare. Total abstinence, as I have just said, does not interfere with perfect health. In other words, the person who goes through life without taking into his or her system any alcohol is not, from a health point of view, at a loss compared with those who do take alcohol. Alcohol is, therefore, not an economy in any shape or form.

THE TOTAL ABSTAINER'S INFLUENCE.

The second point I would venture to put forward is the influence a total abstainer can exert by his example. I find, as one working amongst all classes of society, from the lowest to the highest, that the example of the total abstainer does not only bring about a moderation in the amount of alcohol, but also brings about a walking over the

(Continued on Page 5.)

JERDAN'S As Opticians they Stand Alone "My Opticians."

393 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

Mr. H. S. Jerdan, F.S.M.C., D.B.O.A. (Lond.) gives personal attention to all cases and his skill and advice is at your disposal. Should you have experienced any difficulty with your eyes and have found no relief, a visit to Jerdan's will repay you.

The Sky Pilot of the Lumberjacks.

(Continued from last issue.)

THE PRESBYTERY "THREW HIM OUT."

But all this time Higgins was studying theology with his eye on that coveted ordination. Every six months he took his examinations, and every six months he scraped through; not often with honors, and sometimes it was no more than a scrape, but he got through. And then there came the final examination before that Presbyterian Sanhedrin. Higgins faced the ordeal with confidence. They had promised him if—and he had sustained his examinations; but, to his dismay, he saw that the personnel of the Presbytery was changed considerably since the promise. There were Pharaohs of theology here who knew not Francis nor the bargain struck with him. The examiners made short work of the poor lumberjack's hopes. In Higgins' own words, "they threw me out."

This was a hard blow, almost an unfair blow. He is a pretty strong man, this Higgins. He was forty years old then. And they would not ordain him! He had to dig his brawny fists into his eyes to keep back the tears. Perhaps he did not altogether succeed in keeping them back.

But Higgins is no quitter. He went away and studied for another year, between whiles of his ministry to the lumberjacks; and then came back and presented himself once more for ordination. Once more his questioners were able to muddle him, and again "they threw me out," says Higgins.

And Higgins went back to Bemidji to his tomes and to his lumberjacks, and twelve months later presented himself again for ordination. Indeed, these examinations of Higgins for ordination papers had come to be an annual feature of the Duluth Presbytery. This year the examiner felt his duty strongly. He thought it was time this farce came to an end.

"YOU WILL NEVER REFUSE ME AGAIN."

His interrogatories took rather a wide range. He did not ask Higgins if he had visited the sick, if he had given bread to the hungry, if he had sought out those in prison. But he did ask what Caesar ruled in Rome when Paul was a prisoner there, and what was the difference between a pronoun and

an adverb, and how he would prove the existence of God.

And the preacher to the lumberjacks became as confused as his inquisitor would have been if Sore-eyed Kelley had addressed the kind of remarks to him that he did to Higgins that first day in Bemidji.

Thereupon and, as it thought, finally, the Presbytery rejected the application of Francis E. Higgins for ordination papers. They even refused him a license to preach. For a third time they threw him out. Would he go? Yes, he would go this time. The patience of the patient one, whose ministry had been long since hallowed by the touch of a hand from on high, was exhausted. He was done with Presbyteries now. He had found them too hard of heart. He was done with ordinations. He even began to think that ordinations got with definitions were not worth much. So he stood up and said in a low, tense voice weighed down by the heaviness of his very great disappointment:

"Brethren you will never refuse me that again. The fact is, I am ordained already. (Sensation.) I am ordained of God!"

For the space of almost a minute there was sudden, searching silence while a heavy, plod-footed man turned and, with shoulders thrown back and head high, walked out into the open air where God is undefined.

It is a pleasure to record that thereafter this same Presbytery sent for Higgins, and of its own motion ordained him. It is as proud of him to-day as in the whole Presbyterian Church.

HE FOUGHT THE SALOONS.

Higgins regarded liquor selling as the principal enemy of the lumberjack. He lambasted the saloon unmercifully in his pulpit. Once he swore out warrants against the evil resorts in his town, but the county attorney refused to allow them to be served, declaring that "no preacher is going to run this town." The preacher went over the county attorney's head to the Attorney-General of the State and even to the Governor. But they told him there was nothing they could do unless local sentiment were first aroused. And the preacher set to work to rouse local sentiment. Everywhere he

went in the timber towns he inveighed against the liquor sellers. The W.C.T.U. helped him tremendously. Then "Pussy-foot" Johnson, one of the most sagacious foes of illegal liquor selling, got into the fight with Higgins. He dug up this old Indian treaty in which liquor selling on this soil was forever banned, and while Johnson was getting action on this Higgins was getting action from the people themselves. The inevitable happened. The moral conscience awakened. The slow wrath of the people kindled.

It came to Bemidji with all the suddenness of an explosion. The people arose and purged the town. They had a regular Carrie Nation time. The liquor was smashed at the bars. The gaming tables were burned in the streets. The brothels turned to ashes in a night.

And the Rev. Francis E. Higgins thanked God and took courage. He continued to go in and out among the people, fighting the sins and loving the sinners. He was as quick to come at the call of a saloonkeeper or a gambler as for one of his lumberjacks. His work prospered. His circuits widened. Friends sprang up. But he could not personally reach 20,000 lumberjacks scattered over 200 miles of timber and be Sky Pilot to them all. He must have help, and help began to come. He resigned his church on faith. All his time was to be for the men of the camps. Then the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions adopted him, and a lady in Yonkers sent the money for his salary. But he must have helpers. And nothing from the theological seminaries would be valuable there. The missionary to the lumberjack must be of lumberjack stuff; so Higgins began to train some of his converts for this service.

THE STORY OF ONE CONVERT.

Let me tell you the story of one of these converts, John Sornberger. Sornberger was a bartender, and then he was a prize fighter. He fought and won over 200 ring battles in the back rooms of saloons in the Minnesota lumber woods. The only knock-out blow he ever received came from the whisky bottle he put to his own lips. And whisky will ruin a prize fighter as it will ruin any other man. So Sornberger went down the scale again from prize fighter to bartender to biscuit shooter in a lumber camp. He was

(Continued on Page 10.)



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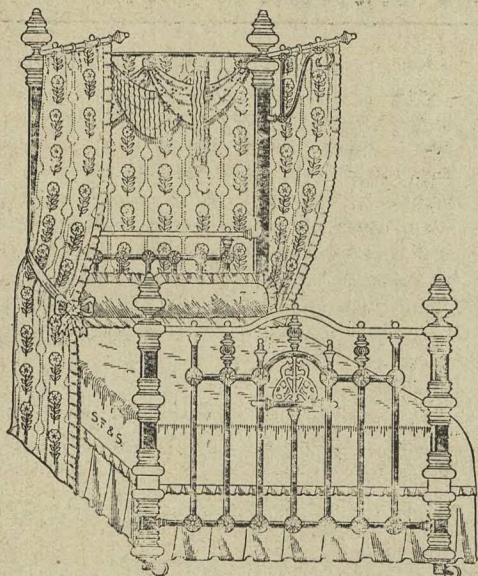
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ALLIANCE SECRETARY,

33 Park-st., Sydney.

Burwood electorate and created a good deal of No-License enthusiasm. The local league is working hard. The president, Mr. F. Wilson, and Organiser Green are doing plenty of overtime. The speakers' team ably backed the big effort at Burwood on Thursday and Friday nights.

NAREMBURN.

Messrs. C. C. Wilson and J. W. Hetherington visited Naremburn last week and spoke to some purpose in support of the bottom square. Both of the above members of the speakers' team are in big demand in advocating No-License, and the amount of work they are putting into this fight in a purely honorary capacity is worthy of notice.

THE SPEAKERS' TEAM.

Open-air meetings at Ashfield, Granville, Marrickville, Annandale and Summer Hill have been held, whilst the fortnightly educational meeting is being well attended. The debates and campaign condition speeches are bringing young speakers to the front. The president, Archdeacon Boyce, attended and gave a cheering word to the team.

SCOTLAND'S GREAT VICTORY.

At a special meeting of the State Council, the President drew attention to the great victory that had been gained by the passing of the Scottish Temperance Bill. The fact that the percentage vote was reduced to 55 per cent. from the three-fifths was commented upon. Won't Mrs. Barton be delighted.

Daughter: "A certain young man sent me these flowers this morning."

Papa: "Don't say 'a certain young man,' my dear. There is none of 'em certain till you've got 'em."

He sneezed and sniffed all night long,

We thought his lungs would burst,

And as he almost lost his breath,

Said he, "I feel I'm curst.

Is there no friend to succour me

From this most grim pursuer?"

And an angel voice cried out, "There is!

Here's Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."

TRADE UNIONISTS.

Will any Trades Unionist interested in Temperance Reform kindly communicate with me? It is proposed to form a Trades Unionist Anti-Liquor Association in this State on the lines of Great Britain and America.

OSCAR A. PIGGOTT,

"Cora Lynn,"

Robert Street, Camperdown.

New South Wales Alliance.

TOWN HALL DEMONSTRATION.

On October 20 there will be a No-License demonstration in the Sydney Town Hall.

A great procession will leave Eddy Avenue at 7.15 p.m. with bands and banners.

The Alliance will welcome a list of names to whom invitations may be posted from any reader of "Grit."

The 1913 Town Hall meeting should be a record-breaking one. We hope to be able shortly to announce the list of speakers. The Lord Mayor will preside.

NEWCASTLE DOINGS.

Mr. J. J. Franklyn left on Monday for Newcastle. Our friends in the coal city have ordered 10,000 copies of "The Member for Bung." Every working man should have a copy of this splendid article. Price, 1s. 6d. per 100, 12s. per 1000.

HON. J. H. CANN, STATE TREASURER, AN ABSTAINER.

Mr. O. G. Piggot, metropolitan organiser, is endeavoring to awaken interest among working men in Temperance. He has received the following letter from the State Treasurer, Hon. J. H. Cann:—

"Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your letter

of the 2nd instant, asking me for an expression of opinion on the value of temperance to the workers, and in reply I may state that, as an abstainer myself, my personal conviction is that as temperance increases, so will the health, happiness and prosperity of the nation and the individual increase. The dire results of the abuse of alcohol are unfortunately frequently apparent in every day life.—Yours faithfully,
J. H. CANN."

LIQUOR LIES.

Have you ever heard of one? Several have got into circulation. These are ably met by a fine little four-page leaflet that will be ready next week. Price, 5s. 6d. per 1000.

RYDE ELECTORATE.

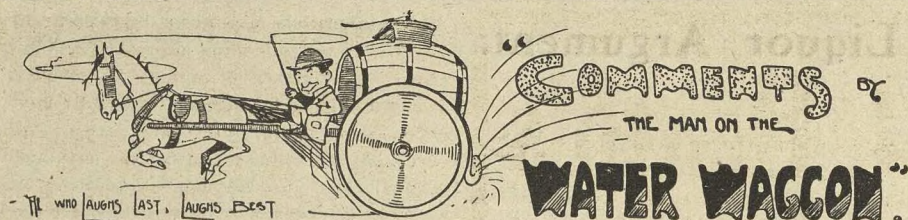
Mr. W. C. Clegg addressed an enthusiastic meeting at Thornleigh on Saturday night. The local folk are engaging Mrs. Aston to canvass the district. The General Secretary was at Hornsby on Friday night. There was a large, and at times noisy, audience in the open-air, but before the meeting closed the speaker received a good hearing.

BURWOOD.

Rev. J. Wilson spent five days in the

Burnet's 1d. Jellies

Insist on BURNET'S 1d. JELLIES, because they are made out of the purest ingredients. BURNET'S 1d. JELLIES are crystal, clear, and delightfully flavored. Don't take the cheap and nasty kind, but insist on BURNET'S 1d. JELLIES. The cherry flavor is a rich red in color.



"PUT THE PEOPLE ON THE LAND."

A correspondent to the "Sun" newspaper pointed out quite recently that it is useless to look to the Government to settle immigrants on the land when the ideal of the native born is to live within an easy tram ride of the city's pleasures. The newcomer, he argued, would soon absorb the same ideals.

We do not exactly see this to be a necessary corollary, but admit his argument that our people are too fond of the city's pleasures and will endure its pains to secure the former. It is increasingly evident that the cities attract the dwellers in mountain and plain—to the gay metropolitan life they do and will come. The "Sydney Morning Herald" of the same date, regarded this influx from the country as the necessary result of good seasons—more people were required to handle the wool and grain that was to be shipped to foreign shores. It was not, so this journal contended, anything out of way that with good seasons the percentage of urban to rural population should be only three per cent. higher in ten years.

That, of course, is the other side of the picture.

In each there is much truth, but we are inclined to agree with the "Sun's" correspondent that "wrong thinking" and a false view of life prevents our country spaces being populated more thickly by a sturdy band of farmers. The working man looks to his Union to secure him a wage—and the rise in commodities contingent upon such wage, multiplies the advantages looked for by him. He fights a hard fight against poverty, and oftentimes disease—the latter the result of the former.

Poverty in the city means a small house in a squalid thoroughfare—hot, dusty and unhealthy in summer, at least. The children are early driven into the usual "factory life," with all its moral, as well as physical, dangers—a nice heritage. Yet, at the same time the pure country air is open to them—the healthy life available—vastly different environment to the sultry slum—odoriferous and unclean.

Yet they heed it not.

This, you may say, reader, is all theory—where are the facts?

Well, one can at the moment, produce one fine example from a little mountain resort where the man on the waggon spent the week-end.

Well does he remember death stalking round one working man's home in the city

and carrying off in his bony clutches one or two of the family.

He remembers, too, the broken-hearted wife—who, when the dread visitor appeared, was herself almost in "mortis extremis," and "given up" by the medical men in attendance. One thing alone would suffice—country air.

We were much interested in this little family and watched with interest, and what help we could, the father abandon his "storeman's" job and decide to sell cabbages and cauliflowers in a little district on the Blue Mountains. His effort was an immediate success—from £2 10s. per week he jumped, per medium of his cabbage cart and the sale of fruit, etc., to over double that amount weekly.

But better still—his wife soon showed pink cheeks like peaches in mid-summer—and the babies grew fatter every day. It is mighty cold in the winter mornings when "Bill" puts his horse in the cart "way up the Mountains," but "Bill" wouldn't catch the 7 o'clock tram into the store again for a hundred pounds per year on to his old screw. No, sir, not for five hundred on. His little family are worth going 70 miles to see—and what, after all, can compete with good health for the first position amidst the good things of this world. If this little dissertation will lead any poor hard-worked city toiler to think things over, we shall be delighted, and maybe if he wants any little practical advice and help in the matter, we can be of a little service. A "sound body" bringeth a "sound mind," and let us not forget it. Healthy lives mean also healthy children—if we build up our own health we are conferring a blessing upon posterity.

At this juncture, through the medium of co-operation, almost any working man can settle on the land—how much better off he will be when he exchanges his cramped city life for that of the "Farm," he will never realise until he experiments for himself.

The Verdict of Experts

(Continued from Page 2.)

thin line of moderation on to the higher platform of total abstinence. Now, taking a small quantity of alcohol is not to my mind an example at all. If you go to a man who is taking an immoderate dose and tell him you are capable of taking a moderate one, he will laugh at you, and say, "Yes, you are now; but how about ten years' time?" On the other hand, if you go to the immoder-

ate man, and say you do not take at all, you show him a position he can appreciate—a position which helps him in the end very greatly.

Then, as to total abstinence preventing disease. I am going to give you some statistics of an insurance society which I know very well, as I happen to be its medical officer, and last year's figures would be startling if they were not absolutely vouched for. This office has two sections—those who do take alcohol, and those who do not. "But," you say, "how do you know they do not take any?" Well, they have to sign a declaration on entering the office to the effect that they have not taken alcohol for five years, and they have to sign another declaration year by year saying that they have not taken any during the preceding twelve months, and will not during the coming year. Of course, some people lie, but if they do, it only makes my position all the stronger. The other section—the general section—has in it excellent lives, and for last year, out of the number who ought to have died per hundred there were only 69.7 who did die. That is to say, 33 persons practically out of 100 who ought to have died did not do so. This was very good for the people, and excellent for the office. But in the other section—the total abstaining—out of 100 persons who ought to have died only 38.13 did so. (Applause.) That really is startling, and I may say it is the first time the figure has been so low. If we take the total for 29 years, because you will say that one year is not worth very much, we get the following: In the general section 89 died out of 100, and in the total abstinence section just over 50 out of 100. So you see, whichever way you look at it, for one year or for twenty-nine years, the results come out the same in the sense that the total abstainer lives much longer than the moderate drinker. May I add one more word—of course, we get some people in the general section who die from alcohol, and also in the total abstinence section some people who die as the result of drink, but you see that these facts make the figures I have given all the stronger. And the last point in connection with this is that very often persons who are in these two sections are drawn from exactly the same class of the community, and actually sometimes from the same family—one brother is an abstainer and the other is a moderate drinker. But on the whole the figures tend to show that total abstinence tends to prevent disease, whereas moderate drinking tends to cause it.

I have one more point to urge upon you, and perhaps it is the strongest of all, and we can use it more persistently than any other. Total abstinence cannot lead to excess in the taking of alcohol. Moderate drinking may; it by no means always does, but no man, woman, or child who takes an excess of alcohol could possibly have taken it if they had been total abstainers and had remained so. Therefore it follows that no drunkard could possibly have become a drunkard unless he had taken a moderate amount of alcohol to start with.

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582-584 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY (Next Door Crystal Palace).

An Answer to Every Liquor Argument.

(Continued.)

NO-LICENSE MEANS MORE HOME-DRINKING.

—Liquor Statement.

On this assertion we can only appeal to the local residents. They alone know the accuracy or inaccuracy of the allegation. The following statements are enlightening:—

The Rev. E. Whitehouse, vicar of Ashburton, who at one time was presented with a smokers' outfit by "the trade" because of his broadmindedness, said:—

"As to liquor going into the homes—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. But I can point to many homes into which it does not go, but where it did go previous to No-License."

The Rev. S. W. Currie, of Balclutha, said it was absolute nonsense to say there was a deal of drinking in the homes.

Each of the four doctors of Oamaru signed the following declaration:—

"We find in making our continual visits to the homes of the people that there is no evidence to show that drinking in the homes is more prevalent now than it used to be in the days of License. Our united experience shows that there is a decrease in cases treated which result from alcoholism. We are convinced that No-License has been of great benefit to the community from a moral and health point of view."—Signed by Alex. Douglas, M.A., M.D.; J. Whitten, M.D., F.R.C.S.; Kenneth McAdam, M.B., M.R.C.S.; A. Garland, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.

Possibly no one enters the homes of the people more often than the doctor and the minister.

Dr. Jas. Fitzgerald, M.B., F.R.C.S. (London), who at one time was an opponent of No-License, gave eloquent testimony when he said:—"The homes of the people appear more prosperous, and there is comparatively little home drinking."

HOW WILL YOU PROVIDE ACCOMMODATION IF YOU CARRY NO-LICENSE.

No-License does not touch the accommodation part of an hotel; it only closes the open bar.

We do not believe that the accommodation part of an hotel will not pay. Publicans are not philanthropists. They do not run any department for fun—they want profit. Other accommodation houses compete successfully with hotels at the same rates.

We venture to assert that more people board in temperance hotels, private houses, and boarding-houses than in hotels. In some towns whole streets are given over to private boarding-houses. The Alliance Hotel in Sydney, running without a bar, has proved a magnificent success, additions frequently being made, yet it is always full.

Each year shows a splendid credit balance after paying a satisfactory dividend.

In the No-License areas of New Zealand the hotels continue to supply accommodation, and supply it well.

Mr. John Harrison, the famous English tenor, said:—"I am not an abstainer. I did not find that accommodation in the No-License areas was worse than in the License area, but, on the contrary, that it was better. It was a great pleasure to stay in hotels, and yet be away from the stink of liquor."

Mr. J. B. Donkin, of Lachlan Falls, N.S.W., the brewery shareholder previously mentioned, said:—"Before coming to New Zealand he had heard a lot about poor accommodation in No-License towns, but from actual experience he must say that in all the No-License towns through which he passed the accommodation was equal, if not superior, to the best in other towns."

Mr. J. R. Scott, secretary National Dairy Association, said:—"I have been travelling all over Otago for the past 30 years, and I get a better bed, better meals, and am more comfortable in No-License hotels than when they had licenses."

The Inspector of the Municipal Council of Invercargill, in a report on the question, stated:—"After a careful investigation of the facts, I am firmly of the opinion that the hotels and boarding-houses at the present time are as good, and in some cases better, than under the former circumstances (license)."

So we reiterate No-License interferes not with accommodation, but only with the sale of alcoholic liquors, and No-License will provide—

A public-house without the drink,
Where men may sit and talk and think,
And sober home return.

THERE IS MORE DRINK CONSUMED UNDER NO-LICENSE THAN UNDER LICENSE.

—Liquor Statement.

(1) If this is so, then the argument about decreased revenue and decreased employment falls flat. If more liquor is consumed then No-License means more revenue, more brewery, and distillery labor, and more profits for brewery shareholders, so the other arguments will have to be jettisoned by anyone attempting to prove this allegation.

(2) To prove this would also prove that 260,000 Prohibition voters in New Zealand are fools, voting for something that, though under their own observation for varying periods, has obviously deceived and deluded them.

(3) Remembering that the temperance vote in New Zealand has increased from 98,312 in 1896 to 259,995 in 1911—an increase of 161,683 votes—to prove that No-License means more beer is to give the lie to these 161,683 increased voters.

(4) If No-License means more beer, why

this elaborately organized movement by the brewers and publicans against it? Why this huge expenditure of money to prevent the bringing in of a regime that will mean increased drinking, increased sales, and increased dividends. Surely the statement is a reflection on the mental qualities of the liquor crowd. To prove that No-License means more beer is also to equally prove that the members of the Liquor Defence Association are a pack of asinine idiots.

Let us note well the following irrefutable facts:—In 1910 a return was presented to the New Zealand Parliament showing the quantity of alcoholic liquors taken into No-License areas. Comparing these quantities with the rest of New Zealand under License we find that the amount consumed in No-License areas is 18s. 0¼d. per head, whilst in License areas it is £4 3s. 1¾d. per head.

The Wellington correspondent of the "Sydney Morning Herald" (who is by no means sympathetic to No-License) commented thus on these comparative figures:—"This statement is based upon the only reliable material available. The figures have stood the test of a good deal of scrutiny, and have not been seriously challenged. . . . To take an impartial view, one must admit that all the evidences show that there is less drinking—considerably less—where the bars have been closed."—"Sydney Morning Herald," 10/5/12.

"The Otago Daily Times," an opponent of No-License, in referring to this return, wrote:—"The return made it clear that the disclosed consumption per head in those districts is only a fraction of the average per head for the whole Dominion."

Eight members of Parliament, representing No-License electorates, signed a statement that "We spontaneously and unhesitatingly assert that No-License has resulted in a marked decrease in the consumption of liquor."

We could produce an avalanche of irrefragable evidence, but is it necessary? This tour-de-force of the "Lie-beer-ty League" only demonstrates their poverty of argument. We will conclude by statements from two of their own authorities.

Mr. F. W. Thompson, a director of English and American brewing companies, recently published a book on "High License." In elaboration of an argument (p. 45), he says:—"For instance, some six or eight States are under Prohibition more or less rigidly enforced. Temperance advocates at any rate cannot object to the argument that CONSUMPTION IN A PROHIBITION STATE IS BUT A FRACTION WHAT IT IS IN A WET STATE."

During the last New Zealand campaign the following advertisement was inserted in profusion in the daily press at considerable expense to the Liquor Party:—

"No-License not only closes the bars, but it cancels every wholesale and retail License in the district, and makes it ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE for you to obtain liquor of any description."—"Lyttelton Times," 6/12/11.

New Zealand Crime Record for 1912.

The annual report of the police Department has been laid before Parliament, and a summary of its principal contents has been published in our newspapers. It is easy enough to glance over the figures which tell of the number of arrests and the nature of the offences, but it would be a heart-breaking business to ponder at all seriously and sympathetically the long black list of tragedies which these figures represent. It is possible, of course, to find countries with a blacker crime record than New Zealand; it is possible to find years in the history of New Zealand when the crime record was blacker than it is to-day. But no man who is at all sensitive to moral values can face the condition of things brought to light by this report without feeling that to apply the term "God's Own" to a country in which such an appalling extent of turpitude is possible is something almost bordering on blasphemy. Call it the "Devil's Own," and you find a phrase which more fitly describes New Zealand as seen in the damning light of the crime record for 1912. We may take what comfort we can get from the information that, while there has been an increase of 982 in the aggregate number of offences, there has been a decline in the list of serious offences. Taking the returns of the several police districts for comparison, there are some figures that at once challenge attention. Of the four large centres, Dunedin has by far the most favorable record. While Auckland has 6833 offences to its discredit, Wellington, 6025, and Christchurch 4011, Dunedin has only 1773. It is true that the population of Dunedin is far less than that of either Auckland, Wellington or Christchurch, but the number of offences in proportion to the population is also considerably less than in either of the other large cities. The actual number is considerably less even than those of Wanganui and Napier, which, compared with Dunedin, are but small towns. The fact that the Dunedin police district includes three No-License electorates is, undoubtedly, the explanation of the place of honor it holds among the large centres in relation to crime. The district against which lies the least number of offences is Invercargill, which has 713, as against 2445 for Wanganui and 2197 for Napier. Invercargill has a larger population than either of those towns, but it piles up less than one-third of the number of offences. Here again the fact that the police district of Invercargill includes two No-License electorates must be accepted as the explanation of its comparative freedom from crime.

Coming to the returns for drunkenness, we have the shameful record that no less than 11,986 persons, 11,178 men and 808 women, were convicted of insobriety, an increase on the previous year of 185. That means nearly 1000 convictions for drunkenness every month, or 250 every week. And they tell us that this is a wonderfully sober country, where there is no need that anybody should be concerned about the ravages of drunkenness! In this list, it is Wellington that makes considerably the worst showing, the number of convictions

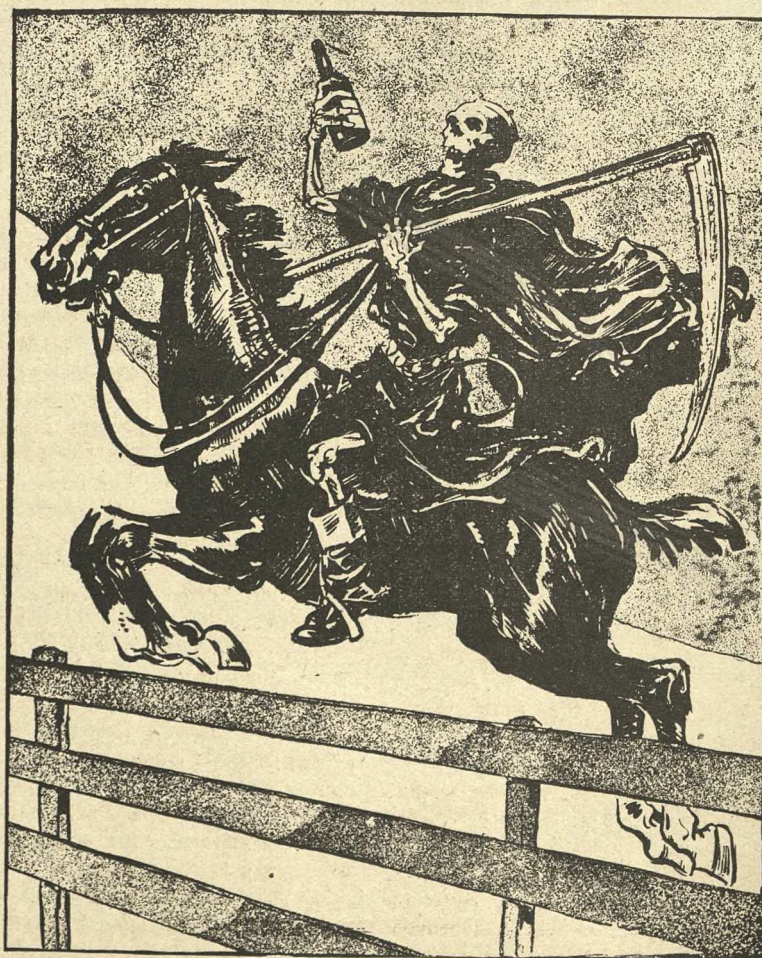
there being 2840, as compared with 1842 for Auckland, 898 for Christchurch, and 557 for Dunedin. That Wellington should have more than four times the number of convictions registered in Dunedin is an outstanding disgrace. Granted that the population of Wellington is considerably in excess of that of Dunedin, the record for drunkenness still stands infinitely to its discredit. This, too, in a city which in 1908 voted 54.41 per cent. for No-License, and in 1911 voted 50.35 per cent. for National Prohibition. There is a decrease in the number of convictions for drunkenness in each of the other large centres: Auckland, 170; Christchurch, 129; Dunedin, 60; but in Wellington there is an increase of 387.

SLY-GROG SELLING.

The Police Report states that there was a falling off from 178 prosecutions and 123 convictions in 1911, to 113 prosecutions and 69 convictions in 1912. The fines totalled £1,440 10s. as against £2,670 in 1911. To this amount Auckland, with largest number of bars, contributed £498 10s.; Christchurch, £247; Wellington, £182; Dunedin, £75. While it is true that Invercargill's share of the fines amounted to £106, the figures as a whole show most conclusively that it is in the districts where the sale of liquor is

licensed that sly-grog selling is most extensively practised. The cost to the country of prosecutions for sly-grog selling amounted to £385 12s. 1d., which set against the £1440 10s. received by way of fines, leaves a balance in favor of the Dominion Treasurer of £1054 12s. 11d. Probably there is scarcely a return laid before Parliament that receives less serious attention than that which relates to the list of police offences. Legislators discuss almost everything else under the sun but that, and it is the rarest thing in the world to find a newspaper calling attention to it in its relation to moral and social progress. There is a growing wail among the taxpayers concerning the increasing cost of police administration, but as for any serious enquiry into the causes of the crimes that prove so expensive, that is left to be dealt with by "faddists." An outbreak of smallpox is at once followed by the demand that no money, no inconvenience must be spared to stamp it out. When drunkenness is seen in its true light, as a scourge far more to be dreaded than the most virulent form of smallpox, our legislators, our newspaper writers, our moral teachers generally, will be stung into an attitude of such relentless and determined fight against it, that such a disgraceful record as that of 1912 will no longer exist to fill us with wonder and shame.—"Vanguard."

POPULAR WHISKY BRANDS.



LAST OVER THE BARS.

—From "Collier's National Weekly."

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A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1913.

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The Case for No-License

IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

By ARCHDEACON F. B. BOYCE.

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Over twenty pages of the 100 are given to interesting illustrations of the splendid success of No-License in Canada, the United States, and New Zealand. The exaggerations and bogeys put forth by License advocates in the last campaign here are exposed.

It is as a handbook to the No-License controversy in this State, and is right up-to-date. Speakers, writers, and other helpers in the great cause will find it invaluable.

A Personal Chat with my readers

NOT WORTH MENTIONING.

Some wise man advises that when you are deeply stirred, write a letter, express yourself freely and fully, and next morning enjoy the pleasure of destroying it before any one has seen it. Try it, will you? I tried it the other day and enjoyed it immensely, and have smiled at the person who was to have had this "bit of mind" ever since, smiled at the thought of how the devil was cheated by burning that letter.

"Why didn't you tell her she was taking more than her share of room and encroaching upon your right?" some one asked a young girl who was merrily describing an old woman who had taken a seat beside her in a crowded railway-car and crammed into the small space a bird-cage, a basket of apples, and bundles numerous and varied. "It wasn't worth while to trouble about it; we had such a little way to go together," was the reply. What a motto that would be for a life journey! So many little annoyances are not worth noticing, so many small unkindnesses even may be passed by silently, because we have only "such a little way to go together."

A CALL TO SERVICE.

The President of Princetown University, Dr. J. G. Hibben, has lately voiced a fine appeal to service in the following words:—

"You, who are enlightened, self-sufficient, self-governed, endowed with gifts above your fellows, the world expects you to add to and not to subtract from its store of good, to build up and not to tear down, to ennoble and not to degrade. It commands you to take your place and to fight in the name and honor of chivalry against the powers of organized evil and of commercialised vice; against poverty, disease and death, which follow fast in the wake of sin and ignorance; against all the innumerable forces which are working to destroy the image of God in man, and unleash the passion of the beast."

Will you cut this out and carry it about with you, and use it as a tonic every time your energy flags or your hurt feelings suggest throwing up the effort.

JACK LONDON ON ALCOHOL.

Under the title, "John Barleycorn," the famous novelist, Jack London, has written for the "Saturday Evening Post" the story of his life and the part that alcohol has played in it. Some time ago Dr. A. H. Purdue, state geologist for Tennessee, wrote a congratulatory letter to Jack London on his serial story, "John Barleycorn," saying:

"In reading this story of your life I have wondered if you would have accomplished what you have, had you never associated with John Barleycorn; if he has not many times stimulated you, arousing, for the time, all the force there was in you, which had the effect of inspiration that formed the basis of your work. I say this thought forced itself upon me, even though I myself have never made the acquaintance of John Barleycorn, and know by experience nothing of his influence as an associate."

In reply Jack London wrote as follows:

"Thank you for your good words concerning 'John Barleycorn.' No, please believe me, whatever I have accomplished in this world has been in spite of John Barleycorn and not because of John Barleycorn. John Barleycorn never helped me to do anything. This is straight and flat and right out from the shoulder."

Let us cut it out of N.S.W. by our vote and like Jack London we will have no regrets.

A man once said to Sam Jones, "Jones, the church is putting my assessment too high." Jones asked, "How

A GENUINE WOWSER. much did you pay?"

"Five dollars a year," was the reply.

"Well," said Jones, "how long have you been converted?"

"About four years," was the answer.

"Well, what did you do before you were converted?"

"I was a drunkard"

"How much did you spend for drink?"

"About 250 dollars a year."

"How much were you worth?"

"I rented land and ploughed a steer."

"What have you got now?"

"I have a good plantation and a pair of horses."

"Well," said Sam Jones, "you paid the devil 250 dollars a year for the privilege of ploughing a steer on rented land, and now you don't want to give the Lord who saved you five dollars a year for the privilege of ploughing horses on your own plantation! You are a rascal from the crown of your head to the sole of your feet!"

It is about time a little more generosity began to flow towards those who are advancing the sobriety, happiness, and prosperity of thousands of people.

The Editor

The Pledge and the Police Court.

THE ADMIRAL AND "SNOWY" BAKER SPEAK WITH ONE VOICE.

On September 10, at the Y.M.C.A. Hall, an enthusiastic audience, mostly men, gathered to give publicity to the work of the Sydney Total Abstinence Society. His Excellency Admiral Sir G. King-Hall presided. Apologies were read from Ven. Archdeacons Boyce and Darcy-Irvine, and a telegram of good wishes was read from Dr. Thompson, the newly-appointed Federal medical officer at Canberra. The various denominations were much more numerously represented in the police court than at the meeting. The Rev. F. Elder and the Rev. Thomas Davis showed their sympathy with the movement by their presence.

THE ADMIRAL'S SPEECH.

His Excellency said: Something more was needed to assist Sydney in dealing with the many derelicts that we have in this great city, and so this society has been formed, and all total abstainers are asked to join on the simple grounds of total abstinence, quite apart from all denominational or political considerations. The platform cannot be broader, and all who are interested in temperance work are asked to join it. I may say that we have something similar to this in the Royal Navy. What has often puzzled me is how some of the most active social workers and social leaders can overlook the question of total abstinence. I mentioned this to Mr. Will Crooks the other day, and I was delighted to hear from him that out of the 40 members of the Labor Party in the British Parliament 30, that is three-quarters, are total abstainers. To everyone who has studied the question of social reform it is impossible not to realise that bad housing and drinking go hand in hand. You will rarely find a total abstinence family living in slums. On the other hand, slums often conduce to drinking. However, no social reformer, whatever country or State he is in, should fail to deal with these two together when they speak of social reform. I can only think that it is lack of moral courage on the part of some that causes them to avoid the subject of drink. I hope you don't mind my speaking out on this point very plainly. Before concluding I will remark that I have been a total abstainer all my life, and I recognise and fully appreciate that it has been of the greatest benefit in every way—physically, morally, and financially—to myself. There are 25,000 total abstainers in the Royal Navy, of which I am president, and I am glad to say that a large number of the Australian Navy are also taking a very great interest in this work. Of those on the Tingara 86 are total abstainers. I

won't say anything about the evils of drink. You know all about that. Nearly all the crime in the navy springs from the drink. If we can only persuade every citizen of New South Wales to be a total abstainer and join this society, we can then shut up the 30 jails in this State, poverty would disappear, crime would be reduced to a minimum, no children would be neglected, and the State would be wealthier, healthier, and better off in every way. I do believe that in the face of the terrible misery and crime springing from this alcoholic poison, as shown in the report which I have in my hand, we should all, without distinction, endeavor to banish it from our midst. I hope the press will recognise there is a serious side to this question, and give us their support. Our object is the good and welfare of the people of this great Commonwealth. I will conclude with a few lines which a total abstaining sailor always quotes:—

Write it for the cause of truth,
Write it for the rising youth,
Write it for the Fatherland,
Write it out on every hand,
Where there's drink there's danger.

ABSTINENCE IN ITS RELATION TO ATHLETICS.

Mr. Reg. L. ("Snowy") Baker, being absent owing to an imperative call to Melbourne, took the trouble to write his remarks, so that the meeting would not be without his emphatic opinion on total abstinence. He wrote:—

"That temperance conduces to longevity must be patent to all," is a very old saying, but, nevertheless, is a very true one. Alcohol, in its relation to sport, is really a very deep subject, and one that I am glad to be able to venture my opinion on. Living in a country such as this is, it is quite to be expected that a very considerable amount of liquid should be consumed, although not necessarily alcoholic. However, very unfortunately we find on all sides a decided tendency towards alcoholic drinks. Personally, I positively fail to see in what way alcohol can benefit the system. I would even go as far to say that, taken even as a stimulant, its effect is no good to the body. The true effect of alcohol, taken as a stimulant, is that it, immediately after being taken, sets up a decided warmth and glow in the body, but this is followed by a decided depression in the patient's condition, which brings them lower than they normally were before having the stimulant administered. As proof of the efficacy of abstinence, I beg to relate a number of in-

stances in sport wherein I have been closely associated. For my own part, I have never, throughout all my years of strenuous athletics, taken one single drop of alcoholic drink. In the first place, I have never felt a desire within me for it; and, secondly, I knew only too well that should I ever lean towards it it meant my immediate downfall as an athlete, and I liked athletics much too well to give drink one moment's consideration.

It is a very remarkable thing, and I don't care where you pick your man from, there was never a champion in any sport who was a drinker—be it swimming, boxing, football, or anything else. You cannot possibly succeed at it unless you leave drink alone.

In the sport that I am most intimately connected with at present, that is boxing, I find that the successful ringman is invariably an abstainer. Truly speaking, he is compelled to be so, for he will find a 20-round contest against a physically trained man a very long journey. It calls for everything that is in a man, and he is unable to give it unless he has been living a clean, healthy life. I have a few instances of men on my circuit who are given towards drink. I find that they are unable to present themselves in a physically perfect state, with the inevitable result that they are badly defeated. This, of course, means that their market value or drawing power drops. They cease to earn the money that they formerly did, and ultimately they are unable to secure a match at all, which, in short, is that their livelihood as a boxer, which was once a lucrative profession for them, is snatched away by some one who has been leading a decent, straight life. Really an eliminating test, which brings about the survival of the fittest. The overwhelming factor which brings about the downfall of many young athletes is the apparent presence of good fellowship. While you are on the pinnacle of fame you will meet heaps of people who all want you to have a drink with them, but it is really the insincerest form of flattery. As soon as you are going to be a good fellow with everyone your career is very limited. The successful man in sport is the man who has a will which will not be dictated to. He sets forth his mode of living, and abides by it. Really it is the only way in which one can hope for success, be it at business or sport.

I direct my remarks, not as one posing from a pinnacle of piety, but as one who has seen many phases of life—successful and otherwise. It is my knowledge of these things that prompts me to write as I have done. My only regret is that I was unable to be present here this evening to personally add testimony to the very grand work

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being carried on by this society. I sincerely trust that the movement meets with hearty co-operation on all sides, for it is indeed a glorious thing to think that you have at least done something towards the uplifting of your fellow-man.

THE LAWYER AND THE DOCTOR.

Mr. W. C. Clegg, as a lawyer and one familiar with the courts, made an enthusiastic speech, and urged his hearers not only to support the movement of total abstinence, but to go further, and lessen the facilities for obtaining drink. The question of the value of closing the bar was beyond dispute. In Canada, the States, and New Zealand the experiment had proved, without exception, the immense value of closing the bar. Mr. Clegg was frequently applauded, and used some of the facts with which the readers of "Grit" are familiar to drive home to the audience the value of No-License, and he urged them, in the interest of those thousands suffering from alcohol, to work for good results at the next election.

Dr. Crago, who is such a familiar figure in all charitable and humane movements, spoke as a medical man. He quoted with approval Sir Lauder Brunton, one of the best-known medical authorities, who said:—"Healthy people as a rule do not need alcohol and are better without it." It has been proved incontestably that while the taking of alcohol may doubtless, by its action on the nervous system, lead to a temporary spurt in muscular activity, it reduces the total daily output of work, and the fact is so well recognised by employers of labor that when it is urgently necessary to get the maximum of work out of their men they do their best to keep alcohol from them. When the gauge of the Great Western Railway had to be altered within the short space of 24 hours the contractors were careful to take this precaution. The testimony of experienced generals is unanimous against allowing alcohol to the soldier on campaign. Their opinion is confirmed by Sir F. Treves:—"As a work producer alcohol is exceedingly extravagant, and, like all other extravagant measures, leads to physical bankruptcy. It is also curious that troops cannot work or march on alcohol. I was, as you know, with the relief column that marched on Ladysmith, and of course it was an exceedingly trying time by reason of the hot weather. In that numerous

column of 30,000 the first who dropped out were not the tall men, or the short men, or the big men or the little men. They were the drinkers, and they dropped out as clearly as if they had been labelled with a big letter on their back."

AN APPEAL.

An appeal was made for funds, and a comparatively small sum was collected, but it is hoped that the splendid publicity given to the meeting by the daily press will bring in the means to enable this work to increase its usefulness. It is hoped that the readers of "Grit" will remember, as the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond pointed out in his remarks, that if this work is generously supported, and carried out with the same success as at present, it will lessen the demand now being made on every form of charity in New South Wales. That 1500 men used to spending not less than 10s. a week, and frequently a great deal more, had been kept sober for many months. This meant conserving from £700 to £1000 a week to the home, the woman, and the child. This relieved the woman and child from the necessity of making a humiliating appeal for charity, and it also relieved the various philanthropic bodies in Sydney.

The Sky Pilot of the Lumberjacks

(Continued from Page 3.)

a good cook but a bad man. He smashed a half-breed with a stone jug one day, and lay out in the woods for months waiting to see if the half-breed died or got well. Fortunately he recovered. During this period Higgins found him, talked to him, touched him, saw him converted; and then went around from county to county where the man was wanted for crimes and got the promise of prosecuting officers to give him a chance. Sornberger made good. He straightened up. He married. He preaches to-day in the very barrooms where once he brawled. He holds evangelistic services in the dance halls where the shouts of the on-lookers had greeted his ring triumphs.

His old friends, now his enemies, give him some pretty raw deals. They told terrible stories about him, and he said: "Yes, that's all so," and went on with his preaching. They went and told his young wife long

and awful yarns with sickening details. And she looked at Sornberger, and he hung his head and said: "They are true, all true; they can't imagine anything worse than I was." But still he kept on his way. Then his detractors made one terrible mistake. They whispered a story that reflected on his wife. Sornberger heard it, as it was intended he should hear it. The man is strong as iron. He is agile as a panther. He leaped through the swinging doors of the saloon from which the story emanated. In a trice he had both the proprietor and the barkeeper helpless on the floor, and then with a self-control more terrible than his passion, if that were possible, he said to them in accents that were low and hot: "You can talk about me all you please, and you can't make it bad enough, but I'm ready to answer to God for the life of the man that says a word against her."

HIGGINS A SUPERINTENDENT NOW.

And no man has ventured to breathe such a word from that day to this.

Francis E. Higgins is a superintendent of missions now. He has fourteen evangelists under him, each of whom in a given district does the work that Higgins with his own hands began to do in 1894. John Sornberger and seven others of these fourteen are the converts of those labors.

One of these workers is a woman. The Catholics have placed a noble chain of hospitals at the doors of these lumber woods, and this cheery-faced woman goes from one to another of these hospitals visiting the men whom Higgins and his co-workers send out.

And so the men of this vast snowbound greenery are being redeemed like the timber from the forest.

Francis E. Higgins, who first discovered these lumberjacks, organized the work and still leads in it. Through 20 years of unselfish devotion to the cause of the men in the woods he has earned the affection and regard which they feel for their Sky Pilot.

Two little sisters, who were taken to see "Othello," were much impressed by the death scene. "I wonder if they kill a lady every night?" said Lucy.

"Why, of course not, Lucy," said her sister; "they just pretend to. It would be altogether too expensive to really kill a lady every night."

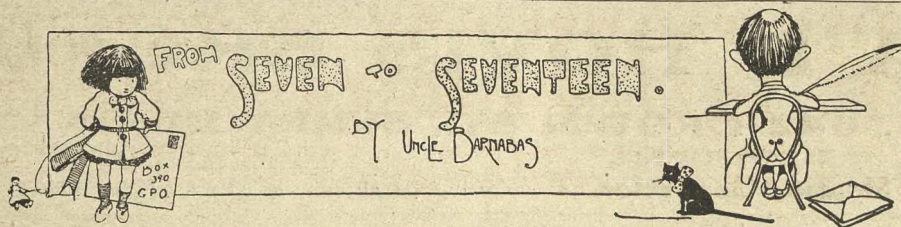
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Six lads they went a-camping
For a fortnight near the sea;
Five lads they all contracted colds,
But the sixth not a cold had he,
For he didn't forget, this lad,
To place in his bag secure
The greatest Mascotte in all the world—
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.



NEVER DESPAIR.

An old Chinese had become so addicted to the use of opium that his children cast him out. He was lying by the roadside when Dr. Hunter Corbett came along, and saw the old man's pitiable condition. He made inquiry, and, on learning what had happened, he took the old man in and saw that he was nursed back to life and treated for his disease.

The Chinese could not understand why a foreigner whom he hated should take such an interest in him, especially when his own children had abandoned him. Dr. Corbett explained to him the gospel of Jesus Christ, and how He had come to save just such men as he. And because he, Dr. Corbett, was the servant of Christ and fulfilling His commandments, he could not abandon a man in need, even though the man's own children had abandoned him.

So impressed was the old man with this manifestation of love that he asked to be instructed in the new faith. When the Gospel was explained to him, he said he wanted just that thing. He became converted, and also was cured of the opium habit.

The new Christian was not content, however, to stop at his own conversion, but at once went among his relatives and succeeded in bringing them to the Saviour. He then concluded that he had a mission in life, and started to make peace between enemies. When he heard of any persons being angry, he would go to them and get them together and make peace between them, and in this way he became known in that province as the "Peacemaker."

Does not this true story make us feel ashamed of ourselves? Our Christianity bids us hope. There is no one so bad that need despair of them and no habit so strong but Christ can save us from it. Cheer up Ne's and Ni's, always be hopeful, because God loves you, Christ is your Saviour and your friend, and so let us be hopeful always about all things.—Uncle B.

A BIRD ROMANCE.

One of our subscribers has sent the following verse with spaces left for the name of a bird to be filled in, which makes the sense complete:—

A maiden wondrous fair was she,
Her eyes were (1) as sunlit sea;
Her hair was (2) as darkest night,
And like the (3) her brow was white.
Like (4) her lips so fair,
And, oh, she was a vision rare.
She gaily walked 'neath skies of June,
(5) the while a merry tune.
Her lover was of low degree
Naught but a lowly (6) he.
He oft brought meat to feed the (7),
And puss would gladly (8) that.
He deemed the maiden quite a prize,
And on her fixed his (9) eyes;

But yet before her he did (10),
To woo her did his courage fail.
"Were I a bard of yore," quoth he,
"With tuneful (11) I'd sing to thee;
But yet no (12) sweet am I,
I cannot sing, though I should try,
And should I but attempt a tune
You'd say: 'Dear me, the man's a (13).'"
Quoth she: "I never thought to wed,
I'd planned to be a nurse instead,
Just like Miss (14), I guess;
But, notwithstanding, I'll say 'Yes.'"
Soon came their joyous wedding day,
And then they blithely sailed away,
Their faces wreathed with happy smiles,
To seek the fair (15) Isles.
In after years they'd oft remark:
"Our honeymoon was quite a (16)."

Key to Bird Romance:—1. Blue; 2. Black; 3. Snow; 4. Cardinal; 5. Humming; 6. Butcher; 7. Cat; 8. Swallow; 9. Eagle; 10. Quail; 11. Lyre; 12. Warbler; 13. Loon; 14. Nightingale; 15. Canary; 16. Lark.

A BLUE STOCKING.

Molly, Wellington, 21/7/13, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—You are lucky to be receiving another letter so soon from me, but I am not too sure you did receive the last one, as I have not seen it in print yet. By the way, uncle, last week's "Grit" did not turn up here, someone must have helped themselves I suppose. Would you mind sending one please?

I suppose you and all the other Sydney "Gritites" have been vaccinated by this.



IVY OF WIRRABARA.

We fortunate country people have not had to be done yet. What does it feel like, I wonder. There was some talk of our school being done, but I don't think it was true.

I suppose Daisy Hawkins called to see you while she was down. In my last letter from Grace she said Daisy was going to call on you. She was ill some of the time she was down.

I am still working as hard as ever. I never even get time to read any nice books. I will be quite a "blue-stocking" soon. Thank goodness the holidays are only five



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The Editor, "Photography and Focus," London.

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weeks off now, so that will be a little respite. Our show is on the 2nd and 3rd September, so that will be another holiday. I don't think I will have time to do any work for it this year.

It has been real fine here for quite a long time, except for a few little showers, and we are beginning to think the rain has left us for good.

Well, I must leave off now and get to my work, or I will never be finished. Lots of love to all cousins and yourself from your loving niece.

(Dear Molly,—I wonder would you tell us the origin and meaning of a blue stocking? I am sure many of your cousins don't know. Your show was on yesterday, and I wonder if you will write and tell us about it. Yes, vaccination has been the order of the day, and it has been surrounded by much foolish talk. It is undoubtedly a wise precaution.—Uncle B.)

THE BEST THING ABOUT CHATSWOOD.

Jack Barnett, Chatswood, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It is very warm here today. I have a bicycle. I am in the choir at St. Paul's Church of England. The best thing about Chatswood is, that it put up a very good vote for No-License last election. We are to have our Sunday-school picnic next September. They say they are going to Fairyland; it is up the Lane Cove River; there is a razzle-dazzle, a maypole, a swing and a see-saw. I must end now.—Yours sincerely.

(Dear Jack,—I am glad to hear from you, and I quite agree with you that the best thing about Chatswood is its splendid determination to have No-License. I do hope they win this time. Write again soon.—Uncle B.)

BEAUTIFUL LETTERS.

Clarice Clout, Bellevue, Tumut Plains, 23/7/13, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I think it is about time I wrote to you again, or else I will be among the list of scallawags, and I should not like that. I have been waiting to get my photo to send you. I am cutting out all the photo's of my cousins and pasting them in one book. We have grown awfully fond of "Grit." Some of the letters are beautiful. We got our Sunday school prizes since I last wrote to you. The name of mine is "Elsie's Girlhood." Gerald's prize was "Paul Arnold." Dear uncle, I do hope you do not get small-pox. Are you vaccinated, uncle. We are all going in to get vaccinated as soon as the lymph arrives. We had a fortnight's holiday lately. Our teacher, Mr. Denning, went to Albury for military training. Since our teacher came back we have physical drill. It makes us very tired, but that does not matter when it is good for us. I am trying to collect five shillings for you. I have one shilling and sixpence. But if I can't collect

it father is going to make it up. I will send it as soon as I get it. I did not send for a collecting card. If you would rather me have one you can send me one. I am sending you my text name. This is it:

Come unto me.

Love one another.

A rise! Take up thy bed and walk.

R ejoice in the Lord.

I will praise thee.

C onsider and hear me

E ven the spirit of truth.

C hildren, obey your parents.

L et not your heart be troubled.

O give thanks unto the Lord.

U ntil I find out a place for thee.

T hen Job arose.

I am sending you my photo with this letter, uncle. I hope they arrive safely. Well, dear uncle, I think this all the news for this time, so I will conclude with love.

(Dear Clarice,—You will have seen that I received your photo for which many thanks. I wonder how many of your "cousins," will shine up and write a beautiful letter. I am proud to hear of the prizes you and Gerald won. Thank you for helping by collecting. Rosa Jamison sent her card in today with 10/6, and I am so grateful for the help of my ne's and ni's. Never was there such a lucky person as Uncle B.)

HOW TO KNOW EACH OTHER.

Clifford Lark, "Manning," Tracey-street, Hurstville, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I think it is about time I wrote to you again. Thank you very much for kind birthday greetings. I have a new baby brother three months, his name is Athol. In one of the issues of "Grit" you asked us what we would do for the "Children's Issue." I would like you to send me a collecting card. I have just read two splendid books: "The Hunters of the Ozark" and "Robinson Crusoe." I saw by one of cousin Byrel's letters that she was at our Scripture Union gathering. I believe it is to be held annually, and I think we "Grit" cousins ought to have a badge of some sort so we could know each other, something like the Christian Endeavors or the C.E.M.S., and if Uncle B. wore an extra large one he would not be passed unnoticed. I send my "Grit" to a cousin in the country. She would like to write, but does not know if she could be a Ni, when she is not a subscriber. I must

now close with love to all your Ne's and Ni's and yourself.—I remain, your Ne.

(Dear Clifford,—I am very pleased to hear from you again. I hope Athol is fine. Is his voice in good order? I will be glad to send you a collecting card. I must try and carry out your idea of a badge. Perhaps some of your "cousins" will tell me what they think about it. Yes, your country cousin may write and become a Ni.—Uncle B.)

A PET KANGAROO.

Carl Eiper, Warrah, Willowtree, July 27, 1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—We have a kangaroo, and her name is Bahlloo. Someone had shot her mother. Now I will tell you how we got her. I went out lamb marking, and after a while father came, and then he went with another man, and as they were going along father found her and brought her home.

Last Friday evening father and my uncle and I put seven thousand sheep out of the wheat. They had been put in to eat it off to make it grow stronger. We are sending 5/- for the special number. Much love from your loving nephew.

(Dear Carl,—I must thank you for the 5/-. I wonder why you gave that name to the kangaroo. Will you tell us what it means. I think kangaroos are lovely pets—they are so gentle. I wonder are you good at telling how many sheep there are in a mob.—Uncle B.)

WHERE THEY ALL WRITE.

Walter, Liverpool, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Are you still going to let us have the Liverpool page if all the cousins here write at the same time? There are only four now, because two have gone away. I was vaccinated last Saturday, but my arm is all right yet. The wattle trees are out now, and they look so nice from our place. There are such a lot of them, too. I like the common wattle best. I play football when I come home from school at 4 o'clock, and I play marbles sometimes, too, but I like football best. Father is making such a nice garden at home now. He has planted a lot of flowers, and has put some rose cuttings in. It's getting late now, so good-bye.

(Dear Walter,—Yes, I will put a photo of Liverpool on this page when I get letters from all my Ne's and Ni's at Liverpool. Make an effort, and get the old ones as well as the present ones to advertise Liverpool by a letter, telling the best they know of your old town.—Uncle B.)

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A DOCTOR'S INSTINCT.

A little boy of the family was not feeling well. At the time many children were having the chicken-pox, so his parents told him he must go to bed at once for they feared he had it.

Bright and early he arose in the morning and went to his parents' room and said:

"Ma, I got the chicken-pox; I found a feather in my bed."

* * *

BOTH MEMBERS.

Belle and Ben had just announced their engagement.

"When we are married," said Belle, "I shall expect you to shave every morning. It's one of the rules of the club I belong to that none of its members shall marry a man who won't shave every morning."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Ben; "but what about the mornings I don't get home in time? I belong to a club, too."

QUITE DIFFERENT.

A woman on trial in a big case was trying to prove an alibi.

"My maid was combing my hair at home at that time, your Honor," she said.

"Yes," said the judge, "but where were you?"

* * *

A LUCID EXPLANATION.

"That's a terrible noise in the nursery, Mollie," said her mistress. "What is the matter? Can't you keep the baby quiet?"

"Sure, mum," replied Mollie, "I can't keep him quiet unless I let him make a noise."

* * *

PERFECTLY TRUE.

Miss Catt: "She has a fine complexion."

Miss Nipp. "Yes—that's an added attraction."

* * *

DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

"Get your teeth filled, eh? Did the dentist do a good job?"

"Well, he spared no pains."

* * *

"Look at this beautiful castle."

"Don't bother me. How can I read the guide-book if you keep pestering me to look at rocks and castles?"

* * *

"Do not tell everything you know; better keep back some seed for next year's crop."

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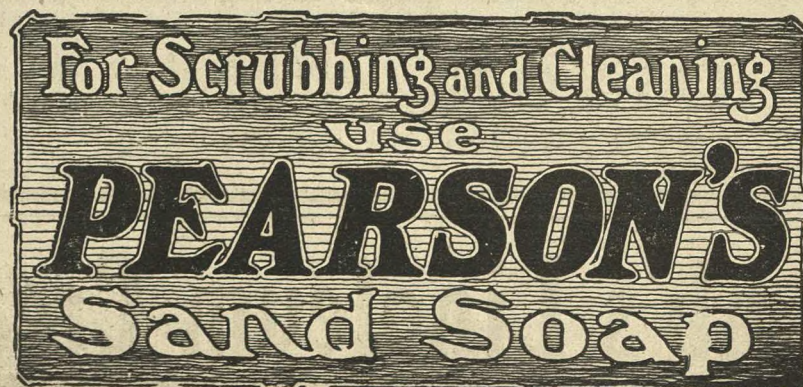
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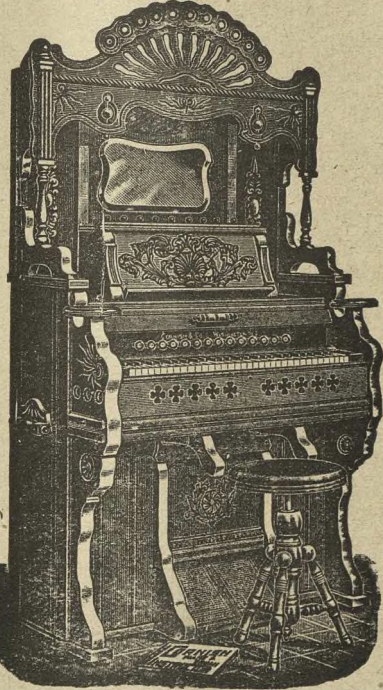
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What the Parson Says.

The Church and the Children.

By the REV. LEN BROUGHTON, D.D.

Everywhere I go I hear the wail of the loss in membership and of the shrinkage in congregations. The great rank and file of the world, say what we please, is moving away from the Church of Christ. And if this present moving of the masses of men from the Church of Christ continues at the present rate, it does not take a prophet to say that the day will come when the Church is doomed. The condition is a serious one, and demands the most earnest and honest and faithful and prayerful consideration of the faithful men and women of the Church of God. Something is radically wrong, and it behoves us to cease our bragging and our fear of being charged as pessimistic, to face honestly the situation, and, if possible, find out for ourselves what the trouble is. We are not proceeding on the right lines, however much we may be wedded to them, and opposed to change and the adoption of other methods which are new. We have got to change, else we will not long be dying, but dead. The question for us is "What is the matter, and why are we dying?" and "Along what lines are we to rise again, if we are to rise at all?"

There is a gulf between the Church and the child. Four out of every five among the Sunday school children fail to join the Church. Now, no church in any community can long live independent of the child. What are we to do in order to get the child? I submit three things.

THREE SUGGESTIONS.

(1) Parents must see to it that their children are in the Sunday school. The time has come when the Sunday school in England has got to be more a school for the children of the church than a school for the children simply of a class in the church. The children of the church and congregation must

be there. It must not be regarded simply as an opportunity for teaching poor children. Alas, alas, that has been the curse of the Sunday school in this country. The Sunday school of the church must command the children of the entire church, and by its aid they must be brought up in the atmosphere of the church and attached to the church as their place of work and worship. (2) In order for this to be, the Sunday school equipment of the country has got to have attention. The premises in which the schools are held must be made safe and attractive to the children that are supposed to attend them. And (3) let me say, This is not enough. Parents must see to it that their children attend at least morning worship in the church. I have been greatly distressed in this country in my want of opportunity to reach children from the pulpit. I have never known what it is to preach to a congregation almost entirely made up of elders until I came to England.

AMERICAN EXPERIENCES.

In Atlanta, almost one-third of our congregation was made up of ordinary children. And I have felt most painfully the absence of the child here. I do not conceive that in order to get the child to attend a preaching service the minister has got to lower the tone of his preaching, or that he has got to descend at all to merely an ordinary child discourse. If the Gospel is preached with the simplicity with which it should be presented, the ordinary child of the congregation is able to take in a sufficient amount of it to be saved, and the child, being in at a part of the service, grows up in the atmosphere and feels the atmosphere of his church from the days of his earliest remembrance. When, after a while, he comes to know Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Lord, the first thing is to desire to be in the church.—"British Weekly."

"It is the last straw which breaks the camel's back." Just as it is "Just one more" which sends a man to the dogs.

SCHOOL BOYS' WISDOM.

Parliament assembled in September, and dissembled in January.

The Habeas Corpus Act was that no one need stay in prison longer than he liked.

Wolfe gained fame by storming the heights of Abraham Lincoln.

Where was Magna Charta signed? At the bottom.

Where was Mary Queen of Scots born, and why was she born there? Mary was born at Linlithgow because her mother happened to be there at the time.

Wellington threw up earthquakes behind him as he retreated.

The religion of the people of the Ganges Delta makes them clean, but, like other things, there are some who do not keep the rules. They live an open and free life except for the few wigwams which are inhabited by natives. These have a funny custom of throwing their babies into the Ganges as a sacrifice to Buddha.

The Hindus generally are a hardy race, but prefer to worship in their temples rather than follow much manual labor; what little they do is mostly carrying luggage and such like; the rest of their time is spent in wandering about in the shade of the various palms.

The plains of Siberia are roamed over by the lynx and the larynx.

What is the object of distillation? Describe the process and the apparatus used. Answer: The object of distillation is the making of whisky. You have a box and a glass tube at one end and another at the other end, and if you pour water in at the one end it comes out whisky at the other.

HIS ORDERS.

Mike had just been made foreman of the section gang, but he knew the respect due his rank.

"Finnegan," he said sternly to an argumentative assistant, "O'll hov nothing out of yes but silence—and mighty little of that!"



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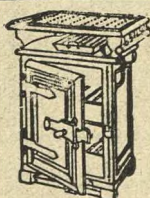
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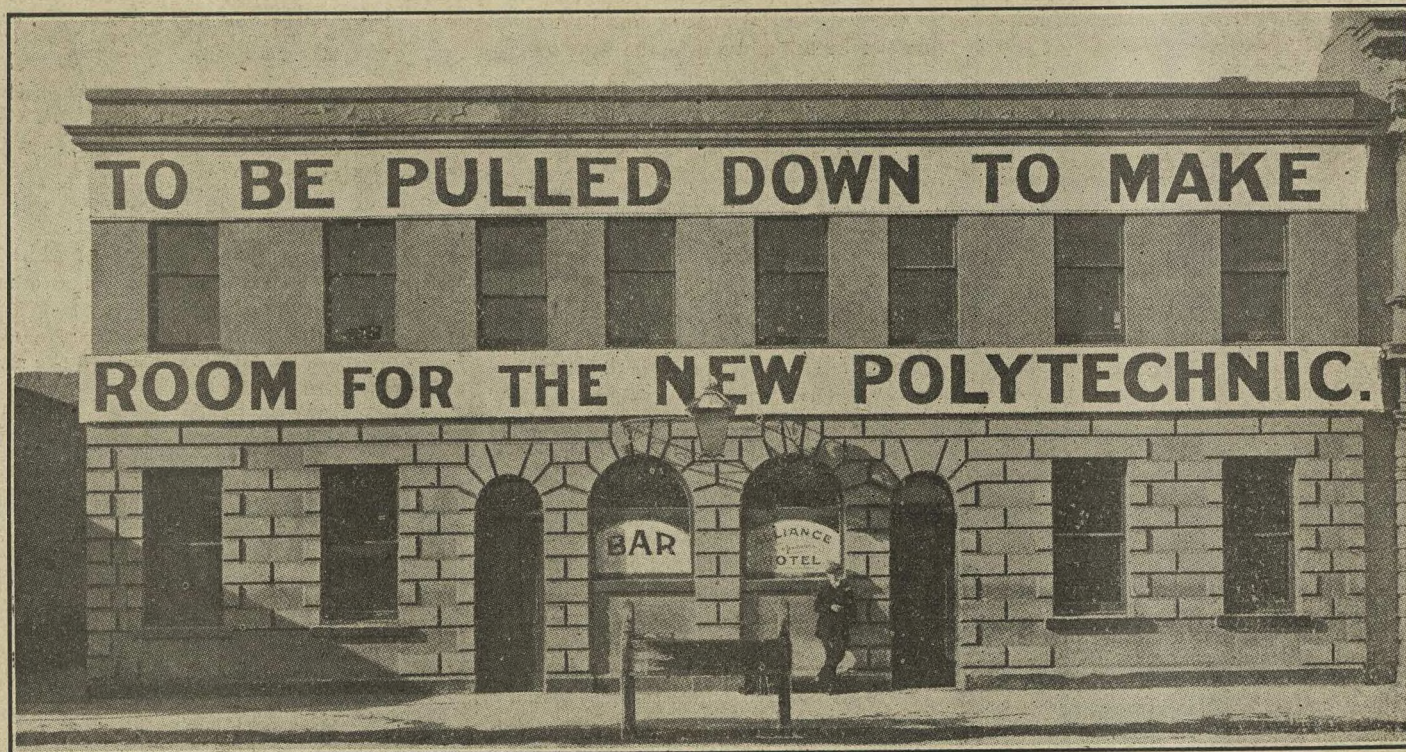
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