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A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. V. NO. 40. Price One Penny.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1911.

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

TO ALL OUR READERS.

A Merry, Joyous Christmas—

one that will add to
your store of happy memories.

YOUR LUNCH SUPPLIED AT

SILVESTER BROS., The Strand.

ALL KINDS OF SANDWICHES MADE. Phone 1092.

The Verdict of Experts.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR ON DRINK AND SOCIAL REFORM.

On October 30, 1910, the Lord Chancellor of England, the present Earl Loreburn, delivered a most important speech, under the auspices of the Alliance, at the Caxton Hall, London. The Right Hon. J. E. Ellis, M.P., occupied the chair, and was supported by a most influential platform.

"Those who hold my office," said Lord Loreburn, "are not in the habit of addressing public meetings"; but it was characteristic of the speaker that he was not content to be fettered by precedent, when his "own intense conviction" urged him to declare the truth as he saw it. At the very outset the Lord Chancellor lifted the whole question out of the region of mere party politics. He promised help, as the Alliance also has always promised help, "to anyone on any side in any measure that may advance the cause we all have at heart," whatever their political party, and laid special emphasis on the fact that "in order to succeed in your object you must appeal to all classes, all creeds, and all opinions indifferently, and trust to the strength of your cause and your reasoning in order to carry your way."

After laying stress upon the necessity for a sober population, the Lord Chancellor alluded to the barrier set up by the Liquor Trade against Temperance Reform. "Here," he said, "is a commodity which is admittedly dangerous in the last degree, and the sale of which is fastened upon us with miserably inadequate control by Act of Parliament." Fastened upon us, too, in spite of the "philanthropic spirit abroad throughout the land"; and fastened upon us by "the Trade."

On this subject the Lord Chancellor made two striking utterances; one, a statement of fact; the other, a warning. "The political influence of the liquor trade is exercised in every parish in the country, and practically every licensed house is a centre or committee room of political influence": a fact beyond dispute. "Nothing can be more disastrous or fatal to any cause in the long run than an alliance which can only be maintained at the cost of the degradation of our country": a warning no less emphatic.

The Lord Chancellor's remedy was that which the Alliance has always advocated—to place the power in the hands of the people themselves. "Judicious handling and upright decisions by the benches of magistrates will not solve these questions. . . . In my opinion," says Lord Loreburn, "it is, if not useless, of comparatively little value to try anything unless you give the power to the people to save themselves, and that "by direct vote." To effect this the Act of 1904 must be "broken down"—after a time-limit—"as short an interval as possible." With this reform may be coupled far more effective powers of magisterial control over licensed houses; power of reduction in the number and of imposing conditions and re-

gulations; but the most effective measure of "control" which "the Trade" will recognise is the fear of public opinion manifested at the polling booth. "When that is brought into play," said the Lord Chancellor, "you will find a magical change in the way in which a good many houses are conducted."

The Lord Chancellor uttered a very plain warning to temperance reformers in Scotland against accepting any plan of license insurance with State collection. "I was always," he said, "opposed to the State having anything to do with insurance; I thought 'the Trade' might insure itself if it thought fit"; and with an emphasis not adequately represented in the printed text of his speech, he added, "I beg to warn my countrymen not to touch this thing"; and coupled with that warning a stern denunciation of "the outrage that English members should interfere against giving Scotland the necessary reform which every Scotsman knows is not only desired but urgently needed."

The Lord Chancellor also touched on the much-vexed question of clubs, pointing out "the danger that the evil expelled from public-houses may take refuge in clubs." He would prevent clubs being tied in any way to brewers, or being opened for five years in closed public-house premises; he would regulate the hours of opening; would prevent clubs closed for misconduct re-opening in the same neighborhood; and would appoint inspectors for all clubs—rich and poor.

In conclusion, the Lord Chancellor alluded with sympathetic appreciation to the "unpretentious and unselfish efforts of good men and women who try to rear the young people away from this evil, and who try to convince those no longer young of their duty to themselves and society."—"The Alliance News."

PROHIBITION COMING.

ON THE AUTHORITY OF THE PEOPLE.

In Oklahoma the attempt to repeal the prohibition law, adopted in 1907 on a popular vote by a majority of 18,280, was defeated by a majority of over 30,000. The official figures have not yet been issued, but the press state the result to be as follows:—

For retaining State-wide prohibition	140,150
Against retaining State-wide prohibition	110,120

Majority for

In Switzerland the proposal for a national plebiscite on total prohibition is being considered, and at no distant date this important subject will be put to the test of a national vote. The prohibition of the traffic in ab-

sinthe was decided upon in 1908 by a majority of 98,530 on a total vote of 373,934.

In Holland strong efforts are being put forth to obtain the direct veto. With a view of testing the opinion of the people, a test vote has been taken in three parishes—Dinaperdo, Steenwigk, and St. Pancras—with the following result:—

For a continuance of the present system	694
For a diminution of the number of dram shops	736
For unrestricted sale	100
For complete prohibition	2287

Thus showing a clear majority of 961 for prohibition.

In Denmark the contests for the prohibition of the liquor traffic still proceeds with the most satisfactory results. In all 138 of these contests have now taken place. In 122 parishes there has been a majority for prohibition, and in only 16 have the liquor party been able to secure a majority in their favor. The total vote has been as follows:—

Against the liquor traffic	35,464
For the liquor traffic	7,661

Majority against

In Utah, under the new local option law, contests took place on June 27, 1911, in no less than 110 cities. In 87 of these the No-License party were successful and 23 supported the liquor traffic. The aggregate number of votes polled in the 110 contests were as follows:—

For No-License	39,766
For License	31,477

Majority for No-License

In New Zealand, December 7, 1911:—	
For prohibition	257,000
Against prohibition	201,486

Authoress (in search of "copy"): "And I suppose visitors are not common in this out-of-the-way place." Superior Waiter: "Hindeed they har—painfully so. most hof'em!"

THE BEST

IS THE

CHEAPEST

IT IS WORTH WHILE TO ORDER ALL YOUR

GROCERIES

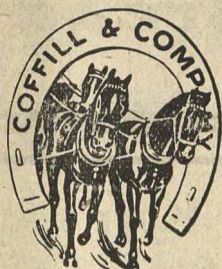
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JOHN WARD,

(LATE WINN AND CO.)

Botany Road, Redfern.

'Phone, 283 Redfern.



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AUSTRALIA'S PREMIER FUNERAL DIRECTORS, CARRIAGE AND DRAG PROPRIETORS.

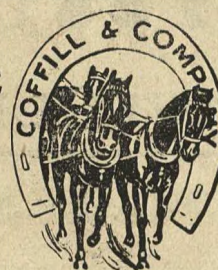
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Barley Sheaves.

WHEN THE CROP WOULD NOT PAY THE RENT.

By DAVID LYALL.

As Adam Gourlay skirted the edge of his barley field in the cool of the early morning there was gloom upon his brow. He had a gun upon his shoulder, and a brace of rabbits in his hand, which would provide something for the family stockpot. There were plenty of the brown-eyed scurrying creatures now on the bare stubble to be had for the catching, but the rabbit does not rank high in the world of sport. Adam Gourlay, though an excellent shot, was no great sportsman at the best of times; to a farmer a gun was simply a necessity, especially in the spring, when young green things required protection from predatory birds. Adam might have said with perfect truth that the farmer who could not use a gun did not know his business. He was not thinking of the gun, however, as he paused at the corner of the field where the little wood began, and from a rising hillock surveyed the sparse stools lying here and there on the mouse-colored stubble. It was a poor, thin crop. His practised eye, roaming over the fifteen-acre breadth, was able to calculate to a nicety just how much per bushel it was likely to yield.

He had counted on the Knowe Park to pay the greater part of the rent, and he knew now that it would not provide the half of that always formidable sum. Over the high, thick hedge of beech and thorn which separated the barley from the next field there were bare, hungry breadths where a splendid crop of turnips ought to have been. The long, dry summer, the drought at the very moment when the young plants were in need of moisture, had done its deadly work. Three times had the turnips been sown, and patiently watched; the net result was here and there a few green leaves or a few feet of fairly healthy plants, not more, he told himself scathingly, than could be carted away by a man in half a day with a wheelbarrow. Potatoes had fared better, since that succulent root loves a dry season; but as luck would have it, he had that year a very small patch, scarcely more than would serve his own family.

Altogether, things looked black to Adam Gourlay that Sunday morning, and sitting down suddenly on the hillock, he leaned his head on his hands and tried to think how he was going to make ends meet. He had been in straits for money before, because he had started farming with no capital to speak

of; but he had no margin at the bank this time; in fact, his account was already overdrawn. And he knew, with what he saw in the field before him, that when everything was realised to the uttermost farthing, he would not have enough to go on with. As it happened, in November he had a break in his lease, and it would be possible for him to leave the Knowes if he liked. But what to do then was the question. He loved the place, and his wife loved it, and his little bairns for whom he labored early and late.

A certain hardness crept into Gourlay's mind as he rose again, reminded that Jeanie would be waiting her breakfast for him by now, and wondering what had become of him. The world was fair to look upon, in the quiet of the Sabbath morning the trees had lost their early freshness, and the pasture lands were no longer green; but there was still beauty to refresh the eye, and away down in the hollow, beyond the red roofs of the fishing village, the gleam of a silvery sea. But Gourlay was not in tune with the beauty of his surroundings; though often his heart had risen to meet it, he was out of love with life, full of dread for the future, almost ready to be done with it. He made his way slowly up the side of the pitiful turnip-field, and then skirting the breadth of pasture in which the cows were vainly trying to find a green morsel, he came within sight of his home. It was a pretty slate-roofed farmhouse with some trees about it, and a square of green lawn before the door, in which Jeanie took great pride, and herself kept in immaculate order, watering it through all that dry summer, so that even now it was like an emerald spot in an arid brown world. She was waiting at the door, shading her eyes to look for her husband, and the delicious odor of home-fed bacon grilling in the background floated out upon the morning air.

She waved to him, and ran back to see that all was ready, and to break the fresh eggs one by one in the pan, and to warm the teapot, so that the tea might lose none of its flavor. Adam Gourlay was blessed in his wife. She was years younger than he, and looked ridiculously young to be the mother of three chubby children. She was round and rosy and happy-faced, and her clear eyes flashed love and happiness and hope. She it was who throughout that try-

ing year had kept the gloomier Adam from despair.

In her heart, however, there was much anxiety, but realising that it would not do to show it, she crushed it down, and went on praying and hoping. So she was smiling when Adam, with the gloom still on his face, came in by the kitchen door. In the last years of their difficulties, and since her baby had found its feet, Jeanie had insisted on doing without a servant, which was sore upon Adam, because no man who truly loves his wife likes to see her drudging early and late, as a woman must do about a farm-place when she is single-handed.

"You've been a long time oot, Adam; it's ten minutes to eight o'clock, and we were not needin' rabbits the day," she said, saucily. "Wha kills rabbits on Sunday?"

"Soon there'll be nane to kill, my woman; they'll be sterved out like the humans," he answered grimly; but his set features relaxed a bit as two small children, undismayed by his dark looks, climbed on his knee and began pulling him about.

"I want to get breakfast over, Adam," said Jeanie, as she proceeded to dish the appetising meal, "because I want to go to the kirk the day, and Annie Kinnear is coming over to look after the bairns, and to boil the potatoes."

"I'm not for the kirk to-day, Jean," answered Gourlay, dourly, as he drew in his chair to the table, and began to deal out a portion for each.

"Oh, yes ye are, my man," replied Jeanie, blithely. "It's the anniversary of our wedding-day, and you've forgotten it, Adam, a bonnie thing! If I were like some wives, I'd be castoot a' day for that."

"I'm not for the kirk the day," he repeated darkly and firmly. "I do not think the Almighty plays fair, if ye ask me. We dae oor pairt on the land, and whaur is His? Is it oor faut that everything's burned up, an' that the crap winna pay the rent? Nae mair kirk for me, till I see things bettered. I could mak' a better job of them mysel'."

Jeanie had the good sense to appear neither shocked nor pained at her husband's words. Nay, up to a certain point she sympathised with him, and even her lively faith had been tried by the anxieties of that rainless year. She busied herself for a few moments stirring up an egg for the baby in his little mug, and even fed him to the end, without answering.

"It's not easy to be patient, Adam, I grant ye," she said at last. "But you'll go to the

(Continued on Page 10.)

Yes! We Make Good Bread!

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

WILLIAM WHITE, Redfern and Newtown.

New South Wales Alliance.

NOTES AND COMMENTS BY THE SECRETARY.

THREE CHEERS FOR NEW ZEALAND.

The thanks of a quarter of a million No-license voters in our State are due to that noble people for their magnificent prohibition vote. Those who wish to express their appreciation of a gallant and strenuous fight should write general secretary, the Rev. John Dawson, Wellington, who will convey the message to the Dominion executive committee.

What is a No-license home without an Alliance Calendar? Send 12 stamps now to this office and the address to which you want the Calendar posted. Do it NOW.

Our venerable president celebrated the 29th anniversary of the founding of the State Council, and, at the same time, honored the State Council by the holding of a drawing-room meeting at his residence, Dudley Villa, Redfern. A large number of State Councillors responded to the invitation of Mrs. Boyce and the Archdeacon, and a most pleasant time was spent. Students from Mr. Pople's college of music supplied musical and elocutionary items which were greatly appreciated.

Gold Medal Prize Essay on "The Advantages of No-license."—Do not forget the announcement made through the columns of "Grit," November 30, viz., that residents of New South Wales are invited to compete for a gold medal to be given for the best essay on "The Advantages of No-license." Conditions.—(1) Essay not to exceed 7500 words. (2) To be written on foolscap paper, one side only, with a margin on the left side of each sheet. (3) The essay to be signed with a fictitious name, the correct name and address of the competitor to be enclosed in a separate sealed envelope, marked on the outside with the assumed name. (4) Essays to be sent to the President, Archdeacon Boyce, c/o this office, on or before January 31, 1912. (5) The decision of the State Council adjudicature committee to be final. (6) Subject of the essay, "The Advantages of No-license." (7) No entrance fees, but above conditions to be fully complied with. The adjudicature committee will not open the envelopes containing the real names of the writers of the papers until after the prize has been awarded.

Every electorate in the State has to be visited by the secretary or other organizer, under the provisions of the new plan of campaign.

The Bottom Square Box should be opened early in the New Year. Agents please note. * * *

The business men who look into the Bottom Square Box Scheme and note the results—double in amount for each quarter of the scheme's existence—give the plan their cordial approval. Mr. William Wood, the famous organizer of the Presbyterian Church, was specially enthusiastic in his expression of approval. Have you a box?

Mr. Tennyson Smith is now at Chatswood. He is open to take engagements in this State. * * *

To prevent disappointment friends are asked to make appointments beforehand to the secretary.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

On account of the absence of our office assistant, Miss Southwell, who is enjoying a holiday, the office will be closed till Christmas, except from 9 a.m. to 10 a.m., when the secretary may be seen. Messages may be left at the office of the Alliance Hotel. The urgency of financial matters compels the absence of the secretary during the rest of the day.

LEGISLATION ON MORAL QUESTIONS.

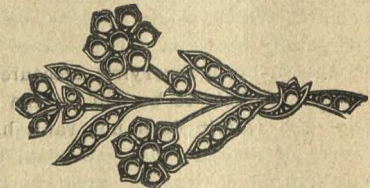
There are some who insist that you cannot make men better by the enactment of repressive laws. These people are no doubt conscientious and just as anxious to promote the welfare of the community as those of us who believe in a law which prohibits the legalised bar-room, race tracks, public gambling dens, and other evil agencies; but in the light of past events, I beg to differ from them as respects this matter. These laws in the interests of morality at least remove from the path of the ordinary wayfarer in the pursuit of business or pleasure, temptations which sometimes are overwhelming; and if those evil pursuits are followed, notwithstanding they are prohibited by law, they must be pursued in secret and obscurity; and those who engage in such evil practices, instead of having the protection of the law thrown around them, are constantly kept exposed to the public gaze as public malefactors, who are willing for their own selfish purposes to defy both the law of God and man.

That you cannot by law make any individual a good man, in one sense of the word, is true; but that you can by law remove such evil agencies as bar-rooms, and thereby minimise the temptations that beset young men, is absolutely true. Experience

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It is one of the sights of Sydney. The most beautiful styles in Jewellery, Silverware, Presentation Cases, and Toilet Goods, Bronzes, Clocks, Leather Goods, and many other pleasing gifts are here in profusion, at big savings, for we are direct Importers and Manufacturers. Buy the Presents before the rush.

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Here's a Dainty Brooch of special value:—



Pretty Wreath Brooch, 15ct. 32/6
Gold, all real Pearls.

Illustrated Gift Catalogue Post Free.

W. KERR,

House of Genuine Jewellery Values,
542-544 GEORGE ST. (opp. Town Hall).

teaches us that, were it not for the law, it would be impossible to maintain our Government and to protect the lives and property of our people. This has been so in all ages and with all nations, and the time will never come when any Government can exist without the enactment of suitable laws for the enforcement of its decrees and the maintenance of law and order.—Judge Pritchard, of North Carolina, in "The American Issue."

WARMEST THANKS.

The following amounts have been received on Dec. 16:—Miss D.S., 2/6; Miss C., 4/-; Friend, 5/-; Miss M., 2/6; N.H., 2/6; Per Miss Price, 15/-; R.R., 4/-; Mr. Kilpatrick, 10/-; Miss Miller, £2/2/-; Mrs. Hannam, 8/-; Grenfell, 2/6; Anon, 7/-.

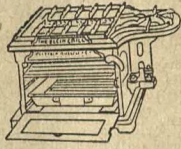
THE N.S.W. CONTINGENT.

On Friday last, at 5.30, the Victoria arrived with Mrs. Helen Barton, Mrs. Letham, Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, and Mr. James Marion, all of whom have taken a big and enjoyable part in the New Zealand fight. Mrs. Barton leaves on Saturday, 23rd, for England by the Osterley.

"I refused him because I want a husband who has known sorrow and acquired wisdom."

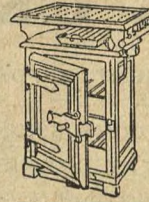
"But, my dear, if you had accepted him he would soon have met your requirements."

JUST WHAT YOU WANT!



THE 15/- BOILER
GRILLER, AND
ROASTER.

A Fletcher-Russell Gas Stove or Griller! They have the best improvements and save the gas. It is surprising how little cooking costs, and how little trouble when you instal a Fletcher-Russell. See us about it.



THE STOVE
THAT SAVES
THE GAS.

JOHN DANKS & SON, Propy., Ltd.

324 PITT STREET (NEAR LIVERPOOL STREET) SYDNEY.

Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

The man on the waggon directs the attention of his readers for a moment to page 8 of this issue. There they will find as happy a little "summary" of the characteristics of the genus "beer-seller" as they are ever likely to meet in the flesh. We might almost say a "summary" of the leading "tactics" of the beer-seller, for they are so well known to us that we can place them at once. They can most guardedly, truthfully, and conscientiously be called DIRTY. Dirty they are and ever will be.

A bad cause cannot be fought with righteous methods. The two things clash. They are what the chemists call "incompatibles." They don't mix. There is only one alternative. If you must fight on in a bad cause you must use dirty methods. AH! THERE YOU FIND COMPATIBLES. Such things readily mix. Quite so.

And the product? Bad cause—dirty methods of fighting it? Well, reader—WHAT would you expect but DIRT, DIRT, DIRT? And so we leave our friends the enemy to find some excuses. Will they blame the two referees, or the photographer, or themselves? What do you think?

RETURN OF OUR EDITOR.

Our Editor will soon be with us again. He woos his coy lover the salt, salt sea, again shortly before this edition goes to press. So far, he has made little headway in that courtship. Almost every member of the staff has forwarded him under separate cover a sea-sickness "cure," and so far with no result. At last the "Man on the Waggon" has taken the matter in hand, and the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond will, on the day of embarkation, be found clasping in one hand a "bottle" of drugs, and in the other the inevitable umbrella (Wellington). It is hard to think that after such a tremendous effort as the "chief" has put up, and with such a refreshing finish as the results provided, that a quieter or more pleasant return journey cannot be experienced.

But to some people the sea is never and will never promise to be a friend. It is not a matter of temperament nor yet of physique. The weakest sometimes are the chirpiest—"at sea." One can only take his fate with as little impatience as possible. And from his letters and what we know of him, we don't think our Editor will be found amidst the growlers. We can only say "God be with him till we meet again."

THE DARLING HARBOR BLOCK.

The State Government are to be commended for their action in promptly appointing a Royal Commission to enquire into matters at Darling Harbor. Things were rapidly coming to an impasse. Business men have been hampered quite sufficiently of recent years with strikes, shortage of trucks, etc., etc., without deserving to meet another set of conditions opposing their progress.

It really seems that in matters of railway management the general public find it impossible to lay hold of any information. The Chief Commissioner is an autocrat, and autocrats are much appreciated in some parts of the world. Not so here.

We are not referring now to the subject of the Commission, but to general matters relating to railway management. If the Labor Government can adjust matters so that it is possible for public grievances to be brought before the Commissioners without a snub they will in no small measure have succeeded in gaining the confidence of the public. Again, it must also be remembered that some people, whilst bluff of speech and autocratic and pompous in manner, are yet so able as to be above criticism. At the same time, many who have only the former attributes pass for some considerable time as possessors of the latter. This fact seems to be impressing itself upon the general public of late.

A VIEW OF LIBERTY.

(By the late Prof. Blackie.)

There is a great talk in these days about liberty; and no doubt liberty is a very good thing, and highly estimated by all healthy creatures; but it is necessary that we should understand exactly what this thing means. It means only that in the exercise of all natural energies, each creature shall be free from every sort of conventional, artificial, and painful restriction. Such liberty is unquestionably an unqualified good, but it does not bring a man very far. It fixes only the starting-point in the race of life. It gives a man a stage to play on, but it says nothing of the part he has to play, or of the style in which he must play it. Beyond this necessary starting-point, all further action in life, so far from being liberty, is only a series of limitations. All regulation is limitation; and regulation is only another name for reasoned existence. And, as the regulations to which men must submit are not al-

ways or generally those which they have willingly laid down for themselves, but rather for the most part those which have been laid down by others for the general good of society, it follows that whosoever will be a good member of any social system must learn, in the first place, to "obey." The law, the army, the Church, the State service, every field of life and every sphere of action, are only the embodied illustrations of this principle. Freedom, of course, is left to the individual in his own individual sphere. To leave him no freedom were to make him a mere machine, and to annihilate his humanity; but, so far as he acts in a social capacity, he cannot be free from the limitations that bind the whole into a definite and consistent unity. He may be at the very top of the social ladder, but, like the Pope—"servus servorum"—only the more a slave for that. The brain can no more disown the general laws of the organism than the foot can. The loyal obedience of each member is at once its duty and its safety. St. Paul, with his usual force, fervor, and sagacity, has grandly illustrated this text; and if you ever feel inclined fretfully to kick against your special function in the great social organism, I advise you to make a serious reading of 1 Cor., xii., 14-31.

BARLEY WATER IN CLUBS AND MESSES.

At the annual meeting of one of the leading West End clubs the other day it was announced (said the "Daily Express" of July 31) that the consumption of wine was just 25 per cent. of that in the first year of the club's existence 30 years ago. A phase of temperance—or, indeed, of teetotalism—has set in among the men of the upper classes (the "Express" goes on to report), and the wine bills at clubs and military messes are almost a negligible quantity. For some time champagne held its ground, but even this has now to give place to the favorite drink—barley water. So popular is this beverage—as to the merits and vices of which doctors differ sharply—that whereas, we are told, it used always to be issued free, a charge has now to be made for it in order to make good in some slight degree the deficit on wine. "Sitting after dinner is now a thing of the past; and in many houses the men leave the table with the women, a custom which formerly only obtained at Holland House and Dudley House. As smoking is allowed everywhere, there is no adjournment to a smoking-room, and more barley water, or the special mineral or still water affected by the individual, takes the place of the brandy-and-soda of our fathers. A 'nightcap' is now an anachronism which would be positively startling."

Have you as much assurance cover on your life as is necessary for the protection of your family? If not, write to

S. B. WEATHERLAKE,

Agent for THE **A. M. P. SOCIETY.**

87 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

The Masterton Charges.

THE LIQUOR ADVERTISEMENT EXPOSED.

REPORT OF THE SPECIAL COMMISSIONERS.

THE CHARGE—

I, Robert B. S. Hammond, deliberately charge those responsible for the advertisement in the Wellington "Evening Post" of Thursday, November 2, 1911, on page 15, of untruth—the pictures and statements being absolutely contrary to fact. Since the obvious meaning of the advertisements is not in harmony with the facts, it can only be described as a lie.

1. The picture at the top left-hand side includes the second last picture on the sheet. This is misleading.

2. The picture of the Central Hotel is false, since it is occupied by two shops—Hodge's furniture shop and Cooper's sweet shop.

3. Long's Meat Mart is a misleading picture, as it is being carried on round the corner as the Wairarapa Meat Co., and bears the date of January 13, 1911, the time of removal.

4. Temple Chambers is not, and has not, been vacant. Harvey's Cycle Works occupy the premises.

5. The statement of recent bankruptcies is false, since it includes the cases from outside the No-License areas.

6. The statement that the Caledonian Society made a loss of £61 on their last sports meeting as a result of No-License is false.

7. The statement that St. Patrick's Day Association succumbed altogether owing to the carrying of No-License is false.

8. The statement in reference to the building permits under No-License is false.

9. The bottle picture is misleading, since it does not give proof that the bottles were emptied (1) since the bars were closed, (2) in No-License areas, and (3) that since it is lawful under No-License to have liquor and that the amount represented by the bottles for the whole district is no more than equal to the amount the leading pub. would have used in half the time.

10. The Central Hotel is pictured as empty, and yet the last statement in this advertisement says it is rented for £1 2s. 6d. per week. The advertisement thus contradicts itself.

11. The statements that imply general depression and stagnation are not in accord with the facts. The Wairarapa "Age" (November 3, 1911), in its local and general columns, states that Messrs. J. Fraser and Co. report having sold, in October last, properties in the Masterton district aggregating about £65,000 in value.

I submit these charges to Mr. W. J. B. Trewin, formerly mayor of Feilding, and Mr. H. McIntyre, who will decide the question as to whether the facts warrant any denunciation of the untruthful advertisement. (Mr. McIntyre was appointed by the publican who inserted the ad.)

THE COMMISSIONERS' REPORT.

A document containing 11 specific points, in which the Rev. R. S. B. Hammond alleges that a pictorial advertisement of Masterton appearing in the "Evening Post" of the 2nd inst., is inaccurate and misleading, has been delivered to us, with a request that we adjudicate upon the same. The points raised by Mr. Hammond are questions of fact, and we are not called upon, neither do we intend to intrude into this report any personal opinion we may hold as to the relative merits of License or No-License, but shall confine ourselves exclusively to the issues raised.

The intention of the advertisement was to convey to the people who might come into possession of the paper the idea that the effect of No-License in Masterton was the production of a number of empty shops, and that the shops depicted were actually untenanted somewhere about the time the advertisement appeared. If this were not so, then the dates upon which the photographs were taken should have been given, so as to prevent a wrong impression being created. In determining the questions raised in reference to the photographs, we are of opinion that they should be judged according to the following two principles:—

1. It must be assumed that the pictures depicted in the advertisement were simultaneously unoccupied about November 2, 1911, and if it be proved that all or any of them were on that date occupied, the advertisement is misleading.

2. The pictures imply that each building represented means a decrease in the business of Masterton.

These are the tests we propose to apply to the photographs, and if they fail to satisfy those tests, Mr. Hammond must be held to have proved his case upon the question raised in respect of those photographs. Before dealing seriatim with the points raised, let us here say that it is proved beyond any question that the photographs were not taken at the same time, but at different periods, and one at least must have been taken prior to July 18, 1910, and that the premises shown by the pictures in the advertisement were not simultaneously vacant. They fail, therefore, to satisfy the first condition laid down. We proceed now to deal with the points raised by Mr. Hammond.

1. The top left-hand side picture includes the second last picture on the sheet. These premises were formerly occupied by Lyttle's motor garage works, and by Darling, a saddler. As the pictures stand, the natural conclusion to be drawn is that there has been a decrease of two in the businesses of Masterton. This, however, is not the case, as Lyttle has removed to new and more commodious premises in Chapel-street.

2. We shall deal with issues 2 and 10 to-

gether, as they are connected. There can be no doubt that the Central Hotel building is now occupied by Hodges and Cooper, as stated by Mr. Hammond, but the amount of rent stated by the advertisement as being received for the premises is not correct. It is there stated that the rent received is £1 2s. 6d. per week, whereas, as a matter of fact, it is £2 10s. per week. The advertisement certainly contradicts itself, and if it were occupied it is quite evident that it should have found no place in a collection of empty houses. It is this picture which supplies ample proof that the photographs were not simultaneously taken. The photograph appearing in the advertisement represents the premises as they existed in the days of License. Since the carrying of the No-License the front of the building has been altered and converted into two shops. Hodges has been in occupation of this shop since July 18, 1910, and the photographs must have been taken prior to that date.

3. Long's Meat Mart is empty, as shown in the photograph, but the business is now being carried on in new and more commodious premises in another street, under the management of Mr. Long. This is another case where the natural inference to be drawn is that there had been a decrease of one in the business premises of Masterton, but it is simply a case of substitution of newer and more commodious premises.

4. Temple Chambers is not and has not been vacant. There has been no cessation in the occupation of these premises.

5. We are not prepared to state that the table of bankruptcies set out in the advertisement is false, but it would have been fairer if the statistics had been given for the Masterton Electoral District, instead of for the Judicial District.

6. The statement in reference to the Caledonian Society is inaccurate. There is no necessity for us to deal with this matter, as it has been fully dealt with in the statements of the secretary in the local Press, and also by a later letter appearing in the "Evening Post" of the 24th inst.

7. St. Patrick's Day Association did not succumb because of No-License, as alleged in the advertisement. This association had the misfortune to experience wet weather for three successive sports, which necessitated the abandoning of their gathering. In addition to losing the profits which they might derive from the meeting, the association had to pay the costs of advertising and other expenses incidental to preparation for the gathering. On December 18, 1909, a meeting was held at which the following resolution was passed: "That St. Patrick's Day Association be wound up, owing to the lack of interest displayed by the majority of members." We are satisfied that the carrying of No-License was not the cause or a contributory cause to the winding-up of the association.

8. In regard to the building permits, as the special object of the advertisement was to contrast License and No-License years, the figures given in the advertisement, though correct, leave the matter obscure, as the

figures set out in the advertisement are those for the financial year of the council, which closes on March 31 each year. A better basis of comparison would have been to take the licensing year ending June 30 in each year.

9. The bottle picture is a very difficult picture to deal with, and Mr. Hammond is correct in saying that the picture does not give proof that the bottles were emptied since the bars were closed in No-License areas. There is little evidence in the matter, but we think that there is a strong suspicion that the bottles were photographed at the same time as the Central Hotel picture. As for the third portion of this question, we can give no opinion.

11. The advertisement makes the following statement: "The people of Masterton have absolutely lost confidence and faith in their own town. This is amply proved by the fact that they have time after time rejected all loans proposed by their Borough Council for town improvements in the way of drainage, etc., as they recognise that since No-License was carried and the loss of borough revenue caused by it, the rates are quite unbearable without increasing them." It is satisfactory to have, and it is easy to determine a statement when, in addition, the means of proof are given. The statement, however, is disproved by the very means by which it is alleged to be proved. The central or business portion of Masterton has been sewered for some considerable time, and the loan for this work amounted to £20,000. When the proposal for the loan of an additional £31,000 was placed before the rate-payers after No-License, it was rejected. This loan was for the purpose of sewerage a sparsely-populated portion of the borough, the nearest point of which was about a mile from the post office. Common experience teaches that, in the majority of instances, those people that already experience the benefits of the ordinary improvements effected in boroughs do not generally display a charitable disposition by accepting an increment to their own taxation to confer a like benefit upon their fellow-citizens, and this is precisely what happened in Masterton—those already enjoying the benefits of the drainage outvoted those desiring it. There could be just as much reason to attribute the rejection of the town hall proposal in Feilding to the presence of License; in neither case was there any connection between the proposals and License or No-License. The statement, in our opinion, must fail on the evidence given to support it, and there is, therefore, no need to further consider it.

In concluding the report, we desire to say that we worked on independent lines; and sinking all private opinion, we have endeavored to give a fair, impartial, and unbiassed judgment upon the issues submitted to us.

We desire to express our thanks to those who so willingly furnished us with information during our investigation.

Signed,

WILLIAM JAMES E. TREWIN.

HUGH McINTYRE, M.A., LL.B.

—"The Feilding Star," 29/11/11.

Result of Feilding Challenge.

(Per United Press Association.)

FEILDING, November 29.

Recently the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, No-License lecturer, speaking at Feilding, said that a pictorial advertisement of empty shops, etc., at Masterton, was false and misleading, and that those responsible for it were liars. Mr. H. McManaway, president of the Licensed Victuallers' Association, challenged Mr. Hammond, and said he would give £25 to the hospital if the matter of the advertisement was false. Two adjudicators were appointed to examine the matter—Messrs. W. J. B. Trewin, barrister, and ex-mayor, and Mr. H. McIntyre, M.A., LL.B. They proceeded to Masterton on Saturday and presented their judgment to-day. It is that one of the premises was photographed twice and made to appear like two shops. The occupier of one had moved to larger premises. Another picture represents the Central Hotel, which is occupied by two businesses at a rental of £2 10s. per week. The photograph in the advertisement was taken in the days of License. Long's meat mart was empty, but Long had removed to a larger shop. The Temple Chambers had never been empty. Statements of bankruptcies included those from outside the electoral district. The statement that the Caledonian Society lost £61 was false, as they made £61 profit. The St. Patrick's Day Association did not succumb through No-License. A photograph of empty bottles was suspected of having been taken prior to No-License. The statement that people had lost faith in Masterton had no foundation. Mr. Hammond, therefore, wins.

[This statement was wired by the Press Association to every newspaper in the Dominion. The Liquor Trade, in their desperate plight, resorted to the unsportsmanlike "win-tie-or wrangle" attitude, and advertised that Mr. McManaway had not agreed to the arbiters. This was as false as the faked picture adv. Mr. McManaway selected Mr. McIntyre and Mr. Hammond, without knowing who he was, selected the ex-mayor, as the mayor preferred not to act, and both parties pledged themselves to abide by the result. It will be interesting to know if the hospital gets the £25. Up to date the amount has not been paid.]

NO POSSIBLE ESCAPE.

In view of suggestions recently made to the effect that responsibility for the famous pictorial advertisement in the "Evening Post" concerning Masterton could be avoided on the ground that it was not inserted as sent by the advertisers, the following telegrams are of interest. They tell their own tale:

"Manager, 'Evening Post,' Wellington.—Statements publicly circulated here suggesting full-page pictorial Masterton advertisement in your issue of November 2 was not according to copy supplied to you. Please reply, collect.—Rev. P. W. Jones, president Oroua No-License League."

"Rev. Jones, President Oroua No-License

League, Feilding.—Masterton advertisement appeared according to copy supplied to us.—'Evening Post.'"

To Rev. R. B. S. Hammond.

Dear Sir,—In the matter of the charges referred to us in connection with the full-page pictorial Masterton advertisement in the "Evening Post" of November 2, 1911, we beg to inform you that we have duly investigated the same, and consider that your charges are fully established.

We have already forwarded you full printed report.

W. JAMES B. TREWIN.

HUGH McINTYRE.

December 6, 1911.

The Battle of the Bottles.

A TOPICAL TALE.

[With apologies to the good ship, "Martha Ridgway."]

Spirits of the dear departed,
Once so ardent and warm-hearted,
Tell, oh tell us whither carted
Were your empty shells.

Fain would we possess the story,
Though with you has gone the glory.
Nought remains, save labels hoary
And elusive smells.

Were they drawn with labored pain
Far o'er Wairarapa's plain,
From the confines where remain
Still hotels and clubs?

Or from cellar cool reposing,
Where for years they had been dozing
Long before the time of closing
Masterton's six (sic) pubs.

Liquor parties now declare
That these empty bottles bear
Witness of an awful scare—
All No-License makings.

That this heap of dead marines
Represents some lively scenes
Of carousal; that it means
Brewers' larger takings.

If these bottles represent
Much more cash on liquor spent,
Why is Mr. Brewer bent
Still on Restoration?

So we leave it with you, friends,
For on you it all depends
To decide which story tends
Toward a fabrication.

This refers to the Masterton bottle picture published by the Liquor people and exposed by the editor of "Grit."

ROGERS' BROS.

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

181 OXFORD STREET AND
775 GEORGE STREET

GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

The paper being posted for 52 weeks for 5/-. outside the Commonwealth 6/6.

Remittance should be made by Postal Notes payable to "Manager of Grit," or in Penny Stamps.

All Communications to be sent to
ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND,
Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

NEW ZEALAND SUBSCRIBERS.

One year's subscription to "Grit" is 6/6 in advance.

To save the trouble of money orders, you may send postal notes, accompanied by name and address, marked for "Grit," c/o Rev. J. Dawson, N.Z. Alliance, 113 Willis-st., Wellington; Mr. J. H. Fountain, Dentist, Christchurch; Mr. J. E. Frost, c/o, "The Post," Timaru; Mr. E. Trafford, c/o King's School, Remuera, Auckland.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1911.

The New Zealand Vote.

A GREAT TEMPERANCE VICTORY.

Bravo, New Zealand. All honor to the noble band of workers who toiled lovingly and ceaselessly in the best interests of their beloved country. Heroes ye are, and right well do you deserve the heroes' crown. Yours is a great victory. You did not quite reach the high-water mark that spelled "Prohibition," but you came very close to it. You converted to your tenets the vast majority of your fellow countrymen, and on a bare majority vote would have swept the polls. It is a great lesson to us all. The task we set ourselves in New South Wales may seem a big uphill one—the discouragements many—the sympathies of those who should be our dearest friends hard to secure. Never mind. Fight on. Victory is ahead of us. We have a just and true platform—the mass of the people CAN be convinced. If they are not sitting up and taking interest in things, We are to blame.

Into the fight again, comrades, with renewed and never-dying vigor. Assured that our armies are led by the great unseen "Captain" of Hosts, we must renew our strength like the eagles, and, using all the powers—mental, moral, spiritual and pecuniary—that we can possess, strike such a blow at the citadel of our enemies as shall put them to rout forever.

The New Zealand Situation.

THE RESULTS SCRUTINISED.

"It would be simply folly to discount the significance of the Prohibition Poll in New Zealand. It is the most serious event that has ever happened in these States."—"Fairplay," 15/12/11.

"Although the necessary three-fifths may not be obtained at this election, it is quite plain that in 1914 national Prohibition will be a proposal well within the realm of practical politics."—N.Z. "Herald" Leader, 8/12/11.

From the foregoing editorial comments taken from pro-liquor papers, it will be readily seen that the huge prohibition vote has staggered the champions of Continuance, and whilst the victory does not carry with it any direct gain owing to the terrific handicap of the three-fifths majority, the fact that over one-fourth of the whole population of New Zealand has voted for absolute prohibition of the Liquor traffic, leaves the people of the Dominion within measurable grasp of their cherished ideal.

In 74 licensing districts there was a total vote of 447,798. The two other licensing districts were estimated to bring the total vote to 459,000, that being 44,817 more votes than the total cast at the 1908 poll. In the 74 electorates the total prohibition vote was 251,656. The remaining two electorates were estimated to bring this number up to 257,000, an increase of 35,529 votes over the no-license vote of 1908. The majority was estimated at, say, 55,514 votes, that in 1908 being 23,331 votes. The temperance party had, therefore, improved its position on the issue of national prohibition by 22,183 votes. On these estimates there was a majority of 56.19 per cent. for prohibition, as against the majority of 53.45 per cent. at the 1908 poll. In the 74 licensing districts there were only eight which showed a majority against prohibition, namely, 11,169 votes, or an average of 146 per licensing district. The other 66 electorates gave a total prohibition majority of 56,681 votes, or an average of 859 votes per licensing district.

Out of 74 electorates, 66 gave prohibition majorities, eight of the electorates gave the limit of 60 per cent., or three-fifths majorities of the total valid votes cast, but these electorates did not poll a sufficient number of No-License votes to carry the local issue.

These eight electorates are: Raglan, Marsden, Waikato, in the Auckland province; Taranaki, Egmont, and Patea, in or near Taranaki; and Buller and Chalmers in the South Island. The following table shows in each case by how many votes (approximately) the national prohibition total was above the 60 per cent., and by how many votes (approximately) the No-License issue was below the 60 per cent.:—

	National Prohibition Above 60 per cent. Votes.	Local No-License Below 60 per cent. Votes.
Raglan	151	86
Waikato	86	175

Marsden	11	228
Taranaki	29	430
Egmont	273	322
Patea	130	295
Buller	73	495
Chalmers	85	246

In Raglan and Waikato electorates not only did the national vote bound ahead by 8 per cent. of anything previously recorded in that district, but the vote for Local Option also considerably increased. Mr. James Marion, of Sydney, who had charge of these two electorates, attributes the big increase vote for local no-license to the fact that the fight there was made on the local issue, with the result that the National Vote made a corresponding advance. There is absolutely nothing in the figures to indicate that No-License has not been an astounding success, but the people have been educated to realise that the liquor traffic should find no place in the dominion, and took up the battle-cry of "All or nothing."

An interesting sidelight to the poll is given in the Manukau electorate. The Salvation Army has two inebriate homes on the islands of Pakatoa and Roto Roa. When the rolls were printed it was discovered that these people not only had votes, but that polling booths had been arranged for them at the Homes.

At the previous election Manakau would have gone dry but for the adverse vote of these inmates, the vote being 59.75, or only ¼ per cent. off the required three-fifths. The result of the poll at these two booths was as follows:—

	Against Prohibition.	For Prohibition.
Pakatoa	4	30
Roto Roa	23	39

Mr. Leo Myers, the well-known Auckland brewer, says that the poll will give the leaders of the Trade food for serious thought. Mr. Myers takes the result as an indication "that the people want State control." Such an opinion, however, is very humorous, both Sir Joseph Ward and Mr. Massey, leader of the Opposition, are emphatically against any system of State management. What the people of New Zealand want is National Prohibition. They said so on Thursday, December 7, when they recorded 257,000 votes against the Liquor Traffic, and said "Go." The Trade still hangs on, because of an undemocratic law, but there is very little doubt but what such a huge majority of 50,000 will sufficiently impress any Government, and bring about a reduction in the percentage required; if not bare majority, at least a 55 per cent. compromise.

One of the most encouraging features of the fight was the attitude of Labor toward the Liquor Traffic; every Labor candidate stands for bare majority. The Maoriland "Worker" refused to be dominated by the brewers in reference to its advertisements, and show a strong anti-liquor front. Revolutionary Socialists joined hands with old Conservatives in order to fight down the greatest enemy of human happiness, and the most tyrannical monopoly of the day.

The Editor's Letter.

THE TRUMP CARD OF NO-LICENSE.

Things follow so fast upon one another that it is most difficult to write of all the happenings of the last few days. I stayed in Gore, a No-License town, and was the guest of the proprietress of the largest hotel, who is also the president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. This hotel has been enlarged since the bar has been done away with, and is a most comfortable and delightful place to stay at. It rained all the time I was in Gore, yet I had a fine meeting, and was glad to see the place. No normal person wishes the bar back, though every place contains a few grown-ups who squeal a bit while being weaned from their bottle.

INVERCARGILL.

This is the trump card of No-License, the fifth city in the Dominion and the most prosperous. I was met by Mr. Baxter, who had made the most complete arrangements for my comfort and convenience. It was raining and continued to do so during the whole of my stay, but it seemed to make no difference to anyone. I first inspected the splendid hospital, and was interested and delighted to find that when an agitation was on foot to provide better accommodation for the nurses the Total Abstinists' Society sold a piece of property and gave £750 for a new home for the nurses, the Government adding £1125, and so a separate and suitable place was erected for the nurses. A large brass tablet has been put up to commemorate the generosity of the abstainers. An hour after my arrival a reception had been arranged at Mr. Baxter's home, and among those who were kind enough to come was Sir John Kirk, "the Children's Knight," who had just arrived in the Dominion. The meeting at night was a great surprise to me, the hall being quite full, in spite of the weather being very wet and very windy. Invercargill needs no convincing on the question of No-License, and will undoubtedly remain "dry."

BEER DEPOTS.

Next morning I called on Mrs. Harrison-Lee-Cowie in her splendid mansion. It was formerly the Old Men's Home, and is now being used in all manner of ways to foster the principles for which Mrs. Cowie has so magnificently labored all over the world. Then in a motor we splashed round the town and inspected the famous beer depots. These places were erected just outside the No-License boundary, a mile and a-half from Invercargill, and in a small measure nullified the effects of No-License. Three of them were placed within a hundred yards of each other, and of the No-License boundary. One went out of business, proving that the volume of business was disappointing, and another has been fined seven times for breaches of the law and stands in jeopardy now every minute. The amended Liquor Act made these depots illegal, and to overcome this difficulty they were converted into

breweries by installing diminutive machinery for beer-making. Awarua, the adjoining electorate, contains the Bluff, which, like all seaport towns, is handicapped by the seaman's vote. Ordinary people can have no idea how serious and extensive are the handicaps imposed upon the No-License people. Any man who has been engaged for 12 months, not necessarily continuously, with a New Zealand shipping company, has a right to vote, and can do so by post. These men have no stake in the town and purchase nothing in the port but beer, and yet their vote counts far more than an equal number of the votes of responsible citizens. There are about 2000 such votes, and they very seriously affect No-License at the ports.

THE STUDENTS.

On my return from Invercargill I had the pleasure of travelling all the way with Sir John Kirk, and learned much of his splendid work for children. We arrived about 7 o'clock and I hurriedly had tea and went to preside over 1300 people, to which three University men spoke. Quite boys they looked, in spite of the degrees they had obtained. The undergrads were very much in evidence, and we had to make intervals for popular songs, and some were rendered without waiting for an interval. The moral effect of these young men's speeches was very good, and the addresses themselves were logical, sane, lucid, and exhaustive. The meeting was one of great value, and I was sorry to hear that a similar meeting in Wellington was almost entirely spoilt by the unreasonable rowdiness of the back-bench crowd.

ONCE AGAIN DUNEDIN.

On Friday an interesting meeting at the railway workshops, and an afternoon and evening meeting at South Dunedin made up a good day. On Saturday, out of respect to an outraged throat, I did nothing till 8.30, when I was to have addressed an open-air meeting. Between 2000 and 3000 stood packed round the rostrum, but some 20 young fellows howled so dingo-like and so persistently that I refrained from talking, and contented myself with the fact that no noise could obscure the meaning of the pictures and statements I showed by the help of an electric light lantern. We obtained proof that these hoodlums were paid. On Sunday I preached at the Cathedral and addressed a meeting for men only there in the afternoon. In the evening, which was wet, cold, and stormy, I preached at St. Matthew's for Canon Curzon-Ziggers and spoke to a very large after-church meeting. On another page I give some samples of the crusade in the advertising columns of the papers. Several times the big papers have been made to apologise for unwarranted statements. Last week both papers here apologised most handsomely to Mr. A. S. Adams, the lawyer, who is the presiding genius of the No-License

forces in the South, and in fact, as a former president of the Alliance, his influence goes far beyond this city. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday I spoke 10 times, and found not only genuine enthusiasm, but careful and thoughtful attention. At one place I pressed the men very hard to ask me a question, and when no one would do so, I picked on the biggest man in the crowd, and, assuring him of a courteous reply, asked him to put a question. He said, "No, I don't want to question you, and it is not because you have the best end of the stick." This rather disturbed me, but after a pause he added, "The fact is, you have the whole blooming stick."

Everywhere it is acknowledged that we have all the arguments, and yet we often do not get the vote of the one who makes this acknowledgment. We have to sadly acknowledge that there is very little parental control in the present day, and it is only natural that those who from childhood have been accustomed to have their own way resent any control or anything that will restrict their pleasing themselves. "Can't I do as I please, spend my money as I like?" is the prevailing spirit, quite forgetting that society, for its own safety, must limit our liberty, so that we may not hurt, annoy, or interfere with others.

VOTING DAY.

I left Dunedin at 8 a.m. this morning and am writing this in the train. Looking back on the past 10 weeks, during which I have spoken at 147 meetings and have addressed about 70,000 people, I can say that not once have my facts, arguments, or conclusions been questioned, except at Feilding. The result of that challenge was very reassuring to the No-License party and very humiliating to the Liquor people, as may be seen on another page of this issue. What will be the result? We will undoubtedly be robbed of many a victory by the three-fifths majority. It will be very galling to find the Liquor people claiming a victory in places where there was a majority of over 1000 votes for No-License. In Dunedin, at the last poll, we had a majority of nearly 3000, and yet we did not win. But that outrageous handicap will soon be removed, and then the Liquor people will find neither money nor lies can save them. I expect a big vote for Dominion Prohibition, but not a three-fifths majority, and feel hopeful that fresh districts will declare for No-License.

CHRISTMAS.

Those who read "Grit" are reminded that if they wish to cheer those who are poor, and show their gratitude to the Lord for all Christmas means to them, may send gifts or money to Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, who will see that it is wisely spent to help those who need help. Parcels to be sent to "Grit" Office, 33 Park St. Letters to Box 390, G.P.O.

S. P. BRAY, HIGH-CLASS PASTRYCOOK AND CATERER, Head Office: 498 George Street, Sydney.

Branches in Principal Suburbs.

New Factory at Paddington.

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TEA-MEETINGS, SOCIAL FUNCTIONS, WEDDING RECEPTIONS catered for on shortest notice.

HAMPERS and PICNIC PARTIES specially attended to.

Manufacturer of PURE VANILLA ICECREAM and various WATER ICES.

Price List on Application.

Mr. Bray catered for last Church Society Festival and C.M.A. Anniversary.

BARLEY SHEAVES.

(Continued from Page 3.)

kirk wi' me the day, jist for auld lang syne, and next Sunday I'll let ye off. It is not often I can get Annie Kinnear, and ye may be very sure I'll not let ye off the day, my man."

Adam Gourlay was a man of dour temper, but Jeanie could wind him round her little finger. She had one incomparable advantage over many women; she knew when to speak and when to hold her tongue.

So she busied herself with her household affairs, and at ten o'clock laid out her own and Adam's things, and was rewarded by seeing him in the stable-yard putting a bit of extra polish on the gig harness.

"I want to go by the Carse-road the day, because there's mair shade," said that wily woman, after she had climbed to her perch in the gig.

Her true reason being that Carse-road led away from and not through the Knowe fields, so that Adam's soul would not be wrung afresh by the poverty of them. And all the way she talked blithely of old times, and of happy days they had had, and were going to have, and by the time they had reached the old weather-beaten kirk, standing on its rocky promontory jutting into the sea, Adam was, if not exactly happy, at least soothed and comforted, which proved that Jeanie Gourlay knew her business as a wife. But when she crept into the cool, dim corner of the Knowe pew, she put down her head rather more quickly than usual, for her eyes were wet. She was not less anxious than Adam, and she knew just as well as he did the seriousness of the future. She had in many silent night watches faced the prospect of leaving the farm, and of seeing Adam obliged to hire his labor to others. She prayed hard, and when the minister made a heart-felt appeal for the rain that was so sorely

needed, she joined in it with all the passion of her soul. The sermon she could not listen to, for her thoughts, in spite of her, wandered; but the text was more than comforting and quite appropriate. "The river of God which is full of water, Thou preparest them corn, when Thou hast so provided for it."

Jeanie did not know whether Gourlay was listening. He sat with his arms folded, and his eyes bent down, and a rather grim expression on his face.

"It's easy to preach like that when you've nae corn, and it's ither folks' stuff ye are 'speakin' about," was his comment as they rose to leave the building.

He hastened away to the stable, not caring to speak to his neighbors about the door, and Jeanie had her pleasant gossip over when Adam came back in about ten minutes' time.

"I've been to the post-office, Jean. I minded that it was near the time for the Canada mail, and that there might be a letter frae Uncle Peter."

"And is there?" she asked interestedly, her Uncle Peter being her mother's brother, and her only relative living in the world. He had asked her to go out and keep house for him in Alberta just about the time she had married Adam Gourlay, but had borne her no grudge for her choice.

"Yes; ye can read it as we gang up the Carse brae. The brute seems to be fresh the day ower little awark, and ower muckle corn. I wonder wha'll be drivin' her next winter?"

He said it deliberately, to let Jeanie know what was in his mind. But she, though hear-in every word, took no notice at all; and the moment they left the town street and breasted the Carse brae she asked for the letter.

Gourlay was always kind and considerate to his brute beasts, and permitted Katie to take her own sweet will on the Carse brae, while he lighted a tardy pipe, suddenly re-

membering that he had not had one at all that day. He was interrupted by a sudden exclamation from his wife, and, turning, saw her face aglow, and the tears raining down her cheeks.

"Oh, Adam, Adam! It was true what the minister said. The river of God is full of water."

"What are ye haverin' about, lass?" asked Adam in astonishment.

"It's frae Uncle Peter. I canna read it, for greetin', but I have got the meanin' o' it. He wants us a' to come oot this very year. He has mind that ye hae a break in the lease an' could hae a roup at Mairtinmas. He says he's gettin' an aul man, and finds his big place ower much. An' it's to be mine, he says, at least yours and mine, and you will take it ower an' look efter it. He wants to come hame to Scotland for a year, he says, and will start oot whenever we come. He says we can come at Christmas if we like, for where he is the winter is not hard. Oh, Adam."

The brave little woman's pent heart overflowed, and in the very middle of the Carse brae Adam had to stop and comfort her in the good old way.

And at the top of the brae she said they need not go round the long Carse-road this time, for it would not matter, she thought inwardly, though Adam should have to look on the scanty barley sheaves.

God had not forgotten them after all! He was as good as all His promises.—"British Weekly."

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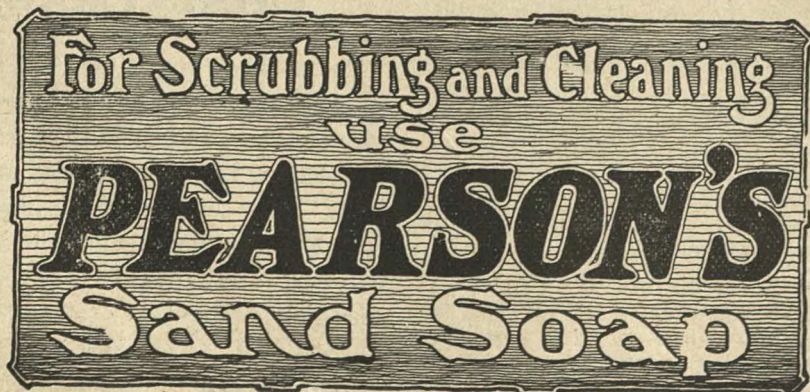
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From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

My dear Ne's and N's, this is my last chance of wishing you a very happy Christmas, and I do it very heartily. How I wish I could run round with dear old Father Christmas, who is, like myself, a bit of a mystery, and see you all on Christmas Eve. The best way to be happy is to be very busy making someone else happy—it is not what you get but what you give that brings real joy. May God indeed bless you all will be my earnest prayer on the morning of December 25.—Uncle B.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you almost disgusted with life, little man?

I'll tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment if anything
can:

Do something for somebody quick.

Are you awfully tired with play,
Weary, discouraged, and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world—
Do something for somebody quick.

Though it rains, like the rain of the flood,
little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine in your soul,
little man—
Do something for somebody quick.

Though the stars are like brass overhead,
little girl,
And the walks like a well-heated brick,
And our earthly affairs in a terrible whirl—
Do something for somebody quick.

—Anon.

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

A MYSTERIOUS NE AND NI.

Emily Mann, "Edison," Hunter-street, Glen Innes, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—May I join your ring of relatives? I can be both your nephew and niece, too. I always read "Grit," especially the "Seven to Seventeen" page. Will you ask your nephews and nieces to write to me. My address is (Miss) Emily Mann, "Edison," Hunter-street, Glen Innes, N.S.W. If you object to nephews writing to me then only ask the nieces. Give them my address, and tell them not to be frightened. I wish one hundred different people would send me a letter a day, because I love writing letters. If you ask your nephews and nieces to do this I will tell you who writes first. Tell them I will answer them if they send me their address. Why I asked you about telling your Ne's and Ni's is because I get lonely at night. I don't get lonely in the day time, because I have plenty to amuse. We have a tennis court and set, a croquet set, and a billiard table. I have only left school about a month, but I think I am

going back after Christmas. I used to go to the Technical College to learn cooking, but having to leave school I had to leave cooking. Well, I think I must now close.—I remain, your loving niece and nephew.

(Dear Emily,—I am delighted to get your letter, and wonder why you did not write long ago. But you do puzzle me—are you twins? How else can you be both a Ne and a Ni? I am glad you want to write to your cousins. Be sure and get your mother interested in your letters to them and theirs to you. Please write and explain all about yourself to all your mystified cousins and—Uncle B.)

A PRIZE WINNER.

Lucy Sawkins, Wyville, Cooma, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—We have been very busy here, as our Sunday-school anniversary has just taken place. We all got a prize, and the name of my prize book is "The End of a Coil." Daisy has already read it, for she is a real bookworm, and generally manages to read our books before anyone else. Our anniversary was, as usual, a great success. My eldest sister is the secretary of our Sunday-school. Grace and Bertha got the highest possible marks (312), and were both awarded with a "Girls' Own Annual." Grace came highest in our Sunday-school examination, and has had four different books presented to her for her success. Her marks were 85 out of 100. Bertha got 78 and Daisy got 76, and as this is the first Sunday-school examination I have ever sat for I only got 62. Better luck next time. We are sadly in need of rain here, for we have only had 25 points in eight weeks. The grass is all burnt off, and everything has been dried up by the hot sun. The frost here on the 1st inst. cut all our rosebuds, and we have not a rose in our whole garden. Our pansy beds and pot flowers are the only things that really seem alive. All our fruit has been cut, and our acacia trees are just recovering now. Daisy and Grace will be soon writing to you, as most of the yearly examinations are over. Well, dear Uncle, I am getting sleepy, so I must close with fondest love to all my cousins and yourself—I am, your loving niece.

(Dear Lucy,—So glad to hear from you, and I am proud of Bertha and Daisy for doing so well, and hope they will write soon. You say better luck. Did you mean better work?—because it is work, not luck, that wins prizes.—Uncle B.)

A LAST LETTER.

A. C. W. Poore, Nowra, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am over eighteen now. I am very sorry to be writing my last letter to "Page Nine," but I know that there are plenty more that will be only to pleased to take my place in the corner. I thank you very

much for the present that you gave me, and I also thank you for publishing my letter. And now I must say good-bye to Ne's and Ni's and "Page Nine" with regret. I remain.

(Dear Arthur,—We are all sorry for you. We know you can't help growing old. But please be an honorary Ne, and write to us sometimes.—Uncle B.)

A TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Esther House, Mt. Keira, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—In answer to my last letter you asked me to tell you about one of our temperance meetings. I am going to tell you about the last meeting we held. First of all I must tell you an old friend of yours, Mr. Probyn, took the chair. He gave a nice address on temperance, which I'm sure we all enjoyed very much. Quite a large number of young people and children have signed the pledge, and also a few elder people. We had some very nice temperance songs, which were conducted by the choirmaster, Mr. Piercey. There were also some very nice recitations and dialogues. The church was crowded, and altogether we had a very enjoyable evening. Dear Uncle B., it is raining to-night. It is quite a treat, as we wanted rain very badly. Our vegetables and flowers are looking lovely. I love flowers. Don't you? The mines are working rather slack lately. The Rev. Archdeacon D'Arcy-Irvine was preaching at St. Michael's Church, Wollongong, on Sunday morning. We went to hear him. He was rector of this parish before, and we all like him very much. Mr. Hughes examined the children at our junior Bible class the other night. There were four boys and two girls got prizes. I think this is all the news I have to tell you, so I will close with lots of love to yourself and all my cousins.—I remain, your affectionate niece.

(Dear Esther,—I know Mr. Probyn, but it is a question whether he knows me or only thinks he does. I am so glad to hear of the good meetings, and it is splendid you enjoy them so much. May you never cease to enjoy good things.—Uncle B.)

A NI' RENDERS "FIRST AID."

Mabel Miller, "Allandale," Gunning, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I did not see many letters in "Grit" this week, and I have not written for such a long time. I am very busy studying for an examination in December, and do not write many letters. On Monday evening Rosina was bitten by a snake, and mother and I rendered first aid. She is recovering, but is not well yet. She was bitten on a finger. We are getting a new Church of England clergyman. Mr. Crigan is his name, and is coming from Albury. The Methodist spring flower show is to be celebrated soon. I must now conclude, with best wishes to cousins, not forgetting yourself.—I remain, your fond niece.

P.S.—Please let me know when our subscription to "Grit" is due.

(Dear Mabel,—We are all proud of you to

BOOKLET ON "HEALTHFUL LIVING" POSTED FREE.

VEGETARIAN CAFE,

45 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

think you helped to render first aid, and oh we are so glad and thank God that Rosina is recovering. When your examination is over you will write again I hope. I am also busy, and lately have been finding it very, very hard to write even a few words to all my dear Ne's and Ni's.—Uncle B.)

HELD OVER.

Very many post cards received, and some lovely letters—all held over till next issue.—Uncle B.

WHEN JUSTICE PEEKED.

By JOHN P. FERRITER.

Colonel Winthrop, Justice of the Peace, became vaguely conscious of a presence in the room. He moved uneasily in his slumbers, his foot slipped off the pine table and his upturned chair attained its natural position with a bang.

The awakening was rude but thorough, and it brought the colonel's eyes to a level with the doorway, which was occupied by a tall, shambling figure of apologetic mien. He was a typical Missourian, lean and round-shouldered and shiftless-looking, like the majority of the natives of the vicinity with amber stains at the corners of his mouth, gently merging with and losing themselves in the natural light yellow of his scraggly beard.

"Howdy, jedge?" said the intruder.

"I am very well, thank you, Mr. Haskins," replied the colonel somewhat coolly. "What can I do fo' yo'?"

Mr. Haskins did not reply at once. He seemed uneasy under the colonel's eye. He took his old slouch hat off, examined it intently for a moment and put it on again. He looked stealthily at the colonel and, meeting his gaze unexpectedly, shifted his glance quickly to a knot-hole in the floor near the desk, at the same time expectorating rather hurriedly and with such lack of his usual skill that the stream of tobacco-juice missed its intended mark entirely and drenched the colonel's boot.

"Ah," said the colonel sweetly, gazing at his bespattered footgear, "it was not necessary to interrupt my nap for this. If you had sent me notice, I could have left my outside for you, you know."

The accident seemed to steady the visitor. He suddenly found voice.

"I beg yo' pardon, jedge. I didn't aim to do that—I shore didn't. Don't know how I came to do that"—gazing pensively at the abused boot—"never did such a thing befo' in all my life. Yes, I did, too, come to think on it. When I fust lost that front tooth; you recollect, don't yo'? Yo' oughter, anyhow—knocked hit out yo'self, if I remember right. Well, fo' mo'n a month I couldn't hit a house, couldn't—"

"I wouldn't interrupt yo' fo' the world, Mr. Haskins," mildly interposed the Colonel, "but what do yo' want?"

His flow of eloquence stopped, Mr. Haskins was again at a loss. He fidgeted awhile, then began:—

"Well, yo' see, hit's thiserway, jedge. Yo' see, jedge, Sue made a right smart holler erbout me drinkin' a leetle now an' then. 'Lowd she wa'n't gittin' ernuff money to live on. Said I was givin' hit all to the saloonkeepers. Made me the proposition that she would buy the whisky by the gallon an' sell hit to me at ten cents a drink, same as the saloons did. Well, yo' know, I'm a tolerable square feller an', like a fool, I let her talk me inter hit. Didn't know she was so blame slippery. Now, what yo' think, jedge; she been makin' a profit off'n me all this time an' savin' money, an' when I got out'n cash t'other day an' ast her fo' a drink, she wouldn't gin hit to me. No, sir—not one drink. Co'se I stood on my rights then like a man, an' tol' her to fork over that air money she been makin' off'n me, but she plum' refused—yes, sir."

His emotion seemed to overcome him and deprive him of speech momentarily, or he was pausing for effect. The colonel cut in icily:—

"Well, what do yo' want?"

"Jedge, I jes' want my rights, that's all. I am a man, an' I won't be made a fool of—no, sir. If I can't git that air money, I kin show her—" He leaned over confidentially. "Jedge, I jes' want a warrant to arrest her fo' sellin' liquor without a license."

"Mr. Haskins, yo' are prepared to swear to all this, are yo'?"

"Yes, indeedy, jedge; yes, in—"

"She sold liquor to yo' without a license, an' yo' knew it an' bought it?"

"Yes, jedge; yo' see—"

"All right, Mr. Haskins. I'll just send fo' Mrs. Haskins and see what she has to say. Now shut up. If yo' say a word befo' she comes I'll fine yo' fo' contempt of coht."

The colonel called a boy and sent for the constable. When that officer appeared the colonel said:—

"Go to Mrs. Haskins and ask her, with my compliments, to come to my office at once—very important business."

The constable departed, and, for a time, a great silence brooded over the temple of justice. Finally Mrs. Haskins arrived—a good-looking little woman, thin from hard work and a hard life. The colonel met her at the door.

"Howdy, Mrs. Haskins, howdy? Will yo' step in a moment? A little business; that's all." He escorted her to a chair. "Now, Mrs. Haskins, yo' husband has made a complaint against you fo' selling liquor without a license—says he bought it from yo'. Is this a fact?"

She flushed. She looked at the judge, who turned hastily away and began to examine a ponderous law-book; then she looked at her good-for-nothing husband, standing on one foot at the door. Her lip began to quiver and she buried her face in her hands and wept silently. In a few moments she controlled herself and turned to the judge.

"It is true, but I didn't think of it in that way. I thought I might keep some of the money at home."

The judge cleared his throat.

"Susie—Mrs. Haskins—the least penalty fo' selling liquor without a license in Missouri is six months in jail." He paused. "I sentence yo' to six months in jail, but—yo' sentence is remitted. Yo' husband has already admitted that he was an accessory to the crime; virtually he was a partner in the enterprise; therefore, he is entitled to six months also—six months or mo'. I could make it a year, but I'll make it six months this time—without any remission."

He turned to the bewildered plaintiff.

"Anything mo' I can do fo' you, Mr. Haskins? If not, I will call the constable, who will show yo' to yo' apartments."

Mr. Haskins' knees trembled perceptibly. He opened his mouth to speak, but no words issued. Slowly, with shaking hands, he mopped his perspiring forehead, using his crumpled-up hat for a handkerchief. It was a warm day.

"Jedge," he faltered at last, "this yere ain't a square deal—no, sir. I didn't come yeer to be put in jail." He began to whimper. "Lordy, jedge, yo' wouldn't send a man to jail fo' standing up fo' his rights, would yo'; an old friend, too? Sue don't want to see me go to jail; do you, Sue? Tell the jedge—"

"Now, look here, Mr. Haskins," interposed the judge sternly, "Mrs. Haskins is not the coht here, and this coht is not going to be browbeaten or bamboozled. I'll give yo' just one chance. I'll remit yo' sentence providing yo' leave the State at once and don't come back again. Yo' understand? If yo' come back yo' go to jail. Now, make up yo' mind quick."

"I'll go, jedge, I'll go. Don't wanter stay, nohow. Come on, Sue; let's be movin'."

The colonel was watching the little woman narrowly, and saw her shudder and draw away.

"Mrs. Haskins can't go with yo'," said he. "She is on probation and has to report to this ceht. It's yo' move, Mr. Haskins. Yo' have until 6 o'clock to disappear in."

Without a word the plaintiff turned and shambled out.

The judge watched him slouch down the street, then turned to the woman:—

"Yo' will get along bettah without him, Mrs. Haskins—a great deal bettah, I'm shuah. Good day, Mrs. Haskins; good day."

He followed her to the door, and as he watched her depart he chuckled: "Got even with that skunk Haskins at last. I'm getting to be a regular Caliph of Bagdad. It may be a pretty poor brand of law I'm dispensing, but it's good enough justice."—"The People."

The Credit of Masterton.

RESOLUTION BY BOROUGH COUNCIL.

(Reprinted from "The Wairarapa Age" of Wednesday, November 22, 1911.)

Councillor Temple moved at last night's meeting of the Masterton Borough Council:—

"That this council emphatically protests against the unfair and malicious attempts made by a section of the public, vide the 'Evening Post' advertisement, under date November 2, to damage the credit of our town, such statements being contrary to fact, and, further, we are satisfied that the business people recognise that financially and commercially Masterton never held a firmer position."

The mayor said he would take the motion, if Cr. Temple confined his remarks to it, and did not bring in the question of No-License. He did not wish any party feeling to be created.

Continuing, Cr. Temple said:—In dealing with this motion, I wish to confine my remarks as far as possible to the paragraph referring to the condition of Masterton, where it asserts "that the people of Masterton have absolutely lost confidence and faith in their own town. This is amply proved by the fact that they have time after time rejected all loans proposed by their Borough Council for town drainage, etc., as they recognised that since No-License was carried and the loss of borough revenue caused by it, the rates are quite unbearable without increasing them." A more unfair and malicious statement it would be hard to unearth. I maintain these statements are contrary to fact. Have our people lost confidence in the town? Facts prove otherwise. The capital value of Masterton for the year ending March 31, 1908, was £1,059,380; for the year ending March 31, 1911, £1,081,830, an increase of £22,450. Again, building permits issued for the year ending December 31, 1908, totalled £13,324. To November 3, 1911 (10 months), the total permits issued total £17,620, an increase of £3704, and two months still to go to complete the year. Now we come to what in a measure might be termed luxuries. In 1908, 13 motor cars and 13 motor cycles were registered, approximate value £5850. To November 3, 1911 (10 months), two months to complete the year, we find 45 motor cars and 50 motor cycles registered, approximate value £20,000, the total now registered being 102 cars, 96 motor cycles, of the approximate value of about £46,000, and yet we are told that the Masterton district is practically on the verge of bankruptcy. Turning to the gasworks account, which to my mind is a very good indication that our people have not lost confidence in the town, it will be found that for the year ending March 31, 1910, 25,139,400 cubic feet of gas was manufactured. The total income for that year was £8966 18s. 2d. For the year ending March 31, 1911, 2,215,500 cubic feet of gas was manufactured, total income £9899 14s. 7d.; total increase in gas manufactured, 1,076,100 cubic feet and £952 16s. 3d. increase in revenue. For the six

months ending September 30, 1911, the gas manufactured was 15,364,200 feet, and the total revenue for the same period £5756 15s. 4d., an increase in gas manufactured for the six months of 882,800 feet. If the returns keep up as well for the next six months, our total revenue will exceed that of 1911 by £1600. These returns should give our detractors food for thought. They are taken from the council's books, and cannot be contradicted. Then, as to the statement that loans have been rejected time after time: Two loans have certainly been placed before the people since 1908, one for the extension of drainage, and the other for the proposed new street connecting Chapel-street with Queen-street. The former loan was only a half-hearted proposal, and coming before the people just as they were recovering from the trade depression of 1908. Personally, I think they did a wise thing at the time in rejecting the loan. The new street was never taken seriously, and the result was fully expected. Then, as to the rates being unbearable, 2½d. in the £1 is not a heavy rate, and speaking from memory, with the exception of two other towns, our rates are the lowest in the Dominion. Our gas undertaking is worth between £45,000 and £50,000, the ratepayers for years having paid a rate, but now shows substantial profit on the lowest charges of any inland town in the Dominion. We have a clean, well-kept town, in spite of the fact that we have lost £240 a year in license fees. Our rates have never been advanced. According to the census returns of 1906, our population was 5026, Lansdowne about 300. This suburb should be included rightly in the Masterton returns. In 1911 Masterton was returned at 5182, Lansdowne about 750, total population 5932, an increase over 1906 of 606 inhabitants. We admit that in 1908, six months before the hotels were closed, with other towns we lost population, many of our people seeking fresh fields; yet we have more than held our own, and shown a fair increase, and I am satisfied, in spite of that our detractors say, Masterton will continue to hold its own with other towns in the Dominion.

Cr. Ewington seconded the motion. He considered it was the duty of the council to defend the town. Cr. Ewington quoted figures to show the decrease in the amount circulated by the Charitable Aid Committee and the increase in deposits at the Post Office Savings Bank.

Cr. Donald, in supporting the motion, stated that the question of License or No-License did not enter into the phase of the resolution at all. The matter before the council was that a certain person or sect, by advertisement, was making certain statements that, in the council's opinion, was likely to undermine the commercial stability of Masterton, and render it a place to be avoided to live in or to do business in. "You,

with others, Mr. Mayor," continued Cr. Donald, "have taken up the sitting-on-the-hedge attitude, considering the matter would be better left alone, and that the lies will react on those who made them. This attitude I cannot assume. It is frequently said that the work which devolves on a borough council is in all respects a business concern, and that we require business men to see to that business. Very well, then. We have before us certain statements and insinuations like the one read by Cr. Temple. Are we, as business men, to rest under this sting and not even resent and refute such worthless insinuations?" Cr. Donald said that the pulse of commerce in any community was felt in the contentment and satisfaction that prevailed among the people generally, and the general opinion was that the town was in a healthy commercial condition. Business, he said, was good, artisans of all descriptions are in demand, labor is plentiful, the supply not equal to the demand. Trade in every line was improving, men in all branches of the building trade were wanted, new buildings were being erected, and business premises had been improved. Settlers in every part of the district were building, adding to or improving their homesteads, all going to prove the people had every confidence in the district. To denounce and defeat the tactics of these advertisers should be the aim and object of every citizen of this community who has the good of their town at heart. Statistics prove anything, and were not always to be relied upon, but one cannot get away from statements made by accredited business men. Cr. Donald then read a number of statements from business men to the effect that business had improved, and was still improving. Statements like those cited, continued the speaker, were to be had from the great majority of the business men of this community—statements that did not bear out the argument that the people had lost confidence and faith in their town. To say that these advertisements were misleading and contemptible untruths was to put it mildly, and they deserve the severest condemnation from the representatives of the citizens of Masterton.

Cr. Hoar said he was another of those who were going to support the motion, and when he looked at the "pack of lies" contained in the advertisements it made him all the more determined. He thought the matter should be taken seriously, and he referred to the statement that the Caledonian Society had made a loss of £61, while the reverse was the case. He pointed out that photographs of empty shops were published, and many of these were now occupied and the tenants doing good business. In conclusion, Cr. Hoar said that he was in entire sympathy with the motion, and he hoped the whole council would protest.

Cr. O'Leary also supported the motion. He denied that St. Patrick's Club had collapsed as a result of No-License. He stated that his business during the past two years had increased 25 per cent. over the last twelve years.

(Continued on Page 15.)

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This is Where You Laugh.

§ §



Heckling is often an entertaining, although sometimes a tiresome, incident of political meetings. The experienced public speaker is usually able to turn the laugh on the interrupter, but in the present case the man in the audience was victorious to the last.

A political speaker was attacking the Government with more venom than reason. A man at the back of the hall at last cried out: "You're wrong, sir!"

A little nettled, the orator continued without heeding. Presently, in answer to another strong assertion, came again: "You're wrong, sir!"

The speaker looked angry, but continued on the war-path. "You're wrong, sir!" again rang out.

Angrily addressing the persistent interrupter, the orator cried: "Look here, I could tell this man something about the Government which would make his hair stand on end!"

"You're wrong again, sir!" came from the critic, as he stood up and removed his hat. His head was as bald as a billiard-ball.

* * *

Many years ago a judge was riding in a stage coach in the mountains of Pennsylvania with three companions, engaged in all sorts of discussion. Finally the three got on the liquor question. Two were in favor of whisky and one against. At last the whisky men appealed to the judge for his opinion. The judge quietly replied: "Nothing is better than whisky." The pro-liquor men laughed heartily, and as the stage stopped at the next inn they invited the judge to take "something." The judge shook his head with a decisive no. "Why, we thought you said nothing is better than whisky?" "So I did; hence I take nothing."

* * *

Every scholar was wearing his best clothes, and every face was beaming brightly. And the teacher's eyes watched grimly lest

one small slip should spoil the record of her class.

For it was the annual inspection, and the fierce-looking man who called himself Inspector was putting the pupils through their paces.

"Now, boys," he called, "I want you to tell me—what is a blizzard?"

Silence reigned.

"What is a blizzard?" demanded the ferocious one.

And still silence reigned.

The teacher glared at the top boy, then nodded to encourage him, and at last there came a look of pleading in her eyes. Almost she wept.

Slowly the top boy's hand went up.

"Yes?" snapped the inspector. "Go on. Tell me—what is a blizzard?"

"P-please, sir," stammered the youthful encyclopaedia, "it's the — the inside of a hen!"

* * *

An amusing story is related of a farmer who came into a village grocery in a Western town and exhibited to an admiring crowd an enormous egg about six inches long. He had it packed in cotton, and wouldn't allow anybody to handle it for fear of breaking the phenomenon. The groceryman examined it with the rest, and, intending to chaff the countryman, said:—

"Pshaw! I've got something in the egg line that will beat that."

"I bet you five shillings you haven't," said the countryman, getting excited.

"Take it up," said the groceryman, and going behind the counter he brought out a wire egg-beater.

"There's something in the egg line that

will beat it, I guess," said he, reaching for the stakes.

"Hold on, there!" said the farmer; "let's see you beat it"; and he handed it to the grocer.

The latter held out his hand for it, but dropped it in surprise on the counter, where it broke two soup plates and a platter. It was of iron, painted white.

"Some folks think they are tarnation cute," muttered the farmer, as he pocketed the stakes and left; "but 'tain't no use buckin' ag'inst the solid facts."

* * *

For many long, weary hours the jurymen had been locked in the room trying to agree upon their verdict. The judge had sent messages to them, but in vain.

There was only one man who refused to agree with the remaining eleven. They argued with him, pleaded, threatened, and implored, but in vain.

For the twentieth time the usher came to the door and asked if they had agreed yet.

"No!" bawled the foreman. "And we're not likely to for some time with this—"

"Perhaps I had better bring supper to you, sir," suggested the usher. "Shall I bring twelve suppers?"

Once more came an angry negative from the man inside the room.

"No!" the foreman bawled. "Bring eleven suppers and one feed of hay—or thistles!"

* * *

Friend: "Why do you encourage these woman-suffrage meetings? Surely you don't approve of them?"

Husband: "Approve? With all my heart. I can come home as late as I like now without finding my wife at home to ask questions."

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For Fathers and Mothers.

A WOMAN'S WORK.

NEAR-SIGHTEDNESS AND THE FAR LOOK.

"A woman has no chance to do any one particular thing in life," said a bright little wife and mother in my hearing. "A man expects to make some distinct contribution to the world's achievement. His wife can expect nothing but to wash dishes that must be used again for the next meal, and to make beds that must be made again the next day. She does nothing that stays done, or that adds to the permanent sum of things."

A man of brain and fame was listening. "You women make your mistake in the way you look at things," he said. "You have made yourself near-sighted by fixing your eyes upon details. You talk of dishes to be washed and beds to be made, of rooms to be swept and aprons to be ironed and stockings to be mended. A man who succeeds in the affairs of life must give the same attention to details, but, looking on from the outside, you see the result and not the process. You do not think of his work as consisting of potatoes to be planted and corn to be husked, of sugar to be weighed and letters to be answered, and disagreeable interviews to be held with disagreeable people. You measure his work as a whole. Suppose, now, you should look upon your own life in the same way. What would you see?"

"That I am making a home, and trying my very best to make four lively children into good men and women," was the laughing answer.

"That's it. And it is worth while to look past the detail to the finished product, is it not? As the teacher looks past the routine of the school-room, or as the inventor looks past the cogs and bands to the complete model. When you look at the relative work of men and women in this way, I think women have rather the better of it. Don't you?"

"I believe they do," said the merry little mother.—"Christian Evangelist."

EDISON AND ENGLAND'S "WHISKY SHOPS."

Mr. Thomas A. Edison, who is on holiday in this country, has been "seeing the sights" of London, and, asked by a "Standard" interviewer if he thought the English people as backward as some of the American friends suggested they were, Mr. Edison replied: "No. One has only to read the Board of Trade returns to get rid of that idea. One thing though," he added—and there seemed to be a touch of sadness in his voice, and his face temporarily became clouded—"I think you people have too many whisky shops here. Coming down from Liverpool I noticed that at every place we stopped it seemed to be all whisky shops, with just an occasional grocery store trying to squeeze its way. I am sorry, very sorry, for this is not a good thing for the people."

"NEVER MIND."

What's the use of always fretting
O'er the trials we shall find
Ever strewn along our pathway?
Travel on, and "never mind."

Travel onward; working, hoping
Cast no lingering glance behind
After trials once encountered,
Look ahead, and "never mind."

What is past is past forever;
Let all fretting be resigned;
It will never help the matter—
Do your best, and "never mind."

And if those who might befriend you,
Whom the ties of Nature bind,
Should refuse to do their duty,
Look to Heaven, and "never mind."

Friendly words are often spoken
When the feelings are unkind;
Take them for their real value,
Pass them by, and "never mind."

Fate may threaten, clouds may lower,
Enemies may be combined;
If your trust in God is steadfast,
He will help you, "never mind."

The "Ram's Horn," whose vibrant note was as distinctive as anything in religious journalism, again emits its music after a period of silence. Its founder, Elijah P. Broun, is again at the mouthpiece, and the familiar note, so welcome to many ears and so discomforting to others, is again on the winds. Hark!

"Every sore eye hates the light."

"The devil gets many a boy by getting his father first."

"God alone knows how much is lost when a child is started wrong."

"The busybody and the scarlet sinner are classed together in the Bible."

"The world is in more of a famine for sympathy than it ever was for bread."

"Many a man who boasts of his honesty in business robs God without a blush."

King Edward was one of the most genial and democratic of men in his manner, but nevertheless a stickler for etiquette and the deference due to his station. A careless man, with whom the King had been particularly friendly, felt this keenly once at a country house party. They had been playing cards in the smoking-room, and the King had been more than usually jolly and unconventional. Wishing to call a servant, the man in question asked the King to touch the bell at his elbow. The King did so without hesitation, but when the servant came his Majesty said: "Order Mr. X's carriage. He is leaving at once."

Subaltern: "What on earth are you fellows doing? There hasn't been a hit signalled for the last half hour."

Private: "I think we must have shot the marker, sir."

The Credit of Masterton.

(Continued from Page 13.)

Cr. Elliott said he had much pleasure in supporting the motion. He thought it was much needed and called for. In his opinion Masterton had never been in a better position. It was the council's business to let outsiders know the true position.

Cr. Pragnell said that there was very little more to say in support of the motion in addition to what had already been said. He had been in Masterton for 30 years, and had seen the town grow, and seen ups and downs. The cause of a few shops being empty was that during the boom time a large number of business men had come to the town, and they had to be catered for. When the loan money was all expended a lot of people left the town. Although there were empty houses in the town, it would be found that they were mostly houses which were not good enough for the respectable workers of Masterton. Cr. Pragnell said he was proud of Masterton, and it was one of the ideal towns of the Dominion. (Hear, hear.) The only trade that had suffered was the "bung-hole trade."

Cr. Candy said he was not opposed to the motion, but he thought there was no need for it. He thought the resolution would do as little good as the advertisement did harm.

The Mayor said he did not think a discussion of this kind could do any good. He stated that an effective reply could be given to all the arguments raised. There were plenty of figures which could be quoted in support of licenses. He had no objection to the resolution, but he was sure, after it was carried, the position would be unaltered.

Cr. O'Leary asked the Mayor if he considered that it would be right to let such a thing pass.

The Mayor said that when the matter was reduced to statistics it would never be thrashed out, but if the question was dealt with from the moral aspect the liquor party did not have a leg to stand on. He hoped the councillors felt they had the business people with them, because the last part of the motion spoke for the business people of the town.

The motion, on being put to the meeting, was carried unanimously.

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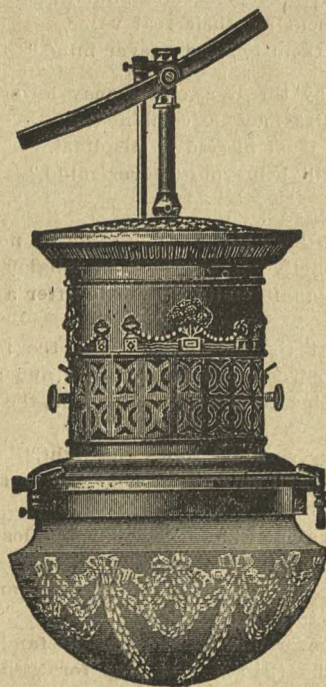
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