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THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1911.

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FITNESS FOR PARENTAGE.

By E. L. TRANSEAU, Recording Secretary, the American Scientific Temperance Federation.

The term "fit" as applied to the physical condition of athletes has come to have a well-understood meaning. It is a term that is quite as applicable to the qualifications for the serious occupations of life as to sport. Still more is it applicable to all persons having before them the expectation or possibility of renewing in another generation the life of the race which has become incarnated in their own bodies.

The question of fitness for parentage is probably seldom considered with the seriousness which its bearing upon the destiny of the following generation demands.

A survey of the large amount of material now existing upon the subject of the relation of alcoholism to parentage shows that alcoholic drinks cause in many ways an amount of unfitness for this relation of life that is only just beginning to be understood.

Fitness of the Father.

"The Journal of the American Medical Association" (1) recently contained an article on this subject in which it referred to the long-established belief, based on experience and statistics, that alcoholism in a father may have a decidedly harmful influence upon his children. The belief has been supported experimentally, several observers having shown that chronic alcohol poisoning of the male leads to defective offspring.

The explanation given by Dr. Forel, in particular, is that the poisoning injures the germinal cells and this view seems now to be substantiated by microscopic observations made by Professor Bertholet, of Lausanne, Switzerland.

Professor Bertholet made post mortem examination of seventy-five men whose habits with regard to alcohol during life were known. Thirty-nine of these were known to have used alcohol in large amounts. They died before their fiftieth year. In all but two of these thirty-nine there was a marked wasting away of the germinal cells. These changes, which were not found in the remainder of the seventy-five, were different from those of ordinary old age, they were more frequent and more advanced. "The relation of these changes," says the medical journal, "to the recognised influence of paternal alcoholism on off-spring is evident."

Another physician, Dr. H. M. Lee, (2) refers to the similarity between lead poisoning and alcohol poisoning in animals as it affects their offspring, and also to cases of lead poisoning in men who became 'the fathers of defective children, the mothers being healthy. That alcohol as well as lead poisoning in the fathers can cause such defects in their children is evident, he says, from the close relation all about us of alcohol and depravity, alcohol and imbecility, alcohol and crime. "It is known by experi-

mental and carefully deduced facts that alcohol is a poison, not only upon the organism partaking of it, but it so impoverishes the germ cells as to influence the progeny."

Another recent witness to the consequence of alcoholism in the father is Dr. L. O. Fuller, who (3) presents what he believes to be the cause of many cases of inebrity, or chronic alcoholism, which reach the stage where they are recognised as diseased and treated as such.

In tracing the parentage of these persons, it is found that their fathers, three times as often as their mothers, were alcoholics. They have inherited a state of nervous irritability which makes them more susceptible to alcohol than were their parents before them. If they indulge in alcoholic drinks they will be likely soon to put an end to their branch of the family tree, for, as Dr. Fuller says, "The tendency is for the offspring of alcoholics to become less resistant to the effects of alcohol with each succeeding generation, and finally to become physically and mentally incapable of reproduction, even if they should survive the first few years of life."

Temporary Unfitness.

Not only the chronic drinker who has injured his constitution by alcohol, but the one who poisons his body cells by temporary indulgence in this race poison may find himself afterwards confronted with the evidence of his unfitness in the person of a defective child. A German physician, Dr. Holitscher, (4) testifies to three instances of this kind occurring in his own practice, where the evidence was indisputable that a defective child resulted from a single intoxication.

Unrecognised Unfitness.

One reason why drinking that does not intoxicate was long supposed to be harmless was because the proper tests were not applied to find out whether it harmed or not. We have now learned that long before a person shows any signs of alcoholic intoxication his fitness for manly sports or for labor is impaired. The same kind of critical observation applied to fitness for parenthood would change the wording of many stories about men who are said to have drunk hard all their lives without being harmed by it.

The Hon. A. Brodrick in an article on this subject (5) says:—

"The man himself may have been spared, yet his offspring may not escape. There is on record a striking case of an American farmer, long-lived and healthy, and a consumer of one pint of brandy per day. But of his children, one was an epileptic, one suffered from chorea (St. Vitus' dance), one

was given to drink, one was a vagabond, and the remaining two died as children."

Unfitness in the Mother.

The results of alcoholism in the mother are found to be even worse than in the father. Scientific examination of the blood of pregnant animals that have received alcohol has shown (6) that the alcohol in the blood is carried to the developing young, and numerous experiments with alcohol in the early stages of life (7) have proven it to be very injurious. Dr. Fuller, in the article previously mentioned, says that it causes disturbances in nutrition in the unborn and these may result in abnormal physical or mental development or in death before birth.

Dr. G. Basil Price points out (8) the frequent connection between drinking mothers and lack of vitality in their children. He says they are often born apparently healthy, but show little power of growth or ability to assimilate food. They are continually peevish, the skin will have a dusky tinge and there will be a gradual wasting without any definite sign of disease. Finally convulsions put an end to the little life so badly started.

"The number of premature births," says the Hon. A. Brodrick, previously quoted, "and the number of deaths in their first year of children born of alcoholic parents is out of proportion to those occurring in a normal population. Those children who survive carry with them through life an inheritance of enfeebled physical health, but more particularly of impaired nerve vigor. They it is who help fill the ever-broadening ranks of the unfit, the degenerate, the feeble-minded, the deficient in will-power, the drunkards, the immoral, the insane."

How the Third Generation is Affected.

The high rates of infant mortality, especially in the cities during summer, have shown how necessary to the health and growth of babies is their natural nourishment, the mother's milk. But Prof. von Bunge, the world famous physiological chemist, of Basle University, Switzerland, has collected a large amount of evidence showing that a large percentage of women who are unable to nurse their children are the daughters of drinking fathers. They have survived infancy and childhood and reached the child-bearing period in their own lives. But here their inherited defects begin to be manifested in the inability to perform for their own children a most important function of maternity. Their children must be bottle-fed, which is for them a handicap at the very start of the battle of life.

Prof. Bunge (9) was assisted in his researches by 100 medical men who helped him to obtain information from 1625 families.

(Concluded on Page 12.)

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THEIR DOROTHEA

A STORY WITH A HINT TO PARENTS IN IT.

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

"Alas! you have."

"Those deadly Hiltons!" breathed Dorothea.

"Yes," echoed the young man. "And those Warrens!"

"Good-night," said Dorothea.

"Good-night. Till ten o'clock, dearest."

"It seems a thousands years," said Dorothea.

"And now," said Dorothea's mother, "we will go in."

"Katherine!" Dorothea's father's voice was short.

"What is it?"

"Have I often had my own way when you wanted yours?"

"No," confessed Mrs. Hobart. "Henry, I am so tired, and we must talk to Dorothea before we go to bed, and—"

Mr. Hobart put his arm round her. With the other hand he lifted their suit-case. His voice shook.

"I know you're tired, dear," he said. "My heart aches for you. But we're going down to the hotel to spend the night, and we'll appear when we are expected."

It was exactly nine o'clock the next morning when Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hobart drove to their house in the rattling 'bus of the Lawton Hotel. The train upon which they arrived in Lawton the night before had been held on the trestle for three-quarters of an hour, and they had gone into the hotel with their fellow passengers, so no explanations had been necessary.

Now they looked tired and worn, as people are expected to look after a night in a sleeping-car. Dorothea, meeting them on the piazza, kissed them dutifully, took her mother's hand-bag, and said she was glad to see them back. She wore a white linen suit, a little short for a girl of twenty; her eyes were clear, her hair dressed in its usual prim fashion. Behind her in the doorway were Martha and Jennie, the former as taciturn, the latter as friendly as usual.

The Hobarts went directly into the dining-room, which was exactly as it had been when Mrs. Hobart went away. Her plates were arranged in their proper order on the ail; her favorite second-best table-cloth was on the table; her wax fruit was on the china cupboard. They had the main course first and the cereal last, as usual.

Dorothea answered their questions in Dorothea's placid way. She had had company twice, once to dinner and once to supper. Yes, the neighbors were all well. There were letters from all the boys on the study table. Yes, the maids had done well. No, she had not been lonely, but she was glad they were back. They were very kind to have brought her a present; she was quite curious to see what it was. To her white-faced mother—under orders, she said to herself, from her husband—it seemed that the answers were dragged forth. To her father she seemed no more reserved and quiet than she had ever been.

"We will not ask Dorothea a question," he had said, sternly, to Mrs. Hobart.

They sat long at the table. Mrs. Hobart ate slowly. It seemed to her that when she rose everything would be changed. Whether or not the young man came back, everything would be changed. She felt that she could never take pleasure again in the treasures of her household, her linen, her silver, her plates. The Niagara Falls plate might stay in her bag for ever. Once or twice her lip quivered.

It was almost ten when they rose from the table and went into the hall.

"What are you going to do to-day, Dorothea?" asked her mother. She paid no heed to her husband's glance. She was not prying into Dorothea's affairs; it was merely an empty inquiry such as she might have made any day.

Dorothea turned and faced them. Her voice was smooth, her blue eyes met theirs frankly.

"I'm going upstairs to put my room in order. Do you mind"—it was always in that timid, childish way that Dorothea asked for things—"do you mind having company the first day you are back? There is a Mr. Rossiter in town, a friend of Aunt Helen's," she spoke with no more emotion than if Mr. Rossiter had been like Aunt Helen, stout and grey and fifty. "I asked him to come to dinner this noon. I thought Aunt Helen would like it."

"Why, no, we don't mind at all." There was not a break in Mr. Hobart's gay voice. "What time does he come?"

The grandfather's clock near by whirled suddenly, foretelling the stroke of ten. Mrs. Hobart stood perfectly still. So did Doro-

thea's father. Only Dorothea moved, starting up the steps.

"I imagine he'll come early," she said, lightly.

Then clearly through the still, bright morning air sounded a man's whistle, soft, gay, infinitely happy. Against it, the voice of Dorothea's father rang like a wail of tragedy. "Dorothea!"

"What is it, father?" said Dorothea, turning.

"Have you nothing to tell me?" Her father stood on the step below her.

"No," said Dorothea.

"Dorothea!" Her father's arms went round her. The young man's step was almost on the porch. "Once you came to tell me something, Dorothea, long ago, and I laughed. Forgive me! Have you nothing to tell me now?"

Dorothea put her hands on his shoulders. She wondered, as one gives an instant's thought to an unimportant question, how they had found out.

"Why, yes, father." She spoke softly, in perfect composure, not because she was a child confiding in her father, but because she was a woman and pitied him. "Mr. Rossiter wishes to marry me."

"And do you love him, Dorothea?"

"Yes, father." She answered kindly, politely, this Dorothea who had cried, "I love you more than tongue can tell!"

Then loudly, insistently, the electric bell rang through the house. An officer of the law, crying, "Open in the name of the Commonwealth!" might have announced his presence in so lordly a fashion, or a conqueror in love or war. It was final, it signified the end of old things, the beginning of new.

A bright color came into Dorothea's cheeks; suddenly she shivered and looked deep into her father's eyes. She saw there the old, established things—deep, yearning affection, unselfish care; she realised perfectly that for a moment's merry laughter she had punished him with ten years of coldness. She had not withdrawn intentionally or even consciously; the childish hurt would not go away. But it had been childish, and now she was a woman.

Then suddenly she ceased to think about her father. The echo of that triumphant peal still lingered. Last night, with her lover's arms about her, she had been so sure; now, in the daylight, everything seemed different. As though she had found there a refuge through all her life, she laid her head upon her father's breast.

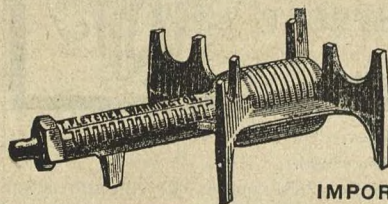
"Father, dear," she said, tremulously. "I am happy; indeed I am happy. But I am a little afraid."



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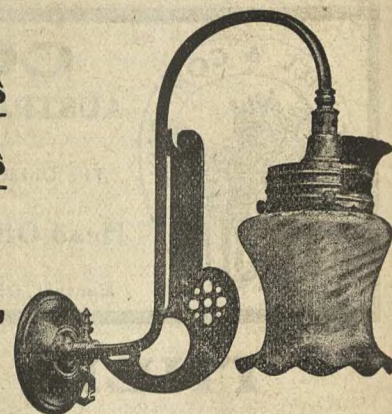
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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

By JOHN COMPLIN, Secretary N.S.W., Alliance.

I have had experience of English and Canadian winters, but until my Goulburn-Wyalong tour it had never occurred to me that our Australian winter could nip, and pierce, and chill, with much the same intensity as those winters do. But it is so—feeling “is believing.”

If you doubt this testimony take a five weeks' tour as I did; let it include day and night travelling by train, buggy, and motor car; let it be “the season of the year”—I left the metropolis on Saturday, June 24, returning by 6 a.m. of Wednesday, August, 2nd, and you will give a similar shivering testimony. Probably you will hear, too, the “new chum's” confirmation, “I feel the cold as much here as at home.”

This is good for our country—famed for for baking us with excessive heat. When Kipling wrote of Canada as “Our Lady of the Snows,” he offended Canadian susceptibilities. The average Canadian does not approve any emphasis as to Canadian frost and snow. On the same principle we can do with a great deal less about the heat and a little more about the lower temperature.

Our Goulburn campaign suffered through the intense cold, but was very encouraging nevertheless. We began with a conference of officials and workers in the office of the President. Before a roaring fire we sought to stir up the fires of enthusiasm. The future plans of the State Council were outlined and received with satisfaction and appreciation. Rev. Mr. Hurd undertook a practical share of the Bottom Square Box work, and I anticipate very considerable results from his earnest co-operation. Mr. Wheatley, our Goulburn electorate president, was absent through indifferent health, but the Mayor favored us with his presence. Mr. Ayling, our secretary, was, of course, heart and soul in the conference, as was also the indefatigable Brother Walsh.

On the Sunday morning I preached at Goldsmith-street Methodist Church, and in the evening at the Baptist Church. Both churches took retiring collections for the Alliance £1000 effort. The friends in the

Methodist Church were not satisfied with the amount raised, and in order to give longer notice decided to announce a retiring collection for the next Sunday evening also.

Goulburn has quite a vigorous “People's Own,” of which Mr. W. H. Wheatley is president. Notwithstanding the bitterly cold weather a large congregation assembled and afterwards enthusiastically expressed their appreciation of the truths I was privileged to deliver to them. I hope to hear of “The Goulburn People's Own” making the Bottom Square Box business theirs.

Punctually at 9.30 a.m. on Monday our loyal comrade Brother Walsh met me for a day's visitation. Brother Walsh is chief Box Agent in Goulburn, and is devoting himself energetically to the work. The son of a famous lawyer he has lived most of his life in Goulburn, and as we trotted too and fro I noticed that he seemed to have the respect of one and all. We called at many homes in the interest of the Alliance Victory Calendar and the Bottom Square Boxes. Reports since to hand state that Brother Walsh is making excellent progress with his work, and if the Goulburn No-license voters will fully co-operate they may make possible a victory which otherwise it might not be possible to win.

Secretary Ayling states that a Goulburn publican complains because he cannot get “the trade” to risk any capital in Goulburn. They say “Goulburn is no good to us, it may last over another poll, but the one after is sure to carry No-license. Goulburn has too many fully qualified wowsers.”

This is interesting for the Goulburn electors, but if Br'er Publican's prophecy is to come true there will have to be, I'm thinking, a considerable development of activities in the outlying portions of the electorate.

But why should Goulburn not be first to hoist the flag of victory? During the late campaign Mr. Sutton, of the L.V.A., stated that when once an electorate got No-license it would spread to other electorates like a whirlwind. Goulburn voters should certainly make up their minds to start the whirlwind.

Mrs. Lindsay Craig, whose reputation as an energetic worker in all good causes stands very high, kindly promised to interest herself in the Bottom Square Box movement, and Mrs. Huntley, wife of the popular Baptist minister, took up with enthusiasm the Alliance Victory Calendar work. Miss Pain and Mr. Barrett are pushing this laudable work also.

Goldsmith St. Methodist Church kindly loaned a school hall for a “popular lecture” presided over by Mr. Wheatley, and at which there was a good attendance. There were many warm invitations to the Alliance representative to “come back again,” but always with the proviso “when the weather is not so cold.”

Rev. Mr. Solhurst was unfortunately absent from the meetings through indifferent health, but apart from his absence there was a warm interest shown in the meetings by most of the ministers of the city.

With complete and close organization, good financing and the letting in of daylight truth upon the tactics of “the trade” Goulburn might get near fulfilling the trade's prophecy and go “dry.” The probability would be much greater if an up-to-date Alliance Hotel were opened which would demonstrate the possibility of profitably doing all the legitimate business of an inn without the curse of alcohol. Will some of our wealthy friends help in this?

“They have moved our choir to the other end of the church.”

“What's that for?”

“Our clergyman is delicate, and he said he couldn't stand having twelve girls fanning his bald spots all at once.”—“Louisville Courier-Journal.”

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Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

BAD TASTE.

We have had frequently to complain of exhibitions of very bad taste on the part of our opponents, but we do not think anything in that line can excel the following extract from last week's "Fairplay." It is headed "Clergyman's Suicide," and speaks for itself:—

CLERGYMAN'S SUICIDE.

"Rev. H. S. Magee, a well-known divine of Toronto, strolled out into the woods from Elmira, N.Y., last month, and hanged himself, the body being found by an attendant.

"Rev. H. S. Magee was associate secretary of the Temperance and Moral Reform Society of the Methodist Church of Canada, and was known from Halifax to Vancouver. He was in the sanitarium suffering from neurasthenia, partly due to hard work and partly to financial worries occasioned by misfortunes of a relative.

"The report should have added: From lack of a natural stimulant, such as whisky and from anaemia and brain fag, the result of the intemperate use of coffee, soft drinks, and language about the ac-c-ur-r-sed der-ink."

It is surely the very worst of taste to sneer in this manner at the death of an opponent, and try to make party capital out of it. Mr. Magee died a martyr to hard work in noble effort to help the down-trodden and the victims of strong drink. The sort of man who would sneer at his death would certainly never attempt to better the condition of a single lost reprobate, and certainly never deserved to be styled a martyr. He would be more likely to show his cheap sneer at Mr. Magee's death to one or two of the nearest publicans, to barter thereby for a free "drink." Of such are the "cheap sneering" fraternity.

DELIBERATE MIS-STATEMENTS.

We are sorry to have also to make a charge against our contemporary of what appears to be a deliberately rendered incorrect statement. "Grit" is not the "official organ" of the Alliance, and many, many times indeed have we said so. In the same edition we have quoted above "Fairplay" states:—"Now we have testimony from the other side, testimony which has received the imprimatur of 'Grit,' a journal of moral reform and No-License (not No-Liquor), which is the official organ of the 'Deniance' party in New South Wales." Halfway through a sentence—"Fairplay" can sometimes go without succumbing to exaggeration or mis-statements of fact—and so they got halfway through the one quoted by copying the words "a journal of moral reform and No-License" from our leader page. Then the temptation to depart from the narrow path of truth again overcame them, and the Brewers' Scribe fell (heavily, both in a literal and a metaphorical sense). It doesn't seem to matter at all what you write for "Fairplay" as

long as your "copy" is one long sweeping sneer at "Temperance." Say what you like—retire unblushing when bowled out—but don't forget to sneer at every attempt at uplifting the drunkard. It will go down well with the Liberty Leaguer, and what higher compliment could you wish for.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

The liquor host frequently cast in our teeth their old chestnut that most of our arguments are founded on fancy and not fact. Witness herewith from Sydney "Evening News," August 9, the following dialogue at the Coroner's Court in the recent Druitt-street affair:—

The Coroner: It is beyond my comprehension why you men work hard, and then spend all your earnings in drink, destroying your lives, or else ruining your constitution. I hope this will be a lesson to you.

Witness: I can assure you it will, sir. I will keep off it in future.

The Coroner: Yes. I was going to say that you should not touch liquor again. A little more would have killed you. I understand you are going away?

Witness: Yes, sir.

If you're not careful you won't get a ship to employ you. Do not ever touch that terrible stuff again. However, I'll adjourn this inquest till this day week, when I will have the Government Analyst's report.

Of all men the Coroner is entitled to speak with authority on the subject. How many poor victims (directly or indirectly) does he have to hold his court upon whose downfall can be traced to some one's intemperance? It might be thought that he would grow insensible almost to so much misery, but it appears he stands aghast at such a volume of misery caused through the wretched curse of strong drink. It is, to use his words, all "beyond his comprehension."

GAMBLING IN CANTON.

Travellers landing at Canton are immediately struck by the gorgeous gambling houses advertised with electric signs, side by side with the red lamp that marks houses devoted to even worse purposes. A few weeks since, by an act of the Provincial Assembly, every one of the dens was closed under stringent penalties for reopening or secret gambling. The enormous loss of revenue, twelve million taels, is to be met by new taxes, one being a tax of four per cent. on fire crackers. A letter to the offices of the London Missionary Society tells how on the day of closing, a huge procession a mile long was organized along the new Bund, the chief feature of which was an enormous dragon covered with gold and silver, while to represent the evils of gambling one man carried an enormous broom, labelled, "Sweep away the poison of gambling," and another a large piece of wood split half-way down with the legend, "Rend asunder the curse of gambling."

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JAP. CREPE SILK EMBROIDERED BLOUSE LENGTHS, few only—
Usual Price, 38/6; Sale Price, 30/-
EMBROIDERED JAP. SILK ROBE LENGTHS—
Black, 5-panel—
Usual Price, 52/6; Sale Price, 45/-
Black and Cream, 5-panel—
Usual Price, 59/6; Sale Price, 50/-
Black and Cream, 7-panel—
Usual Price, 65/-; Sale Price, 55/-
Cream, 7-panel—
Usual Price, 70/-; Sale Price, 59/6

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The Life Story of a Great and Good Man.

THE BEST LOVED MAN IN NEW ZEALAND.

The late Mr. Thomas Edward Taylor was born in Lindsey, Lincolnshire, England, in 1862, and he was twelve years old when his parents came to New Zealand. He was still only a lad when he entered the employ of Messrs. J. M. Heywood and Co., and with that firm he obtained his commercial training. He rose to be manager of the business. In 1895 he went into business on his own account, taking that step mainly to secure greater freedom in the political and semi-political work into which he had thrown himself with characteristic energy. In 1892 he married a daughter of Mr. R. Ellison. He leaves four daughters and a son.

Mr. Taylor had had only a comparatively brief public school education, but he had a passion for reading, and even in the days when he used to be regarded as a man of one idea he entertained his friends and occasionally confounded his opponents by revealing a remarkably wide range of knowledge and ideas. He was gifted with a fine power of direct reasoning, and it was this more than anything else that constituted his strength as a platform speaker. He kept his eye on the point at which he was aiming, and he speedily acquired the habit of using all sorts of interruptions and interjections as aids to the development of his argument.

AS A PROHIBITIONIST.

It is with the No-license movement in New Zealand that Mr. Taylor's name has been most closely associated. When still a young man, hardly more than a youth, in fact, he entered upon the prohibition campaign with all the ardour and enthusiasm of his nature, and he soon became known far and wide in the country as a zealous and utterly uncompromising opponent of the liquor trade in any shape or form.

He showed his leaning in this direction when he was a boy in London. He liked to attend gatherings there, and was frequently present at meetings addressed by Dr. Barnardo, the author of many successful schemes of rescue of the waifs and strays of large English cities. At one of Dr. Barnardo's meetings he signed the pledge to abstain from all intoxicating liquor, and, apparently, made up his mind to help others to take the same step.

His strength of mind is illustrated by an incident early in his career, when he was employed as a junior clerk in a mercantile office in Christchurch. It is stated that a partner in the firm gave each employee a present of a few bottles of liquor to take to their homes at Christmas time. Mr. Taylor refused to accept the gift, but when it was pressed upon him he said that he would accept as a matter of courtesy, but would throw it in the river. A course which he followed, and which was afterwards reported to his employers.

At the age of seventeen he became a member of the Addington Methodist Church,

and when he spoke at church meetings he frequently referred to the evils of the drink traffic.

THE SYDENHAM CAMPAIGN.

He first brought himself prominently under the notice of the leaders of the movement one morning in 1890, when he called upon the Rev. L. M. Isitt, who had been recently appointed to the charge of the Sydenham Methodist Church, and stated that he had been waiting for Mr. Isitt's arrival to ascertain if that gentleman would join the movement to give ratepayers the right to vote on the straight-out issue license or no-license, in order that the closing of public-house bars in Sydenham might be brought about. Mr. Isitt readily agreed to the suggestion, and Mr. Taylor set to work with an energy which surprised both the friends and the opponents of the prohibition movement. He was the first secretary of the Sydenham Prohibition League—the first Prohibition League in New Zealand—of which the Rev. L. M. Isitt was first president. He elaborated an almost perfect system of canvassing and of the distribution of literature, and displayed unusual talent for organization. At the end of the first year's work the party was defeated, but the path had been cleared for victory, and at the annual election of a Licensing Committee in the following year, 1891, a committee was elected pledged to refuse to grant any license in the Sydenham district.

The election is one of the notable incidents in the history of New Zealand legislation, as from it sprang a good deal of the licensing legislation which has attracted world-wide attention. There are many people in Christchurch who remember the excitement caused by the contest. For months previously the No-license Party, urged on by the fiery young reformer, worked hard gathering in votes. At first, apparently, the party's opponents did not realise that a determined effort was being made, but when the date of the election, April 11, approached, it awoke to the position and a bitter fight was fought. Mr. Taylor and his friends obtained the services of Sir Robert Stout and Sir William Fox, the two foremost temperance advocates in New Zealand at the time. Those gentlemen entered the thick of the battle and addressed meetings throughout the district.

The incident did not close with the No-license victory. A legal technicality was raised, and the committee was outed; but Mr. Taylor and his fellow-workers always felt that even in defeat they were victorious, as the ousting of the committee led to a campaign throughout the whole country which resulted in the first no-license law being passed by the Seddon Government. It was during this campaign that Mr. Taylor developed his talents as a public speaker,

and when it was ended he was a recognised leader of the movement. The campaign is also notable on account of the fact that it called into existence the "Prohibitionist," the party's powerful organ, to which Mr. Taylor frequently contributed brilliant articles.

A NOTABLE LIBEL ACTION.

Five years after he had come forth as a leader in the movement for temperance reform, and while he was still a comparatively young man, he was the central figure of a libel action which created a great deal of interest. On one of his business visits to Otago and Southland, in April, 1896, he addressed a public meeting in Gore, and in a fiery speech on the iniquities of hotel-keepers he openly stated that a Christchurch hotel, "one of the finest in New Zealand," was the resort of loose women. The "Mataura Ensign," published in Gore, reported this remark. The proprietor of hotel threatened it with an action for libel, but it promptly apologised, and a writ for £1000 was then served upon Mr. Taylor. The case was heard in Christchurch and continued for several days, large numbers of witnesses being called by both sides. Added interest was given to the case by the fact that the previous year, when the proprietor of the hotel applied for a renewal of his license, a memorial against the granting of the license was put in, signed by Bishop Julius, Canon Knowles, the Rev. Dr. Morley, the Rev. Dr. Elmslie and others, but the Licensing Committee granted a renewal of the license. The jury, after retiring for twenty-five minutes, returned with a verdict against Mr. Taylor for £50 damages. The total expenses amounted to about £300, a sum which Mr. Taylor's friends had no hesitation in subscribing.

A BORN FIGHTER.

In this, as in many other cases, Mr. Taylor revealed himself to be a born fighter. He was a spare man, with apparently no great physical strength, but in the fierce fights of the early nineties he never betrayed a trace of fear, and neither physical nor vocal threats turned him from his purpose. His quality was revealed in a thousand incidents. Once, when he was speaking in the Square from a lorry, the crowd proved to be generally hostile. But he battled against it, until a rotten egg hit him fairly in the chest. There was a roar of laughter from the rougher element, and when it subsided Mr. Taylor was smiling as bravely as ever.

"The best argument the liquor trade ever threw at me," he exclaimed, "and it's a bad one!" After that he had the meeting with him.

IN GENERAL POLITICS.

It was the by-election of 1896 that brought Mr. T. E. Taylor directly into the field of general politics. Of course, for many years he had been an active student of politics, and had taken part in many political meetings. At the time he himself claimed that he had been studying politics closely for fifteen years, and his friends used to say that even as a boy he knew

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what was going on and formed very positive opinions. But his public activities had been so intimately and apparently so exclusively concerned with the agitation for temperance reform and prohibition, that the people generally were not disposed to regard him as likely to make his mark in the open field.

They did not know the man, however, and the shrewder judges saw that his appearance as a candidate for a Christchurch seat was going to complicate the situation.

Both the moderates and the official Liberals conceived it to be their duty to oppose Mr. T. E. Taylor, with the result that he soon found himself compelled to play a lone hand. The contest became one of the bitterest in the history of Christchurch, and it is a matter of certainty that it affected the whole course of Mr. Taylor's political career and especially his relations with the Liberal Party and the Premier.

Mr. Taylor opened the battle in the Opera House with a speech that won high praise, broad and progressive, and thoroughly well-informed. Rarely has a new man displayed such a grasp of public questions and such ability to state them. It was so progressive, so earnest and so attractive a speech, in fact, that it concentrated all the opposition on the Radical Independent. Mr. Lewis won an unexpected victory with 4714 votes, Mr. T. E. Taylor was second with 4302 votes, and Mr. R. M. Taylor was bottom with 3196 votes.

So much heat had been generated in the course of the campaign that there could be no prospect after the election of effecting a reconciliation between Mr. T. E. Taylor and the official Liberals, and thenceforth Mr. Taylor went his own road, always with the opposition of both political parties to fight. At the end of the year he had another opportunity to woo the electors, and on that occasion he was one of the three members elected for the city, Mr. Lewis heading the poll, with Mr. G. J. Smith second and Mr. T. E. Taylor third.

The new member opened his first session sensationally. Indeed, it was certain that wherever he was moving there would be plenty of excitement and interest. A few weeks ago the publication of a note from him concerning the address which the leader of the Opposition was to deliver served to set all Christchurch knocking at the doors of the Choral Hall, and this was only in keeping with the attitude of the public towards Mr. Taylor throughout his career. The public might be sympathising with him, as they were in the latest incident, or opposing him, as they did on many occasions, but they clamored to hear him and to be present when he was attacking anybody else or defending himself.

The question to which he devoted his attention specially at the opening of his first session was the condition of the police force, and during the debate on the Address-in-Reply he delivered a powerful indictment of the administration of the Department. His charges were so serious and so obviously backed by information that the appointment of a Royal Commission of Inquiry was inevitable. The matter was talked of and debated in various shapes, but before the end of the session a Commission was appointed. Mr. Taylor was determined that the Commission should not be resultless. He set to work at once to gather material to lay before the Commission, and when its sitting commenced he abandoned his business for the time being, and for several months devoted himself entirely to the work in hand. He was to all intents and purposes the Public Prosecutor, and although the charges he made were by no means all sustained, he proved beyond the possibility of question that the appointment of the Commission had been warranted. His services to the country and his sacrifices on this occasion were never adequately or generally recognised, but whatever view may have been held concerning his motives or his methods of presenting his case, there is no doubt that his whole action was a display of rare patriotism and devotion to public duty.

At the elections of 1899 Mr. Taylor lost his seat, but in 1902 he was sent back to Parliament as member for Christchurch North. The bitter controversy during the session of 1905, on what is known as the "Voucher case," killed any hope he might have had of winning Christchurch North in that year, but he had a triumphant victory in 1908.

IN MUNICIPAL POLITICS, AS MAYOR.

This year he decided to seek municipal honors, and after a campaign conducted in his characteristically energetic fashion he was elected Mayor of Christchurch by a big majority. He had asked the electors to give him their confidence on this occasion so that he might meet the criticism frequently levelled against him that he had no constructive ability. There is no doubt that the energy he expended on the city's administration went far towards undermining his health, which had never been robust. He soon made good his claim to administrative talent, however, entering enthusiastically into a campaign for the betterment of the conditions of life and labor in the city.

This was by no means his first experience of municipal politics, however, for twenty years ago he did excellent work as a member of the Sydenham Borough Council, of which he was a member for six years.

A MANY-SIDED MAN.

The range of his interests was shown by his early advocacy of the utilisation of water power in the dominion. He collected data regarding sources of power in Canterbury, and it was he who really turned the thoughts of Christchurch people towards the Waimakariri and Lake Coleridge as possible sources of electric power for the city.

Mr. Taylor, contrary to the popular impression of him, was a many-sided man. He was a delightful conversationalist and a charming companion. He could turn from a hot political debate and talk with a confidence of wide knowledge on a multitude of subjects. He was interested in all the arts and had more than a little facility with the pencil. On the few occasions on which he committed his ideas to paper he revealed a clean, distinctive literary style, graced by allusions rather than quotations from the poets.

In public life he was counted to be relentless, but that was because he had a particularly strict regard for duty. It was this side of his character that led him to make his indictment of the administration of the Police Department some fifteen years ago, and to give up his business while the Police Commission was sitting in order to carry out what was virtually the case for the prosecution.

In private life there was never a more humane man. Suffering never appealed to him in vain. In company with other philanthropic workers he would search out cases for help, and his experience of the scenes of squalor, destitution and misery confirmed him in his advocacy of prohibition.

Politically he was an easy man to place so far as principles were concerned, for he was an unbending Radical. In the matter of party he would accept no designation. He was the leader of a Radical "left wing" in the Parliament of 1902-5, but his party was never more than a name.

In more recent years he was drawn towards the Labor Party, which he regarded as likely to carry on the reform work of the future.

Mr. Taylor was interested in Friendly Society work, and was a Past Grand Master of Washington Lodge, I.O.O.F., A.C.

AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER.

There is scarcely a man in the Dominion that does not know of Mr. Taylor's power on the platform. He was fond of saying that Cathedral Square was his university, in allusion to the open-air addresses that he used to deliver there and to the warm controversies that raged round the lorries from which the prohibition orators used to speak.

(Concluded on Page 10.)

GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1911.

AN OUTLET FOR APPRECIATION.

The following leader, which appeared in the "Lyttelton Times," has our warmest approval:—

"There is no need for monuments of brass or pillars of stone to keep the memory of Mr. T. E. Taylor green in the hearts of the people of New Zealand. The dead leader's work, his strivings and his achievements, will be the memorial that will mark his place in history. But the great outburst of sorrow, which at first was all absorbing, is now calling out for some tangible means of expressing its appreciation of the man that has gone and its sympathy with those he has left behind. A public meeting will be held at the Chamber of Commerce Hall to discuss a proposal that has been considered by some of Mr. Taylor's immediate friends, and it is hoped that a scheme for adequately recording the country's estimation of an exemplary private life and a distinguished public career may be the outcome. It is among Mr. Taylor's chief honors that he died a poor man. With more opportunities than fall to the lot of most men to make money, and with the unworthy reproach constantly ringing in his ears that he had done so, he preferred service to his fellows to riches to himself. He was not unmindful of those who were dependent upon him, but his conception of their needs was so modest, so much in keeping with his own generous, frugal life, that his sorrowing friends now have an opportunity to express their affection and their sympathy in a way that will appeal to them in the most intimate sense. We have no doubt they will be glad to embrace it. A community that has received so much in service and in inspiration will be eager to make this return.

OFFSPRING OF THE UNFIT.

A great deal of attention is now being given to the study of "Eugenics," a word coined by Dr. C. W. Saleeby, who says, "the protection of parenthood" is the wisest, most urgent, most effective motto for the temperance reformer. He also states in the "Temperance Year Book" for 1911:—

"There is no wealth but life, and since individuals are mortal, we must devote ourselves to childhood. But children are only to be saved by saving parenthood. To those who believe in these principles, I have given the name of Eugenists; and none should apply this name to themselves—though many

do—who are not fighting against alcohol, which has been exhaustively proved to be the foremost cause of racial degeneration, and which is now laying its malignant hands even upon the motherhood of our people."

Eugenic societies are now being formed in every part of the world, and at the formation of such a society in Christchurch (N.Z.) last month, Mr. H. W. Bishop, stipendiary magistrate, gave a very fine address, in which he said:—

"The higher the plane upon which they placed the union of the sexes the better would be the results. He thought it would not be an exaggeration to say that not 10 per cent. of the people had any idea of the results from improper unions—that was, between degenerates, drunkards, etc. Most people were quite content to pass the matter by. They thought it an unsavory thing and rather rejoiced in their ignorance. A case that had recently come before him in Christchurch had interested him more than anything else during his long judicial experience of 30 years. He would like to take the platform and get the biggest audience he could, and give them a concrete instance. He would say, "Here is my exhibit. I will show a man, somewhat under 40 years of age, a mental degenerate, incapable of learning any trade. Unfortunately, in his case, his lack of mental qualities has enormously enhanced his sexual qualities. He married a woman, also a degenerate, as near to an animal as a human being could be. She is about 36 years of age. They have four children, the eldest aged 10, the youngest at the breast. The eldest child, a boy, is an absolute idiot, without any control of his limbs. The second is also a degenerate, but not so physically speaking. The third is both mentally and physically affected. The fourth is a child at the breast. Now, should the State allow this sort of thing? What was he to do? In the case he had mentioned the police had brought the children before him to be committed to an industrial school. The parents could not support them. Those boys became more fit, thanks to their industrial school life, to propagate their species, and at 21 were turned loose on the community. The more abnormal degenerates were the greater their propagation, and in the case of women, they became lost to all sense of sexual responsibility. And all he could say to the State was: 'I shall send them to an industrial school, which will make them virile, and then they will be turned out to prey on the community.' The letting free of these people was a crime. The birthrate was decreasing, and the num-

ber of degenerates was increasing out of all proportion to the desirables. It seemed to him that although the State was not right to go beyond a certain point, yet in cases like these the individual must stand aside for the sake of the community. It was only the State that could carry out the real remedy, and it could not act until it had a strong force of public opinion, both of men and women behind it. Of course, these things could not be done in a day, but if not in his lifetime, they would be done in his children's time, and if not then, in his grandchildren's time. He considered these degenerate unions were a crime against the community."

THE SLY-GROG TROUBLE.

New Zealand shows an increase from 117 to 154 convictions for sly-grog selling. This again helps the No-License cause. When analysed it is found that about one-third of these sly-grog sellers were convicted in License areas, and the other two-thirds or 100 convictions are divided up among 12 No-license areas having a population of about 150,000. It means that each area had about eight disreputable places where a few drink slaves could, if the coast was clear and they were known, get a taste of very bad liquor at a very big price, under very risky and uncomfortable conditions. If we must choose between the two evils, we unhesitatingly choose to have these eight disreputable places to which only those with a drink appetite will or can go, and the 20 respectable open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. bars, which do more business in a day than the sly-grogger will do in a month, and which catch the decent young fellow who is no more likely to be caught by a sly-grogger than is an asbestos cat if chased through hell by a dog with wax legs. It is the fact that License does not protect us from sly-grog, and that it is so limited in its operations in No-License areas, that robs the sly-grog cry of all power to retard the coming Dominion Prohibition.

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The Late T. E. Taylor, M.H.R.

THE PROHIBITION LEADER A NATIONAL LOSS.

LIVED AND DIED A HERO.

The "Lyttelton Times," in the following leading article, gives a faint idea of the great esteem in which Mr. Taylor was held, and this is the man that was dubbed by the liquor trade a wowser; henceforth we will be proud to be so called:—

"The people of New Zealand are the poorer to-day by the death of a man whose courage and ability, wide sympathies and devoted public services have made him a prominent figure in the history of the country. In some suggestive way the manner of his going has borne a close resemblance to the manner of his living. It has added one more to the dramatic surprises—the last—that we had grown to expect from him. Probably there has never been a better-loved or a more severely criticised man in the Dominion than Mr. T. E. Taylor, and it is a tribute to the rare intellect and the generous heart of the lost leader that even those who were politically and socially opposed to him are now mourning his death almost as they would mourn a personal bereavement or a national calamity. Whatever his faults, and we with others have had to join issue with him on many occasions, Mr. Taylor's personality, the strength that exceeded that of all his rivals, and the gentleness that could be as gentle as that of a woman, fascinated even those who refused to be subdued. He was one of those dauntless souls who would accept no compromise, would admit of no paltering, and who regarded our 'mushroom vanities, our speculations, our well-set theories and calculations' as so many littlenesses that could not be allowed to prevail against the private conscience or the public weal. There were times when he was carried away by his own glowing enthusiasm far beyond the horizon of his more sober judgment, and when his emotional temperament, his great love for humanity, led him into the inevitable mistakes which men who serve and dare must make; but there was never room to question his absolute sincerity, or to doubt that his words and his actions were the honest expression of his innermost convictions. A brilliant speaker, a keen and incisive satirist, widely read, and exceptionally equipped mentally, he was a formidable opponent in debate, and his faculty for marshalling facts and for pitilessly analysing arguments was little short of marvellous. As a politician—where the trust was the people's and not his own—he never spared what he believed to be wrong. Where he saw evil, or the semblance of evil, he struck relentlessly, heedless whether he wounded friend or foe. But with all his thoroughness and with all his high purpose, his instincts were as generous as his politics were progressive and his friendships warm and enduring. Distress appealed to him, poverty hurt him, his purse and his home were always open, and his

private life was one long lesson to his fellows. There is little doubt that, like many other leaders of men, he has died a martyr to his devotion to duty. His feverish energy, his disregard for self, left him no time to care for physical recuperation, scarcely time to think he needed it, and his last illness found him but poorly equipped for the eternal contest that must inevitably come to us all. 'Dying in cold blood is the desperate thing,' and it was characteristic of this earnest man's life and of his work that his thoughts should have been with his people to the end. From a bed of suffering, in the closing hours of his strenuous career, he dictated messages of help and comfort to his friends and his fellow-workers, and even spared from those who were nearest and dearest to him kindly thoughts and cheerful guidance for his wider family of the world. In the near perspective of death, it is hard to define his place in the community that was intimately concerned with all his undertakings. Every progressive movement has had his sympathy, the benefit of his advice, and the active co-operation of his keen brain, his warm heart, and his ready tongue. No task was too herculean for him, no hope too forlorn if his judgment bade him advance, and those particular organizations with which he has been most directly associated will deplore his death as an irreparable loss. At this moment we can ail forget the differences and the bitterness that could but centre around the public life of a man of such rare ability and eager purpose, and remember only that he lived up to his great ideals with unswerving fidelity, and has gone to join those that slumber in earth's bosom thinking and scheming to the last for the welfare of those that remain behind."

THE LAST MESSAGES.

NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

WORTH LIVING FOR AND WORTH DYING FOR.

Before Mr. Taylor sank into unconsciousness he said good-bye to his partners and closest friends. Mr. Cole and Mr. L. M. Isitt were with him.

His voice was weak, but it was evident that there was no lack of clarity in the brain.

"I want to dictate a letter to Dawson," he said, referring to the Rev. John Dawson, secretary of the New Zealand Alliance. "I started one, but I did not finish it." He paused a moment, and then dictated the following letter:—

"My Dear Dawson,—I commenced a note to you a short time ago, but I am not sure in the confusion of affairs if it was con-

cluded. I want to say that this year of 1911 is our year of emancipation if we are true to God and to our opportunity."

Then, turning to Mr. Cole, and speaking more emphatically and in a stronger voice, he said:—

"Cole, they call us fanatics, but National Prohibition is worth living for and worth dying for."

LOOKING CONFIDENTLY TO THE FUTURE.

Mr. Taylor sent other messages of a more private and personal character to friends not only in Christchurch, but also in other parts of the Dominion.

He was exceedingly cheerful in spite of suffering, and faced the future with unwavering confidence.

"I HAVE HAD A HAPPY LIFE."

He said once to his friends at the bedside, "I have had a happy life, and it has been full from beginning to the end. I am very tired. I know I shall be happier where I am going, but I am glad to think that I have lived out every moment and that I have tried to do always what was right."

IN MEMORIAM.

T. E. TAYLOR, M.P.

"I am very tired. I know I shall be happier where I am going, but I am glad to think that I have lived out every moment and that I have tried to do always what was right."—Last words.

This, then, is Rest!

This state which men call Death

Is not surcease from toil to such as thee,
But victory, reached e'en with the latest
breath—

A higher service with the strong and free
Peace be with thee for aye, thou stalwart
heart,

Where'er o'er God's high planes thy work
shall be;

Thine is the rest of service moved apart
From us, who toil for life and liberty.
Not stayed thine hand, not sheathed thy
trusty sword,

Not still'd thy spirit, the immortal breath—
Thine is the language of the living Word,
The eloquence which cannot die with
death.

Voice of a triumph o'er the mortal grave,
Speak on! though pass'd from out this
scene of strife,

Echo the courage of the dauntless brave,
While Death is dumb midst victory of
Life!

Lord God of battles for all righteousness,
Thine angel Death has passed, alas! too
nigh,

Called out a hero from the fight and stress,
And hearts that reverence Thee yet ask
Thee, "Why?"

Thine is the wisdom and the glory still:
Speak to the sorrowing hearts Thy peace
to-day;

Help them to bear the chastening of Thy
will,

"Till the day breaks, and shadows flee
away."

—E. Glanville-Hicks, Wellington.

The Life Story of a Great and Good Man.

(Continued.)

With this practice, and his natural abilities, Mr. Taylor came to be one of the finest platform speakers in New Zealand. The circumstances of his rhetorical training gave him a pronounced facility of invective, to which, of course, his opponents were fond of directing special attention, but for all that he could and did deliver many speeches on general politics characterised by breadth of knowledge, courage of ideas, logical force and undoubted eloquence.

His weakness as a speaker was due to the habit of seeing the individual behind the action that he attacked. He used to quote with approval the familiar dictum:

For men in earnest have no time to waste
In wearing fig-leaves for the naked truth.

And that aptly illustrates his rhetorical method. He was wont to couple with that quotation, too, another striking one, this time from Bailey's "Festus":

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts,
not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
We should count time by heart-throbs.
He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts
the best.

The large numbers of people, supporters and opponents, who delighted to listen to Mr. Taylor's speeches, had little idea of the careful training to which he subjected himself when he decided to seek a public career. He gave oratory a deep study, mastered all the rules, and made himself acquainted with recognised methods of using words effectively. At first, he sometimes despaired of ever being a really good speaker. After attending his early meetings, he sometimes said to his friends: "Did anyone notice those mixed metaphors I used? I feel thoroughly ashamed of them." He read and studied the best writers of prose and poetry in the English language, and frequently expressed the pleasure he obtained from reading and learning by heart quotations from literary masterpieces. Throughout his life he was a fervent student and lover of the Bible.

HIS FAVORITE HYMN.

Oh, Lord, who by Thy presence hast made
light

The heat and burden of the toilsome day.
Be with me also in the silent night,
Be with me when the daylight fades away.

Oh, speak a word of blessing, gracious Lord;
Thy blessing is endured with soothing
power;

On the poor heart worn out with toil, Thy
word

Falls soft and gentle as the evening
shower.

How sad and cold if Thou be absent, Lord,
The evening leaves me, and my heart how
dead;

But if Thy presence grace my humble board,
I seem with heavenly manna to be fed.

Fraught with rich blessing, breathing sweet
repose,

The calm of evening settles on my breast;
If Thou be with me when my labors close,
No more is needed to complete my rest.

Come then, O Lord, and deign to be my
guest,

After the day's confusion, toil and din;
O, come to bring me peace and joy and rest,
To give salvation and to pardon sin.

Bind up the wounds, assuage the aching
smart

Left in my bosom from the day just past,
And let me on a Father's loving heart

Forget my griefs and find sweet rest at
last.

DUSTY EYES.

"Leslie's Weekly" of March 2nd contains a half-tone cut of a horse auction. It shows a public sale of a fire-department horse in Springfield, O., the auctioneer and the horse being surrounded by a crowd of men. The inscription is to the effect that since Clark Country, including Springfield, voted dry something over two years ago, the municipal revenues have fallen off to such an extent that it was necessary to sell off the fire department to overcome the deficit.

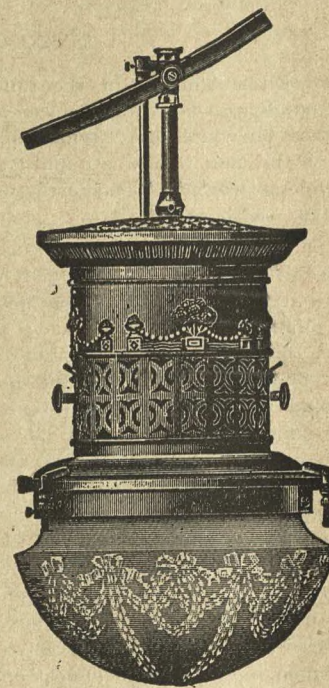
Bear in mind this is "Leslie's Weekly." No longer should we say, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." A fitting change would be, "Whom the gods would destroy, they first rob of the fundamental principles of common sense." Time was when "Leslie's" held a respected place in the field of literature.

The truth of the Springfield matter is that the city has purchased an automobile for its fire department, and has no further need of the horse sold at auction. Since it requires more money to buy automobiles than it does to buy and maintain horses, the bottom falls out of "Leslie's" convincing argument.

The eyes of the people are not quite as dusty as the magazine publishers might suppose. Whether "Leslie's" was a victim of a canard, or is viciously against truth and honest government, does not matter very much. The half-tone and its libelous inscription will inform subscribers and readers of one publication to avoid if they want to learn the truth.—Religious Telescope.

VESTA.

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Business—A Luxury in Church or Hall.

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

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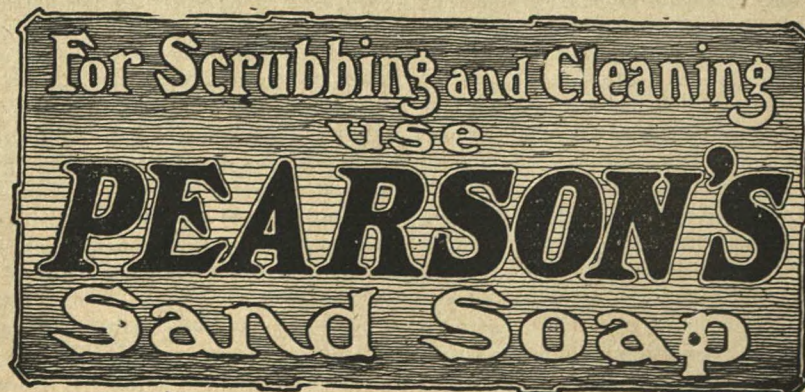
GEO. WIELAND,

THE CHEAPEST BUTCHER ON EARTH.

For Satisfaction Try Him.

'Phone 563 Redfern.

23 Abercrombie St.



From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

MY BIBLE AND I.

We've travelled together, my Bible and I,
Thro' all kinds of weather, with smile or
with sigh;

In sorrow, or sunshine, in tempest, or calm,
Thy friendship unchanging, my lamps and
my Psalm.

We'll travel together, my Bible and I,
Tho' life has grown weary and death e'en
was nigh

But all thro' the darkness of mist or of
wrong,

I've found there a solace, a prayer, or a
song.

So, now, who shall part us, my Bible and I,
Shall isms, or schisms, or new lights who
try,

Shall shadows for substance, or stone for
good bread,

Supplant Divine wisdom, give folly instead?

Ah! No, my dear Bible, exponent of light,
Thou sword of the spirit put error to flight;
And still thro' life's journeys, until my last
sigh,

We'll travel together, my Bible and I.

THE RING THAT SWINGS.

Tie a piece of silk thread to a gold ring,
the heavier the ring the better. Then fasten
the other end of the thread to the tip
of the first finger of the right hand. Now
hold the arm so that the ring hangs about
a third of an inch from the table. Hold it
quite steady, and then place four or five
shillings on the table underneath the ring.
The ring will now begin to swing slowly to
and fro.

WHICH DISCIPLE?

Take one letter from each of the following
names to make the name of one of the
twelve disciples: Alijah, Asahel, Amasa, Abner,
Abishai. They are in their right order.

NOT A BEVERAGE.

"It is very impressive," said she, "to
look out on the ocean, to think of that
immense body of water which forms so large
a proportion of this earthly sphere."

"Yes," said he, "and what impresses me
is the wisdom of Nature in putting salt into
it, so that it couldn't be mistaken for a
beverage."—"Everybody's Story Magazine."

ARITHMETIC IN NOAH'S TIME.

Before arithmetic was invented the people
multiplied on the face of the earth.

A BIRTHDAY.

Dulcie Pollock, of Casino, will be 14 on
August 23, and Uncle Barnabas joins with
all "Seven to Seventeeners" in wishing for
her a very sweet and happy day, "dies
dulcissima." Ps. 45:11 (R.V.).

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

A METHODIST C.E. WOWSER.

Alice E. Wilkins, Wollongong-road, Arncliffe, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have been going to
write to you for the last two years or more,
and I am doing so at last. I have been
watching with great interest all your non-
sensical photos, and that last one just about
finished up my small stock of patience, for
I had been hoping to get a proper look at
you, and when I saw that dear little boy
with the serious face I was very disap-
pointed indeed. You are very young to be
so bald, as one of the previous photos made
you out to be. But I suppose doing so much
outdoor work you nearly always have your
hat on, and of course that causes baldness.
Why, as you are so young, you will be join-
ing compulsory training soon. You look old
enough (by the last photo) to be in it now.
How will you like carrying a big gun on
your shoulder? Will you play up like the
rest?

Well, dear Uncle B., I have not told you
anything of myself so far, so I must do
so now. First of all, I am an "Arncliffe
Methodist E. Wowser." Not a bad name, is
it? We have a very strong Junior Endeavor
at our church, with two of the best
leaders you could imagine. We hold our
meeting every Sunday at 9.45 a.m. I am
convener of the "Social and Temperance"
committee. Those two go very well to-
gether, do they not? For it is no good hav-
ing a social atmosphere in our midst un-
less we have a temperance one as well. I
have a splendid band of red-hot workers
on my committee, and we are just about to
commence practising up some items for a
public meeting, which we are going to hold
just to show that we juniors are not asleep;
also that we have not lost heart, even
though St. George did not succeed in strik-
ing the dragon its death blow. But we did
our best, and, with God's help, we'll conquer
yet, for has it not very truly been said that
"God will prosper right." And it is not only
right, but it is a duty, to remove obstacles
and temptations from a weaker brother's
path. Don't you think so?

Have you ever been out in Arncliffe? If
so, do you like it? I love it. I have lived
here all my life, and I wouldn't like to
leave it now.

Next Sunday and the following Thursday
are to be kept up as thanksgiving days in
our church, and we hope to have very nice
services. Next time I write I will tell you
about them, and also about a visit which
we juniors paid to Dalmar (a Methodist
home at Croydon for poor children) last Sa-
turday, and which we all enjoyed very much,
although we had to stand for over an hour
waiting to get a tram on account of the
boat race. Now, I am afraid I will be tak-
ing up too much space, and I don't want to



HAROLD, OF PADDINGTON.

Harold was the champion "Grit" seller
when at Bathurst, and is too busy a boy to
write much. But it would help us all if he
could tell us how he managed to sell 40
copies of "Grit" a week.—Uncle B.

be selfish. So hoping that I will be ac-
cepted as a niece, and also that before long
we will see a proper photo of you as you
are at present.—I remain, with lots of love,
your loving niece.

P.S.—You must let us know when you
will be 21. I suppose it's some years ahead
yet, but we can begin preparing for a fete
now. I think you deserve one, for you're
a very good boy to work so hard for page
11.—A.E.W.

(Dear Alice,—Splendid! Come in to our
house, and welcome. My! can't you write
letters, And to think you have taken two
years to make up your mind! Please keep
at it now you have begun so beautifully.
I'm sorry you crossed the crosses out,
though. That was the only bit of the letter
that made me say "Humph!" You shall
come to my 21st birthday when it comes.
Do you think, dear Alice, that that good
little boy could ever "play up"? If he has
to carry a gun he will do it seriously, I
can tell you. Now, I like what you tell me
of yourself best of all. I am happy to have
a niece who does not mind a bit what people
call her, so long as she can make the world
better, and "do what Jesus would like to
have her do." I have been to Arncliffe,
and like it very much. It is so nice and near
to Brighton Sands, too. The thought of
those dear little mites at "Dalmar" makes
me thank God for all the girls and ladies
who are so kind to the lonely bairns. Good-
bye, Alice. Write often, and I shall not need
to sing "Alice, where art thou?"—Uncle B.)

MAGGIE'S BIG BIRTHDAY CAKE.

Maggie Roddan, "Astolat," Murray-street,
Cooma, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Many thanks for your
kind birthday greeting. Mother made me a
big cake with icing on it, and I had my
best friend, Nora Proctor, for tea on Sun-
day night, and then went to church together.
It is very cold up here now, and we have
big frosts up here, and I don't like getting
up to go to school. I will now say good-
bye, with love and best wishes to you and
all my cousins.—Yur loving niece.

(Dear Maggie,—Oh, if only I could have
one slice of your cake just now! I am
feeling hungry, and there isn't a bit of
cake—no, not a bit of dry bread even—
anywhere about. I am just at this moment
a long way from a house. There's plenty
of salt water, but—no, thank you! Will
you ask Nora to write me just a dear, wee

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45 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

little letter like yours? When you get up in a morning do it all at once, like jumping into a swimming bath. When you begin by poking your toes into the cold, then an inch or two more, then a bit more, then pull back again to get warm, it's awful hard to get up. I've tried it, and I know. Much love to Nora and you, from Uncle B.)

LOST LUCY.

Lost Lucy, Parliament House, Sydney, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I really expect you think that I must have forgotten that I had an Uncle Barnabas, and I really should not be surprised if you had given me up altogether, but here I am again, just to remind you that I am still in existence. I have been reading "Grit" every week, although I have not written for months. I have been having a great time at parties and evenings just lately, thoroughly enjoying myself. Cousin Gladys and Milcie came over a few weeks back, and I was very sorry I could not go to the tea with them, but I was forced to go to a concert, and I could not disappoint them. Still, we had a lot of fun during the afternoon. Unfortunately it was my music exam. the afternoon they came, so I didn't have very long with them. Well, Uncle, when are you going to send that long looked-for photo of yourself? I saw the small one, and it was very good, but rather a small young gentleman to be "Uncle" of so many nephews and nieces. Don't you think so? I did laugh when I saw Bernice's photo in "Grit." It was quite a surprise. I do not think I can write any more, as I have rather a lot of it to do, so I will say good-bye, and with love to my cousins and yourself, I remain your loving niece.

(Dear Lost Lucy,—And please are you the long-lost Lucy Gray about whom Wordsworth writes:—

"No mate, no comrade Lucy knew
She dwelt on a wide moor—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door?"

No, of course you are the Long Lost Lucy of Leichhardt, and how did you like your own picture in "Grit" last week, Miss Parliamentarian? Oh, what is the difference between Lucy and her pa? Why, her pa loves one party and Lucy loves many parties, of course. Now, don't be so long before you write again, or I shall—never mind what, but don't try me too much. Gladys and Milcie were very kind to hunt you up. I wonder if I have to thank them for "forcing" you to write this letter. Is it a very painful thing to be "forced to go to a concert?" It sounds dreadful. Makes me shudder.—Uncle B.)

(Send everything for Page 11 to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.)

FITNESS OF PARENTAGE.

(Continued.)

The following table shows in a striking manner the connection between the father's consumption of alcohol and his daughter's ability to nurse her children.

The Father Consumes	Daughters Able to Nurse.
Alcohol.	
Occasionally	91.5 per cent.
Habitually in Moderation..	88.0 per cent.
Habitually in Immoderation	31.0 per cent.
Is an Inebriate	10.0 per cent.

Prof. Bunge points out that inability to nurse is not the only indication of the degeneracy in the daughter of the drinking father. It is found combined with symptoms, especially with lack of power to resist diseases with tuberculosis, nervous diseases, and decaying teeth.

Unfit Guardians of Childhood.

The mother who drinks while she is nursing her child subjects it to further danger from alcohol, for it is conveyed to the child by the mother's milk. More than one author has been able to detect alcohol in the mother's milk a short time after she had taken it. Dr. Carpenter (10) has found it within twenty minutes from the time it was taken, and says that it may continue to be present for seven or eight hours. Other doctors have described the effect upon the child of the alcohol received in the milk of mother or nurse. One French physician (11) finds that in such cases, while the mother or nurse taking the alcohol may show no bad effect, it may cause in the child restlessness, violent movement, convulsions, impaired appetite and even death.

It is known that any strong emotion suffered by a mother during the time she is supplying nourishment to her child will so change the character of the milk that the child may be made ill by it. When, therefore, during this period a mother suffers strong emotional disturbance because of the conduct of a drinking father, it is likely to have a bad effect upon the child.

If the alcoholism of either parent reaches the stage of causing irritability, the child is subjected to treatment that causes nervous shocks if nothing worse.

If the mother's ability to properly care for the home, or the father's money-earning power has been affected, then the hereditary influences which are apt to be already at work are augmented by early environment and thus the train for life-long miseries is fully laid.

The Protection of Parenthood,

says Dr. C. W. Saleeby, (12) is the wisest, most urgent, most effective motto for the Temperance reformer for many years to come.

"There is no wealth but life, and since individuals are mortal, we must devote our-

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

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

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

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SYDNEY.

selves to childhood. But children are only to be saved by saying parenthood. To those who believe in these principles I have given the name of Eugenists; and none should apply this name to themselves—though many do—who are not fighting against alcohol, which has been exhaustively proved to be the foremost cause of racial degeneration, and which is now laying its malignant hands even upon the motherhood of our people."

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12. "Temperance Year Book" for 1911, Committee on Temperance of the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church.—"Alliance News."

A little Scotch boy, on being rescued by a bystander from a dock into which he had fallen, expressed his gratitude, saying, "I'm so glad you got me out. What a lickin' I wad have got frae mither if I had been drooned!"

* * *

Grandma: "Johnny, I have discovered that you have taken more maple sugar than I gave you." Johnny: "Yes, grandma; I've been making believe there was another little boy spending the day with me."—"Harper's Bazaar."

For Our Encouragement.

GENERAL IAN HAMILTON'S EXAMPLE.

General Hamilton said he must confess that since he took the pledge he had been little more than a passive resister to drink. For his sins he had to dine out a good deal, and frequently the evil one taking the guise of a portly butler came to his side and whispered in his ear, "Champagne, sir, or claret, or moselle?" With his lips he answered, "No, thank you," but in his heart he said, "Get thee behind me, Satan." There was, however, a more serious motive connected with his coming there. It was that he might, in his humble way, strike a blow for Scotland. He thought the finest stroke for Scotland was that of Bruce at Bannockburn, where he raised his battleaxe and crashed the casque of Sir Henry de Pohun as if it were a nutshell. But he believed as fine a deliverance for Scotland was to be gained by dealing a stroke at another sort of cask—the cask of whisky. No longer advances at the head of the English Army that cask, which was in the middle of their own camp, and it was there poisoning and lowering the vitality and pride and honor of the truest, bravest troops to be found anywhere. The very name, "Bonnie Scotland," was like an enchantment, but now in England they found it tarnished by hearing it associated with drink. "Scotch" was synonymous with liquor. They were met that night to do what they could to remove that reproach and to give their people fair play.

TEMPERANCE IN THE ARMY.

He humbly thought that they in the Army were rather showing the way to the civil population. He believed honestly that any mother sending her son into the Army could do so with the assurance that her son would run a less chance of getting a taste for drink than he would in most civil occupations. These were no fancies of his, but they were supported by figures. India was a most astonishing case. In the Indian Army there were 47 per cent. who were Temperance men; at home there were 26 per cent., and they were increasing every year. To put it in another way, the number of Temperance men in the Army, taking the past two or three years, had increased at the rate of 2500 a year. He had consulted the Medical Department at the War Office, and had learned that during the past twenty years the number taken to hospital per thousand had fallen in India to the extraordinary extent of from 10 to 1, and in England from 2.6 to .7. The head of the medical service told him that, directly and indirectly, he considered that the greater Temperance was very largely responsible for it.—"Alliance News."

* * *

SOBER BY LAW.

It is true that the printing of laws in books does not change the character of men, but it is equally true that the enforcement of good laws makes it difficult for bad men to commit the wrong which, without re-

straint, they would freely indulge in. Therefore, although men are not made sober by law, drunkenness is discouraged and lessened, crime is diminished, and better conduct on the part of many citizens is ensured by the enactment of laws that limit or prohibit liquor-selling. The same idea is forcibly expressed in an article in the Star-buck (Minn.) "Times," which says:—

"A pure-food law may not compel a man to eat healthful food, but it prevents men selling him, under false labels, what is unhealthful. A law against cigarettes does not take away a boy's appetite for them, but it prevents men selling them to him and so protects boys from temptation. It protects others from the formation of the appetite. A law against saloons may not make drinking men temperate, but it creates an environment favorable to temperance.

* * *

"CAN'T MAKE MEN MORAL BY LAW."

What shall the Prohibitionist say to the man who tells you that you can't make men moral by law?

Tell that man that we not only can but we do make men moral by law, and that we ought to stop making men immoral by law.

If that man has any sense at all, he can understand you when you point out the fact that, when by law you remove conditions of temptation, when by law you give men good environment, when by law you forbid men to tempt and exploit their fellow citizens, you do in reality create conditions in which morality grows—you make men moral by law; that, upon the other hand, when you by law authorise a man to tempt and exploit his fellow citizens, you make men immoral by law.

Then point out to this man that he is wide of the mark entirely, for the question at issue is not the establishment of morality by the law at all. The Prohibitionist proposes to say to the man who is defrauding and injuring his fellow citizens by the making and selling of liquor, "Thou shalt not;" just as the law for ages has said "Thou shalt not kill" and "Thou shalt not steal." Whether the man who is prohibited from doing the wrong thing becomes a saint or remains a sinner is not at issue. It is the province of the law to prevent him from doing acts to his neighbor's harm.—"The National Prohibitionist."

"THE UNDER DOG."

(By Ernest Hesketh, Hamilton Works.)

Have you ever noticed a strange little dog wandering about your neighborhood, lean looking, half starved, looking up into the faces of passers-by as though in mute appeal for a little sympathy? How quickly he will attract the attention of the other dogs in the street, and if he is not able to take care of himself in the scuffle, he will soon become the "under dog," and the "under dog" he is likely to remain till some big dog comes along whose presence inspires terror in the smaller curs, and they at once leave the "under dog" and scamper out of the way. The "under dog" gets up and shakes himself, and wagging his tail in thanks to his big protector, ambles painfully away. What an intense pity you have felt for the little hungry canine as you watched him trot down the street, the very picture of misery. You have probably thought that if the little fellow could only have had a chance, perhaps fortified by a good meal, he would have been able to give a better account of himself.

I do not know whether you have ever noticed any "under dogs" of the human variety, but I have; I do not mean a lazy, good-for-nothing tramp—he is that of his own choice; but someone who on coming into your department has at once exhibited, unconsciously, no doubt, some peculiarity of character, or speech, some deformity of limb, or perhaps just a stranger in a strange land. Fresh from the country and entirely unacquainted with factory life, if he is not a big, muscular fellow whose very shadow dominates, how quickly he will become the "under dog," the butt of joke and jeer. Even the smallest apprentice boy will not fail to play some practical joke on him, or create a laugh at his expense. This is where the big dog comes in, be he foreman or workman, who can give a little sympathy, smile a little encouragement, or perhaps extend a helping hand to the stranger who comes within our gates.

In such a large organization as the I.H.C., opportunities will often present themselves where you can act the part of the big dog to the "under dog." Try it, will you?—"Harvester World."

—◆—

"I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, I'm living across the harbor."

"I hope you'll drop in some day."

Malthoid Roofing

To dwellers in the humble cottage as well as to those in palatial homes, MALTHOID is the soundest and best roofing known to science.

Absolutely waterproof and easy to lay.

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**Of Every
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WHAT DO THEY THINK AT MUDGEE OR LIVERPOOL PLAINS?

A political speaker, while making a speech, paused in the midst of it and exclaimed:—

"Now, gentlemen, what do you think?"

A man rose in the assembly and, with one eye partially closed, modestly, with a strong Scotch brogue, replied:—

"I think sir—I do, indeed, sir—I think if you and I were to stump the country together, we would tell more lies than any other two men in the country, sir, and I'd not say a word myself during the whole time, sir!"

* * *

LONG PRACTICE.

"I don't quite know what the lady meant," says an elderly physician, "but whatever it was, she meant it hard. She came to my office last Tuesday, and after considering her case I wrote a prescription which was to be put in capsules of very large size. I explained the why and wherefore of this to her, and asked her if she could swallow anything so big. She looked at me in an acidulous way. 'Swallow it!' she cried. 'Why, my husband belongs to more whist clubs and more lodges than you can count. Swallow it! Humph! I reckon I haven't been married ten years without learning to swallow bigger things than that.'"—"Doctor's Recreation Series."

* * *

A TRUE POLITICIAN.

Two negro men came up to the outskirts of a crowd where Senator Bailey was making a campaign speech. After listening for about ten minutes one of them turned to his companion and asked:—

"Who am dat man, Sambo?"

"Ah don't know what his name am," Sambo replied, "but he certainly do recomman' hisself mos' highly."—"Success."

CONUNDRUMS.

When is a pie like a poet? When it is Browning.

Why is a banker's clerk necessarily well informed? Because he is continually taking notes.

Why is the letter Y like a spendthrift? Because it makes pa pay.

Why is your shadow like a false friend? Because it only follows you in sunshine.

Why is a school mistress like the letter C? Because she forms lasses into classes.

What is the difference between the North and South Poles? All the difference in the world.

* * *

A BAD LOT.

When charged with being drunk and disorderly and asked what he had to say for himself, the prisoner gazed pensively at the magistrate, smoothed down a remnant of grey hair, and said: "Your honor, man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn. I'm not as debased as Swift, as profligate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe, as debauched as——"

"That will do," thundered the magistrate. "Ten days! And officer, take a list of those names, and run 'em in. They're as bad a lot as he is!"—London "Mail."

* * *

HIS BAPTISM OF FIRE.

A C.O. was taking his regiment into action, and sent forward a detail of men to make gaps in a rail fence obstructing the advance.

The coolest and finest man in the detail was a young soldier who had never been under fire before. When he began pulling down the fence he disturbed a nest of hornets; he heard them singing fiercely about his ears, but the lad was not going to run from hornets when there was more serious business ahead.

Ignoring the angry insects, he opened the fence and rejoined the regiment without being stung. In a day or two he was surprised to hear that he was to be promoted.

"But," he said modestly, "I don't think I deserve promotion over the others."

"My boy," replied the General, "I saw you pull down that fence. You were the coolest man under fire I ever saw."

The man started and turned pale.

"What?" he gasped, regardless of grammar, "was them wasps bullets?"

"WILLY, WE HAVE MISSED YOU."

Although the old gentleman was kind-hearted, his kind-heartedness had its limitations. And when he felt himself imposed upon, it was no wonder that he got angry. This explains why he left the little girl in a huff. He had found her sitting on the steps of the church, weeping bitterly. He went up to her and patted her on the head.

"What's the matter, sister?" he asked kindly. "Did anybody hurt you?" The child dried her eyes on her checked gingham dress.

"No, sir," she sniffed. "Willy ran off an' left me." The old man snorted indignantly.

"He ought to be whipped," he said. "Come on, sister, we'll find him." At the corner the little girl found an acquaintance in the shape of a bakery man.

"Have you seen Willy?" she asked him. The old man, holding her dirty little hand, listened eagerly.

"Yes, I've saw him," said the man. "He was running down the street—that way."

"Come on," said the little girl, dragging the kind-hearted old gentleman after her. Street after street they travelled, and the old man's knees began to get shaky. The little girl looked into all the ash-barrels and boxes along the way, and poked into corners, but no Willy appeared.

"What sort of a looking boy was he?" gasped the old man, after half an hour of this. The child looked at him, startled.

"Willy?" she asked. "He ain't a boy. He's a dog—there he is!" And with a whoop of joy she pounced upon a very fat and very muddy pup and clasped it to her heart. But the kind-hearted old man d'd not smile. He clutched his cane tightly and strode angrily away.

HEADACHE CURE.

There may be a dozen things that cause you to suffer from Headache or Neuralgia.

**HALF
OUR
HEADACHE
HEALERS.**

Give almost immediate relief and cure the worst of these complaints in half-an-hour. They are of great value for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Influenza, Sleeplessness, Brain Fag, and all Nerve Troubles. They contain nothing that is harmful.

PRICE, 1s. PER BOX.

E. FARIS-INGS,

City Pharmacy,
BURWOOD, SYDNEY.

For Fathers and Mothers.

CITIZENS IN THE MAKING.

THE EFFECT OF CONVERSATION IN THE HOME UPON THE CHILD'S IDEA OF CITIZENSHIP.

JANE ELLIS JOY.

More and more educators are emphasising the importance of training young people for getting along happily with their fellows. The standing argument in favor of rough sports is that they fit a boy for holding his own and taking hard knocks good-naturedly. Whether the argument is convincing or not, and whether athletics are not overdone in some of the colleges, does not affect the issue. The thing to be desired is the preparation of young people for living under existing circumstances — for being good citizens.

Human society is organized on the principles of reciprocity and good-fellowship. Though a boy or a girl has all the intellectual training of all the universities, and lack proper respect for his or her neighbor, or misunderstand his or her obligations to servants, or to the public, that person's education is deficient; and the fault is the more far-reaching in results, citizenship being considered, than any corresponding deficiency in merely intellectual culture could possibly be. It matters little to the buyer of milk that the dealer can read Dante in the original; but it matters much that he give pure milk and right measure. It matters little that the man at your elbow at a boarding-house table knows the sciences by heart; but it makes life in the boarding-house run more smoothly if he be courteous and sympathetic.

When intellectual culture was much rarer than it is now, educated bores were sometimes tolerated in good society for the sake of their brains; but this condition belongs to the past. Present society has no place for the discourteous person, educated or otherwise. Practically it is held that the education that does not take in good citizenship is a failure. It cannot be said that one is successful in life who is not first, last, and all the time a good citizen.

Since success is the result of adaptation to existing conditions, the fitting of children for citizenship should be begun early. Better than anything else that could be devised, family life among people in not too affluent circumstances affords the means for developing the qualities that go to the making of good citizens because in this kind of family life it is desirable and necessary that children should take a part in the work of the household.

Awakening to a sense of its capacities, the child wants to be active. It takes delight in movement, in doing and undoing things. The mother who looks to the future of the child will encourage this instinct by noticing the child's attempts to be useful, and accepting little services. She will not be impatient of poor results, or think the time she gives to repairing awkward mistakes made by the

child wasted; for her eye of the faith will be fixed on the time to come when the child will be taking upon itself the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

The two most simple thoughts associated with citizenship concern activity and rights. The little child gets both of these without any tutoring. But, intimately connected with the passion for doing things and the sense of personal rights are two correlative ideas—namely, a sense of order and a sense of obligation. These have to be taught.

A child's activities, as every mother knows, are at first orderless. When it tires of its playwork it throws the little broom or toy shovel on the path, to interest itself in some more novel diversion. This is the time for the mother to begin to teach the principle of order by directing the child to put the plaything away in its proper place. Though it may be easier to pick up the article herself, the mother should not overlook the educative effect of having the child do so. The home is the training-school of the citizen, and the mother owes it to the State and nation to teach her child a love of order and respect for law.

As children grow older it is well to give each one some definite work to do. If the child understands that what it does is for the benefit of all the family, and that in doing the work faithfully and well it is helping the household machinery to run smoothly it will soon catch the spirit of citizenship idea and come to enjoy the self-respect and conscious power resulting from the labor.

A mother who is looking to this end in the training of her children gives her little daughter the charge of all the match-safes in the house. As regular as a sentinel on duty, the little girl inspects the receptacles in all the rooms, replenishing them when nearly empty, and carrying the burnt matches to the kitchen. The same mother gives her boy of 14 charge of the garden paths and walks to keep tidy and in order.

To be helpful to the making of character the work of children in or about the house should be regular and fitted to the child's ability. Work done in a desultory fashion, when the child "takes a notion," is not so inspiring, inasmuch as no sense of duty or responsibility attaches to it.

In the home the child should learn the habit of courtesy. A small amount of verbal teaching will be needed if she herself furnishes a right example. Some mothers relax from the standards of good form when no company is present—a habit very hurtful to the children, who grow to associate courtesy with artificiality. A boy or girl with this idea is handicapped as a citizen, and he or she is sure to degenerate if isolated from refined society. Mothers who neglect to teach their

children good manners, thinking that as the children grow up they will acquire them by "going into company," take too much for granted. Many a case of social misfit is traceable to the neglect of the home. Mothers should know that manners have to do with more than the social side of life. In the world of business and in politics, in fact, everywhere, good breeding counts.

The child of three or four should be taught that brothers and sisters have rights that it must respect. It may stop a child's crying if an older child is compelled to give up a toy coveted by the younger, but the mother who thinks of the future citizenship of her children will see in such an occasion an opportunity for teaching the principles of justice.

Looking forward to the child's citizenship, the mother should discourage the kind of selfishness that aims at taking a mean advantage of a younger or less knowing child in a bargain. Meanwhile a religious regard for truth should be taught. The best way to offset children's desires for things not possible for the family purse is to interest them in pleasures of a simpler kind that are really enjoyable.

Young people should be kept familiar with their national history. If the lives of patriots and heroes be frequently made the subjects of family conversation the tendency will be to inspire the children with lofty ideals of citizenship.—"Mother's Magazine."

HIS MOTHER.

SOMEWHERE to-night you lie awake,
Bearing your bitterness alone;
I cannot shield; your heart must take
Its turn to bleed and cower and moan.
When straight you pressed to your desire,
And all men spoke your praise, I smiled.
Now, naked, smitten, in the mire,
My arms reach out for you, my child.

Could I but now sing you to sleep,
How strong to-morrow from my breast
To fight and conquer you would leap!
Lord, I keep vigil; send him rest.
—Amelia I. Burr, in the "Century."

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