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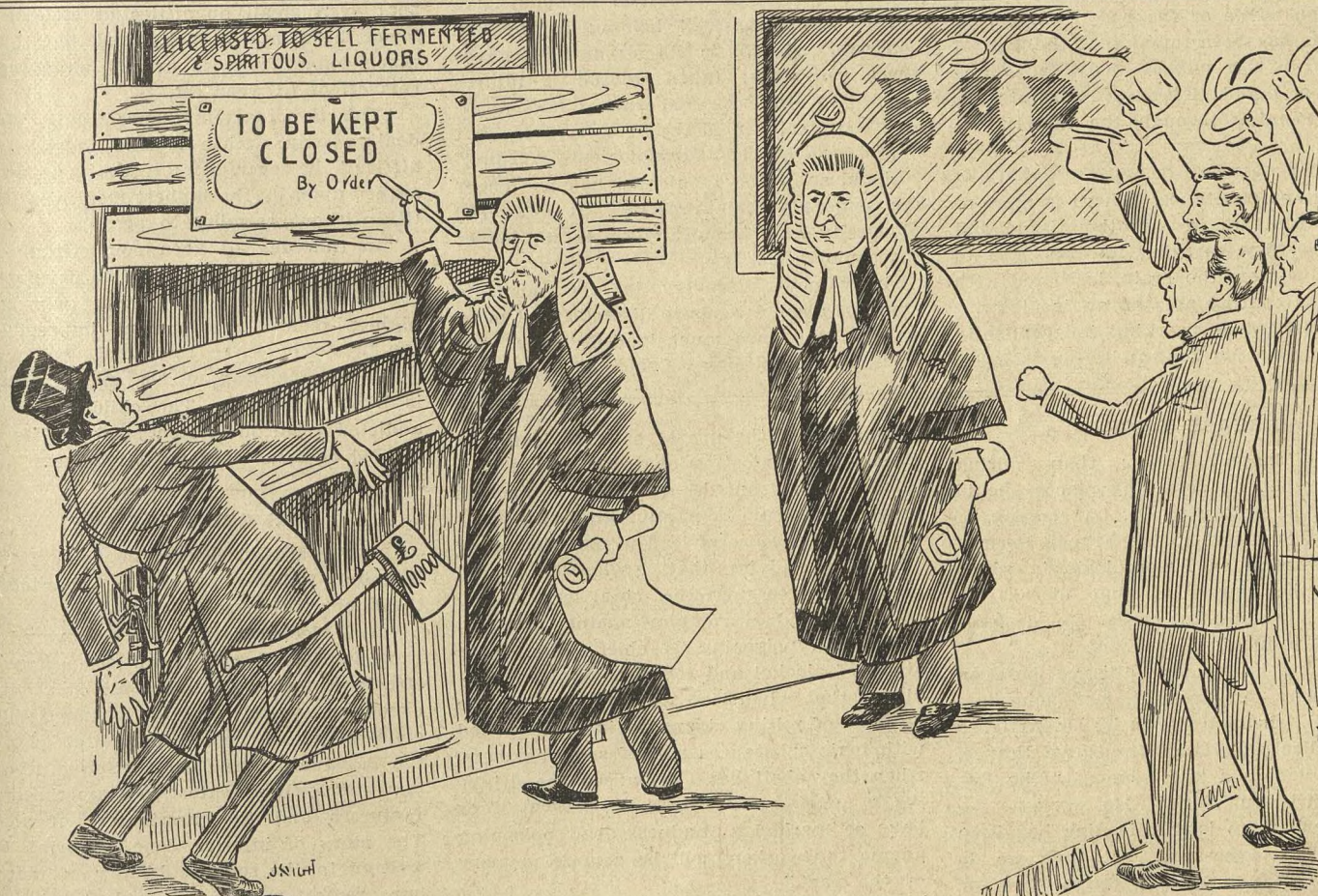
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VOL. V. NO. 13.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1911.

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The decision of the N.S.W. Supreme Court that the 168 Hotels closed by the vote of the people in 1907 are not affected by the 1910 vote, was upheld by the High Court of Australia.

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The Verdict of Experts.

THE LATEST WORD OF SCIENCE REGARDING ALCOHOL.

Mrs. Martha M. Allen, World's and National Superintendent Medical Temperance,
Marcellus, N.Y.

Every person familiar with the study of physiology is aware of the fact that the chief constituents of any animal body are nitrogenous substances or proteins, fats, and mineral matters. Very recently, however, a new class of substance has been discovered, and it is considered of great importance. This is called "lipoid." It is said to be as important in the body as the nitrogenous or albuminous material which is present in all the living tissues, and to resemble fat in some respects, but it contains nitrogen and phosphorus which fats do not contain. It mixes with water, thus again differing from fats. Its most remarkable property is that it can make certain substances soluble which without its action would be insoluble.

Lipoid is a constituent of every living tissue. The whole of the body is made up of cells. It has been found that the wall of every cell in the human body is chiefly composed of lipoid. There are also strands of lipoid running through the material of each cell.

The nervous system has a large share of this important substance. There is more of it in the brain than in any other tissue, and every nerve-fibre carrying its messages to the brain, or from the brain, is coated with lipoid. This coating acts as an insulator.

Two investigators, working independently of each other, Overton and Hans Meyer,

discovered that any substance which dissolved lipoid, or was dissolved in lipoid, is an anaesthetic. Chloroform, ether, and other such agents which produce unconsciousness are all dissolvers of lipoid, or are themselves soluble in lipoid (chemically this is the same thing). Not only do such substances act as anaesthetics, but they act also as poisons to all living cells. It is the large proportion of lipoid in the brain which renders that organ more sensitive to chloroform than the rest of the body.

Alcohol has been found by chemists and physiologists to be a solvent of lipoid; hence alcohol is now classed unquestionably among the narcotic poisons.

Any substance that interferes with lipoid is antagonistic to the activity of the body tissues. One of the functions of lipoid is to act as a binding-wall holding in the cell contents. Alcohol in its strength dissolves these cell-walls; taken diluted it injures them. As Professor Osborne of Melbourne, Australia, said in a recent lecture in that city upon "The Physiological Verdict," "Lipoid subjected to alcohol has no longer the same physical properties. It is altered physically and chemically—it is no longer the same thing."

Every new discovery in the scientific study of alcohol tends to discredit still more strongly the once much-lauded "cure" for all diseases.—"Union Signal."

"DISEASE SHOPS."

"Disease shops," rather than "drink shops," is what liquor-selling places should be termed, according to Dr. Lancereaux, of France, in his report to the French Permanent Commission on Tuberculosis, in which he gives the causes of that disease as studied in 2192 hospital cases. He declares that 1229 are due to alcoholism.

That there is a close alliance between many diseases, for example, lead poisoning, and alcohol, has been shown by Dr. Artigues of the medical faculty of Bordeaux, France, who is quoted in a late issue of "The Record of Christian Work." He says:

"The peril from lead poisoning has been considerably exaggerated. Although we do not deny the fact of lead intoxication we affirm that save in exceptional cases it does not appear in extreme form unless in combination with other intoxications, especially those arising from the abuse of alcoholic drinks. In fact, all the cases of lead poisoning which we have studied have their first cause in the excessive use of drink. Any

prohibition of the use of salts of lead, the extremely intoxicating character of the lead being indeed granted,—will in itself amount to nothing. Far from advocating the suppression of the use of lead in manufacturing we would advise that hygienists should rather labor to raise the moral level of the workman and warn him against that to which the poisoning is chiefly due,—the abuse of alcohol and tobacco. We are convinced that when lead workers give up the practice of rolling cigarettes in hands soiled with toxic substances and of smoking them, when they shall have renounced the drinking of alcohol, for which at present they have so marked a fondness, lead poisoning among the workers will be a mere memory of the past."

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MENTAL BREAKDOWNS AND ALCOHOL.

The following is an extract from a valuable document of the State Charities Aid Association of New York, U.S. America, prepared by Homer Folks and Everett S. Elwood and sent out at the request of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene:—

"Alcoholic insanity may be brought on by the regular use of alcohol, even in 'moderate' quantities not producing intoxication. The close relation between alcohol and insanity has only recently been fully realised. Statistics as to the number of cases in which alcohol is the direct cause necessarily vary in different localities. Fully 30 per cent. of the men and 10 per cent. of the women admitted to the State hospitals are suffering from conditions due directly or indirectly to alcohol. So marked is the effect of alcohol upon the brain and the nerve tissue that it helps to bring about a number of mental breakdowns in addition to the alcoholic insanities. Alcohol is a poison. A long series of careful tests performed by eminent authorities showed that even small quantities of alcohol may lower the mental capacity, and that it takes much longer than is usually supposed for this effect to wear off.

"This is not a temperance tract. We are dealing only with scientific facts. It is difficult, however, to state the facts as now agreed upon by the highest medical authorities without seeming to preach.

"In this day of keen competition every man needs the highest possible development of his mental capacities. Not only is the highest mental development impossible in the presence of the continued use of alcohol, but impairment of the mental faculties is likely to follow. The children of those addicted to alcohol often start in life with morbid tendencies or mental defects."

OUR GREATEST FOE.

Dr. Howard A. Kelley, of John Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, America, characterises the liquor traffic as follows:—

"Had alcohol never been discovered, and were it then in my power to portray the effects of such a discovery, all men, without exception, would declare it impossible to conceive of any more diabolical plan for the degradation and destruction of the human race. Our greatest foes are the manufacturers and the distributors of alcohol. The story of injuries done by drink is so written in the sad life history of many of our greatest men; is so evident throughout our land in squalor, poverty, misery, and crime, and replete in prisons, workhouses, and asylums, as well as in domestic infelicity, that it is inconceivable that any intelligent, rational man can deny the necessity for strong, united action to rid the land of both manufacturer and distributor."



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Till Tommy Comes Home.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves, Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!"

The narrow door of the little grocery store at the corner of the street was thrown violently open, admitting not only a hurricane sheet of hail, but also the burly, heavily lurching form of a grossly-intoxicated man. Behind the narrow counter, busily engaged in the work of "putting up orders," were the two persons—mother and son—who day by day found plenty to occupy both body and mind in "running the business." They were obviously startled, and no wonder, at the violent crashing of the framework of the door against its portals, making the glass fairly dance in its small square settings. Much more, very much more by good fortune than good management, the fumbling fingers of the drunken man successfully negotiated the small iron "sneck" and enabled him to close the door, in the very teeth of the howling wind. Then he faced round.

"Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves, Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!"

His raucous voice bawled forth the well-known words in a way that was pitifully grotesque. His body swayed to and fro, not so much it was evident because of his maudlin emotion, although that appeared to be pretty considerable, but because of the quantity of liquor he had imbibed.

Suddenly a violent lurch caused him to fall heavily against a substantial showcase, on the top of which jars of preserve and other delicacies were neatly arranged. How the threatened smash was averted was almost miraculous. It appeared as if it could only be attributed to the fact that there seems to be a kindly Providence guarding the life and limb, and negating the logical outcome of the escapades of misguided fellows such as this one, now reeling to and fro in dire confusion.

"Hi, man! mind what you're after. You'll have the whole place upset in a minute if you're not careful." The woman's voice rang out sharply, with more than a touch of anger in it, as she hurried round the counter to seize hold of the visitor with no gentle grasp, and push him towards a chair which stood conveniently near.

"Here, clap yourself down there," she said—a remark which was certainly vague as in-

dicating precise locality, but evidently presented no difficulty of interpretation to the object of her attentions, who promptly subsided on the proffered seat. He had been a bit scared by the narrowly-averted accident, but now he regains his breath and again his demonstrative patriotism finds vent as he launches forth his monotonous song with all the arrogance of a boastful Briton—a Briton drunk.

It is all very annoying and distracting, and business is being interfered with to an extent that is really serious. This is the "pay week-end," the fortnightly period when the colliers of the district receive their wages. Several of their wives are now in the shop, waiting to "settle-up" and give fresh orders. Probably all of them know the man seated there—know also the reason of his excitement and alas! of his intoxication also, so they bear with him. Presently he staggers to his feet, pulling himself up by grasping the edge of the clean-scrubbed counter and then spreading out his big hands to lend him support as he assumes an attitude of dignity sadly at variance with his undignified condition.

But suddenly it seems as though the man's whole bearing has undergone something in the nature of a transformation. The song has died on his lips. The smoke-laden atmosphere of the tap-room is driven from before his mental vision, and in its place there comes the bright joyousness of the light of home—the home from which his lad has gone. The great tears are furrowing their way down his cheeks—down his face that is always red, but now with the warmth, and the liquor, and the excitement, glows like a flaming torch. The tears fall unchecked, unheeded. No longer do those round about regard him with curious or half-contemptuous glances. Though he cries like a child, his manliness has come back to him, and the eyes of the lookers-on betoken their kindly interest, their sympathy for a strong man weeping. When he speaks his voice is choked with sobs. "He's gone away, missus," addressing the woman who has returned to her place behind the counter; "Tommy's gone to South Africa," then his sobs burst forth afresh.

It was not news to anybody there. They were just as conversant with the great doings of that day as was the speaker himself. Yet they regard him with a great intentness be-

cause they want to show him—these homely, kindly people—that they appreciate his feelings and share his sorrow.

It was the dark days of the South African War, the time when each succeeding message brought news of "another reverse." The war cloud, at first only "as big as a man's hand," had deepened and spread until its unlooked for shadow clothed Britain almost with a black despair.

The word had gone forth that more men were wanted. The vastness of the operations, the magnitude of the task, was swallowing up with an astounding avidity the thousands of our men who, with the lavish resources of the first nation of the world, had been poured into the enemy's country. How our little streak of the Empire glowed with fervor when we knew that we were to play a small part in this great game of war! How proud we were that the local Volunteer Corps—the squad of fellows whom we only thought of in connection with church parades and seaside camps—was to send its representatives "to the front." Only two men, it is true, but to us it meant much. It appealed strongly to us because we knew them so well. Straight from the great steel works they would go. Straight from that mighty workshop with its ceaseless clatter, its lurid flame and belching smoke, its ghost-like figures who, even in the dead of night, threaded their way midst monster red-hot plates of metal plucked from the very jaws of a great inferno.

The unearthly din of battle, the smoke clouds of tempestuous strife, the howling of "the dogs of war"—these things would not, after all, be so very terrorising to our two lads from the works. And Tommy was one of them. "There isn't a finer lad in England than our Tommy. He's a good lad, missus, and I'm proud of him. I wish I was as good as he is. He's never touched a drop of drink, our Tommy hasn't, and—look at me. But I'm goin' to do better—that's what I'm here to-night for. I want to sign the pledge—everybody looked hard, and some there were who smiled—"I'm goin' to be different now he's not here. So I want to sign the pledge till Tommy comes home." It was a strange declaration. His mind was full of his boy. It was not that he meant to imply that his pledge would be broken at a comparatively early period—for the war, after all, could not last a very long time—it was only because Tommy's leave-taking and home-coming were for him epoch-marking events in life's history. It was to be his

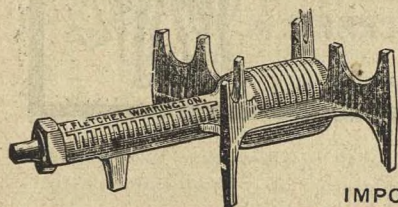
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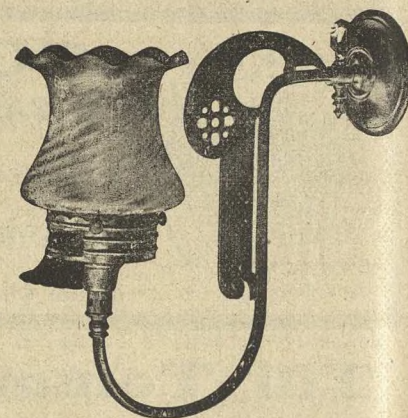


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New South Wales Alliance.

The first gathering of the new State council of the New South Wales Alliance was held on Friday, June 2, in the dining-hall of the Alliance Hotel. Ven. Archdeacon Boyce presided. New members of the council welcomed by the president were:—Mr. Joseph Vickery, Rev. C. T. Tinsley, Mr. George Walden, M.A., Rev. A. A. Yeates, M.A., and Dr. Caro, the treasurer.

The new executive was appointed by unanimous vote of the State council, as follows:—Ald. W. J. Walker, Mr. H. M. Hawkins, Mr. Albert Bruntnell, M.L.A., Rev. Harold Wheen, Mr. W. Winn, Rev. John Paterson, M.A., Mr. George Walden, M.A., Rev. C. J. Tinsley, Rev. Fred Colwell, Rev. Professor Clouston, Mr. J. W. Eve, Mr. A. B. Pursell, Rev. Thomas Davies, Rev. James Steele, Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, Mrs. Masterman, Mrs. Mark Blow, Rev. C. T. Newman, Mr. A. Gow, Rev. A. A. Yeates, M.A., Rev. J. Buchan, M.A., with the president, treasurer, and secretary as members ex officio.

A finance committee was also appointed, the personnel of which is: Ald. W. J. Walker, Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, Mr. H. M. Hawkins, Mr. Albert Bruntnell, M.L.A., Mr. W. Winn, Rev. Harold Wheen, Rev. John Paterson, M.A., Rev. C. J. Tinsley, Mr. George Walden, M.A., Rev. F. Colwell, with the president, treasurer, and secretary as members ex officio.

Ald. Walker gave notice of motion that the meetings of the council be held in the evening instead of during the afternoons, as hitherto, and also that greater powers be delegated to the executive.

The Bottom Square Box and the Telephone.

The introduction of the Toll System for telephones has provided an opening for the Bottom Square Box, which has already been installed alongside several "phones." It is this way. Mrs. Jones hasn't got a telephone. Her neighbor Mrs. Smith has. Mrs. Jones wants to order some groceries, or ring up her husband in the city and uses Mrs. Smith's 'phone. Mrs. Smith hardly feels like taking the penny. It wouldn't look "just the thing." So Mrs. Jones is invited to put the penny in the Bottom Square Box, and everybody is happy.

"The Pub Next Door."

A lady in a Northern suburb thinks it would be "simply awful to close up all the hotels." "But," she says, "I do wish you could close this one next to us." The poor swagmen come there and spend all their money, and it is so noisy. This lady was reminded that there are people living next door to the other pubs, and if the liquor bar is a nuisance to her it is equally a nuisance to other people.

"When Ever will They Wake Up?"

Years ago the writer of these notes worked on a farm. The hours were long, and early rising the rule. Needless to say it was hard to wake up on such occasions, especially on cold mornings. Whether it was from over work at the last campaign or the snugness and luxury of taking a back seat, but there is certainly something wrong with a lot of folk to-day. The Box Scheme has been in existence for several months. In several electorates the workers are more than gratified with its success, and are working heartily, but, unfortunately, several electorates are still asleep. We are waiting to hear from Ashfield, Marrickville, Granville, Camden, Wollondilly, and a host of others. Please wake up.

The Price of Beer.

A tradesman giving evidence before the Wages Board, referred to the increased cost of living, and incidentally remarked that in some country towns beer was 6d. a glass. A good deal is heard to-day about meat rings, dear bread, etc., but if these commodities had to show the same profits as beer, the community would soon be up in arms. We hold no brief for beer drinkers, but it is remarkable that you rarely hear any one complaining about the enormous profits of the liquor traffic, and the beer monopoly in this State.

* * *

The Leichhardt workers met on Tuesday night. A few enthusiasts were present. This electorate is going in enthusiastically on the Box Scheme. Mr. Marion was present, and urged all to push on with this famous penny a week scheme. Mr. Manderson, the secretary, is anxious to secure several fresh agents in the electorate.

The Gordon electorate has been visited during the past week, and several centres canvassed by Mr. Marion. In Lindfield, Killara, and part of Gordon over 100 boxes were got out. It is encouraging the hearty way the boxes are received.

* * *

Allowrie is falling into line, and moving out with the scheme. At Bomaderry and Kangaroo Valley, agents are at work. Gerringong and Kiama have had a visit from Mr. Marion, and the scheme launched.

* * *

The agony of the test case in connection with the Local Option poll has fortunately not been prolonged. The Liquorites hoped to have the decision of the Full Court upset, and asked for leave to appeal to the High Court. Happily Bung's case was so hopeless that Sir Samuel Griffith frankly told Mr. Loxton, who appeared for the Liquor Party, that leave could not be granted. This is about the last we should hear of "eminent legal opinions" that set out to defeat the will of the people on supposed defects in the Liquor Act.

* * *

Return of Miss Anderson Hughes.

After two years campaigning in Great Britain, Miss Anderson Hughes is returning to her native land, New Zealand. This talented lady has enjoyed a highly successful time in the old land. Miss Hughes was welcomed by the State Council of the Alliance on Friday afternoon. On reaching New Zealand, she will immediately commence aggressive campaign work, in preparation for the great poll to be taken next November.

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Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

THE LIQUOR TRADE JUDGMENT.

There is an old proverb, the truth of which has many times come home to us forcefully. It is a very simple proverb, and yet exceedingly pointed and painfully direct. It says: "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Can any of us say we do not appreciate such to the full? We all know the irritating apprehension of future and imminent disaster—the possibility of averting it. Then cometh some wise prophet who persuades us it is a "probability," which is better still, and alas! finally does all hope suddenly fly and we are left stranded like some poor shipwrecked mariner on the beach. All these feelings have the members of the U.L.V.A. and their confraternity—brewers and beer sellers—gone through during the last few weeks. To-day they are sore, sick and sorry men. There appeared a mild cloud upon the horizon, which they immediately transformed (mentally) into a downpour, but—it never came. The Full Court dashed all their hopes to the ground, and in such a decided fashion that they were stupefied. It was an avalanche that buried all hope of escape. Now, with all due respect to the U.L.V.A. and their advisers, legal and lay, it was really very hard to see that they ever had any hope of succeeding in their appeal. It was so very easy to conduct each and all of their conten-

tions to "reductio ad absurdum." Were they not blinded by self interest, such would have been apparent to them. For their contention annihilated every grain of common sense in the meaning of the Liquor Act.

To make matters a little simpler to comprehend, let us try and build an analogous case and follow their argument to its logical conclusion. Let us suppose that the picture play licenses were subjected to a Local Option poll each three years. We might also assume, to help the illustration, there would be a stipulation that licenses revoked by the public should have four years to run in every case before expiration. Now, the first poll taken, when 100 licenses were in force, might lead to "notice to quit" being given to a dozen proprietors, who, however, would still be actually running when the next poll was taken (having then a year left). This latter appeal to the people puts a further dozen showmen "hors de combat," but, according to the liquor people's contention, it doesn't matter much, for this lot are deducted from the "old hundred," who were first in the counting. And so on, should the next poll lead to 10 licenses being withdrawn. Why, it would simply bring two old comrades back into the ring, much after the style of the children's game of "rounders." One fine day it would suddenly dawn on the community that the whole proceeding was an

unmitigated farce, as each poll meant nothing, lead to nothing. And yet our by-no-means stupid friends of the U.L.V.A. sought to pretend they saw the soundest logic behind all this humbug. It is an old case of "the wish being father to the thought." A child, however, could easily see the extreme absurdity of their contention.

EXTRACT FROM "FAIRPLAY,"

June 2, 1911.

"It is a well known fact, and criminologists confirm it, that all the cold blooded crimes which require coolness, cunning, calculation, and nerve, such as burglary, forgery, etc., are carried out by perfectly sober men. The specialised criminal who deliberately chooses a criminal career, as another man would choose a trade or profession, the man who pits his brain and nerve against the police and against society generally, this man is always a sober man, and almost invariably a teetotaler." Bravo "Fairplay." Good enough for you. You have at last stumbled upon the real effect of alcohol. It is very evident, when you speak without mental reservation, you have no sort of opinion of strong drink as a nerve tonic. All your old stock arguments have been unavailing as far as your own opinion is concerned. Drink, you think, ruins the nerves. Quite true for you. So it does. And you won't offend again, trotting out the old samples about the many tonic virtues in a brandy and soda? Well, see you don't. For now, look here Mr. "Fairplay," this simple-looking, but conclusive, admission of yours places you on the horns of a dilemma. Either you most certainly believe in the nerve-damaging effects of alcohol (which we believe is correct), or you are arguing that every man should become a drunkard to avoid becoming a burglar, which is absurd. No, sir, you have let the cat out of the bag in an astonishingly guileless manner, which goes to prove you have been completely shaken from mast to keel by the recent Full Court decision. "Truth," we are told, "will out," but we must confess to feeling sublimely astonished at its coming (on the drink question) from such a quarter. But we faithfully promise you we won't forget to chuckle when we read your next column headed, "Scientists approve of alcohol as a nerve tonic."

Fruitless Struggle.—"I understand that, after waiting 20 years, she married a struggling man?" "Yes, poor chap. He struggled the best he knew how, but she landed him."

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12/11



China and the Opium Evil.

THE STORY OF A WONDERFUL CRUSADE, WITH CARTOONS
BY CHINESE ARTISTS.

One of the most illuminating articles on the tragedy of the opium traffic in China is contained in the April issue of "Everybody's Magazine." It is an article that concerns not merely the relatively few persons who are interested in the suppression of opium smoking in China, but the many who are concerned in social reform and the cause of righteousness.

At the outset, the writer, Mr. Edward A. Ross, who has studied the subject deeply and at first hand, traces the rise of the evil and its wild-fire spread during the last century, particularly since the Treaty of Tientsin in 1857, and the cultivation of the poppy plant which began immediately after that Treaty was signed. To give an idea of the hold which the vice has got on the country, he says that four years ago the Chinese were using seventy times as much opium as they were using in 1800. Annually, 22,000 tons of the drug were absorbed, most of it converted into thick smoke and inhaled by a legion of smokers estimated to number at least 25,000,000. Whole populations had given themselves up to the seductive pipe and were sinking into a state of indescribable lethargy, misery, and degradation.

After dwelling upon the reasons which have brought about this deplorable condition, the writer details the steps which are being taken to blot it out.

THE FIRST GUN IN THE FIGHT.

"The famous Anti-Opium Edict issued by the Empress Dowager, September 20, 1906, which commanded that the growth, sale, and consumption of opium should cease in the Empire within 10 years, was the opening gun in what is undoubtedly the most extensive warfare on a vicious private habit that the world has ever known. The colossal moral conflict has raged over a territory as vast as the United States. Hundreds of thousands of officials, gentry, students, merchants, and denkeepers have been drawn into it. Blood has been shed and property has been destroyed on a great scale. The stake is the lives of some millions of opium-users, to say nothing of the oncoming generations. The guerdon of victory is the assured independence of the Yellow Race and its eventual participation on equal terms with the White Race in the control of the destinies of the planet."

A GIGANTIC FIGHT.

If the Customs Department of the Commonwealth finds it impossible to stamp out the practice of opium smoking in Australia where the drug is almost worth its weight in gold, one may imagine the stupendous

task that has confronted the reformers in China, where a sovereign would purchase enough opium to last a man a lifetime, and where millions of people were depending upon the cultivation of the poppy.

"When the Empress Dowager took opium by the throat, half the acreage of certain interior provinces was given over to the poppy during its season. So much had the plant cut into the production of food that the cost of the necessities of life was crowding the local laboring people to the verge of starvation. There was more money in opium than in anything else, and so leases, land rentals, and mortgages became adjusted to the lucrative crop of opium. To many a farmer the relinquishment of the poppy would spell blue ruin. The stopping of opium-growing looked about as simple and feasible a proposition as the stopping of corn-growing in the West or of cotton-planting in the South, by Act of Congress.

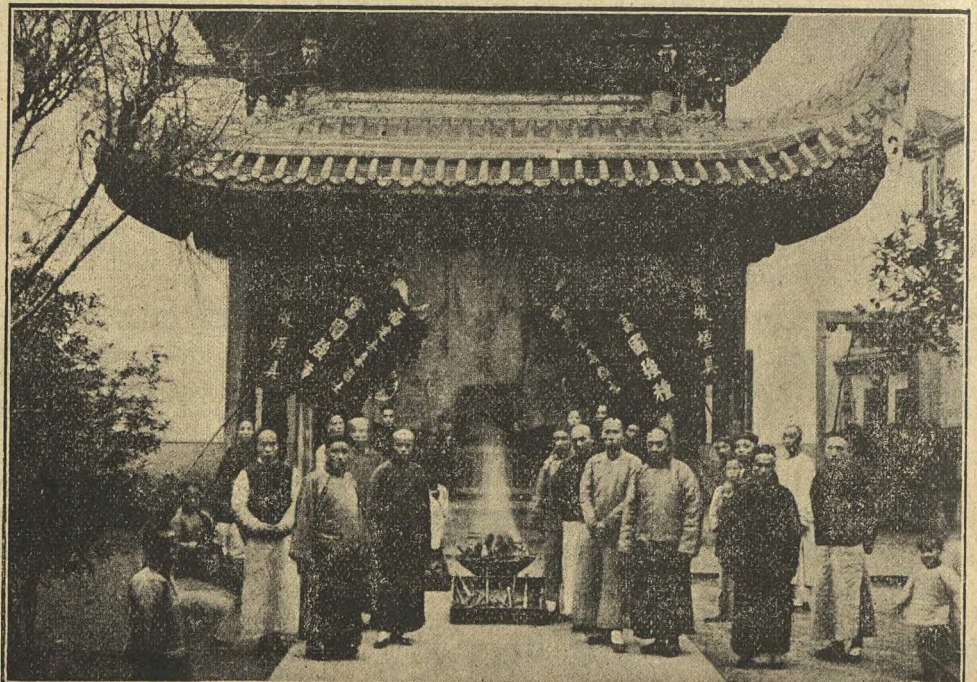
"The ins and outs of the fight on the poppy are full of the 'Arabian Nights' flavor. When the magistrate proclaims the Anti-Opium Edict and announces that he intends to see it obeyed, the cultivators in a body call upon him, grovel on their faces, remind him that he is the 'father and mother' of them all, and beseech him to save them from ruin by letting them grow their poppy just this season. Of course there is a fat bribe lurking in the background for the official who is open to that

sort of persuasion; and unless the official is a reformer at heart, or else afraid of losing his place, he is not wholly obdurate. The salary of the mandarin is nominal, and he has somehow to squeeze a living income out of his district.

EVADING THE INSPECTOR.

"But if importunity avails not, the farmers resort to ruse. They raise the poppy in small patches in out-of-the-way places off the main road—behind walls or trees or up a little side valley—or they cut off the leaves and flowers so that the crop cannot be recognised at a distance. They rely on steering off or bribing shut the eyes of the 'runners' sent out from the magistrate's headquarters to look for infractions of the Edict. If, nevertheless, the mandarin hears of illicit poppy-growing and comes in his big green sedan-chair, borne on the shoulders of four bearers, with a force of men to pull up the outlawed plants, the tactics suddenly change. He may be met by the men of several confederated villages armed with sickles, pitchforks, and billhooks, and intent on mischief. At Wukung last spring the mob put to flight the satellites of the magistrate and even laid rude hands on the official himself. He took refuge in a temple and let it be known that the farmers might grow poppy, for all he cared!

"Near the capital of Shansi last March a certain Kung, who had fortified himself with drink, went about beating a gong and threatening to kill anyone who failed to sow his poppy. When, later, the magistrate sent to arrest him, he had disappeared. Later on,



More than twenty-five thousand pipes, bowls, plates, lamps, and opium-boxes have been burned by Chinese anti-opium societies.

BENSDORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA

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

several women went to the magistrate's yamen and demanded leave to grow opium. Things looked ugly, and the magistrate appealed to the governor of the province, who sent him a mandarin with a detachment of 300 soldiers. Several villages combined, and met the force with bucolic weapons in hand. The mandarin became alarmed and ordered his soldiers to fire. After a volley of blank cartridge, which only excited derision, the troops fired ball cartridge, and 50 fell killed or mortally wounded. Both sides were aghast at the deadliness of the rifles, which the soldiers knew little more about than the peasants. The Chinese soldier is allowed

farmers for their sacrifice and so reconcile them to the reform policy. The missionaries see the hand of God in this record wheat crop, running from 30 to 45 bushels to the acre. This, and the restoration of so much land to food-growing, has made food more plentiful and cheaper than it has been for years. New trade is springing up, and the Hupeh merchants, who were wont to drift through far Kansuh buying the opium crop, are now bringing back with them goat-skins, eagles' wings, pig-bristles, donkey hides, and human hair, in place of the poison.

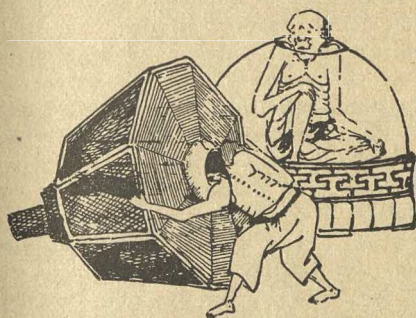
"As earnest of its resolve to shake off its lethargy and make itself fit to speak with the enemy in the gate, the Imperial Government proceeded to purge its ranks of opium smokers. It was felt that the mandarins must set an example to the common people. In the words of the Edict, 'If the officials are fond of the vice, how can they guide the honest folk under them?' So, while officials over 60 years of age were tolerated in case they found themselves unable to throw off the smoking habit, all others were given a stated term within which to break off. If at the end of the term they were not cured, they were obliged to resign. Certain results of these regulations were startling. Not only were hundreds dismissed, but several high officials—among them two governors and two vice-presidents of imperial boards—died in their persevering efforts to conquer the habit. These distressing cases caused the regulations to be relaxed so as to allow smokers past 50 to continue in office.

the opium-smoking habit. The number of his permit is posted outside the house where he may smoke, and he must not smoke anywhere else. While he is smoking no one may visit him on any pretext, and, after he is through, all his paraphernalia—pipe, bowl, lamp, opium-box, needle, etc.—must be put away. The aim is to lessen illicit smoking and to discourage the indulgence by making it solitary.

"Opium may be sold only by licensed dealers, who account for, and pay a tax on, every ounce they sell, and it may not be sold in the place where it is smoked. No one may cook his opium himself; he must buy it prepared. The amount the registered smoker may buy daily is stated in his permit. The salesman stamps in a blank space on his permit the amount of each purchase, and it must never exceed the amount specified. The smoker must renew his permit every three months, and each time it must be filled out for a less amount. After buying his opium he must carry it through the street openly. He may not carry it in his pocket, nor wrapped up, nor in his closed hand, nor in a closed box. No one may make or expose for sale the implements for opium smoking. The existing supply must suffice and, as this is being reduced from time to time by solemn public burnings of stacks of paraphernalia, the basis of the vice is continually being cut away.

(This article will be concluded in next issue.)

圖中所示為中國煙民之痛苦，其被禁之煙土，已由外國人收買，而後銷毀。



A Chinese representation of the opium-smoker's bondage—caught in an enlarged lamp and pipe-bowl of a smoker's outfit.

ten cartridges a year for practice, but after the various 'squeezes' have been made he gets about three!"

THE PART THE MISSIONARIES TAKE.

Naturally, the missionaries are ranged on the side of the reformers. Indeed, it was the great missionary memorial, carrying the signatures of 1333 missionaries from seven countries, which drew forth the famous Edict, and more than once the missionaries have been made use of in collecting information and assisting the Government. The reformers are meeting with considerable success, and, in spite of all the evasions, the solid fact remains that in Szechuan, which was raising a third of the opium produced in China, the acreage has been cut down by 80 per cent. No more incontestable evidence of suppression can be offered than the great upward leap in the price of opium. In Honan we found it had doubled in a year and was worth more than its weight in silver. At Tehyang in Szechuan, where not a spear of poppy grows, the price was 1600 cash an ounce as against 120 cash two years ago!

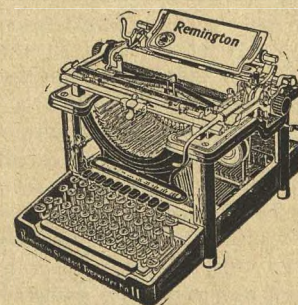
"It is a striking fact that in four of the great poppy provinces prohibition has been followed by a season of wonderful harvests which have gone far to compensate the

A LEADER IN THE FRAY.

"Foochow, the oldest seat of missionary influence, has made the most spectacular fight on opium among the common people. When I was there last May no one, under penalty of confiscation of his goods, might smoke opium without registering and taking out a permit. Such a permit is issued only to one who can prove that he has



"Taken in the net by the foreigner." Cartoon from a pamphlet circulated by the Foochow Opium Society. Intended to illustrate the hindrance that England offers to the anti-opium campaign in China.



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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, JUNE 15, 1911.

PUBS. NOT NECESSARY TO GROWTH AND PROSPERITY.

The census returns show that North Sydney, including Mosman and Lane Cove, has a population of 50,990, being an increase in 10 years of 21,341. Gordon and Willoughby have a population of 26,935, an increase in 10 years of 13,906. Manly and Pittwater contain 13,282, an increase of 6965.

Manly shows an increase of 110.2 per cent., Gordon and Willoughby 106.7 per cent., North Sydney almost 72 per cent., and the total expansion represents approximately 86 per cent.

The increase of population is a special feature, yet there are other statistical facts more remarkable in some respects. Although the number of residents has increased in this way during the past ten years, there has not been a new hotel license granted during that time within the North Sydney police district, which includes the North Sydney census district, and the Gordon and Willoughby district as far as Wahroonga, or in the Manly police district. The number of houses in 1901 was 34, and that is still the total. There are 15 in North Sydney, one at Neutral Bay, two at Mosman, four at Chatswood, one at Gordon, two at Pymble, six at Manly, and three between Manly and Bayview. During the interval the Local Option poll was taken twice. On the first occasion, in 1907, each of the four electorates partly included in this area voted for reduction, and in 1910 Gordon and Lane Cove repeated this vote, and St. Leonards and Middle Harbor carried continuance. Prior to the passing of the amending Liquor Act many attempts had been made to obtain additional licenses, but these failed. Even this limited number of pubs. has produced a serious blot on these highly favored places. At the North Sydney Police Court (the jurisdiction of which extends to Mosman, Lane Cove, and north to Wahroonga), in 1900 the number of convictions for drunkenness was 181, in addition to which there were 38 other convictions in which drunkenness was part of the charge, a total of 219. In 1910 the figures were 221 and 29 respectively; a total of 250, or an increase of 29. This is a percentage of about 13, which compares favorably with the big increase in population. An analysis of the convictions referred to also is interesting. For instance, it is shown that the number of women convicted in this connection fell from

63 to 54, a fact that may cause surprise when read with the statement sometimes made that drinking amongst women is on the increase. Then between the hours of 8 a.m. on Sunday and 8 a.m. on Monday the number of drunks or disorderly persons arrested and convicted dropped from 16 to 4, which can be taken as an illustration of the effectiveness of recent liquor legislation. In 1900 also there were four convictions for selling during Sunday, and one during other prohibited hours. In 1910 no convictions under these heads were recorded. The number of convictions under the Vagrancy Act and the punishment provisions of the Police Offences Act was 271 in 1900 and 435 in 1910, the increase being equal to 65 per cent. The number of cases in which the accused had been arrested or summoned, exclusive of the foregoing, increased from 733 to 1355, equal to almost 85 per cent.

A Court of Petty Sessions has been established in Manly only since October, 1910, prior to which the district was within the jurisdiction of the Water Police Court; consequently, statistics from that source are not available. The ordinary returns supplied to the Police Department, however, are sufficient for comparison. These offer to the reformer much food for serious thought. In 1900 the number of cases of drunkenness and drunkenness and disorderly conduct coming within the cognisance of the police was 83, and this increased to 152 in 1910. This represents a percentage of 83.3, and presents a striking contrast to the 13 per cent. increase in the rest of the northern suburbs. Manly, of course, is a holiday resort, and in that fact lies the chief explanation for the condition of affairs disclosed by the figures mentioned. Breaches of the Liquor Act decreased from four to one during the decade. Other cases coming under the notice of the police in which the accused was arrested or summoned increased from 145 to 378. The percentage of increase there is 160 per cent. A fact in connection with last year's figures which should be noticed—and this applies to the North Sydney police district also—is that since 1900 new offences have been created. For instance, offences under the municipal ordinances are entirely new, and the motorist has been responsible for many offences against the Traffic Act. Additional powers, too, have been given to the police under the recent amendments of the Police Offences Act, enabling them to deal with offences in respect to which they had previously been handicapped. If these facts are taken into consideration, the percentage of increase of offences in the Manly district would be slightly less than 80 in a population that has increased over 110 per cent. The big increase in drunkenness, however, was chiefly responsible for even this high rate of increase.

PUBLICANS DENOUNCED BY "FAIR- PLAY."

Under the heading of "Ware Hawk," "Fairplay" of June 2 prints the following startling paragraph:—

"Mr. Charles Low, general secretary of the United Licensed Victuallers' Association of

N.S.W., desires us to issue a word of warning to hotelkeepers to keep their liquors true to label, otherwise they will find themselves in trouble with the authorities. The inspectors under the Pure Food Act are moving, and are taking samples from all the usual brands of bottled stuff. The analysis is a very searching one, as the Government is determined to put down fraud in this line. Mr. Low's warning should be taken to heart, for it is notorious that it is impossible, except occasionally when a clean label becomes an urgent necessity, to find any special brand in the bottle purporting to hold it, and this in 'big' city hotels that pose as first class, too; and the stuff the bottles are filled with by some of these crooked traders is not even sound, decent draught, either."

We cannot remember any "Wowser" making a more direct or damaging statement against the publicans of N.S.W. than is here made by Mr. Low. He charges the publicans with dishonesty, and of practising it on customers, many of whom have not their wits about them to detect the fraud. This is cowardly dishonesty. The following item in the "Evening News" of June 6 unfortunately gives color to Mr. Low's statement:—

"At the Water Summons Court the following hotelkeepers were fined for selling liquor not of the nature and quality demanded by the customers:—Theresa Diedrickson, of the Green Park Hotel, Liverpool-street, City. £2, with 6s. costs, or 21 days' gaol; Frederick Cresswell, Printers' Arms Hotel, Liverpool-street, City, two charges, 20s., with 6s. costs, in default seven days' gaol on each charge; Percy Clive Lyons, Waratah Hotel, Bayswater-road, Darlinghurst, 20s., with 6s. costs, or 7 days' gaol; John Bywater, Cottage of Content Hotel, Bourke-street, City, and William Chapman, City Arms Hotel, Crown-street, City, were also fined 20s. each."

This is a striking commentary on these people whose charity has been so extolled by "Fairplay," and who are held up as model citizens. We wonder if the Liberty League will call a public meeting to protest against any interference with the freedom of publicans selling what they like. It might also come about that the lecturers of the Liquor Defence League might fill in their spare time lecturing "the trade" on the advantages of "pure liquor." This phrase, we confess, always makes us think of "clean dirt," "harmless poison," or "heatless fire," but doubtless the liquor lecturers will make something of the situation, though it is perhaps too much to expect "Fairplay" to give an article on the subject.

SHORTHAND EXAMS.

The Students of the Metropolitan Business College still continue to secure the cream of the results in the important Shorthand Examinations conducted by the Incorporated Phonographic Society of Australia. Following are the places in order of merit in N.S.W. won by these Students at the latest Exam. (1st April, 1911):—Advanced Theory: 1st place, Ida Grice; 2nd, W. Steele; 4th, M. Colquhoun. Theory: 1st place, Marion Kark; 2nd, Dorothy Beveridge; 4th, Winnie Buckler. To date, the first place in N.S.W. in eight out of the eleven Exams. held in Sydney by the above Society have been won by Students trained by the Metropolitan Business College, a result of which, in view of the keen competition existing, they have every reason to be proud.

Men who have been "Through the Mill."

VICE-REGAL PARTY AND THE ADMIRAL AT THE PILGRIMS' HOME.

In March, 1908, the Pilgrims' Home was quietly commenced in Newtown. No appeal was made to the public, no official opening was announced. A donation of £10 from a lady and gentleman at Beecroft made the start possible. The idea was to give the man who was down and out, who wanted to be a Christian, an even chance. It helped no man to give him a shilling, and it was not fair to expect any man to be a Christian if he had no friends, no work, and no place in which to rest, and be encouraged. So the Pilgrims' Home was started to give a few at least a real chance 'to make good.' The watchwords of the Home have ever been Friendship, Work, and Religion, and it has been impressed on all who came to the Home that "courage and commonsense make a man and a little more of them will make him a Christian." It is not an institution, but a home, and there are no rules and no penalties, no questions are asked, no promises exacted. Men are simply encouraged to play the game according to the unwritten yet well-known standards of manliness.

THE EXPECTATIONS OF THE BOSS.

This is a home, not an institution. We have no rules, but we are not free from obligations, and every one must play the game, not only for their own sake, but for the sake of others. Man's redemption is brought about by Religion, Friendship, and Work. We wish to help him to all three. In the matter of religion every man is expected to give personal religion a trial. This will mean reading the Bible and praying morning and evening. If not, what is the use of the Home? In loyalty to the founder of the Home, those who care to stay there are expected to attend the services of St. Simon and St. Jude in preference to any other. If they don't stand by the Church that helps them, who will?

In the Home.—While it is meant as a place for men who need some help to enable them to get work, yet men in work are welcome to stay and pay 12s. 6d. a week, but will still be expected to help all they can in the Home. Bed-making, house-cleaning, washing-up etc., are things all should be willing to take a hand at, without being asked. Let all take pride in the Home, and daily make it more homely.

A REVIEW OF THREE YEARS.

During this period about 300 men have been in the Home, and very many more have attended the weekly meeting held there. It may be said of these—

Master, they come, poor broken, guilty men,
The refuse of the race, their kindred's shame—

Debtors, delinquents, hiding from the ken
Of lynx-eyed law: they bring a shadowed name,

And offer it to Thee; Thy boundless grace
Is their last hope of any hiding-place.

Yet e'en from these Thou dost not turn
Thy face,
And, seeing it, despair begins to die:
With long, rapt gaze Thy loveliness they trace,
Till hope is born from sorrow's deepest sigh.
Slowly, but surely, these, the sons of shame,
Shall find a place on Thy bead-roll of fame.

Last year, men who came because they were penniless and friendless, paid into the Home £83; this was a welcome contribution towards the expenses, which for the year amounted to £338. This includes rent, furniture, and wages of superintendent or cook.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE ADMIRAL.

His Excellency, who is president of the Navy Total Abstinence Society, and keenly interested in religious temperance work, spoke briefly to the men on Thursday last. He said, in part: "I am not going to preach a sermon, but rather to say a few words of encouragement. Your leader has referred to that splendid body of total abstaining blue jackets of which I am pleased to be the president, but fine as this is, I will tell you of a much greater thing. In some eighty battle ships of the Empire, at one bell, when the grog ration is served out to those who want it, little parties of men meet and spend a short time in united prayer, and this requires courage and is a splendid thing. What a wonderful thing it is that the Lord Jesus Christ has said: 'I have not called you servants, but I have called you friends,' and any man who does not know the friendship of the Lord Jesus has not yet made the most of life, and the one who has found in Him a friend need not envy anyone." His Excellency spoke with deep conviction and quiet forcefulness on fellowship with God, the joy and power of so praying that the base things of our nature are overcome and the best things in us grow strong and vigorous. "We have our part to play," his Excellency reminded them, "in this wonderful salvation, while it is God's gift, it is for us to work out in fear and trembling." We are saved by faith in God, but we will be happy and useful by the exercise of common sense and a loyal obedience to all we know to be His will.

A FEW TESTIMONIES.

Some of the men then added a few words of testimony. The first said: "Lonely and hungry, drink enslaved and an outcast, I wandered in to such a meeting, driven by the inclement weather, when it first dawned on me that God loved me, and I made up my mind to give Him a chance to make a man of me. Praise His name, He is doing it. This Home has helped me more than anything else, and I thank God for it."

The second said: "I was an outcast, refused an interview even by my mother—and yet Christ received me and began that work of grace that was soon manifest in my hating what I used to love and coming to love what I used to despise. I am now welcomed by

those who used to shun me, and have indeed found the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

The third one said: "This Home has meant more than anything else to me in encouraging me to play the man—and while I have often failed, I find here constant incentive to try again and trust God always." While more than 25 were anxious to say a word, time was limited, and the last word was said by one who has great reason to be grateful. Some years ago he told the meeting, he was hawking soap in the streets of Ballarat, not doing enough business to provide him with all the liquor he wanted, when a kindly man said, "God made you for something better than this; think about it." Coming to New South Wales, a poor derelict, he met a minister who knelt with two of them and began his prayer, "Lord, look upon us three sinners." After many failures he at last found the way of life, and the Home and those who came had helped him more than words could say.

ADELIN DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

Her Grace spoke most effectively, and there was a ring of conviction in her words when she said, "When Christ lays hold of you, it makes the old bad things impossible"; this was followed by a beautiful little parable. Her Grace had been startled a few weeks ago by seeing a copper snake which escaped in the garden. However, the next day the gardener killed it and brought the repulsive poisonous thing to her, and cut it open, the skin inside startling one with its beauty. This encouraged us to believe that the while we were morally ugly and sinful, yet when a work of grace began in us there was a wonderful inward beauty in the worst of us.

LADY DUDLEY'S REQUEST.

Her Excellency, whose interest in all good things, and noticeably in the reclamation of men, is so well known, said she would be pleased if the men would come and see her off at the wharf when the Zealandia sailed for New Zealand, and she would be glad if they would sing "God will take care of you."

Words fail to describe the spirit of this meeting, which will have lasting effect on those who had the privilege to be present.

THE BEST

IS THE

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TILL TOMMY COMES HOME

(Continued.)

safeguard against many sore temptations, his incentive to grow strong in his new-found principles, his guiding star on the difficult pathway he had set himself to tread.

Sentimental it might be to some, but for him it would crystallise into a glorious reality—the reality of Tommy coming home and finding his father a man like unto himself, a man untainted by strong drink, and free from its blighting and withering influence. That pledge card with its sprawling signature was to be his passport to true liberty and noble life. And so it proved.

* * *

It is an inspiring and tumultuous time—this evening when the town welcomed back its two lads “safe and sound.” The Market Square is densely thronged with an excited, cheering crowd, which has triumphantly escorted the returned heroes down the broad, main thoroughfare to this gathering-ground. The excellent regimental band is filling the air with the stirring strains of martial music. On an improvised platform are many local worthies, including the members of the local council, whose chairman voices a warm “welcome home” to the lads, and thanks them in the name of the town's inhabitants for the services they have rendered. He is a sturdy Methodist, this chairman, and he does not forget, in the midst of that great concourse of people, to express thanks to the Heavenly Father who has brought back the lads safely to hearth and home. It need hardly be said that Tommy's father is there, and as close to his lad as it is possible for him to get. During those few months many have marvelled at the great change which had taken place. When “on the beer,” Tommy's father did not do things by halves. One described him as a “whole hogsheader,” and all had known him as “a wet hand.” It is no wonder that those who have heard the story of his reformation scarcely know, as they look at them now, which to admire most, the physical courage of the son or the moral courage of the father. Unassuming and modest at all times, Tommy would unhesitatingly say, if you asked him, that he counts his father's actions more worthy of honor than his own. It was not very long afterwards that Tommy got “married and settled down.” The mother's death closely following, was accountable for the fact that Tommy and his father were soon again under the same roof. The father's pledge-taking was as permanent as the son's home-coming. As the months lengthened into years, his habits of total abstinence were no longer to be regarded, as some had regarded them, as a spasmodic outburst of emotion, but as the settled principles of his life. There had unquestionably been a bond of true affection between father and son. Now it was intensified and strengthened to such an extent that to go back on his promise—with his lad by his side to assist and approve his brave endeavors—was well nigh an impossibility. “Till Tommy comes home” has passed into the category of forgotten things. The pre-

sent is satisfying because his pledge remains inviolate, and the future, in that respect at least, betokens only prosperity and happiness.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO “GRIT” TO 9/6/11.

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ABSENT-MINDED SUBSCRIBERS.

Six shillings and threepence from Armidale; 7s. from Killara; 7s. 6d. stamps, both penny and halfpenny. Will the senders kindly write and say who they are, that we may credit them with the amount?

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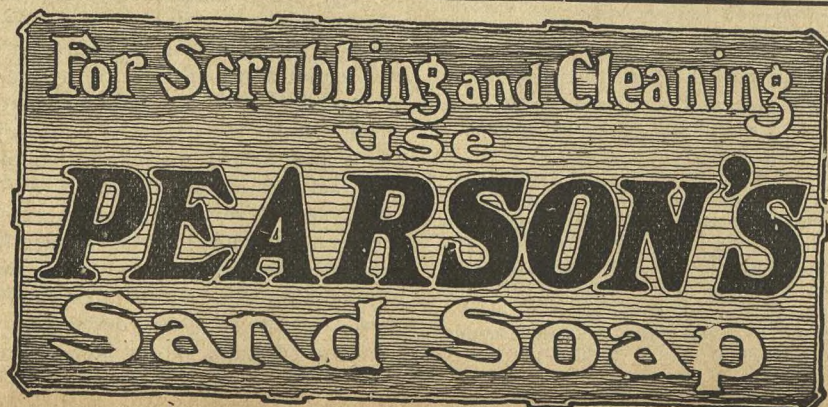
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From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)



This is Arthur of Annandale. He does not look like this picture as you see him on business bent in the city, but there is always the same merry look in his eye—keep smiling, Arthur; the world sadly needs brightness and the ne's and ni's are the very ones to supply it.—Uncle B.

JUNE 22nd. **G.R.** 1911.

God save our gracious King!
Long live our noble King.
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us—
God save the King!

THE PRINCE WHO HID IN A MUD HUT.

(By Mrs. Harrison Lee Cowie.)

He was a prince of royal degree, and his father had built him a magnificent palace. There were trained servants ready to obey his slightest wish; there were horses and chariots ready to convey him anywhere he wished to go. Glorious gardens, full of fruit and flowers. Wealth unlimited, power untrammelled, and yet—and yet the poor prince, by some strange warp in his mental make-up, refused to believe that these things were his.

He persisted in imagining that he was a slave, so he hid in a dark little mud hut of his own building. He toiled and moiled and wearied and wept year after year. At times he snatched at some of the fruit that hung over the garden wall, and ate it ravenously, but rather as a thief than as the rightful owner of the whole garden. He was often hungry and thirsty, always poor and miserable, while right in front of him and all around him lay his vast possessions, waiting for his acceptance and use.

Again and again his father wrote to him long, loving, pleading letters, begging him to enter into his inheritance, and enjoy all the rich and costly things prepared for him.

At times he did not even open the letters to read them. At other times, when he read them, he declared they were intended for someone else.

The father was grieved beyond measure at his son's strange and wilful behaviour, and when people came to him and upbraided him for allowing his own child to live in

poverty and distress, the father's heart was torn with anguish, but what could he do?

At last he determined, as all other means had failed, to send a messenger in black, a strong, stern messenger, who would not be denied.

When he approached the hut, he saw the prince ragged, hungry, and sick, standing in the doorway.

"Come with me," said the messenger.

"I am glad to go," wearily answered the prince, and he stepped through his own doorway into the wonderful garden, and on into the magnificent palace.

"Whose are these?" he asked in amazement.

"Yours."

"How long have they been mine?"

"Always, but you would not take possession."

The prince's eyes were suddenly opened, and he saw, as he had never seen before, the years of needless poverty and pain. The grief he had caused his loving, tender father, the dishonor he had brought on that great father's name, and he fell at his father's feet and besought pardon for the past, and grace for the future, and all that he asked for he received.

Do you know this strange man? Does he live in your house?

FOR SUNDAY.

1. Bible Colors.

How many colors can you find mentioned in the Bible?

2. Buried Bible Places.

1. If you go to the Bronte beach, take the tram.
2. I think you will find a cab as handy as the tram.
3. The case is for a moth collector.
4. She is more a babe than your sister.
5. Can Katy read well?

FOR MONDAY.

"Little Slips of Schoolboys."

1. The Rhine is boarded by wooden mountains.
2. Gender shows whether a man is masculine, feminine or neuter.
3. Algebraical symbols are used when you don't know what you are talking about.
4. Parallel lines are the same distance all the way, and do not meet unless you bend them.
5. A parallelogram is a figure made of four parallel straight lines.
6. Horse-power is the distance that one horse can carry one pound of water in an hour.—"The World's News."

How Was the Fruit Divided? (326).

"Cocoanuts are fourpence each, oranges a half-penny, and apples a farthing," said the fruiterer. "I have just twenty-pence," said the customer. "Please make me up twenty." How many of each did he get?

ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS.

Alphabetical Bible Names. (June 1).

(By Dora Howell.)

1. Orpah.
2. Priscilla.
3. Quartus.
4. Rhoda.
5. Samson.
6. Timothy.
7. Uriah.

(No. 7 should be Uzzah, but Uriah is a correct answer.)

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.

To Dot Moore, Armidale, for the 20th (14); to May Mallyon, for the 21st (17).

(Dot and May, we all wave you our loving greetings. May Dot grow bigger, and may May blossom into greater sweetness than ever! And will you both please read and remember Proverbs 3:3?—Uncle B.)

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

Our Niece from Wagga.

Clarice Margaret Johnstone, Flinders-st., Wagga Wagga, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have been thinking of writing to you for a long time. Will you have me for one of your nieces? I will be twelve years old on the 8th of June. I have one little brother, five years of age. He has just started school, and he says he will soon be able to write to you. We have had some nice rain up here; everything looks nice now. Mother went to hear you when you were in Wagga last year. I hope I shall see you when you visit Wagga again. I would very much like to have your photo. if you have one to spare. I will close my letter now, with best wishes from your new niece.

(Dear Clarice Margaret,—Do you like Clarice or Maggie better? Of course we are very pleased to have you. Wagga is a fine town to live in, especially in winter. I wish I were there this week. It is shivery down here. When I come to Wagga again I do hope I shan't miss you, Clarice—no, I mean Maggie—no, I mean Clarice Margaret. Did you have a real jolly birthday? How nice to be 12. A round dozen! And now for your 'teens. I hope you will grow gooder and gooder every year. I am going to hunt for some of those photos, and if there is one to spare for you and a few others, out they will go.—Uncle B.)

The Precentor to Visit Mill Hill Road.

Dora Howell, 11 Ben Eden-street, Waverley, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I enjoyed the very encouraging sermon I heard last Sunday night. It ought to make us very hopeful about the future. We are going to have the Precentor at Bible Class next Tuesday night, so I look forward to an enjoyable evening, and then perhaps I may have something to write about, for I can't think of anything to say at present. I enclose a photo, and am looking anxiously forward to the appearance of yours. With love to aunts and cousins.—Your affectionate "niece."

(Dear Dora,—I wish you would tell us something about that encouraging sermon.

You have made us all curious. I wonder if the Precentor will explain to you the meaning of "a joyful noise" in Psalm 100? Are church-bells a joyful noise? And the Army drum? and the Sheffield Choir? And the tramp of little feet? What would you say is a joyful noise? Many thanks for your pretty picture, which will smile from this page in a few weeks.—Uncle B.)

Where Are Motor-cars Mentioned in the Bible?

"Milcie," Castlereagh-street, Liverpool, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Isn't it in the first chapter of the Book of Ezekiel that flying-machines are described? And isn't Nahum, 2-4, the verse which tells of motor-cars? We have had some very heavy frosts here lately. I found ice about half an inch thick on the water yesterday. Isn't it lovely to think that all the mystery as to who is Uncle B. or not will soon be cleared up? There will be many surprised cousins then, won't there?—although I think nearly all of them know who Uncle B. is.

We haven't very many flowers out at present. I put some stock plants in last week. Well, I must bring this short letter to a close, with love to all my cousins and to yourself.

(Dear Milcie,—I don't think Ezekiel I. can be the place the old man meant, though your guess is a very shrewd one. You are right about the motor-car text. Yes, I think it is about time that Uncle B.'s picture, and no nonsense, appeared in "Grit." There will be a few surprised ones I expect. I love the good old stocks. I think if I lived nearer to Liverpool, I should want a Stock Exchange. Keep a sharp look-out for Jack Frost, or he will paint your flower-beds black.—Uncle B.)

The New Minister is "Alright."

Grace Hawkins, "Wyville," Cooma, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I have not got time to write you a long letter, but as I have written the copy of my essay out I will send you these few lines. Our new minister, Mr. Fullerton, is a very nice man, and is going to come and give instruction at the school. Oh, I forgot about the rooster. I think the best way would be to cut his head off and have him for Sunday's dinner. Hoping you will excuse scribble and this short note.—I remain, your fond niece.

(Dear Grace,—I liked your essay. You are quite right about that bird. That's the way to settle him. Only will you please do the butchering. I am afraid of soiling my coat. Write and tell about the snow.—Uncle B.)

BOOKLET ON "HEALTHFUL LIVING" POSTED FREE.

VEGETARIAN CAFE,

45 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

WHEN A MAN'S OUT OF A JOB.

All Nature is sick from her heels to her hair,
W'en a feller is out of a job;
She is all out of kilter and out of repair,
W'en a feller is out of a job;
Ain't no juice in the earth an' no salt in the sea,
Ain't no ginger in life in this land of the free,
An' the Universe ain't what it's cracked up to be,
W'en a feller is out of a job.

W'at's the good of blue skies, an' of blossoming trees,
W'en a feller is out of a job?
W'en your boy hez large patches on both of his knees,
An' a feller is out of a job?
Them patches, I say, look so big in your eye
That they shut out the lan'scape an' cover the sky,
An' the sun can't shine through 'em the best it can try,
W'en a feller is out of a job.

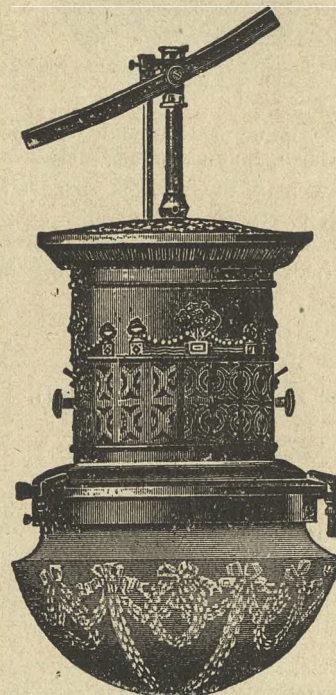
W'en a man has no part in the work of the earth,
W'en a feller is out of a job;
He feels the whole blundering mistake of his birth,
W'en a feller is out of a job;
He feels he's no share in the whole of the plan,
That he's not the mitten from Natur's own han',
That he's a rejected and left-over man,
W'en a feller is out of a job.

For you've jest lost your holt with the rest of the crowd,
W'en a feller is out of a job;
An' you feel like a dead man with nary a shroud,
W'en a feller is out of a job.
You're crawling around, but you're out of the game;
You may hustle about, but you're dead just the same—
You're dead with no tombstone to puff up your name,
W'en a feller is out of a job.

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NO-LICENSE IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE ALLEGED ORGIE AT INVERCARGILL.

Some time ago a highly colored account of an alleged orgie in a park at Invercargill was sent out by the "Southland Times." Of course the papers that published this did not explain that, such as it was, it was the result of License, not of No-License, for the liquor was bought in the License district of Awarua.

In presiding at a meeting addressed by Mr. Poole, M.P., in Invercargill, the mayor, Mr. W. A. Ott, said that No-License had been an unqualified success. They had been told that it would ruin the town, but instead of that Invercargill was progressing more rapidly than it had ever done before. . . . Commenting on the amount of building going on since No-License, Mr. Ott said that this year probably £100,000 would be spent in this way.

Mr. Ott concluded by saying that there was no chance whatever of Invercargill going back to License again.

In regard to the "orgie," Mr. Ott said:—"In connection with the keg parties, the fact was invariably overlooked that the liquor consumed was obtained from Licensed areas. . . . The statements of the 'Southland Times' had been considerably exaggerated. . . . Keg drinking was confined to a small band, who were a nuisance to the community."

All reliable enquiries in No-License districts go to show that though its true that there is usually a small band that goes on drinking, the excessive drinking is confined to an infinitely smaller number than under License. In Invercargill there were 16 bars prior to No-License, all full every night. Worse drunkenness took place every night than the famous orgie.

NO-LICENSE AT LAWRENCE

SEVERELY TESTED.

A TRIUMPH SCORED BOTH IN REGARD TO ACCOMMODATION AND SOBRIETY.

Some of the good folk at Lawrence, which town, being in the Bruce electorate, is under No-License, conceived the happy idea of a re-union of the old miners of the Tuapeka gold rush. The idea was splendidly carried out, but the test of No-License was a very severe one, both as to accommodation and as to the capacity of the reform to ensure sobriety under trying circumstances.

That the No-License policy has emerged triumphant from this severe double test is amply shown by the following letter published in the "Evening Star" of May 25, and based upon the reports of that paper, whose policy is against No-License.

This happy result should be well quoted and published in every paper and every town of Australasia, for it is proof positive

of the value of No-License. Every one can contrast for himself what would have happened had Lawrence been a licensed place with seven public-houses as formerly. One publican, looking regretfully at the crowd, was heard to mournfully remark, "I would have given £100 for a license just for this one week." He knew well what would have happened. In addition to the matter in the letter below, I should like to make a quotation from the Otago "Daily Times" report. This paper, equally with the "Evening Star," is absolutely opposed to No-License, hence the testimony as to success is from the pens of our enemies, not from the pens or lips of partizans.

The "Times" on May 24:—"The pioneers are all very comfortably provided for; in fact, some say they are so well off and are enjoying themselves so much, that they will be very loath to leave. The committee which has in hand the arrangements for the care of the visitors, has every reason to be proud of what it has accomplished in this respect."

It really was a notable feat for so small a town (about 1000 population) to put up nearly 1500 visitors. Another point that the reports make plain is that there was no lack of life and go and jollity in the celebrations, everything went with a swing, and evidently liquor is not necessary to jollity and good fellowship—as a matter of fact, it spoils these. I am told by some who were present that No-License made hundreds of converts at Lawrence last week.

Mr. G. B. Nicholls writes:—"I will confess that I looked forward with some misgiving to the great gathering of miners in Lawrence this week. The coming together of (on the 'Evening Star' correspondent's estimate) nearly 1500 friends from all parts of New Zealand in that one little town was surely as severe a test as could be imagined of the efficiency of No-License. Had there been either lack of good accommodation or any drunkenness or rowdiness much would have been made of it, and now that No-License has triumphed in a double sense, it must be a matter of great joy to every advocate of that policy in Australasia who realises how great the triumph is. No one will accuse the 'Evening Star' of being anxious to make out a good case for No-License, yet this is the report of their correspondent, published in the issue of May 23, 1911:—'As confirming my previous message that the gathering is conspicuously orderly, I may mention that the constable on duty last night says that not only were there no arrests, but he did not see one man "under the influence," as the phrase goes. It may be urged as a partial explanation that Tuapeka is under No-License. This is quite true, but those who want a nip can generally find where to get it. The principal cause of the general sobriety is that the men are volun-

tarily and generally sober.' Now, I do not wish to impeach the sobriety of the visitors to Lawrence—I glory in it—but I do ask all common-sense readers: Is it in the least probable that in a licensed district there would be hundreds, probably thousands, of old friendships renewed, after years of separation, and the usual sobriety not break down under the present absurd shouting system? No person acquainted with life as it is could suppose so for a moment. The fact is that even though certain persons have probably taken with themselves to Lawrence a stock of liquor to give away, the shouting system proper cannot operate, because those to whom it is given have not the liquor to shout back, and they have too much pride to soak at another man's expense. This has always happened in a No-License area, but the present is the most severe test so far. The Accommodation Committee, I understand, have provided for 380 people at a common rate of 1s. 6d. per bed and per meal, and on every hand nothing but praise is heard of the quality of the commissariat and the comforts of the arrangements. Thus the accommodation has emerged triumphant, as well as the steadying power of there being no licenses, and consequently no shouting system."

Truth will out, and the correspondent of the "Evening Star" at Lawrence, in his notes in Friday's issue, supports Mr. Nicholls up to the hilt in the attitude he has taken up, and shows that the officials at Lawrence do so too. He said, in part:—"Members of the committee, when caught in a confidential mood, readily admit that No-License was an immense help to the success of the gathering. . . . The point about the matter is that these old chaps can't take much now. A little bowls them over. And if there had been promiscuous shouting during the jubilee there is no saying what would have happened. That is how the thoughtful people of Lawrence view the matter. As things turned out, all the visitors enjoyed themselves, and go away without any regrets." That is what we of the No-License party want. We wish all to have a good time and none to have any regrets. If liquor is freely circulated some, in having a so-called good time, spoil the pleasure of others, and there are many, alas! useless, regrets. We honor the pioneers; it is the dishonoring drink that we spurn.

"What instrument did your wife use to inflict those wounds on your head?" asked a magistrate of an Irishman, who was charging his wife with assault. "A motty, yer 'anner," replied the man. "A what?" "A motty." "A 'motty?" What is a 'motty?" "Why, a 'motty,' yer 'anner," explained the complainant, "is one of them picture-frames wid 'Therr's no place like 'ome' in it!"

Binks: "Where I spent my holidays this year the thermometer dropped to zero." Jinks: "That's nothing." Binks: "What's nothing?" Jinks: "Why, zero!"

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This is Where You Laugh.



Business System in the Home.—"My husband amuses me," says the hostess, "by the excuses he has for being detained down town of evenings. Sometimes I can almost hear his brain working out an excuse as he tiptoes up the stairs." "My husband," says the caller, "is different. He is a very systematic man, you know, and some time ago he wrote out a list of various excuses and numbered them. Now, when he comes in he just calls up the stairs, 'Number four,' or 'Number twenty,' or whatever the number may be."

Reflections of a Philosopher.—It doesn't help a burglar much to break into society:—The schoolboy invariably objects when his teacher regards his ruler not as an end in itself, but as a means to an end.—The average man isn't much better off than a moth when he finds himself alone with an old flame.—The only trouble with a fleet of airships appears to be that they will never be of use in battle until they have taken to flight.—In these days of revised versions, the philosopher would suggest that he laughs best whose laughs lasts."

A Defect.—A sceptic was contending before a minister that the work of the Creator was manifestly imperfect. "Have you not yourself," he asked, "noted defects in the human organism, for instance, and thought of better contrivances?" To his delight there was the frank reply, "Why, yes, I really think I have." "In what respect?" "Why," drawled the parson, "you see, when I want to shut out anything disagreeable from my sight, I can draw down my eyelids, and it's all done but, unfortunately, I haven't any flaps to my ears." Free conversation ceased at about that point.—"Christian Guardian."

A Mistake.—Tommy de Peyster: "My brother made ugly faces at you yesterday, and you didn't darst to fight. You pretended you didn't notice 'im." Eddie Tuffnut: "I didn't either. I thought they was natural."

"Boy, has the cashier told you what you are to do in the afternoon?" asked an employer of his new office boy. "Yes, sir, I am to wake him as soon as I see you coming!" replied the boy innocently.

Limit Overstepped.—Wife (displaying a large lampshade recently purchased): "Isn't that perfectly lovely, my dear? And it only cost twenty-seven and sixpence!" Husband (severely): "If you wear that to church tomorrow you'll go alone. There's a limit to everything, including hats!"

Probably the Litany.—Margot's first appearance at Sunday-school was under the wing of her Episcopalian cousin. On her return she was asked how she liked Sunday-school. "It did not amount to much," was her verdict. "A man got up and read something out of a book, and every time he stopped, the children all growled at him."

The "Voice."—A peer, anxious to prove to his audience that he was descended from some civic dignitary who held office in the City of London centuries ago, began, "You have all heard, I suppose, of Dick Whittington—thrice Lord Mayor of London. (Loud cheers.) Well, I am not descended from him, but—" "From his cat," piped out the voice at the back of the hall, and the ensuing tumult of laughter denied the audience the pleasure of learning what post his ancestor had occupied.

Domestic Economy.—It was a domestic economy lesson, and little Emily was asked to write a short reply as to the best way to keep milk from turning sour. Her answer was certainly brief and decidedly to the point. It ran: "You should leave it in the cow."

Biddy (to car-driver, who has been cursing on the woes of his "distressful country"): "Will ye have some water with the whisky?" Car-driver: "Sure, I will not! Would ye be addin' to me other troubles?"

Mother (reprovingly): "That hole wasn't in your jacket, yesterday, Jimmie." Jimmie: "Then where was it, mother?"

A gentleman, who was no longer young, and who never had been handsome, said to a little girl in the presence of her parents: "Well, my dear, what do you think of me?" The child made no reply, and the gentleman continued: "You don't tell me. Why don't you?" "Cause I don't want to get whipped!" whispered the child at length.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Smith told us, "my husband is an enthusiastic archaeologist. And I never knew it till yesterday. I found in his desk some queer-looking tickets with the inscription 'Mudhorse, 8 to 1.' And when I asked him what they were, he explained to me that they were relics of a lost race. Isn't it interesting?"

A miserly old gentleman pulled up his horse and trap at the door of a shop and beckoned to a seedy-looking man who was singing in the street. "Here, hold my horse a minute!" he said. The singer stopped in the middle of a verse and came to the animal's head. When the old gentleman came out of the shop he gave the man a half-penny, and then lost no time in scrambling into the trap. The recipient, having gazed at the coin for a moment, jumped on to the step. "Take it back, sir," he said tragically; "it means ruin to you!" "What do you say?" thundered the old gentleman. "Ah," was the solemn reply, "once I was just like you! I'd heaps of money, and threw it about like water—an' look at me now! Ain't I a hobject-lesson? Keep your wealth! I scorn to rob yer!"

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For Fathers and Mothers.

KEEPING THE SHADOWS FROM CHILDREN.

When away visiting, Catharine, my five-year-old daughter, was taken to Sunday-school. In the early part of that night her mother, who an hour before had put Catharine to bed, heard sobbings and a cry. Hurrying upstairs to her bed she asked: "What is the matter?"

"Oh, mamma, I've been thinking of a terrible word, I've been thinking of 'die.' What if you or papa should die?"

After lovingly quieting the troubled child, the mother pondered. What had caused this new fear? Never before had "die" troubled this little thinker. Why should the shadow of the grave now fall over her childish musings? Here is the solution: The child had attended Sunday-school that day; the lesson had been "The Death and Burial of Jacob."

The question I wish to ask primary teachers is this: Is it wise to present pictures of death, to throw the shadow of the grave upon the infant mind? In reading fairy stories and repeating Mother Goose rhymes my own practice with reference to one little girl has been to avoid all that is horrible. When her dear aunt died we took her neither to the coffin nor to the grave. All she needed to know was that we all fade and pass away like the leaf and the flower, and that the Father of us all takes us to heaven, if we are good. Here is an imaginative child; why trouble her with details that shall weave themselves into a tangled web of torturing dreams? If even the mature mind with all its philosophy and faith shudders in the presence of death, what must be the feelings of the child when a rude hand has thrust it into the chill shadow of the grave? It is true we cannot shield a child from all trouble, nor is it wise to do so. But, on the other hand, is it not equally unwise to force trouble upon a child? Why thrust the idea of death upon a child?

"A simple child

That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of 'death'?"

Nor should the child-mind be confronted with thrilling descriptions of the sufferings of Christ on the cross. When little children were brought to the Master, He blessed them. They needed no warnings, no tale of suffering. I even imagine that Christ would prefer to be known to the child as the Babe in the manger rather than as the suffering God. The Bible is the book of life, not of death. It abounds in material for the wholesome instruction of the child without need of burying Jacobs or hanging Hamans. Such knowledge can come later. There is a period in early childhood when the child-mind is in danger of getting into a state of bewilderment. The transition from babyhood into childhood brings with it a sense of mystery, of solitude, of visions that confuse, and of dreams that terrify.

The usual is the unusual, and the whole world is wonderful fairyland in which chaos is as potent as law. As I recollect my own childhood I recall a period in which my dreams had a terrifying mysteriousness, a wonderful vastness and infinite vagueness such as the dreams of boyhood and manhood have never had.

I do not mean to imply that primary teachers are tactless. Their work is difficult. Someone has said it is easier to get a good President of the United States than a good college president. May we not say that it is far easier to find a good superintendent of a Sunday-school than to find a good teacher of the little children? Yet they do exist—women with all the gentleness of the dove and the wisdom of the mother-heart. The pity of it all is that even the wisest of us may be an unconscious torturer of the child. During the hot summer when Catharine was but three years of age she slept in the sitting-room. In the room hanging just above her bed, was a large copy of Carlo Dolci's "Mater Doloroso." Out of the shadows looks a mournful face with great appealing eyes of sorrow.

"Mamma," called the child one evening, after she had been lying alone for a half-hour in the late twilight, "I wish you would take that picture to some other room."

"You do not like it, do you?" answered her mother.

"No, when I lie here in the evenings, I sink (think), and I sink, and I sink."

"Deep is the solitude of those," says De Quincey, "who, fighting with doubts and darkness, have none to counsel them. But deeper than the deepest of these solitudes is that which broods over childhood."—Professor Edwin Watts Chubb.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, a writer in "Royal Road" says, he can't lead a prayer-meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher, but he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way, and in a boy's place. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb, and yell like a real boy. But in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. And above all things, he ought now and then to show his colors. He

need not always be interrupting a game to say that he is a Christian; but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God, or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence.

BE WHAT YOUR MOTHER THINKS YOU ARE.

Whilst walking down a crowded city street the other day,

I heard a little urchin to a comrade turn and say:

"Say, Jimmie, lemme tell youse I'd be happy as a clam

"If I only wuz de feller dat me mudder t'inks I am.

"She t'inks I am a wonder an' she knows 'her little lad'

"Could never mix wit' nothin' dat wuz ugly, mean, or bad.

"Oh, lots o' times I sit an' t'ink how nice 'twould be, gee whiz!

"If a feller wuz de feller dat his mudder t'inks he is!"

My friend, be yours a life of toil or undiluted joy,

You still can learn a lesson from this small, unlettered boy.

Don't aim to be an earthly saint, with eyes fixed on a star;

Just try to be the fellow that your mother thinks you are.

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