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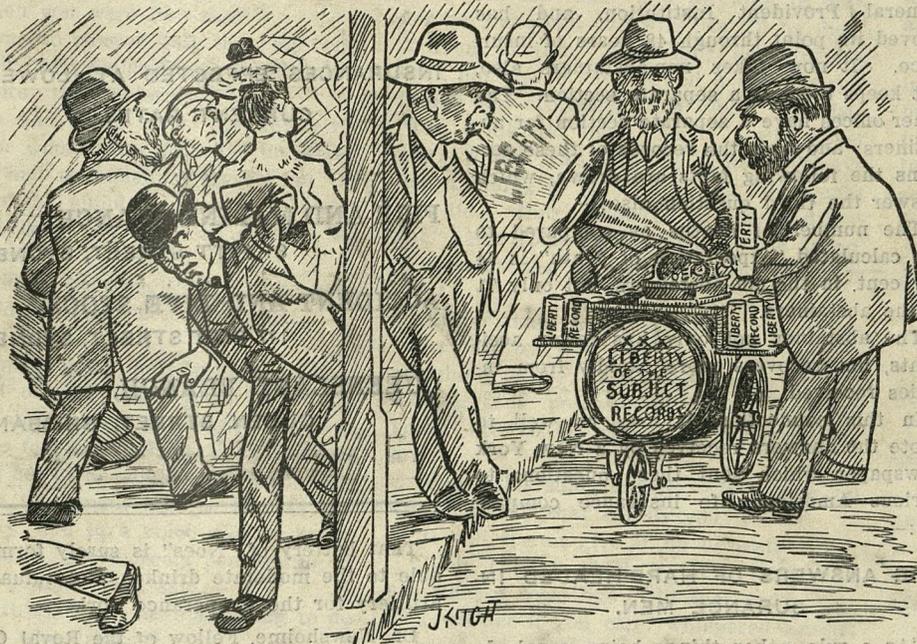
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1909

Price One Penny



Passer by: "Change the tune, Mister."
Weary Willie: "Don't worry him, mate; it is a bit badly worn, but it is the only one he has since his revenue record got broken."

The Liberty of the Subject

From whence springs the talk about "personal liberty," in regard to alcoholic prohibition. When all else fails, when the opponent of prohibition has not any longer an argumentative leg on which to stand, he falls back upon the high-sounding and meaningless phrase, "personal liberty."

In what else has he the liberty of person about which he declaims? What does he do that is not regulated by civic, moral, or conventional law?

He wears clothing? Certainly; he is a creature of the conventional law. He pays his debts? Why, of course; he follows the moral law. He does not kill his girl children when they do not suit him, as fathers

do in China. He abides by the civil statute as well as by the moral and conventional law. He is not allowed to buy prussic acid, cocaine, or nitroglycerine at will, not because he would kill himself or others with it, but because he comes under the law of prevention, the safeguard of society. And it is therefore for that very reason that he should be prevented from buying alcoholic poison, not because he will become a drunkard and kill his family, either by inches or with an axe, but because the law, been unable to discriminate legislates against him as well as the one who might do all these things.

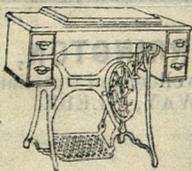
Every man who tries to buy nitroglycer-

ine does not mean to blow up a railroad station filled with people, but the law can take no chances.

There is no one left, that is, no person of standing or one whose word carries weight, who attempts longer to deny the moral as well as fundamental and economic wrong in the liquor traffic; and the only real opposition to nation-wide prohibition lies in the forces of capital invested in saloons, breweries, and distilleries, and the moderate (?) drinker who insists upon "personal liberty," and who is at the same time a slave to this habit.

THE LIMITS OF FREE ACTION.

Mr. W. M. Hughes, M.H.R., in a recent article in the "Daily Telegraph," said:—"But with many men the desire to do things which they think right or pleasant is strong enough—though it stops short of action—to make them bear their chains with impatience. To the vast majority of men, however—all indeed save an abnormal few—the necessity for the exercise of restraint of some kind by society upon individuals is recognised. Generally men who denounce restrictions imposed by the community upon them do so, not because they are opposed to restrictions per se—only the philosophical anarchist takes up this attitude—but that they object to those restrictions which society has found it necessary to impose in order to ensure the freedom of others. The restriction of the right of the free man to 'wallop his own nigger' led to the greatest war in modern times, and of that to employ free men, women, and little children long hours under conditions dangerous to life and destructive of physical, moral, and mental health, for a pittance barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, was responsible for a struggle that has not yet ceased. Were these fights to uphold freedom? Emphatically no! They were fights to perpetuate slavery but it is quite true that men thus engaged declared themselves to be fighting for freedom, and many people hav-



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WILLIAM WHITE — Redfern and Newtown

ing no interest to serve believed them. Some do so still; but very few. The vast majority know to the contrary. So we see that it is not sufficient for a man to declare himself a champion of liberty to prove his claim to such a title. Nor does the declara-

tion of such a one that his fellows are slaves prove them to be so. For in many cases it happens that these are not only free men themselves, but strongly desirous also that all others may be as free as they."

Alcohol and Long Life

By HELEN ROSS LAIRD.

Dr. Eccles, Assistant Surgeon in St. Barnabas' Hospital, London, and medical officer of a large life insurance office, has recently written a very interesting and convincing monograph on the question of alcohol as affecting life insurance. He asks and answers three questions:—

1. Does the excessive use of alcohol tend to shorten life?
2. Does alcohol, taken in moderation, affect the probability of a long life?
3. Do total abstainers show distinctly greater longevity than any other class of the community?

As to the first question, one great life insurance company has for the last 34 years required a larger premium on the lives of "beer-shop" keepers, licensed victuallers, and their servants. It has been their experience that those engaged in the liquor business, and the bar-keepers, barmaids, labourers, and so forth, are apt to drink to excess, and for that reason alone are found to be very bad risks. Twice in the thirty-four years they have raised the rate, finding the mortality too large even for the higher premiums, and for the last 12 years it has been at a tremendously high rate.

STATISTICS UNEMOTIONAL TESTIMONY.

The second question has required careful statistics over a long period of years to clear it up. But it is now so sure that moderate drinking tends to shorten life that almost every large life insurance company in England, and many of the accident companies, give a reduction of premium of from five to ten per cent. to total abstainers. This is the more striking because the first total abstainer who ever tried to insure in a London office was asked to pay an increased premium. His name was Robert Warner, and he was a young Quaker. He applied in 1840, and was told that he must pay higher rates, since it was at that time believed by life insurance men that abstin-

ence was not good for the health. Robert Warner was no milksop, but a strong man. He declined to accept their terms, and went home and organised an insurance company, with other Quakers as backers, for abstainers only. It is now the well-known United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, and has proved its point through 48 years of insurance. It now takes non-abstainers also, but keeps them in a separate section. The other offices have a separate section for abstainers; and from the records of these sections the following facts are drawn, which answer the third question also:—

The number of deaths as compared to the calculated "expectation of death" is 94 per cent. in the non-abstainers, but only 71 in the abstainers.

The abstainer not only has fewer accidents, but recovers more rapidly from injuries received.

In this connection, it may be well to quote the answers received by a New York newspaper which sent these questions to various American life insurance companies:—

THE ANSWERS OF HARD-HEADED INSURANCE MEN.

"As a rule, other things being equal, do you consider the habitual user of intoxicating beverages as good an insurance risk as the total abstainer? If not, why not?"

- The answers were:—
- No. Drink diseases the system.
 - No. Drink is destructive to health.
 - No. Less vitality and recuperative power.
 - No. Use tends to shorten life.
 - No. Drink cuts short life expectation.
 - No. Drink shortens life.
 - No. Drink is dangerous to health and longevity.
 - No. Predisposes to disease.
 - No. Reduces expectation of life to nearly two-thirds.

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CAPITAL £1,500,000

Subscribed Capital	£1,500,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserves	735,000
Net Revenue for 1908	647,300
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QUEENSLAND BRANCH,

QUEEN STREET, BRISBANE.

That battery of "Noes" is surely formidable to the moderate drinker, and valuable artillery for the temperance worker.

Dr. Newsholme, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and Health Examiner for the University of Cambridge, is the author of an article on "Alcohol and Public Health," which gathers up the statistics of many benefit societies, and shows that they give the same results as the insurance tables. He considers that the chief evil wrought by alcohol is not the shortening of life alone, but the making of it inefficient and diseased. Illness and insanity and suicide all come in the train of drink, and poverty and alcohol are close companions.

For long life, then, a man must part company early with alcohol. For health, the teetotaler has the constant advantage. For prosperity and a sound mind, the abstainer has a far better chance. Alcohol is against long life, health, and happiness—and those who hope for a successful career and a good old age cannot afford even the most moderate habit of drink.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

R. Gillespie, W. Cooper, School of Arts, Smithtown.

"No Man Cared for my Soul"

THE STORY OF A GREAT CONFLICT.

By H. J. STANLEY.

The soft haze of a summer morning was just melting into the full radiance of noon-day on the borders of the great moorland.

The golden tints of the gorse blossom and the deep green of the young bracken, the distant glint of azure blue sea, combined to make a picture of great beauty.

Groups of soldiers scattered here and there, and the occasional puff of smoke from a rifle gave life and activity to the scene.

Private Halsall, otherwise known as "Chris," had found the kindly shade of a hawthorn bush, and he and one of the other men left in charge of baggage lay under its shelter and talked in subdued tones.

"What was it she said?" asked Chris, with an anxious tone in his voice.

"I've told you once," retorted the other. "She said, 'Do you think I will have anything to do with a man who drinks?'"

"What a fool you were, Chris, to speak to her when you were like that!"

There was no answer, only the deep crimson flushed Chris Halsall's face, and fading left it whiter than before.

He who had never cared for any girl's opinion, for whom town girls had no attraction now, had no sunshine in life but the sunshine of a simple country maiden's smile, and truly the sun was clouded for him just now!

"Why had he been such a fool?" he wondered. And the scene stood out clearly before his mind.

The group of noisy, half-drunken soldiers coming out of the public-house, the frightened look on the face of the girl who was passing, the foolish impulse that made Chris go and join her as he would have done when sober, then the horror on her face as she turned away, and in a voice clearly heard by all the men, yet scarcely penetrating to Chris's bewildered brain, said:—

"Do you think I will have anything to do with a man who drinks?"

It was a relief when the order was given for the men to return to barracks, and work put an end to thought; a still greater relief when, the day's work being ended, Chris was able to go down towards the village to put right, if possible, what was wrong.

It was a glorious evening! The after-glow of crimson and gold in the sky struck Chris with a new sense of wonder and awe, how beautiful the world was! Strange that he had never noticed it before!

He had not gone very far when the sight of a lilac print dress in a field near the road attracted his attention, and in another moment he had vaulted the gate and stood beside her whom he was seeking.

"Lassie," he said, and she looked up with her old smile of welcome, for the moment forgetting all but the joy of seeing him again; while his eyes rested on her in loving admiration. Yes, she was fair to look upon, with the soft brown hair clustering in curls round a broad white forehead, and dark eyes, stady, and trustful, and pure.

"Lassie, there's no one in the world half as pretty as you!"

She laughed and blushed a little then the shadow seemed to deepen in her eyes as she said:—

"Oh, Chris, I'm afraid!—afraid for you and me!"

"Why?" he answered. "You surely don't

need to be afraid! I love you and you love me, and we've got the whole world before us!"

She shook her head, and, after a moment's hesitation whispered:—"I'm afraid—of the drink!"

Again the crimson flush mounted to Chris Halsall's face as he said hastily:—

"Surely there's no harm in a fellow having a drop sometimes; you wouldn't have me a miserable, pale-faced teetotaler, would you? Why, there isn't a man in the regiment worth calling one who doesn't drink! It makes a fellow strong and manly.

"No, Chris, it doesn't! It makes him a brute! My father drank, and I know what it made him; he was kind enough when sober, but when he was drunk I've seen him take my mother by the hair and drag her round the room, and threaten to murder her; she had an awful life till he died!

"Look at this," she said, and turning back her sleeve she showed a great purple bruise that stretched from elbow to wrist! "The drink did that! No! I will never marry a man who takes it. I wouldn't have had anything to do with you if I'd thought you did. But I thought you were different." Her voice grew wistful as she added, "I thought you were better than the other men!"

"Better than the other men!" No, Chris knew only too well that it was not so, but somehow as he heard the words a wild longing took possession of him to live a better life, to be worthy of her whom he loved.

"Well," he said, huskily, "if I give up drinking, will that satisfy you?"

"It will if you give it up altogether."

"Well, I won't touch it for a week, and see what it feels like; will that do?"

"I wonder if you can," whispered Lassie. A great dread filled her heart, for had she not seen her father try and try to get away from it only to fail!

"Of course, I can," said Chris; "that's easy enough."

Slowly the days of that week passed away.

"Easy enough!" Chris had said, but each day it seemed to become harder.

Everyone else seemed to be going to the canteen continually, and at times an awful desire to go with them came to him. An overpowering thirst assailed him every evening, and duty detaining him in the barracks, he was unable to go out with Lassie.

Often Chris found himself arguing, "Where was the harm of it? It was only a girl's fad!" Yet even as he said it he knew it was a real determination on her part, and that it must be "Lassie or the drink—the drink or Lassie."

At last the week was over; eagerly he went down the sweet-scented lanes to meet her, and presently hand in hand they wandered along, all else forgotten but the joy of being together.

As Chris returned to the barracks there was a happy light in his eyes, and a song on his lips; he was singing to himself:—

"I love a Lassie,
A bonnie, bonnie Lassie,
She's as sweet as the lily in the dell."

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Then, just before reaching the gates he muttered, "I couldn't live without Lassie, and for her sake I'll never touch the drink again."

Alas! for good resolutions. The men in his room had determined to get Chris back to his old ways; they didn't at all approve of the change in him, and as he entered the gates some of them met him and said, "Come along, Chris, there's just time for a drink before the canteen closes."

"No," he answered resolutely, "I'm never going to touch it again!"

"Well, at any rate, come and stand us drinks, just to show you've no ill will!"

"I don't mind doing that," said Chris, hesitatingly. "Come along, then."

A few minutes later he was ordering drinks for all except himself.

Who was it who placed a glass of whisky and hot water in front of him? How was it that as the smell of it rose up into his nostrils the glass was suddenly lifted to his lips and quickly drained?

Who shall say? But from that hour evil and good fought for the soul of Chris Halsall with an awful conflict, and it was an unequal fight, for there were many around to hinder, and none to help; alone Chris had to meet the temptation, and behind it was the power of the evil one himself.

"We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers," and there was none at hand to tell Chris of the all-sufficient power of a loving, living Saviour, Whose "strength is made perfect in weakness." None to give him the message that has been the hope and salvation of many a needy sinner. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus for He shall save His people from their sins!"

Day by day Chris faltered and wavered. When with Lassie good resolutions were formed and kept for a day or two, then the old craving came over him which he was powerless to resist.

At last the awful conflict seemed too great to be borne; he must tell Lassie about it, and not deceive her any more. It was with white lips Chris whispered:—

"I can't do it, Lassie. I can't keep away from the drink. I've tried, but I can't. I thought I could, but I know better now.

Lassie's eyes filled with tears as she said:—

"Don't say that, Chris; have you taken any lately?"

(To be Concluded.)

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Is No-License a Success?

NINE MAYORS AND M.P.s SAY IT IS.

MR. LESINA'S CHARGES.

HIS STATEMENTS CONTRADICTED.

In May last a cablegram from Brisbane announced the return of Mr. Lesina, a member of the Queensland Assembly, from a visit to New Zealand. In an interview he declared that the New Zealand liquor laws encouraged sly-grog selling, that drunkenness was increasing, and that perjury and corruption had also increased in a remarkable way. Lunacy had developed to an alarming extent, and there was a general disrespect for the law itself. The introduction of liquor into dry districts was steadily increasing. Blackmail, terrorism, and the boycott was flourishing.

Naturally the No-License party in New Zealand took strong exception to the above statements, and have taken steps to secure a refutation of them. Yesterday Mr. G. B. Nicholls handed to us the following statement, which is self explanatory:—

We, the undersigned, being mayors or members of the House of Representatives for towns or electorates under No-License in New Zealand, desire, on behalf of our respective towns or districts, to emphatically contradict the statements attributed to Mr. Lesina, (a member of the Queensland Assembly) in a cable message published in the New Zealand Press of May 12 and 13, 1909. Mr. Lesina, who is stated to have just visited New Zealand, is quoted in the cable message referred to as saying:—

(a) "The New Zealand liquor laws encouraged sly grog-selling."—Answer: There is no law in New Zealand that encourages sly grog-selling. The police in the areas we severally represent do their utmost to suppress it. Any sly grog-selling that exists is on such a small scale, and to such safe buyers that the police find it difficult to obtain evidence of a sale at all.

(b) "That drunkenness is increasing."—Answer: As regards the No-License districts with which we are respectively connected, this statement is absolutely false. Drunkenness is now comparatively rare in our towns and districts.

(c) "That perjury and corruption have increased in a remarkable way."—Answer: It is utterly false to say that perjury and corruption are any worse in No-License districts than in license districts.

(d) "Lunacy has developed to an alarm-

ing extent."—Answer: To infer that No-License has been followed by an increase of lunacy is the very summit of absurdity.

(e) "The introduction of liquor into 'dry' areas is steadily increasing."—Answer: There is no evidence of this, and we believe it to be untrue.

(f) "Blackmail, terrorism, and boycott are flourishing."—Answer: This charge is also without foundation in fact.

The whole statement may, in short, be classed as absurd. Our No-License towns are at least as peaceful, and our people as honourable, as is the case in any license towns, either in the Dominion of New Zealand or elsewhere.

Signed:

James Anderson, M.P. for Maitland Electorate.

William Baker, Acting Mayor of Gore.

Andrew Balneaves, Mayor Maitland (town).

Charles Longuet, Mayor Invercargill.

Robert Milligan, Mayor Oamaru.

J. A. Hannan, M.P., Invercargill.

Alex. S. Malcolm, M.P., Clutha.

John Miller, Chairman Town Board, Wyndham.

Geo. Jones, Hon., M.L.C., Oamaru.

Also endorsed unanimously by a public meeting of 800 citizens at Ashburton, the mayor in the chair.—Dunedin "Star."

A MODEST REQUEST.

"Please, mum," said the tramp, "would you be so kind as to let me have a needle and thread?"

"Well, yes," said the housewife at the door. "I can let you have that."

"And could you oblige me with a small piece of stuff to patch my clothes?"

"Oh, yes, I think I can manage that. Will this do?"

"Thankee very much, mum. It's a little different from my suit, I see. Perhaps, mum, you could spare me some of your husband's old clothes that this patch will match?"

"Well, I declare; you're clever my man; and I'll give you an old suit. Here is one."

"Thankee kindly, mum. I see it's a little large, mum; but if you'll kindly furnish me with a good square meal, mebbe I can fill it out."

THE RAW MATERIAL OF HAPPINESS.

(By the Rev. W. L. WATKINSON.)

How ingenious children are in getting all possible enjoyment out of the scantiest material and the poorest opportunities! In the great, hard, gloomy city they overcome the difficulties of their situation most cleverly and find their fill of amusement. A strip of green grass with a few daisies is to them a veritable paradise, and they get all the honey out of it, as the city bees do. An iron bar across the corner of a crowded street is a coign of vantage quickly detected, and immediately appropriated for a swing, although it will allow oscillations of only a few inches. A scantling of timber left on any available spot is forthwith converted into a see-saw, and a crowd of little ones raise shouts of laughter for hours together.

A bit of hot, busy pavement is all they ask for an Olympia. A soap-box is deftly transformed into a carriage which carries more joy than any equipage in Rotten Row. A wayside puddle is a rapture to their wild eyes, as the Pacific was in the eyes of Cortez; and no nobleman finds more pleasure in gilded yacht on summer seas than do the little adventurers who follow the fortunes of their paper boats. A skipping-rope, a rough toy, a frail kite, is sufficient to delight them all the summer day. In the advent of an organ-grinder, they realise the Italian opera as few in the theatre do.

We should all be the better were we in mind and heart more like the child, finding joy in the simple, natural things of daily life and duty. If our Master were visibly amongst us once more, He would "put a little child in our midst." The truth and simplicity of soul which find wonder, gratitude, instruction, blessing, in a host of ordinary trifling things are far more rational and admirable than the dull or critical temper which finds pleasure in nothing except it is big and strange, or lavishly painted and gilded. How many agreeable emotions should we get out of the common days and tasks if we had more of the ingenuity, artlessness and enthusiasm of the little child.

NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD THEME.

"Of course, women should vote," said Oliver Herford. "Women deserve the suffrage as much as men—more, because their minds are purer and cleaner."

"Cleaner?" cried the sweet young thing Mr. Herford had taken in to dinner. "Of course, they are, ever and ever so much cleaner! But how do you know that?"

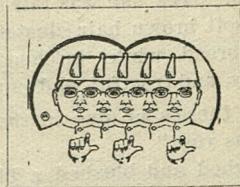
"Because they change them so much oftener," said he, solemnly.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

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Jerdan's system assures to you the expert services of conscientious Opticians and the **BEST** Glasses at a reasonable price. **We Make No Charge for Advice.**

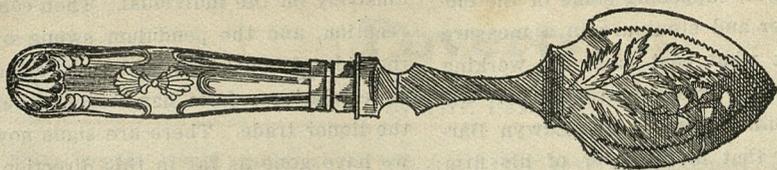


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☞ Talk about People ☞

Clasps and Medals.

Lady Roberts was once visiting the hospitals at the base of military operations in India, and so pleased was she with the untiring labour of the nurses and their devotion to the sick that she said: "I really think that the sisters deserve a medal for this campaign as much as anyone, and I hope they will get one." "I don't know about a medal," said a gallant colonel standing by; "but they are sure, at all events, to get plenty of clasps."

Lord Kitchener as an Orchid Grower.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Indian forces has been described as one whose work is his hobby—a man with no recreation. This, however, is a mistake. For many years past Lord Kitchener has devoted his spare time to gardening, and takes a special interest in orchid culture. There is no more enthusiastic amateur than his lordship, and it is said to be his intention, when he settles down in England, after his visit to Australia, when he resigns his command, to purchase a small estate somewhere within easy distance of London, where there is space to collect orchids on a rather large scale. He will then devote his special attention to the cultivation of many rare Indian specimens but little known in England at the present time.

The Silver-tongued Bishop.

What a lifetime of beautiful speaking a man must have done to earn such a title as that by which Dr. Carpenter, the Bishop of Ripon, is known! As the "silver-tongued Bishop" he is known in England, north, east, west, and south, while his sermons are admitted to be real word pictures.

For 25 years Dr. Boyd Carpenter has been at Ripon, and during that time hundreds of people have attended the beautiful cathedral to hear him preach, while hundreds of sermons have been reported and sent broadcast over the country.

It is of this bishop that the following story is told:—When he was a canon at Windsor, and frequently preaching before the late Queen Victoria, somebody asked him if he did not feel nervous preaching before her Majesty.

"No," replied the Canon, "I know the Queen will be there, the Prince, and the Royal Household, and the servants, down to the scullery-maid—and I preach to the scullery-maid."

It is small wonder that the bishop who progresses along those lines has made such a name as a preacher, and why everybody grants him his title of the "silver-tongued Bishop."

The Amiable Peer.

Earl Grey, who is to complete his full term as Governor-General of Canada, is described as a many-sided man. He has a command of several languages, is a student of political economy, knows his ancient history like a professional archaeologist, has travelled round the globe several times, is a splendid golfer, an excellent musician, and has composed a dozen ballads in the Old English style. His lordship is known as "The Amiable Peer," on account of his almost perpetual smile and charming manner. Although an ardent Imperialist, he is a great advocate of peace.

The Tsar's Mascot.

Amongst the Tsar of Russia's most treasured possessions are some curious coins, which he came by in the following manner. Years ago, a certain Jew dreamed that the spirit of Alexander III. came to him, telling him that certain coins owned by a Jew had the power of shielding the owner from evil, and begging him to give them to the present Tsar.

Impressed by his "vision," he at once despatched the coins, together with a description of his dream, to the Russian Ambassador, who had them taken to Nicholas. The Emperor was delighted with the gift.

The Vagabonds' Club.

The Vagabonds Club, New York, U.S.A., whose members are editors, artists, sculptors and other intellectuals, have a regular Monday noon symposium. An English literary man was an invited guest a few weeks ago, and wrote as follows to an English paper:—

This was not a Temperance meeting. It was simply the usual Monday noon symposium of a very choice fellowship of men of the world. I noted that only two of the company were drinking beverages stronger than water. One gentleman indulged in a glass of ale, another was sipping a glass of wine. Pure water only was consumed by all the rest. I chatted over this fact with my right-hand companion at table, Dr. Dinwiddie, who has been war correspondent for the "New York Herald" and for "Harper's Magazine" in Cuba, in the Philippines, and in Manchuria during the Russo-Japanese conflict, as well as in South Africa during the Boer War. This gentleman said: "Do not infer that all these are actually teetotalers. But almost universally the literary workers of America recognise that they can do their work better by abstaining from alcoholic drinks during the day. If they use any such beverages at all, they do so at

home after the work of the day is over." I find that with the American people generally the conviction has widened and deepened that alcohol is a deadly foe to business efficiency, and that Dr. Dinwiddie's explanation would apply to all classes of the community.

"What sort of an after-dinner speaker is Jones?" "One of those who commence by saying they didn't expect to be called on, and then proceed to demonstrate that they can't be called off!"

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GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1909.

INEBRIATE REFORM DIFFICULTIES.

The experience of Scotland under the Inebriates Act only confirms that of London, and accentuates the fact that the reform homes are only a qualified success. The report of the inspectors on the Scotch institutions for the year 1908 states that of 172 cases of the class known as "Police Court Drunkards," in which the subsequent history of the victims has been traced, only twelve can be described as satisfactory. At the same time, it is noted that as a means of preventing the contamination of others, the Act has been very successful. Probably the failure of the treatment in the other direction arises from the same causes that affect London. The stipendiary of one of the metropolitan courts recently told a representative of "Lloyd's Newspaper," that it was the experience of himself and his colleagues that the first instinct of the patient leaving one of these institutions was to go and get a drink. And the first thought of his "friends" was to take him or her into a public-house. The remedy seems to lie in the immediate planting of the inebriate in entirely new surroundings, and for that we have at present no facilities except those offered by the voluntary helpers. Clearly the responsibility for partial failure does not rest with the inebriate homes, but with the "fatal facilities" and bad customs which abound on every hand to re-whet the appetites of these unfortunate victims.

BEER AS A FOOD.

In the ordinary and domestic sense, beer has no value whatever, and, even allowing it to have some in the scientific sense, the extravagant price of it condemns it entirely in connection with the diet of the people. Professor Atwater, the American scientist, who several years ago made some famous laboratory experiments as to whether alcohol was in any degree a food, said in his conclusions on the matter: "The moderate use of alcohol is filled with dangers. Alcohol could not be called a food-stuff in the proper sense of the word. The net result of its use is an injury, and not

a benefit." But, supposing some of the elements of beer and stout are in a measure nutritious, at what cost must the working man, who is the great patroniser of this beverage, obtain them? Mr. Edwyn Barclay claimed that in the beer of his firm there was a large quantity of proteids—that is, flesh, muscle, and tissue forming food. In A. H. Allen's "Organic Analysis" (vol. 1, page 129), it is stated that the average amount of proteids in Burton's mild beer, pale ale, and bitter ale, is .21oz. in 100oz., or five pints, of the three famous brews. To supply a working man with 6oz. of proteid per day, which physiologists say he requires, he would have to consume 142 pints, or 280 glasses, at the sum of £3 10s. The nourishment of 2lb. of bread and $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of meat, costing about ninepence, would yield him what he wanted! The beer-drinking problem has clearly an economic as well as a physiological or dietetic aspect. In the effort to obtain the necessary daily nourishment via the brewer's vat, the foolish ones may easily collide with another collateral danger.

The new syllabus of "Lessons on Temperance," issued by the Board of Education (Eng.), deals effectively and authoritatively with this question:—"It is true that there is a certain amount of nourishment in beer. There is, for example, a little sugar, and there is a small quantity of the food substance found in meat. To obtain enough food from beer really to benefit the body, however, it would be necessary to take an extremely large quantity. For this reason the good that might be done by the nourishing part of the beer would be more than counterbalanced by the harm done by the alcohol contained in so large a quantity of beer. This is one important reason for not taking beer as a food. Another is the expense, for even if no harm were done by the amount of beer which it would be necessary to drink, the cost of such a meal would be far greater than the cost of an equal amount of nourishment taken in the form of ordinary food. For these two reasons, therefore, beer cannot be considered to be one of the "foods" which the body requires.

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM.

In the days of Father Matthew, J. B. Gough, and Patrick Murphy, the temperance pendulum swung out towards the individual, and it is said that at least one million signed the pledge at Father Mathew's meetings. It was slowly borne in upon the leaders of the temperance crusade that their efforts were being sadly nullified by the baneful influence of the open bar. Farther Mathew, in much sadness, confessed that he had made a mistake in working ex-

clusively on the individual. Then came the reaction, and the pendulum swung over to the side of legislation, and wave after wave of legislative reform has beaten up against the liquor trade. There are signs now that we have gone as far in this direction as is wise where the open bar has been banished, and that now is the most opportune time for a pledge-signing crusade. The locality that can combine a legislative and personal abstinence crusade will surely solve as never before this most vexed problem of liquor.

A GORE COMPARISON.

TEN YEARS' CRIME.

By G. B. NICHOLLS.

No-License went into effect in the Maitland electorate on July 1, 1903. Not including 1903, which, being half under License and half under No-License, is valueless for comparative purposes, there have, therefore, been five full years of No-License.

A careful examination of the Court books and the five years preceding 1903, as compared with the five years succeeding it, gives the following very interesting result—

	Five Years' License	Five Years' No-License
Total offences ...	507	244
Drunkenness ...	279	114

Thus it will be seen that although the population of the police district has increased fully 50 per cent., since 1896, the total offences are less than half, and the arrests for drunkenness better even than that.

It is also a well-known fact that nine-tenths of the persons arrested for drunkenness are those who return in that state from License areas, or those who get their drink from a brewery, which can still spread its destructive influence abroad.

The summonses for debt since the No-License period are nearly 400 less in number, and over £4000 less in amount, than was the case in the five years previous to No-License. Considering the greatly increased volume of business transacted, this is a most gratifying result.

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Poverty

By THE PARSON.

Some people would smile when you ask which would they sooner be, "a poor rich person, or a rich poor person?" And yet it is a fair question. Surely none doubt that there are rich people who deserve our pity and poor people who rouse us to envy! The word poverty, like such words as friendship, charity, and socialism, should be carefully defined if we are to avoid confusion and narrowness. Unthinking people cannot see what a world of difference there is between friends and acquaintances, charity and love, social Christianity and Christian socialism, the poor rich and the rich poor—hence this article on Poverty.

MORAL POVERTY.

The want of means to purchase the necessities of life is a kind of poverty that is most frequently discussed and with which we are most familiar; it often times has its roots in vice, and is not to be relieved, let alone remedied, by gifts of money. A vast amount of harm is done by what is called "indiscriminate giving," and much of the money often generously donated might just as well have been thrown in the sea. The remedy must in this case be a moral one, money is no more a remedy than is the plastering of soap on a leaking billy. Their financial poverty is really moral poverty, and only the Christian, the person living in the full enjoyment of a religious experience which while not having made them as good as they want to be has left them vastly different to what they used to be, can alleviate this kind. You may not be thanked, but this kind needs prayer rather than pence.

ECONOMIC POVERTY.

This week 60 men applied for one position, only one could get it, yet, at least, 10 were equally eligible, so that nine honest, competent men went workless. While 20 of this 60 may be worthless, it is equally certain that 10 of them were well able to do the work. Such poverty is not to be met by gifts; justice, not doles, is necessary. That men may retain their self-respect, they must work; and it is still true that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." It is of greater value to us that people should employ those whom we are seeking to help than that they should donate money. A gift of £5 will not go far, but a job at £2 a week is equal to a gift of £104 a year, and, like all other big things, it is hard to get. Give a fair wage for the work you require doing, and let us supply the worker.

ACCIDENTAL POVERTY.

There is, of course, much poverty that arises from accident, and the burden of it, and the pinch of it, frequently comes to those who are innocent. The maimed, the sick, the naturally dull and giftless ones, must be helped, and in such cases money is a blessing, and gives all that money can

ever give—a temporary and partial help. There is far more of this kind of poverty than many people realise, and in spite of all the Government do in pensions, boarding out of children, etc., there is room for private charity to be dispensed by those who go from home to home, and win their way to the confidence of the people and thus become acquainted with the extraordinary ingenuity and magnificent self-suppression of many of the unfortunate poor, who often cheerfully act on the old saying—

"Heart, thou must learn to do without,
That is the riches of the poor."

HUMAN POVERTY.

Mrs. Browning once asked Charles Kingsley, what was the secret of his happy, useful life, and he answered, "I had a friend," and, indeed, there are none so poor as those who have not a friend. I am inclined to think there are more in this category than in any of the others I have mentioned. Many daily feel the awfulness of being more lonely among thousands of their fellow-creatures than if they were by themselves in the wilderness. They want for neither money nor work, but they sadly need a friend. Have you, my reader, ever contributed a little friendship in relief of the vast sorrowful amount of human poverty that exists? In many a country town it is said there is no poverty, but the word is used in far too limited a sense; there is no place where there is not human poverty, and there are none who cannot do something to remedy such poverty—a letter, a flower, a hand-pressure, the sunshine of a smile, and the world is enriched. Will you become a contributor to this saddest and greatest of all kinds of poverty,

RELIGIOUS POVERTY.

Hungry souls abound everywhere. That they do not go to church is not an evidence that they are not hungry; it may only be an evidence that the church cupboard is bare. Ducks will cease to go to a pond that is always dry. It seems strange that it is not more generally recognised that we are not all the same size religiously, or the same shape either. Mr. Justice Pring has lately made a plea for a shorter form of service, but that is only a partial remedy. If the church-goer needs a short form of divine worship without a sermon, it is equally certain the non-church-goer needs a sermon without any acts of worship for which he is not yet prepared, since he is only a candidate for religion. Owing to the fact that few clergymen can adapt themselves, or have courage to venture on untrodden paths, thousands go hungry, and know not what they suffer from, being filled with vague wishes and soulful longings. This religious poverty was met some years ago for thousands, by the Salvation Army,

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Sydney, 14th May, 1909.

and more lately by Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander, who gathered the hungry ones, and undoubtedly satisfied many.

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

Surely the word poverty means more than you thought? How it enlarges our chance to serve. To those who have little money, is it not a comfort to find that money is not the greatest need of the poor, and since religious experience and human friendship are so greatly in demand, won't you thank God it is within your reach to relieve poverty and set about it at once? The interested ones can write to the Parson, Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney, and be supplied with cases of poverty of a kind both real and sad that will surely be within their power to help.

ALCOHOL AND TUBERCULOSIS.

The "Lancet" reports that at a meeting of the French academy of Medicine on May 11, M. Bertillon said that alcohol was the chief factor in the incidence of tuberculosis. M. Lancrereaux had previously declared in set terms that "alcohol makes the bed of tubercle." M. Bertillon, to illustrate his conclusions, showed two charts—one of the distribution of tuberculosis, the other of the consumption of eau de vie. The two charts corresponded. Eau de vie—brandy—is consumed in the beer and cider drinking districts. The wine districts show fewer cases of tubercular diseases, of which consumption is the chief, than Normandy and the districts of the North East, where the drinking of alcohol in the form of spirits is common.

TOWN IGNORANCE.

London Visitor (to farmer's wife): "This honey is delightful!"

Farmer's Wife: "Yes; and it is from our own hive."

London Visitor: "Then you keep a bee?"

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The Brown Dog

The Brown Dog was dying.

He was an old dog, and had been rather past his work for some time. In fact, only that morning the master of the house decided to have him shot, and to get a younger animal. Now, however, the old dog was dying, and so his master would be saved the trouble of having him "put out of the way."

The Brown Dog had been in his master's service nearly all his existence. He had been quite a young thing when he came; a big, light-hearted, affectionate puppy, bubbling over with life and spirits.

Time had gone gaily with him until then. Days of romps, wild scampers, excited diggings after hidden bones and treasures, and warm, comfy shelter for a tired puppy under his mother's care. That had been all his experience so far. He had been kindly treated, and looked for nothing else.

The first dawning of other times came when he found himself, a troubled and bewildered little beast, alone in a kennel, tied by a short chain.

The playtime of the Brown Puppy was over. Work had begun.

In the household to which he now belonged, a dog was merely an instrument for guarding the house, a kind of machine for that purpose. For that he was bought, and for that he remained until he died, when his body was removed, and the kennel made ready for another occupant.

Thenceforth life went hardly with the Brown Puppy.

He had now no name except "Clumsy Beast," or "Noisy Brute;" and his new master had a harsh and terrifying voice, and a strong and cruel hand. The Brown Puppy was always in disgrace, and continually oppressed by a vague but horrid sense of guilt.

And thus arrived a time of loneliness and pain for him, and often he might have been seen tugging desperately at his chain to get free. But the chain, like the hand of the man which bound him there, was stronger than he, and the Brown Puppy was in prison for life.

When to his doggy mind this melancholy fact became apparent, he gave way to despair; and at night, when there was nothing to be seen, or anything to be heard except the waving of the shadows or the rustle of the leaves, he howled and wailed over his miseries, till the master of the house, with a thick and heavy stick, taught him not to disturb the peace of night.

This, by the way, was not the only thing which the man taught the dog. He had several other lessons, and they were well taught, and rarely needed repeating. But the lessons which the dog could have taught the man, the man could not learn.

And so, gradually, one way and another, the dog came to understand what his place was: to guard the house—nothing more; in no other form was his devotion required. And being a sharp dog, he even learned that his bark was never to be used except as a warning of danger, because his master objected to any sound from him.

Having thoroughly mastered his lesson, he became a very excellent watch dog indeed; noiseless, except when any suspicious character approached the house, and contenting himself with soft and secret whimperings when the pain in his cramped limbs was worse, or the ache in the cramped heart breaking for freedom, hurt him more than usual.

And from his kennel the Brown Dog, a puppy now no longer, saw several years pass. The cruel winters, the sunshine of spring,

the dripping mists of autumn; he saw them all from his prison.

And thus he had grown old—at least, as a dog grows old, their lives being short at best—and his eyes got dim, and his hearing was not keen any longer. And, altogether, the machine was worn out. It had been a good one, and well worth the money paid for it, but, as the master of the house remarked only that morning, the brute was pretty well done for, and it was high time to get another.

And now he was dying.

It was one of those wild nights when the wind blows and the rain comes soaking down.

The household were all comfortably shut in for the night, and the house was bright with lamps and fires.

Outside, the Brown Dog was dying in the rain.

He had dragged himself to the end of his chain as far as he could. Perhaps he was trying to reach out for freedom for the last time; perhaps he was only restless from the pain which he was suffering. Anyway, when he got outside the kennel he was too weak to crawl back again into shelter. So he died just there, in the rain, and was found there in the morning, quite dead, his coat all sodden with the wet.

It saved the trouble of having him shot.

And that, as well as I can tell it, is the story of a Brown Dog's life and death.

And the next day the kennel was ready for the new watch dog.—Dorothy Barrett, in the "English Illustrated Magazine."

REVENGE.

Chumpleigh had just been fined ten dollars for exceeding the speed limit.

"Now, your Honor," he said, "I desire to make charges against this policeman who brought me here."

"What charge?" demanded the Judge.

"Same as mine, your Honor," said Chumpleigh, "If I was going 40 miles an hour in my car he must have gone 41 on his motor cycle, or he never would have caught me."

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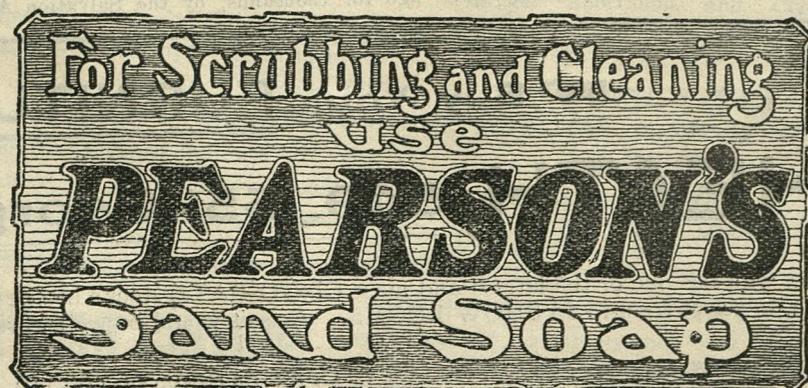
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From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(By UNCLE BARNABAS.)

"AS THEY SAILED, HE FELL ASLEEP" (Luke 8: 23).

You remember that sail on Galilee's Sea that I told you about? Well, there was something I didn't tell. It was this: Jesus came with us, just to cross to the other side. That was what He asked for. And dear old Skipper Simon, he said, "Why, of course we can, Master. Take You over? Yes, and if You want to go over a thousand times we can take You." So, you see, we were taking Jesus over. I forgot to tell you that. It was a lovely day—"No stir in the air, no stir in the sea." We moved along very lazily. We got all the cushions we could find—I mean big top-coats, of course, rolled up into nice cushions—and we made our dear Master as comfortable as ever we could. And "He fell asleep" with His head on Simon's big coat.

"His Head was on a pillow laid,
And He was fast asleep!"

When—how unfortunate!—just at that moment we saw Simon looking across to the Perea Hills as if, well, just the same as your mother looked, Phil, when you were sick, and she was asking the doctor, "Can we pull him through?" What was the matter? Oh, nothing much! Just a little black cloud scudding along with a few big-fellows, like shaggy wolves, coming after him.

"Look alive, lads!" cried Simon. "Quick! Reef sails!—Look to those rowlocks!—Port your helm!" And swish, swish, swish came the breeze, and the spray; and flash! bang! roar! Lightning, thunder, gale, all leaping on us together. Oh, how it did rain! And those green, curly monsters came shouldering us about, and chasing us as if we were the football and they were the Gadarene Demon Club! Poor Skipper Simon! I heard him say, "It's awful! Something awful! What-ever shall I do? I promised to take Him across, and —" but I heard no more, for such a scrimmage began just then that made me think all the demons in Devildom had rushed in to help the Gadarene lot. Every wave seemed to be muttering, "Get rid of Him! Don't let Him get across! Smash the ship! Swamp it! Away with Him! Away with Him!" And poor old Simon was kneeling by His side, and saying, "Master! Master! we've done our best, but we're done for! Forgive me, Master! I can't get you across! We're sinking! Yes, sinking!"

And then He opened His eyes and—SMILED! And then, "He arose and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water; and they ceased, and there was a calm."

And as we came up to the shingly beach at Gadara, we were thinking of two thoughts—First, We were not in charge of His fortunes, after all, but He was in charge of ours. And, second, When He doesn't move a hand, or even seem to see us when we are "in jeopardy," we need not fear the demons, whilst that calm, holy light is on His Face. We were all sorry, I can tell you, that we had been so busy watching the demons, that we forgot to look into His calm Face, or to think when we did see It, what It meant. You read verses 26 to 36, and you'll see why Jesus wanted to cross that day, and why "The Prince of the power of the air" did not relish the visit.

FOR SUNDAY.

FOR THE 7's TO 12's.

(By Mabel Muller, Gunning.)

Make a little word using some of the first

letters of these words: "Give us this day our daily bread."

Gladys Noble has answered Rosina's puzzle as follows:—

"F or whosoever shall give you
A cup of water to drink
I n My Name, because ye belong
T o Christ, verily I say unto you,
H e shall not lose his reward."

HIDDEN METALS.

(Sent by Aunt Prissy.)

We hand old clothes in that corner.
I could hear them buzz in Charlie's garden.

They like to hunt in the forest.
I found the fossil very near the well.
The zebra's side was hurt badly.
Put that pair on the bed now.

QUEER QUESTIONS.

1. Where are the stars in the daytime?
(Will everybody try to solve these Queer Questions, and I guess we shall get some Astonishing Answers!)

BIRTHDAY GAZETTE.

Mabel Muller, Gunning, July 25 (12).

BABY'S COUNTERPANE.
THOUSAND SHILLINGS FUND.

Edwin, 1/-; Agnes, 1/-; Monie, 1/-; "Pudding," 1/-; Mr. Muller, 1/-; Mrs. Muller, 1/-; Muller Bros., 2/-.

UNCLE B'S. PHOTO.

Dear 7 to 17's.—I've seen it! The block, I mean! It is just life-like. I feel sure you will be pleased with it. I am perfectly in love with it. The bridge of my nose is slightly abridged, but the eyes! Oh, those eyes! Oh, that glassy stare! It chills me to the bone. It is rather a glassy picture altogether, but I expect you will say, "I told you so!" It will appear next week, but the price of "Grit" will not be raised in consequence.—Yours affectionately,

UNCLE B.

S.S.S.S.

Lionel Swain, Hamilton, Newcastle; Phyllis Noble, The Rectory, Liverpool.

X.—SERMON ILLUSTRATION COMPETITION.

(Sent by D. Howell. Used by Rev. K. Teasdale.)

A father had two sons whom he wished to bring up in the right way, so one day he said to them, "I'll give you each a penny an hour if you will not do anything wrong." The elder accepted; the younger refused, saying he would rather have his liberty. The elder was considered a model boy in the village; the younger was not, for they all knew of his refusal to be good for the sake of payment.

On day there was a great picture in the village, the picture of a great and good man who did his best to alleviate the sufferings of his fellow men. The two boys were there. The elder just glanced at it, and continued talking to companions, but the younger could not take his eyes off the picture; he tried to check his tears, but could not; then he murmured, "Oh, that I could be like that man!"

The difference between Saul and Paul—though one person—is like these boys. It is the same difference between Christian and Jew. The desire for good itself in one, and the good for payment in the other.



XI.—"HUMBLE YOURSELVES.

(Sent by G. Noble. Used by Rev. E. Mullens.)

The stalwart tradesman going on his daily round will not bend his back for anyone. But the same man goes home after his day's work, and, going over to the little cradle, takes up the tiny mite whose little outstretched hands plead to him. If we go to God, feeling ourselves worthy of blessing, He will not hear our petition, but when we go realising our own weakness, He stoops down, delighted to supply our every need.

POCKET TESTAMENT LEAGUE.

My hard-working "niece," G. N., is anxious to know about this League. It is a league of people who promise "to read at least one chapter a day, and to carry a Testament or Bible" wherever they go. It was founded by Mrs. Alexander when a schoolgirl in Birmingham. Hundreds of schoolboys and girls in New South Wales are carrying the Holy Book, and reading it. Will you join? Then get others to join. Call or write to Messrs. Clack and Roberts, Y.M.C.A., Sydney, and they will send you some pledge cards. Any Testament will do to carry, but the little eightpenny Testament of the League is preferred. When once you join, be sure you keep your pledge faithfully, and get others to come in.—Uncle B.

"I WANT TO BE—A SUNBEAM!"

Lionel Swain, Hamilton, Newcastle, writes:—Dear Uncle B.,—I am seven years old. I am in second class. I want to be a Sunbeam.

(Dear Lionel,—Brave little man! I like that curly head in the picture. Have you got some nice curls? I think your writing is good enough for third class. Please learn our Sunbeam hymn, No. 17 in Alexander's book.—Uncle B.)

"IF IT HAPPENED TO BE BLURRED!"

Milcie E. Southwell, writes:—Dear Uncle B.,—It's about three weeks since I last wrote to you; but "better late than never," as you must know by now. I only hope that it will be a good photo. of you this time. It would be very amusing if it happened to be a blurred or double face you had! I found three more Bible names.

(Dear M.,—I should certainly be amused, if it happened to be—well, anything at all to puzzle you, for I have been simply pursued, as if I were the Wollongong tiger! Be sure you tell me what you think of it.—Uncle B.)

COUNTERPANE COINS.

Mabel Muller writes.—Dear Uncle B.,—I have seen that you have made me manager of Gunning, and I am trying to do the best

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I can. I have not got any "Sunbeams" yet, as I live a good way out of town, and there are not many people near us. I have gathered four shillings for the "Baby's Counterpane;" my father has given 1s, my two brothers 1s each, and mother 1s. I was 12 yesterday, and went to church, and got wet coming home at night. We will be sending a box next week for the Sunbeam Society. I will write when I send them. With love to Page 9.

P.S.—Mother is helping me with the Sunbeam Club.

(Dear M.,—Thank you! Thanks to father, mother, and brothers! Four kicks and four "coos" from the Baby. Won't your box set some joybells ringing?—Uncle B.)

"R. B. S. HADDEMAGEN."

Clarice Ashworth, "Hazeldene," Kelso, writes:—Dear Uncle B.,—I have not seen any letters from Bathurst since mother has been taking "Grit," so I thought I would write to you. As I am not quite 18 I hope you will let me call you "Uncle Barnabas." We all like "Grit" very much here; like it so well that I am going to pass our copies on to the girls at school. I think anything that is worth having is worth sharing, and they might like the paper, and become subscribers, too. I live at Kelso, but go into town to the district school every day.

I am almost sure you are the Rev. Mr. Hammond, who held a No-License mission up here a fortnight ago. I enjoyed the mission very much indeed, and hope No-License will win the day at the next election. I am waiting for your photo to appear on Page 9. I hope it is a genuine one, or your next witness will be signing his name, R. B. S. Haddegen, and that will never do.

I see some of your nieces are asking which are your favourite hymns. One of my favourites is, "Soldiers of the Cross, arise." We sang it at Kelso Church the morning you—I mean Mr. Hammond—preached there. Mother's favourite is, "Nearer, still nearer." Hoping you will enroll me among your nieces and nephews,—I am, your would-like-to-be niece.

(Dear W-L-T-B-Niece,—You are enrolled! many welcomes to you! That mission was

most encouraging. I am very much cheered by your kind words and deeds for "Grit." What a noble position Bathurst electorate will hold if you win your fight! Will you write me a short article on "The Old Church at Kelso?" Not more than 200 words.—Uncle B.)

P. T. L.

"Dear Uncle B.,—Thank you for suggesting that I should get our school-girls interested in the Pocket Testament League. I know that some of them are members, and with the help of these, I may get some more. You said you would tell me how to do it. Any hints will be very welcome, so please give me plenty. Thank you, also, for handing on your thoughts about 'Other Little Ships.' You did not know 'hat I would make it the subject for my Sunday school lesson, did you? But, with the help of some pictures, the boys seemed to enjoy it. How appropriately 'Jesus wants me for a sunbeam' fits our S.S.S.S. Phyllis would like to become a member. So far that is all I have, though some children are helping us with the work, and I am going to ask others. There were four in 'Jones' party' (June 29 puzzle): Jones had a sister (Mrs. Brown, perhaps), who had a daughter (probably Mary Brown), who was cousin to Jones' son (Jack).

"P.S.—I think D. H. and I must be united by mental telepathy, because, while she was sending you a pressed fern, I had some flowers pressing."

(Dear G.,—Thank you for the "souvenirs" for Aunt Tabby's book. I should like to sit among your little ships, and watch you, the flag-ship, lead them to victory. God be with you in your work!—Uncle B.)

"VERA HAS SEEN YOU."

Lucy M. Miles, Lithgow, writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—I went to the mission again tonight, and I have made an attempt to illustrate the sermon preached by Mr. Dillon. I could make another attempt at one, only I don't know if we are allowed to make more than one attempt. I have had no time for

any puzzles. I have just come home from the mission, and am going to snatch a bit of time before I go to bed, to write to you. I see by Vera Musgrave's letter that she has seen you. Well, I must say I am very pleased, but I think the majority of 7 to 17's have to identify you yet. I think it is nearly time you had another 'photo' in 'Grit,' don't you? What beautiful hymns there are in the mission book. My favourites are 'Bye-and-bye,' 'Don't Stop Praying,' and 'He lifted me.' Our united mission is going to continue next week. The Rev. H. Wheen addressed the meeting last night, and I hope we shall have the opportunity of hearing him again next week. Well, dear Uncle Barnabas, as it wants but a few minutes to eleven, I think I shall close.—I remain, your affectionate niece.

"P.S.—Those who love Jesus Christ shall never see each other for the last time. I shall never forget that, shall you?"

(Dear Lucy,—Send as many sermon illustrations as you like. I should like to snowball you just now! Did you make a snow man last week? I like your P.S. very, very much. I shall not forget it. I like you very, very much, also. You are a real helper. Here is a text for you: Ruth 1: 18. I like "steadfast" people.—Uncle B.)

(N.B.—Send everything for page 9 to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney. Write on one side of the paper only.)

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WIPE AWAY THE PAST.

"Let the dead past bury its dead,"

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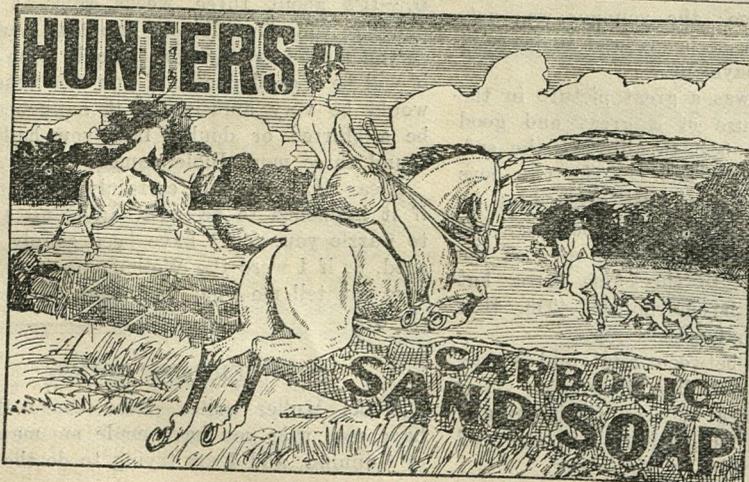
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WHAT SUBSCRIBERS THINK OF "GRIT."

On the way home from church, two ladies severely criticised the sermon; it was too long, too dull, the preacher's voice was too awful, and the theme too like last Sunday's. At this point the small child said, "Mother, but what can you expect for threepence?" Some hundreds of those who read "Grit" are worse than the two ladies; as they expect an up-to-date paper for nothing! At least, it would appear so since they have not paid anything yet. We will be so glad to hear from you that you were not one of the ladies.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

R. Gillespie, 2s 6d, 5/2/10; W. H. Mudge, 2/6, 6/11/09; A. Mayhew, 5s, 15/4/10; A. Howard, 5s, 31/10/09; Miss Byrne, 1s 3d, 29/10/09; A. N. White, 5s, 31/1/10; G. H. White, 1s 3d; C. H. Bushnell, 5s, 1/1/10; W. Cooper, 5s, 5/8/10; Mrs. Stone, 5s, 18/3/10; Miss Rope, 2s 6d, 28/10/09; Miss Smith 2s 6d, 14/2/09; Mrs. Watson, 2s 6d, 6/11/09; Mr. Rylands, 2s 6d, 29/11/09; Mrs. Vale, 5s, 88/09; Mrs. Summers, 5s, 6/3/10; Rev. Mullins, 2s 6d, 31/1/10; J. J. Brokenshire, 10s, 14/6/10; W. McCarthy, 5s, H. Bebb, 2s 6d, 11/6/09; Mrs. Hailes, 5s; Rev. Barker, 5s, 28/12/09; R. Pickworth, 5s, 2/2/09; Mr. Spooner, 5s 4d; Miss Gilbert, 2s 6d, 4/3/10.

CLOTHING.

HAVE A GOOD HUNT.

It is wonderful what we can find if we have a good hunt, and just now the need of many of our poor for clothing is very great, and so we ask our friends to hunt up a few things, it does not matter about their being old, and send them to Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, "Chester," Clarendon-road, Stanmore.

Parcels received per the Rector of Gordon, per Rev. J. H. Mullens (Byron Bay), Mrs. Lang, Mrs. Muller, Miss Ruby Muller, Mrs. Johnston, Mr. Burne, Mrs. Grattan, Rippon Grange Dorcas Society, per Miss McKern, five Anonymous, D.C., Burra.

HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

The latest delicacies in Paris are grilled grasshoppers with buttered toast.

In Russia a declaration of love on a post-card renders the sender liable to a fine.

The largest Bible in the world is a manuscript Hebrew Bible in the Vatican, weighing 320lbs.

The Pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt, is the largest tomb in the world. It is 461ft. high, and covers thirteen acres of ground.

H.M.S. King Edward VII., which was Lord Charles Beresford's flagship in the Chanel Fleet, has established a record at Kirkwall, by taking in 1021 tons of coal in 3hrs. 22min.—303.3 tons an hour.

Arkansas claims to have the largest peach orchard in the world, and 1000 men and 300 teams are harvesting the crop. The orchard is in Sevier County, and has 200,000 trees. It covers 2800 acres, and trees on 2000 acres are bearing.

Beetles possess an enormous amount of strength. The common beetle can draw 500 times its own weight, and a stag beetle has been known to escape from underneath a box on which a weight had been placed 1700 times greater than the insect's body.

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- Pink or Floral Flannelette. Sale Price, 1/11 a dozen.
- 32in. Striped Flannelette; worth 4d yard; Sale Price, 2/6 per dozen.
- Cream Australian-made Flannel, worth 10½d; Sale Price, 8½d.
- 34in. Pure Medium White Calico. Sale Price, 3/3 per dozen.
- Heavy White Turkish Towels, size 22 x 49, worth 1/-; Sale Price, 9d.
- Brown Turkish Towels, size 24 x 53, worth 1/-; Sale Price, 8½d.
- Glace Ribbon, 4in. to 5in. wide; Light blue, Heliotrope, Nil, Copenhagen, Fawn, Reseda; usual price, 5½d to 7½d; Sale Price, 2½d.
- Glace Ribbon, 4in to 6in. wide, all Colours. Usual price, 7½d to 1/-; Sale Price, 3½d yard.
- Pretty Floral Ribbon, Light and Dark Ground, 6in wide; usual price, 1/4 to 2/6 yard; Sale Price, 6½d. 5in. wide, usual price, 7½d; Sale Price, 3½d.

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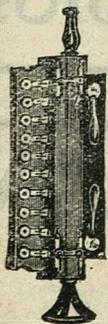
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