

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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WORD PICTURE

"The spectacle of a working man in a public-house, during the hours of recreation enjoying his pipe and his glass of beer, with his child on his knee, and his wife by his side, is nothing short of an idyll of the highest and noblest character."—"Fair-play."

PICTURE FROM LIFE.



Consumptives Beware of Alcohol

Alcohol has never cured and never will cure tuberculosis. It will either prevent or retard recovery. It is like a two-edged weapon; on one side it poisons the system, and on the other side it ruins the stomach, and thus prevents this organ from properly

digesting the necessary food.—S. A. Knopf, M.D., New York, Honorary Vice-President of the British Congress on Tuberculosis.

It is recognised, I think, by most physicians that alcohol as a medicine is harmful to the tubercular invalid.—Frank Bill-

ings, M.D., Chicago, Ill., Former President of the American Medical Association.

Alcoholic liquors are of damage to consumptives because they tend to impair nutrition, disturb the action of the stomach, and give a false strength to the invalid on



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which he is sure to presume.—Edward L. Trudeau, M.D., Adirondacks Sanitarium for Consumptives, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

In my judgment whisky should not be used by people who have consumption, and in my practice I prohibit it absolutely. At the White Haven Sanitarium and the Henry Phipps Institute we do not use alcohol in any form in the treatment of our patients.—Lawrence F. Flick, M.D., Philadelphia, Pa., Vice-President of the American Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis.

I do not feel that I can emphasise strongly enough the harm that can be done by the use of alcohol in tuberculosis. I find it not only unnecessary in treatment, but believe it to be contraindicated.—F. M. Pottenger, M.D., Supt. The Pottenger Sanitarium for Diseases of the Lungs and Throat, Monrovia, California.

Alcohol gives a temporary sensation of well-being, while it really hastens the process of disease, and paralyses the defensive function of the white blood cells and lung tissue.—Professor Frank B. Woodbury, M.D., Philadelphia, Pa.

From personal experience in handling pulmonary tuberculosis, I am more than convinced that whisky and liquor, in any form, are absolutely poisonous to the consumptive. Trying to cure consumption with whisky is like trying to put out a fire with kerosene.—John E. White, M.D., Medical Director Nordrach Ranch Sanatorium, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

In my specialty, the treatment of pulmonary disease, I rarely prescribe alcohol in any form, and in the sanatoria with which I have been connected it is the exception where alcohol in any form is prescribed. I have advised against its use where such has been the custom, believing that as a rule alcoholic liquors do more harm than good in the treatment of this disease.—Prof. Vincent Y. Bowditch, M.D., Harvard Medical School, Boston, Mass.

It was formerly thought that alcohol was in some way antagonistic to tuberculous disease, but the observations of late years indicate clearly that the reverse is the case, and that chronic drinkers are much more liable to both acute and pulmonary tuberculosis.—Dr. Osler, formerly Professor of Medicine, John Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

You ask me my opinion as to the use of whisky in the treatment of consumption. In reply permit me to say that I regard its use in this disease as almost universally pernicious.—Prof. Charles G. Stockton, M.D., Buffalo Medical College, Buffalo, N. Y.

In October, 1905, the following resolution was adopted by the International Congress on Tuberculosis, held in Paris, about 2000 medical scientists being present: "That, in view of the close connection between alcoholism and tuberculosis, this Congress strongly emphasises the importance of combining the fight against tuberculosis with the struggle against alcoholism."

CHILDREN AND DRINK.

WHERE THE PETITIONS AGAINST THE BILL ARE FROM.

Between January 1 and March 25, the British public (says the London "Daily Express") has spoken its mind in the matter of the Bill for prohibiting the sale of Intoxicating Liquors to Children by sending to the House of Commons no fewer than petitions in favour of it.

"Before you say 'spoken its mind,' go and see where they all come from, and how many the other side has sent," said the voice of the wise.

So an "Express" representative spent an hour digging facts from the Parliamentary list of petitions on all subjects received during the period named.

Up to March 25, four petitions had been received against the Bill, given in the records as coming respectively from the Border Counties Wine, Spirit, and Beer Trade Defence Association, bearing 57 signatures; from the Scottish Licensed Trade Defence Association, with four signatures; from the Banff and District Licensed Trade Defence Association (officially signed), two signatures; and from the inhabitants of Kirriemuir, 15 signatures!

One petition was received for "alteration" of the Bill—practically an "against"—from the "Edinburgh Wine, Spirit, and Beer Trade Association," signed officially by four persons.

Of these five petitions four are direct "trade" petitions; and though only two of them come officially signed, where the one signature stands as representing those behind it, yet the other three combined muster a signature list of only 76.

In favour of the Bill an aggregate of 3848 petitions had been received to the date named; but the number has been since enormously increased, though later official records are not yet issued. Of these, 2451 bore 257,761 signatures, and included petitions from working men, bodies of teachers in elementary schools, magistrates' benches, and every conceivable organisation.

But in addition came 1397 petitions that are either "officially signed" or "given under the seal" of corporate bodies. These are of unmistakable import. The Parliamentary list of those under seal includes petitions from:—

The Lord Mayor, aldermen, and citizens of York and Manchester.

The Mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of Colne, Torquay, and Rawtenstall.

The aldermen and burgesses of Bolton.

The Lord Provost, magistrates, and councillors of Perth, Dundee, and Aberdeen.

The Provost, magistrates and councillors of Peebles, Innerleitham, Helensburg, Kirkcaldy, Brechin, Borrowstown, and Lanark.

The Provost and town council of Alloa.

The Poor Law Guardians of Bolton, Clitheroe, and Bucklow.

The Corporation of Glasgow.

The County Councils of Worcester and Renfrew.

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The Borough Councils of Marylebone, Kensington, Southwark, Camberwell, Battersea, Finsbury, Shoreditch, Poplar, Paddington, Fulham, Wandsworth, and Westminster—twelve of the borough councils of London.

The School Boards of London, Edinburgh, Leeds, Glasgow, Scarborough, Rochdale, Oldham, Dewsbury, Greenock, Over, Royton, Colne, Bacup, St. David's, Ymyscynhaiarn, and Tref, Salford, Crodborough, Woodford, Macclesfield, Littleborough, Llangefni, Cambusnethan, Wick and Pulteneytown, Nigg, Kilmalcolm, Bromley, Morecambe, and Brechin.

There is food for considerable reflection in the value to be attached, say, to the Edinburgh Wine, Spirit, and Beer Trade Association against the Bill, and that of the School Board of Edinburgh in favour of it!

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A Father's Example

(Original Temperance Story, under 16 years of age—3rd in Alliance Competition.)

Beneath the window of a house three boys were playing a game of marbles. Two of them were laughing and chatting merrily, but the third, named Jim, was very sad, because his father had taken to strong drink, and Jim knew that he would shortly be called to go for his father's daily quart of beer—for he had long since doubled the ordinary pint, declaring that it was not enough for a hard-working man like him.

All at once Jim was called home, and, although he begged to be allowed to finish the game, his father would not consent, because he wanted his beer.

Now Jim knew that before his father took to drink he always had happy times and plenty of friends, but when they saw his father a drunkard, most of them left him—only two remained loyal. His father, too, was always angry, and growled at everyone and everything, however trifling, so Jim was really very unhappy. When he had sorrowfully followed his father to his one barely-furnished room, he cried—"Oh, father, don't send for drink; give it up. You'll surely get on better without it." "Why, boy, it is good for me," answered the father, "it keeps my strength up; I cannot do without it." So the boy took the jug and departed sadly on his errand. He was not long in reaching the public-house, and, as they dare not serve him in the bar, he went round to the back door. He received the beer, then commenced walking quickly home. When he had gone about half way he remembered what his father had said, and he thought to himself: "I wonder if it is good for father. He says it is. Yes, it must be." He smelt the beer, then, as it smelt nice, he thought he would taste a little drop, saying: "If it's good for father it must be good for me, too." So he placed his lips on the rim of the jug, and just took one sip of the beer, and then hurried home to his father with the rest. Alas! the mischief was done. After that he tasted the beer every day, until, not being satisfied with a little, he took more and more; until he was really fond of the poisonous drink, and spent all his own money on it, because the habit was so firm on him. He got worse and worse, until he, too, came reeling home, a drunkard at the age of eighteen.

All this time Jim's father had been going from bad to worse; he left off sending for beer, and went himself, and the greater part of every day he spent at the hotel, gambling and drinking, and many times he had to be carried home almost dead drunk, and put into his bed. However, he was not destined to go on in this way for ever unpunished.

One day in a dead-drunken fit, he fell down in the road, striking his head violently against a stone. Some men seeing the accident, went over to him, lifted him up, carried him home, then went for a doctor, who found him severely stunned.

After a few weeks of delirium, he again opened his eyes, to find himself on a bundle of straw in his wretched home, for he had sold every bit of furniture—bed included—that he possessed, for drink. The doctor was beside him, looking very grave. He told the man all that had happened to him. He was greatly surprised, of course, and then he asked the doctor how long he must stay in bed? Couldn't he get up and go for a drink? He was dreadfully thirsty. The doctor very gravely shook his head, and

sternly answered: "Never mind beer, my man, it is all through that poisonous beer that you are dying on that bundle of straw, and your son, too, by your example, is fast going to a drunkard's grave, as you are now doing." "Dying!" repeated the man. "Surely you don't say I'm dying?" "But you are dying, and all through the poisonous stuff," answered the doctor.

Now, if it had been a teetotaler who had met with such an accident as Jim's father, his strong constitution and healthy body would have pulled him through; but the drunkard was so weak through the fiery liquor that he had no hope of getting better, so he was indeed dying, and very fast, too, was he going to fill a drunken pauper's grave. The doctor told the dying drunkard that all hope was given up; moreover he told him that his life was so uncertain that at the longest it would only last 24 hours. So the doctor took his leave, promising to come in the morning.

The drunkard was so obstinate that even on his death-bed he would not make amends for the past, but said: "What if I do die? I don't care, but I must have some beer, even if I get up myself for it." A missionary who visited him said that he would stay with him to the end, but he could do nothing with him, and when he refused him the beer, the man got so angry that he attempted to get up himself. This act, however, took away all his remaining strength. The doctor was sent for, but he had scarcely arrived when the man breathed his last.

All this time the boy had gone from bad to worse. He, too, was almost a confirmed drunkard, but, at the death of his father, he saw things in a new light. He saw that he had been deceived by his father, and he made up his mind to never again touch the treacherous drink. He had learnt a lesson from his father's fate, so he said "I'll touch the drink no more. It wasn't good for father, and it isn't good for me."

QUEER MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

The marriage customs of West and South-West Africa are in many cases peculiar. A coastal tribe always considers itself superior to an inland tribe, and even its meanest member claims to rank higher than the most powerful man of an up-country tribe. A man may marry any woman he likes in any tribe, it being held that he gives her his own status, whatever that may be, but it is almost unheard of for a woman to marry "beneath" her. As a result, some of the women of the most superior coast tribes, like the Mpongwe look to marriage with white men, and frequently attain to it.

The parents on both sides rule absolutely in the matter of marriage between natives. First, the would-be bridegroom goes empty-handed to obtain the consent of the bride's father. Then he goes again with gifts, and the father calls in other members of the family to view the gifts. On the third visit he carries trade gin, a sufficiently poisonous compound, generally from Hamburg. In the old days it was palm toddy or wine.

On this occasion he pays over an instalment of the dowry. On the fourth visit he takes his parents with him, and is permitted to see the girl herself. When next he calls his prospective mother-in-law provides a feast for himself and his relatives, the host and hostess eating nothing, but taking a hand in the drinking. Finally, the

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man goes with gifts and the balance of the dowry, and takes the woman away. On arrival at his village she is welcomed with singing and a strenuous dance called "nkan-ja."

For three months the bride is not required to do any hard work, but after that she buckles to with his other wives at gardening and carrying burdens. Polygamy is general, and the number of a man's wives limited only by his resources in the matter of paying dowries. The man may divorce his wife whenever he chooses, and for almost any reason. But it is rare for a woman to be able to obtain divorce at her own wish. Divorce entails the return of the dowry.

HIS TONGUE BETRAYED HIM.

Among the royalties, great and little, who went to London for Queen Victoria's Coronation, there was a certain small dried-up, grey-haired, bright-eyed, brisk little reigning Prince of a tiny principality. He was far-away cousin to an Irish Duke, whose estates in Ireland he visited before returning. For his entertainment there was arranged a village celebration, with games and dances, and especially Irish jigs and clog-dances. The old Prince was delighted. He came himself of a race famous for its dancing; he still possessed a good eye, a quick ear, and a light foot. That evening in the great hall of the castle, to the whistling of his host's son, he endeavoured to emulate some of the feats he had seen. The Duke's solemn English butler was present, and his horror at such antics was reflected in his eyes. The Prince perceived it, and, directing a forefinger at him, demanded imperiously, "Eh! Tell me, then, what you think of my dancing!" Discreet and dignified, yet flurried inwardly, the butler's mien was perfect, but his tongue betrayed him. "Your Royal Spryness is certainly 'igh!" he answered.

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Revenue and Personal Liberty

By FRANCES E. BEAUCHAMP, in Lexington, Ky., "Herald."

Having just returned from the Model License League Convention, I am full of the importance and patriotism of the liquor traffic. Only think, they paid in 1908—this last year—199,066,423dol. into the national treasury, this being a fraction less than one-third of the entire revenue of the United States. I feel sure that all we unre-presented tax-payers must feel a debt of gratitude that we are not compelled to bend our backs to that additional load. But being mere women and, therefore, not able to solve great governmental problems, we have no more insight than to keep asking ourselves over and over, Where did they get all that money in twelve months? And finding that, how much more did they find that they kept for themselves? So we look up the advance sheets of government report to find that the drink bill last year was 2,185,921,923dol. from the people. That is, for every dollar they paid into the national treasury they collected from the people 11dol.; subtracting the 1dol, leaves them 10dol. That looks a good deal like the old pirate system, where, when the pirate was arrested he offered 10 per cent. of his plunder if he might escape with the rest. To put it another way: While the traffic claims to have paid the United States Government 2.29dol. for every man, woman, and child in the country, it has taken from the pockets of every man, woman, and child, the neat sum of 29.23dol., or, while it has paid 200,000,000 dol. in revenue, it has retained in its own strong box 2,000,000,000dol.

A great artist once remarked to me: "Oh, one cipher more or less, never means anything to me." I thought him little short of an idiot, but I am coming to believe he had the mathematical calibre of an American citizen who will listen to the revenue argument. Unfortunately for the trade, and fortunately for the government, millions of the thinking citizens of America,

who once paid no attention to the boasting of this pirate on the sea of commerce are to-day taking notice. Nor do they stop their investigation with, "Where did you get the money with which you paid the revenue?" but they go farther and say, "As you give us one dollar and keep ten, how much does it cost us to have you make that other ten off of the people? In other words, what waste goes with the liquor traffic aside from its actual cost?" According to George B. Waldron, a reliable and conservative statistician, the liquor traffic was responsible for expenditures due to crime, poverty, accident, conflagration, and the loss of work by death and incapacity, due to drink, 642,524,278dol. Subtracting from this indirect cost of the liquor traffic the Federal, State, and local revenue, which was 267,166,079dol., leaves 375,358,199dol. as the net loss in actual cost of the liquor traffic. Now add this to the nation's drink bill of 2,185,921,923.69dol., and you have approximately the total waste of the liquor traffic in the country per annum.

The watchwords of the trade are revenue and personal liberty. The above shows that the revenue is doubly swallowed up in the cost, direct and indirect, so that leaves only the "personal liberty" plank for the trade to stand on, and that is good democratic doctrine. But does the "trade" believe in "personal liberty?" If so, let the Model License League and all personal liberty advocates unite with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in an appeal for the abolishing of all license and all revenue, and return to the old method of every man who raises a barrel of corn having the personal liberty to mash it, to still it, and sell it at twenty-five cents a gallon. This would be personal liberty without any juggling with words, and it would also accomplish the last and strongest plea of the Model License League, it would take the trade out of politics.

MEDICINE FOR W. A. LLOYD.

"Both prohibition and No-License had been tried, and the results were apparent to all not blinded by partisan prejudice."—Statement by W. A. Lloyd at Newcastle. He might have added: "And license has also been tried, and over 100,000 convictions have been recorded against the intemperate in New South Wales in the last five years." The apparent results account for the growing No-License vote the world over.

Mr. Lloyd thinks crime increases under No-License, and is decreasing in New South Wales. Will someone take a hand in educating this unfortunate man. The decrease in crime in New South Wales is seeming, not actual, and is accounted for by the First Offenders Act, that liberates many, and the Habitual Criminal Act, that restrains from engaging in crime. This dose of medicine ought to make a difference.

The Lord Chief Justice of England last month declared that from his experience of

trials of criminal cases he had not the slightest doubt as to the enormous percentage that was due directly and indirectly to drink. He believed that the percentage was so high that it approximated to 80 or 90 per cent.

Mr. Justice Walton last January said that his experience as Recorder of Wigan and Judge of the High Court since 1901 led him to the conclusion that more than 99 per cent. of the trials for crimes of violence had their origin in intemperance.

WHERE THE DANGER LIES.

The greatest danger lurking in Mr Lloyd's addresses lies not in definite and categorical statements, which can be instantly challenged, and promptly demonstrated as false, but in subtle assumptions and implications eminently calculated to misrepresent and mislead.

Prohibition is not to be attempted, because it cannot be enforced, says Mr. Lloyd. Has regulation ever regulated?

The faults in our laws are not to be charged to temperance folk, but rather are they concessions made by politicians to a wealthy monopoly. The desire for alcohol is not natural, for no desire for the consumption of alcohol exists antecedent to actual trial of its use. Savage races and civilised persons who have never taken alcohol have no desire for it whatever, however insatiate their craving for it may become when once they have indulged in it. Why by law create the desire? Ask Mr. Lloyd to tell you why.

The Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto is the largest yearly exhibition in the world. No intoxicants have ever been permitted to be sold in or near the exhibition or grounds. The directors of the Alaska-Yukon Pacific Exhibition, to be held in Seattle this year, will also exclude liquor-sale.

THE SACRED TOOTH OF BUDDHA.

Kandy—the little hill capital of Ceylon—holds, hidden in its green hollow a relic which has drawn for centuries millions of the followers of Buddha from all corners of the East. This most precious relic is the famous tooth, which tradition declares was rescued from the flames of Gautama Buddha's funeral pyre when the founder of the Buddhist faith died and was consumed by fire at Kusinagara, in India, in 543 B.C.

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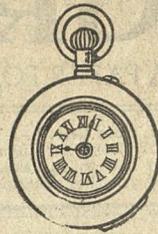
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Talk about People

Lord Rosebery's Son-in-Law.

The Earl of Crewe, whose name has figured prominently in the cables this week in connection with the Navy programme, has, amongst others, the following three claims to distinction. He is the husband of Lady Peggy Primrose, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Rosebery; he is one of the richest men in England; and, in the third place, he is one of the best-dressed men in the House of Lords. In spite of his unconscious confession at a political meeting just prior to his marriage that "he feared the ladies of the Primrose League," Lady Crewe and her husband seem to lead an ideally happy life. They have much in common, including a great taste for literature and art, and a mutual fondness for animals, particularly horses.

A Titled Tradeswoman.

Lady Auckland, who offered a prize of 500 dollars to any American reporter who interviews or even identifies her when she landed in New York, is a woman of spirit and enterprise. She is a great-granddaughter of Sir Richard Arkwright, the famous inventor of the spinning-frame, and on her mother's side she is descended from Mrs. Siddons, the actress. It is less than two years since she sought to rehabilitate the family fortunes by opening a furnishing and decorating business, a line of which he had previously made a special study.

Baby Admirals.

Few people are aware that Britain rejoices in two Lord High Admirals whose naval tactics, if they indulge in them at all, are still confined to the nursery tub. These two distinguished officers are the Marquis of Donegall, aged five, the hereditary Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh, and Master Ralph Banks, aged six, the hereditary Lord High Admiral of Purbeck Seas. The elder of these Admirals had the honour of receiving the King and Queen at Kingston Lacy, when their Majesties visited his mother at this famous house during the time they were at Crichel as the guests of Lord and Lady Alington.

"John Blunt."

Sir Frederick Bedford, who has just relinquished the Governorship of West Australia, has a reputation for plain speaking in his public addresses. He says occasionally what a great many public men only think. An instance of his bluntness is to be found in a speech which he made three years ago at a floral fete which he opened in Fremantle. He said: "I tried hard to get out of attending to-day. I thought that with the large amount of work I have to get through, now that I have returned from the East, I would have been excused. I don't see why I should be fetched down here to do this sort of thing, when there are plenty of people who could do it as well as I. How-

ever, I hope that the bazaar, or fete, or whatever you like to call it will be a success." It is said that the audience were very much surprised, and probably they were.

The Long-lived Nelson Family.

The 84th birthday of the Rev. Hon. John Horatio Nelson, which occurred last month, has recalled the fact that for generations past the Nelson family have been clergymen and sailors. The veteran rector of Shawcum-Donnington, Newbury, has two brothers, Horatio Earl Nelson, "Father of the House of Lords," and Rear-Admiral the Hon. Maurice Horatio Nelson (retired), all three being great-nephews of the famous admiral. The father of the victor of Trafalgar died when 80 years old, whilst the Rev. Earl Nelson, an elder brother of his, lived to be 78. The present Earl is 85, and his youngest surviving brother, Rear-Admiral Nelson, is 76 years of age.

Lord Gwydyr.

The death is announced of Lord Gwydyr, "Father of the House of Lords," aged 98. Lord Gwydyr was within three weeks of attaining his 99th year. He was the oldest peer on the roll, but he was not the father of the House in the sense of having been a member of the House for a longer period than any other peer. He did not succeed his cousin, the third baron, till 1870, and has therefore been a member of the House 39 years. To speak of none other, the Marquis of Ripon has been a member of the House since 1859, when he succeeded as Earl of Ripon. Lord Gwydyr is succeeded by his son, the Hon. Willoughby Merrick Campbell Burrell, who was born in 1841. The new peer's daughter, Catherine Mary Sermonda, married in 1902 Mr. John Henniker Heaton.

"Out of One Hole into Another."

A good story is going the rounds concerning Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P., Secretary for Ireland. The Chief Secretary is by way of being a golfer, but as regards his play, if his intention is good his execution is often faulty. Concerning a point in his department, Dr. Macnamara once made a suggestion to which Mr. Birrell agreed, and did not act upon. Thereupon Dr. Macnamara sent him a spirited reminder. To this Mr. Birrell replied: "Dear Macnamara, perhaps you are right. Out of one hole into another. If my department were only a golf course, I should be a scratch player in no time." As Dr. Macnamara tells the story himself, its veracity cannot be doubted. Another story which illustrates Mr. Birrell's kindness of heart refers to the day when he practised at the Bar, and took up the case of a poor client for nothing. When the case had been won, the client gratefully sent Mr. Birrell the sum of 15s, which he accepted in order not to give offence. And when a col-

league reproached the future Chief Secretary for "unprofessional conduct" in taking less than gold, Mr. Birrell promptly replied, "But I took all the poor beggar had, and I consider that is not unprofessional!"

The Son of a Millionaire.

Master Willie Vanderbilt, aged seven, is the only son of Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, whose wife secured a divorce several months ago. On every one of his previous birthdays his father has presented him with a million dollars, but this year Mr. Vanderbilt was away motoring, and instead the boy received a child's motor-car. For the last two years it is said that the boy has taken a keen interest in his birthday cheques, and has often talked of what he intends to do with his riches when he grows up.

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These are most exact imitations of all kinds of Animals, Insects, etc., whose legs and heads and various parts of their bodies are so ingeniously arranged with springs that, when held by the cord, are always in motion in all directions, and fluttering all the time. If you have one suspended from the ceiling or gas-jet, or somewhere else, you can have the greatest fun imaginable with these grotesque little figures. Or placing one of them on your friend's shoulder, or his plate or pillow, will excite merriment in the extreme. Old maids go into hysterics from the look alone, and sing out "Get away, you're a naughty boy." As you can see from the illustrations, we have a big assortment, (Reading them in their order as shown they are:—Rabbit, Monkey, Skeleton, Devil, Clown, Turtle, Frog, and Coon. You can have any one for ONLY 8d EACH, or 3 for 1s. 9d. We have many kinds not shown, such as the performing Lobster, Baboon, Humpty Dumpty, Rooster and many more besides, and if you order a dozen (price 7s. post free, we add an extra one free of charge. Kindly note that most of these Animals are made of material resembling China, and must not be confused with the common and cheap imitations.

A. J. SMITH & CO., 14 Hunter St., Sydney.

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, APRIL 15, 1909.

THE MISSION ZONE.

The work being done by this movement, which has for one of its mottoes "The Best for the Neediest," is to be brought before the public in a great meeting to be held in the Town Hall, Sydney, early in June. The meeting will be preceded by a tea, at which at least 1500 are expected, and his Excellency the Governor-General, Lord Dudley, has promised to preside, and, that he might speak with greater weight, has requested to be allowed to visit the centres of the work. Lady Dudley, who has been engaged in prison-visiting work in England, and is deeply interested in, and full of appreciation for, Wilson Carlisle's great Church Army work, has also expressed herself as being anxious to personally see the work in progress. The work of the Pilgrims' Home, carried on by the Mission Zone, and lately recorded in our pages, under the title "Up from the Depths," is being greatly hampered for want of a larger place—the coming winter will make it impossible to continue to meet in the backyard, and we appeal for practical help to enable us to obtain a place suitable for this unique work. Money given for such a purpose will lessen the demand for such "stop-gap" charities as now abound in Sydney, for the men who join the Pilgrims, and very many have done so, immediately develop the spirit of independence and self-respect that always follows the embracing of the religion of the Christ. While it is good to better a man's environment, and meet his pressing needs, it is more a workmanlike job to bring the man into touch with those suitable friends that make him at once a force to change his own environment, and able to supply his own needs. Many gifts of a charitable kind leave the recipient exactly where he was before—having only put off the evil day—but gifts to assist a work that goes to the root of the whole trouble, and helps a man to be a "man of courage and common sense," are the gifts needed in the present day.

THE DOG AND THE TIN CAN.

Some people have found amusement in trying to settle the question as to whether the rattle of a tin can on a dog's tail made him run down the street, or whether his

running down the street made the tin can rattle. This has been given as an illustration of the relation between poverty and drink. There is, however, no room for doubt that the tin can would not rattle if the dog did not run, though it is equally true that the dog would not run so quickly if the tin can did not rattle. In this case drink is represented by the dog. The Report of the Poor Law Commission in England is a most weighty and authoritative document, and it supports our contention that alcohol is responsible for poverty, though poverty in many cases accelerates drinking. The famous and widely travelled Oliver Goldsmith was compelled to say: "In all the towns and countries I have seen, I never saw a city or a village yet whose miseries were not in proportion to the number of its public-houses. Ale houses are ever an occasion of debauchery and excess, and either in a political or religious light it would be our highest interest to have them suppressed." While everyone knows someone who has sunk from comparative riches to absolute poverty through alcohol, it is difficult to find those whose misfortunes have brought them to an actual poverty that has been responsible for their taking to drink. But we must not restrict the meaning of the word poverty—there have been men who have been rich in genius, and yet, like Edgar Poe, the poet, R. B. Sheridan, the wit and author, Porson, the greatest Greek scholar of his century, Theodore Hook, one of the most versatile creatures that ever dazzled the world, and yet these men, and many hundreds like them, have been reduced to poverty, had their days shortened and their genius dimmed, by alcohol. As one thinks of the men whose wealth was in their magnificent physical proportions, as Clarence Whistler and many, if not most other giants, and see them brought to old age in their prime, and deepest poverty in all that was once theirs in greatest wealth, we do not wonder at the element of fanaticism that pervades the temperance movement for the abolition of alcohol, nor can we see, how ever anyone can doubt that it is alcohol (i.e., the dog), and not poverty (i.e., the can), that is the responsible agent.

THE REPORT OF THE POOR LAW COMMISSION.

The Report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws and the Relief of Distress was published last February in England. It is a voluminous document of 2038 pages, and is replete with matter for the social reformer, whose text book it will probably be for a long time. There is a Minority as well as a Majority Report, and note may be made of those respects in which they coincide. Both reports agree on important changes—that a new local authority should entirely

supersede Boards of Guardians; that the mixed workhouse should be done away with, and specialised institutions be established for the aged, the infirm, and the children; that there should be labour colonies for the able-bodied unemployed and penal detention colonies for the vagrant and work-shy; and that the workhouse is no place for children. The terms "Poor-law" and "outdoor relief" are substituted by "Public Assistance Authority" and "Home Assistance." It is generally acknowledged, moreover, that the present system of administering "outdoor relief" is profoundly unsatisfactory. "A great weight of evidence indicates," says the majority report, "that drink is the most potent and universal factor in bringing about pauperism." Some witnesses, it is mentioned, also indicate gambling as a serious and growing cause, but the Commissioners do not accept this suggestion; they point out that gambling, though it wastes the resources of its victims, does not lead to such physical and moral degeneration as drink. Passages are cited from the evidence as indicating the basis of the charge which is brought against drink as the great evil. One of these is taken from the examination of Mr. Wethered, the Local Government Board Inspector. "The more one inquires into the history of workhouse inmates," this witness says, "the more one is struck with the fact that drinking is one of the chief causes of pauperism." Two workhouses are taken and tested on these lines. In one there were 279 persons, of whom 74 men and 36 women were inmates as the direct result of intemperance. In the other there were 416 men and women; and of these 175 men and 20 women were the victims of drink.

MEETING FOR BUSINESS MEN.

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AFTER EASTER

What to do with your Boy or Girl is perhaps an anxious problem with you.

We can help you. An interview will cost you nothing, and you will get an honest expression of opinion as to your Son's or Daughter's suitability or unsuitability for the work of Shorthand Writing, and Typing, and Bookkeeping.

To those who are suitable for the work, a good future is assured—and your children's future is, or should be, one of your first cares—so many young men, and more young women, are left stranded and helpless.

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Woman's True Sphere

By Mrs. MARGARET MISSEN, Ashburton.

A noble type of good,
Heroic Womanhood.—Longfellow.

Very much is both said and written in this 20th century regarding the social and political status of woman.

It is nowadays considered quite the correct thing for women to invade all departments of the various avenues of labour; we have women as medicos, lawyers, architects, accountants, etc., etc. A career is what our young women of to-day are seeking. They do not (at least not our up-to-date young women, many of whom, even in "God's own country," alas that it should be so, are adopting "My Lady Mixture," in the form of a special brand of cigarette) anticipate marriage, as did the young women in the days of our grandmothers, the care of children is decidedly repugnant to them, but they do most ardently seek independency, and freedom from every possible home restraint. Where, in all this, does the happy, sweet home life come in?

It is alleged by some of our women, who are hankering after the "man-life," that women have been unduly kept back, that her comfort, luxury, the very necessities of life itself, have been obtained for her by her husband. She has been denied all share in the race activities which are the broadening and deepening influences of human growth, she has been checked, starved, aborted in human growth, because man has absorbed not only his own share, but hers as well, of those intellectual and soul-stirring influences, the very influences that have made man pre-eminent above all creation. They further allege, that for centuries past woman has sat down under these conditions, content to live in them, and to train her daughters by precept and example, not to aspire beyond what she has considered her own proper sphere.

The making and managing of the great engines of modern industry, the threading of earth and sea in our best systems of transportation, the handling of our elaborate machinery of trade, commerce, government, these things could not be done so well by women in their present degree of economic development. This is not owing to lack of the essential human faculties, nor of any inherent disability of the sex, but to their present condition forbidding the development of this degree of economic ability. It has been said that "man is thousands of years in advance of woman in economic status!"

The lines of Keats:—

Oh who can e'er forget so fair a being?
Who can forget her half-retiring sweets?
God! she is like a milk-white lamb that
Bleats for man's protection—

are described by such women as impossibly sentimental, and but a poet's interpretation of the attitude of over-chivalrous man towards woman, and quite as absurd to practical ears, though not more so than is the actual position of woman, viewed in the light of reason. (Advanced 20th century reason is what such women would refer to possibly.)

The spirit of unrest and utter dislike for restraint is abroad, and if affecting women in all walks of life—it has laid its disfiguring hand upon women of all positions and grades of society. The women who are not desirous of a "career" are certainly not showing any desire for home-keeping; would much rather have a good dinner at a fashionable restaurant or "Ladies' Club,"

than preside at their own table. Our women, or many of them, nowadays, will gladly leave their homes upon the slightest pretext whatsoever, such a desire is there for extraneous excitement—something which will occupy their time away from home. Some are not even satisfied, though they have acquired a profession or business—indeed a "career"—but seek the turbid waters of politics; choosing to plead "womanhood" only when handled roughly by the opposite sex, or even as man would deal with man, they are quick then to complain of a lack of courtesy and chivalry, forgetting that if they put on boxing-gloves and enter the arena, they challenge rough handling, and, of course, are rarely disappointed. It is to a great extent women's own fault if reverence and gentleness are in a measure withheld.

In our natural sphere, we, as women, wield a wonderful power. Let me—shall I say—idealise? Women are the queens of hearth and home, and I would gladly reiterate the assurance that "She who rocks the cradle rules the world." The tendency of the age is to equality and communism, and this is undermining our positions in the blessed and hallowed light of home, where every true woman rules the realm of her own family. The aspirations and desires of so many women in these days are not, alas, towards their homes, their ambitions are not by any means to improve and render them the most comfortable, happy, and charming retreats possible for husbands and children, but in many cases for the "privilege" of stumping the country on political subjects, threatening to usurp man's kingdom. Please do not think that I would place any disparagement upon women who have travelled through many countries, perhaps bearing the heat and burden of the day, in great moral reforms for the relief and betterment of humanity, but women who so leave home should be the exceptions, not the rule. I have personally known of some who have thus left home, and the ties that should naturally bind to home, and have enjoyed long years of popularity; but their homes! There are others who have been free from home ties, and one has felt when hearing such plead the cause of humanity, how great a force in the realm of life were "words," and one could enthusiastically join with the poet in the lines:—

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,

There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

And realise that in giving such women, we are giving of our best, our most loyal, and our truest; but of the others we feel with Olive Shreiner, "And it was all play and no one could tell what it had lived and worked for, a striving and a striving, and an ending in nothing."

If we carefully sift the records of history, we can trace in every epoch the grand, ennobling, and refining results of mothers who have wisely ruled in the home. How many of our great statesmen, and some of the greatest thinkers of the day, have been inspired by the wise influence of wife or mother. We remember how assiduously Mrs. Gladstone encouraged the "Grand Old Man," as he was popularly called, her husband, even when ill and in pain, cheerfully hiding it from him, in order to be present when

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he addressed Parliament. We recall to mind Monica, the faithful and devoted Christian mother of St. Augustine, Madame Curie of our own day, the grand wife-comrade, whose marriage has been termed a "beautiful marriage," a union of two minds, as close as was the union in the ideal world of poetry, of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Margaret Roper, Caroline Herschel, and many others, but need not multiply instances.

(To be concluded.)

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

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Miss Forbes, 2s 6d (18/9/09); Mrs. Overall, 5s (10/6/08); Mr. Gaeghan, 2s 6d; Mrs. Witchard, 2s 6d; Mrs. Spears, 5s; Mrs. Holesgroves, 5s (29/7/09); Mrs. Cock, 5s (28/8/09); Rev. G. D. Frewin, 7s 6d (4/7/09); C. Watts, 5s (21/1/10); Mrs. G. H. Lee, 5s (8/4/10); Mr. J. Denny, 2s 6d; Mrs. Revallion, 1s 3d; Mrs. Meppon, 2s 6d (23/1/09); F. W. Belbridge, 5s (11/9/08); Thos. T. Brown, 6s 6d (12/11/09); W. J. Gifford, 5s; A. H. Ford, 5s (28/4/09); Mrs. McLauchlan, 2s 6d (20/2/09); Rev. J. C. McDonald, 5s (11/12/09); Mrs. Ireland, 5s (18/3/10); Mr. G. Jopling, 5s (18/3/10); Miss Mackellar, 2s 6d (20/8/09).

Salt-making by the evaporation of seawater has been carried on at Maldon, Essex, ever since the time of the Domesday survey. The town council have granted permission for the borough arms to be placed on all packages of salt sent from the town.

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45 HUNTER-STREET, SYDNEY.

The Experiences and Observations of a New York Saloon-Keeper

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.*

A "GOOD DRINKING POPULATION."

The population of the neighbourhood of my saloon was what is technically called in the saloon business "a good drinking one." It was made up of Irish and Germans in about equal parts, with a good-sized Italian section, and a few Americans thrown in. There were scarcely any Jews. Both Pye, the sales-agent, and Drugan, the late owner of the saloon, had dwelt on this last fact, saying that Jews were no drinkers, and therefore "N.G. for our trade." There were a large number of grown-up descendants of the Germans, Irish, and Italians, and on the whole I found them even better drinkers than their elders. Certainly they were better spenders.

When I saw the saloon for the first time, that is, when Drugan had stocked it up with bogus customers for my inspection, it was well filled with men of prosperous appearance and comparatively quiet manners. The actual patronage of the saloon I found to be of a very different class. An overwhelming majority of the people living near me were workingmen—day labourers, teamsters, furniture-movers, and mechanics; and of the last named many, when employed, earned high wages. But there was also an admixture of the criminal element, either living in the neighbourhood, or "hanging-out" in certain retired nooks near at hand.

Being German-born myself, and all my life accustomed to the moderate use of beer and wines, I had never had much sympathy with the movements against saloons and drinking. But here in my place, dealing mostly with men and women of either German or Irish blood, I was confronted by conditions that I had never suspected; in fact, could scarcely have believed possible. For to me the drinking habits of most of my patrons appeared frightful. Intemperance, intoxication, pursued to the point of senselessness—and this not once in a while, but frequently or daily—was common. I think I am not overstating the fact when I say that my unmarried patrons spent about 75 per cent. of their earnings in drink. Among the married men there were wide differences, largely owing, I daresay, to the greater or lesser restraining influence of wives and children; but even the married men, I believe, spent an average of at least 25 per cent. of their wages in this way, and many of them much more.

FOUR QUARTS OF WHISKY A DAY.

Some of my regular patrons habitually consumed their four quart-bottles of whisky a day, not reckoning the beer, etc., that they drank besides. One, two, or three-bottle men I counted by the score among my regular customers. And it seemed to me that the character of their toil made hardly any difference. There were, for instance, many marble-cutters living in my district.

[*The author of this article is a German man of education. His story is an accurate account of his experience in the business of saloon-keeping. For obvious reasons his name is withheld, and his associates here appear under fictitious names.—Editor "Mc-

Their hours were not long; their labour was not exhausting; their pay was very good. Yet nearly all of them had dissipated habits. On the other hand, there were hard-working teamsters, furniture-movers, carpenters, brick-layers, etc., who were comparatively temperate.

There were curious types among them. One bricklayer, a man earning good wages, on coming home Saturdays, always provided liberally for his family. Then, his mind freed of that responsibility, he would issue forth, dressed in his best clothes, on a "glorious drunk." He would return home late Sunday night or early Monday morning, with not a cent left. This was his practice, regular as clockwork. When intoxicated, this man button-holed everybody, paid for drinks for his auditors, and told rambling stories that had neither beginning nor end. By his baleful eye he held men spell-bound, like the Ancient Mariner, for hours and hours.

Then there was a teamster, Fred Reynolds by name. He spent all his wages on drink. His weekly earnings probably averaged 25 dollars; on Sunday nights he never had a cent left. His clothes hung about him in tatters, and he wore neither socks nor underclothes.

A little German there was, a cripple, pale and thin. This man was an expert piano-mover, despite his dwarfish size. He was always drunk or half-drunk; always smiling, chipper, and in good humour. He drank like a fish, oceans of beer, and never seemed to eat anything.

A painter, another German, was a regular customer. He also was very good-natured, and never quarrelled. But he would not tolerate interference with his drinking habits. One boss he had had, an American, who had objected to his drinking during working hours. "Well," said Fritz, "I am not your slave, and if I cannot drink when I feel like it, I'll stop work." And he did.

As a rule they fiercely resented interference, even when it was manifestly for their own good. It made them violent and abusive. There was one man, for example, Joe Rumpf, of German parentage, a good fellow at bottom, a very hard worker, and of extraordinary strength, who had married an Irish wife with whom he lived very unhappily. The principal cause of their disagreements seemed to be a "star boarder," who

had aroused his jealousy. The couple were Catholics, and a divorce was out of the question. When his domestic difficulties began to weigh on Joe's mind—as they generally did on Saturday nights, after liberal indulgence—he would pull out an ugly-looking dirk and threaten to do for the whole family, "star boarder" and all. In this mood, he madly resented any sort of interference. He drank until he fell down like a log, sleeping off his stupor in some corner of the saloon.

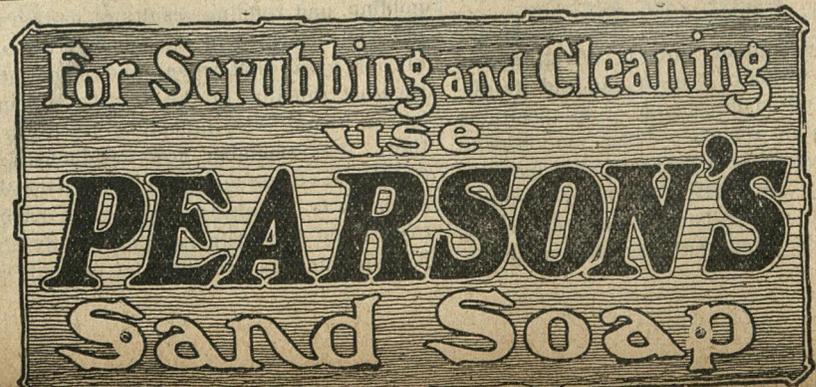
It interested me to study drunkenness in its various stages, as it presented itself to me among my patrons. Many became quarrelsome, pugnacious, boisterous, vindictive; others despondent, melancholy, talking of their wrongs. Of course, racial traits have much to do with that. Drink accentuates them. Some of my patrons became coarse in their talk and rude in their habits when drunk, while others, particularly those of German blood, became sentimental. With a very large proportion of these men, to drink in excess was their only recreation, their only pleasure, from week's end to week's end.

From my saloon experience I judge that this class of our population differs from those better placed and better educated, chiefly in its lack of restraint.

A DEGENERATE SECOND GENERATION

One of the most surprising and unpleasant observations I made concerned the second generation—the adult American-born sons of Irish or German fathers. These men, as a rule, not only shared the drinking habits of the latter, but usually outdid them. Besides that, many of them were not only more dissipated than their elders, but were also very frequently shiftless, indolent, and unreliable. And not a few of them were criminally inclined, even when their fathers were strictly honest and respectable. I found this to be the case, too, among the young Italian-Americans and Jewish-Americans of the second generation. While the old folks still remembered their early religious teaching, and felt its restraining influence, these influences, in the majority of cases, seemed to be entirely removed from the younger men. Scarcely any of them belonged to any church. They scorned, almost without exception, the faith and practices of their elders; they scoffed at every form of worship; and they ridiculed those of their number who gave way, on these points, to home influence. A number of them seemed to me to be wholly devoid of moral sense. As a rule, their parents had very little control over them.

(To be Continued.)



From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(BY UNCLE BARNABAS).

THE RESURRECTION PLANT.

At the Great Alliance Fair, I received as a present from Mr. Grit a queer-looking thing like a bit of shrivelled sea-weed. But he told me it was the Sacred Rose of Jericho, or the Resurrection plant. With the plant was a little slip of paper telling something of the strange ways of these plants. "They will grow and stay green by placing them into water; they will also grow in light, drained soil. When taken out of water they dry and curl up, and go to sleep. They will keep in this state for years, and reawaken directly upon being put into water. It is an interesting and pretty house plant of very agreeable fragrance; grows in winter, if not allowed to freeze. To grow it, simply place the whole plant into water, it will open and start to grow in about 20 minutes; after that, simply keep the roots in water, change the water once in four or five days to keep it from becoming rancid."

Well, I got a bowl and some water, and a few little friends of mine were invited to come and sit around the table and watch the Sacred Rose of Jericho wake up. It looked just like a dead root of moss that might have been plucked up and left lying in the scorching sun for six months. There was not a speck of green on it. But we dropped it into the water, and nine pairs of eyes began to stare at it, and nine tongues began to talk, and say, "Come along, wake up!" "It won't grow—do you think it will?" "No fear!" "Hullo! it's moving! I saw it, didn't you?" "Yes, look at that!"

And sure enough, in less than ten minutes this queer, dead thing was alive, stretching its limbs, and opening, opening, opening its heart to the great busy world. Next morning it was a beautiful moss green, and had stretched up until it filled the bowl right up to its edge. It is on the table now, and looks very pretty. It is a wonderful plant, and it talks to me about the hidden life. It seems to say "Don't think any of these poor creatures that you see in the street, or in the parks, or in the gaol are really dead to God. They look dead enough, but they only want SOMETHING—perhaps a kind word, or even a smile—just a drink of human kindness—and they will wake up into life and beauty.

But here is a story from the "Children's Cyclopaedia" that I came across the other day which I am sure you will like. It is a beautiful

STORY FOR EASTER WEEK.

The Rose of Jericho is also known as the Resurrection Flower, for it is supposed to have the property of dying and coming to life again. Its origin is described in a very pretty legend.

When the infant Jesus fled from Bethlehem with His mother Mary and Joseph, to avoid the massacre of all the young children by King Herod, the party are said to have crossed the plains of Jericho. When Mary alighted from the ass on which she was riding, this little flower sprang up at her feet to greet the infant Saviour whom she carried in her arms. Flowers are said to have sprung up at all the places where the Holy Child rested.

All through the Saviour's life on earth, the little rose of Jericho continued to flourish, but when He died upon the Cross all these flowers withered and died away at the same time. Three days later, however, our Lord rose again from the tomb, and at the same time the roses of Jericho came to life, and sprang up and blossomed all over the plain as an emblem of the joy of the earth because Christ was risen.

And because of these happenings, the Rose of Jericho has ever since borne also the name of the Resurrection Flower.

WORDS BEGINNING WITH T.

The words wanted are all in the 10th verse of chapters of St. Luke and St. John's Gospels. What are they? And where are they?

1. A word meaning "the hour."
2. A word meaning "news."
3. A word meaning "you."
4. A word meaning "giving instruction."
5. A word meaning "more than one."
6. A word meaning "reported."
7. A word meaning "a robber."

FOR MONDAY.

WHAT WAS THE SUM?

Harry's sleeve had rubbed against his slate as he returned from school, with the result that many of the figures in his long division sum had become rubbed out. Putting an x to represent a place where a figure had become rubbed out, the sum was like this:

$$\begin{array}{r} 215)x7x9x(1xx \\ \underline{\quad\quad\quad} \\ \quad xxx \\ \underline{\quad\quad\quad} \\ \quad\quad x5x9 \\ \underline{\quad\quad\quad} \\ \quad\quad\quad x5x5 \\ \underline{\quad\quad\quad} \\ \quad\quad\quad\quad x4x \\ \underline{\quad\quad\quad\quad} \\ \quad\quad\quad\quad\quad xxx \end{array}$$

He remembered that the sum ended without a remainder, and, being a clever boy, he filled in all the figures that had been rubbed out. Can you do it?

NEPHEWS AND NIECES

may, this month,
look out for
a life-like picture of
Uncle B.

THANKS!

To Dora Howell and Mrs. Gwain, of Wai-paro (N.Z.), for Pin-prick money for the Fair.

LETTER BOX.

THIS IS THE WEIGHT OF THE MOON!

Vera Musgrave writes:—"Dear Uncle B.—The answers to Sunday puzzle are: (1) Ruth, (2) Ephesians, (3) Malachi, (4) Philemon, (5) Habakkuk, (6) Amos, (7) Nahum. The name is Remphan, mentioned in Acts 7: 43.

"Some of the girls at school are going to commence basket-ball again. Mr. Petersen, the gentleman who teaches us physical culture, gave them some instructions the other day. We will soon be having holidays again, and it seems a very short time since our Christmas holidays. Last week I asked what was the weight of the moon. The answer is, one hundredweight, because it has four quarters. Love to all."

(That is all moonshine! But have you heard the story of the moon? A little girl said she knew the moon could not be made of green cheese, because the Bible said so. When she was asked to explain that astonishing statement, she said, "Why, the Bible says the moon was made before cows, so how could it be made of cheese?"—Uncle B.)

THE ALLEGED UNCLE B. GIVES AN ADDRESS.

Dora Howell, 25 Newland-street, Waver-dey, writes:—"Dear Uncle B.—We are having our quarterly examination at school, and I am rather busy. We had our swimming carnival last week, and had good fun.

"I saw to my great delight, on Tuesday night, at the Chapter House, someone whom I have decided in my own mind is Uncle Barnabas. I think I recognise the leg and point

of the nose, as our 'Baby' pictured them. And he told us that the world was like a great pond, and each one of us children were like stones, that when they are thrown in, first make a tiny circle, then larger and larger, till at last the circle widens out to the edge of the pond. So may one of us be the same, perhaps influence a class-mate at school for good, and stand by him, and that class-mate may grow up to be a good man who goes away to the farthest parts of the earth to preach the Gospel. So that stone thrown had spread its circle right to the edge of the pond. I hope I'll be like one of those little stones cast into the water and be of some use towards helping my fellow-creatures. I will now close my letter, as I don't want to go to sleep myself and I don't want to put you to sleep. Love to Aunts T. and P., Uncle A. and yourself.—I remain, your affectionate niece,

"DORA HOWELL."

PROFESSOR DAVID, PLEASE READ THIS!

"P.S.—I am sending the Pin-pricks money. I am sorry to have been so long about it, but I am a bad collector, and know so few people. I wish to remain in the Prayer Circle still. Last night I went to hear Professor David, but could not get in, the doors having been closed since half past six. So went home, and there I cried myself to sleep from disappointment. I wish the Professor would give a repetition of the lecture for school and college children only.—D.H."

(The best letter you ever wrote me, Dora! May you be a maker of wide circles of good influence. You know how it is done, don't you? Pick out three words from John 15 that tell the secret. Your answer to Sunday problem nearly correct.—Uncle B.)

"A H—D P—ZZ—E."

Gordon Kearney, Kellyville, writes:—"Dear Uncle,—In this letter I send you a hard puzzle to answer. Here is the puzzle:

Old Testament Puzzle:

E-h, N-i, M-n, C-n, O-h, R-h, B-z,
Fill in these blanks so as to give the names of a man and his wife, their two sons, their son's wives, and a wealthy relative of the family. Can G.N. and R. M. answer this puzzle?"

(I guessed them first try, Gordon. Let us see if the "Seven to Seventeen's" can do that.—Uncle B.)

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

To "Ni" Ursula C. McBrien, for April 15.
To "Ni" Alice McCulloch, for April 19.
"The Lord bless thee and keep thee!"
N.B.—Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.
That is the address for all letters meant for Page 9.

SUN

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GETTING THE BEST IN LIFE.

If you want to get the worth of the bargain in life cultivate gladness. The one who mopes doesn't enjoy herself, and surely no one enjoys her.

Anyone can be glad when things go her way; to be glad when the maid breaks your best dinner set, and the frock on which you've broken yourself turns out a fright, shows a disposition that can be counted on to oil life's wheels.

There's a lot of gladness going, but many of us are blind to it. What we want is to take life like a healthy child, and find enjoyment in simple things. We can cultivate our critical sides until it takes the zest from everything.

What if we haven't an overflowing pocketbook, need we hang down the corners of our mouth when there are health and the outdoors and love to make for gladness?

Does it come easier to look on the black side? Has the pose of misfortune become your natural state? Forget it, and take to grinning. The brand improves with practice.

Forced cheerfulness is not pleasing, but it is better than chronic depression. Keep pumping out that oil of gladness, and by and bye the dumps will be lubricated.

Gladness isn't an effort to be glad; it is just being glad. You cannot worry yourself into it; neither does it come by simulation; it does come from taking life easy and enjoying things whether they were meant to be enjoyed or not.

You sad one, try for a day to hunt causes for gladness. Instead of summing up your woes and mourning over the total, get into a receptive mood for joys. You'll be surprised at the end of the day to find how many have been the occasions for smiling.

Does your head ache? Sample the laugh cure. Are the children obstreperous? Don't mope over your sorry lot, but charm them with a smile. Does the future seem a coal-black wall. See what kind of wedge a day of cheerfulness can make.

Gladness never comes with time to think about your troubles, so get busy. The full life is rarely the sombre life.

Get grateful for your mercies; you may think it takes a magnifying glass to find them, but the eye is sharpened by the looking.

If you have no other cause for gladness, if your friends are not what they should be, if fortune frowns, and things generally seem "rank," just be glad you are alive!—Selected.

AWKWARD.

Little Bessie had been taken to church for the first time. She was very good and quiet until she saw the sides man approaching with the collection bag. Then she remarked, in a very audible whisper, much to her mother's embarrassment:

Mamma, hadn't I better sit on your knee now? Then one penny will do for us both!"

WHY SOME CHILDREN CANNOT LEARN.

A small coterie of French doctors is at present studying school children, and has at the moment under its especial observation that infantile phenomenon known as the dunce. The existence of the dunce is frequently to be attributed, they declare, to faulty hygienic environment, unsuitable food, or tactless treatment. Incidentally they assert that a disposition for mathematical studies is no criterion whatever of a capacity for original or vigorous thought, and that the ability to deal with numbers is often observable in the very weak of mind.

The dunce, they say, is often anything but a dunce. The poor child may suffer from weakness of sight, or incipient deafness, and his teachers fail to note the fact. Morbid shyness and self-consciousness, often characteristic in children, are as frequently as not the explanation of the so-called dullard's inability to learn.

All children do not progress with the same alertness. The phenomenon of grown-ups who are ten years behind their age, in regard to mentality, has been noted by all physicians, Corvisart, Napoleon's doctor, declaring that these minds often prove the finest when they reach their maturity, and that the fact of their backwardness is invariably a sign that a ripe old age will be reached.

The personal character of children, say these French doctors, requires to be trained in respect to pluck, initiative, and interest, before the purely mental attributes can be expected to come into play.

Children who evince a dislike to play should be taught that success in play and kindred matters is the surest guarantee of success in the great game of life later on. Particular care must be taken in the selection of schools and school-surroundings for children who are unusually fat or overgrown, or who show a tendency to be what is known as "old-fashioned."

When children are likely to become the butts of their companions, parents cannot be too careful in deciding as to how they shall be trained. Observation and the advice of physicians, skilled in the treatment and study of children, both in their mental and physical attributes, are the safest guides if the rearing of wholesome men and women be, as it should be, the end of early education.

PROFESSOR DAVID.

"While they had subsisted on fat, blubber, oil, cheese, chocolate, cocoa, and tea, the party had never had one drop of alcohol. On one occasion—it was a birthday or something of the sort—they did have a little wine, but their resistance to the cold immediately dropped, and after that they dropped the alcohol."

WIFE TORTURE.

By CANON WILBERFORCE.

Let me tell you why I became an enthusiast in the cause of temperance, simply because I have seen in my own experience misery, sorrow, crime, desolation, cruelty, and tyranny such as I believe hardly any other nation at the present moment, certainly in Christendom, can show as arising from intoxicating drinks. Wife-torture! I hope I am patriotic, but I do not believe that any wives are tortured like the wives of Englishmen are tortured this moment by drink. Ah! I have many a time had my heart melted in me with sorrow. I could tell you here anecdote after anecdote where I have seen poor brave, long-suffering, steadfast women ground down to the simple earth by this drink on the part of their husbands.

It has been my lot to put under the ground in her last home one of the bravest, noblest wives and mothers that I ever saw. One summer she came to me at an open-air temperance meeting in my grounds, and she laid her poor worn hand upon my arm, and said, "Sir, for God's sake, try and turn my husband's heart!" And we did try all we knew; but he had allowed the devil to get the upper hand of him. His will was abnegated. He had ceased to pray, and so he went from bad to worse; and one day he came home, and set the seal of years of cruelty and brutality; he raised his foot, and kicked his poor wife savagely, and in a few hours she passed away from earth to where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

And as we laid her in the grave, and by her side the waxen form of her prematurely-born infant, we said: "There lies one more victim of England's curse; there lies one more victim of England's miserable inoperative legislation. There lies one more victim of the apathy, and the sleepiness, and the carelessness of England's Churches, and I, for one—and I know others did so, too—there and then renewed our vow before Almighty God."

SOME FAMOUS DIAMONDS.

Queen Victoria used to wear the Koh-i-noor as a brooch on special occasions, and it accompanied Her Majesty to Paris when she visited Napoleon III. At King Edward's Coronation it was placed in Queen Alexandra's crown, from which it could be easily detached to serve as a brooch again, if required. The King could hardly wear the greater South African diamonds, and if these stones should appear in public during his reign, they may possibly be seen at an opening of Parliament, utilised in some manner devised by clever Crown jewellers.

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HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

A month hence, what is probably the largest covered reservoir in the world will be opened at Honor Oak for the purpose of supplying London. The reservoir, which covers 21 acres, has a storage capacity of 56,500,000 gallons.

A corps of skaters is attached to the Norwegian army, the members being men selected for good physique and accurate marksmanship. These skaters can be manoeuvred upon ice or over the mountain snowfields with as great rapidity as the best-trained cavalry; and, as an instance of their speed, one of the corps some little time back accomplished 120 miles in 18½ hours over mountainous country.

Seaweed, dust, goat's hair, and Irish moss, compounded by a secret chemical process, is claimed to be, by its inventor, Mr. John Campbell, a perfect substitute for leather, vulcanite, wood, and marble. As leather, it makes serviceable soles for shoes. Among the things the compound is good for are picture frames, ornamental mouldings, imitation wood partitions, belting for machinery, upholstery, cotton-spinning bobbins, electric switchboards, flooring, golf balls, fountain pens, "marble" in all colours, chess boards, bookbinding, and "ivory" combs.

Probably one of the most interesting of the many occupations followed at the G.P.O. (London), is that of the postal "doctors." These worthies are really four senior sorters, who perform the special duty of "doctoring" letters, packages, etc., which—owing to insecure or careless packing—have become broken or damaged in the post. It is in the sorting-room that they are humorously termed "doctors." Articles of infinite variety pass through these "doctors'" hands, from coin of the realm, bank-notes, and stamps, to bottles of medicine, oil, and poison.

A German grower, of Berkeley, has, after 20 years of experimental work, produced two new strawberries, one of which is quite white. The fruit is studded with fine seeds upon the outside, as are ordinary strawberries. Otherwise it is totally different from them. The plant bears throughout the winter in a congenial climate, and, when set in frames during the winter, will bear freely till Christmas. The berries are large and of excellent flavour, equalling in these respects the Paxton and Royal Sovereign.

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SAVE THE BABIES.

SOME COMMON MISTAKES.

Apropos of the growing interest that is being shown in the care and protection of infants, some interesting remarks were made by the district health officer (Dr. Purdy) to a "Herald" representative, which may be commended to the notice of parents.

Dr. Purdy directed his remarks, in the first instance, to the matter of perambulators. The type generally in use in Auckland is not a good one. "Reclining chairs," he said, "are necessary for babies under two years of age, in which they can not only be placed in a comfortable position, but also be shaded. Let anyone try lying down for 10 minutes with eyes upturned to the sun, and thus experience what is being done for the babies." The district health officer went on to say that the close-fitting Dutch bonnets for girls, and the straw hats with brims stiffly upturned, for boys, are most injurious to the eyes of infants. They are also, he declared, entirely unsuited to the climatic conditions of Auckland, where a hot sun beats down for so many months of the year. A suitable head covering would be one that shaded the eyes and protected the back of the head down to the neck.

The habit of taking babies to the theatre next came in for condemnation. Dr. Purdy said that the close atmosphere of the auditorium had a most damaging effect upon the delicate organisation of infants. There were always to be seen in theatres a number of babies in arms, and it was a pity that the mothers' attention was not drawn to the risks which their children were running. Judging by the way some babies sleep all through a performance, there was ground for suspecting that a few drops of soothing syrup were often administered to infants before leaving home. This was a deadly practice. It worked against the resisting power of brain and will. "The child who is saturated with soothing syrup when young," Dr. Purdy said, "will more easily become a prey to the drink demon in late years."

It was a pity, the district health officer added, that in spite of the attention that Dr. Truby King had paid to the subject of the rearing of infants, and in spite of the strenuous nature of his crusade, the wrong style of perambulator and go-cart was still in use, and in other respects proper precautions for babies' health were being neglected.—"Auckland Star."

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