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# GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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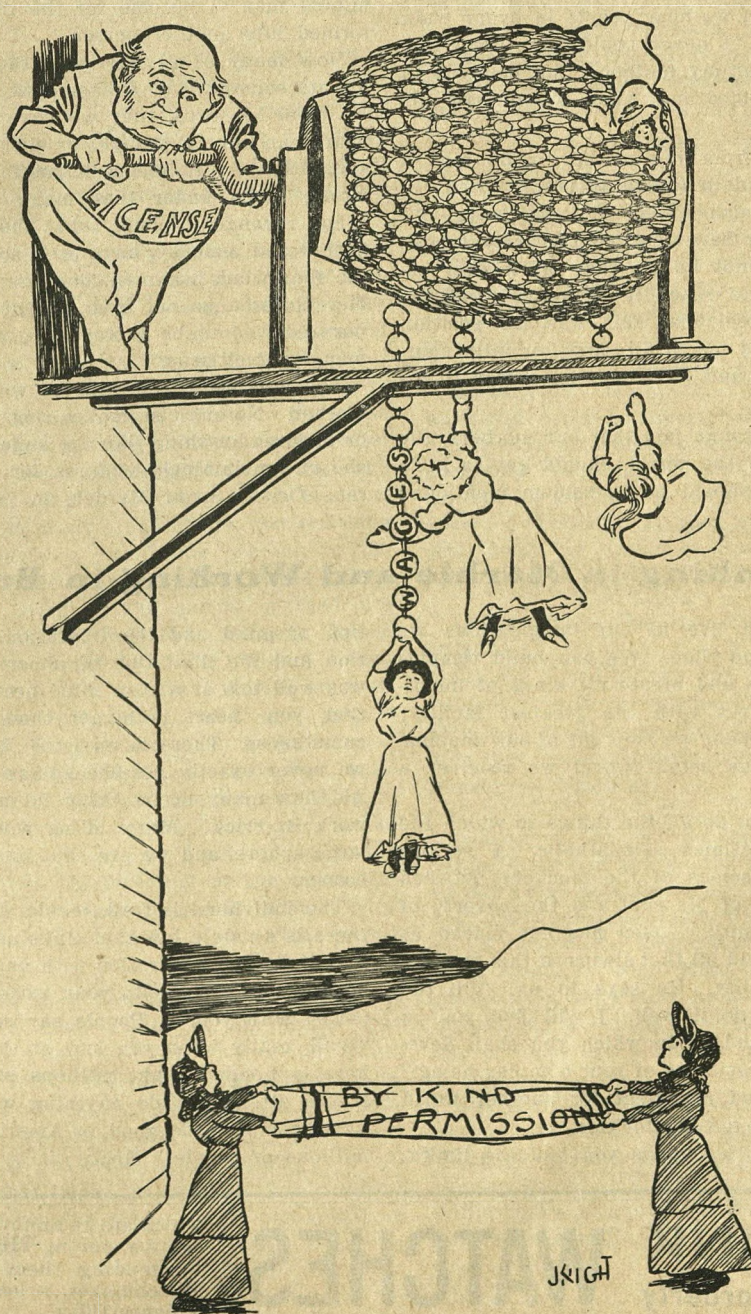
SYDNEY, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1910

Price One Penny

## An Unfair Division

The daily papers report that in Victoria, "the Chief Secretary (Mr. Murray) has definitely arranged with the Salvation Army to receive at its home at Carnegie, near Caulfield, for treatment and reclamation such women inebriates as may be sent there, with the sanction of the Government." The publican gets the money of these poor victims; when he has dragged the last penny from them he flings them off, and the Government kindly permits the Salvation Army to take the pennyless derelicts and, at great cost, care for them. Thank God, the Army will take them, but it is surely apparent to everyone that it amounts to nothing less than a public scandal, when the liquor trade, for a small fee of less than £30 yearly, has the right to wind the wages out of thousands of people, and can then go scot free and grin, while its guilty partner, the Government, allows charity to take charge of the fruit of their business. Liquor, and liquor only, makes drunkards, and it is a most reasonable contention that the liquor people should be taxed to provide for what is incidental to their business.

Many charities are an eloquent testimony to our heart's sympathies, but reflect somewhat on our brains and our backbone. If common sense and courage were more general, the liquor dealers would be compelled to bury their own dead, and by kind permission of the Government that dares to insist on so sane a provision, the Army, and kindred charities, may continue their good work unhampered by liquor outcasts.





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## Let us think About It

### MOTHER.

"All that I am or hope to be," said Lincoln, after he had become President, "I owe to my angel mother."

"My mother was the making of me," said Thomas Edison, recently. "She was so true, so sure of me; and I felt that I had someone to live for; someone I must not disappoint."

"All that I have ever accomplished in life," declared Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, "I owe to my mother."

"To the man who has had a mother, all women are sacred for her sake," said Jean Paul Richter.

The testimony of great men in acknowledgment of the boundless debt they owe to their mothers would make a record stretching from the dawn of history to to-day. Few men, indeed, become great who do not owe their greatness to a mother's love and inspiration.

How often we hear people in every walk of life say, "I never could have done this thing but for my mother. She believed in me, encouraged me, when others saw nothing in me."

"A kiss from my mother made me a painter," said Benjamin West.

A distinguished man of to-day says: "I would never have reached my present position had I not known that my mother expected me to reach it. From a child she made me feel that this was the position she expected me to fill; and her faith spurred me on and gave me the power to attain it."

It is a strange fact that our mothers, the moulders of the world, should get so little credit and should be so seldom mentioned

among the world's achievers. The world sees only the successful son; the mother is but a round in the ladder upon which he has climbed. Her name or face is never seen in the papers; only her son is lauded and held up to our admiration. Yet it was that sweet, pathetic figure in the background that made his success possible.

Many a man is enjoying a fame which is really due to a self-effacing, sacrificing mother. People hurrah for the governor or mayor, or congressman, but the real secret of his success is often tucked away in that little unknown, unappreciated, unheralded mother. His education and his chance to rise may have been due to her sacrifices.

The very atmosphere that radiates from and surrounds the mother is the inspiration and constitutes the holy of holies of family life.

"In my mother's presence," said a prominent man "I become for the time transformed into another person."

How many of us have felt the truth of his statement! How ashamed we feel when we meet her eyes, that we have ever harboured an unholy thought or dishonourable suggestion! It seems impossible to do wrong while under that magic influence. What revengeful plans, what thoughts of hatred and jealousy, have been scattered to the four winds while in mother's presence! Her children go out from communion with her resolved to be better men, nobler women, truer citizens.

The greatest heroine in the world is the mother. No one else makes such sacrifices, or endures anything like the sufferings that she uncomplainingly endures for her children.—Orison Swett Marden, in "Success."

## Thinking in Marble and Working in Brick

While we live in our imaginations we have a grand time. We can build temples and palaces and create all kinds of imposing structures with the greatest facility; but the moment we step out of our imagination into the actual world we receive a shock.

We cannot do all the things to which the mind is oftentimes sympathetic. A serious man is conscious of the mockery between the infinity of his soul and the poverty of his opportunity. God has not placed us here to unfold all that sleeps in this wonderful personality. He says to us: "Do the one thing; do it well. I will find you a sphere by and by in which you shall develop every possibility of your complex being." It is a grand argument for another world that we are too big for this.

God says to you, as you feel the limita-

tion of mind and the limitation of education and the limitation of opportunity: "It was well that it was in thine heart." Thank God, your heart is bigger than your circumstances. There is an irony in life that we never exactly get the sphere we want. Ah, how many of us think in marble and work in brick! Many of us would like a large sphere, and we are shut up to a little corner.

The individual is frail, feeble, failing, but there is a subtle law that links us together, that links one generation with another. You do not stand isolated; your work does not perish with you. People say sometimes: "Well, really when you look at the world—here is London, eight millions of people! If you attempt to do anything what is it? You attempt to do good in America, eighty millions of people! Really, it is not worth

which are an annoyance to the wearers, can be put in THOROUGH REPAIR by sending them to the temperance Watchmaker, or leave them at N.S.W. Alliance Office.

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talking about." Don't you trouble about what people say. You do it. "Oh," a man says, "what is the good? We are here to-day and gone to-morrow." Well, if we are not here somebody else will be. But whatever good we do, every pure thought that we put into the world, every kind act, every generous gift, every bit of sweet influence, every vital prayer, will live and multiply in endless harvests until the sun goes out. And in far-off ages you will be gathering to your breast golden sheaves that have sprung from the seeds you sowed down here in a short life.

What one man cannot do another man can. You know we are always trying to make ourselves as much alike as possible, but God never meant us to be alike. Look at the flowers. What an endless variety. That is God's way. And it is just the same in the world, each man a creation. But God Almighty knows how so to govern us that if we only do a section He can make that work in with another individuality, and out of the mutuality of millions comes at last a perfect world.—W. I. Watkinson.

A Native Interpretation.—"Tell me," requested the foreign sociologist, "what is the significance of the eagle that is shown on American money?" "It is," responded the Son of Liberty, "an emblem of its swift flight."

**DRUNK and Disorderly WATCHES**

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## The Stoicism of Jack

By C. C. HUTBUSH.

(Concluded.)

"He's very difficult to get along with," she confided to us one afternoon, when she had ridden over, as she frequently did, with the expressed intention of having a chat with us girls, though Ethel and I put our own construction on her visits.

"I shouldn't have thought that," I returned. Jack is the best-tempered fellow in the world—nothing ever bothers him."

"That's just where the difficulty comes in—he simply won't be put out. I've tried everything. I've flirted abominably, I've grumbled. I've kept him waiting an unconscionable time for no other reason than to tantalise him, and yet that neither-pleased-nor-sorry look which he wears has never changed. I'm afraid I shall not get on very well with a man who won't quarrel sometimes."

"Then why trouble about him?" queried Ethel, a trifle brusquely.

Flo raised her eyebrows.

"I don't, dear," she returned sweetly, "I've got a whim that I should like to see him angry, just once, and I indulge it occasionally, that is all. I often have doubts as to my wisdom in throwing in my lot with Jack."

"You should dispel all such doubts before marrying," I ventured.

"But we're not married yet, dear girl," said Flo, quizzically. "I shouldn't like to wound your family feelings by a disagreement with Jack, but there's many a slip, you know."

That night, as Ethel was combing her hair preparatory to going to bed, she turned to me, and said, spitefully—

"I hope to goodness Jack will never marry that conceited little doll. Gracious! One would think by her patronising manner that our family will receive an immense benefit if she ever becomes one of the circle."

A few weeks later Flo went to Melbourne on a three months' visit to some friends.

Mother had got an idea that some of the hens were "laying away," and I was down hunting for eggs among the rubbish which lined the fence of the paddock below the orchard, when Jack came to me, carelessly twirling a sheet of notepaper between his fingers. As I straightened my back he held the missive towards me.

"News," he said, laconically. "I thought it might interest you."

As I took it I looked at him in surprise. As a rule, he did not run after me with news, interesting or otherwise. This was what I read:—

"Dear Jack,—I am writing you to ask that you will treat all that has passed between us as a jest. For some weeks the feelings with which I thought I regarded you have been undergoing a change, for which, of course, there is a reason, which you will easily guess. I should write this with more reluctance but for the fact that I am confident it will not cause you pain, or upset you in any way. A line or two to let me know you acquiesce with my request will oblige.

"Yours erringly,  
"FLORENCE VINCENT."

When I raised my head Jack was drumming on the fence with his fingers. I look-

ed at him intently; but failed to detect the slightest change in his appearance.

"That's what you call giving a fellow his quietus, isn't it?" he asked, still drumming on the fence.

"But what can be the reason she mentions?" I asked stupidly.

"Another Richmond in the field, of course, silly. Nothing very remarkable in a woman changing her mind, surely? I thought I'd let you know at once, because you are such a curious little mortal, and you'll save me trouble of telling the rest. Anyhow, you'd all be bound to learn of it before long."

I passed his sarcasm without remark.

"And what are you going to do about it?"

I asked.

He was silent for a moment, then nodded his head quite gaily.

"I must let her have the line or two as soon as possible."

I laughed joyously, for, truth to tell, I was glad at the way things were shaping, and I was glad when I looked at Jack's placid face and knew that he did not care. I moved to where he was standing, and put my hand impulsively on his.

"I'm so glad, old boy. I never liked her, though I intended to try, if things came to the worst. But it's just splendid to know that it's all over and you don't care a bit."

With a quick movement he put away my hand and vaulted the fence.

"I must get down to the bracken," he said. "I can't afford to take a holiday even to celebrate our joy," and he swung off in the direction of the creek, where he was fern-cutting.

The same afternoon I took some fancy-work, and went down and sat by the fern-fringed little creek. Among the scrub farther along its banks I knew Jack was at work, but I did not try to find him, for I wished to be alone. Besides, he always laughed at my artistic efforts. For some time I was extremely industrious; but, after a while the work dropped to my lap, and I sat listening to the song of the laughing water, the drone of insect life, and watching the coquettish fern-fronds bending to the gallant little ripples, which kissed their lacery. Gradually the sounds emerged into a distant birr, and the feathery fronds bobbed at longer intervals. Then I slept.

I awoke with a start, and rubbed my eyes. The water still sang, and the insects hummed; but another sound broke in upon the drowsy bush drum—a discordant, quivering sound, like someone, or something in pain. I listened tensely, but could make nothing of it. At last I got up, and made my way in the direction of the noise. My quest ended when I parted some thick bracken, and peered out upon a clear grassy patch.

Seated on a decaying log, at the farther side, his head hidden in his arms, was Jack. I could see his fingers twitching convulsively, and his whole attitude betokened despair. Occasionally his body heaved, and the noise which I had heard came up, and broke in his throat.

My first thought was that he had hurt himself at his work, and I was about to make my presence known, when I saw a

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piece of white paper drop from his hand and flutter to the ground. Then I knew.

I yearned to go and throw my arms about his neck and comfort him; but something held me back. Perhaps there was a doubt as to his reception of my sympathy; but I think the real cause was reverence for his secret.

At all events, I slunk back through the bracken, and left him alone with his grief, nor have I spoken to anyone of my discovery—not even to Ethel. Only sometimes, when I hear her upbraiding Jack for his heartlessness, I turn away, knowing as I do that beneath his mask of calm indifference burn the fires of human passion and human frailty, and in reality our Jack is but master of himself.—"The Australasian."

Not Guilty.—It was 4 a.m., and Bilkins crept softly into the house, and removed his shoes, but as he tiptoed up the stairs one of the treads gave a loud creak. "Is that you, John?" demanded Mrs. Bilkins from above. "No, my love," replied Bilkins. "It's the stairs."

Much-mixed Metaphor.—"The glorious work will never be accomplished," declared an advocate of Woman's Suffrage, "until the good ship 'Votes for Women' shall sail from one end of the land to the other, and, with a cry of 'Victory!' at each step she takes, shall plant her banner in every city, town, and village in the kingdom!"

Little Willie: "Say, pa, what is a hypocrite?"

Pa: "A hypocrite, my son, is a man who publicly thanks providence for his success, then gets mad every time anybody insinuates that he isn't mainly responsible for it himself."—"Tit-Bits."

Not in it.—An old darkey named Mose White, in one of the Southern States, walked down the main street one morning in his best black broadcloth suit, with a white rose in his buttonhole, and cotton gloves on his large hands. "Why, Mose," said the proprietor of a large store he was passing, "are you taking a holiday?" "Dish yere," said the old man, in a stately poise, "am mah golden weddin', sah. Ah'm sallybratin' hit." "But your wife," said the storekeeper, "is working as usual. I saw her at the tub as I passed this morning. Why isn't she celebrating, too?" "Her?" said Mose angrily. "She hain't got nuffin' to do with hit. She am mah fou' th."



# New South Wales Alliance

## ECHOES

By REVEILLE

"The Temperance Cause lies at the Foundation of all Social and Political Reform."—Richard Cobden.

"Our Watchword: Unity! Faithfulness! Energy! Victory!"—Rev. Canon Boyce, President.

### THE FLAG OF NO-LICENSE.

The State Council of the New South Wales Alliance held its first meeting for the year on Monday, February 7, at its Headquarters. There was a large attendance.

Canon Boyce, the President, said this year would be noted for the second Local Option Poll. The first was the largest poll in any one day in any State in the Commonwealth, and the next would doubtless be as remarkable. In it, no less than 178,792 votes were recorded for No-License, and 14 electorates gave majorities therefor, though not the effective three-fifths.

Again and more distinctly, the great moral questions that surround every liquor bar will be considered by the people, and he had little doubt that the result would show a decided advance. He hoped that all citizens would have open minds and hear frankly both sides, and then vote as their conscience in the sight of God may dictate. Let them listen to what the defenders of the bar will say. Was not an open bar, however, an ever-present and dangerous temptation to the weak? A poor drunkard had said to him, "I voted for No-License to save myself from myself."

If they can show that drink does not produce intemperance, pauperism, crime, and immorality, then they might give their votes for continuance, but he was confident that the reverse would be the result. He believed that the fuller the fair inquiry, the weaker would the case of the license become. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen have gone into No-License areas, and, at least they say, they have found sly drinking and other troubles. But how would the very worst that has ever been said, compare with Sydney? Let them read the Tied Houses Enquiry Report, from the Parliamentary Select Committee, and they would find evils infinitely worse, and indeed both disgraceful and horrible.

It will be seen that nearly the whole traffic here is in the hands of breweries, and that the publicans are largely only their agents. The very worst ever said of a No-License area is almost as Paradise compared with Sydney and some country towns where the liquor business is in full blast. (Hear, hear.)

He did not build his case merely on New Zealand instances, excellent as they were. Did not, for example, Inspector Mitchell, of Invercargill, say only the other day that "the number of cases of drunkenness (63) has been few, remembering the facilities that exist for legitimately obtaining liquor? In all the cases except one or two, the source whence the liquor was obtained was traceable to places outside the No-License area."

These were official words from a man who ought to know what he was talking about. Without the bars, the convictions for drunkenness in the Courts had fallen by three-fourths or more. Was not this a triumph? (Hear, hear.) He built, however, far more on Canadian examples. New Zealand was a pigmy compared with Canada. For every No-License place in New Zealand there were

100 and more in Canada. The results among these people, who, like ourselves, live under the glorious Union Jack, was wonderfully encouraging. Again, under the Stars and Stripes, there were 40,000,000 people living in No-License or Prohibition areas, and the law was so successful that the movement was growing rapidly. It looked as though that ere long the whole North American Continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, would be absolutely free from liquor bars. (Hear, hear.)

Let us do our part here fearlessly, and ably. Let there be self-sacrifice and constant work. All kinds of efforts to secure votes, but only in an honourable way, should be resorted to.

They should get outside of their meeting-rooms into open-air gatherings, and especially have house-to-house canvassing. Let them try to make the year memorable for its successes. May the watchwords once more be Unity, Faithfulness, Energy, and Victory!

The great battle-cry to-day, and the holiest and most glorious flag that flies in this State, had upon it the vital words "No-License." The people, through their votes in Local Option, could now reach the shining tablelands where liquor bars shall be no more, and where joy and brightness, and sunshine, shall dwell in homes where before there was drunkenness, misery, darkness, and death. (Applause.)

### MRS. HARRISON LEE-COWIE.

We are proud to think that Australia has produced a Temperance reformer of world-wide fame, as the universal favourite, Mrs. Harrison Lee-Cowie. It adds pleasure to the thought, too, when we remember that the land which has been amongst the first to give its womanhood an equal place at the ballot-box with its manhood, has sent forth a woman to voice the claims of womanhood and childhood, who are foully wronged by the great drink traffic. On behalf of the Christian Temperance forces of the State we give our famous comrade in the fight the very warmest of New South Wales welcomes, and in the welcome we include her husband, Mr. Cowie, a most worthy Christian gentleman, and an earnest worker, with her.

Mrs. Harrison Lee-Cowie will, with but few exceptions, conduct a week's Anti-Liquor Crusade at each place visited. The following is the schedule of appointments for March and April.—March 4—10, Albury; 11—17, Wagga; 18—24, Cottamundra; 25—31, Yass; April, 1—7, Goulburn; 8—14, Leichhardt; 15—21, North Sydney; 22—28, Balmain; 29—May 5 Parramatta.

For so world-famed and popular an orator as Mrs. Harrison Lee-Cowie we must plan far ahead of time, and set aside, where necessary, other things, so as to take full advantage of her visit. Book the dates, and begin to pray for the blessing.

The Campaign Committee regret that many important centres will be left out of



"One fine day, then, we start at early dawn by motor car, motor cycle, skiff, or steamboat—it is immaterial to the event that is preparing—but to make the picture more definite, let us take by preference, a motor car. Suddenly for no reason, at the turn of the road, at the top of a descent, on the right or on the left, seizing the brake, the wheel, the steering handle, unexpectedly barring all space, assuming the deceptive appearance of a tree, a wall, a rock, an obstacle of one sort or another, stands death, face to face, towering, huge, immediate, inevitable, irrevocable, and with a click shuts off the horizon of life." So says Master-link, but a certain consolation is available at 12 Bridge Street, Sydney, in an accident policy with the South British Insurance Co., Ltd.

**South British Insurance Co., Ltd.**  
Head Office for N.S.W.—  
12 BRIDGE STREET, SYDNEY  
GEORGE H. MOORE, Manager

the itinerary, but there is so short a period now till the date of the election that the committee have had to do the best they could in the time allotted for the tour. It is anticipated that, by making the visit well-known beforehand, friends will journey from all points of the compass to be present at the meetings of "the most logical and humorous lady speaker in Australasia."

### CITY AUXILIARY ORGANISER, JOHN TANDY.

Mr. John Tandy, J.P., who has been engaged by the City Auxiliary of the New South Wales Alliance to organise the city electorates for the coming No-License campaign, arrived in Sydney and took up his new duties on Sunday, February 1.

He is the son of Rev. C. H. Tandy, M.A., of Harrow-on-the-Hill, where he was educated. He came to Australia as a young man, and has had a varied experience, being for many years a traveller for one of our large firms. Some 12 years ago he took up his residence on the far-famed Richmond River district, becoming a prominent local preacher and temperance worker. His organising and platform ability soon brought him to the front line of workers, and his open-air lantern lectures were a material help to bring about the magnificent vote recorded at last election. We confidently look forward to a great impetus in our city work, now that he is free to concentrate on the city electorates.

(Continued on page 10.)

### VERY BEST FUEL AT LOWEST RATES.

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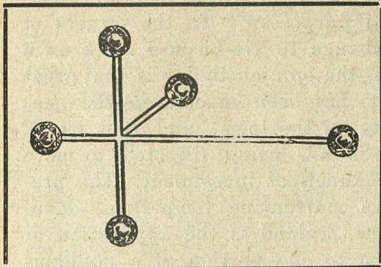
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## Talk about People

### The Rev. H. Kynaston Hudson.

Vicar of St. Nicholas, Berden, a village near Bishops Cleeve, England, is a man of many parts. Every day he rings the three church bells, holds a service, and delivers an address. Besides fulfilling many other duties, such as lighting the church lamps, he is the village fireman, and a proficient organist, and also finds time as a composer to produce some very good work. He is a good carpenter and wood carver.

### Edison's Perseverance.

Difficulties have been yielding to enthusiasm ever since the world began. For a long time Mr. Edison's phonograph refused to say the word "specia." It would drop the "s" and say "pecia." And Mr. Edison says he worked from eighteen to twenty hours a day for seven months to secure that single sound, until he succeeded. The material which he originally used for his cylinders did not prove satisfactory. He wanted something delicate enough to receive impressions not more than a millionth of an inch in depth, and yet rigid enough to carry the needle up and down, exactly reproducing the vibrations which had made the impressions. Scientists told him that there was no such substance in existence. "Then we must produce it," was the reply. They insisted that it could not be done, because the qualities which he demanded were inconsistent and exclusive of each other. This modern Aladdin declared that it could be done because it must be done; and he did it.

### Tolstoi's Advice to a Boy.

To a little boy of eleven years in Odessa, Tolstoi wrote lately: "Live so that when you lie down to sleep at night you feel your heart warm with love to everyone, not to your father and mother alone, but all boys and girls, even those that strike you and laugh at you. God knows your trials, and when you resist the temptation to hate anyone, be sure that He is well pleased, and will make it easier for you next time. Remember that God is in you and in all other boys as well, and that the more you let Him speak to you, and the more you let Him speak to other boys, the happier you will be. God is love, and the more you love the more you approach to God, and the more you do His will."

### A Notable Convert.

Mr. Bryan, former candidate for the United States of America Presidency, has now come out definitely on the Prohibitionist side, so far, at any rate, as concerns the politics of his own State of Nebraska. In his newspaper organ he denounces the saloon as "next of kin to the brothel and the gambling-hell, rendezvous for the criminal element, and willing tool of corrupt politicians." It is thought likely that he will become a candidate for the representation of Nebraska in the United States Senate, with the anti-saloon issue as a prominent feature of his campaign.

### W. Edward Geil.

An intensely fascinating subject, strangely ignored by travellers and archaeologists, is treated by Dr. William Edward Geil, in "The Great Wall of China." "There is developing a Panama Canal," says Dr. Geil, "and the journals are in ecstasy because a few billion cubic yards of earth are being moved. There was no steam machinery to build the Wall; yet General Grant estimated that it took as much work as would have built all our railroads, all our canals, and nearly all our cities." Dr. Geil has travelled the whole length of the Wall—over 2550 miles—and in this big volume we have the results of his journey. His photographs are simply wonderful. He shows us mile after mile of the great, wide, battlemented barrier, with its watchtowers at short intervals, winding like a stone serpent across the length and breadth of China. A wall across an empire! The eastern tower overlooks the sea, and the western extremity is in sight of the mountains of Thibet. Dr. Geil tells us all that is to be known about the builders of the Wall, somewhere about the second century B.C. The man who conceived this vast idea, as a means of protecting his country from the Tartars, was the first Emperor, the renowned Chin, from whom China takes its name. It is estimated that, at the height of its usefulness, the Great Wall had at least 25,000 towers and 15,000 watch-towers; and even to-day Dr. Geil thinks that only a little labour would be needed to repair and fortify some 20,000 towers, linked up with 2000 miles of rampart. Though Dr. Geil's style is astonishingly rhapsodical, he gives us an enormous amount of new information on the subject.

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Konig's Essence, bottle, 8d; 7/6 per dozen.

C. and B. Essence, 1/1 per bottle; 12/6 per doz.

Holbrook's Essence, 10d per bottle; 9/6 per doz.

Moir's Paste, 2d per tin; 1/9 per doz.

C. and B. Paste, 9d small jar; 8/9 per doz.

C. and B. Paste, 1/2 large jar; 13/6 per doz.

Anchovies in Oil, 1/3 bottle; 14/6 per doz.

Anchovies, Brine, bottle, 1/; 11/6 doz.

SMOKED FISH ARRIVING DAILY.

Barracouta (New Zealand), Smoked, 8d per lb.

Cod, Blue (New Zealand), Smoked, 1/1 per lb.

Mullet, Smoked, 6½d per lb.

Bloaters (English), 4d each.

Kippers (English), 6d and 8d per pair.

Findon Haddocks (Scotch), 1/- per lb.

Fillet of Haddocks (Scotch), 1/4 per lb.

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Ashwood's Cafe at Rear.—Afternoon Tea free to Customers—light refreshments and a stimulating cup of Ashwood's fine Tea. Call any afternoon.

We'll be pleased to see you.

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Mention "GRIT," and YOU WILL HELP US.

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Clean or Dye Ladies' Dresses from 3/- to 7/6, equal or new.  
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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. References Probably had to the sandstones used for grindstones—the more grit they contain the better they wear.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1910.

**AUSTRALIA'S PROTECTION.**

Wednesday, 9th February, must remain a memorable day in the history of Australia. The launching of the firstborn of the Commonwealth Navy marks not only the formal assumption by Australian people of the burden of self defence, but the birthday of their Navy. The fact that the first destroyer for Australia has been launched proves indeed, as Mr. Haldane says, "That the era of talk has passed to the era of action." It shows also another instance of the power to convert public opinion possessed by a few people, who know what they want, and have an unlimited stock of perseverance. And while some may say that the plan for our defence is not ideally perfect, yet here is an evidence that something is being done, which, small as it is, must testify to the world that, if needs be, Australia will endeavour to do her part. Of course neither the original advocates of the scheme of defence, nor those who have been converted from opposition to acquiescence, and then to applause, can yet afford to settle down to the feast of contentment. We all realise that we are only beginning the work of making Australia self-contained in matters of defence. The fact that Lord Kitchener has set the fires of a better military defence ablaze on every hand, makes one think of that magnificent appeal of a great poet to his fellow British subjects, when he wrote these words:—

Protect your shores without, within, as did  
your steadfast sires;  
There lies no manhood without discipline,  
No safety without sacrifice.  
So bandits may, athirst for prey, peering  
across the British waves,  
See burnished barrels and gaping graves.

Thus while we do not advocate for war, yet we welcome every plan for our protection which becomes an accomplished fact. And though we are pleased to see every effort made to protect our shores without and within, it must not be forgotten that the external enemy is silent, and yet the internal foe is ever at work, striking at the fibre the strength of the manhood of this new-born nation. Individual manhood must be cultivated if we are to hold our own, and

how can this be done if so many are content to remain "under the shadow of the bottle." Australia's protection is very dear to every heart. Let us not forget that while it is well to build destroyers, to set military matters on a stronger footing, it is the manhood of Australia that will tell. Thus, while we prepare for outside foes, let us strike with a purpose the foe, the demon of strong drink, that is in our midst. Let us together pass from the "era of talk" to the "era of action." Thus shall we become true-hearted Australians, builders of manhood, yea, builders of a nation.

**SUBSCRIBERS, HUMOROUS AND OTHERWISE.**

We are, to use an Americanism, nearly "tickled to death" by the way our readers treat our request for payment for papers received. If we write to them, the cost in time, envelopes, and postage reduces their value as subscribers to below paying point; if we put on a collector, it costs even more; if we red pencil-mark their copy, some grow indignant and angry, and ask that the paper may be discontinued. Even under these circumstances we find cause for self-gratification—not to be living with such people is a mercy. A red pencil-mark seems to have about the same effect on some people as a red rag is supposed to have on a bull; perhaps a yellow pencil-mark would have been wiser, though our Irish readers might like it green; but, really, the obvious way out of the difficulty is to pay up. One subscriber writes:—"Thanks for the red pencil-cross. It looked pretty—I never saw it before," and he won't see it again, now, owing to a postal note for 12 months' subscription. Another one writes:—"It is a pleasure to pay for your grand little paper. We are most interested in it." Another says, "I enclose a pound, and that will ensure me against pencil marks for four years." A medical man dealt a mighty blow with his cheque at the pigmentophagus that has made such havoc of late "in the place where the hair ought to grow." Some of our readers seem to forget that so long as they receive the paper they are liable by law to pay for it, and some forget that if they do not receive their paper we cannot know and rectify the mistake unless they let us know. Please pay in advance, and give us a reasonable chance to pay our way.

**PREMIER WADE ON NO-LICENSE.**

"The liquor question seemed to excite an active controversy, and as far as I could make out, a distinction must be made in reviewing the operation of No-License as between country and urban areas. The general opinion of all unprejudiced people seemed to be that in the country districts—and they quoted Clutha as the best example, it being, indeed, the first to become dry—the effect upon the population is that general sobriety is most marked, and little inclination is shown by the residents in these areas to return to the old condition of things. I happened to spend a few days in a town which had just come under the operation of the No-License vote since the last election. Wherever I went I was told that the amount of drunkenness that existed prior to this vote being carried was intolerable, and it was almost impossible for the women to pass down the main street. Many persons had voted for No-License, who were moderate drinkers themselves, simply for the purpose of redressing this abuse in their midst. It so happened that there were in this town

several substantial buildings recently erected for hotel purposes. To the owners of these the change to No-License came as a shock. Yet, the opinion to-day is that great improvement has been effected in the general sobriety of the town, and it is stated that money is now being directed to more profitable channels of investment. The problem that is confronting temperance advocates in New Zealand is the application of Local Option to one portion of a populous area. The closing of hotels which lie in the path of a man who is usually tempted, may be directly a benefit to him, and indirectly a benefit to those depending upon him, but No-License has been counteracted in some of the dry districts by adjoining premises for the disposal of liquor just outside the boundaries, and within easy access of those who wish to purchase it. One town was mentioned to me, in the Southern Island, in which No-License prevailed, but an establishment just outside was doing a huge trade and the inflow of liquor into that area which complies with the law was very great indeed."

(The "huge trade" is very undesirable, and legislation is already foreshadowed and promised to counteract it. In the meanwhile the "huge trade" is only about one-fifth of the business done by the open bar.—Ed.)

**NEW ZEALAND'S DRINK BILL.****A REDUCTION SET OUT.**

WELLINGTON (N.Z.), February 12.—The Rev. Edward Walker's annual drink bill for the Dominion shows that during 1909 the expenditure amounted to £3,628,137, as against £3,751,968 in 1908. The expenditure was £3/11/- per head of the population in 1909, compared with £3/15/5½ in 1908, a decrease of 4/5. During the first six months of the year No-License was operating in six electoral districts, and during the latter half of the year in twelve. Last year the decrease was small, but 4/5 per head is a substantial amount, and will cause the liquor folk some trouble to explain.

**MEMORY MEDICINE.**

What does it feel like when you carry our money in your pocket?

Do you think we are making a lot of fuss over a little thing?

Please remember 1000 little things are big enough to break us.

You can do no better thing to help us and the work we represent than:—

1. Pay in advance.
2. Get at least one new subscriber.
3. Deal with those who advertise with us, and MENTION "GRIT."

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of the

**METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE**

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**NEW STUDENTS ENROLLED DAILY.**

Prospectus for 1910 free on application.

**"HOLT HOUSE,"**

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## In the Zone Centre

ONE THOUSAND VISITS IN A DAY.

Many of our readers we believe are interested in the Mission Zone Movement, and are glad to take 'Grit' because of the articles that from time to time throw light either on the methods or the needs of the area. The first thing required of a zone agent is to get into personal touch with the people, and they are therefore compelled to visit for not less than 15 hours a week. Most of them do much more than this. The next thing is that they should do something to promote temperance. This is done both by urging total abstinence and teaching about No-License. The Zone area is best helped by those who become fully acquainted with the necessity and value of No-License. No-License at its worst is better, far better, than License at its best. We do not deny or try to explain away the drunkenness or sly grog in No-License areas, we only know that it does not amount to one-tenth of the same evils where the open bar exists.

### FIRST CATCH YOUR HARE.

In an old cookery book, the first step to cooking a hare is "first catch your hare." In the Zone area the first thing is to get face to face with the morally needy ones. Many of them know "the way to heaven is so straight a crooked man cannot walk in it," and so they, being unwilling to quit crookedness, don't bother about "the way to heaven." Others are so unused to religion, or so enslaved by habit or companions, that they are as shy of a parson as a crow is of a gun. When they are cornered they cut the interview short by readily promising to come that night, which promise is evidently made with considerable mental reservation. A few Sundays ago, 31 men were asked in the course of the day by the missionary to come that night to the service. They all shook hands and promised, and not one came. There is evidently many a slip between the promise and the church.

### HE SAID "I WON'T," BUT HE DID.

Among the various men and groups of men that these 31 promises were obtained from was a man who only shook his head. "What's the use?" "too far gone," and other such pessimistic remarks were all the missionary got out of him, but he came. He remained behind, and asked if he might sign the pledge. Then began a game and awful struggle. No other club than a pub, no friends only drinking companions, and no work, but the grace of God prevailed. Then came the supreme moment. He had been living with a drinking woman, to whom he was not married, and he faced her like a man—and offered to marry her if she would join him in going straight, or leave

her if she would not. What a difficulty! What a fight! What a victory. Magnificent fellow! May God help him.

### A TOKEN OF LOVE.

After beating round about 40 men mustered, and a few of them it was evident, were more used to bending their elbow than bending their knee. One late comer, ex Parramatta gaol, had no sooner taken his seat when a man who shaves once a week and washes occasionally, whether he needs it or not, pulled his head back, and gave him a most emphatic kiss, reminiscent of a cow lifting her foot out of the mud. By way of explanation, the kisser remarked, "I love him; honest, I do." The missionary was greeted by a sympathetic smile when he remarked, "I hope you will never love me like that." Such trivial interruptions do not seem to detract from the power of the meeting, but rather add to its interest.

### A PAIR OF D's.

Policemen are called "traps," "Johns," "Bobbies," and a few less elegant terms. The detectives are usually called "D's." The wonder is they ever catch anyone. Their size, the fact they hunt in couples, and for other reasons, they are the best-known people in the area. They certainly militate against Gospel work. If your congregation in the lane silent, swiftly disappear, you may wait a minute or two and the familiar "D's" will appear. It is known by your congregation before you can see anyone. Just when five men, a splendid catch, had been brought within ten yards of the church, they broke away, and like the famous McGinty, never even said good-bye. The explanation was not far away. Two "D's," lurking in the shadow near by. You need not wonder that we grow impatient at men who have so little "savey" that they can't keep away from the church, and allow us a fair chance to convert such men from waste human material into the stuff heroes are made of, and the Gospel still makes such transformations.

### A THOUSAND VISITS IN A DAY.

The missionary and his assistant are like organist and blower, neither can get on without the other. It is a case of "we" did it, each one playing his part and making things possible for the other. The assistant marshalled his forces, old men and boys, married women and girls, all were set to work, and from door to door they went from 9.15 a.m. till 7 p.m., paying nearly 1000 visits. And then the result began to appear. "Glad to see you," said the missionary. "Well, I guess it's time," was the response; "nigh on twenty-five years since I went to church." "Please give me the

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Secretary: Robert B. Cameron.

Manager Industrial Department: C. A. Elliott, F.I.A.

key of the back door," said a worker; "I want to let some timid and poorly-dressed ones in the back way, where they will not be noticed." And so the congregation gathers. A few over 300, and to God be the glory. The work is only just commenced; Rome was not built in a day, but surely those who work, who pray, who give, may thank God and take courage.

## HAVE YOU TRIED IT YET?

### GIVING MADE EASY.

If even a small proportion of our readers would take a little trouble, without costing them a single penny, they could put hundreds of pounds into the cause of No-License. If our readers spent on an average £1 each on Christmas presents, then £10,000 was spent, and if this had gone to those who advertise in "Grit," it would have brought us several £50 advertisements. Please mention "Grit" every time; it is worth pounds to us, and costs you nothing. If anything you need is not advertised in "Grit," send us your order. We will execute it, and will charge you nothing. It will bring us advertisements. Please take this small amount of trouble, and we will let you know the result. You spend £10 with a firm advertising in "Grit." You will be well served, that we guarantee, and your £10 transaction will be as good as £1 is subscription to us. Suppose you only spent £1 a month, it would at least convince our advertisers that you were keen to help the cause you approved of. This is giving made easy; try it, please. Try it to-day.

She played with me in childhood, and she played with me in youth,  
I must regret to say it, but it is the simple truth;  
That, though I've grown to manhood with my heart upon her set,  
This maid of whom I sing my song is "playing with me" yet!

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Total Membership ..... 485,000.

Total Funds ..... £1,850,000.

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Sick Benefit (after 12 months' membership), £1 1s per week for 52 weeks, and 10s per week thereafter.

Funeral Benefit (after 12 months' membership), £20; after 7 years, £25, or insurance to £100 if preferred.

Contributions are according to age at joining, and cease at age 65.

Write for information as to joining a Branch, or the opening of New Branches, to I. GREENSTREET, D.S., 121 Bathurst-street, Sydney.

## The Doom of Drink

### ALCOHOL UNPOPULAR IN SOMALILAND.

A striking testimonial as to the beneficial effects of abstinence from alcohol is furnished by Mr. Cordeaux, the British Commissioner for Somaliland, in his latest report to the Colonial Office. He mentions that one of the considerations which materially affect the public health of that country is that the population is practically entirely Mohammedan, and therefore total abstainers from all alcohol. The consequence is that the country has been free from any case of malignant disease during the last ten years. He also refers to the very marked difference shown under anaesthetics by the Somalis as against both the European and other races addicted to the use of this stimulant. Serious respiratory trouble is practically never met with among the Somalis, and struggling while going under is quite unusual, yet the people are of a both nervous and excitable temperament. In few cases only do the natives either smoke or take tobacco, or its usual concomitant stimulant, coffee.

### AMERICAN DRINK STATISTICS.

Mr. Guy Hayler has just received from Washington, D.C., U.S.A., under date December 1, the following information respecting the great decrease in the consumption of spirits, and the receipts for taxes from liquors. The quantity of spirits withdrawn from bond for consumption is as follows:—

	Gallons.
1907 .....	136,135,762
1908 .....	121,478,433
1909 .....	116,652,165

"The annual report of the Commissioners of Internal Revenue, which was made public on December 1, showed that the receipts from whisky taxes were 5,000,000 dollars (£1,000,000) less during the fiscal year, 1909, than during the preceding year, while the receipts from ale and beer were 2,500,000 dollars (£500,000) less than the preceding year."

### MASTERTON'S (N.Z.) SPLENDID RECORD.

Mr. G. B. Nicholls writes:—"On present appearances, it looks as though No-License was going to be a conspicuous success in Masterton. There are no breweries or brewery depots to nullify its beneficent action, the police are vigilant, and the locker system does not appear to have been developed to any great extent.

"The effect of the new regime on the

crime record of the town gives eloquent testimony to the benefits received when No-License gets a reasonable chance.

The record of the last six months of License compared with the first six months of No-License is as follows. The figures are from the Wairarapa "Daily Times" (published in Masterton), of January 24, 1910:—

	6 mts. Lic	6 mts. No-L.
Drunkenness .....	141	19
No means support ..	9	2
Obscene language ..	8	1
Resisting police ....	8	—
Prohibition orders ..	13	2
Assault .....	20	4
False pretences ....	2	—
Forgery .....	1	—
Theft .....	18	11
B'krupt, not keep bks	4	—
Housebreaking .....	—	2
Totals .....	224	41

"Of course, the cases of sly grog, etc., have gone up, but in the above table I am seeking for the effects of the new law upon the usual lines of offence before the Courts. The cases of sly grog have been 8, of illegal dealing in liquor 4, of sending liquor into the No-License area without notice 19. There were no offences under these heads in the six months preceding No-License.

"Even though, however, these be added to the totals of the offences, it only makes 72, as against 224, or less than one-third. As it is now, it is less than one-fifth.

"When we look into the record of the second three months by itself, a surprising fact emerges. During the first three months of No-License, compared with the same

three months of the previous year, the convictions for drunkenness dropped from 85 to 15. During the second quarter the comparison was 56, as compared with 4. This surely would satisfy the most doubting that, as the Wairarapa "Daily Times" says, 'Masterton has been changed from a drunken to a sober town.'

"What a lesson to the whole civilised world New Zealand could give if only our people had the opportunity and were enlightened enough to seize it, of adopting Dominion Prohibition, which would, of course, be more efficient even than the Masterton law."

### SOBRIETY OF THE CANADIAN PEOPLE.

The Government of Canada was not represented at the International Congress on Alcoholism, held in London last July, and the Secretary of State for the Dominion has stated that the Government came to the conclusion that it was unnecessary to appoint delegates, as alcoholism is not a public vice in Canada. Thanks to the efforts of the great Temperance societies, and the influence of the railways and other corporations, which insist upon sobriety among their employees, the people of Canada are the most temperate people of the English-speaking world.

The latest information to hand from Stockholm, dated December 24, 1909, shows that wonderful results have so far been recorded in connection with the national plebiscite on Prohibition which is now taking place throughout Sweden. Mr. Edward Wavinsky, M.P., I.C.T., says: "To this day 90 per cent. of adult persons have voted for permanent total Prohibition, and more than one-half of the population of Sweden is reached."

A Diplomat.—"Do mind you don't get hurt, Jim! It's so dangerous working in that quarry." "Oh, nothing can happen to me, my dear! I've borrowed ten shillings from the foreman, and he doesn't let me do any dangerous work!"

"The acoustics of your hall are very bad, sir," complained a lecturer to the proprietor of an assembly-room. "Oh, no, you're mistaken, sir!" was the reply. "They're all right. It's the soap factory opposite you smell!"

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Saves Trouble  
Saves Health  
Saves Money

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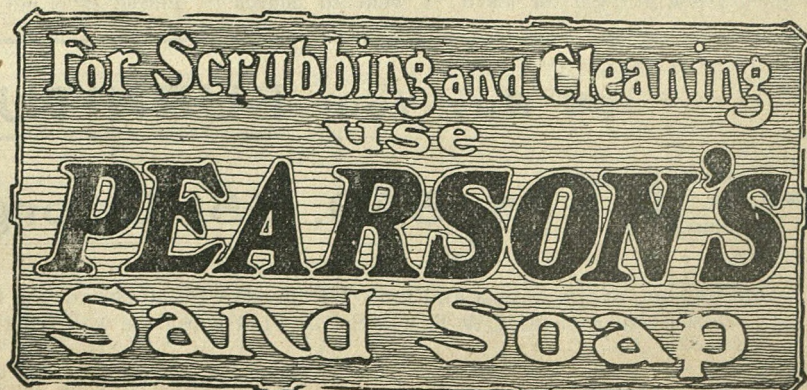
As a Breakfast Food it has no equal because it requires no cooking and is ready for immediate use.

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# From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(By UNCLE BARNABAS.)

## RINGBARKED.

### UNCLE B. MEETS A SKELETON.

One day I drove through country that had been partly ring-barked. It made me feel sad to see the hundreds of fine trees that were quite dead. They stood about me like skeletons, and I felt as if I was in a vast cemetery, and all the dead people had jumped out of their graves for me to look at them. I had a talk to some of the skeletons, and I found them very willing to answer my questions.

Would you like to overhear a bit of our conversation? Well, just listen:—

Uncle B.: "How long have you been dead?"

Skeleton Gum: "About three years, Uncle."

U. B.: "Were you sick for long?"

S. G.: "Oh, no. I was as well as well could be, and all the people round about used to say what a fine, healthy fellow I was."

U. B.: "What killed you, then, Gummy?"

S. G.: "An axe."

U. B.: "An axe! Oh, no, that can't be! If an axe had killed you, you would have been chopped down; but here you are, standing as straight and strong as ever."

S. G.: "It's true, Uncle. It was an axe. It didn't chop me down, though, but it just cut my bark through, and left me to bleed to death—slowly, drop by drop; but I bled and thirsted to death! Oh, I was so thirsty, but I couldn't get a drop of moisture from my roots because my pipes were cut!"

U. B.: "Poor fellow! And is that what happened to all these Boxes, and Woolly Butts and Stringy Barks?"

S. G.: "Yes, that's it. And, if you don't mind, you might tell your 'Ne's' and 'Ni's.' to mind they don't get ring-barked."

U. B.: "What do you mean by that, Skelly? I shall be glad to tell them anything you have to say."

Skelly: "Well, it seems to me that their lives are made of days. Isn't that right, Barney—I mean Uncle?"

U. B.: "Right you are, Gummy, go on!"

S. Gummy: "And their days are like trees—forests often. And they think if they don't knock down their days with some big sin that all's pretty right. Isn't that true, Bar—I mean, Uncle?"

U. B.: "Exactly, Skell, my boy; I see what your bony finger is pointing at?"

S. G.: "Yes, of course you do! And I want them to see it. The devil comes along with his axe, and he just gives a little chip-chop into their days, gets them to miss prayer, or to do some bit of meanness, but he cuts their veins alright!"

U. B.: "Cuts them off from God for that day, you mean?"

Skelly: "Yes, Uncle, cuts them off as clean as a whistle, and that day of their lives bleeds to death, and there's no good comes of it. It is only fit to be burned. Oh, I see some boys and girls that come through this forest, and they talk about us poor, ring-barked trees, just like you do, uncle, as if they were sorry for us, and I think, 'Poor boys! If you could only see all those skeleton days behind you! Poor girls! If you could only see all those ghostly, empty days that the devil has ring-barked for you, you wouldn't be sorry for me so much, but you would weep for yourselves!'"

And here poor old Gummy's limbs began to creak and groan so frightfully, I was afraid a few of them might drop off and

make a skeleton of me, so I hastily decamped; but I heard him shouting after me with his old wheezy voice—waving his arms like Fury all the time,—and this is what I think he said: "Tell them that a ring-barked day is a terrible thing. It is a day without God! A day lived only, only, only for self! Will you tell them?"

And all I could do was to nod, but I don't know whether he saw me, for I found I was nodding away in my study, and it was just a day-dream.

## FOR SUNDAY.

### CORINTHIANS.

The first letters of the words wanted will make up the word "Corinthians." All the words wanted may be found in First Corinthians. What are the words? They are in their proper order thus: C-O-R-I-N-T-H-I-A-N-S.

1. A peculiar name given to Peter.
2. A number that occurs often in chapter 12.
3. The chief subject of the longest chapter.
4. "If a man be—let him be"—what?
5. If I "have not charity, I am"—what?
6. Those who come after apostles and prophets.
7. What comes fifth in the same list?
8. Someone you must not eat with.
9. A friend of Paul; a very fine speaker.
10. When does charity fail?
11. Something built on a foundation.

## FOR MONDAY.

### A TELEGRAM.—MORSE LANGUAGE.

This time instead of dots and dashes, we are using vowels and consonants. A vowel stands for a dot, and a consonant for a dash. A comma is put at the end of each word. In this telegram there are nine words, with two questions. Will you try and make out what they mean? (You will find the key to this language in "Grit," January 27, February 5, and 12.)

Telegram from: "Grit" Office,  
Castlereagh and Park streets,  
Sydney.

To: "Ne-Ni," Everywhere, N.S.W., and the World.

SEA PLG, TART FQM AAX, UHIA EE  
QIQ O, AGTE AT HHE U. GO AA, GO O?  
ELL AEIO HHH, OO EEE, IIT OH DONE  
DOGG O, HEEE?

### SERMON ILLUSTRATION COMPETITION.

#### XXV.—PRAY AND WORK.

(Speaker, Rev. H. J. Noble. Sent by G. Noble.)

A little girl was very grieved because her brothers were in the habit of trapping birds..

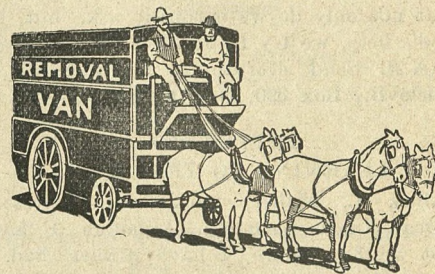
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"O God!" she prayed, "please stop the boys from killing the poor little birds which Thou hast made, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Then she ran outside, and broke up all the traps which were all ready prepared. So must we have such purpose in prayer, that not only do we earnestly ask, but, by God's help, we try to perform what we ask.

(N.B.—Send everything for Page (9) to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

## LETTER BOX.

### LEARNING TO TEST MILK.

Jack L. Maher, Park-street, writes:—"Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Although I have not written before, I have always had a desire to write, and become one of your numerous nephews. I am just over 16 years of age, and I am working in the Lismore branch of the North Coast Co-operative Co., Ltd. My work is mostly centred in the test-room, where I am learning to become a tester. At an early date I will write a short description of how cream is treated after it comes from the farmers, also how to test cream. Well, I must say good-bye. Hoping to be enrolled as one of your 'nephews,'—I remain, your friend. P.S.—I will send my much-overdue account on Saturday week.—J.L.M."

(Dear Jack,—You are duly enrolled. I shall be very pleased to get your articles. About 200 words in each, please. Can you also tell us how many cows there are in the Lismore district? I heard someone say there were 90,000!—Uncle B.)

### "THAT MAGNIFICENT PHOTO."

"Milcie," Castlereagh-street, Liverpool, writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—Was Daniel that preacher, and was the den of lions the queer night's lodging? The name itself is made from the first and last letters of Davd, Asa, Nun, Ittai, Eve, and Lemuel. I think everyone is waiting for that magnificent photo. of yours to appear. I'm sure the postman will think that some people are getting wild when Thursday comes. It has been raining here in fits and starts, and is rather windy here to-night. I will be sending my card in soon, so you will know when to expect it. I've no more time now, so must close.—I remain, your affectionate 'niece.'"

(Dear Milcie,—Your answer to Problem, January 27 (Daniel), is correct. "The magnificent photo." has not quite cleared up

the little uncertainty, but there are some whose mind is now made up. There is some talk of another photo. shortly to appear. Thank you, Milcie, for your work as a collector. Fourteen shillings and a penny, and a new card just makes all the "Ne's." and "Ni's." say, "Hurrah! for Milcie!"—Uncle B.)

## SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Rev. Colwell, 5s 17/12/09; Dr. Clouston, 10s, 30/6/10; J. Howell, 2s 6d, 20/3/10; H. C. Blaxland, 5s, 4/7/10; Miss Barker, 5s; Mrs. Gelding, 5s, 17/12/10; Miss McKinnon, 5s, 3/1/11; Mrs. Brodrick, 2s 6d, 9/3/10; Mr. Litchfield, 5s, 14/7/10; Mrs. Mudge, 2s 6d, 6/5/10; Mr. Lown, 5s, 4/6/10; Mrs. Back, 2s 6d, 6/2/10; Mrs. Askew, 2s 6d, 21/3/09; Mrs. Mackay, 5s, 6/2/10; W. Miles, 2s 6d, 6/4/09; Mrs. Beattie, 5s; Mr. Daunt, 3s 6d; Miss Cox, 1s; Mrs. Jarrett, 2s 6d, 6/5/10; Mr. Pratt, 5s, 6/11/10; Mr. Pollock, 2s 6d, 6/5/10; Mr. Lack, 2s 6d, 22/4/10; Rev. Tarn, 5s, 3/4/10; J. R. Hunt, 2s 6d, 6/5/10; J. Scott, 7s 6d, 17/3/10; Mr. Newell, 2s 6d, 6/5/10; Mr. Clout, 2s 6d, 6/5/10; Mrs. Simpson, 5s, 1/2/10; Mrs. McDougall, 2s 6d, 17/12/09; Mr. Thomas, 5s, 31/12/10; Mrs. Tinsley, 5s, 20/1/10; Mrs. Davidson, 5s, 19/3/10; Miss Banks, 1s 3d; C. Graham, 10s, 31/1/11; T. Simpson, 5s, 17/4/10; S. Hattersley, 7s 6d, 31/7/10; Mr. Mackenzie, 2s 6d, 1/11/09; Dr. Caro, 5s, 27/1/11; Mr. Greenhill, 10s, 28/5/10; Miss Garvie, 5s, 21/9/10; Miss D. Bennett, 5s, 1/2/10; Mr. Cooper, 5s, 18/3/10; Mrs. Holt, 5s, 10/6/11; T. H. Pincombe, 10s, 19/7/11; W. Abernethy, 5s, 28/1/10; A. Butcher, 2s 6d, 15/7/10; D. Jones, 5s, 25/7/10; Mrs. Evans, 5s, 27/2/10; Mr. McEachern, 2s 6d, 28/4/10; Mr. Colville, 5s, 15/7/10; Mrs. Wicks, 5s, 6/11/10; Miss Talbot, 5s, 6/5/10; Mrs. Williams, 2s 6d, 3/6/10; Mrs. Weir, 5s, 27/12/10; H. Currie, 5s, 13/8/10; G. Mann, 5s, 13/8/10; Mr. Hiles, 5s, 10/12/10.

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## NEW SOUTH WALES ALLIANCE.

(Continued from page 4.)

### NORTHERN DIVISION ORGANISER.

Rev. Fisher-Webster, who was said to have been lost up in the flood area, and was pictured as sitting on a tiny islet surrounded by flood waters, with snakes and bandicoots for companions, has re-appeared at his base of operations, Newcastle. The rumour was only rumour. In reality he has been reconnoitring and making arrangements for a great campaign upon the enemy of Church and State. His reconnaissance lasted from January 11 to February 4, and was a busy and encouraging trip, covering 1106 miles, visiting 8 towns in 5 electorates, Gunnedah, Narrabri, Moree, Inverell, Tingha, Glen Innes, Manilla, and Barraba, holding 5 services, 4 open-air meetings, 4 schools, 4 lectures, 4 conferences, and 4 organising meetings.

Branches of the Alliance were formed at Moree, with Rev. T. Brown (Presbyterian), president, and Rev. P. M. Waterhouse secretary; at Manilla, Rev. G. Laverty, president, Mr. Worth secretary; at Barraba, secretary pro tem, Rev. T. J. Starr.

### SOUTH SYDNEY BRANCH.

Mr. A. Bryant, Hon. Sec. of the South Sydney branch, writes:—"At the monthly meeting of South Sydney branch of New South Wales Alliance, it was decided to hold our bazaar on Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th of March, in St. Paul's School-hall, Cleveland-street. Mrs. W. H. Southcott is to be in charge, all the ladies being on the committee, the gentlemen to assist. We hope to make it a great success. It was also decided to employ Mr. Thorne, from Headquarters, as a special agent amongst the commercial men of South Sydney, for a period, and it is confidently hoped good results will attend his efforts to increase our finances. Mr. Complin, who paid us a visit, greatly assisted us by his presence, and we hope to see him often at our meetings; also Mr. Bruntnell, whose absence was unavoidable."

The principal work of the City Auxiliary will be the presentation of the facts concerning No-License in the streets, and from door to door. Will all those who are willing to give short talks at the street meetings of the City Auxiliary please inform Organiser Tandy personally, or write him to the New South Wales Alliance Headquarters Office, Castlereagh-street, City.

The area in which the City Auxiliary will conduct operations is that comprised by the following electorates:—King, Darlinghurst, Belmore, Surry Hills, Darling Harbour, Pyrmont, and Phillip. Persons willing to help in any way, but specially as canvassers and street speakers, should write the secretary, Mr. G. E. Ardill, to the Alliance Headquarters, at once.

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## The Locker System in New Zealand

(JOS. J. FRANKLYN.)

The liquor trade is constantly telling the people of Australia that "No-License in New Zealand is a failure," but they carefully conceal from the public the methods they adopt to prevent the successful operation of the No-License principle. After 12 years' residence in New Zealand, I claim to be in a position to speak with some certitude on this question, and having "no axe to grind" will be adjudged an impartial witness. Now, when the people (mark, not the Government) decide by a 60 per cent. vote that No-License shall be granted in a given area. "The Trade" (more often lawless than otherwise) decides on certain tactics to defeat the intention of the majority of the electors, and by stealth to get the liquor into the homes of the people. When one hears the tearful laments of "The Trade" over the failure of No-License in New Zealand, it finds its counterpart in the vision of "The Devil on the stool of repentance." The following is a sample of how the Liquor Party assist in observing the will of the people.

### THE BREWERS RESPONSIBLE.

At the last election in New Zealand, one of the 12 districts to carry No-License was Newtown, a suburb of Wellington city. A few days after the poll, the brewers circularised the residents of that district, offering to get the necessary permit, and deliver the liquor ordered without added cost to the customer. (It must be remembered that breweries do not come under the popular vote, but this will be the case ere long). Another move on the part of Liquordom was to convert one of the closed public-houses into a "locker-house." This means, that a number of small cupboards, with lock and key, are rented to drinkers. They order the liquor from the brewery, and it is stored there for their use. This is the sole attempt (as far as I know), to frustrate the law in this particular fashion. But the Government have promised to introduce amended legislation to abolish the locker system. The establishment of beer depots on the boundary line of Invercargill, and the "locker system," are two examples of the difficulties experienced by the No-License Party in getting a fair trial for what is admittedly one of the most desirable phases of moral reform. If the Liquor Party would only give No-License a reasonable show, where carried, and it proves itself a failure, I, for one, would advocate a return to the "open-bar" system.

### A VICIOUS APPETITE DEFIES THE LAW.

But what are the lessons taught by the locker system in New Zealand?

The licensed system created an appetite for alcoholic liquors. The publichouse is the "school for drunkenness," and when the drinking habit is formed, it is a mighty hard job to straighten up the victim. It is positively saddening to note the number of mere boys who frequent the public-houses in New Zealand, as in Australia. Many of these will assuredly develop into "the finished article"—the sort of characters who need the "locker system."

As the Liquor Party are responsible for the "locker system," they are not safe guides as to the working of No-License.

It is never stated by the No-License Party in New Zealand that the carrying of this reform means the total abolition of drinking. That would be prohibition. The coun-

try is not ripe for that drastic step, so the No-License Party do not advocate it. But they do claim that it tends to the safeguarding of the young life of the community; that it lessens the many crimes attributable to the immoderate use of liquor; that it removes temptation from the feet of the man whose brain has been poisoned by the fumes of alcohol. For Sir F. Treves, the King's Surgeon, says of alcohol: "It is an insidious poison." That it causes more money to be spent on the necessities of life, therefore adds to the well-being and comfort of the people; that the money so spent returns considerably more to the workers than if given to the wealthy brewers, for that which is not only "not bread," but a positively dangerous fluid: that this reform does not mean increased taxation, as is proven by every example in New Zealand, without exception. Now, as an Australian, with a good knowledge of the working of No-License in New Zealand, I make bold to affirm that notwithstanding the machinations of the Liquor Party to render the principle inoperative, as witnessed by beer depots, free beer, and the "locker system," it has accomplished all that is claimed for it, in some measure, in every No-License district. Testimony has been given by ministers, doctors, tradesmen, professional men, etc., in Ashburton, Mataura, Oamaru, Invercargill, Clutha, and elsewhere, all hoping that the "open bar system" has gone for ever. The only people who say it has failed is the Liquor Trade and its "hangers on," and the army of intemperate men and women—the legacy received from the preceding system of "open drinking."

My earnest advice to the voters of New South Wales is: Follow New Zealand's splendid lead. Don't be misled by "clap-trap." Even should a few lockers follow the carrying of No-License, that would be preferable to the present unrestricted sale of intoxicants. As one writer has wisely said: "Every public-house is a monument to the drinking idiocy of the people. Go in for a saner method of living, and vote out Australia's worst enemy."

"You say you earn more money by your pen that you did a year ago?" said a journalist to a fellow scribe. "I do." "How's that?" "I've given up writing stories; now I address envelopes!"

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