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A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. V. No. 36. Price One Penny. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1911.

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by Post as a Newspaper.

Some Facts about PROHIBITION in KANSAS

THERE are a half million young men and women in Kansas over twenty-one years of age who have never seen a saloon in that State; there is not a Kansas newspaper which publishes a liquor advertisement; one-third of the counties of Kansas have not a prisoner in their jails nor a pauper in their poorhouses; one-half the counties of Kansas did not send a convict to the penitentiary last year; Kansas stands first in the per capita valuation of assessed property

YOUR LUNCH SUPPLIED AT
SILVESTER BROS., The Strand.
ALL KINDS OF SANDWICHES MADE. Phone 1092.

The Verdict of Experts.

LIVERPOOL'S MEDICAL OFFICER ON ALCOHOLISM.

In his annual report, just issued, the Medical Officer of Health for Liverpool, Dr. Hope, referring to alcoholism, says:—The continued diminution in the number of deaths from excessive drinking is a gratifying feature during 1910. It is in part at least due to the diminution of the facilities for obtaining drink in the poorer parts of the city. The total number of deaths certified by coroners' juries to be the result of excessive drinking is 91, the same number as in the previous year. Forty-six of these deaths occurred in the first six months of the year and 45 in the second six months. Fifty-eight were males and 33 females. Satisfactory as this decline is, the figures still indicate a direct sacrifice of life to drink which is deplorable. In addition to the foregoing, six men and two women were fatally injured whilst under the influence of drink; three men, aged respectively 32, 40, and 43 years, hanged themselves whilst in a state of temporary insanity due to excessive drinking; one woman, aged 56, poisoned herself whilst in a state of temporary insanity brought on by excessive drinking; one man, aged 50, cut his throat, whilst suffering from the effects of excessive drinking, and one woman, aged 36, drowned herself whilst under the influence of drink. In two inquests in which death was found to be the result of violence, the person committing the deed was under the influence of drink, and in two cases both the persons inflicting the injuries and the injured person were under the influence of drink at the time. "Alcoholism" is certified to be the cause of death of two women.

ALCOHOL NOT A FOOD.

It has been erroneously claimed (continues Dr. Hope) that alcohol is a necessary part of the food of the people. Those who put forward a claim of this kind have not perhaps considered that the long series of fatalities attending its use is a characteristic from which foods happily are free; indeed, it is inconceivable that means would not be found to restrict the sale of any article of food or of any drug which destroys an average of (extending over a great number of years) three lives a week in this city. It has many times been pointed out that the number of deaths does not indicate the extent of the mischief caused by excessive drinking. A comparison of three districts in regard to the general death-rate, the proportion of deaths due to excessive drinking, and the proportion of deaths which take place in workhouses and hospitals, shows what proportion of the population, in times of sickness, are dependent upon charitable aid:—

	Population.	General Death-rate per 1000.	Proportion of Deaths in Workhouses and Hospitals. per cent.	Proportion of Deaths due to Excessive Drinking. per cent.
Exchange	37,773	29.	55.1	1.5
Walton	73,890	12.1	25.8	.3
Wavertree	38,721	12.2	24.1	.6

The circumstance that many of the broken-down and unfortunate classes from various localities drift into the lodging-houses in Exchange District, and so pass on into workhouses, will not be lost sight of.—"Alliance News."

ABSTINENCE AND LONG LIFE.

Another fine report has been issued, says the "Financial Times," by the Sceptre Life Association, an excellently-controlled office, which has attained to the highest success although, or perhaps because, its figures are by no means large. The constant aim of the management has been to secure customers with high vitality, and this desirable object has been so well attained that not only in the temperance, but also in the general, section the bonus is remarkable. Although the average policy amount is less than £200, the expense rate is well under 13 per cent., a combination which is very rare indeed. In 1910 the new policies were 559 for £108,000, 452 being on lives of abstainers from alcoholic liquids, and of these no fewer than 381 had been so from birth. On the other side of the books the claims by death stood thus:—

	Temperance.	General.
Deaths expected ..	133	136
Actual deaths	61	111
Percentage	45.8	81.6

Although the general claim is much worse than the other, it has to be noted that it is in itself an excellent rate as judged by assurance experience, and even the "generals" got in 1908 a bonus of £1 16s. per cent. per annum. The assets at the end of the year amounted to £1,188,000, the values taken credit for being substantially that what could be got for the securities in the open market, and the interest earnings work out at the high rate of £4 4s. per cent., subject to tax. We expect that the next valuation will be quite as good as the last one.—"Alliance News," 14/9/11.

"There is no liberty to men in whom ignorance predominates over knowledge; there is no liberty to men who know not how to govern themselves."—H. W. Beecher.

* * *

"The spirit of liberty is not, as multitudes imagine, a jealousy of our particular rights, but a respect for the rights of others."—Channing.

AMERICAN CONGRESS AND BIG LIQUOR PROBLEM.

A most important work before the Anti-Saloon forces of the United States is the amendment of the inter-State commerce laws to protect States having local option or prohibition laws from shipments of liquor from license territory. At present the law makes it practically impossible for the people in "no-license" territory to effectually enforce the law, for they are face to face with the wholly inconsistent and unjust situation of shipments of liquor into their midst by the liquor mail order houses in "license" territory. Under this law the liquor interests are vigilantly manufacturing evidence to prove that "Prohibition does not prohibit," while at the same time they are in a measure making up to "the Trade" what they lost with the closing of the saloons. From no point of view can the Federal Government be justified in assisting the liquor traffic in over-riding the expressed will of the majority of the people in the vast "no-license areas" of the nation. To right this wrong, the Anti-Saloon League and kindred Temperance organizations are preparing for a vigorous campaign before Congress when that body meets in regular session in December. The amendment proposed would place every shipment of liquor from one State to another within the power of the State to which it is shipped as soon as it gets there and before it is delivered to the person for whom it is intended. The effect of such a change would be that State could control liquor in accordance with their own policies on the question. The fairness of this measure and its need in the interest of sobriety and right is unquestioned, except by the moneyed liquor interests. With nearly one-half of the American population living in no-license territory, the demand for relief is determined and it is confidently expected by those familiar with the situation that remedial legislation along this line will be enacted at the coming session of Congress.

EVERY DAY.

Whatever you know to be lovely,
 Whatever there is of good,
 Centre your thoughts upon it,
 And use it for daily food.
 Hold your mind always open
 For the message you fain would receive,
 Keep it in tune and magnetic
 To the best your heart would achieve.
 Harbor no fear of depression,
 They are tramps that will lodge in your brain,
 And for every attention you give them
 Will reward you only with pain.
 Call on your mind for courage,
 Give to yourself new wealth,
 Make use of the powers you are given
 For happiness, liberty, health.
 Let every act be a kind one,
 Fill each heart with your smile;
 It is only through love and sunshine
 That living is made worth while.
 —Harriet D. Prentiss.



COFFILL & COMPANY,

AUSTRALIA'S PREMIER FUNERAL DIRECTORS, CARRIAGE AND DRAG PROPRIETORS.

The Outstanding Features of our Work are:—Modern, Simple, and Complete Methods, Sympathetic Reverence, and Moderate Charges.

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"I Will Say Unto Him, 'Father.'"

A PATHETIC STORY OF A WAYWARD CHILD AND HOW HE FOUND PEACE.

(By L. G. Moberly.)

White clouds of dust blew up from the long road. Dust powdered one's clothes, choked one's air-tubes, covered the rose-hedges and the mimosa trees with a white coating. And down from the mountains at the back of the sheltered bay swept a blast as icy as the wind of our own northern land, for the mountains were deep in snow—a line of stately white giants against a sky of radiant blue. The sun flooded the land with regal splendor; upon the air was a fragrance of spring flowers, mingling with the more pungent scent of the great eucalyptus trees by the roadside; and as I strolled down the long road, reviling the wind and the clouds of dust, and blessing the sunshine, I paused before a shop window piled high with carnations and roses, anemones and violets.

"Just a bunch to make my room look bright," I reflected, remembering the ladies who were to honor me by coming to tea that afternoon; "they expect even a busy doctor to make his commonplace room pretty for them"; and, smiling as I thought of the two sparkling dames who were spending a few weeks in Amallo during a course of "doing Europe," I entered the shop and chose some of the most fragrant blossoms. And then, all at once, I caught my breath a little, for there, behind a mass of glowing roses, stood a vase full of snowdrops. Yes; snowdrops, dainty, white, and pure, drooping graceful heads, bringing to my mind a sudden sense of home, of England—of the dear, grey country beside the northern sea, the land where—even now, perhaps—snowdrops gleamed whitely against the good brown earth. The shopwoman saw my surprise, my pleasure.

"No, monsieur," she said; "it is not common to see snowdrops here. They come from the mountains. The winter has been cold, the snowdrops are late. They come from over there," and she pointed down the road to the rift in the olive-clad hills, through which one could see those white giants against the sky.

"Would monsieur accept a bunch—to remind him of his own land?" she added, when I had explained the attraction snowdrops possessed for an Englishman, and, smilingly accepting her kindly offer, I left the shop, my hands full of many-colored carnations and anemones, and amongst them my bunch of snowdrops, white and pure!

This was my first winter of work in the

south, and it had been a busy one. The cold wind and hot sun combined brought me many patients, and as I walked quickly homewards, down the long road and through the winding streets of the little town, I found myself thinking over some of my most anxious cases, and deciding that I must be inhospitable, cut short my afternoon tea, and pay several professional visits before dinner. My thoughts were still deeply engaged when I entered the block of buildings in which my own flat was situated, and the voice of the concierge brought me back abruptly to the affairs of the moment.

"Somebody left this note for monsieur," the good woman said, handing me a dirty scrap of paper, "and would monsieur go at once? It was urgent." The inside of the note was as scrappy and dirty as its outside, the writing almost unreadable, the language illiterate and difficult to understand. But as far as I could gather, the writer implored me to go and see someone who was very ill—probably dying—and I was urged to go without delay. The note had already been waiting nearly an hour, the concierge told me; and the summons was so imperative that, although the address given was in an obscure part of the town, and one not at all frequented by English doctors, I had no choice but to respond at once to the call for help. Giving the concierge a hurried message for my servant, and without even putting down my flowers, I hurried off again, took the first cab in sight, and drove helter-skelter to a dreary little street, buried at the back of the oldest and most slummy part of the place.

My cabman looked at me doubtfully as I prepared to dismiss him, murmured something not very complimentary to the denizens of this particular quarter, and begged me to allow him to wait for me, as there were bad characters and ugly customers lurking in those back streets and tall houses. Touched by his thought for me, I accepted his offer before I plunged into as unsavory and dark a passage as I have ever known in any land. Rough voices somewhere ahead of me were my only guide as to the presence of any fellow-beings, and when I knocked at the door from behind which those voices came, a most villianous-looking man thrust out his head and swore at me. I explained my errand as best I could, showing him the

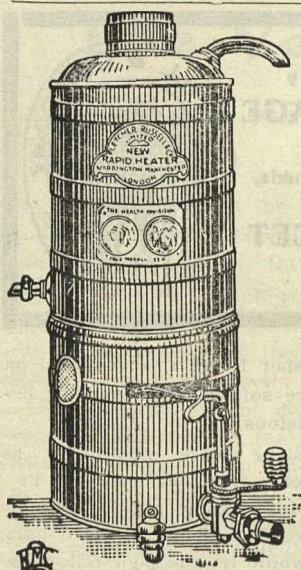
dirty scrap of paper I had received, and on seeing it his face softened, his manner became almost gracious.

"Would monsieur walk upstairs?" he asked. "The poor man above was very ill—at the point of death, some said." Here he shrugged his shoulders, "For his own part, he, Jean Dalbi, would let the poor fellow die in peace. But his wife had overruled his wishes—it was a way women had—monsieur no doubt knew"—here he grinned insinuatingly—"and she had insisted that an English doctor must be fetched."

Why an English doctor? I wondered, as I stumbled up the dark and noisome stairs after my unpleasant guide; and what should I find at the top of this unending, evil-smelling staircase? It was to the very top we climbed, and my guide flung open a door on my right, and with a flourish bade me enter. I found myself in the merest attic, whose sloping roof scarcely allowed me to stand upright, whose uneven, creaking floor gave me a disagreeable feeling that it might at any moment give way. The light that filtered in through a small and dirt-grimed window showed a table, a chair, and a bed, on which lay a man whose face I could dimly see, and by his side was a woman—presumably my guide's wife—who looked down at the restlessly moving patient with a puzzled expression of irritation and dismay. She turned to me with a relieved exclamation.

"Monsieur will know what to do with him," she said, waving her hand towards the sick man; "he talks unceasingly, but of what he talks I do not know." Then she, too, shrugged her shoulders, and before I could answer left the room with her husband—leaving me to tackle the man on the bed as best I could. His age might have been anything between 30 and 40, and his emaciated form and drawn, lined face showed every sign of serious illness. His eyes were deeply sunken; his hands, that wandered continually over the coverlet, were like birds' claws for thinness; he was unwashed, unshaven, utterly unkempt. My heart ached for the poor chap, whoever he might be, alone in these wretched lodgings, with such unpromising guardians as those I had just seen, and I stooped over him and touched one of those restlessly moving hands. He turned a little, and his eyes unclosed—haggard, brown eyes that looked at me wistfully, like the eyes of a dumb animal, hurt to the death. He opened his lips as if to speak; then shut them again, and his eyes closed, too. It seemed that

(Continued on Page 15.)



COLD WATER

is preferable to many concoctions as a beverage, but there are times when hot water is more desirable. For instance, those who find the cold bath enervating should instal the

Fletcher-Russell Gas Bath Heater,

which is simplest, surest, safest, and quickest, and most economical. Heats one to four gallons a minute from 60 to 105 degrees, at next-to-nothing cost.

Come in and have it demonstrated.

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New South Wales Alliance.

NOTES AND COMMENTS BY THE SECRETARY.

Mr. Tennyson Smith took 143 pledges at the opening of his metropolitan mission, Sunday, Nov. 12, at the C.M.M.

* * *

The noted lecturer is well impressed with N.S.W., especially with our Local Option Bill, so far ahead of the "Beerage-ridden" conditions in the old land.

* * *

Tennyson Smith creates a sensation wherever he goes. He is a very able speaker full of dramatic power, and strong on the Christian character of the temperance work. Withal he hits straight and hard at the national foe.

* * *

The Advance to Victory Fund is mounting up. I asked for another double-the-previous-quarter, and our friends have responded nobly. We have nearly reached the double amount again. Every worker in this advance movement should be encouraged. I thank heartily every box-holder and every agent.

* * *

Miss Jeanie Miller has commenced the Catch-My-Pal pledge plan at Willoughby. Catch-My-Pal pledge-books can be obtained from this office.

* * *

Parkes Electorate loses a cheery and efficient worker in the departure of Mrs. Saunders, and Murwillumbah will gain. Mrs. Saunders has done excellently with the Bottom Square Boxes. Her work will be taken up by Mrs. Tom and Mrs. Lewis.

* * *

Do not omit to get a Cheery Comrade Calendar. Price, one shilling. Every member of the State Council, in particular, and our presidents and secretaries throughout the State, should have a Cheery Comrade Calendar and refer to it daily.

* * *

Query for the Christian voter who has not signed the "Earlier Closing" Petition:

What relationship has the divinely-taught prayer, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," to the Earlier Closing Movement of to-day?

* * *

Continue sending Earlier Closing Petitions until the matter is decided in the House.

* * *

Hello! Secretary! Have you arranged that meeting of workers to meet the officers of the Alliance?

* * *

Mr. Bruntnell moved, in accordance with notice given, that the House would, on its next sitting day, resolve itself into a Committee of the Whole to consider the expediency of bringing in a bill to amend the Liquor Act, 1898, to provide for the earlier closing of liquor bars.

On division, the motion was carried by 26 votes to 20. The voting was as follows:—

For the Motion (26).—Messrs. McGowen, Jones, Bruntnell, Fitzpatrick, Robson, Fell, Fallick, Lee, McCourt, McFarlane, Griffith, Stuart-Robertson, Millard, Parkes, Lonsdale, Grahame, Cann, Mercer, Moxham, Latimer, Hunt, Wade, Henley, Nobbs, Crawford, Onslow.

Noes (20).—Messrs. Trefle, Meagher Lynch, Hollis, Estell, Dunn, Morrish, Gardiner, C. E. Nicholson, Osborne, McDonald, J. Storey, Burgess, Cusack, Page, McGarry, Keegan, Cochran, Black, Peters.—"Daily Telegraph," 15/11/1911.

* * *

"Earlier Closing" petitions should be sent to the member for the electorate in which those who signed the petition reside.

* * *

Voter! In the interests of all—publicans as well as people—there should be earlier closing, and if your church has not taken its share in this Christian work, please put the machinery in motion.

The following just to hand will interest all:—

"15th Nov. 1911.

"Mr. John Complin, Secretary New South Wales Alliance.

"Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of yours of Nov. 10th, enclosing cheque for £5 19s. 9d. for Mr. W. H. Judkins's testimonial. The amount has now reached about £1750, most of which has been paid over to him. You will be glad to know that Mr. Judkins continues to be comparatively free from pain, and is getting about a little on crutches and in a motor. He is quite himself in spirit, and this, in spite of the fact that the opinion of the doctors remains unchanged.—I am yours sincerely, A. J. Derrick."

MR. JUDKINS'S FUND.

Previously acknowledged, £45 19s. 2d.; E. J. W. Caldecoat, 5s.; H. Maudson, 2s. 6d.; Thelma Bowra, 1s. 6d.; M. Stanley, 1s.; Mr. Jones, 1s.; Mr. —, 1s.; Mrs. Garner, 1s.; Miss Kerley, 6d.; E. G. Hooper, 1s.; A. A. G. —, 6d.; A Friend, 1s.; One in Sympathy, 1s.; Mrs. Davies, 1s.; Mrs. Hutchison, 6d.; Stella and Eric, 1s.; Mrs. Helyer, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Starr, 1s.; Mr. Crook, 1s.; Mrs. Searle, 1s.; Mr. Alcorn, 1s.; Mrs. Nixon, 5s.; Miss Alcorn, 1s.; Mrs. Meale, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Maslin, 1s.; Small amounts, 2s. 9d.; W. J. Wheatley, 5s.; A. Ayling, 2s. 6d.; Miss M. Pain, 2s. 6d.; E. Ashley, 10s.; H. Pinn, 2s.; H. Purchasehouse, 5s.; Dr. Sherman, 2s. 6d.; Sergt. Griffiths, 2s. 6d.; G. C. Butterfield, 2s. 6d.; H. Stuart, 1s.; Mrs. Griffiths, 2s. 6d.; J. Myles, 2s. 6d.; J. Walsh, 2s.; total, £49 19s. 11d.; less 2s. ex's, Goulburn 2s.—£49 17s. 11d.

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

"There are two freedoms, the false, where one is free to do what he likes, and the true, where he is free to do what he ought."—Charles Kingsley.

"The only liberty that is valuable is a liberty connected with order; that not only exists with order and virtue, but which cannot exist at all without them."—Edmund Burke.

"Political or civil liberty is no other than natural liberty, so far restrained as is necessary and expedient for the general advantage of the public."—Blackstone.

Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

MR. THEODORE TAYLOR ON PROFIT SHARING.

Mr. Taylor's address to a representative gathering of business men at the Chamber of Manufactures' rooms on the 13th inst., is well worthy of the careful study of the whole community. We have frequently urged in these columns a trial of the "profit sharing" method of treating employees as one likely to solve many difficulties for which a solution is not very apparent. Mr. Taylor in his speech defines the system in its best form very accurately—pointing out many errors that have from time to time obscured the view of the general public upon the subject. For instance, he shows that the dual position of the capitalist who supplies the controlling brain power as well as the capital is often lost sight of. If, says he, the capitalist is simply a shareholder and gives neither time nor special managerial oversight, he deserves nothing but the "capitalist's reward." But if he is also the manager he deserves special, and of course adequate, remuneration for his high class work.

On the employee side of the question it is also impressed upon us that to sell workmen shares in a concern, and then boast because they get the usual dividend that they are "profit sharing" is incorrect. Before one can claim to have the latter system in vogue, the employees must be actually reaping, as a reward for their share of the manufacture of profit, part of the proceeds over and above wages. They may receive it in bonus shares or in cash. That matters little. In one big French firm they receive their bonus in shares, and thus gradually acquire the position of capitalists themselves.

During the necessarily slow time (says Mr. Taylor) in which the workers acquire a substantial share of the capital, their fitness wisely to use power is sure to grow. The plan which his firm had adopted in its business of giving the bonus in shares, conferring dividends at the same percentage as other shareholders received, but not votes, was one which he strongly recommended as a commencement.

Mr. Taylor is evidently a keen student of economics, and it is pleasing to think he finds in co-operation a solution of the great problem of securing for the workman a fair share in the products of his labor. Why the said working man is so shy of co-operation must ever remain a mystery—one can but hope it is not to be so for long.

THE LAW OF EVIDENCE.

(SYDNEY PHIPSON, M.A.)

In a review of the above much needed work Sydney "Magistrate" says:—

"Some Text Books are dry—their subject compels it. As for example—Conveyancing. And some are dreary—for their writer has never acquired an easy style—witness the unutterable 'Snell.' But some legal texts,

both from subject and from style, are readable as a Macaulay Essay—or nearly. Of such is 'Phipson.' In his hands the subject is illumined. We learn, in crisp and sharp-cut sentences, why this is inadmissible, or that is irrelevant, the validity of an admission, the limits of a cross-examination, with a refreshing conclusion that not precedent alone, but also a robust, reasonable sense stands behind the stiff theorems of our courts."

"We ('Grit') can only say by way of comment upon the above that we, too, shall be glad to find that there is "common sense" as well as "vexation" in the "theorems" of the court. They would at times seem to be constructed with the one unlovely intention of standing in the way of evidence, instead of assisting the passage of true justice."

There are few of us who have not been staggered at the ruling out of what we considered proper and true evidence, and we have despaired of arriving ever at a basis on which to build a layman's digest of "rules of evidence." While the study of such a subject may not seem to be of much importance to our readers, there are few of us who do not wander into a court some time or other, and from what the "Magistrate" says, it is now possible to be a little prepared.

WHAT TO DRINK IN HOT WEATHER.

We now come to the question of what to drink. In the matter of fluid, you can scarcely ~~exceed~~. The washing virtue of water is vastly more important inside the body than outside, and indeed we have now come to the inner factors of our comfort—which, like invisible things in general, are what really matter. The passage of water through the body washes it ever clean, and though one can live, and sometimes even thrive—be it murmured privately—without external washing, without internal washing we die, and take no such "unconscionable time a-dying" either.

The last human anti-water drinker has probably been gathered to his forefathers, and we differ as to what we flavor our water with. Those be who use alcohol in the winter to keep out the cold, and in the summer to keep them cool—the innocents. In each case it has the opposite action; in the winter dilating the skin's blood vessels so that they feel warm the more rapidly they cool; and in the summer directly interfering with excretion in all its forms. The taste of those whose tastes are not "acquired"—and probably no physical taste is worth acquiring—is towards acid, fruity things; let them satisfy it generously.

Apart from its contained water, much the greater part of what we eat is made up of combustible material, and required, partly as energy for the heart and other muscles, and partly as fuel to keep us warm. We require to be kept warm, because we are hotter than

our surroundings, and therefore are always cooling. When our surroundings rise in temperature our rate of cooling falls, and we therefore need much less fuel. To cut down one's diet is the first indication for health at any time of year in the case of nine well-to-do people out of ten; it is far more imperative in hot weather. People who demand so much of their digestive organs cannot accommodate enough fluid, especially if it be cold, and have no room for that supply of fresh fruit and vegetables (both scrupulously washed) which are almost the staple of the wise in this weather. And, of course, one cuts down one's meat, which intoxicates and burdens excretion.—Dr. C. W. Saleeby in the "Daily Chronicle."

THE SUNNY HOURS.

I wandered in a garden old,

Where yet the flowers were sweet and fair,

Where quaintly-fashioned box-trees told

Of many years of loving care.

A time-worn sundial stood near by,

And drab it looked amidst the flowers;

But on it these words met my eye—

"I only count the sunny hours."

"I only count the sunny hours."

There was a sermon wrought in stone.

And who that felt misfortune's showers,

And dark and bitter days had known,

Could pass it by, and fail to read

The lesson written there aright?

That, though dark times are cruel indeed,

There comes a time when all is bright.

I found I, too, new hope had gained;

The words brought me a sweet solace.

And, like the sundial, worn and stained,

The storms of life I'll bravely face.

And, when the days are drear and grey,

And trouble almost overpowers,

I know the clouds will pass away,

And bring to me the sunny hours.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

D. McHattie, 6s. 6d. (9/11/12); H. MacIntyre, 6s. 6d. (9/11/12); A. Williamson, 6s. 6d. (9/11/12); J. G. Cobbe, 6s. 6d. (9/11/12); F. A. Bates, 6s. 6d. (9/11/12); G. W. Hean, 6s. 6d. (9/11/12); G. Fitzpatrick, 6s. 6d. (9/11/12); A. K. Atkinson, 6s. 6d. (16/11/12); S. S. Patterson, 6s. 6d. (16/11/12); Mrs. T. Brodrick, 2s. 6d. (31/12/11); Mrs. Butcher, 6s. 6d. (8/11/12); Rev. W. H. Ash, 5s. (31/12/11); Mrs. Welsh, 5s. (31/12/11); Rev. J. F. Cherry, 5s. (12/1/12); Mrs. Wilson, 5s. 6d. (9/12/11); C. J. Hobson, 6s. 6d. (9/11/12); N. P. Thompson, 6s. 6d. (9/11/12); J. C. Thompson, 6s. 6d. (9/11/12); Mrs. F. Y. Lethbridge, 6s. 6d. (9/11/12); Miss Gosling, 6s. 6d. (9/11/12); R. W. Neal, 6s. 6d. (9/11/12); G. J. Harford, 6s. 6d. (16/11/12); D. Steptoe, 6s. 6d. (16/11/12); Rev. S. H. Perryman, 6s. 6d. (16/11/12); Miss Morris, 6s. 6d. (8/11/12); Miss Outtrim, 6s. 6d. (8/11/12); Mrs. Offner, 2s. 6d. (13/4/11); Miss Miller, 2s. 6d. (27/3/12); C. S. Mead, 9s. (31/12/11).

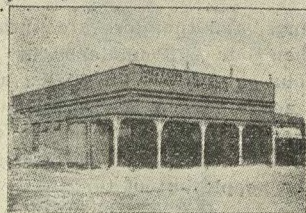
LIFE ASSURANCE.

S. B. WEATHERLAKE,

AGENT FOR

THE A.M.P. SOCIETY.

87 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.



MASTERTON UNDER NO LICENSE

These are several of the twenty-six business premises vacant in the Main Streets of Masterton, closed under NO LICENSE. Notwithstanding this we still have the Prohibitionists asserting that No License is a Success. Will you believe your own eyes.



RECENT BANKRUPTCIES IN MASTERTON

(Under License and No License.)

The following are the Bankruptcies registered in Masterton for the three years prior to No-license, and also for the three years or nearly three years during its existence:

Year	Total Filed
1905	9
1906	11
1907	11
1908	27
1909	27
1910	24
1911 (3 months only, Mar 31)	10

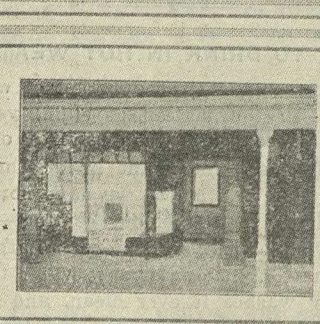
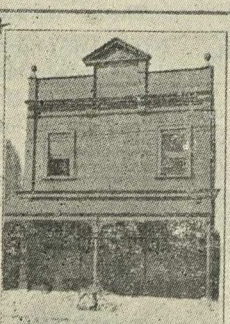
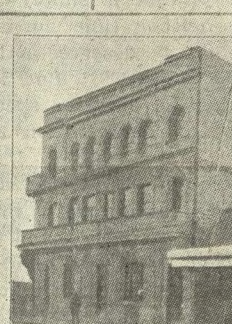
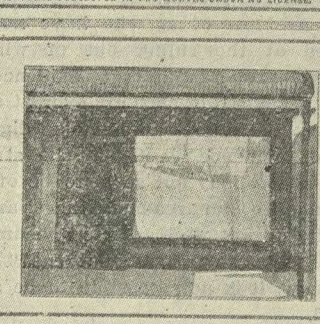


BOTTLES COLLECTED IN TWO MONTHS UNDER NO LICENSE.

BUILDING PERMITS

The building permits issued by the Masterton Borough Council show a decrease of £6000 and £5000 each year since the advent of No-license.

Year	Number	Value
March 31, 1908, to March 31, 1909, whole year of license	61	23,067 2 6
March 31, 1909, to March 31, 1910, three months license, balance No-license	52	16,603 1 6
March 31, 1910, to March 31, 1911, All No-license	39	11,248 9 4



RECENT BANKRUPTCIES IN MASTERTON.

(Under License and No-License.)

The following are the bankruptcies registered in Masterton for the three years prior to No-license, and also for the three years or nearly three years during its existence:

Year	Total Filed.	Year	Total Filed.
1905	9	1909	27
1906	11	1910	24
1907	11	1911 (3 months only, Mar 31)	10
1908	27		

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FACTS FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION.

Property values in Masterton under No-license have decreased.
Letting values of properties in Masterton under No-license have decreased.

In the very centre of the town of Masterton in the main street one re-valuation has been made, and the Government re-valuation of the property reduced £7 10s. per foot.

The Caledonian Society in Masterton made a loss of £61 on their last sports meeting, due to No-License.

St. Patrick's Day Association succumbed altogether owing to the carrying of No-license.

The local Racing Club in Masterton (though favored with fine weather) at their last meeting made a loss of £350, this being their FIRST loss for many years.

Empty Houses.—There were 52 empty houses in the borough of Masterton when the census was taken recently, an abnormal number for such a small borough.

The people of Masterton have absolutely lost confidence and faith in their own town. This is amply proved by the fact that they have time after time rejected all loans proposed by their Borough Council for town improvements in the way of drainage, etc., as they recognised that since No-license was carried, and the loss of Borough Revenue caused by it, the rates are quite unbearable without increasing them.

COPY OF LETTER FROM MR. J. O'MEARA.
(The Editor, "Wairarapa Daily Times," Masterton.)

Dear Sir,—Having noticed a local in Masterton paper that a few days ago £100 a foot had been refused for land in Queen-street, Masterton, in regard thereto I wish to state that I have a sec-

tion situated in Queen-st., within three chains of Post Office, and having a 12ft. x 6ft. right-of-way to Chapel-street, for which I would accept less than £50 per foot. These sections cost me £55 per foot.—Yours, etc.,

J. O'MEARA.

Queen's Hotel, Masterton.—This property is situate in Queen-street, Masterton. The Government valuation of this property is £3797, and owing to the slump in business since the carrying of No-license, it has been found impossible to either let or sell these premises. Nobody wants property in Masterton.

Empire Hotel, Masterton.—This property is situate just above the General Post Office, in Queen-street, Masterton. The Government valuation of this property is £7906, and owing to the slump in the town since No-license was carried, it has been found impossible to let the premises. The property has been offered for sale for what it cost to erect the building, but owing to the depression nobody wants property in Masterton.

Central Hotel, Masterton.—This property is situate in the centre of the business area of Masterton, and was converted into shops at a cost of over £600. The Government valuation of the property is £5540, and owing to the slump in business in Masterton since No-license was carried, the rent now being received for these premises is the munificent sum of £1 2s. 6d. per week.

**I VOTE FOR CONTINUANCE
I VOTE FOR NO LICENSE**

**I VOTE AGAINST NATIONAL PROHIBITION
I VOTE FOR NATIONAL PROHIBITION**

STRIKE OUT THE BOTTOM LINE ON BOTH VOTING PAPERS.

A Lying Advertisement.

A COMPLETE AND AUTHORITATIVE A LYING ADVERTISEMENT EXPOSURE.

ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

On page six of this issue we reproduce a facsimile of a whole page advertisement that appeared in the Wellington "Post," November 2, 1911. In spite of the absurdity and untruth of it, many thoughtless people or ones ignorant of Masterton are impressed by the pictures. Thousands of pounds are being spent in New Zealand, as they were in New South Wales, in this kind of advertising. Constant exposure of this kind of thing is, however, making people rightly suspicious of liquor advertisements, and we believe the answer we can give to every liquor statement is looked for and accepted by the people.

MASTERTON UNDER NO-LICENSE.

"A few weeks back we found it necessary to give the lie to certain reckless statements published in Palmerston relative to the condition of Masterton under No-License. We had then no brief from the No-License party in the matter. We have none to-day. But when we find a full-page sheet issued by a Wellington newspaper, giving photographs of empty bottles and empty shops, together with extravagant mis-statements concerning this town, we are impelled to enter a further protest. Masterton has endured a period of depression as a result of a reaction after a boom. That depression, however, is passing away much more rapidly than is the depression in Wellington, and trade is on a sound and good footing. It is, therefore, astonishing that any trade or organization should seek to damage the reputation of the place, with apparently no other object than to bolster up a particular cause. We are told that the Caledonian Society made a loss of £61 on their last sports meeting as a result of No-License. This is false. The St. Patrick's Day Association succumbed altogether owing to the carrying of No-License. This also is false. The people of Masterton have absolutely lost confidence and faith in their own town. This is utterly untrue. The building permits issued by the Masterton Borough Council show a decrease of £6000 and £5000 each year since the advent of No-License. This is false. The statement regarding the number of bankruptcies in Masterton is also false. Almost the whole wretched thing is transparent falsehood, published with an object—and that object to bring a well-conducted, thriving, and prosperous centre into disrepute. We do not care a snap of the finger for the No-License party or the Trade. We are perfectly independent of either party. But we have an intense respect for the business community of this township and for the reputation of the district. And we say unhesitatingly that any person or persons who assert that Masterton is in a worse position than other townships, so far as trade is concerned, and who state that the people have lost confidence in their town, are guilty of

the most reckless and wanton disregard for the truth, and are stooping to the most miserable and despicable act to serve their own sinister purpose."—(This is the leading article in the Wairarapa "Age," November 3, 1911. This is the Masterton daily paper.)

THOSE PHOTOS.

The first picture on the sheet and the second last one are parts of the same building. The first picture on the second row is the Central Hotel. I visited all the places in the advertisement on November 3, the day after it was published, and found this hotel was rented to Hodge (furniture dealer) and Cooper (sweet shop). A further matter of interest is that in the last part of the advertisement it states that the Central Hotel is being rented for £1 2s. 6d. This refers only to each part rented as a shop. Why they picture it as empty and then state the rental received passes comprehension. The first picture on the last row was only empty because they lately moved into new and larger premises round the corner. The second picture in last row is occupied by Harvey's cycle works, and has never been empty under No-License.

THE BOTTLES.

This picture reminds us of a similar one of Ashburton, which was much reproduced in New South Wales. The history of this one I can vouch for. The man who collected them has been in the bottle business for 10 years in Masterton. During nine weeks under License one person in Masterton collected 3600 bottles; during No-License it took three people 16 weeks to collect 1080 bottles. This means that under License one person collected 400 bottles per week and under No-License only 22 bottles per week. Another point must be remembered—there is no evidence that these bottles were emptied under No-License or collected in the No-License area.

RECENT BANKRUPTCIES.

This advertisement on the left hand side of the bottle picture states the number of bankruptcies for 1908-09-10. In doing so it includes all those incurred outside the No-License area, where the liquor people told us all the trade would go. These cases are brought to the Masterton Court since the police district extends beyond the No-License area. There has been not only a decrease in bankruptcies from 19, with liabilities of £8755, in the last year of License to 11, with liabilities of £3973, in 1910 under No-License. The number outside the No-License area has increased in the same time.

THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY.

This society is quoted in the advertisement as having made a loss of £61 under No-License. The facts as supplied by the secretary, who is not a No-License man, are that the debt was incurred before No-

License, and in the years 1910-11, under No-License, they wiped out the deficit of £61, and put on a credit of £90. The prize money given by this society in the last year of License was £154; this year it was just over £300. And the membership has doubled under No-License.

A COMPARISON.

The empty shops—and, of course, there are a few—has to be explained in some other and more rational way. In the last five years over 200 houses have been built in Masterton, and at present a very large garage and a large two-storied double-fronted shop is being erected near the post office. The town has suffered, as other towns near by have done, by the reaction from a boom. Fielding, some 50 miles away, has only half the population and four well-conducted pubs, and yet it contained the day this advertisement appeared no less than 17 empty shops and 13 empty houses in the town proper. How would the liquor people account for this? Such an advertisement as this is laughed at in Masterton, but is apt to mislead those who have not had the privilege of investigating things in that great town. This example of a liquor advertisement ought to be reason enough for all to beware of the next pictorial.

THE UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.

Out of 76 business men in Masterton who lately answered the question, "What effect, if any, has No-License had on your business?" 72 answered "favorable," 4 said "bad."

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,

If we had but a day;

We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;

We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,

If the hours were few;

We should rest, not for dreams, but for
fresher power

To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills

By the clearest light;

We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,

If they lay in sight;

We should trample the pride and the discontent

Beneath our feet;

We should take whatever a good God sent,
With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak regret,

If the day were but one,

If what we remember and what we forget

Went out with the sun;

We should be from our clamorous selves set free,

To work or to pray,

And to be what the Father would have us to be,

If we had but a day.

—Mary Lowe Dickinson.

GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

The paper being posted for 52 weeks for 5/6, outside the Commonwealth 6/6.

Remittance should be made by Postal Notes payable to "Manager of Grit," or in Penny Stamps.

Change of Address or non-delivery of the paper should be promptly reported to the Manager.

All Communications to be sent to

ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND,

Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1911.

MORAL REFORM BY "BEDROCK."

(In the Sydney "Daily Telegraph.")

We were wondering last week, when pondering upon "Bedrock's" contribution on the above subject, whether the agile optic organs of our friends the liquor people would be likely to miss such a welcome epistle. We find they have even exceeded our expectations that they would not be likely to do so. They have given to the letter pride of place in their journal. As far as the writer is concerned, we have little fault to find with his broad method or argument. We believe he is strictly conscientious, and in reviewing his former article upon "Why Churches Fail," we pointed out that "Bedrock" was fully assured in his own mind of the "final perseverance of the Church and of its Divine origin." The liquor people are also of this opinion, for they place him amongst the Temperance or Wowser party, although they dub him a member with advanced views. Now, as to "Bedrock's" moralising upon moral reform, we have simply to say this: Fixed rules in philosophy as in art and science are good and help to build a base for argument. The superstructure must be built on a sound foundation. But no principle in art, science, or philosophy consists of inflexible cast-iron rules that admit of no variation, or obtain in every possible set of circumstances. It is true that in all reform it is good to build up moral strength from within, the value of which we temperance advocates never lose sight. But in dealing with the drink problem one meets special sets of circumstances that are not met with in any other vice-problem and which cannot be mastered by any one particular group of rules or principles. For instance, in the first place, to some persons at least the alcoholic tendency is directly and absolutely an hereditary disease. To such a person the

idea of cultivating a strong measure of self-control to guard against excesses—an ability to drink so much and no more—would be out of the question. They need to keep as far as possible from all alcohol. Yet many poor unfortunates possessed from birth of this resistless tendency are quite unaware of it. This is a well-known fact, and one worthy of deep consideration.

Therefore the alcoholic habit is unlike other vices, inasmuch that in certain forms it is undoubtedly a disease, and no one would advocate hovering round a diphtheria-threatened spot to become inoculated to its danger.

2. The drink habit is unlike other vices, inasmuch as it is hampered with a special danger, in that a public hospital (?) custom leads those to drink who otherwise would not do so. They are not only led to drink, but to "drink to excess." Thus they fall under the deadly grasp of the liquor habit. Had they simply drunk to assuage their thirst they would probably have been content with one glass, but, once inside a bar, they must each "shout" in turn. And that leads to drunkenness. In other vices this "custom" does not prevail—one does not give his friend 6d. to put on a horse when he meets him in the street, or when a client gives one an order, but you can buy him sixpennyworth of whisky, and you are a good fellow.

These special features of the drink problem make it a difficult matter to suggest any set of "rules" or guiding principles as remedies, but "Bedrock" must see that in our efforts to close the bars, we are chiefly aiming at the "shouting custom," which is senseless, expensive, and overwhelmingly disastrous to young characters. We are well aware that for the old toper the closing of the bar will not mean the "grand finale" to his drinking career. We may not be able to "cure" him in that manner. But we shall have gone a very long way towards "cutting out" the "shout" which is an excrescence on the liquor traffic that can well be abolished.

There are other great philosophic principles that, translated into the vulgar tongue, can be expressed by that old proverb, "Prevention is better than cure," and our friends of the opposition are well enough acquainted with the soundness of those opinions, to fear their coming into active effect, and to ensure their taking every precaution against such a contingency. Thus one set of principles do not operate without any relation to other sets which modify them, and we think "Bedrock" has to a certain extent lost sight of this fact.

With reference to a position of constructive principle as against a negation—we are at one with our friend in admitting that more should be done to find employment and amusement for our men in their leisure hours. But it is not as easy a proposition as it looks, and we would like "Bedrock" to lead the way with a detailed plan of campaign.

It is so easy to theorise—but to carry out an active reform in the manner one would wish is hard indeed. Many good amuse-

ments, as, for instance, the "picture shows," are likely to help much to amuse our men—the churches and such associations as the Y.M.C.A. are doing their best. But NO HELP comes at all from those people who loudly applaud "Bedrock's" hit at the temperance worker—those, too, who cause all the trouble—the Liquor Brigade.

CONCLUSIVE AND CONVINCING.

The great bard spoke of sermons in stones. Kansas has found sermons in grocery bills. Wichita, a few years ago, was the Gibraltar of the saloon in Kansas. Its saloons were running years after the Kansas saloon law went into effect. Deals were made at State conventions and nominations secured through promises of open saloons for Wichita. The protest was long coming, but it arrived—and, like many other reform movements of the day, arrived with momentum. A "dry" mayor was elected. Heavy penalties for violation of the law were exacted. The saloons died hard, but the last vestige of them finally passed. Note the result. Before the saloons closed, the bank clearings of Wichita were 1,200,000dol. weekly. In three years they had increased to something over three million dollars. The city, instead of going backward, as freely predicted, has steadily grown. A few years ago there were barely ten per cent. of the population of Wichita opposed to the saloon. Probably there are not now a very large minority of the population who would favor it. One newspaper changed in a single day from pro-saloon to anti-saloon. In six weeks its circulation had increased six thousand copies. In another Kansas community a merchant declares that his collections increased 40 per cent. shortly after prohibition went into effect. Workmen were paying weekly for insurance. Before the saloons closed 40 per cent. of these insured workmen were in arrears. Within a short time after the enforcement of the law these arrearages had disappeared, and many were paying in advance—"Collier's," March 25, 1911.

"No free government or the blessing of liberty can be preserved to any people but by a firm adherence to justice, moderation, temperance, frugality, and virtue, and by a frequent recurrence to fundamental principles."—Patrick Henry.

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.

Although the College is 17 years old, our coaching for Public Examinations has only become established in a large way since January, 1908. During the past three years our coaches (all Sydney University men) have been extremely successful. We coach by individual tuition only and prepare students for Matriculation, Bankers' Institute, Cadet Draftsmen, State and Commonwealth Clerical Exams., Pharmacy Board, etc.

Particulars and fees on application.

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE,
"Holt House," 56-58 York St. (near King St.)

The Editor's Letter.

ASSURANCES MADE DOUBLY SURE.

I last wrote in the train going to Carterton, a town about nine miles from No-License Masterton. I stayed with the vicar and had a good meeting. Mr. Bridges, the organizer, has done No-license a great service by his sane, thorough, and masterful management of the campaign. His last report is a magnificent defence of No-License and every word is stamped with the hallmark of authority. When you are in a town only nine miles from a No-License place of 6000 inhabitants like Masterton, one is very quickly aware of the fact that statements made much of 100 miles away are laughed at nearer home. All the trade of Masterton was to go to Carterton if No-License was carried, but it has taken two and a-half years to travel that nine miles and no tidings of its arrival yet. It reminds me of the rich old gentleman whose piety was generally suspected, who lay very ill. To save the ringing of the bell and enquiries, notices were placed on the door every few hours. They ran as follows:—2 p.m.: Friends sent for. 4 p.m.: Sinking. 6 p.m.: Passed quietly away to Heaven. Some wag added a footnote:—"6 a.m.: Great consternation in Heaven. Not yet arrived." I had a talk with the police and various leading people, and am convinced that those who know most of No-License are those who like it best.

MASTERTON.

It was fortunate that my plans led me to Masterton the day after the notorious adv. appeared in the Wellington "Post." Mr. Bridges drove me into the town, and we personally went to all the places advertised as empty. The result I have given on page 7 of this issue. It is most interesting, as a visitor from N.S.W., to see the conditions of so large a No-license town, and I am more than ever an enthusiast for the banishing of the bar. That business is brisk, the following par taken from the Wairarapa "Age" of Nov. 3, 1911, will prove:—

"A number of important land sales have been effected in the Masterton district during the month. Messrs. J. Fraser and Co. report having sold six different properties, aggregating about £65,000 in value. Included in the recent sales is that of the estate of 1020 acres adjoining Otahua, belonging to Mr. Hugh Morrison, of Awatoitoi. The purchaser was a son of Mr. Donald McKenzie, of Wangaehu, and the price paid was £25,000."

DRINKING IN THE HOME.

I left Masterton for Fielding, and was fortunate to travel with Dr. W. H. Hosking, the oldest medical practitioner in Masterton. He is an enthusiastic No-License man and has wide business experience as a director of big companies, as well as a medical man. He has travelled widely, and it was refreshing to listen for two hours to his strong convictions on the liquor question. Could anything be more convincing than the following testimony:—"Dr. Archer Hosking, of Master-

ton, said: I don't know of any homes in the district where drinking has increased. I have never seen a person drunk or drinking in homes since No-License came into force. It's all rubbish to say that home drinking is increasing. I know of many cases of that weak type of man who was guilty of over-indulgence in liquor to the neglect of his wife and children, where they now are better fed, clad and shod than under License. I have been told by many mothers of families of the improvement in their home comforts since No-License came into operation. I know several station hands who in former days used to 'blow in' their cheques, who now pride themselves in being able to come to town among their fellows, get rigged out and go home at the end of their holiday feeling respectable members of society."

A CHALLENGE.

At Fielding I made use of the Masterton adv. and the result of my investigations, and a local publican stood up and explained that he had been responsible for the adv., and offered to give £25 to the local hospital if it was not accurate. I was delighted to have this chance of benefiting a hospital, so I promptly named the mayor, a strong opponent of No-License, as one to adjudicate; the publican generously named the local Presbyterian minister, and it was left with the two to settle the question in dispute. I drew up my statement and sent him a typed copy and have left it with local people to see the matter through. There is, of course, only one result, and we cannot think of anything that will help No-License so well as this most extraordinary adv.

PETONE.

On Saturday and Sunday I was at Petone, the principal town of an electorate that only lost No-License by two votes, and would not have lost by these only for certain irregularities in connection with the electoral rolls and also at the poll. The returning officer was reappointed, but on Saturday last, as the result of an official enquiry, he has resigned his position. This town has had a bad slump, and the depression would certainly have been attributed to No-License if it had been carried three years ago. The moving picture, "In the Grip of Alcohol," was lately shown in Petone. This powerful exposure of drink struck fear into the hearts of the local publicans, who organized a free picture show, with collection for the hospital, at the same hour. They failed in their object, however, and the largest theatre was crowded out, while the free show was attended by children.

WELLINGTON.

On Sunday night I had the privilege of speaking in the town hall to a great audience. There is no doubt No-License is a live question. The following statement is with authority, and gives the reason for the No-License movement:—In accordance with the

plan adopted on previous occasions, the New Zealand Alliance has taken a census of persons leaving the 47 hotels in the three electorates in Wellington City between 9 and 10 p.m. That census was taken on Saturday night, Oct. 28, and the total figures were read by the Rev. J. Dawson at my meeting last night. The figures given were as follows: 7364 men, 510 women; 2517 were apparently under the age of 30, and 567 were under the influence of liquor. He further stated that between 10 and 10.15 p.m. 823 persons came out of the hotels. This is surely reason enough for Prohibition?

IN THE OPEN-AIR.

Nothing delights me more than the street meeting. At 12.30 on Monday I jumped into a waggon and soon had some hundreds of men round me. No one questioned my statements, but many dear fellows asked the most absurd and irrelevant questions. Would I lecture for the brewers if they offered me sufficient inducement? Why did I not stop in N.S.W. and convert the drunkards there? What about Maine? And when I quoted the police on sly-grog a very seedy-looking chap called out, "The police don't know everything." I could not resist the temptation of saying, "For which some people have reason to be thankful, don't you think so?" It is a great satisfaction to find that Maine has not gone back on constitutional Prohibition. The official re-count, so a cable this morning tells us, shows a majority of 758 for the retention of Prohibition. We fear that this will in no way hinder our opponents quoting it as having gone back. Our utter fearlessness in the open-air is winning the confidence of those who feel that if the other side had a case they would certainly put it, and their not doing so is the surest proof that they have no case.

I go to Christchurch to-night and fear that I will not start back for Sydney until the day of the poll, December 7.

MRS. HAFFENDEN SMITH'S CONCERT.

This concert in aid of the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond's Pilgrims' Home, took place in the Town Hall on the 14th inst., and was an immense success. The large audience fully appreciated the various items, and from the youngest to the more advanced pupils all did credit to their teacher. We have indeed to tender very sincere thanks to Mrs. Haffenden Smith on behalf of our Editor, who, though far away in New Zealand, is still with us in spirit, and whose heart is wrapped up in his "Home." Many a man owes his present fortunate position to the "Home," and many a wife and mother gratefully remembers the institution in her prayers. May it continue to prosper.

"How do you tell those twin-sisters apart?"

"Why, when you kiss one of them she always threatens to tell ma, and the other one always says she'll tell pa."

S. P. BRAY, HIGH-CLASS PASTRYCOOK AND CATERER,

Head Office: 498 George Street, Sydney.

Branches in Principal Suburbs.

New Factory at Paddington.

TELEPHONE: CITY 1923.

TEA-MEETINGS, SOCIAL FUNCTIONS, WEDDING RECEPTIONS catered for on shortest notice.

HAMPERS and PICNIC PARTIES specially attended to.

Manufacturer of PURE VANILLA ICECREAM and various WATER ICES.

Price List on Application.

Mr. Bray catered for last Church Society Festival and C.M.A. Anniversary.

Humor of the Anti-Liquor Fight in N.Z.

MANY A TRUE WORD SPOKEN IN JEST.

A publican advertises up-to-date sample-rooms. But they are for visiting commercial travellers, and none of the samples are labelled "Made on the Premises." These are to be seen at the Police Court, 10 a.m.

At Huntly, a mining town, the local hotel-keeper's name is Harris, and the question is: "Why are the miners of Huntly going to vote No-license?" Because they are tired of being Harrised!

A New Zealander beer drinker is finding out that a certain brand of ale has wonderful powers. He placed half a pint of it in an enamelled mug, and next morning he could easily scrape the enamel off. If it has such an effect upon an ordinary mug, what an extraordinary mug must the man be who drinks it?

At Oharpo at the last election the local publican, whose name was Abbott, was able by a tremendous display of energy to win a big vote for Continuance. Liquor won by "sheer force" of "Abbott."

Why will the Waihi miner vote properly? Because there is no reason why he should vote monopoly.

"We demand bare majority—not beer minority" was wired recently to a big public meeting in Auckland.

What is the favorite for a New Zealand Cup? was the question asked at a Hamilton open-air meeting. The answer was quickly forthcoming—TEA.

A well-known N.Z. brewery firm bears the name of C. L. Innes. He would certainly be safe in advertising—Drink Imperial Ales and See Hell In Us.

"Support Bung and Go Bung."

"Give us the Cable," referring to Maine, was the persistent interjection at a No-

license meeting. "Be careful or you'll get the cable around your neck" was the telling rejoinder.

Mr. J. McGregor, of Masterton, tells a good story of a man who was a cabinetmaker, and put up a sign, "John Smith, Cabinet Maker. All Kinds of Turning and Twisting Done Here." He recommends it as a good sign for the L.V.A.

"A cherry-blossom nose and a breath like the exhaust valve of a motor-car are the necessary passports into a sly-grog shop," said Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, at Waihi, last week.

"It's a damnable trade," said a speaker to a large crowd at Hastings containing some of the hoodlum class, and a man raised a laugh by calling out: "That's a very naughty word." The speaker retorted by saying: "Well, I am glad to have used at least one word you are familiar with."

"Well," said a miner at Karangahake, "I know I feel a lot happier when I have about four good beers in me." "I do not deny it," replied the speaker; "but don't forget your wife feels a lot unhappier and so do your children, and a man can't walk round and feel big, if he is getting his happiness at the expense of a woman and children."

What a Chinaman thought of the publican is what may be called a bit strong. He always insisted upon a receipt for all he paid for, and after stopping with a publican for a night he demanded a receipt. After he had paid his score the publican ridiculed him, and said he never gave receipts. The Chinaman was persistent. He said: "I good Christian; I must have receipt," and then he explained: "When I go to Heaven they will ask me, 'Did you pay your grocer?' I will

show my receipt, and so on for each tradesman. When they ask me, 'Did you pay the publican?' I say 'Yes.' They say, 'Where is the receipt?' I must show it, and I won't have time to go and look for you in Hell."

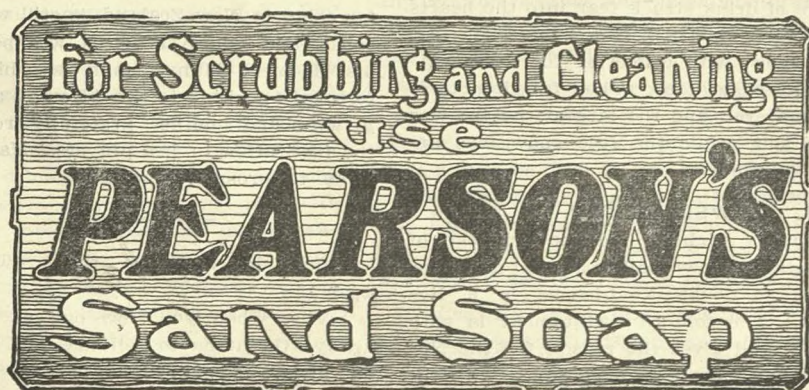
Why is a liquor advocate like a telescope? Because anyone can draw him out, see through him, and shut him up at the finish.

Said an opponent, "What is the difference between a parson and a publican? Are they not both parasites living on the people?" "Certainly not," was the quick reply. "The publican runs a business that makes an unholy mess of his best customers, and the parson run the business that goes round cleaning up the mess. Sensible parson who goes to the source of the trouble and shuts off the flow of liquor from the bar."

"What liquid (the questioner at Te Aroha first of all said 'liquor') "is nearest to human blood?" It was hard to see the drift of such a question, but the lecturer suggested that it would vary in different cases; sometimes the nearest thing would be pig's blood, sometimes donkey's, and sometimes some other animal's.

"What am I going to do," said an old shearer, "if you close all the country pubs; where will I stop after shearing?" The lecturer said: "The shearer too often now gets his cheque, adjourns to the bar, and finally sleeps in the shed or under a wire fence. When the bar is gone he will take a decent room, sleep in it, enjoy it, and pay for it like a man."

"Prohibition does not prohibit," is the cry at many meetings. Of course, the sign "Spitting Prohibited," on railroad and tram cars, and on street corners, is the cause of most of the spitting done in public places. The signs should read, "Spitting permitted," or "Spitting Licensed at Sixpence a Spit," and that would put a stop to the spitting, provided the liquor man's theory is correct.



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From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

WALK ON THE SUNNYSIDE.

Two buckets used to be taken several times a day to the well for water, and one was an old growler, and used to complain that no sooner was he filled than some one came and emptied him. The other one smiled, and said, "Well, I do not look at it in that way. I always feel grateful because whenever I am empty there is always plenty more in the well from which I can get full again." Sometimes you meet a person who won't walk on the sunnyside. If you smile and say, "What a lovely day," they look sour, and say, "Well, I suppose it is raining somewhere else." I wonder have you ever read "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." If not be sure and do so. Tell someone to give it to you as a Christmas box. It is lovely. Mrs. Wiggs always walked on the sunnyside, and used to say it was no good putting your umbrella up before it began to rain. Now, dear Ne's and Ni's, which side are you walking on? Are you like the cheerful, hopeful Salvation Army captain I once heard at a street corner. He was taking up a street collection, and instead of saying "I have only got fourpence," "He called out very cheerily, 'Come on friends; we have made a good start, and I only need nineteen shillings and eightpence more to make a pound.' He was making the most of his one ray of sunshine. Shall we all have a try, and radiate a little sunshine?"

UNCLE B.

"GOOD ENOUGH."

For the rounds of a ladder a carpenter took a stick of timber which had been honeycombed by worms. "It's good enough," he said to the one who questioned the advisability of using wood that had suffered such a loss of strength. Over the rungs of the ladder he put a coat of paint. The ladder went out to be sold.

One day, while carrying a heavy burden on his shoulder, the rung of the ladder gave way. The man came to the ground with a broken limb. The rounds of the ladder which were "good enough" failed.

A young student shut up his book with a bang. "Have you your lesson, my son?" the father asked. "Good enough," came back the answer, as the youth went away to put on a bold face and make his teacher believe he had a lesson which was far from mastered. Before the class that day the young man made a miserable failure, and his record as a student was marked down severely, all because the lesson which was "good enough" was a wretched failure.

When is a thing really good enough? Never, until it is the very best you can make it. That is the only thing that ever should satisfy any of us. To stop short of that is to invite defeat.

"I am good enough—as good as the rest

of the fellows!" Have you ever heard a young man say that? No more sorry confession could ever be made. The one who speaks such words makes us tremble for his future. It shows that he has no very clear idea of what true manliness of character is. Good enough? No man in the world who loves his Master could ever possibly think that of himself. On the contrary, the prayer of his heart must always be, "I am not what I would like to be, nor what I might be. I long to be a better, stronger, truer man."

"What makes you spend so much time finishing that bit of work?" asked a visitor of a young workman in a shop, who was bending over a piece of wood, rubbing and polishing it till one might almost see his face in it. "You will not get a bit more for your work than these other hands who turn out many more pieces in a day than you do." "But I shall not miss it in the long run, sir!" is the reply. "I am not going to stay right here always. I mean to do something better, and the only way I can do it is to do this work just the very best I can."

Go back to that shop a few months after that and see whether that young man is at that bench or not. "Oh, no!" the foreman you ask about it says, "he was such a good workman that they sent him over to take charge of a branch of the factory."

Don't stop with "good enough." Let everything be your very best. That is what wins the wide world over.—"Kind Words."

FOR SUNDAY.

Can you find some of the determined people in the New Testament—who proved where there is a will there is a way. One climbed a tree and one came down through the roof. How hard do you try to get near to Jesus?

FOR MONDAY.

If you have to go up three steps to the top bunk in the ship's cabin, where do you get down? Why, from a swan's breast!

If you don't know how long a donkey can stand one one leg—try!

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

ONLY UNDERSTANDS ANGLO-SAXON.

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

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Please excuse me not writing for such a time, but I have to write so many letters for other people that I generally feel disinclined to attend to my own correspondence, but even if I do not write often I'll never be too old to be a "niece." I went to the Y.P.U. annual, and I am not sending in any answer to the "For

Sunday" question in last week's "Grit." I do not profess to understand any language enjoyed the meeting very much. I did not see any of my "cousins" there this time, beyond the Anglo-Saxon at present. Will you translate it for me? Hasn't there been some windy weather lately? It has been terrible out here, but I think Waverley is justly famed for such things. I haven't been near "Grit" office for an age. The only time I'm in town now it's closed. I'm working at Newtown, and only go into town on Saturday afternoons and holidays. I'll be glad when the time comes for Mr. Knox's return. Somehow Mill Hill Church does not seem the same without him. I suppose because he's been there ever since there has been a church. Excuse this short scribble. I have another letter to write, and it's getting rather late. With love to "Aunts T. and P." and "cousins."—Your affectionate.

(Dear Dora,—So glad you found time to write. So many of my Ne's and Ni's have been growing lazy that it is nice to get a line from an old friend. So you understand Anglo-Saxon, do you? Well, what do the following words mean:—Mifed, syzygy, lateritious, hoiden, gynarchy and insouciance? Now, will these do for a start. They are all Anglo-Saxon. Be sure and write soon.—Uncle B.)

FOR SUNDAY.

"Grit," September 7, 1911.

Fourth Commandment: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all that thou hast to do," etc.

FOR SUNDAY.

"Grit," September 14, 1911.

Matthew 10—29, 31: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore ye are of more value than many sparrows."

FOR SUNDAY.

"Grit," September 21, 1911.

John 6—9, 13.

WEAK THINGS AND THEIR STRENGTH.

The layman would scarcely associate great strength with so delicate and fragile a thing as maidenhair fern, yet if its roots have not sufficient room they will break the pot in which the plant grows. Blades of grass will force the kerbstones between which they spring up out of their place, and in a single night a crop of small mushrooms has been known to lift a large stone. Indeed, plants are on record as having broken the hardest rocks. The island of Aldabra, to the north-west of Madagascar, is becoming smaller through the action of the mangroves that grow along the foot of the cliffs. They eat their way into the rock in all directions, and into the gaps thus formed the waves force their way. In time they will probably reduce the island to pieces.

PASS "GRIT" ON

BOOKLET ON "HEALTHFUL LIVING" POSTED FREE.

VEGETARIAN CAFE,

45 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

Capitalised Crime.

In the May number of "The Review of Review," Homer Folk, secretary of the State Charities' Aid Association of New York, says: "Let us recognise once for all that liquors are not made to be drunk, but to be sold; that the most difficult factor in the problem of intemperance is not the man who wants to drink, but the man who wants to sell drinks." No one familiar with the facts can doubt this statement: "The most difficult factor in the problem of intemperance is not the man who wants to drink, but the man who wants to sell drinks."

A good illustration of this was seen in San Francisco just after the fire. For several weeks after that catastrophe San Francisco had Prohibition. Then came the time when saloons were to be opened again, and the public expected that the first day would see all manner of carousing. But it did not. Conditions were worse than they had been under Prohibition, but not nearly so bad as they had been before the fire. It took several weeks for the volume of business over the bar to reach its normal. The newspapers told why. With the inducement to drink out of their way, multitudes had forgotten that they wanted liquor, and if there had been no one to push the trade, most of these would not have tasted the stuff again. But with a saloon on every corner, liquor in the restaurants, and in the grocery stores, men pushing their wares on every side, the consumption of liquor was soon at high tide.

Who finances the campaigns which so often corrupt both press and politics in the effort to thwart popular rule and force the saloon upon a community where the majority is opposed to it? Not the men who want to drink, but the men who want to sell drinks.

A recent despatch said that Kansas was likely to have her Prohibition fight all over again. "The battle lines are forming now,"

said the message, "and the enemies of Prohibition are entrenched in scores of communities." Then came the statement: "The Manufacturers' and Business Men's Association, with headquarters in Milwaukee and Chicago, is credited with forcing the fight on Prohibition." This lets the cat out of the bags. It is not the thirsty crowd in Kansas that are pushing the fight, but the brewer barons in Milwaukee and Chicago. They are trying to force their poison upon Kansas whether the people want it or not.

Against this greed for gold which is constantly seeking to exploit the passions and weaknesses of men, moral suasion is not sufficient defence. Moral suasion might be able to deal even with the diseased and depraved drunkard and with all others who desire drink, if they were the only factors in the problem. But they are not. Back of all are the gold-greedy brewers and makers of booze whose business it is to create a demand for the stuff they wish to sell. This is what the strong arm of the law ought to stop.

If there had been no money in race-track gambling, it would not have been necessary for the State to interfere. Moral forces would have been sufficient to meet the need. But when race-track gambling was capitalised and became a big business, reaching out its corrupting tentacles into every avenue of life, Government had to interfere. So with the lottery and every other evil, and so with the liquor traffic. It has capitalised the appetites and passions of men, and now carries on a propaganda against which moral suasion alone is helpless. Let government do its part in silencing these men who are so eager to sell, and then science and religion will have a chance to cure the abnormal appetites and to build the race into strength of body, soundness of mind, and nobility of character. —California Issue.

RELIGION AND REFORM: A CHANCELLOR'S BELIEF.

Mr. Lloyd-George vindicated the connection of religion and politics in a thoughtful address at the Welsh Baptist Chapel, Castle-street W. His first point was that the nation is judged not only as Britain, but as a Christian country, and if foreigners saw it full of poverty, unhappiness, and defilement, it was religion that suffered. For the good name of religion, then, religion must be the inspiration of politics. Mr. George's second argument was that there had never been a revival or a reform carried through except by the help and the leadership of men who

gained nothing by them. That was where the Labor party was making a mistake. They thought they would win reform through the people who suffered only, whereas reforms were won through the aid of people who lost personally by them. Look at the reforms carried during the last few years. The men who worked for them sacrificed personal wealth. He saw that in carrying the Budget through the House of Commons, when there was an old gentleman who conducted one of the biggest businesses in the country, yet who was in the lobbies at all hours in order to impose a heavy tax upon himself. Such self-sacrifice came from the Christian religion.

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"In the first place, there are a great many more first-rate books than ever you can master; and, in the second place, you cannot read an inferior book without giving up an opportunity of reading a good one.

"Books, remember, are friends; books affect character; and you can as little neglect your duty in respect of this as you can safely neglect any other moral duty that is cast upon you."

HOW WE GOT THE WORD "CHESTNUT."

The original of the word "chestnut" as applied to an oft-told joke may, according to Joseph Jefferson, the actor, be traced to the stage. In a melodrama entitled "The Broken Sword," written by William Dillon, two of the principal characters were Count Xavier and his servant Pablo. In a dialogue between them is to be found the origin of the word "chestnut" as applied to a story that has lost its first bloom of novelty. Here is it:—

"Once," said the Count, "I entered the forests of Calloway, when suddenly, from the boughs of a cork-tree—"

"Chestnut, Count," interrupted Pablo.

"Cork-tree," said the count.

"A chestnut," reiterated Pablo. "I should know as well as you, for I have heard you tell the story twenty-seven times."

The Count was a veritable Munchausen for the frequent relation of his exploits, and consequently liable to get a little mixed in his details, so it is that from a cork-tree we get the chestnut.

The Romance of Science.

WHAT IS A DROP OF DEW?

By FRANK BALLARD, D.D., M.A., &c.

It is to be feared that the great majority of modern men and women know, at all events in "civilised" countries, far more of electric tubes and "fast" trains than they do of the freshness of the "dewy mead" in the early morning. But they know—probably it is all they know—that dew is wet; i.e., that it is water. With the perception that their boots become wet if they are walking in the fields towards the close of a hot day, their acquaintance with dew may be said to end. But such inconvenient wetness is really the beginning of the romance of a dewdrop. Even if we solemnly take from a dictionary our conception of "romance" as being "any popular epic or fictitious and wonderful tale, in prose or verse, dealing with extraordinary and often extravagant adventures," we need not shrink from it, for the real is ever more romantic than the fictitious, when it is appreciated. Here, for instance, are two elements of it, in two simple questions: What is water? and How does it come in the form of dew? In answering the latter, it would be a vast mistake to assume that the former is too well known to need reply. Probably even to-day not one person in a thousand who uses water continually knows, or perhaps cares to know, anything about it, beyond the fact that it is wet, and so serves his purpose. What wetness means, he has no time to ask. But a little reflection would show that every time he quenches his thirst, or washes his hands, he is literally flooding himself with marvels and mysteries compared with which all the miracles in the Bible are easy to apprehend.

Thanks to modern education, most people are aware that water is composed of two gases, though they could not make anything of the formula H_2O . But that formula is the open door to a universe of wonder. Each drop of water, we now know, is composed of molecules, or, in simpler speech, particles—but what of their size? Only this, that if a dewdrop could be magnified to the size of our earth, its particles would then be about the size of Tangerine oranges. If anyone has an arithmetical turn, he may wish to know how many there are, and science says in reply that the number is 1 with 24 ciphers after it. May he be illuminated thereby! But each molecule is composed of atoms, and, again, each atom is composed of electrons. Then expert information gives us to understand that "if an electron is represented by a sphere an inch in diameter, the diameter of an atom on the same scale is a mile and a half." Query, what, then, is the actual size of the electron, which helps to build up the atom, which goes to make the molecule, which gives the drop of water its wetness? Here, however, we must leave the staggering romance about water if we are to do justice to its embodiment in the dewdrop. For this latter is in itself one of the most mar-

vellous, beautiful, useful, and absolutely necessary of all the arrangements by which Nature makes life possible on this our planet.

From time immemorial men have noticed the dew, and have acknowledged its utility, without attempting to explain its origin. Indeed, like many other things, it was merely the subject of blind guesswork or poetic error until the nineteenth century. The ancients, whether poets or seers, were wholly mistaken as to its source. It was natural, doubtless, that such writers should look upwards and think that the dew came like mercy, in Shakespeare simile—"It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven." But the truth that it does not "drop" at all was first set forth by Gersten and Fay, who showed that it was rather true that it rose from the ground. The first clear account, however, was given by Dr. Wells, in an essay published the year before the battle of Waterloo. He therein showed that the real source of the dew was in the water-vapor always found in the atmosphere, and especially that near the surface of the ground. As the dew is specially noticeable in hot weather or hot countries, we may seek its explanation best under those circumstances. As soon as the heat of the day is over, the earth, of course, begins to cool by radiation. With the heat, moisture also rises from the soil, the vegetation, and even the driest earth. This helps to saturate the air with water-vapor in the immediate neighborhood. But for all air, at a given pressure, there is a certain temperature at which it can hold no more moisture. Suppose, then, this temperature is definitely lowered, what will happen? Certainly this, that some of the moisture already in suspension will have to be dropped—i.e., condensed. It is just this condensation which forms the dew. What is known as the "dew-point" is the exact temperature below which the atmosphere cannot any longer hold the water-vapor it has until then contained, but must deposit some of it on the coolest surfaces near.

A little further consideration will show under what circumstances most dew is thus deposited, and careful observation will confirm every such theoretical explanation. Everyone knows, for instance, that dew is not formed on a cloudy night. Why not? Because the clouds act as reflectors for the radiant heat which is rising from the earth, and so prevent the surface from cooling below the dew-point. It is easy at any time to illustrate this, by bringing a bottle of warm water into a cold and a hot room. In the former case we see moisture like the dew form at once on the glass, but not in the latter. For here the temperature is not lowered, and so the water-vapor in the air around it can still be held in suspension. Again, it is quite plain that dew is not formed equally upon all substances near the ground.

Metals generally, and especially polished metals, show scarcely any, for the simple but sufficient reason that their radiation of heat is very small, consequently their surface does not get cool enough to compel the condensation of the water-vapor close at hand. But wood or glass or plants have great radiating power, and so become cold enough to extract and condense water from the adjacent atmosphere.

It must not, however, be supposed that the interesting phenomenon of dew formation is confined to hot weather or hot countries. It is, like all the laws of Nature, always and everywhere ready to do its work. In winter, for instance, who that has gone near a railway on a frosty morning has not marked the difference between the appearance of the metals and the sleepers on the line? The latter are covered with what we term "hoar frost," but there is none on the former. With what has just been pointed out, it is easy enough to see why such a difference exists. The hoar-frost is really only the winter's dew. From the wooden sleepers the earth's heat has been rapidly radiating, and the fall in the temperature of the adjacent air has been such as not only to compel it to give up great part of its moisture, but there and then to turn it into ice-crystals without the formation of drops of dew at all. None the less, the true description of "hoar-frost" or "rime" is "frozen dew." That it should vanish so soon as the sun shines out is easy enough to understand.

Undoubtedly it is in hot weather and hot countries that to the wonder and beauty of the dew is most manifestly added its immeasurable utility. The many references—more than thirty times—in the Bible to the beneficent effects of the dew are abundantly justified in the world-wide experience of all connected with agriculture. Were it not for the dew, the ground would get hopelessly parched, from day to day, until all vegetation would perish in the drought. It is little wonder, therefore, that in the great expanse of pastoral countries with which the Biblical narrative deals the dew is spoken of so appreciatively. "God give thee of the dew of heaven." "My speech shall distil as the dew." "Who hath begotten the drops of dew?" "Thou hast the dew of thy youth." "Like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest." "I will be as the dew unto Israel." All such expressions testify to the high appreciation felt by tillers of the soil and keepers of sheep for one of the gentlest, surest, most precious of Nature's blessings. The fact that we are able to penetrate just a little further than they into the inner working of such processes is surely no reason why we should appreciate our mercies less. Perhaps, if the ancient threat of Elijah were fulfilled, "There shall not be dew nor rain these years," or the rebuke of Haggai, "Therefore, for your sake, the heaven is stayed from dew," the modern world would learn not only to appreciate the practical use of dew as did the ancient, but to value it all the more through apprehension of the veritable romance of its origin and never-failing persistence.

This is Where You Laugh.

© ©



MOLLY ON THE MAKE.

There never was such a baby!

Though father said it, who shouldn't, and mother said it, who shouldn't, and everybody said it but those who should—well, there never was!

"Molly, my love," cried daddy, bouncing in upon his seven-year-old, "Uncle George has just arrived, and he's enraptured. He said, 'There never was such a baby!' and he offered to buy her for a sovereign an ounce." "You're not going to sell her, are you?" asked Molly, with wide-open eyes.

"No, my precious," cried the delighted father, embracing her affectionately over this show of proper sentiment.

"Because," resumed Molly, "she'll be heavier when she's older, and 'I'll fetch more!'"

* * *

THE ASPIRING CHAUFFEUR.

Chug, chug! Plonk, plonk! Choo, choo!

(This is supposed to represent a motor-car rushing along a country lane. As a matter of fact, it sounds more like a boy-scout trying to blow a bugle.)

The motor-car dashed along the road at a tremendous speed, missed a woman by a split hair's-breadth, bumped over her less fortunate dog, and came to an abrupt halt.

"Dear me!" said the chauffeur, alighting,

The woman said more than "Dear me!" In fact, what she didn't say isn't worth printing.

"Can I—er—replace your dog?" suggested the chauffeur, getting in a word edgewise at about 3.45.

For a brief moment the woman regarded his be-goggled features. Then she retorted freezingly:

"You flatter yourself!"

* * *

The cheque which the comely young German woman handed in at the window of a Walnut-street savings fund bank the other day was made payable to Gretchen H. Schmidt, and she had indorsed it simply Gretchen Schmidt. The man at the receiving teller's window called her back to rectify the mistake just as she was turning away.

"You don't deposit this quite this way," he explained. "See, you have forgotten the 'H.'"

The young woman looked at her cheque and then blushed a rosy red.

"Ach, so I haf," she murmured, and wrote hurriedly:—

"Age, 23."

NO THANKS!

An actor and a "quack" were chatting. They were both hollow shows. One pretended he could amuse people; while the other pretended he could cure them.

And they neither of them could do either.

"I've done you many a good turn," said the quack. "Now I want you to do me one. Will you?"

The actor nodded his flowing locks.

"On your next tour," pursued the quack, "will you ask for my Tiddlem's Tonic at every place you go to? It will be a splendid advertisement for me, you know, and will suggest that there is a demand for it."

"Yes, but be reasonable, old man," replied the actor, shuddering. "Suppose they have it?"

* * *

EQUALLY DISTRIBUTED.

When the British ships under Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined fleet off Trafalgar, the first lieutenant of the Revenge, on going round to see that all hands were at quarters, observed one of the men kneeling at the side of his gun. So very unusual an attitude in a British sailor exciting his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was afraid. "Afraid?" answered the honest tar. "No, I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as prize-money—the greater part among the officers."

* * *

A man may be rich in relatives, and yet not be relatively rich.

* * *

Polite lady to small boy just back from the country: "And did the sun tan you, Freddy?" "Naw, par did."

* * *

"How far can you trace your ancestry?" "Well, my grandfather was a bank cashier, and they traced him to Nicaragua."

* * *

It isn't so much a question of how much the workingman gets as to what percentage of his wages the saloons get.

* * *

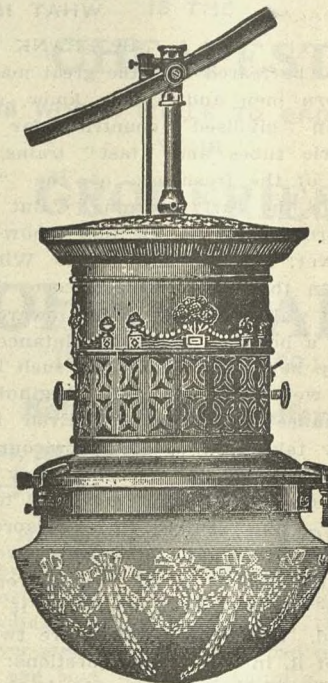
"Are you dining anywhere on Wednesday, Jones?"

"No, old man, I'm not. Do you——"

"Then you'll be awfully hungry on Thursday, won't you?"

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ORIGIN OF PUSSY'S NAME.

Did you ever think why we call the cat puss? A great many years ago the people of Egypt worshipped the cat. They thought the cat was like the moon, because she was more active at night, and because her eyes change, just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full and sometimes a bright little crescent, or half moon, as we say. Did you ever notice pussy's eyes, to see how they change? So these people made an idol with a cat's head, and named it Pasht, the same name they give to the moon; for the word means the face of the moon. That word has been changed to pas or puss, the name which almost everyone gives to the cat. Puss and pussy cat are pet names for kitty everywhere; but few know that it was given to her thousands of years ago.—"Harper's Young People."

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D. S. Evans, Australasian Manager.

"I WILL SAY UNTO HIM."

(Continued from Page 3.)

even the faint effort he had made was too much for him. His pulse was weak and flickering, his color so ashen, that I feared the ruffian downstairs had been right when he spoke of the poor fellow as near death. I bent closer to him, and asked him a question in French, but he only moved his head impatiently, and I felt the hand in mine jerk itself away with a petulant movement. He tossed over on to his other side, and a sudden babble of words broke from his lips—an incoherent babble, for the most part, though some sentences caught my ear, and arrested my attention.

"Can't—remember—such a worry—I—will go—father—father—and—say—What must I say?—Why don't you tell me?—What must I say?" The last words rang out in tones of heartrending anguish, but there was no mistaking either language or accent, and a lump came into my throat. Why, the poor, unkempt, miserable man was an Englishman—and what was more, an English gentleman—here, in these wretched surroundings, ill, poverty-stricken, alone. I drew back into mine the thin hand that still crept so restlessly over the dirty bed-coverings.

"Can you tell me your name, my dear chap?" I said, speaking very gently and clearly. "Have you any friends here?"

"Friends?" His eyes opened again; the intolerable bitterness in them struck me like a blow. "I have—no friends anywhere. Who are you? Why have you come?" The incoherence had gone from his words, he spoke consciously, and the cloud of delirium had at last temporarily left his eyes. They scanned my face anxiously.

"I'm a doctor—Alan Despard. I have come to see what I can do for you, and—"

"Do for me?" Indescribable bitterness rang in his voice. "Give me an overdose of morphia, and do for me permanently. I've bungled all my life—and—this is the end—the end!" he repeated wearily, his eyes closing again, his hands beginning once more their restless clutching at the bedclothes.

"It won't be the end if I can help it," I responded, firmly, straightening the clothes and trying to make him more comfortable, and giving him some stimulant from the medicine case I had brought. But my words fell on deaf ears; the cloud of delirium had descended upon him again, and he was babbling forth a stream of incomprehensible phrases out of which I could not distinguish any sense at all. Meanwhile, I made such examination of him as was possible, coming to the conclusion that he was indeed desperately ill, and that the probability was that his slender hold of life would very soon relax, more especially as the bitter words he had spoken seemed to show that he had no incentive to live. But all my professional combativeness was aroused. I meant to try my hardest to save the poor chap, to give him another chance. I had fought death before in many places, in many forms. I braced myself to fight him again here, and as I looked down at the worn face and deeply

sunken eyes I told myself that I might even succeed, if only—if only I could give the man before me the slightest wish to cling to that feeble strand of life still remaining.

"I will arise"—the three words suddenly pierced through his incoherent mutterings—"my father—my father—Why can't I remember?—and say unto him—What must I say?—Why will nobody tell me what I must say?" Again that cry of intolerable agony rang through the room, and this time his words brought with them their clue. I stooped nearer to him, speaking very distinctly, that my voice might penetrate to his disordered brain:

"Say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son.'"

Why the words came so easily to my lips I do not know, unless it was that the story of the Prodigal Son had always made a strange appeal to me; and I was thankful now that I had been able to remember the sentence after which the poor chap in the bed was groping so wearily. As I spoke, a light flashed over his face, and some of the lines of anxiety and anguish straightened themselves out. He looked up at me with eyes no longer unconscious.

"That's it," he whispered, with breathless eagerness, "that's it. 'Father, I—have—sinned—and—am—no—more—worthy—no more worthy!' I couldn't put the words together—and—what's the good, now I have put them together?" he ended, with a note of such hopelessness in his poor tired voice that I put my hand gently on his shoulder.

"Is there anybody you would like me to send for?" I asked. "Have you a father who—"

"A father?" He interrupted me with sudden vehemence. "I had a father once—I broke his heart. I couldn't send for him now—he'd spurn me under his feet—and quite right, too! I tell you—this is the end—the end—of a life chucked away. I've eaten the husks—now I'm going to die in the pigsty!"

"Fathers don't spurn their sons under their feet," I said, a sudden recollection flooding my soul of my own dear father's bent white head and kindly blue eyes. "A father can always make allowances—and—understand."

The man in the bed laughed a weak little laugh of unspeakable bitterness.

"My father—couldn't understand my taste for wallowing in the mire with swine," he said; "he—is—he always was—what every Christian gentleman ought to be." The ring of torture in the faltering voice was pitiful to hear. "What—I might have been," he murmured, almost inaudibly. "My—father is a father—to be proud of," he added, his voice growing clearer, "and I am not worthy—not worthy"—a little sob punctuated the sentence, and for many minutes he did not utter another syllable, lying back with the white, still face of utter exhaustion. I had done all I could for the moment, and was meditating going away to fetch necessities for him, in the way of nourishment and medicine, when he looked up at me again.

"Better—for the dear old man—if—I—panned out," he whispered, flinging his hands along the coverlet, where they came in contact with the bunch of flowers I had laid there upon my entrance.

"Flowers?" he murmured, a little gleam of pleasure showing in his eyes. "I thought—I smelt—their sweetness. I—" What prompted me to do it I shall never know. It is impossible to account for one's instinctive actions. But, leaving the carnations and other fragrant blossoms on one side, I took up the bunch of snowdrops, and laid them in his thin, shaking hand. The look on his face as he saw them positively startled me. It was an expression of such hunger, and such longing, mingled with surprised delight.

"Snowdrops?" he gasped. "Why—I haven't seen snowdrops since—I was at home—with the old dad." His voice broke. "There were snowdrops—in the garden, you know—and always—when I was a little chap—he took me to see them when they first—came up—all white against the brown." He paused. His eyes seemed to be looking very far away; their hungry wistfulness gripped at my heartstrings; his fingers touched the stainless blossoms with a tender, almost reverent touch. "They grew in the woods, too," he went on dreamily, "the woods at the bottom of the park—it was—our pet Sunday walk—dad's and mine—when I was a little chap—and—the moss—was white—with—snowdrops. I"—again came that pitiful break in his voice—"I was always allowed to pick—a little bunch—for the dad's buttonhole—they were—his favorite flowers, you know."

The trembling voice ceased. He had spoken slowly, with long pauses, and once he laid the fragile blossoms against his lips with a curious, passionate gesture. He was silent for many minutes, then he said suddenly:

"'Let your garments be always white,' he used to say—it's a text—from somewhere. He taught it me—once—when the snowdrops were out—their whiteness—made him tell me. 'Let—your—garments—be always—white—and mine—are black—pitch black—I am not worthy—to —'." Once more his voice trailed into silence, but his eyes still looked straight in front of him, into some far distance—perhaps into that long-ago past, when he and his father had gone together to look at the snowdrops.

"Too late!" he exclaimed, suddenly; "there comes—a time—when it's too late!"

"I don't believe it's ever too late to ask for one's father's forgiveness," I answered stoutly, my own dear old father's face again rising vividly before me; "your father will remember the time when you were a little chap. You don't suppose he has forgotten, any more than you have, the days when he took you to see the first snowdrops. You don't suppose he's left off caring for you—even though—"

"Even though I've done every mortal thing he would most hate—and lived a beast's life. Even though—"

(Concluded Next Issue.)

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