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A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

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The Difference.

J.B.M.

A handwritten musical score for a piano piece titled 'The Difference' by J.B.M. The score is written on three systems of grand staves (treble and bass clef). The first system is marked 'slowly' and 'p' (piano). The second system is marked 'p' and 'cres.' (crescendo). The third system is marked 'rall.' (rallentando). The music is in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

For the words see page 9.

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ALCOHOL AND WORK.

By Sir Thomas Oliver, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., M.D., F.R.C.P., Physician, Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Professor of Medicine in the University of Durham College of Medicine; late Professor of Physiology; Medical Expert to the Home Office; editor of "Dangerous Trades," and author of "Diseases of Occupations."

It would lead to a lengthened discussion if I attempted to deal with the subject of whether alcohol is, or is not, a food, and yet unless the subject is regarded to some extent from this standpoint, how are we to know whether alcohol is a necessity or not? My own opinion is that to healthy people alcohol is not a necessity, and that most people can do quite well without it. Alcohol is a luxury. On the other hand, under such conditions as towards the end of life, in certain forms of illness, in collapse and certain kinds of fatigue, it often does good. Numerous physiological experiments have been made with the view of testing its effect upon muscular work. The amount of work done is registered by an apparatus called an "ergograph," and is estimated by the height of the waves and the number of muscular contractions occurring in a given time. The results obtained vary. However divergent opinions may be as regards the relationship of alcohol and work, it is generally believed that alcohol acts primarily upon the nerve centres and not locally upon muscle fibre, and that if alcohol is given to healthy persons, although it may cause an increase in the number of muscular contractions in a given time, it does not increase the amplitude of the waves. The immediate effect is a temporary increase of work, to the extent it may be of 30 per cent.; but by degrees this declines, so that if the experiment is carried on over a lengthened period—say, for several hours or a few days—the actual amount of work done by the alcohol-treated man or animal is less than that accomplished when no alcohol is taken at all. It is not true that more work is obtained through alcohol; any gain is evanescent. While from healthy muscle no increase of work is obtained, it is slightly different with fatigued muscle; for from these an increased amount of work can be got, at least for a brief period. The lagging muscles have their energy whipped up, and thereby a temporary increase is secured. It is this aspect of the question which is of importance, for we know that alcohol acts upon the nervous system, and by stimulating fatigued brain-cells it excites to a temporary overflow of nervous energy. We are living in an age when nervous troubles predominate, and when, as a result of hurry and over-activity, mental and bodily fatigue is easily induced—just that condition, in fact, which is relieved by alcohol, and in this circumstance lies the danger.

Experience shows that there is a type of constitution to which alcohol is a poison. Just as there are some people who, because they are resistant to alcohol, can go on drinking large quantities of spirits for years without apparent harm, so there are others who, as the result of inherited weakness or of a flaw in their nervous system, cannot and should not take alcohol under any circumstance. You are familiar with the words "immunity to disease," and of the fact of one attack of fever protecting an individual against a second attack. The opposite to this is "increased susceptibility to disease," or what is called "anaphylaxia." In the case of opium and arsenic eaters, the body acquires resistance to these drugs, so that larger and larger quantities can be taken with impunity, at least for a time; but with alcohol have we not all observed that, as the years roll by, the toper becomes more and more profoundly affected by drink than in earlier years—the man degenerates in mind and body, his character goes, and he ceases to be a progressive member of society? The alcohol question is a broad one; it has to be viewed not merely from the physiological standpoint of the effects of the drug upon work, but as extending over a longer period of time, when its disastrous consequences can be seen in the broken health of the individual, and in the ruined prospects of his family.

That under the immediate influence of alcohol good, nay even excellent, literary work may be accomplished cannot be denied any more than that under its influence jaded muscle may contract for a time more quickly. Only recently a medical friend in speaking to me of his unsteady brother, also a medical practitioner, and possessing great gifts of literary expression as well as poetical powers of no mean order, said that it was only after a glass of whisky the literary ability showed itself in his brother, and that without stimulants the brain could not rise to the level of producing anything worth reading. The circumstance recalls the fact of speeches made by well-known public men under the influence of narcotics, and which at the time swayed large audiences. Notwithstanding all this, mental stability, intellectual progressiveness, and fidelity to duty, are the outcome, not of sudden flights, which soon reach their acme and die away, but of steady persistence. It is sustained effort which in the long run wins. No General of the British Army to-day would be so foolish as to order stimulants to be administered to an army about to march into war. Such a procedure would only court disaster.

If there is nothing in alcohol to recommend it to persons in health except the fleeting pleasure which comes from cerebral stimulation, there is much to condemn it medically and socially. Over-indulgence in alcohol is in adult men a frequent cause of their first epileptic seizure. It so strongly predisposes to plumbism that Dr. Alfred A. Hill, whose knowledge of the subject is greater than

mine, will, I am sure, support me when I say that no person known to be addicted to alcohol should be allowed to work in lead. Years ago, in carrying out a series of lead-feeding experiments upon animals, I found that animals which received alcohol as well as lead in their food became an easier prey to plumbism and to the severer types of it than those which did not receive alcohol at all. I am convinced that some of the accidents which occur in our shipyards, docks, and on wharves are the result of alcoholic intoxication, not of an immediate intoxication of the individual, but that, as a consequence of repeated and excessive indulgence in alcohol, there are created conditions of the nervous system which interfere with personal effectiveness, and deaden that respect for the dangers which are ever present where work is carried on under considerable pressure.

When alcohol is taken into the stomach, absorption of the stimulant is at first rapid; afterwards, as the individual becomes intoxicated, absorption slackens. Chemical analyses show that alcohol is not entirely eliminated from the blood until 23 hours after it has been taken. A man who is in the habit of drinking day by day must therefore always have a certain quantity of alcohol in his blood, for every extra drink which is taken goes to swell the residual quantity of alcohol left from the preceding day. It is thus that the debauch of the week-end assumes an importance which at first sight we may not be disposed to attach to it. The effect of the Saturday afternoon and evening's drinking bout is carried over to the Sunday, when more alcohol is consumed, and as a consequence on Monday the individual is unable to return to work, or if he returns to the factory or shipyard, his work is badly done. Thus by alcoholic cumulation do we seek to explain the larger number of accidents on Monday than on any other day of the week, also some of the disasters which occur so shortly after a ship has put to sea.

Apart from alcohol producing incapacity for work and predisposing to accidents, the free use of stimulants, instead of safeguarding against infectious diseases, paves the way for them by reducing the resistance of the individual. Alcohol makes the bed for tuberculosis. Again and again have I seen young and previously healthy men succumb to phthisis brought on, if not as the immediate result of alcoholic indulgence, certainly as a consequence of the irregular habits and the late hours which drinking fosters. In France, until recently, and still for anything I know to the contrary, tuberculosis has followed each year an ascending scale parallel in its course with the consumption of alcohol. Not only does alcohol strike the individual, it strikes also his descendants. Dr. Reille informs us that of 215 alcoholic families, 55 were found to be undoubtedly tuberculous; 12 alcoholic families had 37 children, one-third of whom died from tuberculosis. To an alcoholic father and mother were born 13 children; seven of the children died from

(Concluded on Page 13.)

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The Reconstruction of the Colonel.

(Jennie N. Standifer, Clinton, Miss.)

When Annie Brooks and Allen Lambert were married, Colonel Hampton Brooks, uncle and guardian of the bride, gave her away with his blessing, and promptly turned over to the groom his niece's neat little fortune of 50,000 dollars in real estate and cash.

"Women," the Colonel was accustomed to say, "are no more fitted for business than men are fitted for housework and baby-tending. The Lord made them each for a special sphere, and they should not dabble in each other's work, or meddle with each other's rights."

He invariably appended the latter statement when total abstinence or temperance movements were under discussion, usually settling the question as to the right or wrong of the open saloon by asserting:

"Take away the individual's liberty of action and you strike a blow at the vitals of our great republic." Being accustomed to regard the Colonel as the embodiment of wisdom, not one of his family dared to raise the feeblest protest against this opinion.

Soon after Annie's marriage, her husband, having complete control of her property, and she being dependent upon his bounty, sold her land and town residences in Mississippi, and moved to the prairie district of Arkansas. While the Colonel regretted his niece's departure, he expressed no objection, believing that her husband held control of her destiny.

During the first year of her residence in Arkansas, Annie Lambert wrote frequently to her uncle and to members of his family, and gave glowing descriptions of her beautiful prairie home. But gradually the letters became less cheerful, and were infrequent. In ten years, letters from her were a rarity, and her circumstances in her home, or the condition of the family pocket-book, were never mentioned.

Besides being a busy lawyer, the Colonel was a member of the State Senate, and so much occupied by his own affairs, and the public weal, was he, that it did not occur to him to wonder at his niece's silence. It was in the midst of a heated discussion by the politicians of his State upon the amendment of the law relating to the property rights of married women, that he received a letter from Annie. It fairly startled the Colonel. She implored him to come to her at once, saying that she needed his help and advice, and that there was no way to help her unless she saw him in person.

"Annie must be getting cranky," Colonel Brooks said to his wife. "But I'll humor the child. I'll give her a surprise by going to her without replying to her letter."

It was upon a cold, gloomy November afternoon that the Colonel stepped from the train at the station ten miles from where Annie lived. He procured a horse from the livery stable, and ascertained the whereabouts of the Lambert farm. The road was boggy, and he travelled slowly. He was within half a mile of the place to which he had been directed, when it began to rain in torrents. A double log cabin was near the road and he hurried to it for shelter. Riding through the open gate, he stopped near a shed where a ragged, tow-headed youth was chopping wood.

"Evenin', Mister!" greeted the boy cordially. "Light and come in."

"Thank you, my boy. May I hitch my horse under the shed until the shower is over?"

"Sartin! Hitch him and come right in to the stove room and dry off."

The boy led the way into the rickety lean-to, where a rusty old cooking stove was smoking with a newly-made fire, and a young girl was making preparations to cook supper.

"Sorry I can't take you to the open fireplace," the boy apologised, "but Maw is oncommon sick with fever and ager."

"This is all right, son. I'm glad to get near the stove."

"Jest set here and make yourself to home, Mister, while I'm splittin' wood under the shed. Paw's down to the Cross Roads, and thar ain't no tellin' when he will pull in."

"Go on about your wood chopping, I'll excuse you," replied the Colonel.

The girl was in the pantry mixing bread. A small child opened the door leading into the adjoining room, and stood gazing with wondering eyes at the stranger. Before the visitor could greet her, a woman's tired, drawling voice floated into the "stove room."

"I sho' would like to help you, Mis' Lambert, but my ole man ain't much better'n youn as a pervider. We got flour bread now in the house for the fust time in two months, and if I lent it out, he would raise the roof offen the house, if he found it out."

"If you could just lend me a quart of meal, and a few slices of meat, Mrs. Simmons, I'd pay you back in a day or two. As soon as Mr. Lambert sobers up, he will buy some provisions. We are almost starving."

"That's about the fix of most of us since Bill Dinkins opened his saloon at the Cross Roads. If something ain't done to stop him, we won't have a shelter over our heads by another year. But you git the meat and meal outen the box thar in the cornder, Mis' Lambert. Wish it was more I could do for you."

"I suppose you know our place is to be sold next week," replied a hopeless voice. "If I could only have held the land, or—"

From the vicinity of the gate came a hoarse, snarling call:

"Annie! Annie! Come on home and cook my supper! It's gad around and gab with you, the minute I'm gone. Get along here, I tell you!"

Colonel Brooks heard the woman in the next room rush to the door and down the steps. It was still raining, but he thanked the girl for the privilege of sitting by the stove, and hurried out to his horse.

"Goin', Mister? Better wait till the rain's over!" advised the boy.

"Thank you, but I am going to the Lamberts', and that is not far away. That was his wife in your mother's room, was it not?"

"Yes, sir. Yonder she goes now, a tearin' down the road after her old man like Tucker, and him a ridin' at a gallop and cussin' her at every jump! It's a shame the way he beats her when he's drunk."

Boiling with indignation, the Colonel started down the road in pursuit, but the jaded horse made slow progress, and he barely kept the man and woman in sight. A quarter of a mile down the road was a "wet weather branch," which was now overflowing its banks. Colonel Brooks saw the man he was following ride the horse recklessly into the stream, and the woman run after him, regardless of the icy water and mud. Her hair was half way down her back, and her thin garments were bespattered with mud from the horse's hoofs.

"Stop!" shouted the Colonel at the top of his voice. But the woman seemed deaf to everything save the man's growling curses. On down the miry road they went, at a rate that was amazing. Finally they turned in at a ramshackle gate, and the woman entered the cabin and struck a light. The man took the saddle and bridle from the horse and threw them into the "entry," and stamped into the room where his wife awaited him.

Colonel Brooks hitched his horse and ran up the tumble-down steps.

"What do you mean by gadding over the country, and not a bite of supper cooked?" demanded the harsh voice inside the cabin.

"I didn't have anything to cook, Allen," replied the woman. "I went over to Mrs. Simmons' to borrow some meat and meal."

"And talk about me, did you? I'll teach you to idle away your time and gossip—"

"Don't, Allen! Don't strike me! You're drunk, and—"

With the fury of a tiger, Colonel Brooks strode into the room and grasped the man's uplifted hand.

"Allen Lambert, you have me to deal with now."

(Continued on Page 10.)

EDWIN LANE,**WATERLOO CHAMBERS,
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LADIES' COSTUMES A SPECIALITY.

New South Wales Alliance.

NOTES AND COMMENTS BY THE SECRETARIES.

The President, Archdeacon Boyce, says:— I would like to add to my appeal for immediate action by stating that I am well aware that there is no certainty of a Local Option Poll in May or June, that is in about three months; I only called it a clear probability. Directly the Redistribution Bill is passed the road will be quite open for a general election at any time, and if there is a difficulty with the Upper House over the Arbitration Bill the Government may think it a popular thing to go to the country as against that Chamber. Even if the poll is put off for 16 months after (the latest time) our work will tell and not be lost.

But my point is that **we must be ready; we must not be caught napping.** While we occupy a very strong position with 212,889 votes in the aggregate for No-License, we have much ground to make up. Yet we know that the brewers, the Liquor Lords, did their very worst in the 1910 Poll, and that the eyes of thousands are opened to the lies, misrepresentations, and bogies they put forth, and that they played a game that they can never as successfully play again. Our position is very encouraging, and should nerve our friends to go into the conflict with a good heart. Our enterprise is great, and of the noblest, and the eyes of other countries are upon us. Let us arise and once more do our very best for God and humanity.

I deeply regret that temporarily I am, through illness, out of the firing line; but I shall be with all our militant forces throughout the country in thought, heart, and prayer.

Mrs. Harrison Lee Cowie has composed a new temperance song service entitled "Zealandia's Appeal." Sunday school superintendents and C.E. officials, desiring to present this attractive and educational service to the public may obtain free copies on application to Mr. John Complin, General Secretary the New South Wales Alliance, 33 Park-st., Sydney. Twopence should be enclosed for postage.

The Attorney-General and Minister for Justice consented to receive a deputation from the Alliance for Friday last on the subject of the earlier closing of hotels. A report of the deputation will appear in next week's issue.

The programme of the annual convention (April 28 to May 2) is nearly completed. Everything points to a successful series of meetings. We hope that our friends in the

country electorates are planning to come down, so that the convention may be as representative as possible.

Our financial year ends on the 31st inst. We should be glad to receive by that date any amounts promised or box moneys available, as we are anxious to present a good balance sheet.

The general secretary expects to visit Glen Innes and Tenterfield early in May. The latter part of that month and portion of June he will devote to the northern rivers.

Our box canvassers are meeting with much success. Recently about 200 of the pound boxes were placed in one week, in addition to a number of the bottom square boxes.

**SHEFFIELD AND HULL MAGISTRATES
AND EARLIER CLOSING.**

At the annual meeting of the Sheffield Justices last Thursday the following recommendations on the earlier closing of licensed premises were approved: (1) That the opening of licensed premises be altered to a later hour than 6 a.m. (2) That no woman or person under sixteen be served with intoxicating liquor for consumption on the premises before 12 noon. (3) That the closing hour on week days be 10 p.m. instead of 11 p.m. (4) That the Licensing Authority be empowered to make orders in regard to special premises and in given localities for closing either earlier or later than 10 p.m. (5) The hours of opening on Sundays be limited to 12.30 and 2 p.m. and 8 and 10 p.m. (6) That clubs be on the same footing as licensed premises as to the hours during which intoxicants may be supplied, with similar power to the Licensing Authority to grant special exemptions. (7) That the basis for the license duty be the quantity of intoxicating liquor sold. A deputation of the licensing trade presented a memorial asking the compensation authority to further reduce the compensation levy, but the justices declined to alter the levy. It was decided upon the recommendation of the Licensing Committee not to grant any extension license for dinners, or any occasional licenses for dinners after a later time than 11 p.m., except under very exceptional and abnormal circumstances. The Hull magistrates on Tuesday last week also adopted a similar resolution.

RE "GRIT."

1. Volume V. will be complete in a few more issues. We will be pleased to send you a bound volume for 7/6. Please order at once.

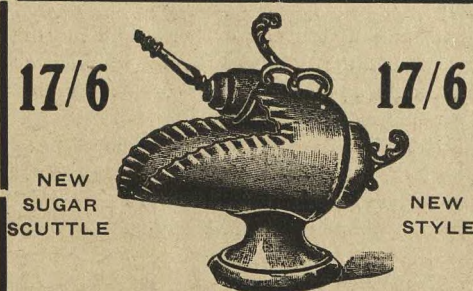
2. We have in preparation a special issue setting forth by map, cartoon, and article the fight in which Prohibition obtained a majority of 54,285.

3. Do you need any medicine memory? or have you failed to save a penny a week? We will be glad to have your subscription as soon as convenient.

TOTAL ABSTAINERS IN GERMANY.

The membership of the various total abstinence societies in Germany is estimated at 200,482. To this figure the Good Temp-lars contribute 76,112. "Der Alkohol-Gegner" notes that in this calculation both the vegetarian societies and the Salvation Army are left out of account. The numbers of the abstainers have doubled in the last three years. Although the temperance movement is not so strong on the Continent of Europe as in Greater Britain and the United States, it is making substantial progress. May it increase and flourish.

Pastor (from the pulpit)—"The collection which we took up to-day is for the savages of Africa. The trousers buttons which some of the brethren have dropped into the plate are consequently useless."

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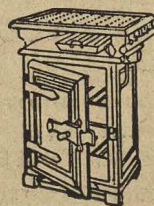
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Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

We print below copy of letter received by the Editor from Mr. Hagger, of Lismore, with reference to our treatment of the argument for "one sect" as opposed to the idea of many such in our Lord's divine institution.

Let us say at the outset it is most satisfactory to have our readers discuss with us subjects like the above. We gladly welcome criticism. The trouble is we so seldom meet it. Subscribers to our paper (and hundreds of others—we are not alone in this complaint) seem to scan very hurriedly our pages, and so desultory is their reading and so absent their thoughts that we verily believe, did we publish an article extolling the brewers very few of them would even see it. Not so our friend, Mr. Hagger. He reads and thinks, and is not afraid nor yet too lazy to write and tell us how much he differs (or thinks he differs).

For we really are "in accord" with him, and think he has failed slightly to grasp our meaning.

Here is Mr. Hagger's letter:—

ONE INSTITUTION.

(To the Editor of "Grit.")

Sir,—I always read with interest "Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon," and generally find myself in hearty agreement with him. But I was pained to read his remarks under the above heading in your issue of February 15. Does he not see that he is guilty of substituting human wisdom for Divine? The Word teaches that there should be "one fold" (John 10, 16), "one body" (Ep. 4, 3-6), and our Lord prayed that His people may all be one that the world may believe in Him (John 17, 20, 21). Divine wisdom teaches that there should be one church, and makes a believing world dependent upon it. Please, do not allow "Grit" to be used again to apologise for the unscriptural and dreadful divisions among God's people.—Yours, etc.,
Lismore, 27/12. THOS. HAGGER.

Most certainly, there is only "one true church." Christ's body on earth, the great army of the faithful. Anything to the contrary we should at once renounce. In the words of the old hymn—

"One great army we,"

but no one contends that an earthly army should consist of all scouts or all artillerymen, or all cavalry. The British army is built up of hundreds of regiments that differ

in uniform, method of work, and oftentimes greatly in temperament. But they form a very harmonious whole.

There is also that healthy spirit of rivalry that leads to excellent work—rivalry in shooting, in equipment, and in general get-up. So is it in the great army of the saints. They work for a common good—they seek one goal. But they don't all sit in the same building, for that would be materially impossible. They do not all worship exactly with the same ritual, for that would not be in accordance with the great God-given principle of "diversity of design," which is the argument, par excellence, for a Higher Power than ours. Philosophers have tried for centuries to prove the world made itself, but this great fact the overwhelming evidence of diversity in structure, physical and mental, staggers and annihilates their best logic. This wealth of variation in the animal and human kingdom—this diversity of thought and method—this is unanswerable as an argument for God's existence. Thank Him for it. So, friend Hagger, too, does the fact that many sects (of the "one" church) worship Him in different ways, each in that best suited to his temperament and environment, help mightily to prove that God is the creator of them all. He the designer, shall we argue with God? or presume to think we can do better than He? Far from it, for that "fold" which holds His sheep—and aye has room to spare for thousands of those poor silly ones who are straying o'er the mountains, that fold may be divided into many sections, but after all, it is "one fold," and those within are led by "One Shepherd." We think the different ways of looking at things and the different customs of worship are approved of by God, since He has used very varied methods in different churches, which is evident by the undoubted conversion of sinners in these places. What we do greatly deplore is the lack of cordial feeling and close fellowship between some of the Lord's regiments.

Exchange of pulpits, occasional united communions, and closer friendship between fellow Christians ought to exist, and it is both a sin and a shame that it does not. Our contention is not that we should all worship in the same way or see things from the same viewpoint, but that we should all worship the true God and look to Christ as the only Saviour. Not that we should all, as it were, live in the same house, but be on the best

of visiting terms with one another in spite of variations in our homes.

LICENSING POLICY OF MANCHESTER BENCH.

Sir Thomas Shann, Chairman of the City Justices' Licensing Committee, outlined its policy at a meeting of the justices last month. Since the passing of the Licensing Act of 1904 the number of licenses in the city had been reduced by 617. When that Act came into operation there was in Manchester one licence to every 213 persons, and at that time Manchester had more licences per head of the population than any of the principal cities and county boroughs of England, excluding London. We now had one licence for every 285 persons. Somewhat substantial progress in the matter of reduction had been made, but they were still in the position of not comparing too favorably with other towns, especially if they took as an example Liverpool, with an estimated population of 50,000 more than Manchester, and yet with 737 fewer licenses. The policy of the Committee had always been to deal with the licences in congested areas, to take away those of houses not properly adapted for the purpose for which they were licensed and, all too frequently, without suitable accommodation for the tenant and his family. "We have taken away houses which were a disgrace and not fit for the business." Publicans were complaining of clubs, he said, and he believed with justice. Clubs could do more harm than public-houses, and both ought to be put on the same footing. Clubs kept open until midnight or after, and no workman would be fit for his job if he stayed until that time. Replying to a question by Mr. Burdett, who regretted the fact that the number of reductions each year was diminishing, the Chairman explained that whereas they used to pay £300 to £400 for a licence, it now cost something like £1000. Prices had gone up all over the country, and now they were too expensive. Just so.

The State of Alabama is described in the New York "Times" as being "as dry as the Desert of Sahara." The new laws prohibit the sale or giving away of liquors at clubs, the congregating of parties at private homes for the purpose of drinking, the storage of liquors at places of business, and the delivery of consignments of liquor at private houses by railway companies or carriers.

ALES

Mineral

KOPS

Waters

STOUT

TRY THEM!

Local Option and Hotel Accommodation.

THE ACTUAL FACTS OF THE CASE IN THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.—
CONDITIONS IMPROVED IN PRACTICALLY EVERY MUNICIPALITY.—
ACTUAL STATEMENTS OF FACT BY THOSE WHO KNOW.

The statement has been frequently made in the past by opponents of Local Option, and is even sometimes heard now, that Local Option has affected more or less seriously the hotel accommodation in the various municipalities where the by-law has been passed.

The statement is an easy one to make, and at first sight might seem to have some foundation, but let us look at the real facts of the case.

As a matter of fact—and this statement is hereinafter proven:—

The hotel accommodation has improved materially in almost every municipality where Local Option has come into force.

Now let us proceed to proof.

Undoubtedly those who are most capable of pronouncing most decisively on the above question are those who travel most. These are the men who know.

With a view to getting at the facts of the case a representative of the "Pioneer" has interviewed, during the past few months, several representative commercial travellers, and the opinions of two of these, as given herewith, prove conclusively the above statements.

PROMINENT TRAVELLER SPEAKS.

J. W. Charles, traveller for one of the large Toronto wholesale grocers, is one of the best known men on the road in Western Ontario. Mr. Charles says:—

"Every three weeks I cover 51 towns in Western Ontario, and of these 38 are dry. In each case, with perhaps one or two exceptions, the hotel accommodation in these dry towns is better than before the Local Option by-law came into force. In no place, without exception, are conditions any worse."

To substantiate this, Mr. Charles went on to give some specific instances:—

"I would like to take you to Southampton, so you could see how pleased the boys are to get into this town. The Commercial Hotel provides particularly good accommodation. Another case is Creemore. Here in the Mansion House, I believe we travellers find the best accommodation that can be got in any town of one thousand anywhere in Canada.

"Shelburne is another town. The Royal Hotel here for many years gave fair accommodation, but now since Local Option came into force it is a revelation to travellers as to what accommodation can be furnished.

"At the Queen's Hotel in Orangeville conditions are very much better than they were before the by-law came into force. At Flesherton the Munshaw House has always given good accommodation, and still continues to do so, though its bar has been cut off. In Durham and Bolton conditions have greatly improved for the travellers' comfort since the towns became dry."

"Then again," said Mr. Charles, "I want to speak particularly of Owen Sound and to say a good word for the Seldon House. This is one of the bright spots on the road for us. It is a delight to go there. I knew the town well under the old license conditions, and it is certainly much improved since Local Option came into force."

Mr. Charles' statements are pretty conclusive, and do not need much corroboration, but to prove that he is not prejudiced, and he certainly has no reason to be, we give the words of another well-known traveller—another man who knows.

ANOTHER TRAVELLER CORROBORATES.

C. J. Pascoe, who is in about the same class as Mr. Charles so far as being familiarly known by the travellers and business men of Ontario is concerned, speaks even stronger regarding the matter.

"You may use my name if you wish," said Mr. Pascoe, "and make the statement over it that the hotel accommodation in the Local Option towns of Ontario is from 25 to 30 per cent. better now than it ever was under the old license system.

"I have travelled over the section Mr. Charles speaks of, and farther North and West, every five weeks for eight years, and I am consequently in a position to know what I am speaking about. You may take, for instance, the towns of Orangeville, Shelburne, Owen Sound, Collingwood, and Orillia, and it is safe to say that in all of these accommodation was never before so good as it is to-day.

"As soon as Local Option gets into operation," Mr. Pascoe continued, "one notices directly the absence of the rough element caused by drunkenness in the hotel. There is absolutely no question about this."

It is worth mentioning that every hotel mentioned above is owned and run by private parties, not by any company of temperance workers. In most cases the hotels are occupied and run by the same party who had charge under license.

Mention might be made of the splendid accommodation given in the hotels run by specially organized companies of local parties in Orillia, Midland, Newmarket, Bowmanville, Wellington, etc., but such are omitted as being a little aside from the general subject.

These statements certainly leave no room for doubt as to the correctness of the above statement, but further proof can still be presented in a more general and yet, if possible, in a more convincing way.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' ASSOCIATION.

At the annual meeting of the Commercial Travellers' Association of Canada in 1910, considerable discussion took place over the

matter of hotel accommodation in the Local Option towns of Ontario. As a result of this a committee was appointed, consisting of 10 or 12 well-known members, who were to receive complaints regarding accommodation, not only to look for questionable conditions themselves, but also to receive information regarding these from other members, with a view to placing such matters before the Government in order to provide for remedying existing conditions if such seemed necessary. It was understood that any complaints were to be handed in on paper and signed by a member of the organization.

Mr. J. W. Charles, the traveller mentioned above, was questioned regarding the result of this action.

"Up to the present time," he said (the interview took place in August, 1911), "not a single complaint, so far as I know, has been received by the members of this special committee. I am a member of it myself, and have recently talked the matter over with several of the other members. They say that in a number of cases verbal complaints have been made, but that those who made these were not willing to put their names behind them so that the matter could be submitted to the Government."—"The Pioneer."

A CHALLENGE.

I dare any man to demonstrate that strong drink blesses society, or the home, or the State, and I rest my case on the assertion that it creates 33 per cent. of the country's insanity, 50 per cent. of the disability among veteran soldiers that sends them to the old soldiers' homes, 70 per cent. of the dependents upon institutional charity, 70 per cent. of the criminals in the penitentiaries, 49 per cent. of the idiots and epileptics, and 60 per cent. of the unfortunate women of the streets. If strong drink is a friend of yours, to be tolerated by you, why do not you get a drunken barber to shave you of a Saturday night? And why don't you allow drunken engineers to ride upon your railroad trains?—Ex - Governor Glenn, of North Carolina.

By next July there will be continuous railway communication between Cape Town and the town of Kambove, in the Congo, 270 miles north of the Rhodesian boundary, a total distance of over 2400 miles. The railway is already in operation as far as Elizabethville, 165 miles north of the Congo border. From Kambove an extension has been surveyed to Bukama, 200 miles farther north, on a navigable tributary of the Congo. In a few months a railway will be begun from Kambove westward 100 miles to Ruwe. This is destined ultimately to connect up with the line that is being pushed eastward from Benguela, on the Atlantic coast, and which now extends 230 miles into the interior.

PASS "GRIT" ON

Is there an Increased Consumption of Liquor?

Strange as it may seem, the liquor press and the radical third party press both insist that in spite of the gain in "dry" territory throughout the United States, the consumption of intoxicating liquors still continues to increase from year to year—the inference being that in communities where the saloon is abolished more liquor is sold than where the saloon is legalised on the wide-open basis.

Official figures and facts should not be necessary to prove the absurdity of such a claim. It is just as reasonable to argue that there is more gambling now throughout the United States than before the laws prohibiting gambling were adopted by the several commonwealths. It is just as reasonable to assume that the prohibition of soda fountains would increase the consumption of sodawater, or the prohibition of candy shops would increase the sale of candy. Nevertheless, it seems impossible for some people to believe that the prohibition of saloons decreases the sale of intoxicating liquors unless official figures are forthcoming.

The work of saloon suppression in the United States during the past 20 years has been confined to villages, townships, and small cities containing altogether less than half the population of the United States. Until the present movement began, early in the '90's, the consumption of intoxicating liquors was rapidly increasing in all "wet" sections of the United States. This was true of cities, counties, villages, and townships. It goes without saying that the increase has been constant in the large centres of population and the cities and towns where the saloons have been retained, and even though the consumption of intoxicating liquors has been absolutely stopped in the communities that have gone under prohibition during the past 20 years, that would not have been sufficient to have offset the increased consumption in the "wet" cities and villages had the same rate of increase continued in these sections during the past 20 years as before.

The effect of Prohibition and No-License legislation on the consumption of intoxicat-

ing liquors is shown in a degree by the official reports from the United States internal revenue commissioner during the past 40 years. In 1870 the per capita consumption of intoxicating liquors in the United States was 7.70 gallons; in 1890 the per capita consumption was 15.53 gallons; in 1910 the per capita consumption was 21.86 gallons. In other words, from 1870 to 1890 the per capita consumption of intoxicating liquors in the United States increased 102 per cent., while from 1890 to 1910, despite the tremendous increase in consumption in the "wet" cities and villages of the United States, the total increase for the entire nation was only 41 per cent.

If the per capita consumption of intoxicating liquors had increased during the 20 years following 1890 at the same rate it increased during the 20 years preceding 1890, the per capita consumption in 1910 would have been 31.37 gallons, while as a matter of fact it was 21.86 gallons. If this does not mean that the present anti-liquor movement throughout the United States has been able to check in a remarkable degree the consumption of intoxicating liquors in the United States, it is certainly impossible to get at a fair estimate of what the effect has been.—"American Issue."

Why I Favor Prohibition.

(Robert J. Burdette.)

Now about the power of prohibitory laws to prohibit—the laws of the State against murder do not entirely prevent murder. But nevertheless, I am opposed to licensing one murderer to every so many thousand persons, even on petition of a majority of the property owners in the block, that we may have all the murder that is desirable in the community under wise regulations, with a little income for the municipality. I believe in the absolute prohibition of murder.

The laws of the country prohibiting stealing do not entirely prevent stealing. Nevertheless, I am opposed to a high license system of stealing, provided that all theft shall be restricted to certain authorised thieves, who shall steal only between the hours of, say, 6 a.m. and 11.30 p.m., except Sunday, when no stealing shall be done, except by stealth, entrance to be made in all cases on that day by the back door, and at the thief's risk. I believe in laws that absolutely forbid

theft at any hour, on any day of the week. And, on the same ground, and just as positively, do I believe in the prohibition of the liquor traffic. And I never said I did not. And I did say that I did. And I do.

I do say that the best way to make a man a temperate man is to teach him not to drink. But a saloon is not a kindergarten of sobriety. Your town is under no obligation to any saloon. All that it is, in respectability and permanent prosperity, it has grown to be without the assistance of the liquor traffic.

It is deliberately claimed by some people who appear to be sane on other subjects, that properly to instruct a sober people in ways of sobriety, and to teach total abstainers the beauty and virtues of temperance, you must license the selling of liquor in the town. The man who originated that idea ought to have it stuffed and exhibited at the Panama Exposition, and he should be leaned up beside it as a part of the exhibit.

As to Prohibition in Pasadena, if any liquor man thinks there is big money and a safe thing in running a "blind pig" in Pasadena, let him come here and try it. If he has any love for his liberty and pocket-book, however, he will do well to consult the fellows who have tried it, if he can find them; we can't. They are in hiding somewhere out in the desert. "Running" a "joint" in Pasadena is like running a powder mill in a smelting furnace. It's mighty exciting while it lasts, but it doesn't last long enough to be profitable.

If the saloon men insist on quoting me on this topic, let them commit this to memory, that they may repeat it as they need it: I do not know one good thing about the saloon. It is an evil thing that has not one redeeming thing in all its history to commend it to good men. It breaks the laws of God and man. It desecrates the Sabbath; it profanes the name of religion; it defiles public order; it tramples under foot the tenderest feelings of humanity; it is a moral pestilence that blights the very atmosphere of town and

(Concluded on Page 13.)

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GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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

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

THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1912.

SIX BRAVE MEN.

To four firemen and two members of the police force who earned admiration by going alongside the burning steamer South Africa, which was laden with explosives, at Port Adelaide, the Governor of South Australia presented King's Medals on Thursday last. The men who received medals were Foremen G. P. Cooper, Senior-firemen J. Parsons Murphy, W. F. Cheminant, and W. Valentine, and Water Police-constables McNicol and J. Baddams. Admiral Bosanquet said: "Such deeds thrill us with admiration and pride. The names of those concerned will ever live in our hearts, and go down to posterity as heroes who put aside all fear of personal danger, and thought only of the performance of their duty. The heroic performance of duty in the face of great and immediate danger is a quality which has ever distinguished the disciplined forces of the Anglo-Saxon race. The fortitude and discipline, too, displayed by the firemen and police on this occasion is worthy of comparison with the splendid spirit displayed by our sailors and soldiers in their famous warlike operations. The performance was achieved, not in a sudden rush of enthusiastic courage, but in a quietly, determined, lasting, and enduring effort, and is therefore all the more notable and praiseworthy."

We reprint this account of the recognition of six brave men because we deplore the small space given to such noble deeds. Whole pages are devoted to sport, the most prominent space is given to brutalities or divorce cases, but the noble and heroic is often in small type, and relegated to the obscure corners of the paper. There is unquestionable evidence that the books and picture shows, with their mock heroes, have great and harmful influence on the young, and we have no doubt that the good, the beautiful, the truly heroic need only to be displayed to be productive of the highest good. We will be glad if our readers will supply us with

incidents of moral courage, as well as physical, and thus contribute to that provoking of one another to love and good deeds of which the Bible speaks.

STREET TRADING BY CHILDREN.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—Will you find space for the following important findings as to the injurious effects of street trading by children.

The report of the Departmental Committee of the Home Office on the Employment of Children Act, 1903, and the minutes of evidence have been issued as parliamentary papers, and are summarised in "The Times" as follows:—1. That street trading by boys be wholly prohibited by statute up to the age of seventeen. 2. That street trading by girls be similarly prohibited up to an age not less than eighteen.

Referring to the question of the money earned the report states that much of this money so readily made is spent on sweets and cigarettes or at music-halls, or otherwise wasted; but the report adds that evidence is not wanting that in many other homes the money thus gained is a valuable addition to the family income.

Street trading, according to the evidence, tends to produce gambling and a dislike or disability for more regular employment; it leads to nothing permanent, and large numbers of the boys drift into vagrancy and crime. Its effects upon girls are even worse, for in their case there must be added to the above evils an unquestionable danger to morals in the narrower sense. Again and again, persons specially qualified to speak assured us that when a girl took up street trading, she almost invariably was taking a first step towards a life of immorality.

The newspaper proprietors who gave evidence represented that the sales of halfpenny evening papers would be reduced if prohibition took place. This the signatories of the report seem to admit, but they suggest that if old men were employed as salesmen, and the business of newsagents were extended there would be no inconvenience to the public. But in any case they hold it to be economically unjustifiable to use children for their own detriment for work which can be done by other means.

Under the heading of "Remedies," the signatories of the report state that they regard the present system of regulation as inadequate, and hence recommend prohibition. In the case of boys they feel that it would be wise to name an age at which they would probably have had full opportunities of taking to regular work before they could legally trade in the streets, and the most suitable age would be seventeen. In the case of girls, the age should be at least eighteen, and possibly even twenty-one, because it is felt that "the arguments in favor of prohibiting trading increase rather than diminish in force as the age of the traders advances."—Yours, etc.,

G. E. ARDILL,

Hon. Sec., Public Morals' Association.
Sydney, March 5.

(We endorse all that Mr. Ardill says, and

from personal experience could give many illustrations of the harm of street trading. There is a great temptation to be dishonest, and since the children handle the money without any adequate check, they naturally prefer this easy going profitable kind of occupation to that of a more serious nature. We know nothing more likely to supply recruits for the ranks of the unemployable, the criminal, and the immoral as the present opportunity for children to trade.—Editor "Grit.")

FIGHT IT OUT!

Does Destruction seem to lurk

All about?

Don't believe it! Go to work!

Fight it out!

Danger often turns and flies

From a steady pair of eyes;

Ruin always camps apart

From an undefeated heart.

In the spirit there is much,

Do not doubt,

That the world can never touch!

Fight it out!

Do the portals of your brain

Freedom lack?

Never let them thus remain:

Push them back!

Do not give the efforts o'er,

If they number half a score;

When a hundred of them fail,

Then a thousand might prevail.

Germ beneath a clod must lie,

Ere they sprout;

You may blossom, by-and-by:

Fight it out!

All the lessons of the time

Teach us fair,

'Tis a blunder and a crime

To despair!

When we suffer, 'tis to bless

Other moments with success;

From our losses we may trace

Something better in their place.

Everything in earth and sky

Seems to shout,

"Don't give up until you die;

Fight it out!"

—Will Carleton.

BOOKKEEPING.

A knowledge of bookkeeping is useful to every man, and INDISPENSABLE to every one in business or qualifying for commercial pursuits. We have now three certificated accountants on our staff, in addition to other teachers, and can give you instruction in Elementary or Advanced Bookkeeping, or prepare you for the Intermediate and Final Examinations of the various Accountancy Corporations. Any arrangement may be made to suit the convenience of students. Instruction may be given either day or evening, for from one hour weekly to six hours daily. All information on application to J. A. Turner, A.C.P.A.

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"Holt House," 56 York Street. Established
17 years.

The Glad Hand.

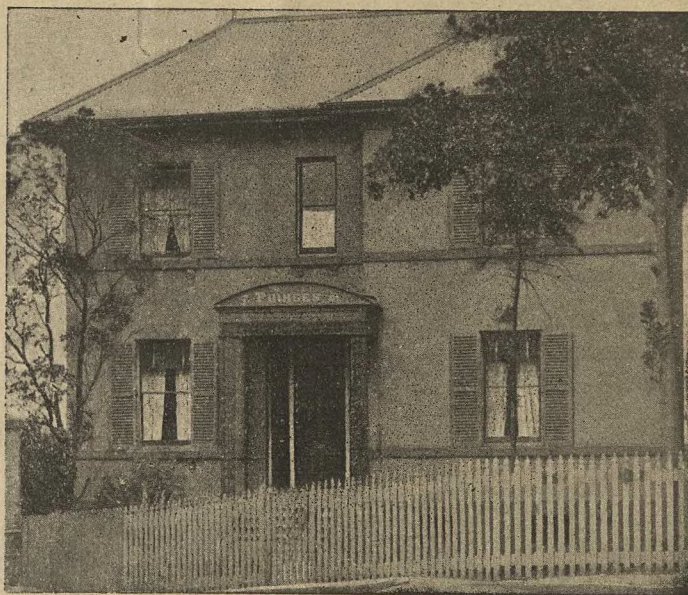
A WELCOME TO THE STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.

About 15 months ago the Church of England Agency and Home for the welcome of oversea arrivals in N.S.W. was established in the old Rectory, 7 Princes-st., Millers' Point. The fine old building of which we give a picture can accommodate 40 at a time, and for some months now has averaged 110 immigrants a month. They pay 1s. a night for their bed, and are given every facility for washing clothes or cooking any meals they may provide for themselves. That the place is all too small is proved by

hand" held out immediately on their arrival. The money is banked—a place to stay at is fixed—the best kind of work and the best way to get it is settled, and already hundreds thank God for this fine piece of christian kindness that provides such a Home and such a welcome agent.

THE IMMIGRANTS.

Who are they? What are they? One man arrived with a wife and 13 children, the eldest 24. They were immediately placed on

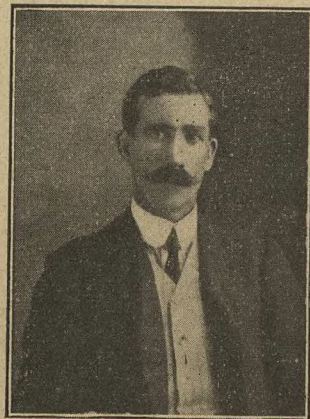


the fact that the manager has been compelled to find accommodation for 139 adults for whom he had no room last month. In addition to the boon of suitable accommodation in a strange city, the manager has been busy connecting the immigrants up with those who are willing to employ them. Last month work was found for 39. This part of the work is very exacting, demanding much of the manager's time. He receives on an average 30 or 40 letters, and writes 100 a week in connection with finding work. The extent to which immigrants use the home may be gauged when it is stated that in January 1200 letters, papers, parcels and registered letters addressed to those who had been staying in the Home were received and forwarded on.

GETTING IN TOUCH.

At present 45 people are expected whose coming the manager has been advised of by clergy, societies, or the C.E.M.S. of the old land. Mr. Creagh visits the incoming vessels. There were 19 last month, and offers advice such as strangers sadly need, handing them a card on which is printed much of real value. The immigrants mostly have money, and all of them are feeling strange in a new land, and a genuine friend is a priceless boon to them, and it must go a long way to cheer them to have "the glad

a farm, as all the family could milk. Tradesmen and domestic servants can pick and choose, as there is a big demand for them. A man with a wife and three children brought 19 prize fowls with him, and they were found a corner in the Home. The manager speaks most highly of the single girls, many of whom come recommended by



W. D. B. CREAGH,
Church of England Welcome Home.

the Girls' Friendly Society and the Mothers' Union, and places are easily found for them. No question is asked as to their denomination, and everything is done to make the

stranger feel at home in this distant land, and they are keen in their appreciation, and quick to recognise the spirit of religion permeating the whole enterprise.

THE WELCOME AGENT.

Mr. Creagh, the manager, is from the Old Country. A keen rugby footballer, a soldier in South Africa, and an earnest and devoted Christian, he knows not only how the stranger feels, but what he needs, and one cannot help feeling that he is very happily the right man in the right place. The Government officials are very sympathetic, and have helped in many ways, and availed themselves of Mr. Creagh and the Home frequently. We hope that those who want men in the country will let Mr. Creagh know, and those who are prepared to board immigrants pending their going to work might also communicate with the Home, as there are always more people arriving than the Home can take. While there is an agent in Melbourne and Brisbane, Sydney is the only place with a Home, and we heartily congratulate those responsible for it.

THE DIFFERENCE.

S. H. Wilson.

I wonder why the sunlight seems much brighter,
And all the world is sparkling in new gleam?
I wonder why my heart is so much lighter;
Why fades the past as one unholy dream?
I wonder why the scent of every flower
Invades and burns into my very soul?
Why all the song-birds' richest notes of power
Exultant peal a joy beyond control?
Ah yes! I know why all is joy and sweetness;
Why just for me the bird song rings so true,
It is because in Life there is completeness—
The path is now enchanted, Christ, by You!
On I will go—all knowing and all trusting,
My hand in His along life's better way.
In faith and hope upon His strength relying,
Until in glory breaks the eternal day.

The "Scientific American," in enumerating the materials that make up our paper money, furnishes another illustration of the fact that the whole civilised world is rapidly being transformed into a family. Part of the paper fibre is linen rags from the Orient; the silk comes from China or Italy; the blue ink is made from German or Canadian cobalt; the black ink is made from Niagara Falls acetylene gas smoke; most of the green ink is green color mixed in white zinc sulphite, made in Germany; the red color in the seal is obtained in a pigment imported from Central America.

Teacher—"Can any little girl tell me why our heads are covered with hair?" Little Girl—"To have something to pin more hair to."

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Price List on Application.

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

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE COLONEL.

(Continued from Page 3.)

The man, suddenly sobered, turned pale with fright. "Colonel Brooks!" he stammered.

"Yes, and your wife, the woman you swore to love and cherish and protect, is my niece." He turned his gaze upon the faded, haggard woman in her drabbed dress, and continued: "You cowardly, sneaking rascal! I have half a mind to kill you outright!" In his rage the Colonel caught the trembling man by the shoulders and shook him as a terrier would a rat. "I will thrash you within an inch of your life!" He raised his riding whip, but his arm was caught and held by the frail little woman.

"Don't—don't, Uncle! It is not Allen who has mistreated me, but it's the whisky in him that has turned him to a demon. He is not himself."

"I couldn't retain my self-respect and let such cruelty go unpunished, Annie."

"Leave his punishment to a Higher Power, Uncle. You must take me home with you. I cannot bear this life longer!"

Allen Lambert looked up in dismay. "You can't mean that, Annie. I know I have been neglectful,—cruel, even, but—forgive me, Annie! I promise you I will never touch another drop of whisky!"

"You have made that promise often, Allen. I have been degraded, insulted, half-starved, and you have reached the limit. In another week we will be homeless—you have spent all of my money, and I refuse to support you longer."

"You are right, Annie!" declared the Colonel. "This man has betrayed the trust imposed in him, and as your nearest of kin, I will see that you are protected. If you can reform and go to work, I will give you a job

on one of my plantations, but never can you enter my door, or claim Annie, unless there is a complete reformation, Lambert."

"How can I reform, Colonel, with the temptations around me?" wailed the miserable man.

"Leave them. Put temptation out of your reach!" The Colonel stopped suddenly. All his life long he had advocated the theory that a man who was too weak to resist the temptation to drink more than he could walk straight under was not worth saving. "Put temptation out of a man's reach!" That was what the dry ticket had argued in the last political campaign, and he had laughed at the idea. Evidently his theory and practice did not agree. But Annie must be rescued at all hazards, and the poor wretch who had fallen into the depths of degradation must be given a chance—if he would take it.

"I'll offer you one more chance, Allen Lambert," said the Colonel slowly. "I will give you the management of a place I own in a dry county. If you have manhood enough left to reform, and straighten out again, I'll see what I can do for you later. But until then I am Annie's protector, and you are not to annoy her with your presence. When your business is closed out here, you can return to Mississippi. (I will leave a ticket for you at the station.) You may prepare for a daylight start, Annie, as I go home to-morrow."

The Colonel returned to his native State with a troublesome "bee in his bonnet." During his entire public career he had fought against the proposed amendment of the law regarding the property rights of married women, and he had also, when Prohibition became an issue of a campaign, boldly espoused the wet ticket. And now—he realised that his most cherished theories and policies were somewhat faulty.

For weeks after he had brought poor,

crushed, over-worked little Annie home, he pondered over the perplexing question as to whether he should become a political turncoat, or stolidly stick to his old principles.

One morning, as the Colonel sat in his office, the door opened and Allen Lambert entered.

"I have come to accept your proposition, Colonel Brooks," he said humbly. "I tried to fight it out—to reform in Arkansas, where whisky is almost as plentiful as water,—but it was no use. I must get where I can't get it. I am ready for work on a farm a hundred miles from a grog-shop, if I can find it."

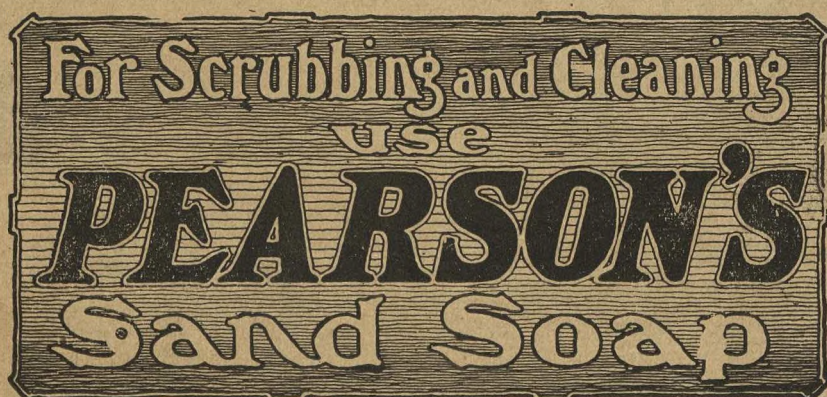
"Very well, Allen, you shall have a chance. And the Lord helping me (the Colonel's voice was strong and clear), I vow here and now to reconstruct my policy as to the liquor question, and other matters concerning the rights of the helpless, no matter what may be said of me, and though I am snowed 'way under in my next candidacy for office!"—"Union Signal."

LIQUOR IN FRANCE.

A bill designed to limit the number of public-houses in France has been tabled in the Chamber of Deputies. Its defeat, however, seems to be a foregone conclusion.

It is stated that the liquor interests control three-fourths of the members of the Chamber.

France has 480,000 saloons, or one for every 80 of the population. It is proposed to limit the number to one saloon for every 300 of the population. Paris alone has 30,000 saloons, or one for every 948 persons in the city.



DON'T BE ONE-EYED

READ

The Worker

IT GIVES ALL THE POLITICAL NEWS
OF THE WEEK.

ITS CARTOONS SIZE UP THE
SITUATION.

ALL NEWSAGENTS. ONE PENNY.

From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

"I USED TO."

If you listen carefully you can hear many a little sentence which is just like a window, it gives you a chance of a peep inside. Such is the remark, "I used to." This is like a burnt-out fire. It tells of a time when a fire burned brightly, attracting, cheering, warming, and fulfilling useful purposes, but now it is ugly, grey, cold, and useless. I heard some one say lately, "Oh, I used to go to Sunday School, but . . .," and I got a glimpse into that little life, and I could see that a year ago a fear of God, a desire to please Him and use His day rightly, burned brightly in that heart. Now pleasure and laziness have crept in and the good things have vanished, and this little person is going with the stream and doing what the crowd does. Did you ever think, dead fish float with the stream; it takes a live one to swim against it. I fear some of those who say, "I used to," are dead souls. Could anything be more sad? Did you ever hear of the camel that was out on the hot desert and he saw a tent. He came to it and put his head in, and the owner looked up with an indignant demand for him to withdraw. The camel said, "It is so hot on my head, and there is room here, and I won't hurt you, so please let me stay in." So the man let him stay. Soon the camel came in with his front feet, and the man looked up with an angry frown, but the camel said, "Oh, don't worry, I won't knock anything over, but the sun was so hot on my back, I just came in a little further." A little while after the camel came right in and the man felt his hot breath, and he jumped up and said, "Here, you are taking up all my tent; there is not room for us both." And so the camel said, "Alright, if there is not room for us both, I am bigger and stronger than you, so you must get out." This is what the Sunday picnic habit, the picture show that takes all our money, the sweets we buy; they creep in, bit by bit, until they turn all the good out, and we say, "I used to." That means, I am drifting now, I don't try now; I please myself, do as the devil prompts me, and I am going the way all lost souls go. This is too sad. Oh, please don't be a burnt-out fire. God will help you if you pray to Him.

UNCLE B.

CAN YOU BEAT THIS?

"Once upon a time there lived a gipsy named Happy Boz'll, who had a dog. One day when hunting the dog started two hares, but it could not run after them both. Luckily the dog ran against a scythe blade and cut itself in two. One half the dog chased one hare, and caught it; the other half chased the other hare and caught it too. Both halves of the dog brought the hares to the master's feet, and the dog then came together. Whereupon the dog died." This is said to always raise a laugh at any gipsy camp fire. But

the story is not finished. "Old Happy had the skin made into a pair of breeches, and twelve months afterwards to the very day the knees burst open and barked at him."

FOR MONDAY.

MORSE TELEGRAM.

FROM BONNY EDWARDS.

Dash, dot dot dot dot dot, dot; dot dash dot dot, dot, dot dash dot, dot, dot dash dot, dot dash dot, dash; dash dot dot dot, dot dot, dash dot dot dot, dot dash dot dot, dot;—dash dot dash dot, dot dash dot dot, dot dash dot dot dot, dot dot dot; dot dot, dash dot; dash dash dot, dot dash dot, dot, dot dash, dash;—dash dot dot dot, dot dash dot, dot dot, dash, dot dash, dot dot, dash dot; dot, dot dot dot; dot dash, dash; dot dash, dot dash dot dot, dot dash dot dot; dot dot dot dot, dot dot dash dot, dot dot, dash dot, dash, dot dot dot; dash dot dash dot, dot dot dot dot, dot dash, dot dash dot, dash dot dot, dot dot dot dot; dot dot dot, dot dot dot dot, dot dot dash dot, dot dot dash dot, dot, dot, dot dash dot dot dash dot dot; dash, dot dot dot dot, dot; dot dash, dot dot dash dot, dot dash dot, dot dash dot, dot dash dot, dot, dash dot, dash dot dot; dot dot, dot dot dot; dash dash dash, dot dot dash, dot dot dot, dash dot, dash dot dot; dot dot dot, dash dot, dash dot dot; dot dot dot dot dash; dot dot dot dot, dot dot dash, dash dot, dash dot dot, dot dash dot.

WHY NOT A FULL PAGE ALWAYS?

Bonny Edwards, Avalon, writes:—

Dear Uncle B,—Wasn't "Grit" interesting this week? The entries for the competitions are lovely. Our page (In this week's issue it is pages) was so full, too. I wonder why we can't always have a full page? (church, too). I have had such a nice letter from Cousin Milcie Southwell. I have four correspondents now; and all write such interesting letters. I am so glad Milcie and Arthur are going to continue writing to Page Double-one. We all echo Emma's inquiry after Paul. Better put in an advertisement—Lost, Stolen, or Strayed, Paul, "Grit." Perhaps (s) he is scared because (s) he was discovered, by a clever niece, to be a girl. I hope cousin Mary Bailey's cow—my namesake—Bonnie, is a good milker, etc. A lot of Avalon bullock-drivers have bullocks called Bonnie. They sing out: Way, war baak, come here Bonnie! I do laugh at them. My little brother Mervyn is writing to you, too. Mother has been home a fortnight now. Being three times bigger did rather make a disturbance among hooks and eyes, but now that mother is home again, my clothes fit again. We are looking forward to seeing those new photos appear in "Grit." I will

send a photo of myself as soon as I get one taken if you don't get too much of a fright when you see it. I would like a photo of yourself, very much—or is that asking too much? I went out to "Silver Fern" (where Mavis lives) last Saturday week. Last Saturday, I got caught in the rain, and got wet through. It felt rather nice, too. I was reading old numbers of "Grit" last night, and I found a lot about Sunbeam band in them. What has become of them? Are they still in existence?

I received a very pretty card, on my birthday, from a cousin of mother's, who, it is rumored knows a certain Rev. R. B. S. Hammond. Do you know him? Mr. H., I mean. Oh! never mind, I won't tease any more

I am sending a Morse telegram. I wonder how many of my cousins can translate it? I know you object to getting letters written on both sides of paper, Uncle, but will you tell me if it matters whether the paper is white, or colored. Some do not like colored. Love to all from your loving niece.

(Dear Bonny,—Thank you for your most interesting letter. Yes, I agree with you; we might always have a full page and a full church if—ah me, that big little word if—we all did all we might do. Last time I heard a bullock-driver speak to his team he said a bullock-driver in three minutes than I expect to hear in the next 12 months. So glad to hear your photo is coming—it is so nice for me to have the photo. You ask about the Sunbeam band. Well it was started by a dear friend in New Zealand, but she has been ill for so long a time, and those who started to help live so far apart, and are so grown up now, that the elusive Sunbeams cannot be focussed as we hoped. Oh yes, I know the Rev. R.B.S. We have great fun, because sometimes he thinks he is me and sometimes I think I am he. It is most confusing, because when people are sure you are then it does not do to be too sure you are not. Thanks for the telegram. I hope some of your cousins take the trouble to read it. The color of the paper does not matter. I prefer the letter should not be on the paper the sausages came in, but otherwise I don't mind.—Uncle B.)

A TERRIBLE DISGRACE.

Vera, "Kimberley," Stratford, writes:—

Dear Uncle B,—I do wish I lived nearer Sydney (for once in my life) to go to the Uncle B picnic, but if wishes were horses, beggars would ride. I hope you will all have a good time.

We are having some more delightful rain to-day. Everything looks green, and full of life again.

I have been gardening all the morning, but have had to leave off because of the rain. We have a rather nice garden.

We have a splendid lot of tomatoes and cucumbers this year. Do you like them? I do.

I saw a very large flock of ibises coming home from church on Sunday. The first I ever remember having seen.

I am looking forward to see the results of the competition I would have gone in for it myself, but, really Uncle B., I had nothing

BOOKLET ON "HEALTHFUL LIVING" POSTED FREE.

VEGETARIAN CAFE,

45 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

very interesting to tell, and as I told you in my last letter I think you ought to forgive me this once.

Wouldn't it be nice if all the ne's and ni's knew each other. I would like some of them to write to me; that would be one way of knowing each other, because one can generally tell what a person is like by their letters.

I wonder if the town of Gloucester, cousin Bonny mentioned in one of her letters, is the same Gloucester which is eight miles from Stratford; if so, we don't live extra far from each other. There is to be a show at Gloucester next month.

My word, Uncle B., we ne's and ni's will have to write more often. It will never do to have no letters on Page 11 at all. What a terrible disgrace it would be.

I will not take up any more space this time. Love to all. Thank you for birthday greetings.

(Dear Vera,—I also wish you and Bonny and a few more were living nearer Sydney, or spending Easter holidays in Sydney. What a time we would have. Yes, I like tomatoes and cucumbers, but I find cucumbers are inclined to be naughty and play up and disturb my digestion. Do you know the difference between a vegetable and a fruit? I wondered when I read your letter if the ibises were coming home from church! Perhaps you and Bonny will meet at the show. Be sure and carry "Grit" about with you and then you can pounce on each other. Oh, what fun. I quite agree with you that with about 50 ne's and ni's it would be a sad disgrace if poor Uncle B. had to do all the writing.—Uncle B.)

DROPPING A LINE.

Dorothy Murray, 116 Commonwealth St., Surry Hills, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.—I got very wet coming home from school. And as it was too wet to go to church I thought I would drop you a line. Nellie and Jack got very wet coming home from school, too. I must tell you of the concert we had—our Harvest Festival concert. It was a great success, and Mr. Hammond thought so. Mr. Hammond is very kind, we all like him very much. And dear Uncle B., I want you to ask Mr. Hammond for one of his photos for me. I was very sorry to hear that Mrs. Hammond has been ill with a cold. I have had a very bad cold myself. I cannot think of any more to tell you this time, so I now close. From your loving niece.

(Dear Dorothy,—Thank you very much for your nice letter. I hope you will write again. I hope you got the photo alright. I can generally get Mr. Hammond to do what I ask him to do, so if you want anything more—just ask. He is going to lend me one of your photos to put in "Grit," so look out for it. I will put it in next time I get a letter from you. I hope you will be able to come

to the Uncle B. picnic. It will take place in the week after Easter Sunday.—Uncle B.)

FIFTY MILES A WEEK TO SCHOOL.

Milley Yates, "Kimberley," Stratford, writes:—

I am glad to say I have commenced school again. My brother Eddie and I ride on the same pony. It is five miles to the school. I went five days one week. That was fifty miles that week. It makes me rather tired.

Our little dog Mack is very cunning when I go to bath him. He runs away, and I have trouble in catching him, as he can run very fast now.

Eddie killed a carpet snake six feet six inches long. It was lying on the road.

Thank you very much for birthday greetings. I will now close with love to all cousins. From your loving niece.

(Dear Milly,—If the long ride makes you tired, what does the pony think of it? I hope you will some day have a photo of you and your brother on the pony, and I will put it in "Grit." I think Mack is like some of my ne's and ni's. He does not know what is good for him, and that is why he runs away from the tub. Did you skin that snake? It would have made a lovely belt if tanned. I knew a little dog that used to kill snakes in the most wonderful way, but at last one killed him. The next one Eddie kills ask him to skin for me.—Uncle B.)

ANOTHER PHOTO.

Elsie Haydock, 53 Smith-st., Surry Hills, Sydney, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.—Just a few lines hoping you are in the best of health, as it leaves me at present. We are having lovely weather lately after the storm we had. Dorrie and I got very wet last Thursday coming from school. Dear Uncle B., I want to ask Mr. Hammond if he can spare me one of his photos. We had our Harvest Festival concert, and Mr. Hammond thought it was a great success. Well, Uncle, I think this is all I can tell you this time.—I remain, your loving niece.

(Dear Elsie,—I am so glad you and Dorrie have become "cousins" and joined the noble company of ne's and ni's who cheer Uncle B. and help on the cause of temperance. I coaxed one photo from Uncle B. I do not know how I will manage to get another. I must wait and catch him when he is smiling. It would not do to ask him when he is worried by some of his little friends who "don't care," and think it does not hurt him much because they are not the only ones who hurt him. Write again.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NE.

Mervyn A. Edwards, Avalon, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.—Will you have me for a nephew? I am ten years old. I will be 11 on the 22nd March. I like to read the letters in "Grit." I am in the fourth class at

school. I like going to school. I like arithmetic best of all my lessons. Bonny, Mark, and I go to Sunday school every Sunday. I like Sunday school, too. Bonny plays the organ. We are going to have a picnic soon. I had my holidays in Wingham. I enjoyed myself very much. We have had lovely rain here. Love from your loving nephew.

(Dear Mervyn,—So glad you have begun to write. It is nice to hear you like Sunday school, and have had such a happy holiday. If you are good at arithmetic, I wonder did you answer the questions in "Grit," March 7? I hope you have a lovely birthday on 22nd. Many happy returns.—Uncle B.)

HURRAH FOR THE PICNIC.

Annie Shapter writes:—

Dear Uncle B.—Just a line hoping you are well, as I am well. Well, Uncle, you asked me to write so I thought I would write this afternoon. Dear Uncle, I hope God will keep us safe till Easter time. I was looking at your photo in the "Grit." You took a splendid one. What day are you going to have the picnic.

Well, Uncle B., I must draw to a close.—I remain your loving niece.

(Dear Annie,—So you are looking forward to the Uncle B. picnic. Oh, it will be a lovely time. I wonder if you couldn't write a longer letter if you tried very hard. All your cousins would like to know what you like best, and if you would sooner read story books or play the piano?—Uncle B.)

TEMPERANCE AND MEDICATED WINES.

Under the auspices of the National Commercial Temperance League and the British Women's Temperance Association, Dr. F. W. Saleeby addressed a meeting for women in the Belgrave Central Hall, Leeds, on January 18, on "Medicated Wines." He spoke of the gross and deleterious influence of medicated wines, urging it did not follow that because they were advertised as making people feel so well they really did good. The alcohol which was used with a drug was not a stimulant, but a narcotic—which was exactly opposite to a stimulant. It was, in fact, a narcotic poison. That wines, whether medicated or not, were a stimulant was a complete mistake. The proportion of alcohol in medicated wines was surprisingly large, in some cases 20 per cent. He contended that every preparation of drugs containing alcohol and sold to the public should bear a label stating the percentage of alcohol contained. Dr. Saleeby held that, for the purpose of the National Insurance Act, no form of medicated wine should rank as a drug under the meaning of the Act.

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Clean or Dye Ladies' Dresses from
3/- to 7/6, equal to new.

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In and Around Milton.

(By James Marion.)

I have just visited Milton, a cosy little dairying centre on the South Coast. It is 40 miles south of Nowra and 155 miles from Sydney. Until recently it took 7 seven hours to come the 40 miles, but now an up-to-date motor service negotiates the distance in two hours. The last time I was here was on the eve of the 1910 poll. The local Liberty Leaguers had been talking very loudly of the strength of their cause, but the vote revealed that Milton possesses a fine no-license voting strength, for when the figures went up, it gave the Milton booth the requisite three-fifths majority and two votes to spare.

It was a pleasure to again meet the people, who refused to believe liquor lies about revenue, home drinking, etc.

The poll in 1907 gave this (Clyde) electorate reduction, and it has operated in the most beneficial way. At Tomerong, on the coach road from Nowra to Milton, the license went, and that practically means no-license for Tomerong. At Ulladulla, the seaport of Milton, four miles away, the bar was closed, so that means no-license for Ulladulla. A reduction of one license in Milton at the extreme end of the town meant the removal of a stumbling block to many a man who had run the gauntlet of the main street bars, but got caught on his way home.

The workers here can always be relied upon to take up any cause for the furtherance of Temperance with enthusiasm, and when the petitions for early closing were recently circulated, 250 names were secured. In conversation with a leading no-license advocate, I learned that the petitions had enabled them to get some idea as to who the real friends of the cause were. Some who were expected to readily sign had held aloft, and others whom our workers had reason to be doubtful of came forward readily and signed the petition. Mr. S. Pickering, who

runs a large general store, kept the lists prominently before his customers. A good deal of feeling was engendered, and the local hotelkeepers went so far as to request the dismissal of one of our workers from his employment. This little boycotting ruse, however, met its doom by a strong counter move, and the refusal of local tradesmen to give orders to travellers staying at licensed houses.

The result was a climb-down by the bung-ites.

Like every other town where the liquor bars exist, the sad tragedy of drink is met. Here can be heard the story of those who have been good fellows, kind husbands, loving fathers, but whose whole life has been shattered by alcohol. Local instances during the past three months have been sufficiently ghastly as to cause a profound sensation in the town. A man in a fit of delirium tremens cut his throat; realising the horror of his act he craved to live, but died.

Rev. S. Oliver, the local secretary, is keenly alive to his opportunities for the furtherance of No-License work, and Milton will always extend a hearty welcome to lecturers who may visit the district. The local No-License League has decided to pay for 250 copies of "Grit" per month, in order that it may be posted to that many homes, and in this way the people will be educated on the Temperance question, and public opinion formed. The meetings and services held were well attended, and several new subscribers to "Grit" secured. By the alteration in the electoral boundaries it is expected that Milton will in future be in the Allowrie electorate. This should now constitute a strong temperance centre, and with the help of Milton, Allowrie ought to be one of the first electorates in this State to go dry.

THE HORROR OF IT.

(To the Editor of "Grit.")

Amongst the saddest things that have come to my knowledge through liquor are the following I send on to you to be worked up and published. Last week a baby aged eight months died. In its little life it had never known a sober mother or father. A district visitor was told by a neighbor of the death of the baby, and thought she might be of use. She entered the house. The father was dead drunk, the mother nearly so, and the little eight months corpse wore an aged look. Only a few weeks before the drunken mother threw the infant at a man who was passing her in the street. Luckily a woman standing by caught the little one. The cruelty of letting these lambs of the flock suffer in this way! Then, again, I know of a pretty little girl of six years who went into a shop at G—, saying, "I am drunk; daddy gave me

beer." And, true enough, the child could scarcely walk, and did not for long keep her feet. Children are not served in public houses. Oh, no! Only a few days ago a city missionary passing a pub saw the publican take a jug from the hand of a little girl of eight at his parlor door, go to his bar and fill it with beer, and return to the child. The missionary gave the publican some plain talk, found where the child lived, and then went for the mother and told her the next time he found the child a messenger for beer, he would take her to the police station.—

Yours, etc.,

H.A.

Robert, aged four, and his sister May, just a year older, were given some candy one day by a friend. May, noticing that Robert had two pieces, while she had only one, complained of the unjust division.

"Well," replied Robert quickly, "break yours in half and you'll have two pieces."

THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

meningitis, the remaining six became tuberculous.

The hope of the nation rests in the education of the young. This is of the greatest importance, for upon the present generation is laid the responsibility of choosing the part it will play towards posterity, and thereby of shaping the character of future generations. Educate thoroughly; by example and teaching let us do all we can to instil into our children sound knowledge in regard to alcohol and its effects, but let us not lose sight of the ever-present need of checking the love of strong drink which is ruining men, a tendency which is spreading among women, and is spoiling in them all that makes for truest motherhood. Alcohol hits hard not only the health of the generation of to-day, but of the generations which are to follow. It kills family life and it destroys thrift. There can be no saving in a working man's home where a large part of the wages goes in drink. Alcohol is therefore the enemy of the savings banks. Old-age pensions and invalidity insurance may do much for the working classes, but these cannot replace the sense of independence which "laying by" creates and abstinence favors.

Encourage the sale of hot coffee in the streets in the early morning when men are going to their work, and let the coffee-stall compete with the public-house and its "rum and milk." No day's work should ever be begun on alcohol. Multiply temperance restaurants; make them as inviting to working men as are the public-houses; let the food be good, substantial, and cheap, the meals nicely served, and I feel certain that towards these temperance restaurants footsteps will be directed which have hitherto made for the public-house. In seeking thus to improve matters for working men by establishing temperance restaurants—these, it need hardly be said, can never take the place of home made attractive by an affectionate wife, who is doing all she can to make home what it ought to be. There lies the sphere of woman's labor and influence—nothing can touch it—and for the saving of man nothing of human origin is superior to it.—"The British Journal of Inebriety."

Why I Favor Prohibition.

(Continued from Page 7.)

country; it is a stain upon honesty, a blur upon purity, a clog upon progress, a check upon the nobler impulses; it is an incentive to falsehood, deceit and crime.

Search through the history of this hateful thing, and read one page over which some mother can bow her grateful head and thank God for all the saloon did for her boy. There is no such record. All its history is written in tears and blood, with smears of shame and stains of crime, and dark blots of disgrace.—"The Standard."

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ONE WAY OF KILLING THEM.

He had besought the pharmaceutical chemist to give him something with which he might kill moths, and the pharmaceutical chemist had supplied him with camphor balls; but the next day he was back again, holding some of the fragments of the balls in his hand. "Are yez the same young man phwat sold thim things to me yisterday?" he roared. "I am," replied the pharmaceutical chemist composedly. "What's wrong with them?" "Phwat's wrong with thim?" repeated the irate purchaser. "The idea av sellin' thim things to kill moths or anything else! See here! If yez can show me the man that can hit a moth wid a single wan av thim, I'll say nuthin' about the ornimints an' lookin' glass me an' the missus broke."

Irate Pa—"Did you tell that young man who calls on you every night I was going to have the gas turned off promptly at 10 p.m.?" Daughter—"Yes, papa." Irate Pa—"And what did he say to that?" Daughter—"He said he would consider it a personal favor if you would have it turned off at eight-thirty."

Little man at the theatre, vainly trying to catch a glimpse over the shoulders of a big man in front of him, at length touches him on the shoulder. Big Man (turning round): Can't you see anything? Little Man (pathetically): Can't see a streak of the stage. Big Man: Why, then, I'll tell you what to do. You keep your eye on me, and laugh when I do.

The geography class was in session. One small pupil astonished the class by stating that in a certain section of South America there were talking monkeys. When the teacher questioned the statement the youngster opened his geography and triumphantly read: "This region is inhabited by a species of monkey; properly speaking, apes."

MURPHY'S MAIL.

A freckle-faced girl stopped at the post-office and yelled out: "Anything for the Murphy's?" "No, there is not," said the postmaster. "Anything for Jane Murphy?" "No." "Anything for Ann Murphy?" "No." "Anything for Tom Murphy?" "No." "No." "Anything for Tom Murphy?" "No." "No." "Anything for Jerry Murphy?" "Nothing at all." "Anything for Lizzie Murphy?" "No, nor for Pat Murphy, nor Dennis Murphy, nor for Pete Murphy, nor for Paul Murphy, nor John, Jack, nor Jim Murphy, nor for any Murphy, dead, living, unborn, native or foreign, civilised, savage, or barbarous, male or female, black or white, franchised or disfranchised, natural or otherwise. No! there is positively nothing individually, jointly, severally, now and forever." The girl looked at the postmaster in astonishment and said, "Please see if there is anything for Clarence Murphy."

Joe and Frank had been quarreling. Frank went pouting into the kitchen where his mother was just closing the oven door on two tempting little mince-pies. "Are they for us?" he asked. "Yes, dear," said mama. Frank hesitated, then edging close to her, whispered: "Please, mama, won't you burn Joe's a little?"

A Kentucky liquor firm is sending out an advertisement in which it offers to give "free" a pistol or a hunting knife with every order for liquor. A splendid combination. "Knife, Whisky, Pistol."

Carpenter—"Didn't I tell you to notice when the glue boiled over?" Assistant—"I did. It was a quarter past ten."

HE HEARD NOTHING.

On a business trip to the city a farmer decided to take home to his wife a Christmas present of a shirt-waist. Going into a store and being directed to the waist department, he asked of the lady clerk to show him some. "What bust?" asked she.

The farmer looked around quickly and answered: "I don't know; I didn't hear anything."

NOW, WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

The Jacksons always had grace before meat. One morning Papa Jackson was in a great hurry to finish breakfast and be off to business, and the blessing he asked was, in consequence, much curtailed.

"That was a short prayer, that papa said," observed Baby Jackson to her mother.

To which Mamma Jackson replied very seriously, "That was a blessing."

"What happened to Babylon?" asked the Sunday-school teacher. "It fell!" cried the pupil. "And what became of Ninevah?" "It was destroyed!" "And what of Tyre?" "Punctured!"

The host, entertaining an unexpected guest at luncheon, said, as they sat down to table—"My dear sir, will you have some of the sliced bologna sausage or—or—" His eye darted frantically all over the table, and he concluded, "Or not?"

"Is it genuine Chippendale?" "Absolutely, sir—" "But this looks like a crack right across—" "Done by Chippendale himself, sir, in a fit of rage when he heard the union had called the men out."

A little girl, hearing her mother speak of going into half-mourning, said:—"Why are you going into half-mourning, mamma—are any of our relatives half dead?"

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For Fathers and Mothers.

ON MAKING HOME HOMELY.

(By Monica Whiteley.)

"A few more smiles of silent sympathy, a few more tender words, a little more restraint of temper, may make all the difference between happiness and half-happiness to those with whom we live."—Stopford Brooke.

The art of living with people—how few of us ever learn it perfectly, for it means unselfishness, loyalty, sympathy, and a large-hearted tolerance wide enough to recognise divergent views and varying opinions. Even amongst those who love one another deeply much self-restraint is needed, for temperaments and tastes differ so greatly in a large family that what is one's meat is another's poison.

We often make a great mistake in expecting of our home people what is not theirs to give—we might as well blame a butterfly for not being a bee. Each must develop his own personality on his own lines. On the other hand we are too much inclined to snub and discourage originality. Many a thoughtful, clever girl is afraid to express her opinions in the home circle because she is laughed at and derided as setting up herself to be cleverer than the rest. This either means that the girl, hurt and chilled, shrinks into herself, and her nature is stunted, or she leaves home and seeks society which is more congenial. Either way the home has lost.

SOCIETY MANNERS AND HOME BEHAVIOUR.

It is sad that so many people show to the world the best side of their character, which is rarely seen at home. I have known the genial, kindly man of business, much sought after because of his good nature, who is bad-tempered and moody at home; and I have known the sympathetic, courteous society woman who is the reverse in her own home. To set off against this I have met people who were jeered at by their acquaintances because of their niggardliness, who were really stinting themselves to help some poor relation.

But all the same, the fact remains that we do not make the same efforts towards amiability and sweetness in the home as we do in the outside world. We argue, if we are bad-tempered, "It is a well-known failing of mine, and my family understand me, so it doesn't matter. They take no notice of my unkind speeches," we say, "as they know I do not mean them."

"UNDEMONSTRATIVE" HUSBANDS.

If one expostulates with a husband on account of his lack of courtesy to his wife, he will argue, "Oh, I'm not demonstrative, and my wife knows better than to expect me to fetch and carry for her. She knows my affection for her without that." Too much is taken for granted in every home; and in some families especially, any display of affection is looked upon with amusement, if not with disgust.

But surely the little courtesies which oil the wheels of life are equally as useful in the home as outside it. Who would dream of giving a stranger unasked-for advice? Yet it is done every day in the home. Who would accept kindness and self-sacrifice from a friend without some expression of thanks? Yet they are taken as a matter of course from father or mother.

"MOTHER, I LOVE YOU."

Does a daughter ever think, for instance, that her mother is hungering for loving words from her? Does she ever imagine that the simple words, "Mother, I do love you," would wipe out the memory of years of bitter toil? If she did she would be spared the bitter remorse of after-years which made a girl write to me some such words as these: "Oh, if my mother could only come back to me now for but one hour, how I would tell her how I loved her! How I would beg her forgiveness of the careless, irritable words I used to speak to her! How I would throw my arms round her and tell her she was the best mother in all the world. And now it is too late!"

And yet the girl had been a good daughter. She had been unselfish and attentive to her mother, and she had deprived herself of many luxuries and comforts in order to give them to her. But the thing she will never forget is, that she never told her love—that love which was real and true, but yet never found verbal expression. As Hugh Black says, "We are afraid of sentiment. We let our friends die without telling them how much we owe them; the sweetest souls of our households pass from us before we even know we have taken everything and given nothing."

ALLOWANCES TO BE MADE.

We must also learn to be broad-minded if we are to live happily with others. We must learn to respect their point of view and to remember that everyone sees a thing with a different pair of eyes. We must not force our own opinions on others, but give the same deference to theirs as we expect for our own. We must remember that one person in a house can destroy the peace and happiness of all the rest. There are times in every family when one can with advantage be both blind and deaf. The cross, sarcastic speeches one so much resents from a sister are probably the result of over-taxed nerves, and one cannot know how hard she is struggling for the mastery over them. So, if our love is love at all, let us make allowances.

FAMILY LOYALTY.

One seldom hears now the expression, "the duty one owes to one's family," and it almost seems as if the feeling it describes is dying out. It is true that it was sometimes carried to excess, but in its right proportion it is inseparable from any true family life. Absolute loyalty to one another should be early inculcated. To hear one member of a family "running down" another to a stranger is intolerable, and only in special circumstances is it advisable for one to mention the faults of brothers or sisters to those of the outer world. Even "strangers within the gates"—paying guests, governesses, etc.—should have this spirit of loyalty, and should regard themselves as bound to refrain from repeating anything said by the family or from adverse criticism of them.

LEARN TO PRAISE.

The spirit of comradeship is also needed. There should be pride in the achievements of others, eagerness for their welfare, and generous, whole-hearted praise for their efforts. Some people are afraid of giving praise, but I believe that more failures are wrought by want of praise than through excess of it. The outside world is fickle and unstable in its appreciation, but let the home be a place where no honest effort goes unnoticed or unpraised, where hearts can speak in fullest confidence, and where all offences are forgiven and forgotten.—"Quiver."

WHY IS IT SO HARD TO CATCH A FLY?

Anyone who has tried with outstretched hand to catch a fly cannot fail to have noticed its wonderful alertness in escaping. "One reason for this," explains a naturalist, "is the fact that the fly was watching the movements of its would-be captor out of all or most of its 8000 eyes. Another reason for its rapid retreat is that instead of seeing one hand coming towards it, the fly would have seen at least 7500 hands all looking alike, and all moving down upon it in the same direction. A third reason of the fly's nimbleness is its ability to vibrate its wings nearly 700 times in a second, and to travel through the air at a rate of a mile in two minutes and a half, or twenty-four miles an hour." A fourth reason may, of course, be the tremendous clumsiness of the outstretched hand!

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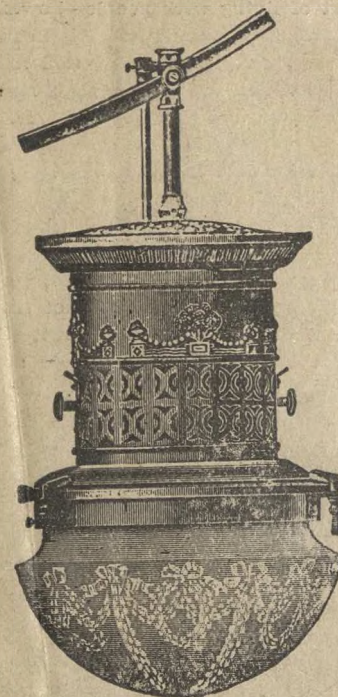
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