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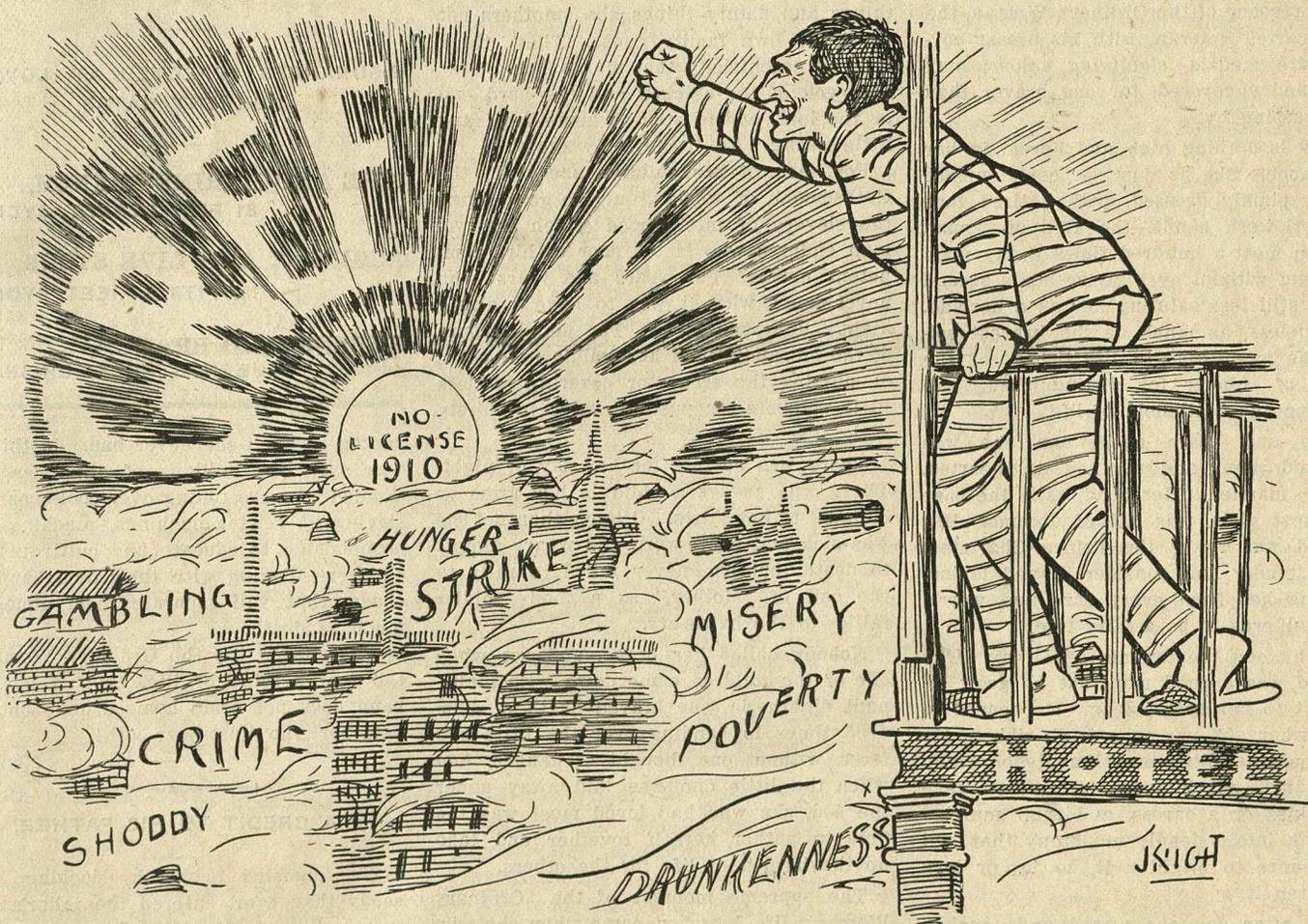
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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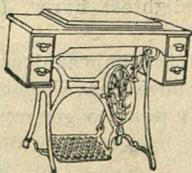
Vol. III.—No. 41

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30 1909

Price One Penny



ABOVE THE RUINS



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are built of the finest case-hardened steel, are the Highest Grade Sewing Machines which money can buy. They contain modern improvements not existing in any other machine, and carry a 10-years' guarantee. Quality considered, they are the lowest-priced machines on earth. Buyers study your best interests and your pockets, by calling.

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WILLIAM WHITE ————— **Redfern and Newtown**

An Ordinary Woman

By MRS. ELIZABETH MERIWETHER GILMER.

I wish I had the distributing of some of Andrew Carnegie's medals for heroes. I would give one to just the Ordinary Woman. It is true that she never manned a lifeboat in a stormy sea, or plunged into a river to save a drowning person. It is true that she never stopped a runaway horse, or dashed into a burning building, or gave any other spectacular exhibition of courage.

She has only stood at her post thirty or forty years, or it may be fifty years, fighting sickness and poverty and loneliness and disappointment so quietly, with such a spartan fortitude, that the world has never even noticed her achievements; and yet, in the presence of the Ordinary Woman, the battle-scarred veteran, with his breast covered with medals, signifying valour, may well stand uncovered, for one braver than he is passing by.

There is nothing high and heroic in her appearance. She is just a commonplace woman, plainly dressed, with a tired face and work-worn hands—the kind of woman that you meet a hundred times a day upon the street without ever giving her a second glance, still less saluting her as a heroine. Nevertheless, as much as the bravest soldier, she is entitled to the Cross of the Legion of Honour for distinguished gallantry on the battlefield of life.

Years and years ago, when she was fresh and young and gay and lighthearted, she was married. Her head, as is the case with most girls, was full of dreams. Her husband was to be the Prince Charming, always tender and considerate and loving, shielding her from every care and worry. Life itself was to be a fairy tale.

One by one the dreams fell away. The husband was a good man, but he grew indifferent to her before long. He ceased to notice when she put on a fresh ribbon. He never paid her little compliments for which a woman's soul hungers. He never gave her a kiss or a caress, and their married life sank into a deadly monotony that had no romance to brighten it, no joy or love to lighten it.

Day after day she sewed and cooked and cleaned and mended to make a comfortable home for a man who did not even give her the poor pay of the few words of appreciation. At his worst he was cross and querulous. At his best he was silent, and would gobble his food like a hungry animal and subside into his paper or go to his club, leaving her to spend a dull and monotonous evening after a dull and monotonous day.

The husband was not one of the fortunate few who have the gift of making money. He worked hard, but opportunity does not smile

on every man, and the wolf was never very far away from the door.

Women know the worst of poverty. It is the wife who has the spending of the insufficient family income, who learns all the bitter ways of scrimping and paring and saving. The husband must present a decent appearance, for policy's sake, when he goes to business; certain things are necessities for the children; and so the heaviest of all the deprivations fall upon the woman who stays at home and strives to make both ends meet.

This is the way of the Ordinary Woman; and what sacrifices she makes, what tastes she crucifies, what longings for pretty things and dainty things she smothers, not even her own family guess. They think it is an eccentricity that makes her choose the neck of the chicken and the hard end of the loaf, and to stay at home from any little outing. Ah, if they only knew!

For each of her children she trod the Gethsemane of woman, only to go through the slavery of motherhood which the woman endures who is too poor to hire competent nurses. For years and years she never knew what it was to have a single night's unbroken sleep. The small hours of the morning found her walking the colic, or nursing the croup, or covering restless little sleepers, or putting water to thirsty little lips.

There was no rest for her day or night. There was always a child in her arms or clinging to her skirts. Oftener than not she was sick and nerve-worn and weary almost to death, but she never failed to rally to the call of "Mother," as a good soldier rallies to the battle-cry.

Nobody called her brave, and yet when one of the children came down with malignant diphtheria, she braved death a hundred times in bending over the little sufferer, without one thought of danger. And when the little one was laid away under the sod, she who had loved most was the first to gather herself together and take up the burden of life for the others.

The supreme moment of the Ordinary Woman's life, however, came when she educated her children above herself and lifted them out of her sphere. She did this with deliberation. She knew that in sending her bright boy and talented girl off to college she was opening up to them paths in which she could not follow; she knew that the time would come when they would look upon her with pitying tolerance or contempt, or perhaps—God help her!—be ashamed of her.

But she did not falter in her self-sacrifice. She worked a little harder, she denied herself a little more, to give them the ad-

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CAPITAL **£1,500,000**

Subscribed Capital **£1,500,000**

Paid-up Capital and Reserves... **735,000**

Net Revenue for 1908 **647,300**

Losses paid **7,098,471**

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117 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

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vantages which she never had. In this she was only like millions of other Ordinary Women who are toiling over cooking-stoves, slaving at sewing-machines, pinching and economising to educate and cultivate their children—digging with their own hands the chasm that will separate them almost as much as death.

Wherefore I say the Ordinary Woman is the real heroine of life, even if her husband does not come home drunk; but God help her who must bear both!

—“Alliance News.”

A CREDIT TO HIS FATHER.

Sir Augustus Lockcash, looking more seedy than ever, entered the tailor's shop, and was met by the tailor himself, who welcomed him with a beaming smile.

“My son informs me,” said Sir Augustus, “that you have allowed him to run a bill for three years. I have come, therefore—”

“Oh, pray, Sir Augustus!” interrupted the tailor, bowing with extravagant politeness, “there is really not the slightest hurry, I assure you.”

“I know that,” returned the impecunious knight serenely; “and therefore I have come to tell you that in future I want to get my clothes from you, too!”

DRUNK WATCHES

and Disorderly

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

A. M. MERRINGTON,
Watchmaker, Jeweller, and Optician
29 BROADWAY, GLEBE
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The Courage of a Coward

Sister Edith closed the door gently, and paused on the doorstep, then walked quickly up the street.

The April rain was falling sharply, but she did not feel it, she was too absorbed to feel any sensation that could come to her from outside. These periodic visits to her mother always ended in the same way, disappointing to her mother, and painful to herself. She had the faculty of seeing all round a subject, and was always impressed by the point of view other than her own, and although she might feel at the back of her mind, disappointment that others did not understand her, she was so far from understanding herself that she sympathised with the others almost more than with herself.

But one remark of her mother's had stung her sharply.

"I cannot understand, Edith, how you, the daughter of a soldier, who died fighting for his country, should be so lacking in courage. It is a great sorrow to me."

Edith Marsden could not understand it either, and yet she had to admit that she was lacking in—physical courage. She always called it physical, for she hoped that she was not without moral courage.

In the hospital, where she had received her training, it was well known how much she dreaded operations, but what was not known was how she would shut herself in the ward kitchen or linen-room to fight down her terror, and gain strength before going into the operating theatre. She trembled if she had to reprove a probationer, and a death in the ward simply unnerved her. In spite of all this, she was a successful nurse; she was one of those large, fair, placid women, who move with deliberation and somewhat slowly, but who get through so much more work than the bustling and apparently more active people. Patients loved her, her gentle restfulness and strength, perhaps her bigness, impressed them.

When she was leaving her training school, where she had remained for some time as ward sister, the matron had said: "Well, sister, I am sorry to lose you. I have come to look upon you as one I can always rely on; you have so much commonsense and—other qualities, but Sister—"

Sister Edith looked into the kind eyes behind the spectacles.

"Yes, matron."

"Sister—I—I should advise you not to take a post as surgical nurse at any time; go in for medical work, you do that so well, and you know you have one very grave defect—in fact, I sometimes wonder you chose such work as ours—you are so nervous, Sister."

"You mean I am a coward, matron."

"No, no, sister, I should not call it that."

"I call it 'lacking in physical courage,' matron; it sounds better, doesn't it?"

Matron smiled reassuringly, and laid a kind hand on the younger woman's shoulder (she had to reach up to do it).

"I don't know what it is, sister, but I do know you are an excellent nurse and a good woman."

But Sister Edith went away sorrowful; she was always saddened when reminded by others of her failing; she was so conscious of it herself, and courage was the quality above every other which she admired and desired most to possess.

She had been in the South of France for four months with a patient, a girl of sixteen. This girl had been born a cripple, but latterly had shown signs of new weakness. Her father had taken her to a specialist. The great man had uttered the one word, "tubercular." He ordered her abroad.

Sister Edith had suffered the usual panic before entering on this engagement; her subsequent trials seemed to justify her fears.

At times it appeared as though the child was possessed by an evil spirit which prompted her to torture all who came in contact with her, and again there were brief periods in which she would lavish the most passionate affection on her two companions, Sister Edith and her maid, Emma.

The doctor had said she must remain abroad until the summer, but in the middle of March she had insisted on returning to her home in the West of England. Sister Edith had succeeded in delaying the journey until April. The visit to her mother had been made during the one day they stayed in London.

The patient slept, and Emma was deep in her book, so Edith Marsden had time to indulge in her own not too happy thoughts. In spite of her efforts, she dreaded, as she always did, entering an unknown household.

When they arrived at the little West Country station they had a twelve-mile drive before them. It promised to be pleasant, for it was a bright, warm April day, and the freshness of spring filled the air with its hopeful and inspiring influence. A waggonette had been sent to meet them.

"Master thought this would be best," said the coachman. "He thought Missie could lie on the seat. Master couldn't come himself, he was called away sudden. How be 'ee, missie?" said the old man.

The girl took no notice of his salutation. She always resented being seen by strangers, who would turn to look at the cripple; also, however gently and skilfully she was moved, the moving hurt her.

But, before long, she too felt the influence of the bright sunshine, the fragrant air, and the dear home feeling that comes with the return of familiar scenes. The first eight miles of the journey were not specially interesting, but they soon entered most beautiful and romantic country.

Adeline, roused to interest, pointed out to her companions the charming features in the landscape, the hills rising on their left, and the glistening sea not far off to the right. The road was cut out of the side of the hill, which continued in a precipitous bank.

"I wish that horse was not so restive, James," said his young mistress.

"Ess, he do be fidgetty, Missie; he be a new un, an' a'n't quite used to double harness yet; but don't ee be afeared, I'll manage en."

At that moment the horse shied, but quieted again. A few minutes later a large piece of paper was blown into the horse's face. He flung back his head, backed, and then bolted. The other horse, infected by his companion's fear, dashed on also. The old coachman, with set face and clenched teeth, put forth all his strength to check the terrified animals' mad pace, but they heeded him not.

On they dashed; there was half a mile of clear road before them, then a sharp corner and a steep hill to descend.

The old man looked over his shoulder and cried, "Jump out afore we comes to

INSURE WITH THE

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FIRE INSURANCE AT LOWEST RATES.

the hill; if there's aught on the road round the corner we're done for."

"Try to get down, Emma," said Sister Edith. The maid screamed, tried to rise, then sank back in her place.

"I daren't!" she sobbed.

"You, miss," shouted the old man.

"Oh! Sister," wailed poor, helpless Adeline, "you won't leave me?"

"Of course not, childie," said Sister Edith, who was kneeling with her arms round the girl.

"Won't you try, miss?"

"Are you going to jump, James?"

"No, miss!"

"Neither shall I!"

Then Adeline reached out for courage and unselfishness.

"Sister, dear," she said, "you had better try; my life will be short anyway."

"All our lives are if it comes to that."

"We shall be killed!"

"We can but die once."

The horses dashed round the corner; the old man looked over his shoulder again. "There's a waggon in the road!" he cried.

The rumble of the waggon drowned the noise made by the carriage, and the carter went on leisurely, whistling as he walked, all unconscious of the tragedy looming behind him.

The three women clung more closely to each other, listening to the ringing of the horses' hoofs on the hard metal of the road, and overhead in the sunshine the birds sang joyfully.

Sister Edith could see the veins standing out like cords on the old man's neck. His white hair fluttered in the wind created by the speed with which they travelled. She thought how beautiful the white hair was, just like her mother's—she had seen her mother yesterday—was it only yesterday?—and her mother had told her she was a cause of sorrow. Just for a moment she could not remember why she caused her mother sorrow; then she remembered, and with the memory came a flash of gladness.

They were almost on the waggon when the carter turned and saw them. Seizing the bridle, he dragged his horses and the waggon aside just in time to clear the way sufficiently for the carriage to pass.

It rushed headlong down the hill; at the bottom the road began to rise again steeply. This checked the horses' mad race, and soon the coachman succeeded in stopping them. Panting, foaming at the mouth, they stood trembling. The old man, white and shaken, soothed and petted them; he dared not

(Concluded on page 10.)

New South Wales Alliance

ECHOES

By REVEILLE

The General Superintendent's Campaign at Broken Hill is scheduled as follows:—

Saturday, January 8, Street Meeting.

Sunday: 11 a.m., Nicholas-street Church; 3 p.m., Town Hall; 7 p.m., Lane-street Presbyterian Church.

Monday, 8 p.m., Town Hall, Reply to Mr. Lloyd.

Tuesday, 8 p.m., Popular lecture: "Britain, Her Men and Menace."

Wednesday, 6 p.m., Tea and Temperance Rally.

We hope all Broken Hill, especially our friends of "the trade," will rally up to hear Mr. Bruntnell's reply to Mr. Lloyd. Mr. Bruntnell will bring to bear upon Mr. Lloyd's sophistries the clear, cold light of truth—and that is the deadliest opposition the drink traffic has to face.

The General Superintendent's proposed tour for January is as follows:—

Wednesday, 5th—Leave Headquarters

Saturday, 8th—Arrive at Broken Hill.

Wednesday, 12th—Leave Broken Hill.

Thursday, 13th—Arrive at Adelaide.

Friday, 14th—Leave Adelaide.

Saturday, 15th—Arrive at Melbourne.

Tuesday, 18th—Arrive at Wagga.

Thursday, 20th—Arrive at Junee.

Saturday, 22nd—Arrive at Gundagai.

Thursday, 27th—Arrive Cootamundra.

The Secretary of the Alliance will be glad to hear from friends of the Temperance cause in any electorate where at present no Alliance branch is organised.

Orders for our small stock of New Zealand Handbooks are coming in rapidly. The price is 2/-, carriage extra. It is a useful arsenal of ammunition for No-License workers. Order from the Secretary of the N.S.W. Alliance, Sydney.

Mrs. Miller, of Petersham, has been suffering, we are sorry to say, from that most unkind of all the "isms," rheumatism. In a note to hand she says:—"We have fixed up arrangements for sale of goods at Petersham for first Wednesday and Thursday in February, in the Empire Hall, Gordon-street. Ladies met at my house on Friday, and took all labour off my hands, making me general supervisor. They must have 'pitied the sorrows of a poor old woman,' for I was really ill at the time they met; however, I am thankful for their kindness at the same time. I shall do all I can to help them."

Miss Schardt, our blind lady lecturer, writes:—"This week I have addressed three meetings: Wednesday, at Waterloo, women's meeting; Thursday, Leichhardt Presbyterian School-hall; and Friday evening, at our open-air demonstration in Redfern. With the aid of a number of friends, we have been enabled to make the Christmas season a little brighter for the children at the Liverpool Home and the patients at the Ryde Home for Incurables. Special Christmas tickets are being entrusted to me for several poor families."

South Sydney branch of the Alliance held a most successful street meeting on Friday, December 17, at the corner of Cleveland and Regent streets. Rev. Mr. Tarn, president, presided, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Gallagher, Rayment, and the Revs. Roger and Walker. Miss Schardt act-

ed as organist, and also gave one of her spirited talks. Two or three brothers from "the other side," somewhat "under the influence," "fired off" a string of interjections, but this, of course, helped the interest of the meeting. Mr. Rayment, who has had 15 years' experience of open-air work, states that the meeting was enthusiastic and effective.

MR. A. E. BATES AT INVERELL.

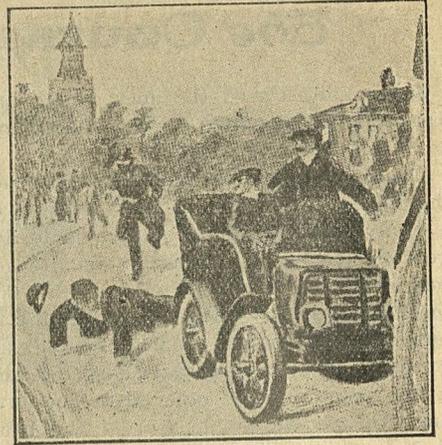
After several months of inactivity, renewed enthusiasm has been awakened in promulgating the No-License cause at this important centre of the Gough electorate. Mr. A. E. Bates, the hon. sec. of the Glen Innes branch of the New South Wales Alliance, held a very successful public meeting at Inverell on the 16th instant. Previous to public meeting an open-air gathering was held in the main thoroughfare of the town, and Mr. Bates addressed a large crowd, and dealt trenchantly with the liquor question, and explained in a lucid manner the benefits to be derived from the abolition of the liquor bars, and appealed for a vote in favour of No-License at the forthcoming State elections. Interjections were frequent from the opposition, but the speaker replied in an effective manner.

The public meeting was afterwards held in the School of Arts Hall, at which the Mayor (Ald. Detzell) presided. There was a large attendance present, and the speaker having been advertised to reply to Mr. W. A. Lloyd, of the Liquor Defence Union, unusual interest was manifested in the meeting, and the opposition were present in force. After the introductory remarks of the Mayor, Mr. Bates proceeded to address the gathering, but an attempt was made by incessant and irrelevant interjections to create disorder. However, the speaker weathered the storm, and spoke at some length in reply to the erroneous statements of Mr. Lloyd, referring particularly to the success of Prohibition in America, and No-License in New Zealand, and quoting statistics that were unanswerable. Mr. Bates dealt logically with many of the bogies and sophistries of the liquor organiser, and his remarks were punctuated with appreciative applause.

At the conclusion of an interesting address questions were asked by a few hostile individuals present, and were answered satisfactorily.

A motion proposed by Mr. Walters, and seconded by the Rev. Robb, in favour of No-License, was carried unanimously at the meeting, and 35 additional members for the local branch were secured.

A manifesto of the British Temperance Legislation League describes the deplorable rejection of the Licensing Bill by the House of Lords as a heavy blow to progress. The seriousness of that setback to the cause of Temperance has yet to be realised by the public. It has created a situation of grave danger in the triumph of a powerful trade, whose financial interest necessarily runs counter to public safety of interest, and calls imperatively for the renewal and re-organisation of efforts directed to the same ultimate goal.



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

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

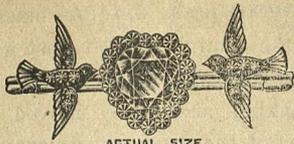
PARCELS OF CLOTHING.

We are deeply grateful for the parcels of clothing that have been sent for the poor. We are at a loss sometimes to know who sends them, and are glad to know, even if the donors do not wish their names published. We fear a parcel or two may go astray, and so it is as well to put some name or initials on it. Heartiest good wishes to all our kind helpers. Since last issue the following parcels have come to hand:—Miss Moneiz, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Wilkinson, G. Hardwick, Mrs. Reeve, Mrs. F. A. Bennett, Mrs. Harris, "Muriel and Ruth," A. J. Sheridan, Mrs. Tate, Miss Larkin, Miss Jenkins, Mrs. Spencer, Burwood Ladies' College (per Miss Ruth Mitchell), W. J. Linklater, Mrs. Molesworth, Mrs. Spencer (Lewisham), Mr. F. Wright, Mr. Brownrigg, St. Aidan's Mothers' Union, Mrs. Fitzhardinge, "Singleton," "Mudgee."

A certain miserly old gentleman pulled up his horse and trap at the door of a shop the other day, and beckoned to a seedy-looking individual, who was singing in the streets. "Here, hold my horse a minute," he said. The singer stopped in the middle of a verse and took up a position at the animal's head. When the old gentleman came out of the shop he bestowed a half-penny upon the man, and then lost no time in scrambling into the trap. The recipient, having gazed at the coin for a moment, jumped on the step. "Take it back, sir," he remarked tragically; "it means ruin to you." "What do you say, sir?" thundered the old gentleman. "Ah," was the solemn reply, "once I was just like you. I'd heaps o' money an' threw it about like water, an' look at me now! Ain't I a hobject lesson? Keep your wealth; I scorn to rob yer!"

A woman, dirty and dishevelled, went into a public dispensary with her right arm bruised and bleeding. As the surgeon applied the necessary remedies he asked: "Dog bite you?"

"No, sor," the patient replied, "another loidy."



ACTUAL SIZE

No. G144—to meet the demand for an inexpensive Brooch for the young folks. Solid silver, with fine amethyst centre, 2/6

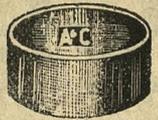
The above are merely examples of our Christmas stock of which a large number are illustrated in our Christmas Catalogue

In case you are not coming to Sydney at Christmas all you need do is write us your order when it will receive our personal attention and should you not be satisfied with the value sent, on receipt of the return goods we will refund your money

Seasonable Presents



Solid Gold Curb Bracelet, with safety chain, 16/6 Stamped on each link



9-ct. Gold Band any initial engraved, 10/6

Angus & Coote

The Store where quality counts

492-4 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY

Talk about People

Mr. Justice Jelf and the Drink.

Words of thunder have been directed against the drink evil by clergymen and doctors and statesmen and social reformers; but within recent date no one has spoken more powerfully than Mr. Justice Jelf, whose words must carry great weight:—

"People sometimes thought that His Majesty's judges, because they sat in ermine and scarlet, were not made of flesh and blood like other mortals; but their hearts were often moved by the stories of misery and shame that were unfolded before them, and it was the belief of the great majority of judges that nine-tenths of those terrible stories were the direct or indirect consequence of excessive drinking."

A Candid Chancellor.

Unhappily it is quite exceptional to find a Chancellor of the Exchequer speaking boldly in regard to the moral aspects of the revenue from the terrible drink traffic; but now that a Minister of State, in the House of Commons, has ventured to look beyond the mere pecuniary result to the national exchequer of a fall in the consumption of intoxicants, it may reasonably be hoped that England is in sight of progressive legislation in respect of the drink curse. The Chancellor said that:—

"He regretted very much that men should be thrown out of work, whether they were employed in barley growing or malt distilling. It would undoubtedly cause a good deal of temporary distress, and one must regret it. But at the same time they must take into account what it all meant to the rest of the people. Eight or nine million gallons less spirits consumed by the people might mean loss of work for a few hundreds, but it would increase enormously the comfort and happiness of hundreds of thousands of homes.

"The money saved from whisky went, after all, into employment. If men did not spend money on whisky, they spent it on clothes and food, and that meant more employment. Though a few hundreds of people were thrown out of work, it would bring so much more employment to the rest that, although he was £800,000 out in his reckoning, he did not pretend that he regretted it."

To the South Pole.

"An athlete by the build, a man of science by the brow." So someone once summed up Captain R. F. Scott, who is making ready for another South Pole expedition. A Devonshire man, he entered the Navy twenty-seven years ago, and in 1901 sailed on his first South Pole expedition in the Discovery. He lay in the Antarctic regions for more than two years, and so closely was the vessel gripped in the ice that when she was released by the breaking up of the floes, aided by the use of explosives, she left behind her a clear impression of her shape in the ice which had surrounded her. Captain Scott's wife is a notable sculptor, and was a frequent exhibitor at the Academy and the Salon before her marriage last year.

General Booth's Return.

General Booth's return to public work has been hailed with enthusiasm by his Army. He addressed 4000 of his followers at the Congress Hall, Clapton, last month, speaking for an hour and a half with inexhaustible vigour, fire, and humour. He gave an amusing reason for his prompt abandonment of his motor car tour when he found his eyes were affected. "I did not want to begin with goggles again," he said; "I think of the song of the milkmaid, 'My face is my fortune.' On a motor campaign and off, my face is my fortune—it is a fortune to the Salvation Army!" He had lost the use of one eye, he continued, and the other eye was imperfect. But a doctor had told him it might last twenty years. He was told also that he himself was good for ten, or even fifteen years yet. Loud cries of "Hallelujah!" greeted these remarks. Passing on to the work of the movement in different parts of the world, he referred to many good reports that had been received, and said he might live to see his prophecy come true—that the authorities of the world—Governments, national, municipal, and otherwise—would ultimately turn to the Salvation Army and say, "We cannot do anything with these criminals, lost people, unfortunate children, and starving paupers. You know how to do it; you employ religion."

Sir George Reid, the Commonwealth High Commissioner, will leave Sydney for London on January 22.

PLENTY OF GRANDMOTHERS.

There is a happy-go-lucky, ready-witted Irishman in the employ of a well-known builder. He is a genius, but withal an industrious, trustworthy fellow, and his employer thinks the world of him. A few weeks ago Pat asked for a day off.

"Me grandmother's dead, sor, and begorra I'd loike to go to the funeral," said Pat.

He was granted the leave of absence.

Ten days afterwards Pat asked for another day off.

"What's the matter now?" asked Mr. Dobbins, his employer.

"Matther it is, sor," replied Pat. "Shure an' me grandmither's dead, the saints rest her soul."

"Why, that's what you said before."

"Shure I did that sor, but that wor me mither's mither, and this is me father's mither."

He got that day, but when the very next week Pat returned to his employer asking for another day, Mr. Dobbins was perplexed.

"More grandmothers dead?" he asked.

"Yes, sor, there be. It's me mither's mither, sor, and she do be going to be buried th' morrow, sor."

"Ah, Pat," exclaimed Mr. Dobbins, "I have you there. Your mother's mother died before, you know."

"So she did, sor; so she did. But me mither were married twice, sor."

Mr. Dobbins was so completely stumped that he gave Pat the day off.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1909.

THE COMING OF THE NEW YEAR.

Christmas is over; the old year, like the sand in the hour-glass, is running out, and already our faces are turned toward the New Year with courage and expectancy. The years that are gone are so many pages in the books of our lives which time has turned over for us, leaving the records thereon inerasible. The past cannot be recalled or undone, but it can teach us many lessons if we are wise enough to learn from experience. Whatever the past year may have brought, whatever sadness or discouragement it may have left on our hearts, there is that in the prospect of a new year which gives us all hope, and bids us be of good cheer. In the merciful provision of God we are only allowed to live a moment at a time. If it was given to us to know all that is before us many would faint by the way. But Christianity is the religion of hope, and let the past be ever so dark it is always ours to look for the rising sun that shall dispel every cloud, and help us to forget the things that are behind in the joy of pressing forward to better things in the days to come. The greatest asset in these days of pessimism and strenuous living is the faith that assures us that God reigns, that He is working out His gracious purposes for the realisation of a new heaven and a new earth, wherein the hearts of men shall be turned from sordid and selfish things to seeking that Kingdom wherein every mistake shall be put right, every misunderstanding shall be cleared up, and every wrong, whether national or individual, shall be righted. Herein is the encouragement for every man to work, whether for the uplifting of his neighbour, or the purifying of his own life and character. For all our readers, we wish a happy and prosperous New Year, in the best sense. Our highest wish is that each may be worthy of the great trust which has been imposed upon us to promote the Kingdom of God upon earth, and particularly within the radius of our own influence.

"AD NAUSEAM."

The misery mill of the drink sellers still grinds out its supply of depreciated humanity with monotonous regularity. One of the latest illustrations of the drink trade's output comes from Ballarat, where a young man named Niblett smashes up the home of his parents, throws a kerosene lamp on the fire, fells a police officer to the ground with a heavy bar of iron, and generally

acts the madman. The cause of these insane proceedings is revealed in the words: "The parents of Niblett informed the police that the man had come home under the influence of liquor." And still the advocates of "the trade" will babble about the "right use, and not the abuse, or alcohol," and "the sale of liquor under proper police supervision," while in spite of all that the wit of man could devise to ensure only moderate drinking, under supervised conditions of sale, every year hundreds of young men and women are made public criminals through commencing an indulgence in these dangerous beverages, and our paid officials knead over a sodden mass of convicted drunkenness, numbering nearly thirty thousand distinct processes. Common decency ought to lead men out of such a business.

"ON EARTH PEACE, GOODWILL TOWARD MAN."

"I must frankly say that I believe we are just beginning to enter a terrible era in the world's history—an era of domestic warfare such as never has been seen, and the end of which God only can see."

—Professor Ely, of John Hopkins University, U.S.A.

We hail with joy the indications of a cessation of the deplorable industrial strife which has penalised New South Wales during the last few weeks, and we hope that the final adjustments between the two parties in the strife will be made in a generous spirit of mutual forbearance and goodwill. Such experiences as that through which we have just passed should be a call to the leaders on both sides to encourage goodwill between master and man, lest some worse thing befall. There can be no question in the minds of any who take only a cursory view of the trend of human affairs that the whole civilised world is rapidly working towards some great industrial crisis. The wage-earner is not so blind as to fail to see how rapidly wealth has increased in the past fifty years, and yet he does not find himself benefited in proportion to the increase. The cry of the workmen for a reasonable share of the wealth produced will not stop till a just, if not generous, solution is reached. The Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ has created ideals of social justice in the minds of the masses which, if not responded to freely, may ultimately be wrung from capital by legal process, or even by force. We submit that the adoption of a system of profit sharing will do much to induce a better feeling between master and men. There are sufficient examples of the success of this plan to at least warrant a trial. While the present inequalities in the distribution of wealth produced continues, it is vain to hope for peace. There is an appeal on the part of some, which is an appeal not to their goodwill, but to their ill-will, and while the influence of the Gospel will soften the feelings of those who are

under its influence, the unfortunate cleavage between the Church and the masses leaves outside the Church a great host who will respond to a lower appeal, for "the masses of mankind are easily moved to envy and hatred of the prosperous classes." Mr. H. G. Wells, the noted Socialist writer, has said: "With people just as they are now, with their prejudices, their ignorances, their misapprehensions, their unchecked vanities, and greeds, and jealousies, their crude and misguided instincts, their irrational traditions, no Socialist State can exist, no better State can exist than the one we now have, with all its squalor and cruelty," and we may agree with his conclusions, but we may be quite sure that the masses whom he so describes will not be deterred by his teaching, and unless Australian employers will, by more fully applying the principles of Christ's Gospel to the conduct of their business, work resolutely for the promotion of goodwill, they may find that a ruder and probably more painful method will be used by those in whose hands the power to do so undoubtedly resides.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

LEARN TO LAUGH.

You've a laugh concealed about you;
Why not give it freedom now?
If the world were left without you
It could get along somehow;
But no matter, why be dismal
Or a brother to despair?
Though your woes may seem abysmal
You've a hidden smile somewhere.

Why go sneering or complaining;
Does your sadness help at all?
Is it good to sit back draining
Out the wormwood and the gall?
Is there profit in declining
To give up the frown you wear
That you go around repining
And exhibiting despair?

Every laugh that rings out purely
Makes the world a better place;
You've a smile about you, surely,
Why not wear it on your face?
Why go hoarding up your gladness
When each sound of sinless mirth
Helps to clear away the sadness
That should have no place on earth?

Sir Joseph Ward, speaking in the New Zealand House of Representatives, said when the time came he would vote for both the abolition of the totalisator and the book-maker. Another member of the Government, Mr. Millar, Minister for Railways, declared that he would vote to abolish the totalisator.

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"Lord, What are We?"

A LITTLE STORY OF THE TOUCH OF NATURE THAT MAKES
ALL MEN KING.

He had been haranguing the crowd for a good half hour, the usual crowd which gathers under the heroes' tree in Hyde Park on a Sunday afternoon, attracted by a variety of motives. The multitude was a little larger than usual, partly because it was a fine and sunny, though cold, afternoon, and partly because it was the last day in April, and the usual May Day speeches were in the air. Freeman stood on a table, just under the tree, and had his head bare while he acclaimed, and more than one casual observer, attracted from the side path perhaps by the ringing clarion notes of a particularly fine voice, decided that for an agitator he looked a superior kind of man. His accents were not educated, it is true, but there was nothing vulgar nor aggressive about him; for once the apostle appeared to believe the gospel he preached. It was the old, old gospel of equality for every man, which had often vibrated through these leafy spaces, but seldom had it been delivered with more convincing power.

He was, comparatively speaking, a young man, and belonged by his dress and bearing to the people, yet he stood apart, as it were, from the little band of immediate and interested supporters nearest to him.

And they were perfectly conscious of the distinction, just as they were impelled by his power. He was a born leader of men, the pity he had not a better following to lead.

About the middle of his argument a middle-aged man crossing from the Arch swerved aside a moment to listen. He walked regularly every Sunday afternoon, when it was fine, from his town house in Connaught Place round the park by way of the Serpentine, and he had often heard scraps of the park eloquence, but usually it made no impression beyond such as a shrug of the shoulders might have indicated as he passed on.

He knew Freeman by sight quite well, and even better by reputation, and it interested him to hear for a moment the public expression of his views. He was himself an elderly man of a fine figure, and carried himself with that distinction which cannot be acquired, but is the heritage of birth. Even in a crowd he was always a distinguished and interesting figure. He was easily recognised, being one of the more prominent public men of the day. He listened for ten minutes or so to Freeman's diatribe, and then turned away, shaking his head. At the moment he caught the man's eye, and they looked at one another a full second with a curious understanding sympathy. The elder man nodded, and walked away.

He did not go far. Something told him

that Freeman would speedily come to the end of his discourse, the thread of this thought having suffered undoubted interruption by that interchange of glance. So, having sauntered five hundred yards or so down the path, he turned back again and arrived to find, as he had fully expected, that Freeman had come down from the platform, where his place had been taken by a more fiery and entertaining, but less convincing orator.

The statesman, for he was such, mingled quietly with the crowd, and came at last round to the back where he saw Freeman standing a little apart, apparently deep in thought. Again some electric spark seemed to pass from one to the other. Their eyes met, and the statesman beckoned him to one side.

"Good-day, Freeman," he said, frankly. "You know me, I suppose?"

"I know you, of course, Mr. Agar."

"Have you finished your peroration?" he asked, with a slightly whimsical smile. "If so, supposing we take a turn."

Freeman looked surprised, but said he would come. As they walked quietly from the crowd together the few who recognised them felt that they had witnessed a significant incident.

"A curious and informing bit of London life this always seems to me," observed Agar, as they moved among the trees. "I seldom miss it. But this is the first time I have heard you haranguing the proletariat."

Freeman made no reply. Perhaps he disliked the tone, which, though good-humoured, was cynical.

"You have command of men. That's what all parties need at the present moment, leaders of men. But seriously now, can you accept to your own satisfaction the stuff you preach?"

"I am sincere," replied Freeman, gloomily. "Bitter, of course, I must be, because of my experience."

"But a personal experience can never affect for a moment the main issue," observed Agar, quietly. "It colours a man's point of view, of course, but I cannot imagine that a man of your parts could accept or believe the balderdash you have been talking for the last half hour—"

He chose the word deliberately, but did not look at Freeman as he went on: "balderdash, which if it had any chance of reaching for practical purposes beyond the limits of Hyde Park, would have to be suppressed by firm measures. It serves, perhaps, as a safety valve for—for, shall we say, that personal disappointment of which you have just spoken."

"You are severe, Mr. Agar, but I under-

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stand that you voice the views of your class."

"I have no class," said Agar, with a faint smile. "And you know that I am right. Are you disengaged in the next hour?"

"Quite."

"Then will you finish the walk with me—round by the Serpentine is my route—and come back to tea at my house?"

"I don't know, Mr. Agar; it is an unusual proceeding, is it not, on your part and on mine?"

"On yours, perhaps, but not on mine. We often have people to tea on Sunday afternoon, when my son is strong enough to see them."

"Have you a son?"

Agar turned to him quickly.

"I thought you would have known. I have one son, an invalid, who will never be able to walk again. He would like to see you. He was talking of you to me this very morning."

"It is very strange," said Freeman. "I have a son, too, an only one, a helpless cripple. His mother is dead, and there are only we two."

"My wife is dead, also, and there are only we too, and I shall never have another child, so that everything will come to an end."

(To be Concluded.)

A report of the Parliamentary Committee of the London County Council, protesting against the Government's proposals in regard to license duties on the ground that they will involve a considerable reduction in rateable value and consequent loss of rates to local authorities, was carried by 62 votes to 32. The report calculates that the provision in Clause 44 (1), that "the duty of the license is not to be allowed as a deduction" in the determination of value, would increase the license duties on public-houses in London by £364,000, and reduce the yield of inhabited house duty by £7000, the owners losing £263,000 in rental value and the local authorities £93,000 in rates. This calculation refers only to the fully-licensed houses in London.

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Accommodation under No-License

By A. BRUNTNELL.

It is frequently urged by those who oppose No-License that the travelling public will not be able to secure good accommodation in No-License districts of countries. It is argued by such opponents that the publican now makes such a profit on the sale of intoxicants that he devotes part of such profit to providing good beds and meals. This is surely a new kind of philanthropy, to return with one hand what has been received from the pockets of the people with the other. It will be seen that the money must first come from those who patronise the public house, and the questions that arise are:—(1) Will the people be prepared to pay for their accommodation in No-License areas at rates that now prevail? And (2) Can good accommodation be provided at such rates? The whole question is one that will always be largely governed by the law of supply and demand. It is generally conceded that the usual law of economics provides that a demand will create a supply, and while this law may sometimes be revised it can never, in our social order, be obliterated. We may therefore conclude that there will ever be a demand for good food and beds, and the question of payment for these commodities and conveniences will be regulated by the standard of the demand. There will doubtless be, as now, varying prices, and the public who desire the highest form of accommodation will be willing to pay the price, and with many who now not only pay that price, but accompany it with an expenditure on liquor, they will be in a much better position to pay the ruling charges in a No-License area than formerly. That people are willing to pay the highest prices now demanded is sufficient proof that they will be equally as willing to do so under the changed conditions. The demand for a cheaper form of accommodation will be met by the provision of a less expensive and elaborate supply. The main contention, however, of opponents of No-License is that good accommodation cannot be provided at the prevailing rates, minus the bar profits. The answer is threefold. (1) The man who now spends money in liquor in order to get a good bed and meal can surely pay as much, or more, for good accommodation without spending money on liquor. (2) The man who does not spend money in liquor, and who believes that the profits from the "other fellow's" expenditure in it helps to provide him with a better table is so mean and contemptible as to deserve little consideration. There are but a few of this class in the community, as the bulk of the people are always willing to pay for value received without sponging on others. (3) The most weighty reply, however, is, that first-class accommodation is now being supplied in No-License hotels at the average rates. That this is so one has only to point to certain evidence of the fact. The members of the Land Commission in New Zealand have left the statement on record, "That they found as good accommodation and, on the average, better accommodation in Prohibition townships than elsewhere." The manager of a British football team that visited New Zealand in 1908 said, "That the accommodation in Invercargill under No License was disgraceful." The Municipal Council instructed their inspector to investigate and report, and his report, which is dated September 7, 1908, says:—"After a careful investigation of all the

facts for and against the changed conditions I am firmly of the opinion that they are as good, and in some cases better, than under former circumstances." Of course, there are some No-License houses that are not well conducted; but this is equally true of licensed houses. No one, however, has ever heard of a man being "lambled down" in a No-License hotel. People are not deprived of sleep because of a poor wretch shouting in the delirium tremens, and in every way the abolition of liquor selling from the public-house is much more likely to conduce to quiet, order and comfort than otherwise. People often in making comparisons between License and No-License hotels forget to make a comparison of prices charged. No one can secure first-class accommodation in an up-to-date licensed hotel under 2/6 per night for a bed and 2/- per meal. To compare such a place with one without a liquor bar, where the bed is 2/- per night and the meal 1/-, is obviously unfair. The New South Wales Alliance Hotel, which has been running as a No-License hotel for some four years past, provides, in proportion to the charges made, as good general accommodation as is to be obtained anywhere; and when it is remembered that this is done in competition with License hotels, how much better can be done when all such places are on the same footing and minus the liquor bar. There are, no doubt, many people who at present are prejudiced against the No-License policy, and this carries their judgment against the No-License house. Part of the accommodation that by custom and habit they have been used to for years past is a supply of liquor, and their prejudices will never be met by the best comforts without liquor. Such people form the bulk of those who rail against the hotel without a bar, and every small defect in a No-License hotel will always be magnified and colored by their innate prejudice. That they will have some reason for their denunciation, or that there will be some ground for complaint,

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may be conceded; but our contention is that, taking the whole of the License and No License houses, by and large, the fact is that there is as much comfort, convenience, and cleanliness, for the same price, in the No License houses as in the Licensed houses. On either side we cannot judge the whole by a few bad examples. Not so long ago a commercial traveller of many years' experience in New South Wales informed the writer that in one Licensed hotel at which he put up, the rats or mice actually ate his boot-laces during the night. To say, or suppose, that all are like this would be foolish and absurd, and one cannot take isolated cases like this as a criterion of the whole on either side. As the question of No License gains ground and electorates are carried by the people who believe in No License hotels, there will be an ever-increasing demand for such houses on a thoroughly efficient and up-to-date scale, and all human experience points conclusively to the fact that the supply will be forthcoming. Even now, at this early stage of the fight, the question is being most earnestly considered, and in the evolution of experience it will be found that the ideas of the people are raised, and the popular mind educated on the value of No License. So will their demands change, and the supply will inevitably follow. It may be necessary for some slight legislation in order to give the right of inspection of such public places, and to conserve to the people

(Concluded on page 11.)

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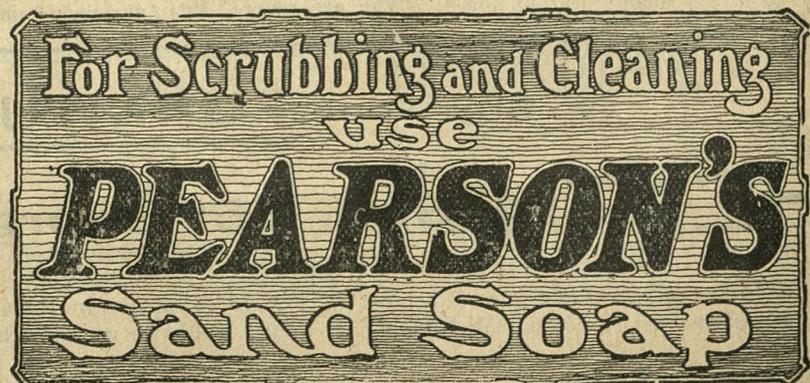
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From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(By UNCLE BARNABAS.)

THE OLD YEAR GIVES THE NEW YEAR.

A BIT OF ADVICE ABOUT THE STABLE.

Telephone—Ting-a-ling.

Central!

One-nine-one-oh!

New Year: "Hello! One-nine-one-oh!"

Old Year: "Your grandmother speaking."

N.Y.: "What, Granny! Are you up this hot day? How are your poor feet?"

O.Y.: "Still toddling, boy. But I'm going to toddle into another house day after to-morrow."

N.Y.: "What! going to the surf?"

O.Y.: "Yes, I'm going to take a cottage down by the Sea of Eternity."

N.Y.: "Good! I'm just coming up from there myself, Granny. Would you mind letting me your house for 12 months?"

O.Y.: "Let it! Why, you've got to take it off my hands! You've no choice. It belongs to the family. When can you come, sonny?"

N.Y.: "When the Post Office clock is striking 12, Friday night or Saturday morning, which ever you like to call it!"

O.Y.: "That will do. You'll just see the skirt of my dress at the back door, as you come in at the front. Don't forget the doormat!"

N.Y.: "Right, Gran. Anything else?"

O.Y.: "Rather! That's what I rang you up for."

N.Y.: "Well?"

O.Y.: "I wanted to tell you about the Stable and the Drain."

N.Y.: "The table and what else?"

O.Y.: "'Table,' to be sure! The table's all right, and there's plenty on it, too. Stable, man, and Drain! D-R-A-I-N!"

N.Y.: "Oh, that's a smelly subject. Any typhoid about?"

O.Y.: "Typhoid! no worse than typhoid. If it was only typhoid I would have had all the Lord Mayors, Aldermen, and Nuisancemen round me like bees. But it's the Drink, that's all. The Stable is the pub., and the Drain is filthy talk and horrid living, the blood of murdered wives and babes, the mess of dirty nomes, and the scum of all creation that runs down from the Stable."

N.Y.: "Phew! you do talk. Have you a stick of dynamite, or a drop of nitro-glycerine in the pantry?"

O.Y.: "Good boy! That's just it. I've been storing up a little drop of something strong in a jar. You'll find it labelled, 'Public Indignation.' I've been soaking the old stable with it, too, on the quiet, and putting a bucketful down the Drain now and then when they thought I was asleep. And now everything depends on the way you shy the X at the concern."

N.Y.: "What's the X?"

O.Y.: "The X, my boy, is a queer little thing, made of adamant, from the Everlasting Hills. It's called the Vote. It's only little, like the stone that Nebuchadnezzar dreamed about, but, my! it's got some sting-oh in it! Now, about next September you've got to empty the jar over the premises out there, do you understand?"

N.Y.: "I think I do. I feel like emptying the jar next week."

O.Y.: "Yes, well so you may! Only get another lot on the boil. And about September, as I was saying, take that Vote and shy it with all your might at the door of the pub., and you will see the biggest earthquake ever known. And when the dust clears away, you'll see the loveliest garden

ever known since Paradise. And I expect I shall hear the crash, and see the smoke, down by the Great Sea."

N.Y.: "Thank you, Granny! 'Barkis is willin.'" I wish you could stay to join in the 'Hallelujah Chorus.'"

O.Y.: "I'll join it down there. You'll hear me! Good-bye! I must get my trunk packed."

N.Y.: "Good-bye! My chariot is waiting at the gate. I'm just going for one more dip in the surf, and then—12 months in the house called 'Time.' Ting-a-ling!"

FOR SUNDAY.

SCHOOLROOM ARTICLES MENTIONED.

WHAT ARE THEY?

1. Jeremiah 36: 18. 2. Jeremiah 6: 20.
3. Isaiah 19: 7. 4. Isaiah 44: 13. 5. Isaiah 27: 9.
6. Isaiah 8: 1. 7. Jeremiah 36: 23.

FOR MONDAY.

THE LETTER GAME.

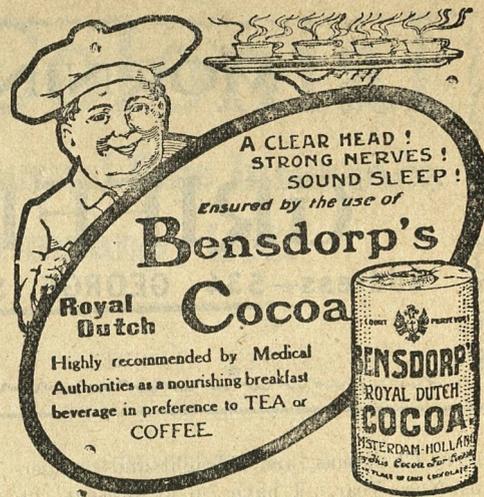
Write on little squares of card (about an inch each way) several lots of alphabets. Turn down the letters. Then the first player takes one up—suppose it is T. Then another player turns up a letter—say A. Now AT makes a word, so whoever calls out AT first takes that word. Then the next player turns up a letter—say X. Someone says that TAX is a word, so calls it out and takes it. And so the game goes on. The one wins who has most words when all the letters have been turned up. All words that are made must, of course, be left where the other players can see them.



A WALK IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

(By Vera Musgrave.)

A few minutes' walking from the main street of our city brings one to the Botanical Gardens. Here the busy city workers can escape for a while from the noise and heat of the city, and revel in the beauties of the gardens, with their spreading lawns, gorgeous flower-beds, and majestic trees, in whose cool shadow one is tempted to rest awhile. One portion of the Gardens is reserved for Australian plant life. Here may be seen many specimens of the native trees and flowers of Australia, though, of course, not flourishing as well as when in their native wilds. There are several glass-houses, in which many choice ferns and orchids may be seen. Many of the more hardy ferns and pot-plants are kept in a large bush-house. There is also a museum for those who wish to study more minutely the construction and habits of plant life.



The pond must not be forgotten, where children spend many happy hours feeding the ducks, which glide smoothly over the dark water, occasionally diving after some delicacy much to the delight of the childish onlookers. An aviary is situated on portion of the Gardens, where there are emus, pheasants, peacocks, and many other birds, while an endless twittering and chirping proceeds from the cages containing parakeets and sparrows.

A splendid view of portion of Port Jackson may be seen from the Gardens—clear blue water, blue sky, rich green foliage, and pretty sailing vessels, and ferry boats making their way to their various destinations. These Gardens are indeed a great boon to city people, and it would be hard to find a more beautiful place in which to spend a happy afternoon.

THE MAIL BAG.

A SUNBEAM MANAGER.

Esther House, Keiraville, writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—I have not yet thanked you for making me manager of S.S.S.S. Band, but I do now. As soon as I saw I was made manager, I began to work at once, and have got you a nice parcel for Christmas. The strike has prevented me doing so well as I would have done. I have eight Sunbeams, and would have had twelve, but four were very small, and forgot. My Sunbeams are too small to do much. I also have two Sunbeams who are over 17. I am sending the parcel, and a postal note for 2/6 to-day (Friday). Give my best love to all Ni's and Ne's; wishing yourself and all of them a very happy New Year,—I remain, your loving Niece."

(Dear Esther,—Thank you and your kind Sunbeams for all your kindness. I am sure you will be happy, for you have made others happy. It is quite a long time since you wrote. I want to hear often from you in 1910. What a sad time you must have had at Keiraville during the strike!—Uncle B.)

ONE WHO GIVES "GRIT" A PUSH.

Lucy M. Miles, Lithgow, writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—I do like that hymn to the tune of 'He will hold me fast,' written by the Rev. H. Wheen. Wouldn't it be splendid if everyone voted for No-License? I had a letter from one of my cousins in New Zealand, to whom I sent some copies of 'Grit,' and she has sent me 1/- in New Zealand stamps for a subscription, so I am enclosing them. My cousin's address is: Miss A. M. Spurdle, Taranaki, Inglewood, N.Z. If I do not write again before Christmas, I wish now yourself, all Aunts, and 'Cousins,' a very

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MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT
— DRINK —
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IT REFRESHES and REVIVES

MENTION "GRIT" WHEN ORDERING.

merry Christmas, and a bright and prosperous New Year. I have 7/6 at present collected for the special issue of 'Grit,' but I hope to get a few more 7/6's yet. Well, dear Uncle Barnabas, it is half-past nine, so I will close, wishing you every prosperity with our special issue,—I remain, your affectionate Niece."

"P.S.—My N.Z. cousin said the following in her letter:—"We had the Salvation Army officer here staying from Wellington, and I showed him "Grit." He had not seen it before; he thought it was a very nice little paper, and he liked it very much." Now, don't you think that was nice? I do. I send my 'Grit' to my father in Cobara, and I asked him to show it to his friends, and get me some subscribers, but I have not any as yet."

(Dear Lucy,—For all your kind wishes and valued help let me thank you again. The paper has been sent to your cousin. I should like to hear you sing the No-License Song. I wonder if your father managed to get home for Christmas? A very nappy New Year to you. Your pretty post-card received.—Uncle B.)

CHERRY-PICKING.

Heather Loveday, Church-street, Glen Innes, writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—It is a long time since I wrote to you. I have been very busy lately. I go to cooking at the Technical College every Monday. I like cooking very much. We have been having examination at the district school, and have been practising for our anniversary services; so you see there has not been much time for reading and writing. I am going to a garden to pick cherries to-day. We had a 'Fruit Evening' at the Alliance meeting last Monday night; the White Heart cherries we had there were such large ones, and tasted lovely. My sister Avice and I both passed the Sunday school exam. We are to get prizes for that next Monday night. We have some lovely cornflowers in our garden; everywhere in Glen Innes looks green and beautiful now; we have had some splendid rain here. I must close now, with loving Christmas wishes to you all, from your loving Niece."

(Dear Heather,—Tell your sister and brother to look out for their letters next week. Delighted to hear of your success at the S.S. exam. I like our Seven to Seventeeners to come up to the top. A "Cherry Evening!" Better than a sherry evening, isn't it. Wish I could have been with you!—Uncle B.)

COLLECTING CARDS FOR CHILDREN'S SPECIAL ISSUE.

Prizes for all who collect 20/- or 10/-. Write for a card at once!

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

NEW ZEALAND SUNBEAMS.

Our dear New Zealand Santa Claus, who has suggested so many ways of making use-
less things useful, and who has helped to make Sunbeams of so many "Seven to Seventeeners," says:—

"Now Dears,—What have your little New Zealand 'cousins' done? Well, by this mail I am forwarding on order for £5, which has been collected by the New Zealand Sunbeams, obtained by bazaars in three different towns, viz., Waipukaru, £3/8/6; Waipawa, £7/6; Onga Onga, £2/4/6; total, £9/0/6. Besides this contributions have been forwarded by Sunbeams for the Old People's Refuge, consisting of jams, sauces, pickles, cakes, eggs, potted meats, cheese, etc., and papers and magazines. After deducting the £5 for the Sydney slums, we had money left to buy gifts for the Orphan's Home, Napier, and also send a parcel to the Waipukaru Hospital. Our expenses are very small, so it is nearly all profit.

"The little bazaars were very pretty, being held on various lawns, and the children's stalls were very prettily decorated with flowers, and they themselves wearing wreaths of flowers on their heads. After each bazaar the unsold goods were forwarded towards the next bazaars, which were held on successive Saturdays.

"I am sure that you will join us in deep sympathy with one little girl, Maggie Fox, who has worked for months past. She was the Waipukaru Manager, and toiled untiringly. Her mother was invalided, and there was much sickness in her home, when suddenly her father's health failed, and he was called 'home' last Wednesday. All through her mother's illness, and the many duties involved by a large family of 12, not including two adopted orphans, this kind lady has urged her little girl to do all she could towards the happiness of the little slum babies. She has thought so much for the happiness of others, and I feel so grieved to think this Christmas has such sorrow for her, don't you, dears?"

"I wish you could see the kind little faces, and how all the little Sunbeams were so glad and happy to help you in your big sorrowful city. May their effort bless every one who handles it. May you all be blessed, too, dear little slum bairnies; and last, but not leastly, our dear Uncle B. Love to you all, and a thrice happy Christmas and joyous New Year.

"SANTA CLAUS."

Hurrah, for the New Zealand Sunbeams, and Santa Claus! A thousand thanks go echoing back from many poor homes made the brighter by this magnificent gift.

Bishop Barlow's experience of gambling in Australia left on his mind the sad impression that it was worse than one might expect from the lowest haunts in Italy.

THE COURAGE OF A COWARD.

(Continued from Page 3.)

leave them, anxious as he was to see how the girls fared. A little crowd from the fields near had gathered about the carriage, offering congratulations and help.

They made a stretcher with a gate and the carriage cushions, and on this they carried Adeline to a farmhouse near by. She was too much shaken and exhausted to bear the fatigue of finishing the journey.

Sister Edith and Emma followed hand in hand, drawn closer by their common danger.

A few days later a white-haired old lady arrived at the farm and asked to see Miss Marsden.

"I am her mother," she said.

"How proud you must be of your daughter," said Emma, the maid. "She was simply wonderful, so calm and quiet. She was too brave to jump out, and I was too cowardly. Once she smiled into my face and put her lips to my ear—we were kneeling on the carriage floor—and she called out to me, above that awful noise, "Nothing can separate us from the love of God, neither life nor death." Oh, Mrs. Marsden, it was worth while to go through that terrible time, to have sight of such faith. I will go and tell her you are here," said the girl, weeping as she left the room.

The door opened quietly again, and Sister Edith found herself in her mother's arms.

"Dearest can you forgive your short-sighted mother—blind, I should say?"

But Edith only clung the closer, and put a gentle hand on her mother's lips.—Margaret Holden, in the "Christian World" (London).

MEATY AND MEDICATED WINES.

The following letter has appeared from Dr. Boothroyd, Brockley, London, S.E., in the "British Medical Journal":—"In your article on 'Meaty Wines' you draw attention to what in my judgment is becoming a grave social danger. The specious and ingenious advertisement of alcoholics under the guise of harmless medicaments is introducing drinking habits into numberless households. Hardly a day passes in which I am not asked my opinion of some drugged or otherwise sophisticated wine; and this occurs to an alarming extent in families hitherto practising total abstinence. The utter absurdity of the claims made on behalf of those nostrums is, of course, known to every medical man; but to the public at large the 'damnable iteration' of their therapeutic merits in every newspaper and on every hoarding is dangerously seductive, and calls for authoritative condemnation on the part of the medical profession."

ACCOMMODATION UNDER NO-LICENSE.

(Continued from page 8.)

the right of demanding food and shelter for both man and beast; but experience alone could justify such action, as in no country where experiments in No License have been made is it shown to be necessary. The public demand for good accommodation has been supplied and satisfactorily supplied, and so it will be in New South Wales. Beside, as experience has shown that No License brings about a better distribution of money, it is evident that more people will have the money to travel. More will be spent in this way, which will make greater the demand for the best accommodation, and will quicken and improve the supply.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

A man was busy digging in his garden, and found a shilling; he dug deeper and found a two-shilling piece; deeper still, and found sixpence; then some coppers and half-a-crown.

Thinking he had found some buried treasure he began to dig faster, expecting to find some sovereigns. Straightening his back, he felt something cold sliding down his leg. In an instant he guessed the truth—there was a hole in his pocket.

HE DIDN'T OBJECT.

A hawker of clothes-props was toiling along, when a policeman accosted him.

"Here, my man, you come with me; you are hawking without a license!"

The man appeared confused, and said:

"If Aw do, tha'll have to carry the props."

The policeman shouldered the props and matched on to the station, where he stated the case before his chief, who, turning to the hawker, said:

"Have you a license?"

"Yes, sir; it's here."

"Then why did you not show it before?"

"Why? He never ax't me, an' Aw thout he wanted a job. And as Aw wanted to come this way, Aw gave him one."

DID SHE MEAN IT?

It was indeed a beautiful night. The gentle zephyrs played musically amid the delicate fronds of the turnip-tops, and wafted from far-distant fields the subtle perfume of the luscious onion and the fragrance of the decaying cabbages.

"Betsy," he whispered, as they sat together on the fence surrounding Mrs. Filigan's pig-stye, "ow beautiful you be! Jes' think of it, Betsy! When us be married, us will have a pig of our own. Think of that, Betsy!"

"Jan," she whispered, a note of resentment in her voice, "what do I care for pigs? I sha'n't want a pig when I've got you!"

Then all was silent once more, save for the musical frolics of the zephyrs.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

The old-age pension officer was questioning the old woman with a zeal worthy of a nobler salary.

"And now" he said, "we come to the important questions. Have you ever been in receipt of parish relief?"

"Never!" answered the old woman.

Foiled again, the officer turned to the last question on the list.

"Tell me," he said, "have you ever been in the hands of the police?"

She hung her head.

"Come on; come on!" he urged. "Tell me the truth!"

"Well," she said, "I don't see as it's any business of the Guv'ment's, but I don't deny it. Girls will be girls, you know, and in my young days I was a cook; but still"—proudly—"he was a sergeant!"

THE YAWNING ABYSS.

The vicar of a certain church was solemnly and impressively exhorting his congregation to self-examination, abstinence, and repentance. The headle, who is accustomed to sit immediately below the pulpit, is locally renowned as the owner of the biggest mouth in the district. Unfortunately, he felt sleepy, and yawned at a very critical moment of the minister's sermon.

"Pause, my brethren, before it is too late," exclaimed the preacher, "or you may be dragged into the abyss which is now yawning before you."

And he wondered why the congregation smiled.

STONEWALL'S BRIDGE-BUILDER.

"Stonewall Jackson," said an old Army veteran, "used to tell a story about a bridge builder.

"This bridge-builder was called old Miles. He was very necessary to Jackson, because the flimsy bridges on the line of march were continually being swept away by the floods or destroyed by the enemy; and in these contingencies Miles was a regular jewel. He could run you up a bridge in the time it would take another man to make the measurements.

"One day the Union troops burned a bridge across the Shenandoah. Stonewall Jackson called old Miles to him and said:

"You must put all your men to work, Miles, and you must keep them at it all night, for I've got to have a bridge across this stream by morning. My engineer will draw up the plans for you."

"Well, early the next morning Jackson, very much worried, met old Miles.

"See, here," he said, dubiously; "how about that bridge? Did the engineer give you the plan?"

"Old Miles took the cigar from his mouth and flicked the ash off with a sneer.

"General," he said, "the bridge is done. I dunno whether the picter is or not."

Little Mary, three years old, brought her mother to her nursery with heartrending wails. "What is the matter, dearie? Why are you screaming?" "Mamma, am I all here?" "Certainly you are all here—right there in your bed!" "But, mamma, feel me and see if I'm all here. Are both my feet here and the top of my head?" "Certainly, Mary! Every bit of you is here, tucked up among the sheets. Why do you think you are not?" "Why, because mamma"—this with another sob—"I dreamed—I dreamed I was a big packet of chocolate, and that I had eaten myself!"

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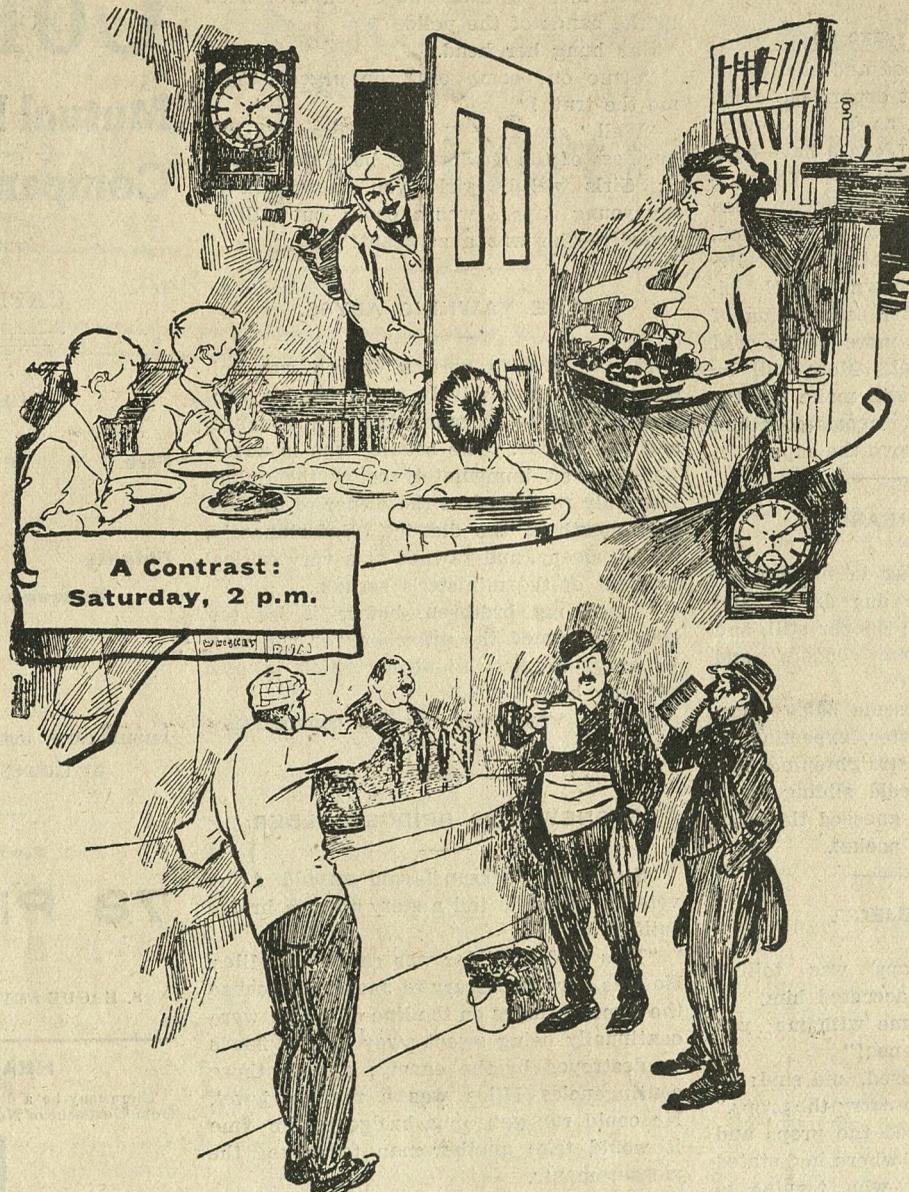
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