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A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

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A QUESTION OF WAGES.

The all absorbing topic of the day is a fair wage, and men are rightly restive under anything that lessens their wage or absorbs it after it has been earned. The man who steps into a well lighted bar on pay day is apt to step into a badly lighted home on other days; for it is not the drop in a man's wages that affects the home so much as the little drop after he gets his wages.

When the publican gets his hands on the pay envelope the wife is left, not merely to play second fiddle, but to do so on a damaged instrument. The man who starts out in drink will begin by leaving the comforts of his home in the bar, and too often ends by leaving his home also. We spend over five million pounds a year in liquor. This is a reduction in wages that should stir men to strike against this alluring liquor that in the guise of a friend treats them worse than any "fat man" ever did.

The Substitute for Wages.

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



Recent Pronouncements on Alcohol.

The chain of Liggett Drug Stores in 22 cities of the United States and Canada has announced that henceforth no intoxicating liquors of any kind will be sold by them. The announcement says:—

"We shall refuse to sell liquors, just as we long ago refused to sell habit-forming drugs or anything to be used for questionable purposes, not waiting for such things to be forbidden by law."

The well-known firm of Sears, Roebuck and Co., of Chicago, the largest mail-order house in the world, informs its patrons through its latest catalogue that no more patent medicines will be carried in stock, because they believe such merchandise to be either harmful or valueless. They say: "The patent medicine business is a public evil."

ALCOHOL AND CANCER.

Sir Alfred Pearce Gould, recognised all over the world as an authority on cancer, in a recent medical lecture, stated that the experience of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution (insurance company) was that death from cancer was more than twice as frequent among the non-abstaining section of their policy holders as it was among the abstaining section. His experience of this disease led him to say that it was more rapid and more distressing among those who took alcohol.

The insane man, Schrank, who tried to assassinate Theodore Roosevelt, was found to be a bar-tender and saloon-keeper by occupation.

Dr. Casey A. Wood, in a contribution to a medical journal, states that wood alcohol is used in some quack medicines, hair tonics, cheap whiskey and essences, and sometimes is used for "rubs" after baths. He says that serious damage to the digestion, sight and nervous system may result. He quotes Dr. Lewis as saying that so small a quantity as one teaspoonful of wood alcohol may cause blindness.

The Equitable Life Assurance Company, in its paper for policy holders, "The Human Factor," says:—"The alcohol and drug habits are constantly adding to the degenerate list and death-roll."

The Peruna Company a short time ago advertised that doctors were offering to give them testimonials for Peruna, and they expressed willingness to give the name and address of one such doctor who they said was a railway surgeon, president of the county

medical board, member of State medical society, etc. Investigation showed that the doctor was a self-admitted addict to the morphine habit and was not of the standing claimed in the advertisement. Probably he was willing to sell a testimonial for Peruna or anything else, as a morphine addict could hardly have a good practice.

Rev. Dr. Charles Parkhurst, of New York City, conducts a column in the "New York Journal," and a few days ago he utilised his column to praise wine as a substitute for whiskey, quoting an agent of the Wine-growers' Association of California as authority for the statement that drunkenness is unknown in wine-growing countries. Dr. Parkhurst should inform himself before he conforms to the demand that seems to be made of all writers for Hearst publications, the demand to speak well of wine and beer, no matter how ill whiskey may be dealt with. He should know that European countries are now fighting alcohol in all its forms in a vigorous way, and that leading physicians of Germany, France, and Italy declare that the use of lighter drinks does not lessen the demand for whiskey and brandy. The latest Government report giving health statistics in France emphasises the fact that the highest death-rate from tuberculosis occurs in those sections where the greatest amount of alcohol is consumed. The latest vital statistics of Italy draw attention to the fact that more persons connected with the sale of alcohol than any other class commit suicide. These wine-drinking countries use quantities of brandy and the insanity-producing drink, absinthe. If drunkenness is absent from the streets, it is due to thorough policing. In the last Government statistics of insanity in France of the alcoholic insane, 53.20 per cent. is given as due to brandy and 22.57 per cent. to wine.

Last year Bavaria reported the result of an official investigation of the effect of the use of alcohol on the frequency and the character of crime, showing 8674 convictions for crimes committed in a state of drunkenness. Evidently European countries are far from being so free from drunkenness as Dr. Parkhurst and the Hearst newspapers would have people believe.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE FOR SOLDIERS.

An interesting item comes from Austria. In the province of Tyrol there are numerous military stations high in the mountains. It has been found that when hard physical or

mental work is to be done by officers or men, absolute abstinence from alcohol is requisite for success. Consequently the soldiers are forbidden to use alcohol and the officers are taught to abstain. It is said that these experiences may lead soon to an order prohibiting the use of alcohol altogether in the Austrian army.

The well-known anti-alcohol leader in Austria, Dr. Max Kassowitz, was recently, on his 70th birthday, the recipient of high honors from the Medical Society of Vienna and the medical faculty of the University.

Dr. Sims Woodhead, professor of pathology at Cambridge University, England, said a short time ago, in speaking of alcohol as a medicine: "In 90 per cent. of cases, when alcohol was given, it was found that instead of getting a better condition, the heart and blood vessels attained a condition more dangerous to the patient." Dr. Woodhead was asked for a substitute for brandy in cases of collapse; he recommended hot water and hot milk. These could be carried in a thermos bottle as easily as brandy is carried in a flask. He was also asked if port wine is blood-making and he replied it is no good whatever in that respect.

"The New York Times," in its Sunday editions last year, had several strong articles against alcohol, one of which, by Dr. Beveridge, has been published in leaflet form by the Medical Temperance Department.

A Massachusetts family had a family horse of which they were very fond. When it got too old for service they sent it to spend its declining years in the pastures of a farmer friend. Inasmuch as the distance would be too much for old Frank he was shipped by rail to his new home. Among those who watched his departure with regret was the owner's eight-year-old daughter. For a long time she sat gloomily looking out of a window. At last, after a deep sigh, she turned with a cheerful expression to her father and said:

"I was just thinking how funny old Frank must look sitting on the plush cushions."

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Watchmakers,
Jewellers,
and
Opticians,

LISMORE.

Three points in our jewellery are value, beauty, and quality. You can get our Catalogue — it is free for the asking — and see for yourself that it will be to your advantage to buy from us. We guarantee satisfaction or your money back.

Yes! We Make Good Bread!

If you would like to try the Bread, ring up No. 192 Redfern, or 367 Newtown,
and ask us to send a Cart. YOU WILL CERTAINLY LIKE IT.

WILLIAM WHITE, Redfern and Newtown.

FATHER.

"Ain't you ever goin' to sleep, mother?" The woman shook her head wearily. "Don't seem able to," she sighed.

The child glanced at the clock. "Won't be 'ere for another hour for sure; better try and get a nap afore 'e comes," she urged. "Won't get one when 'e does come."

The woman turned her head slowly, and an expression of pain gathered in the faded eyes. "'E was a rare fine chap once," she sighed. "When you was young, mother?" The woman nodded. "Was 'e good to yer them days; did 'e bring 'ome some money sometimes?"

"A tidy bit," replied the woman. "An' I ain't so old, Bettie, only 29. I reckon some folks 'ud think it young to be lyin' down ter die."

The child's pinched face whitened. "Yer ain't dyin', mother; yer ain't goin' ter die? What'll I do?"

"Do, Bettie?" she stretched out a feeble hand. "There's yer father."

"Father! I 'ate 'im! What's 'e ever done for me 'cept knock me abaht? An' if 'yer die, mother, it's 'im wot's done it."

The woman protested feebly. "I've bin thinkin' as we may 'ave bin a bit 'ard on 'im—you an' me, Bet.; anyways, I feel I shan't set eyes on 'im agine."

"Ain't much to look at, anyway," muttered the child. She left her chair, and, seating herself on the edge of the bed, pressed her little face against the woman's thin cheek. "Yon don't feel no worse, mother?" she queried anxiously.

"Pretty bad," was the reply.

"Try an' git a nap afore father comes."

"I'll sleep soon enough, but I'll never see my man agine; I'll sleep that sound 'e won't wake me wi' 'is bullyin' an' shoutin'," murmured the woman; and an eager light of keenest anticipation lit up the sombre eyes, like a bright sunbeam across a winter sky. "Rest," she murmured. "A quiet plice ter lie down in: it's bin a weary, bitter time; but it's a'most ended now, and I'll be mighty glad of a rest—I've earned it, I've earned it." Then turning her head, she remembered the child she was leaving, and a sigh escaped her. "My poor Bettie, my lonely little 'un."

The child blinked back the tears, and her thin arms suddenly wrapped themselves about the frail form. "Lean agen me, mother, an' don't yer fret; I'll jest 'ave ter stick it," she added bravely; and the mother's head lay pillowed against the little shoulder. So still she lay that Bettie thought her sleeping, and sat in her cramped position scarcely daring to breathe.

But the woman was not asleep—her large

blue eyes wandered aimlessly around the comfortless room; but she saw nothing of its desolate ugliness, and a proud smile parted her dry lips. "'E was a good-lookin' chap them dyes—tall an' strite 'e was!" The child sighed wearily; she knew the mother had forgotten her, was thinking with pride and love of the man she had married. "'E didn't always treat me bad. 'E was mighty fond of me once 'e was, before 'e took to the drink an' began knockin' me abaht." Mechanically the child's eyes wandered to the jagged scar on the woman's white forehead as the quiet voice rambled on. "No, 'e didn't always treat me bad." With a sudden effort she raised herself and pointed to the big chest in a corner of the bare room. "Get me the box—in the corner—left 'and side."

The child opened the trunk, and, taking out a little square box, carried it over to the bed.

With unsteady fingers the woman opened it, and, fumbling, brought out a photograph. "That's me, an' that's my man," she announced almost defiantly, placing it in the child's hands, while her eyes watched the young face curiously.

Her child eyed it incredulously, then without a word passed it back. The feeble hands snatched at it almost roughly and the woman gazed hungrily at the faded picture. It fell at length from the thin fingers, and the child picked it up. For a while she silently studied it, and the eyes of the girl and boy lovers bubbling over with love, and youth, and hope, met the eyes of their child—forn and sombre.

"This father?" she faltered at length; "'e's smilin'—never seen 'im look like that—ain't 'e 'andsome?" A warm flush crept over the pallid face of the woman, and she smiled faintly. "And you, mother it don't look zackly like yer somehow; you look so 'appy, an' ain't yer got a pretty frock on!"

Again the woman smiled. "Pale lavender it was," she murmured; "an' used to suit me fine, Ben said. Dear lad wouldn't 'urt a fly 'e wouldn't—that gentle and lovin' 'e was."

"You never showed me this afore, mother."

"We ain't much like that now," replied the woman; and a tear rolled down the thin face. "I ain't looked at it myself for years—couldn't, 'adn't the 'eart. It sort of makes the rags an' all the rest of it worse when I look at that there lavender frock, an' 'im in 'is best—so affectionate and lovin', so proud of me 'e was!"

The child held out her hand. "Give it me, mother; it's only a-worryin' yer."

But the dying woman fondly clasped the faded picture in her thin worn hands. "I'll never see 'im agine," she said. "'An' my man afore 'e got the drink was a fine chap—a real fine chap. Nine years of it I've 'ad, nine terrible bitter years; but t'ain't the man, as I married, it's the drink."

The child moved impatiently, and, bending, kissed the thin face. "Don't bother 'bout 'im, 'e ain't worth it; lie quiet, mother, 'n rest yerself."

The woman's eyelids dropped wearily, and she fell into a restless slumber. She tossed and turned while the weak voice rose in accents of querulous protest. "Wouldn't give 'im up for nobody—s'pose 'e does, no 'arm in a glass o' beer now 'n then—don't like 'im the less for that, not me, an' I won't give 'im up for nobody." A long pause, and then the dying voice once more broke the silence of the night—a strangely piteous voice. "What've I done, Ben, that you should treat me bad; ain't I allus bin a good wife? Ain't I allus loved yer, Ben? There's the kid, Ben; think of the little 'un." Her voice rose to a frightened scream, and her hand flew to the jagged scar. "Oh, be careful, Ben, be careful; don't! oh, don't! no you wouldn't, you couldn't do it! oh! oh!" Cowering and shrinking down into the bed, she moaned softly and ther lay still.

The youthful watcher felt a sharp pain at her childish heart, the small fists clenched and unclenched themselves in a frenzy of rage as she pictured the brutal attack and thought of the man whose hand had dealt the savage blow—the man whose picture the dying woman hugged to her fluttering breast.

She was quieter now, an' the child laid a trembling hand on the faded gold of her hair. "I've had a rare bad dream, Bettie," she sighed; "but it's over now, an' I feel beautiful and easylike. I'm goin' ter 'ave a good long sleep."

The child heaved a great sigh of relief. "We'll git a nap together," she yawned. "I'm tired, too; awful tired."

Tenderly she kissed the wan face, and raising the head, pillowed it gently on her childish shoulder. "Good night, little 'un; good night an' good-bye. God bless yer, Bettie; God tike care of my little 'un."

"Good night, mother," whispered a sleepy voice; and the eyes of the two weary sufferers closed and they slept. They slept, but the child alone would wake to weariness and woe.

With the first streak of dawn the man roused himself, and, blinking stupidly, sat up. He had staggered home the night before, and, too drunk for further effort, had slipped to the floor, where he had slept all night. Scrambling stiffly to his feet, he

(Continued on Page 10.)

EDWIN LANE,

**WATERLOO CHAMBERS,
460 George Street, Sydney.**

The Reliable Tailor, Draper and Bootman.

LADIES' COSTUMES A SPECIALITY.

New South Wales Alliance.

The New South Wales Alliance.

NOTES AND COMMENTS BY THE GENERAL SECRETARY.

We desire to direct attention to the advertisement on this page in connection with the Annual Convention. We sincerely trust that every reader of "Grit" will be present at the Convention on Monday night next, and that there will not be a vacant seat in the Protestant Hall for the public demonstration on Tuesday night. The addresses will be crisp, clear, and direct on the great problem of Liquor Reform.

* * *

MR. BRUNTNELL ON THE WARPAT.

Mr. Albert Bruntnell, M.L.A., is devoting some spare time to campaign work. Recently he spent a profitable evening with the Speakers' Team, and gave them some excellent advice. On May 3 and 4, he visits Kiama and Gerringong. He will lead a concert party at Gerringong on Saturday night, 3rd. Mr. Leslie Piper, Miss Lucy Bruntnell, Miss Helen Ray, Miss Edna Somerville, and one or two others will give a programme. On Sunday morning, May 5th, a united service will be held at Gerringong. Mr. Bruntnell will be the preacher. The afternoon fixture will be a P.S.A. at Kiama, when the party will give a sacred programme. A special temperance service will be held in the Methodist Church at night.

* * *

THE PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The Temperance Committee of the Presbyterian Church of New South Wales has arranged for a public demonstration to be held in connection with the General Assembly of that church in St. Stephen's Church on May 7th at 8 p.m. Representative speakers have been selected, and in view of the fact that this is poll year the convenor, Rev. J. Steele, is most anxious that a large audience shall attend. The General Secretary has been invited to speak on behalf of the Alliance.

* * *

THE RIGHT RING.

A country clergyman writes to say: "At all events you may be sure I don't intend to let the Liquor Power win in my circuit without a struggle. As a Christian minister I regard this campaign as the most important public duty for the kingdom of God that falls to my lot this year." With the practical display of this spirit something is surely going to happen. Might we again urge that where local clergyman and others have not yet any local organization that a forward movement be expeditiously entered upon.

THE GENERAL SECRETARY AT GOULBURN.

The policy of abandoning public halls and holding meetings in the open-air was successfully carried out at Goulburn by Mr. Marion last week end. On Saturday night and on Sunday night, after church, audiences reaching well up to 500 listened to a fusillade of facts, figures, and arguments. There was a good deal of heckling, especially on Saturday night, but it only helped the speaker to more effectively drive home strong economic arguments with telling effect.

On Saturday night the talk on Drink and Efficiency, which was an appeal for individual abstinence, was carefully followed for nearly an hour by the audience. There being no liquor bars open on Sunday makes all the difference in the nature of the questions, and the condition of the questioners between Saturday and Sunday nights. The presence of a large gang of navvies in the vicinity of Goulburn has not improved the sobriety of the town, and the local police court has been furnishing some excellent reasons why the liquor trade should be put out of business. In visiting the court, Mr. Marion found that the time of the Bench was taken up in dealing with "stray men" as drunks and stray cattle. It appears that the local ranger gets 1/- per head for every stray cow arrested. If the police got the same bonus for every drunk they could arrest the agitation for the "extra bob a day" would quickly cease, unless the policemen lived in a no-pub. area. The kindness of the police in giving advice to the overloaded alcoholics instead of putting them in the lock-up has a great effect in keeping down the conviction list to where it is now.

A temperance worker had occasion recently to stay at a country boarding house at which a number of rather gay young fellows resided. On Saturday night they were to have all the "liberty" necessary, and arrived back at their quarters with the S.O.S. signals up. One unfortunate "liberty lover" said that he wouldn't go up stairs and sleep in the same house as a "wowser." However, he did not stand by his principles, and eventually got to bed. Such young men are reminded that those who indulge too freely often have the privilege of sleeping where there are no "wowsers"—the local lock-up—and generally wish on facing the magistrate next morning that they were "wowsers," if only temporary members of the much dispised fraternity.

THIRTIETH ANNUAL CONVENTION

**Sunday, April 27
TO
Tues., April 29, 1913**

PROGRAMME.

SUNDAY, APRIL 27th.—Alliance Sunday.

MONDAY, APRIL 28th.—In Baptist Church, Bathurst Street.

3.30.—Annual Meeting of Members; Chairman, the Ven. Archdeacon F. B. Boyce (President).
Annual Report and Balance Sheet.
Election of Officers and State Council.
General Business.

7.30.—Conference.
Paper: "Organization for the Coming Campaign," Mr. John Complin.
Discussion.

TUESDAY, APRIL 29th.—In Protestant Hall, 240 Castlereagh Street

7.30.—Annual Public Meeting.
Chairman, the Ven. Arch. Boyce.
Speakers: Mrs. Harrison Lee-Cowie, Mr. James Marion, Rev. James Wilson.
Collection for Campaign Funds.

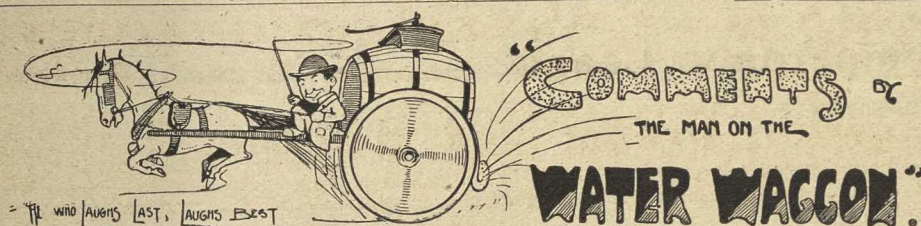
Mr. LESLIE PIPER will sing.

MRS. LEE-COWIE'S ARRIVAL.

On Tuesday last, Mrs. Lee-Cowie arrived in Sydney, and is in excellent health and spirits, ready to meet the great demands of a great campaign. Before leaving Invercargill she arranged a sale of work at her own home, and also disposed of many cherished curios that she had gathered from various parts of the world. The proceeds, £35 clear, have been brought over by Mrs. Lee-Cowie to assist us in the coming struggle in this State.

WHAT INDIANA'S RECORDS SHOW.

According to the official records of Indiana for 1910, there were 7607 commitments for intoxication from the 22 wet counties of the State, and only 5354 from the 70 dry counties. The dry counties contained 1,578,000 population, while the wet counties had a population of only 1,122,870. Had the dry counties committed as large a proportion of their people for drunkenness in that year as did the wet counties, they would have committed 10,683, instead of 5354. This is conclusive evidence that the closing of saloons reduced intoxication.—"American Issue."



GOOD NEWS.

The American temperance organizations and churches everywhere combined on its behalf, and this great reform, known by the cumbrous title of the Kenyon-Shepherd-Webb-McCumber Bill, has now passed both Houses of the United States Congress, by a vote of 240 to 65, and only awaits the President's signature. The discussion of the bill in the Senate showed how general was the demand for the measure. It was demonstrated that every State had more or less territory where the sale of intoxicating liquors was forbidden, that eight States had State-wide Prohibition, and that only six States had more "wet" than "dry" territory. It was made manifest that 71 per cent. of the area of the United States was under local prohibition laws, and that a majority of all the people of the United States were in "dry" territory.

This is not very cheerful news for "Fairplay." In fact, the newspapers provide no cheery news, except what the liquor people insert themselves, and that can't give them much satisfaction since they know it influences few people every day.

SOME GEMS FROM "FAIRPLAY."

In a leading article the official organ of Liquor says:—

"Let us just rehearse again the position of affairs. Here is a legitimate trade, an avenue for the investment of capital, and for the employment of labor. It is an avocation which has been held in respect throughout the ages; its operations have been sanctioned by law in every civilised country."

It is certainly a lawful trade in some conservative parts of the world, but in all progressive places it must be remembered that it is outlawed, so please "Fairplay" note it is a legitimate trade only in a slowly but surely narrowing area. It is an investment of capital, and here again, thoughtful people recognise that it is a poor investment that costs human life and happiness. It does employ some labor, but in proportion to the capital invested and the output it gives less employment than any other trade, so much less as to make it look ridiculous in comparison. It is not even held in respect by its customers, and no denunciations of the trade are so strong as those uttered by men who have been in it. It is so little respected that quite a number of publicans insist on their family living elsewhere. Its operations

have never been sanctioned by law so much as limited by law. There are more laws to limit the liquor trade than any other trade. Say, "Fairplay," where did you pick up your education on this question?

A HUGE JOKE.

We thank "Fairplay" for the following plum:—

"The man in the street would naturally think that the discovery of the falsehood of the stories would bring apologies from those who gave them circulation, and that if injury to anyone had been done, reparation would be made with all possible speed. Unfortunately there is a class of individual who will use a story which he knows to have been refuted if thereby he can make party capital out of it."

This is too perfectly lovely from the Liquor folk, who printed and reprinted the Master-ton faked advertisement, and a hundred other yarns of the same character. However, if anything so slimy as the liquor business can be held up to its own words, we promise to remember this dictum from "Fairplay" and apply it in due season.

ENGLISH EXPERIENCE.

"Fairplay" provided us with the most astonishing and scathing denunciation of the people who are "held in respect," by charging them with dishonesty of the grossest kind in manipulating the brands and the contents of the bottles. The same paper now reprints from the London "Standard" an article on "Whisky Risks," from which we reprint extracts which hardly bear out the claims of a "respectable business":—

"Scottish whisky distillers are engaged at the moment in making a strenuous fight against the practice, all too common among retailers, of refilling empty bottles which bear the names of well-known brands with whisky of inferior quality. When the confiding consumer calls for his favorite whisky he may, at least once in every four times, be supplied with something totally different, or, at any rate, something which is not what he demanded, pure and undefiled. Now the cautious consumer will probably endeavor to safeguard himself by carefully observing if the whisky is supplied out of a bottle bearing the label of the whisky demanded. In all but the most flagrant cases he will find the retailer most punctilious in this respect. But it may not have occurred to him that it is a simple matter to refill those proprietary bottles with other spirit after they have been emptied of their original contents. Yet this is just what is done in cases estimated by reliable trade authorities at as high a proportion as 25 per cent. of the whole, both at home and abroad.

VERY BEST FUEL AT LOWEST RATES.
"Grit" Readers, Order From
WARBURTON AND SON.

Telephone: 215 Central, or 106 North Sydney
Head Office: Warburton's Wharf, Bathurst-street, and Branches, North Sydney and Neutral Bay.

"Curiously enough, the numerous trade defence associations, which are supposed to stand for the purity and honesty of the traders they represent, do not seem to regard this substitution of inferior whisky as a fraud at all. Indeed, in some instances at least, they would almost seem to look upon the extra profit obtained as an everyday perquisite of their calling. Cases have been known where prominent members of such associations have intimated to the movers in a proposed prosecution against one of their members for flagrant substitution that a certain result of legal proceedings would be a boycott. And the ludicrous thing is that the very funds which are used to defend the erring brother may have been supplied in whole or in part by the blenders who are being defrauded. In pursuing tactics such as these the leaders of the retail licensed victualling trade are supporting a policy which must inevitably react upon themselves, for it is depriving the trade of that claim to fair play which is the inalienable right of every Briton, and of which in other respects it stands not a little in need. It lies with the Trade Defence Associations to take the first step by purifying their ranks."

A most respected trade, high toned, high class, but evidently unfortunate in its friends that can say and print such evil things of it.

In connection with the unsuccessful application for an "off" license to sell medicated wines, at Oldham Sessions, in February last, Dr. Yates remarked that they were, in his opinion, a curse to the country. Some of them were almost poisonous. They were heavily fortified with alcohol, and the general opinion of the medical profession was dead against facilities being given for the sale of medicated wines. Young people were gradually seduced into an appetite for intoxicating drinks through them. He, personally, was quite against granting any more facilities for the sale of such intoxicating liquor.

The Case for No-License

IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

By ARCHDEACON F. B. BOYCE.

Just published by the N.S.W. Alliance, 33 Park Street, Sydney. PRICE, SIXPENCE. Postage, One Penny. A large reduction for quantities.

Twenty pages of the 76 are given to interesting illustrations of the success of No-License in Canada, the United States, and New Zealand. The exaggerations and boogies put forth by License advocates in the last campaign here are exposed.

It is as a handbook to the No-License controversy in this State, and is right up-to-date. Speakers, writers, and other workers in the great cause will find it invaluable.

EYE STRAIN

So long endured,
So quickly cured
by consulting

Mr. A. M. MERRINGTON, G.S.O.I

QUALIFIED OPTICIAN,
20 BROADWAY (near Grace Bros.),
GLEBE, SYDNEY.

National Commercial Temperance League.

THE PROGRESS OF ABSTINENCE.

The coming-of-age conference of the National Commercial Temperance League of England was held in February last, and among the important speeches we reprint from the "Alliance News" one by Mr. Walter Runciman, M.P., President of the Board of Agriculture.

THE RT. HON. W. RUNCIMAN, M.P.,

who was received with enthusiastic cheering, at the outset of his address, emphasised the fact that the secret of temperance or intemperance was habit of life. If a man was not of temperate habits, he proceeded to say, he was nowadays placed at a great commercial disadvantage. He looked at this matter from the business point of view. It was true he was now a Minister of the Crown, but not long ago he earned quite a respectable livelihood as a business man. (Laughter.) And in the business in which he was engaged, namely, that of shipping, they all realised, teetotallers or not, that a sober crew and a sober staff of officers and engineers were not only of moral value, but of commercial value. He did not know whether anyone had been able to make an exact measurement of damage done to property by strong drink—he did not mean the burning of kiosks—(laughter)—but done to property by some failure of the human agent. When vessels set out to sea one of the real troubles at the beginning of every voyage was to keep the crew out of temptation.

SEAPORT TEMPTATIONS AND DANGERS.

It was not to the credit of our great seaports, continued Mr. Runciman, that all round the docks and landing places, and round the shipping offices too, there were immense numbers of public-houses. Cardiff, Liverpool, South Shields, and other ports had earned an unenviable reputation for the amount of temptation which they offered to some of the most open-hearted and generous-minded men who ever worked. It was small wonder that many of them before going away easily fell to this temptation. Where that was the case among officers or engineers it was a genuine danger, and no one could measure the risk which was run of harm to both property and life. He had been connected with the sea for over 35 years, and during that time the improvement had been enormous, and now he would say, if one could make a rough estimate, that the number of men amongst officers and engineers in particular who were teetotallers had increased not twice or three times, but tenfold over 40 years ago. (Applause.) One of the things those engaged in the shipping trade found out was that they did no good to their crews by serving out grog when they had left port. They did not increase the physical energy or diminish the risks. The custom of serving out grog had gone down and had almost disappeared in some directions, and he could name two or three firms which now sent their vessels to sea without any intoxicating

liquor aboard at all excepting only the small amount for medical purposes carried under the Board of Trade regulations. (Applause.) He hoped these firms gave their crews and officers enough to drink of a palatable nature. "One of the great difficulties we have always suffered from," said Mr. Runciman, "is that our drinks are nothing like so attractive as the other people's." The change, he added, had been all for the better, and one reason why the loss of life at sea had gone down so enormously of recent years was that the men who directed, propelled, and navigated our vessels were soberer than their predecessors. That was a distinct commercial advantage. (Applause.)

CHANGING PUBLIC OPINION.

During the past quarter of a century or so there had been an enormous change in the public estimation of the teetotaler. Not long ago teetotalers were looked upon as cranks, gloomy fellows, somewhat disloyal because they drank the King's health in water. It was thought that a teetotaler placed himself at a great commercial and business disadvantage. Those ideas had passed away. "The truth is," went on Mr. Runciman, "teetotalers were never gloomy fellows. (Hear, hear.) The best man I have ever known is a well-known total abstinence. We can be as merry as the rest of them without having to pay for it next day; and we can be as loyal. (Hear, hear.) I go further, and say we can be much more effective servants of the King sober than we could be otherwise." (Applause.) He wished every young man who was ambitious in business would realise that no large business establishment, no powerful firm with a great body of employees counted it a disadvantage for their servants to be teetotalers. The reverse, indeed, was the fact. He knew of scarcely any firm in the country in which teetotalism was not a qualification.

LEGISLATION AND EDUCATIVE FORCES.

The National Commercial Temperance League had done good work in linking together those who in the early days found their teetotal principles a little unpopular. In the dining-rooms of country hotels 40 years ago it was impossible to get a decent meal without having a bottle of wine. Today there was no hotel worthy the name where one could not get a meal without adding wine to the pay sheet. "Your Mayors nowadays," added Mr. Runciman, "openly profess themselves to be teetotalers. I know one place where for the last 25 years every Mayoral banquet has been teetotal." (Applause.) The force of such example was doing good work, but it was not reaching the men. That League might be ten times its present size. It was thought that temperance people were mainly interested in total prohibition or other great legislative projects, more or less practicable—in licensing bills, whether for England or Scotland, and

in endeavoring by these means to force their views on the rest of the country. "We are quite as much entitled to temperance legislation," said Mr. Runciman, in conclusion, "as other social reformers are entitled to the legislation to which they are devoted. But I think the greatest progress had been made in the last quarter of a century not by legislation, but by personal, individual work, especially the education of the young." (Applause.)

TEMPERANCE IN COMMERCE.

What applied to the trade he was associated with certainly applied to every other business. It was not long ago that if a man wanted to clinch a bargain in a good-humored way he had to do it over a drink, and there were still some foolish people who thought that necessary. But it was going out of fashion, and it was the business of that League to see it become obsolete. When the League was started there were few commercial travellers who did not think that they would be placed at a disadvantage if they were teetotallers. That had passed away, and any large firm in the country would tell them that they felt a good deal safer in the hands of a teetotal commercial traveller than in the hands of a man who drank. (Applause.) The habits of life of all business men and professional men were changing every year. Whatever business institution or club they went into now they would find a considerable change and a change that was showing itself in the balance-sheet. Why was it that so many commercial clubs in London were showing a smaller profit? They all knew it was owing to the fact that the consumption of liquor was going down. It was even going down in the House of Commons. One of the troubles of the Kitchen Committee was that the profits of recent years had diminished. He would not name the year when the decrease started.

These were not facts produced by people who were bigoted for the benefit of the bigoted. They were hard facts, and the truth was that the tide was flowing their way, and they hoped it would get ever stronger and stronger as time went on. If they had in their Government departments to legislate for a sober people, their task would be one-half as difficult as it was now, and that was an under-statement. England was now competing with some of the best instructed competitors in the world. Many of these nations were not those who had been famous in the past for hard drinking as England had.

SOBER DANES.

Mr. Runciman went on to quote as an instance that in agriculture one of our greatest competitors was Denmark. The Danes had always been a sober people, and the thrift which followed sobriety had enabled them in that little sandy, restricted country to produce an agricultural industry which in some respects rivalled our own. The sooner we removed this industrial handicap the better for us. Just as industry and moral welfare went together so should we be doing the best service we could do for our country in increasing its output, reducing its waste and improving its moral tone. (Applause.)

How Best to Diminish the Number of Juvenile Offenders.

The action of the Mayor of Firminy, with reference to the wine and beer shops of the town, has attracted widespread attention, and has caused a considerable amount of comment, much favorable, much otherwise. It is the opinion of the Mayor that alcoholism is one of the greatest dangers which threaten the morality and health of the people. He and his supporters, who are many, and influential, assert that alcoholism is a prolific source of vice, prostitution, divorce, crime, insanity, consumption, and suicide, and that every year, through the intemperance of parents, thousands of the recruits for the army are so degenerate as to be unfit for the national service. No greater scourge has placed in peril the future of the French nation—a matter which has over and over again been brought before the notice of the authorities and the people at large by medical men and moralists, in hundreds of books and speeches, and public conferences and meetings. It is maintained that this great social plague has its nursery ground in the little wine shop or cabaret, and that in this establishment the enemy must be attacked. Since the unhappy law was promulgated which did away with the necessity of procuring a license for the opening of a cabaret the number of these retail shops has increased enormously, and in villages as well as in towns they are now to be found in every street and "almost at every door." Into these cafes, brilliant with gilding and the glitter of lights, crowds flock from the mean streets in order that they may drink themselves into a state of stupidity by means of adulterated alcohol and deadly absinthe. These discreditable places encourage idleness and debauchery. It is there that the workman goes to dissipate his fortnight's wages, and forgets his wife and children, who are left weeping at home without food or fire. It is there that the novice or apprentice comes across the hooligan, who enrolls him in his band, and initiates him into crime. It is there that he meets the girl of whom he is destined to become the keeper. All this is affirmed with abundant reason, not only by temperance societies, but also by the greatest authorities on matters connected with criminals. If these little "hells" were closed, they say, the prisons would be depopulated. Such a preventive would be more efficacious in diminishing the number of juvenile offenders than are the recently-established children's courts and system of probation or surveillance. There is however, a general fear that little will be accomplished in the struggle against the liquor traffic so long as the powerful organs of the press seem to conspire to make it a failure. Further, the State is interested in the consumption of fermented and distilled liquors, in that the duties which it imposes upon them comprise a very great part of the revenue, and to deprive the

people of alcohol would be to penalise the national budget.

Again, who would dare to touch the keeper of a cabaret? Is he not an elector, the most redoubtable and the most to be feared? Is he not the one who, in a sovereign manner, decides the success or defeat of the electoral candidate? What deputy or municipal councillor would be rash enough to oppose the power of such a person? Such sentiments seemed to possess the House of Deputies when they rejected, in a deplorable vote, the proposition that an increase in the number of these cabarets should be checked. "For to attempt a fight against the publican, a man elected by the people ought to be a hero, and heroes are rare."

Nevertheless, such a hero has been found in the person of the Mayor of Firminy, who has adopted a plan which has greatly disturbed the equanimity of these retailers of liquors. He has called upon them to banish curtains, frosted, checked, colored or darkened glass from their front windows, and to remove all furniture, etc., that tends to conceal or to make obscure the interior of their shops. It is certain, too, that this measure will not be agreeable to the customer or habitue of the cabaret, who spends two or three hours in drinking cloying absinthe. The workman and laborer will probably not feel at ease in an establishment where he is observed by all the passers-by in the street outside, and women of bad character will not easily carry on their trade where the whole scene is exposed.

Such results may be conceived and expected, and probably other benefits will follow. It is hoped that the Mayor's action will bring about the emptying, and ultimately the closing, of these houses. The Mayor of Firminy has received a large number of congratulations on his courageous initiative, and many newspapers have praised the municipal authority, who has boldly entered the area against the keepers of these drinking places.

The Mayor of Firminy happens to be a Socialist, and many people, without going into the question of the propriety and advantages of his order, have concluded that it violates the liberty of the customer and trader, and that it thus crushes under the foot the most sacred principles of public law. It is a fact, however, that in many parts of the country, and particularly in the neighboring country of Holland, many socialistic leaders have exercised a beneficent influence on the working class in trying to persuade them to avoid alcohol. Temperance reformers readily confirm this, and say that if the collectivists would suppress the liberty of a citizen to get drunk they would gain sympathy to their own cause. The Socialists, by a unanimous vote, commended the Mayor on his action, and expressed the hope that

he would continue with the greatest energy his attack upon the nefarious potentialities of drunkenness.

The police court magistrate of Firminy does not approve of the order or sentiments of the Mayor, and so the matter is to be brought before the law courts for settlement. On the other hand, it is generally thought that the Mayor has acted within his province, and that a legal affirmation to that effect will follow.

PLEDGE-SIGNING CRUSADE

It has been a pleasing feature of the week that there have been comparatively few before the court, and only one man who had signed the pledge. The week's record was:—

	Men.	Women.	Pledge.
April 11	14	4	4
" 12	13	4	6
" 14	36	5	15
" 15	15	4	8
" 16	6	4	1
" 17	9	2	7
	93	23	41

MANY THANKS.

R. L. Scrutton, 10/6; Mrs. Stubbs, 10/-; Mr. Donaldson, 4/9; Mrs. Fenning, 10/-; Miss D. Smith, 2/-; Donald Cameron, 17/-; Miss Spencer, 20/-; Mrs. J. L. Probyn, 20/-; Mr. Cowie, £2.

ALCOHOL AND INSANITY IN NEW YORK.

According to the statement of Dr. Albert Warren Ferris, president of the New York State Commission in Lunacy, out of a total population in the State of 9,117,279 in 1910, the number of known insane persons was 32,659. Dr. Ferris adds that while the increase in population since 1890 has been 47.6 per cent., the increase in the number of crazy persons has been 103.9 per cent. The doctor declared with the greatest emphasis that "the first great cause of insanity is alcohol. It is a matter of record that 26.9 per cent. of the cases of lunacy in our hospitals is result from the use of whiskey or other spirituous liquors.

One of the latest and best refutations of the statement of the liquor people that "Prohibition kills prosperity," is the last report of Maine's State assessors, showing a gain of nearly 12,500,000 dollars in the wealth of the "Pine Tree" State.

A REST AND CHANGE.

For the week end or a more prolonged holiday you can't surpass CRONULLA. A snug little home, 50 yards from the beach and 100 yards from the tram terminus. Splendid bathing and fishing. Moderate charges. Accommodation for only four. Mrs. A. W. Taylor, "Wiloyna," Ocean Parade, Cronulla.

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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THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1913.

Important Notice.

From January 1, 1913, the price of "Grit" posted each week will be 6/- a year. After five and a half years' experience we are compelled to make this small increase and believe no one who reads "Grit" will object to this most reasonable charge.

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.

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE,
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17 years.

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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Write at once if your Copy does not
arrive on time.

A Personal Chat with my readers

ARE WOMEN UNREASONABLE?

I am glad to print a further contribution to this subject. It must, however, be observed that the writer limits himself to one type of man only, and expresses himself in a way that I hope is only merited in exceptional cases. Signing it "One Who Has Known More Good Women Than Bad Ones," he says:—"In your 'Personal Chat' page of 'Grit' of date April 3 you invite someone to write a few words on behalf of the wife in connection with the incident you relate. I accept the challenge. I heard a woman say 20 years ago, 'If things go wrong in the house or there is trouble (to wit, the baby will persist in crying) a man has nothing to do but simply put on his hat and go out.' The woman can't go out—that struck me very much. Now, a husband goes out all day, gets change, variety, and interest all day, sees fresh people, and hears news and items of interest, and then comes home at night and thinks (as per your story) that he should not have to talk to her, but because his brain is too tired to work (generally from talking to his friends and drinking) he ought to be allowed to sit silent and be amused by his patient, long-suffering wife, who has gone through her daily, weary round of cook, sweep, wash-up, attend to the baby, and sew. She has been nowhere, only borne the burden of the house and the children with their sickness (maybe) and fretfulness and worrying; and then she has to entertain him—the selfish brute. Truly, no words are strong enough to express the egotism and selfishness of the average man with two or three children. A man will usually complain bitterly if kept awake at night by a crying child (someone has said this is the cause of half the railway accidents), but never thinks of the poor, patient, little wife who never sees cause of complaint in being not only kept awake at night, but worried all day by the baby, which, after all, is his as well as hers. I think a man who, after being out all day and his wife at home, will not shake off his tired feeling enough to try and amuse and interest her with some bright story or incident is a brute, and doesn't deserve to have a wife. Before he married her he was not too tired to court her at nights, but now he has possession it's another thing. If the husband would stay at home a few days with the baby and mind the house while she goes down town to see her friends he would soon know which job deserves the sympathy. Then he wonders why the bright girl he married so soon becomes a pale, dispirited, jaded woman. O the unutterable selfishness of most hus-

bands! And fancy being such a wretch as to begin telling her the dry, uninteresting things! The wife, not the husband, is the one to be pitied every time.

YOUNG AUSTRALIA LEAGUE.

It is a great thing to have a country to be proud of and to be proud of one's country. Those who believe in this have formed a Young Australia League. The objects of the League are:—

Organize tours of our own and other States for the education and advancement of our boys.

To create within the boys a desire to do their best, and with the assistance of the League to become worthy citizens.

By a system of interstate visits to improve the feeling between the States and so harmonize as citizens of our grand Commonwealth.

To have faith in our own country and advertise it at every opportunity.

To encourage our boys and give them every opportunity of growing to manhood with broadened minds.

In West Australia a similar League organized the biggest boys' tour in history, visited America and the United Kingdom, and stayed in 130 cities and towns. It formed the biggest boys' brass band on earth, and introduced the boyhood of Australia to the palaces, artistic centres, and industrial activities of the old countries. The movement deserves support, and I will be glad to hear that the readers of "Grit" encourage the League.

THE WAGE- EARNING WIFE.

Women who have earned their living in office work before marriage are asking why they should not continue to add to the income rather than engage in household "drudgery." The answer lies in the fact that they lose more than they gain. A man marries because he wants a home with a wife in it. Against this fixed masculine ideal no woman can successfully contend. A normal man, and, of course, all men are not normal, wants a home, and it takes a mother to make a home. The best of housekeepers fail—fail utterly to make a home to satisfy the normal craving of a man. Argue as you will, a woman's earning capacity is not an anchor to tie a man to domesticity. The toil of a wife may mean more money, but motherhood and the hearthstone woman holds a man.

The Editor

The Waste Life of a City.

MR. RAYMOND ROBINS MAKES A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

Mr. Robins has had more than his share of fighting and yet it has not taken the spring out of him and the meanness of his adversaries has by no means soured him. The grace of God has made him too big for any meanness to lastingly harm him. Living in a city that has a reputation for a drifting population, he soon came in contact with the waste life and its pressing claims. He went at the problem with characteristic directness and found himself up against the united forces of evil. All manner of obstruction, from personal violence to the vilest slander, was used. It was circulated among the Labor Union of which he was a member that he was bought by Pierpont Morgan, and much suspicion was thrown upon his endeavors in consequence. His most formidable opponent was the president of his Union, who after failing to stop him speaking at a mass meeting of the men, was overheard to say, "Well, if Morgan bought that man, he bought a lemon." He established himself with the men and persevered in his effort to reclaim the waste human material.

THE CHRISTIAN JUDGED.

Taking the 25th chapter of Matthew, Mr. Robins pointed out that the final test was not our prayers, though we could never go a day without praying; it was not Bible reading, though a neglected Bible meant a starved soul; it was not church-going, though this was as profitable as it was essential. The final test was: "I was hungry, and ye fed Me; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took Me in; naked, and ye clothed Me; I was in prison, and ye visited Me." To what extent do Christians follow this programme? There is still room for most of us to "speed up" as "doers of the Word." The application of Christ's teaching to the waste life of the city would make one a bankrupt, unless we employ such machinery as will enable us to deal with the needy in such a way as to help them to help themselves. The man who is willing to be carried is not worth carrying, and it hurts him to help him; he must be made to help himself.

A GREAT LODGING HOUSE.

Mr. Robins called into existence a great institution which has since been taken over by the municipal authorities, and which plays a most important part in dealing with the city "drifter." Backed by sane and generous Christians, a few thousands were soon found, and at his own cost Mr. Robins acted as superintendent. Any man, drunk or sober, clean or dirty, of any denomination or of no denomination, was welcome. He was first asked certain questions, that it might be decided how to help him. Where he had last worked, and where he came from; no questions as to his habits or his having been in jail were necessary; the past was behind as far as these things were concerned. He was then examined by a doctor,

his clothes were placed in a net-work bag and hung in the disinfecting room, he was bathed, given a suit of pyjamas, a good meal, and a clean bed. In the morning his disinfected clothes were given to him, and the men were then roughly divided into groups. The manager was in touch with every work depot and every charity or relief society, and the men were sent with a card to the place that seemed most suitable. Those who had any sickness were sent to the Public Health Department and given institutional treatment. Others, of the kind called in America "barrel bums," men who live on the game of cadging, were taken over to the court and sent to the State Farm for 30, 60, or 90 days, where they did eight hours' hard work and had three good square meals and a good bed to sleep in. They returned from there to the lodging house and were then sent to work.

GETTING IN TOUCH WITH THE MEN.

Householders were supplied with cards and invited to send all applicants for help straight to the lodging house. The police were interviewed at the police depots and urged not to run in a drunken man the first time, but send or bring him to the lodging house, and the same with vagrants, or "hobos," as they are called in the States. By this means large numbers were reached, some 50,000 being dealt with in a year. The city authorities and the police soon found the value of the place and lent every assistance. No charge of any kind was made, nor was any money received from even those who returned and offered it; they were urged to pass the kindness on and do a good turn to the next needy soul they met. It is only a really big man who could deal successfully with such a crowd of men, and there is a great demand for decision, for quick judgment. And as Mr. Robins said: "I did the best I knew how and that was all there was to it." One old clergyman who had followed him through a day's dealings with the men, and half through the night, was impressed with the strenuousness of the effort, but was even more struck with the assurance with which Mr. Robins delivered his judgment. He shocked and startled Mr. Robins by saying, in farewell, "Well, I will long remember this, and never cease to wonder how it is you are so sure you are God Almighty." This comment must not be read to mean that Mr. Robins was cocksure, or domineering, or despotic, only that he gave an immediate verdict and stuck to it. Never was there so strong a man more humble than this sane social service expert, whose wise counsels will yet bear fruit in Sydney.

Love is a great teacher, and able both to withdraw men from error, and to reform the character, and to lead them by the hand unto self-denial, and out of stones to make men.

NO OCCUPATION.

"All my life I have wondered why women could not vote," said Miss Permelia C. Mahan, National organizer, at the Organizers' Hour at the Portland Convention. "Within the past year I have found out why a very large class of women cannot vote. I shall withhold such valuable information no longer but shall tell you why in a single sentence written by Gustave Edlund."

From the census blanks we learn
That the one who runs the churn,
And that patches up our breeches,
In our shirts takes a few stitches,
And the one who bakes the bread,
And each day makes up the bed,
Milks the cows, feeds the hens,
Nails the pickets on the fence,
Skims the milk and feeds the calves,
Makes cough syrups and good salves,
Does the cooking, sets our tables,
Sings us songs and tells us fables,
Makes her dresses, darns the socks,
Does the washing, winds the clocks,
Spanks the children, rocks the baby,
(Knitting at the same time, may be),
Haying time will help at mowing,
And at Country Fairs is showing
Just as proud as you can please
Samples of her home-made cheese,
Sweep the dust, and scrub the floors,
Nail the hinges on the doors,
Dig, and hoe, and weed the garden,
Of the pantry act as warden
Work the mottoes on the wall,
Put the fruit up for us all,
Plant and water all the flowers,
Tie up vines in shady bowers,
See that nothing pines and wilts,
Carpets make and crazy quilts,
From the store keeps all the tags,
Scours kettles, mends the bags,
Irons out our Sunday shirt,
Ne'er lets the little chicks get hurt,
And in sewing circles sews
Clothes the heathens wear as beaux,
Carries slops down to the pig,
And makes lap-ropes for our rig,
Propping up the fence posts leaning,
Never misses spring house-cleaning,
Cuts the grass from off the lawn,
Keeps it green, puts water on,
Washes windows, fills the lamps,
Cures us of our colds and cramps,
Kills the bugs by poison vapors,
Catches flies on "stick-up" papers,
In the morning builds the fire,
Ties the rake up with a wire,
Carries water from the well,
(Half the things I cannot tell),
And delights in thrifty shopping,
When in town awhile she stopping,
Where she surely without fail
Attends at every bargain sale,
When she tries to get a vote
(From the census blanks I quote),
All the housewives of our nation
Simply have "No Occupation."

—"Farm and Home."

FATHER

(Continued from Page 3.)

gripped the end of the bed and stood looking down on the quiet sleepers. A faint smile parted the child's lips, and an unwonted patch of color flushed her thin cheeks, and that flush on the cheeks of the sleeping child accentuated the dreadful pallor of that other face lying so close to it.

For many minutes the man stood looking down on the pale woman and her child. He was quite sober now, and his own cheeks turned a shade paler. With a strangely faltering step he crept around the bed, till he stood close beside them. Twice he opened his lips to speak—to whisper a name, the name of the woman he had once loved and had promised to cherish, but had brutally ill-treated—but no sound escaped his dry lips. His dull eyes wandered from the white calmness of the face to the thin work-worn hands; half fearfully he put out his own, and drew the picture from her rigid clasp. For a moment he gazed fixedly into the faces of the boy and girl lovers, and the fearless, merry brown eyes of the handsome lad looked straight into his own. The girl with the fair, fresh face, clad in her lilac cotton frock, smiled up at him with an innocent glee. How well he remembered it all—the taking of the photograph, and the frock she had worn—how blue her eyes and how pink her cheeks, how sweet he had thought her, and how he had meant to take care of her! But now—he turned from the happy girlish face to the woman who lay in marble stillness before him. The picture fell to the ground, and the man's hands went out and clasped the thin hands of his wife. They were horribly cold, and he dropped them with a shudder. She was dead, he had known it all along—his Lizzie—the blue-eyed, happy girl he had loved—the careworn, ill-used woman he had driven to her death.

Covering his face with his hands, he groaned aloud, as long-forgotten memories surged up before him. There was a movement on the bed, and he raised his eyes. The child was bending over the dead woman, a look of white anguish on her snail, pinched face, as slowly the truth dawned upon her. With unutterable tenderness the little trembling hand went out and stroked the cold face—there was no sting of remorse in the heart of the child, and she bore the icy contact without a shudder—then drawing away, she slowly straightened herself and faced the man. He shuffled uneasily and turned aside before the hatred that blazed from her dark eyes.

"She's dead," he muttered huskily. "Your mother's dead." "I know," cried the child. "I know she is, an' you've killed 'er, you 'ave." With a sob she flung herself beside the silent sleeper and wailed out her desolate grief.

The man stretched out an unsteady hand and touched the child's dark hair. "Come away," he muttered thickly, "I'm yer father—I'll—I'll be a father to you now she's gone, I will, strite!" He bent to raise her; but

with a quick movement she twisted away from him, darted to the door, opened it, and stood facing him with the handle in her hand.

"You my father? No yer ain't; never 'ave been. You'll never give no more 'idings. You've done for poor mother, but you'll not git the chance of murderin' me!"

The white face of the child disappeared, the door closed softly, and the man was alone with his dead and a host of bitter, bitter memories. Oh, for a chance to wipe out the wrong!

For many weary months a reformed, sober, hard-working man sought in vain for his lost child. The months lengthened into years, and reluctantly he gave up the search. Many years passed over his head, leaving his form bent and his locks white. His child had not returned to him; but memory had been his constant companion through the lonely years. One evening, many a year after, he sat gazing thoughtfully into the fire. Memory was busy, and in his feeble hand he held a portrait—the faded likeness of a fair girl with a dark-eyed youth by her side. A footstep sounded on the flags outside, and a hand tapped tremulously at his door. Dropping the photograph on the table beside him, he rose and opened. A haggard woman stood without.

"Old man, I'm starving," she cried. "Give me something to eat, for God's sake!"

With ready compassion he bade her enter, and she stumbled into the warm kitchen, sinking into the nearest chair.

"Cheer up, my girl," he muttered, as he hastened to find food.

At the sound of his voice the woman raised her eyes uneasily, and then followed his departing figure, as memory stirred within her. Unsteadily she rose to her feet, and crossing to the table she picked up the picture the man had placed there. The old man returned, and, placing food before his guest, bade her eat. But her arms hung listless by her sides. "Gone too far," he muttered in kindly accents. "Want some help, lass; better let me." He bent towards her kindly; but she shrank from him, raising her dark eyes to his face. Memory, ever present, raised the curtain on a picture he had seen so often, and once again a child's dark eyes flashed their message of hatred and scorn at him across a silent form. And the woman looked at him as the child had done.

The old man tottered slightly, passing an unsteady hand across his brow. When again he raised his eyes he was alone. His child had once more passed from him into the unknown.—Edith White, in the London (Eng.) "Pioneer."

A bill to put into effect the Prohibition amendment by a practically unanimous vote passed both Houses of the West Virginia Legislature.

An Altruistic Interlude.

The station was a small and unimportant one, but I was tired of sitting in the cars, so I got up to stretch my legs on the platform. My attention was attracted by a shabby-looking man sitting on a pile of railroad ties beside the track. His dejected appearance led me to accost him, for I have always had a penchant for encouraging the disheartened and for uplifting downtrodden humanity.

"Are you in trouble, brother?" I asked.

He lifted his head, and I saw that his expression was woebegone in the extreme, and that there were tears in his eyes.

"Trouble?" he said bitterly. "Trouble? I can't remember the time when I wasn't in trouble."

"Tell me about it," I urged. "Perhaps I can help you."

"Well," he said, doubtfully, "I'm a failure. I've tried and tried, but I don't meet with any success. Other fellows with no more brains than I are making money right along, but every time I try to accomplish anything I get it in the neck. I'm sick of it all, and I'm going to give up trying."

Though the man's coarseness grated on me, I saw that here was an opportunity to do some good in the world. I would cheer up this discouraged brother, and bid him take heart and start anew.

"Don't be downcast," I told him. "Many of our most famous men achieved success only after repeated failures. Never give up! You can succeed, I am sure, if you will only put your whole heart into it."

He shook his head dolefully. "It's no use," he sighed.

"Nonsense!" I said sharply. "Who knows?—the greatest success of your life may lie before you. You know 'the darkest hour is just before the dawn.'"

After a time, during which I waxed eloquent along these lines, the man's face lost its despondent look, and he held up his head with a new air, a braver spirit.

"I don't know but you're right," he said hopefully.

"I know I'm right," I said, firmly. "Now, I want you to promise me that you will try once more. Will you promise?"

He grasped my outstretched hand, and his rather dissipated face glowed with new resolution.

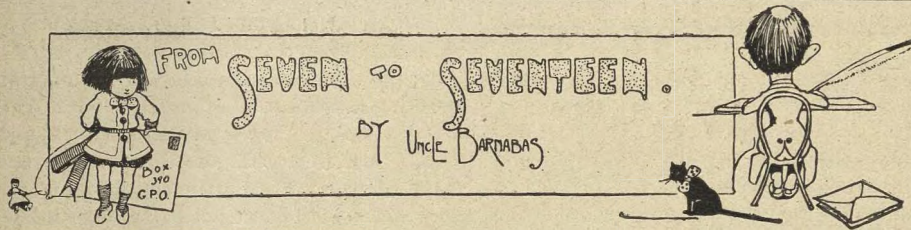
"I will, boss," he said.

Just then the whistle blew, and I had to hasten back to the cars. As the train started I called to him:

"I say, friend, what line are you in?"

"Well, boss," he replied, "I wouldn't tell it to everyone, but you've been mighty square with me, so I'm not going to conceal anything from you. I'm a burglar."

£25 3-Roomed Cottage Furnished for £25
A LIST OF GOODS POSTED ON APPLICATION.
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EARLY HABITS.

"When I was a little boy," remarked an old man, "somebody gave me a cucumber in a bottle. The neck of the bottle was small and the cucumber so large it wasn't possible for it to pass through, and I wondered how it got there. But out in the garden one day I came upon a bottle slipped over a little green fellow, and then I understood. The cucumber had grown in the bottle. And now I often see men with habits that I wonder any strong, sensible men could form, and then I think that most likely they grew into them when they were young, and cannot slip out of them now. They are like the cucumber."

The bud becomes a flower,
The acorn grows a tree,
The minutes make the hour—
'Tis just the same with me;
I'm small, but I am growing
As quickly as I can;
A temp'rance boy like I am bound
To make a temp'rance man.

Where are all the lazy people in twenty years' time to come from? Or the untruthful, dishonest, or intemperate people, where are they to come from when all the present lot are dead? Are there any habits in your life that are growing up with you out of which you will not be able to slip when you are big? St. James in his Epistle says, "When sin is finished" (that is, full grown), "it brings forth death." It is too late to deal with things when they are full grown, so don't wait till you or your habits are full grown. Begin at once to get rid of a bad habit by forming a good one. I often hear a boy or girl say a little crossly, "I can't do two things at once." Of course, you can't. You can't be a total abstainer, and become a drunkard; you can't be busy doing right and find any time to do wrong; you can't pray earnestly and honor God in His House and at the same time sin. Hurry up and find out if there is a little cucumber of a habit growing in your life, and if there is, don't lose a minute—get it out with God's help before it is so big that it won't come out.

UNCLE B.

THE CONQUEST OF THE WORLD THROUGH THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The time has come when it is recognised everywhere that if the world is to be won for God, it must be done through the childhood of the world. The Sunday School has become a vital factor in all branches of Christian work; it is the feeder of the church at home and abroad; it is the richest ground that can be cultivated; it is the missionary's most hopeful field; it is found in countries Christian and heathen, in cities and in the rural districts; it has penetrated the utter-

most parts of the globe, wherever the missionary has gone, until it can now be said that "the sun never sets on the world's Sunday Schools."

At the world's seventh Sunday School Convention, which is to be held in Zurich, Switzerland, July 8-15, 1913, earth's ends will meet to carefully consider and endeavor to solve the many large and intricate problems of the Sunday School field.

The world's Sunday School Association is the greatest clearing house on earth. With its enrolment of nearly 30,000,000 of people of all ages, its power for good is unlimited. Through its system of conventions, institutes, correspondence and personal visitation, it being the problems of the individual school into the clearing house of the world's wisdom for solution.

Thirteen years ago there were no Protestant Sunday Schools in the Philippines, now there are 36,000 children enrolled. This year 10,000 Japanese Sunday School children took part in the sixth National Sunday School Convention in Tokio.

A special "Order of Service" is being prepared to be used on World's Sunday School Day (July 13, 1913), in all the Sunday Schools of the world. A similar service was used on the Sunday during the Washington Convention, and was printed in more than 200 languages.

FOR SUNDAY.

Can you find some "little things" in the book of Proverbs that are a warning and an example to us?

FOR MONDAY. RING MAGIC.

A piece of paper that has only one side? Yes, it is possible; and not only has it one side, it has also only one edge.

Take a long strip of paper, and at the ends mark an X and a Z on the front side; then on the back side of the Z put a Y. Give the strip a half-twist, so that X and Y appear as shown, and make it into a ring by pasting the X against the Z. This ring has only one side. It is unilateral. Start anywhere, as at A, and run a pencil mark along the side you start on. You will reach B, then C, then D, and finally get back to A. You nowhere cross from the front side to the back side, and yet your pencil mark will show on both sides. On both sides? No, it is all one and the same side.

A still more amazing thing happens when you try to divide this ring into two rings by cutting along the pencil mark from A to B and C and D, and so to A again. Such rings, apparently, do not wish to be divided. You find that you still have but one ring, only it is much larger.

Again, if a similar ring is made by twist-

ing the strip twice instead of once and pasting the X against the Y, a different result follows when you cut it in two. The ring becomes two rings, interlocked; and if you make two parallel cuts instead of one, the result, which at first seems only a snarl, nevertheless sorts out into an endless chain of three links.

A LOVELY BIRTHDAY.

Arthur Day, Milford-st., St. Albans, March 27th, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I received my nice pen from the Customs Office to-day. I'm very pleased with it, and think it is a lovely one. Have you received the money I sent to you? because I have not heard. I have had a poisoned foot, and had four teeth out, three with gas and one without, and the last one was such a big one. Mother is up on the hill staying with Mrs. Gordon, and is having a grand time. My birthday has just past and I had such a number of things, and your pen came just at the right time. Wasn't I fortunate in having such a good birthday. I'm in the fourth standard now, and have such a lot to do. So I don't have much time for writing. I went to the gardens with my sister's two children. The gardens were beautiful with all the flowers. Mother and I went to the suffragettes meeting. They spoke very well. They say the factory girls only get 4/- per week. The two suffragettes are Misses Hodge and Newcomb. I've been several times to the Chapman-Alexander mission. It was very good, the singing was splendid, and Mr. Chapman spoke very well. My brother has left the poultry farm at Yaldhurst. He found it was too much work for him. The "Grits" are coming three's and four's, and I would like five every week if you don't mind. Love to all cousins, and to yourself. From your loving nephew.

(Dear Arthur,—So pleased to hear you like the pen, and that you had such a lovely birthday. I must see that you get the right number of "Grits." I will tell the manager to write you a letter and explain how it is he has not sent the right number. What a painful time you must have had with your poor foot and your aching teeth. Write soon.—Uncle B.)

WANT A QUOTATION.

Emma Rankin, "Dalburrabin," Casino writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am afraid I was getting a slight attack of lazyitis, but I will not let it get a proper hold. Classie has recovered from her attack, and is writing too. I did not have to do quite as much as you suggested to persuade her to write, though. Wasn't Milcie good to write that lovely long letter to you? The 4th A.L.H. were encamped in Casino for twelve days at Easter, so Fred was away all that time, and you may be sure we all missed him and were glad when he came home on Tuesday. We had a lovely night's rain last night, when 368 points fell. We needed it all. Fancy, there was a light frost within a few miles of here on March 28. Oh! wasn't it cold: only one night, though. I am reading "The

Cloister and the Hearth" now, and find it fascinating. I've often heard about it, and am glad to have an opportunity to read it. When are you going to tell us your favorite books, Uncle? I'd love to see them. By the way, I wonder if any of my cousins could finish the quotation which begins "Books are not dead things" for me? I remember hearing it once at school ages ago, and I've often wished I knew it. You may be sure we are keeping your photos, too. We have that whole page you published a good while ago, and the p.c., too. We, like all the others, are looking forward to the next photo; I'm sure 'twill be another work of art. Good-night now, Uncle. With love to all, from yours sincerely.

(Dear Emma,—So glad you did not get a bad or long attack of lazyitis. It has proved fatal in one or two cases, and I dread it very much. It is a good thing all my Ne's and Ni's are scattered about, or I would be afraid of its spreading, as it is dangerously catching. I hope some one will finish your quotation; I can't. My list of books and a photo are on the way per bullock waggon—slow but sure.—Uncle B.)

BROWN AS A BERRY.

Doreen Benjamin, "Illawarra," Falconersreet, Armidale, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I really must apologise for neglecting to write oftener, but I will tell you how it is. A good while ago I wrote twice and received no answer; and then there is another excuse—it is I have been away for my Christmas holidays. I had a lovely time. I was as brown as a berry when I came home from surfing. We are having very cold weather lately and a great deal of rain. I have just been reading the story in "Grit" "Business is Business." It is awfully nice, and I was very disappointed when I found it was concluded in next issue. I hope you don't forget to send my next issue. When is Mr. Hammond coming up to Armidale. Alexander and Chapman were up here before Christmas, and I went every night. I don't think there is any more news, so I will say good-bye.—I remain, your loving Niece.

(Dear Doreen,—I am so glad you have written again, in spite of all the reasons why you should not. Why do we say "brown as a berry" when we never see brown berries? Can you tell me? "Business is Business" is a fine story. I liked it

the best of any we have had for a long time. I expect Mr. Hammond will pay a visit to Armidale this year.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NI.

Bessie Nixon, "Monaro," Collins-street, Wagga Wagga, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you accept me as one of your nieces. I live in Wagga. I have four sisters older than myself, and one pet, whom we all love very dearly. It is a black kitten, whose name is "Nigger." She wears a ribbon around her neck. It is raining today, but, just a little. I am 12 years old. The bishop was at church this morning, and he is going to preach to-night. I have always read the letters in "Grit," and think them very interesting. I go to the S.W.P.S., and I am in fifth class. I went to Brick Hill Point yesterday with Mrs. Gray and her little girl. Her name is Isabel. She is 12 years old. When we arrived there we paddled, and went across to an island. When we came home it was half-past seven. It is six miles out of town. At school I learn how to do raffai work, which comes in very useful for presents. One of my sisters goes to school, and she learns wood carving and shorthand. My name is Bessie Nixon. It is one minute past 9 o'clock, so I must go to bed. We all sleep out on the side verandah, which is wired in.—I remain, yours lovingly.

(Dear Bessie,—You are very welcome. I am glad to have you as a NI. Will you tell me when your birthday is? Do you think Isabel would like to write and be a NI? I think it is very sensible to sleep on the verandah. Is it wired to keep the mosquitos from flying away with you?—Uncle B.)

* * *

Clarice Clout, Bellevue, Tumut Plains, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I wrote to you some time ago, but it never appeared in "Grit," so I suppose it went astray. Many thanks for birthday greetings, Uncle. Mother was in Sydney at Christmas time, and she went to your church. Our roses are in bloom now. We have our fowls shut up because they are eating Mr. Cramptain's corn. We will be getting our Sunday-school prizes on our next church Sunday, so I am looking forward to them. We had our Easter holidays last week, and I went to grandmother's for them, and had a real good

time. I wish you could see Tumut now, Uncle. Everything looks lovely; just like spring. All the hills are covered with new green grass since the glorious rain we had. The days are lovely now. Father has gone into town to a banquet the Friendly Societies are giving Dr. Mason. He is leaving Tumut for England next Tuesday. Mother has the produce stall at the May Fair again this year. Mother went up to Blowering collecting yesterday, and got a lot of promises. I have read "A Long Chase," "Uncle Ben, the Whaler," "The Power of Kindness," "When the Ship Comes Home," "Freedom: A Story of Trust," "Our Vow," "From Over Sea," and I am reading "Bertie Clifton." We have a lovely new organ in our Sunday-school. Three of our little cousins are staying up here now on holidays. Well, dear Uncle B., I must close, as it is bed time. Love to all my cousins and yourself.—From your loving Niece.

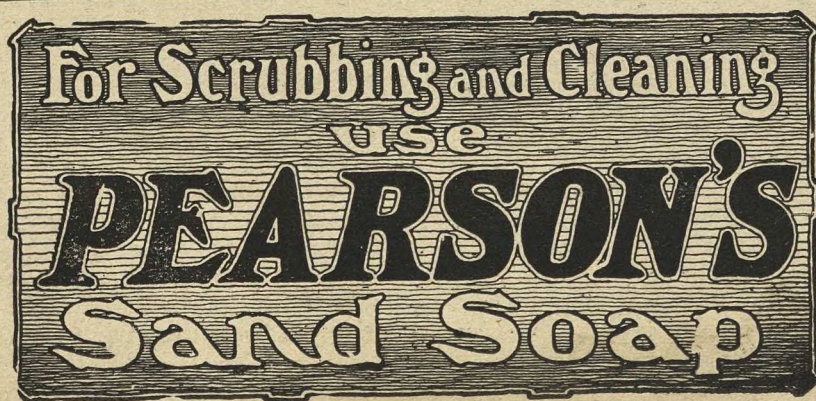
(Dear Clarice,—How annoying that your last letter went astray, but, after all, isn't it wonderful that out of all the millions of letters that are posted so very few do go astray. I have reason for believing the Tumut post-office is a very good one. So Mother is sure of Uncle B., and went to his church. That was nice. What a pity a few Ne's and Ni's can't do so sometimes. Please write another letter to make up for the one that went astray.—Uncle B.)

ANOTHER BROWN BERRY.

Lenore Wingfield, 82 Prince Albert-road, St. Kilda, Dunedin, N.Z., writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Although the school holidays have long since past, still I know you would like to hear something of what I did during that time. We (my sisters and I) went to stay with our grandfather at Palmerston South, which, by-the-way, is a No-License town. Most of the time we spent in the open air. We went out picnicing and bathing in the day time, and at night we slept in a tent with the door wide open. We came back to Dunedin as brown as berries. I suppose Naomi told you that we had a baby brother. Father says that he hopes he proves to have plenty of "grit" in him. I read that paragraph on "How much sleep do I need." I nearly always have 12 hours. We have had a visit from Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander. Now, Uncle B., I must conclude, hoping that some day you will take a trip to Dunedin to see us. With love to all the cousins and yourself.—I am, your affectionate Niece.

(Dear Lenore,—Very glad to hear of your nice holiday. I hope the baby boy will grow up and be a Ne'. What is he to be called? I see by the papers you are having a great deal of rain. I hope you have kept out of it, and not got a cold. Some day I hope to see you in Dunedin. Ah me, some day is often a long way off.—Uncle B.)



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THE COST, CRUELTY, AND EXTENT OF LIQUOR.

We fear people are overlooking the fact that the present licensing system is the most colossal failure. Attention is being drawn to the failure of No-License or Prohibition, and many are straining at the gnat and swallowing the most tremendous failure the world presents to-day, viz., the open bar. The following are a few of the results of liquor taken from the daily papers in the last few days:—

HEART FAILURE.

Moree, April 10.—An inquest was held at Moree Courthouse by Major Crane, coroner, on John Keane, laborer (39), who died at the district hospital yesterday. Evidence showed that Keane, who came recently from Queensland, was locked up for drunkenness on Friday, pleaded guilty before the Court on Saturday, and asked for medical attendance, as he was sick. The Government medical officer examined him and recommended taking him to the hospital, where he died from heart failure, due to acute alcoholism. A verdict was returned accordingly.

WATCHMAN'S DEATH.

The cause of the death of Charles Henderson (50), whose body was found floating in Darling Harbor, was inquired into at the City Coroner's Court on April 9.

James Fanning stated that he and deceased had been drinking together during the afternoon of March 29, and afterwards started to go aboard the steamer Cooloon, where deceased was watchman. The latter was getting off the rail when he overbalanced and fell into the water. Witness got down the pile and took hold of him. Henderson struggled and pulled witness in. The latter struck against something and broke one of his ribs. Witness let go of Henderson and climbed up the pile a little way, where he had to remain half an hour before he could get to the wharf.

A verdict of accidental death was recorded.

A JUDGE'S WARNING.

As the result of a drunken wrangle at the Glebe, a young man named Harry Edward Leeds, was arraigned at the Quarter Sessions on April 9, on a charge of maliciously wounding James William Hall. The jury, without leaving the box, or hearing addresses by counsel, returned a verdict of not guilty, and accused was discharged.

The evidence of the Crown witnesses was that during a squabble between accused and Hall a blow was struck with a bottle, and

Hall was so injured that he had to be treated at the hospital. It was admitted that both parties were drunk—Leeds particularly so.

Judge Murray, in discharging the accused, said that had the jury's verdict been one of guilty he would have dealt very leniently in some respects, but in a manner that would have made him afraid to go into a public-house again. His Honor added that the evidence showed that Leeds, when under the influence of drink, was very excitable, and therefore should not take drink. He was, otherwise, a well-behaved, hard-working, decent fellow, and had on this occasion run the risk of being in a very serious position. This should be a warning to him, "and," said his Honor to accused, "I hope you will give up drink for the rest of your life."

MINERS RUN AMOK.

Wellington, N.Z., April 10.—A strike of colliers at Puponga, near Nelson, led to a serious incident. A number of drunken men attacked a mine deputy, assaulted him, and forced him to flee to the bush for his life.

The manager's house was then fired and destroyed, with its contents.

The main body of strikers are incensed at the outrage, which they claim was perpetrated by irresponsibles.

The trouble at the mine arose over the dismissal of a trucker as the result of the employment of a horse. The manager asked truckers Low and Day to draw lots for dismissal. Both refused, and Low was discharged. The Union asked for reconsideration, and the manager replied that if they were not in agreement with what he had done, they had better go home. He then closed down the mine.

The men contend that it is a case of lock-out. Considerable liquor was taken into the township, and the men became excited.

A MIDNIGHT INCIDENT.

An open verdict was recorded by the Acting City Coroner on April 10, after inquiring into the circumstances attending the death of Charles William Marshall, whose body was found floating in Johnstone's Bay on March 20.

Evidence was given that deceased, who was under the influence of liquor, got into his boat at Drake's yard about 11 p.m. on March 28 to go aboard the steamer Murray, where he worked. Next morning the boat was found moored aft. Subsequently the body was noticed in the water.

"THIS IS THE MAN WHO PROFITED BY THE CRIME."

At the trial of a negro, who, on Christmas night, in Washington, D.C., committed a most horrible and revolting crime, the formal demand of the court that he plead guilty or not guilty, elicited from the prisoner, according to the "Washington Times," these words:—

"I just don't know how to plead."

"Did you do this act or not?" inquired Clerk Sebring, severely.

"I drunk so much liquor that night, I don't remember," replied the prisoner, cowering before the gaze of the court and those about him.

"Our idea of effective journalism," says "Collier's Weekly," by way of comment, "would be for the 'Times' to have its reporters investigate just what brand of liquor this negro drank, find out the manufacturer, and print his photograph and his name, with the simple legend, 'This is the man who profited by the crime.' The man, of course, would turn out to be a highly respected citizen of Louisville or Baltimore, or some other of the great whiskey-manufacturing centres; at the very moment when the tragedy that he stimulated was blighting a family in Washington, he was sitting smugly and happily at the head of his Christmas table, surrounded by his family, whom he keeps secure from crime with all the safeguards that money can provide."

REMOVE THE BAR.

A recent notable utterance on the situation by a prominent Scottish Parliamentarian is that of Mr. Robert Munro, K.C., M.P., at the annual meetings of the Scottish Temperance League. He said legislation could limit temptation. Experience of the Forbes Mackenzie Act and the Early Closing Act showed that there was a most close and intimate relation between temptation and falling into temptation. If it was proper to legislate in order to secure a minimum wage for workers, it was surely a proper thing to legislate in order to provide that the workers should spend that minimum wage in a place where there was the minimum of temptation.

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HER CHERISHED SECRET.

Little Jack, aged five, had accompanied his mother on a trip to the city. When the conductor came around to collect the fares he asked the usual question: "How old is the boy?"

After being informed the correct age, which did not require a fare, the conductor passed on to the next person. The lad sat quite still, apparently pondering over something; then, concluding that full information had not been given, he called loudly to the conductor at the other end of the car:

"And mother's thirty-five."

HE HAD IT IN HIM.

"Children," said the teacher, instructing the class in composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy; simply be yourselves and write what is in you. Do not imitate any other person's writings nor draw inspiration from outside sources."

As a result of this advice, one bright lad turned in the following: "We should not attempt any flights of fancy, but write what is in us. In me there is my stomnick, lungs, hart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick of lemon candy, and my dinner."

Husband (angrily): "Look here, when will you learn that a razor isn't the thing for cutting twine and sharpening pencils with?"

Wife (calmly): "Just when you learn that a hair-pin isn't the thing for cleaning a pipe with!"

THE CURE-ALL.

He used to take a drink of whiskey
When he was feeling gay and frisky;
And when his health was out of plumb,
He tried to heal himself with rum.
In fiery days of mid-July,
He tried to cool himself with rye;
When winter storms begin to toot,
He warmed himself with tanglefoot.
When children came to cheer his home,
From tankards tall he blew the foam;
And when friends died he tried to drown
His grief by pouring grape-juice down.
Whate'er the crisis or event,
It called for Spiritus Fument.

And when this pickled guy was dead,
In that old town he painted red,
His poor, sad, weary, heart-sick frau
Must put a mortgage on the cow
To buy a misfit box of pine,
In which the old man might recline.
And while they laid the corpse away,
Out in the churchyard, cold and grey,
The men who kept the grog saloons,
With diamonds on them in festoons,
Were selling booze to other chumps,
Who took it for the doleful dumps,
To keep them cool, to keep them warm,
To shield them from the wintry storm,
For any reason or excuse
A foolish mortal can produce.

—Walt Mason.

Peter Young, who wasn't quite "all there," spent a week-end with his married sister, 26 miles from his own home.

At parting, his sister said, "Now Peter, be sure and let me know if you get home alright."

Three days later Peter walked into his sister's house, footsore and weary.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "what's the matter, Peter?"

"Oh, nothing," he replied, "only I walked back to tell you that you needn't be anxious about me—I got home alright."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

It was a Tennessee minister who had before him a six-months probationer, whom he was questioning for admission to all privileges of the church.

"Now, Zeke," he said, "you know you must live a Christian life. Have you stolen any chickens during the last six months?"

"No sah, no sah," said Zeke fervently. "Ah ain't done stole no chickens."

"Nor turkeys nor pigs?"

"No sah, no turkeys nor pigs."

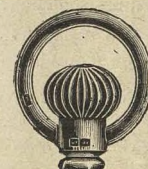
"I am glad to hear it," said the leader, "and I hope you will continue in this way."

Zeke was very quiet on his way home. Then he said to his wife in a cautious undertone, "Golly, I'd suah been er lost niggah ef he'd said 'ducks.'"

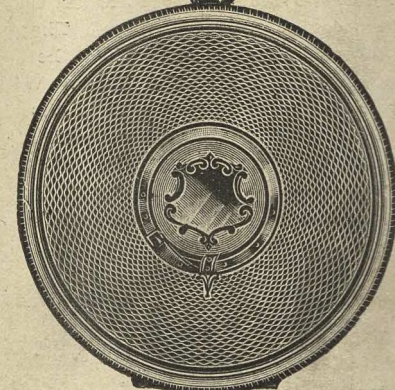
Wife: "Why, George, whatever in the world are you trying to do?" Husband: "Putting this cover on my umbrella, of course." Wife: "That isn't an umbrella cover. It's my new black-silk skirt!"

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What the Parson Says.

SOMETHING FOR THE INNER MAN.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

Where shall we find a training school in the business of being a guardian? On all sides we are beset with teachers of personal efficiency who offer sure systems for self-improvement and for gaining success in the battle of life. The institution or the instructor who best can equip the youth to meet competition, to rise above his fellows, to win victories over his rivals, is sure of eager pupils day and night.

Prizes for the winners in the race; positions for the men who excel in their trade; big profits for the captains of industry who crowd and trample their way to the front; triumph and power and honor for him who by superior skill or aggressive force has captured the highest place. Such men the world applauds. Such men are said to have achieved success. And so they have, even as you and I are trying to do.

The world is rightly grateful to the successful teacher of personal efficiency; we need more of it in every branch of business and religious work, but we need something else with even greater urgency. We need more earnest attention to the study of relationship and to the business of guarding the interests of others. Individualism must be merged into brotherhood. I am my brother's keeper. If I am faithful to my charge he will advance with me. If he goes down to defeat, or to a life of littleness and ill-favor with God and man, it is partly my fault.

THE "SELF-MADE" MAN SPEAKS.

"No! I protest!" exclaims the "self-made" man and the man whose days are strenuous with effort to make himself. I want no guardianship, and I deny that it is my business to play the guardian to any other man. This is an age for forceful, independent personality. Every man must fight his own way and win his own achievements. No one will accept responsibility for me if I fail. I shall have no one to thank but myself if I succeed. I must struggle for every advantage I gain, and I shall snatch it when and where I can. The other fellow is doing the same thing." Such is the law of "self-help," a law greatly exalted by many teachers, but a pitiless law, which, when it operates alone, creates a savage individualism, destroys fellowship, forces some men up and many men down, and postpones far into an unknown future the era of "peace on earth, goodwill to men."

No one of us is independent of the guard-

ianship of our brothers and sisters. If they are faithful to us we prosper and rejoice. If some one of them forgets his obligation, immediately we suffer. The strongest man in the community, with unquestioned credit and large balances in the bank, may be ruined in a day if some humble brother, careless of the result of his gossip, spreads a rumor which causes a run on the bank and a sudden failure, when a better sense of his responsibility to others would have kept him silent.

OUR RESPONSIBILITIES.

We are guardians of our brother's reputation as well as of his fortune. Freedom of speech gives us the right to express our views and to spread our own beliefs; it does not give us the right to destroy our brother's reputation. Why is it that everywhere we find so many men and women who unhesitatingly denounce the integrity and motives of those whom they do not know, but who, they believe, must be guilty because they have not submitted incontestable proof to their unknown detractors that they are innocent? Is it more popular to condemn the absent brother or sister than it is to praise? Is it more interesting? Is it pleasanter? Does it satisfy some inward lust for destruction? When our words have stabbed the absent brother or sister through and through and left a reputation bleeding and stricken down, can we go on our way, guiltless and indifferent, saying with Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Give us an increase, in these days of splendid personal efficiency. Give us masterful teachers of "self-help." Give us the inspiration of those who have succeeded greatly—who have won glorious victories in their onward march—that we may be helped by their example to win our way upward. But do not stop there. Self-help, personal efficiency, victory over difficulties, successful achievement, power, reputation, wealth, influence—all these good things can never form a worthy goal. They are but the needful equipment to advance us toward the only goal worthy our aim. We are, and we must be, whether we will or no, the guardians of our brother's weal. Splendid personal equipment used only for selfish gain is worse than wasted. If it be used in service to others it reaches its highest value and pays its highest dividend.

SOME CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGES.

I am my brother's keeper, therefore I will make myself strong that I may lend him a

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hand when he is weak; that I may carry my own burden unflinching and lift a part of his when he is weary.

I am my brother's keeper, therefore I will cheer him on the way; I will show him that in storm and darkness I am unafraid, so that he may be emboldened to walk through his own valley of shadow with a brave heart and head erect.

I am my brother's keeper, therefore I will be true and clean in my life, that as his life touches mine he may not be soiled; that he may find in me some example and incentive to keep his own life clean, and his dealings with men honorable and kind.

I am my brother's keeper, therefore I will cherish his fame, and never, if I can help it, cast a slur upon his motives or his acts. I am not his judge, I am his brother.

THE JOYOUS HOME-COMING.

I am my brother's keeper, therefore I will try to solve the problems of life with a view to his welfare, knowing that in the rightful adjustment of business and society, and life in its truest expression, my brother's welfare is my own, and mine is his. When perplexing questions must be answered by my voice, or my pen, or my vote, I will seek the answer which means my brother's good, not merely because such answer will mean also my own good, but because he is my brother.

I am my brother's keeper, therefore I want to know more and more about my relationship with him and how to acquit myself as a brother should; because I shall hear, some day, a voice calling to me in the garden: "Son, son, where is thy brother?" and I shall want to answer, "Here, Father, here is my brother, with his hand in mine; we have come home together."—"Christian Herald."

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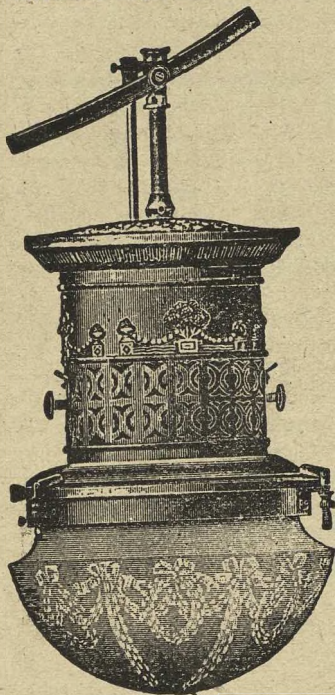
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