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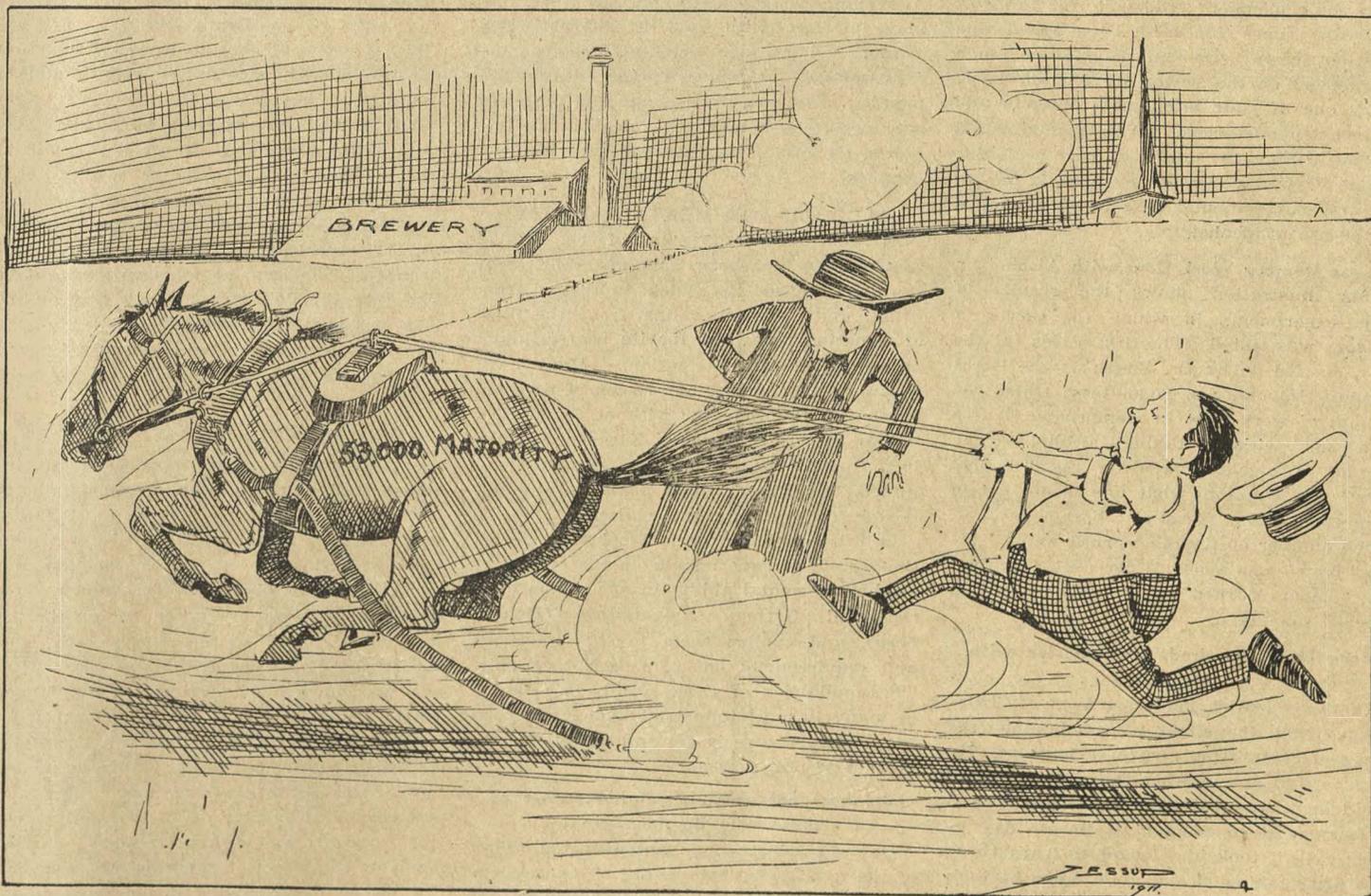
KELSO KING, Manager.



A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. V. No. 42. Price One Penny. THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1912.

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



THE POSITION IN NEW ZEALAND.

His Grace of Wellington: "Fer the love o' hiven, Leo Brewer, don't let go, ye're gainin' on him!"

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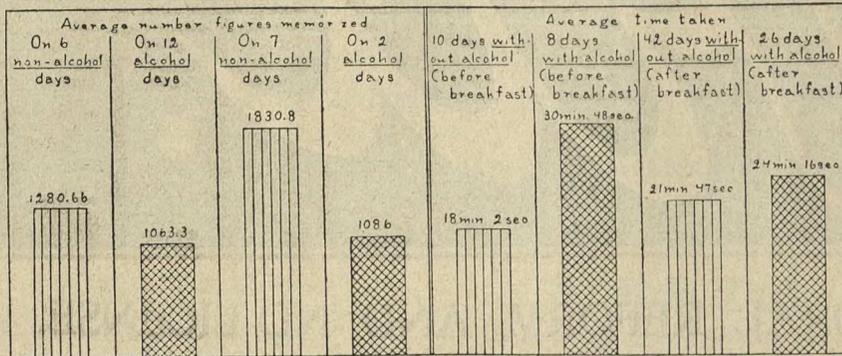
EFFECT OF ALCOHOL ON MEMORY.

Decreased the amount of memorising done in a given time.

(From experiments by Prof. A. Smith who practiced memorising figures for half-hour a day for 27 consecutive days.)

Prolonged the time required for a given amount of memorising.

(From experiments by Prof. R. Vogt in memorising 25 lines of the Odyssey.)



DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember? Did you ever think of the many times you have been asked this question before? Do you realise how much you depend on the power of your memory? Every one of your intelligent thoughts and actions depends on it. You surely would not be willing to lose this very valuable power of your mind; yet memory is one of the first of the mental gifts to be weakened by the use of alcohol.

Less Memory Work Done with Alcohol.

This illustration shows the results of some experiments in which the power of memory was tested. The first series (at the left), carried on by Dr. Smith at the Great German University of Heidelberg, tested the amount of work done in memorising figures with and without taking alcohol. The amount of alcohol taken on the "alcohol days" was equal to what one would get in from two to four glasses of beer a day.

The number of figures learned on 14 "alcohol days" was about 25 per cent. less than the number learned on 13 days when no alcohol was taken.

More Time Required to Memorise with Alcohol.

Another scientist, Professor Vogt of Christiania, tried the effect of alcohol on the power of committing poetry to memory. He tried to find out whether the use of alcohol would increase or shorten the time required to learn a given number of lines (25). In every case it took him longer to learn these lines after taking alcohol than when he took none. The quantity of alcohol used was equal to that in from one and three-quarters to three glasses of beer. About 100 days after learning the lines of poetry he learned them again. He found that it took longer to re-learn the lines originally committed to memory when he had taken alcohol than it did those learned on the days when he had taken none, showing that the impression made at that time was less strong.

Alcohol Destroys Reliability.

Memory weakened by habitual drinking may interfere with you in various ways. Persons addicted to drinking become untrustworthy in action or speech—do not remember orders as given—facts and promises are forgotten—because the alcohol has impaired the brain, on whose activity memory depends.

ALCOHOL AND MENTAL ABILITY.

At the recent opening of the Naval Academy at Flensburg, Emperor William of Germany advised the cadets to abstain from drink. Such advice coming from the head of a nation renowned for its beer-drinking naturally attracted attention. Many have regarded it as a mere expression of personal opinion of the Emperor without foundation, but an article by Brigade Surgeon Stephen in the official magazine of the German Naval Information Bureau gives complete and full reason for the Emperor's advice.

In this article Surgeon Stephen reviewed the results of experiments on the effects of alcohol on mental ability in one of the most renowned German universities (Heidelberg), and applied them to the conditions and requirements on a modern battleship. The application of these results is valuable in many lines of industrial and commercial life where success is determined by the degree of mental power.

Drinkers not as Quick and Accurate as those who do not Drink.

One of the tests made was upon the ability of the mind to become aware of impressions made by sounds, objects, etc.—that is, the power to perceive through the senses of hearing, sight, feeling, taste and smell. The amount of alcohol contained in three glasses of beer weakened this power of perception. In reading tests, after taking this amount of alcohol, words and syllables were omitted or given incorrectly. The ability to perceive quickly and to retain a sense impression was lessened. When as much alcohol as

would be contained in two and one-half to three glasses of beer was taken in the evening, its effect on perception could be observed the next morning, while the ability to memorise was reduced 40 per cent.

Attention—that is, the power of the mind to grasp and consider impressions obtained through the senses—was weakened even more than the ability to perceive.

The ability of the mind to associate or combine ideas, the faculty involved in sound judgment, showed that when the persons had taken the amounts of alcohol mentioned, the combinations of ideas or judgments expressed by them were confused, foggy, sentimental and general. When the persons had taken no alcohol, their judgments were rational, specific, keen, showing closer observation.

Another test was made upon the rapidity with which an impulse to move led to motion. The time taken to perceive and respond to a signal was often at first shortened by small and medium doses of alcohol, but afterwards lengthened. The lengthening was marked when the person had to decide between two responses the one which a signal called for.

Strength and Sense of Touch Injured by Drink.

The effect of alcohol upon muscular action was tested with regard to strength and to accuracy of movements.

With some, but not with all persons, the taking of an amount of alcohol equal to that in a glass of brandy or two to three glasses of beer was followed first by a very brief increase of strength of the muscles, but this quickly gave place to a decrease of strength. The impulse to move was quickened, but the delicacy of touch was dulled. This was shown by failure to make the fine parts of a letter with light instead of heavy strokes.—"The Metropolitan."

HEALTH EXHIBITION AT DRESDEN.

A great exhibition at Dresden, dealing internationally with all matters appertaining to hygiene, is remarkable for the most skilful and extensive attention given to the alcohol question. This anti-alcohol sub-section contains, for example, statistics showing the inevitable degeneracy consequent on the use of alcohol. There is no getting away from the truths of those terrible statistics. Here are wax models of portions of the human frame in their normal condition and when saturated with drink. There is a list of the diseases induced by drink, with wax models of persons suffering from them. The walls are garnished by pictures of men and women suffering from delirium tremens. Tables showing the effect of drink on offspring, and its power in producing degenerates, idiots, and criminals are also conspicuous. We may add that the section as a whole constitutes an unprecedented scientific indictment of alcohol.

Smith (touching his leg): "I say, George, poor old Jones cannot stand on his leg."
George (astonished): "Why?"
Smith: "Why, because it's mine."

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New South Wales Alliance.

NOTES AND COMMENTS BY THE SECRETARY.

Good-bye! 1911,
Welcome! 1912.

Now for a new beginning, with a stronger faith, more ardent zeal, and a love that cannot be quenched.

The N.S.W.A. is not an infidel organization—not even a secular organization—the keynote of all its activities is in the truths expressed at the commencement of the Constitution: "Humbly relying upon the blessing of Almighty God." Therefore, comrades, let us work on that fact as a foundation.

1. Organization.
2. Education.
3. Finance.

These are the three watchwords for the year, after the realisation of the foundation fact:

Correspondence is invited, especially from secretaries of No-license Committees.

The children's work must now be undertaken in earnest. Remember our goal: The sufficient education of every child in N.S.W. in the scientific aspects of the 'em-
perance question.

A special committee, of which Rev. John Paterson is convener, has been specially charged by the State Council with thinking through the plan of campaign for "the State's best asset."

Rev. E. Price, a father in Israel amongst us, but more fervently enthusiastic on behalf of the children than any of us, will contribute some notes to these columns shortly.

As the outcome of Mr. Tennyson-Smith's recent Mission in Melbourne, a meeting of temperance friends was held in order to conserve and consolidate the results of the campaign, and it was resolved to endeavor to secure Mr. Tennyson Smith's services for another campaign in Melbourne on a more extensive scale, and also for missions in other towns in the State.

Mr. Tennyson Smith had intended to spend only about two months in Australia, having planned to return to England to commence his work at Home early in the New Year, and had provisionally booked his passage by the "Osterley" sailing from Melbourne on December 27. Owing, however, to the numerous applications for his services in the various States, and the many personal requests from leaders in the movement that he would continue his work in the country, he recently decided to do so, and cabled home accordingly.

Mr. Tennyson-Smith does not visit any towns except by invitation, nor does he apply to societies for engagements, but simply deals with applications which are sent to him. He may be addressed during his tour in Australia, c/o N.S.W. Alliance, Sydney.

OUR ONE-TIME SECRETARY.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the members and friends of the Christchurch Prohibition League took place on December 18 in the rooms of the League, fully four hundred persons being present, when a farewell social was tendered to Mr. H. G. Payne, the local organizer, upon his return to Australia. The president, the Rev. S. Henderson, spoke of the work accomplished by Mr. Payne, the ability shown in organisation during the recent strenuous election campaign, and the great success of the prohibition movement throughout the dominion, Mr. L. M. Isitt, M.P., who upon rising was received with applause, said it was a pleasant duty that lay before him. He was sure that every prohibitionist in the dominion had rejoiced at the great success that had attended their efforts; and though this year had not proved, as their lost leader had hoped, "the year of their emancipation," it was the year in which the daybreak was discerned. Mr. McCombs also spoke of the good work done during this campaign by the organizer and workers in the Christchurch Prohibition League and to the great advance that had been made by the movement. Christchurch now holds second place in the four large cities as a prohibition centre. It had risen from fourth place to second. Christchurch was now one thousand votes ahead of Wellington and Auckland on the prohibition question, and the prohibition party were now the dominant party in politics in this dominion and could demand a more democratic vote than the three-fifths majority. The Rev. R. S. Gray, in an appreciative speech, spoke of Mr. Payne as an organizer who worked in season and out of season, and conveyed the good wishes of the Christchurch Prohibition League to him for a like success in New South Wales.—"Lyttleton Times," 19/12/11.

A NEW MOVE.

A new move was initiated in Victoria by Mr. Tennyson-Smith, during his Melbourne campaign, in view of the Local Option powers, which, in the ordinary course of events, will come into force in the year 1917. He introduced a Pledge Card worded as follows:—"I hereby promise to vote 'No-License' and to endeavor to induce others to do the same."

In each corner of the card are the figures 1917, for the purpose of impressing upon the people the year when complete Local Option commences. There are also two texts: "Lift up a Standard for the People" (Isaiah lxii. 10), and "The Battle is not yours but God's" (2 Chron. xx., 15).

Over 400 people signed this pledge at the first meeting, when it was introduced, and at every subsequent meeting a large number of additional signatures were taken, and people were taking the cards away in order to induce their friends to sign.

It is thought that this new move will be most helpful in drawing attention to the contest which it is expected will arise in the year 1917, and be an educational force to assist the No-License Campaign, while the temperance organizations will have extended lists of the addresses of the supporters of No-License, which will probably enable them to secure many additional members and subscribers.

Mr. Tennyson-Smith also subsequently introduced this new idea at his Mission in Sydney, and at the first meeting people crowded round the tables to sign.

THE JAWS OF DEATH.

"Man overboard!" the first mate yelled,
'Twas echoed left and right,
Both crew and skipper rushed to see
The agonising sight.

They gazed with awe-struck faces, for
The victim couldn't swim,
Yet no one had sufficient sense,
To try and rescue him.

Until a gallant passenger,
Who feared he'd rise no more,
Dived straight into the briny deep
And swam with him to shore.

"I must reward you somehow, sir,"
The rescued man then said,
"For if it hadn't been for you,
I should have sunk like lead.

"I am a dentist, very poor,
But will extract for you,
Each tooth you have, quite free of charge,
This afternoon at two!"

* * *

Doctor: "I want you to look after my practice while I'm off on a holiday trip to Scotland."

"But I've just graduated, doctor. Have had no experience."

"That's all right, my boy. My practice is strictly fashionable. Tell the men to play golf, and order the lady patients off to Monte Carlo."

GEO. WIELAND,

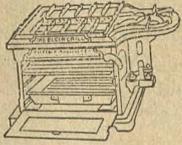
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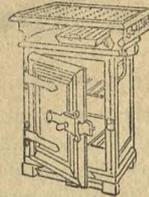
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THAT SAVES
THE GAS.

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Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

A FRESH START.

Another year has fled, and once again do we enter upon our unknown journey through that twelve-month period which we always resolve shall be spent more wisely than the one just flown. How often have we made this resolve? How seldom, if ever, have we nearly approached our expectations? Why is it so? Simply because our progress in all things is slow we proceed by means of an evolutionary progress to higher ground.

We do not suddenly appropriate new traits of character nor a "parcel," so to speak, of "self-control," but learn our lesson daily, and gradually acquire by constant practice, the virtues we strive for.

So if our hearts are right in the main, which has been taken for granted, we shall find that each year finds us a better, and therefore happier, man or woman.

As "temperance" workers we are pleased indeed with what the old year brought us. Progress has been steady, if slow and sure. The decision against the appeal of the liquor people in the matter of the reading of the Local Option Bill was determined in our favor. This means all the hotels vetoed will have to go. As it is only lately their disappearance has been appreciable, we are just beginning to secure the glorious result of the 1907 vote. It is something to be doubly thankful for.

Now, at the close of the old year, we have received a magnificent Xmas box in the N.Z. vote for prohibition. Its effect for good will be incalculable. We should be deeply thankful for it. It is no small item in our general forward march, and one that will tell—a great help up. May 1912 prove an even greater benefactor to us than 1911, and that is saying a great deal. But we need to be alive to our opportunities, and make the most of the favors strewn in our path. Are we doing this? Do they awaken in our hearts greater zeal and enthusiasm. Let each answer for himself, and enter upon a little sound self examination. It will do no harm to any of us.

BUSINESS PUNCH FOR THE YOUNG MAN.

By DON E. MOWRY.

Fun costs the young man a lot of money. As a young man, you need the money. Save it. Cut out the kind of fun your wife or mother cannot enjoy with you.

Let them call you a "T.W." (Tight Wad). Some day they will be sorry they spoke.

Spend where it will count. Be sure it will count before you spend. Just figure ahead a little.

Associate with men who do not hang around the cigar stores.

If you get tired of your work and want to loaf, get a good book and you will forget your restlessness.

Stand a little above the crowd; that is, don't be too free with everyone. You gain respect where it will count as a result.

Your chief value, wherever you are, is in your knowing a little more about the business you are in than does your rival. You must know, even if you have to work overtime to get the information.

A young man need not be a young man in business if he studies himself and finds out where he can improve himself and gain poise.

You will never be a winner by luck. You have simply got to build yourself up. Building takes time—so don't hurry too much.—From "The Business Philosopher."

THE COAL VEND DECISION.

The judgment delivered in the Coal Vend matter is likely to serve as a salutary warning to would-be "monopolists." They will be severely penalised by the judiciary the moment they attempt by unfair methods to "cut out" their rivals. It is well to nip this sort of thing in the bud. We read recently a case in the American papers of a large concern that had held a monopoly for years in one particular class of trade accessories—adopting extraordinary tactics to oust a competitor. The latter had forced down the prices—and he must go. Every available person was enlisted by this corporation amongst its army of "spies." Hotel clerks, railway porters, office clerks, etc., were all in the pay of the octopus, and reported at once the arrival "on trial" of the adversaries' machine. Even telegraph operators were paid for special information, and in that charming spirit of "graft," so abundant in the States, unfair advantages were secured all round for the would-be monopolists. We do not want this state of things in Australia, and, although the vend served certain good purposes, if guilty of misdemeanor let it be punished. Let also the punishment fit the crime. And so say all of us. Give the smaller concerns a fair chance—the more of them the better—the more wealthy and the more independent the nation as a whole.

THE LEGEND OF THE PICTURE.

(By Judson Strong.)

An interesting legend has come down through the ages. It is only a legend, but it carries a truth. It was on a moonlight night, so the story runs, that Christ and the 12 being weary with the day's journey, camped beside a wood fire near the city's walls. For a long time they talked together, the disciples asking questions and the Master, with a patience which exhibited no signs of weariness, answered them one after another, and went over with them again and again the lessons of the day. And as they talked, one of them took a charred ember from the fire and sketched rapidly the Master's picture on the white wall. And after that they slept, and very early the next morning, before the town was awake, rose and ate their simple meal and passed on.

After a time the villagers came forth and gathered wondering around the wall.

"Whose is the picture?" asked one.

"Why," said the carpenter, "it is the picture of a carpenter, that should be plain to anyone; see his rough, horny hands."

"No," said the burden-bearer; "it is the picture of a burden-bearer; do you not see the bent back?"

"You are both mistaken," said the sage. "It is a wise man. One may see it in every line of his face."

And so they argued, one with another for a long time, waxing heated in the discussion, not knowing that each one of them was right. Had a disciple been there he could have told them that He whose picture was there was all these—carpenter, burden-bearer, prophet, and king, but even the disciple would probably have not understood.

So much is only fable, but it carries with it the great truth of the perfection of His life which makes it forever different from any other. We speak of other men doing characteristic things, or acting in a characteristic way. We cannot speak so of Christ. Everything was characteristic of Him. He had in His being every human trait. It is the one miracle which no sceptic has ever attacked—this all-round, all-inclusive perfection of His life. He had experienced every condition of human existence and understood it. This it is that marks Him off from every other man who has ever lived; this more than His birth or anything that He did or said points Him out as creation's Lord.

Mr. Jones has recently become the father of twins. The minister stopped him in the street to congratulate him.

"Well, Jones," he said, "I hear that Providence has smiled on you."

"Smiled on me!" repeated Jones. "He laughed out loud at me."

Have you as much assurance cover on your life as is necessary for the protection of your family? If not, write to

S. B. WEATHERLAKE,

Agent for THE **A. M. P. SOCIETY.**
87 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

Universal Races Congress.

GREAT GATHERING IN LONDON.

The first Universal Races' Congress opened its proceedings in the Great Hall of the University of London, Imperial Institute, South Kensington, London, on Wednesday, July 26. Never perhaps was such a gathering ever before held. About 1000 delegates assembled, representing all kinds and conditions of the races, and fully one-third of those present were men and women of color. This infant movement for the recognition of the brotherhood of man, and the determination to secure an equality of opportunity for all, has received the support from no less than thirty Presidents of Courts, the majority being members of the Permanent Court of Arbitration and delegates to the Second Hague Conference, twelve British Governors, and eight British Premiers, over forty Colonial Bishops, and about 130 professors of international law, leading anthropologists and sociologists, the officers of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, and other distinguished personages. Over twenty Governments were officially represented, and the list of writers of papers included eminent representatives of over twenty nations. The object of the Congress was to discuss, in the light of science and the modern conscience, the general relations subsisting between the peoples of the West and of the East, between the so-called white and the so-called colored peoples, with a view to encouraging between them a fuller understanding, more friendly feeling, and heartier co-operation.

THE UNIVERSAL CURSE OF ALCOHOL.

In calling together a Congress such as this, having for its object the uplift of humanity, whether the promoters desired it or not, the question of alcoholism was bound to come to the front, and while the Congress was ready to condemn everything that tends to the degradation of the human race, it was also evident that it was determined to encourage and establish every effort to elevate and ennoble. Hence there was no hesitation in declaring against war and in favor of peace, against ignorance and in favor of education, against drunkenness and in favor of sobriety. In fact, the universal curse of alcohol was noted from the very opening to the close of this remarkable gathering. This was the more observable from the fact that this was not an International Congress of Temperance Societies. So far as I could learn, only three distinctively Temperance organizations were represented, viz., the International Order of Good Templars, which sent the following:—Edward Wavrinsky, M.P., I.C.T. (Sweden); Tom Honeyman, I. Sec., Dr. I. Dunlop (Scotland); Alderman Joseph Malins, J.P., Guy Hayler, Mrs. E. Brown (England); and Mrs. Wavrinsky (Sweden). The World's Women's Christian Temperance Union were represented by Miss Robertson (Scotland), Editor "Scottish Women's Temperance News," and Thos. Searle (South Africa), and the Native Races and the Liquor Traffic by Mr. John Newton.

WHITE AND BLACK IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Miss Olive Schreiner wrote: "For us in South Africa the question how ennobling and harmonious relations can best be attained between the light and dark races which build up our nations is not one of merely abstract intellectual interest, it is the root problem on the solution of which our whole future national life depends. We have in our population five or six millions of dark races, many of these belong to the ablest and most highly developed of African races, and we have a million or more of more or less white persons forming for the moment a dominant caste. I hope others will express more ably and as fully as I should have liked to have done how entirely the future of our nation depends on our fulfilling our obligation as a dominant caste to-day. If as we break down the social institutions of tribal life, and often every high moral sense of social obligations which has governed our native races in the past, we turn to him only the lower side of civilisation, if we compel him to graduate in the school of the white man's wineshop and worse and fail to impart to him our higher education and yield to him no place in the body politic of our national life, the future of South Africa, not for the black man alone, but yet more for the white, is one which we who are the children and lovers of South Africa cannot look forward to without dark fore-boding. I can only hope that others at this Congress will go deeply into this question and deal with it more ably than I could have done."

THE WHITE MAN'S DRINK.

The negro question evoked a very lively discussion in which the curse of alcohol was shown both by native speakers and others who have lived among these people.

Mr. Rubusana, the only negro member of the South African Union Parliament, said one of the chief causes of resentment on the part of the African peoples was the flooding of the country with the white man's drink. "Keep it," he said, "to yourselves; we will keep our own drink, or do without it." Much was said of the "black peril." There was no black peril in South Africa; the isolated outrages that were reported were always amongst the submerged part of the community.

Dr. Scarborough, principal of Wilberforce University, U.S.A.—an elderly man, with a pathetic voice—said that the negroes in America were to-day in a relatively worse position than they were forty years ago. Doors of opportunity then open to them had been closed.

A speech which made a deep impression was that by Mrs. Alfred Macfadyen, whose theme was the position of white women in South Africa in relation to black men. In old days the white women were absolutely safe; they were still safe in places where the natives had not come into contact with the whites. If elsewhere they were less safe, it was because the old moral sanctions had

been broken down by the influences of the West.

The peril was in part the price exacted for the treatment of colored women by white men; in part, the result of the deliberate debauchery of the African people by the sale of drink and in other ways.

THE WRITERS OF PAPERS AND DRINK.

Not only was the subject of intoxicants dealt with by the one official paper read by Dr. Abendanon (Holland) on "The Traffic in Intoxicants and Opium," but other writers introduced the subject in their papers. Mr. Tengo Jabavu (South Africa) said, in reference to the aboriginal races, "As to strong drink, their habits were uniformly temperate. Although they had their native beer, of little alcoholic strength, it was partaken of only by grown-up and middle-aged men. To young men and the women folk it was entirely prohibited." Mr. Jabavu then declared, "The old tribal system is breaking down. With it go the wholesome restraints of tribal law and custom and morality. The results have already been extremely disastrous. Many natives have been demoralised and ruined, and the effects on the white community have been scarcely less deplorable."

The weakest utterance of all was that of Dr. Abendanon, and while there was no time, when his paper was under discussion, to correct the errors into which he had fallen, the fact that there was such a unanimity of feeling against strong drink and the liquor traffic made this correction of less importance than would otherwise have been the case. Certainly the official paper failed to do justice to the subject.

IMPORTANT DECLARATION BY THE CONGRESS.

The last sitting of the Congress took place on Saturday afternoon, July 29, and was largely attended. After thanking Lord Wear-dale (President), Mr. G. Spiller (Hon. Organizer) and others, it was resolved to form a permanent International Council to organize future congresses. So as to focus the universal expression of opinion in reference to intoxicating liquors, opium, etc., Mr. Guy Hayler gave notice of the following addition to the proposals contained in the official resolution of subjects to be dealt with by this Council, viz.: "To induce the people of all nations to abandon the use of opium, alcohol, and other intoxicants, and to encourage all Governments to abolish such enemies of the races from the commerce of the world." This proposal was supported by Thos. Searle, (South Africa), Edward Hoffman (Russia), and Dr. Gilbert Reid (China). Mr. Guy Hayler unfortunately was unable to attend this business meeting, but Mr. Thomas Searle moved the addition in a most effective speech, which created great enthusiasm. Mr. Tom Honeyman seconded, and it was adopted almost unanimously amidst great cheering. This important declaration in favor of abstinence and prohibition by the first Universal Races' Congress must do much to further these important questions in every part of the world.

G.H.

Battles that are Lost.

AND WHY THEY ARE LOST.

By the REV. W. L. WATKINSON.

William, Prince of Orange, was famous for the masterly way in which he repaired the military disasters which befell him. Speaking of the defeat which he sustained at Landen, Macaulay writes: "In truth the ability and vigor with which William repaired his terrible defeat might well excite admiration. 'In one respect,' said the Admiral Coligni, 'I may claim superiority over Alexander, over Scipio, over Caesar. They won great battles, it is true. I have lost four great battles; and yet I show to the enemy a more formidable front than ever.' The blood of Coligni ran in the veins of William; and with the blood had descended the unconquerable spirit which could derive from failure as much glory as happier commanders owed to success." There is a parallel to this in the spiritual life, when painful failures in faith and conduct are met with a wise and an unconquerable spirit, and so wonderfully retrieved that the disaster of the moral conflict is converted into ultimate and splendid advantage.

How Battles are Lost.

Rare indeed are the souls who never lose a battle! Through unwatchfulness and frailty most of us are from time to time sadly baffled and beaten. It is not merely that we are conscious of failure in those endeavors which accompany all spiritual life and development, but we distinctly and miserably fail in faith, purity, or honor. These defeats are sometimes secret. Such is the solitariness of the soul that those about us who know us best realise little or nothing of our tremendous interior struggles; and although our friends are familiar with all the variations of our earthly fortune, they are totally unaware when we win or lose the eternal crown. But we are keenly conscious of the crisis, and are deeply humiliated before the face of God because we have lost a battle that it was of infinite consequence we should win. These defeats are sometimes open and notorious. The secret sin becomes a presumptuous sin. We grievously fail before the world; our good name is smirched; the lost battle drags us through the dust; it may even be desirable that we withdraw from the membership of God's Church. We need not enlarge on these defeats, they are more terrible than any military disaster.

How Lost Battles May Affect Us.

Having lost one of these battles of the soul, we are in danger of yielding to panic and despair; in the darkness and confusion, in the shame and distress of our fall, we are tempted to abandon all further effort and hope. Very lamentable is the demoralisation which not uncommonly follows an act of faithlessness; having allowed a gust of temper, a fit of appetite, a motion of pride or covetousness; having broken a vow or permitted some act of cowardice and disloyalty—the stumbling disciple fails to recover himself, casts away his shield, plunges

into desperate worldliness or excess, and becomes altogether the victim and slave of the foe. Thank God! there is another and a better course than this. As through wonderful genius and resolution Coligni, William of Orange, and Washington in the hour of discomfiture conducted a masterly retreat, rallied their forces, secured fresh artillery and reinforcements, breathed new confidence and hope into their stricken army, and finally converted the agony of failure into the joy of triumph, so through energy of will and the mystery of grace may the overthrown soul retrieve the day of defeat and bring out of it strength, victory, and peace. As the grace of God has secured to mankind through the fall of Adam marvellous issues of a higher perfection and a diviner blessing, so the tragedy and salvation of the race may be repeated in the individual, and his fall prove his uplifting. In the Old and New Testaments wonderful instances are recorded of vanquished souls happily recovering themselves, and we all know men and women who have surprised us by outliving serious lapses, and becoming, through sorrowful but sanctified experiences, deeper, finer characters than they were before. Through godly penitence they attain a meekness and charity, a seriousness and grace, a wisdom and faithfulness of spirit which did not always characterise them. "Where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound."

What Lost Battles Should Teach Us.

Our sad failures may serve us by inducing a greater seriousness of spirit. Why was the battle lost? Because we entered the fight with a light heart. We lack an adequate sense of the reality and strength of temptation, of the extreme perilousness of life, of the necessity of watchfulness and preparedness; and our lost battles yield profound good if they free us from illusions and superficiality, from conceits and assumptions, causing us to think seriously, and to summon all our forces to meet the strenuousness of life. Our failures may serve us as they reveal to us the weakness of our convictions, the inferiority of our principles, the imperfection of our motives. Some time ago a vessel was shipwrecked that was registered in the highest class as built under supervision and copper-fastened throughout; but when she broke up it was discovered that she had not a copper bolt in her—she had been held together only by tree-nails and rusty iron. So when tossed and broken in some storm of temptation, we discover that our faith, our principles, and our motives are not all that we fondly believed them to be; that we are not altogether the men that we gave ourselves credit for, and the shipwreck of the soul is explained by the fact that its fastenings have been more or less rust and stubble, although bearing the color of nobler metal. Happy are we if the day of strain and partial shipwreck drives

us to overhaul ourselves, to eliminate whatever is defective in principle or purpose, to supply whatever is sterling and strong, to strengthen the things that remain, so that after all we may come safe into the haven. Our lost battles ought also to deepen our sense of dependence upon God. To a large extent our overthrows are owing to our lack of faith and prayer, to our want of a vivid and daily dependence upon the divine presence and grace. The lost battle is not altogether lost if it forms in us the habit of steadily gazing upon Him whose grace alone gives strength to our shield, sharpness to our sword, victory to our standard.

How Lost Battles may be Turned into Victories.

Let us not then despair even when the battle goes against us and all seems lost. When worsted, we may extort victory that gives us a place with the more than conquerors. To fall in the race is not necessarily to miss the prize. Says a shrewd proverb, "He who stumbles without falling, hastens;" and by a miracle of grace the painful stumble in the path of life may accelerate our speed. But to convert defeat into victory means the soul at its best; it implies a supreme determination and effort. The book of God is rich in comfortable, energising words to those who have fallen short of His Glory. Dare to rest in those words, and though you have fallen seven times you shall rise again.

A LETTER FROM HOME.

From home! O precious, precious page!
The envelope is worn and torn—
The letter is as warm with love
As though no journey lay between
My dearest ones and me.
On mother's desk you lay, one day,
A simple, whitened sheet;
But now, O now, you glow and shine!
Since her dear hand the message wrote,
A sacred thing you are to me,
A sacrament of love and home!

I see the room wherein she wrote,
The chair, the desk, the pen—her hand!
I see the dawn and summer's flowers,
The slanting shadows of the trees
As June days wear away.
I hear the rustle of the leaves;
The perfume of the hay and flowers
Is mine again—is mine to-day,
In far-off lands, because I hold
In happy hands this precious page.

—Rev. James M. Yard, in "Christian Advocate."

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and No-License.

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

All Communications sent to
ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND,
Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1912.

PROHIBITION IN NEW ZEALAND.

The "Lyttelton Times," in a leading article, says:—

"The fact that 43 members of the new House of Representatives are pledged to the bare majority or the 55 per cent. majority in deciding the National Prohibition question lends additional significance to the support given to the more drastic remedy for the evils of the liquor traffic at the recent licensing poll. The latest returns show that the number of votes recorded in favor of National Prohibition amounted to 55.81 per cent. of the number of votes actually polled, so that if even the 55 per cent. majority had been in operation the liquor trade would now be under 'notice to quit.' In the first surprise occasioned by the magnitude of the Prohibition vote it was widely assumed that many electors had been misled by the wording of the ballot papers and had voted for the complete extinction of the traffic when they really meant to vote the other way; but subsequent inquiries have satisfied us that the mistakes of this kind were comparatively few and that they were not all made on one side. The truth seems to be that a large number of people who could not see their way to vote local No-License cheerfully threw in their lot with the advocates of National Prohibition. This tendency was particularly noticeable in the North Island, where local No-License had previously found little favor, and in Otago and Southland,

where the less sweeping reform had had its longest trial. Whether the vote for National Prohibition will grow in the future as the vote for No-License has grown in the past, time alone can tell, but we can see no reason why it should not. Probably there were a good many people who voted without quite realising the gravity of the issue, but the three years they now have for reflection will be just as likely to carry them to one side as it will to the other. In the meantime, it is tolerably certain that a proposal to reduce the majority required to carry National Prohibition from three-fifths to 55 per cent. will be submitted to Parliament, and if this should be carried the poll of 1914 will produce a much more strenuous contest between the trade and the Prohibitionists than the one we have just witnessed. The prospect is not one which people who wish to separate liquor from politics will view with much satisfaction.

CHRISTMAS AND KILL-JOYS.

The people who undoubtedly did most to make the Christmas-time a joyful one are, strange to say, dubbed "kill-joys." There was more brightness to the square yard in the Sydney Town Hall at the City Mission Christmas Tree than to the acre anywhere else in Sydney, and yet it was promoted and provided by those the liquor crowd call "kill-joys." The strains of song, the overflow of good feeling in generous philanthropy, was entirely due to the same "kill-joys." Standing in Park-street on Boxing Day, we watched over 1000 men return from the head-punching, money-making display at the Stadium. Watching the faces of the men, it was sadly and strikingly impressed upon us that it looked like a funeral procession. One onlooker was overheard to say, "Who is dead?" the remark being prompted by the gloomy and dour looks on the faces, not of one, but of all, the great procession. Every now and then a small party would make a break for the corner pub., and seek the artificial glamor that is natural to the so-called "kill-joys." Life to those who only know its sensual side is indeed sad, and stimulant seems to be their only glow-worm. But to those normal people who have a mind full of happy memories, and a soul lifted to higher things, there is something more than the sensual glow-worm to brighten. There is the sunlight of God's favor and the joy of service rendered to humanity, and it was reflected in the merriment of a thousand gatherings at the Christmas time. No, we are not "kill-joys." Try again, "Fairplay." Another name, please. This one does not even hit the target, let alone reach the bull's-eye.

DRINK HABITS IN PERTH.

The Perth Police Commissioner's annual report states that the drink habit is responsible for 53 per cent. of all offences committed, against 47 per cent. of the previous year. He urges that the hotels be completely closed on Sunday, or the bona-fide travellers' limit be raised from five to 10 miles. Many

public houses should be closed, he says. Kalgoorlie, with a population of 14,817, has 52, and Boulder, with 16,800 people, has 44 hotels. Coolgardie, with 2800 inhabitants, has 18.

THE WELCOME HAND.

There's a man in the world who is never turned down,

Wherever he chances to stray;

He gets the glad hand in the populous town
Or out where the farmers make hay.

He's greeted with pleasure on deserts of sand

And deep in the aisles of the woods;

Wherever he goes there's the welcoming hand—

He's the Man Who Delivers the Goods.

The failures of life sit around and complain;

The gods haven't treated them right;

They've lost their umbrellas whenever there's rain,

And they haven't their lanterns at night;

Men tire of the failures who fill with their sighs

The air of their own neighborhood;

There's a man who is greeted with love-lighted eyes—

He's the Man Who Delivers the Goods.

One fellow is lazy, and watches the clock,

And waits for the whistle to blow;

And one has a hammer with which he will knock,

And one tells a story of woe;

And one, if requested to travel a mile,

Will measure the perches and roods;

But one does his stunt with a whistle or smile—

He's the Man Who Delivers the Goods.

One man is afraid that he'll labor too hard,

The world isn't yearning for such;

And one man is ever alert, on his guard,

Lest he put in a minute too much;

And one has a grouch or a temper that's bad,

And one is a creature of moods;

So it's Hey! for the joyous and rollicking lad—

For the One Who Delivers the Goods.

—Walt Mason.

HOW SOMEBODY HELPED.

One of our readers did us a great kindness a few days ago not only in ordering from one of our advertisers, but they mentioned "Grit." It cost them nothing, and it helped "Grit" in a very real way. Will you make up your mind to help us in this way? It is the easiest and the best way to help "Grit." Send your orders to those who advertise with us, or, when you give the order, cut the advertisement out of "Grit" and leave it. This will make so much difference that if 100 people out of all the thousands who take "Grit" did it, we would enlarge "Grit" in three months.

DO IT TO-DAY.

Christmas Among the Poor.

COURAGE, CHEERFULNESS, GENEROSITY.

It may be taken for granted that we have none of the poverty of the big cities of the old lands, since we have not the crowding, the foreign element, and the low wages, all of which are intensely aggravated by the weather conditions, and yet we have poverty, and the Churches at Christmas time make a very kindly provision for the less fortunate. Many think there ought to be no poverty in Sydney, with its high wages and demand for workers. It is true that in the trades wages run from 10s. a day to 15s. a day, and in England and the Continent this would seem to the worker a princely sum. The homes of these workers are full of comfort, their Christmas time is one of comparative luxury, and they are among the most generous in helping others. There are, however, large numbers—in fact, a majority of the workers—who do not get a tradesman's wage, and while they do not suffer from poverty, they suffer from the standard of living in the circle in which they move, and rent, dress, and amusements make a demand on their wages which leaves them always a bit behind. Again, a large number of casual workers, who earn good money, earn it so intermittently that they often vacillate between luxury and real poverty. To these people holidays are frequently a heavy set-back, as they have no chance of earning their daily wage at a time when expenses are heavier than usual.

DRINK-CAUSED POVERTY.

There is, however, a real and extensive poverty due entirely to drink. The man, and sometimes the woman, having both ability and means, yet loses both through the drink habit, and then comes poverty of the most sordid kind. Any daily paper in Sydney will furnish an incident of this kind of poverty, ending in tragedy or the police court. The extensiveness of this kind of thing may be guessed at when we contemplate the horrible fact that last year there were no less than 27,869 convictions for drunkenness in New South Wales. This includes over 5000 convictions against women. Perhaps the saddest part of the whole thing never appears in the police court, nor is it ventilated in the papers, being heroically borne by those who, to save scandal, publicity, and a good name, endure excruciating tortures without a word. The story of the Children's Police Court and the Boarding-out Department of the State, dealing as they do with about 10,000 children's cases each year, are an overwhelming condemnation of the drinking habits of the people, as well as a revelation of the poverty and hardship resulting from alcohol.

THE SYDNEY PHILANTHROPIES.

The Sydney Benevolent Society, the City Mission, the Sydney Rescue Work Society, the Central Methodist Mission, the Mission Zone, the Soup Kitchen, and at least twenty

other Christian institutions, reach out a helping hand all the year round, but at Christmas time they reach out both hands, and bring cheer and a measure of comfort to large numbers. It is not always wisely done. There is some overlapping, and there are things that grieve the soul of the severely practical, but such things are inevitable under the circumstances. The day must come when the charities that now combine to collect on charity day once a year will combine and devise plans for distributing their bounty, so as to bring the greatest amount of good with the least amount of harm. The less spectacular the giving—which means the more the effort of Christmas time is concentrated on the home—the better. A little Christmas tree in the home is less likely to bring heart-burning and overlapping than the big parading of our generosity and the publicity of the people's poverty that is inseparable from the public demonstration. It is not by any means impossible, and it has many advantages, as testified to by those who have tried it. It brings many kindly people from the favored suburbs into touch with the people in their homes, it reaches the parents as well as the children, and there is none of the objectionable parading of generosity, or making capital out of the unfortunate by advertising them in a big gathering.

THE POVERTY OF MISFORTUNE.

The best way to illustrate this is to give a few instances that came under the notice of those who work in the 30-acre parish whose ambition it is to be the brightest spot in Surry Hills. It was found that about 50 families were not being touched by any other agency, and yet their need was so insistent as to demand generous help. Think over such cases as the following:—A family of 14 children, father dead, youngest child five months. The earnings that keep this family are daily wages, and cease on the holidays. A woman whose husband has just died, leaving her with a child of two years of age and twin baby boys; a widow woman with five children, none of them old enough to earn yet; an old soul of 70, with a fractured hip, and no living relatives or friends in a position to help; several old-age pensioners, who do most wonderful things on 10s. a week; splendid sisters and grandmothers, who have taken the care of the deserted children of their relatives, and who make what is hardly enough for one do fairly well for two. It is great to catch glimpses of this kind of generous help. You only get glimpses of it, as it is never paraded, and shrinks before even friendly inquiry. One is again and again impressed with the number who practically daily live out the saying:—

Heart thou must learn to do without;
That is the riches of the poor.

OUR HELPERS.

The readers of "Grit" have helped right well, and enabled us to carry out all our plans in a modest way. We could have used twice as much. We want as much almost week by week, but we had sufficient for the day and the wee bit over, that was like sunshine after rain, and grateful hearts have thanked God, for it was recognised it was His doings and the donors were but His friends.

TEMPERANCE IN THE ARMY: SIR GEORGE WHITE'S TESTIMONY.

Field-Marshal Sir George White, speaking some little while ago at a temperance demonstration, testified in earnest and eloquent terms to the value and the success of temperance in the army. His longest experience has been in connection with the British Army in India, and statistics prove that it has carried the standard of temperance further than any section of the civil community of equal numbers, and based on the same classes of society. When he was Commander-in-Chief in India he was chairman of the Royal Army Temperance Association, and since then he has kept in close touch with its work. Last year's statistics show a wonderful record; over 30,000, nearly one-half of the army, were enrolled as members of the Temperance Association. "That," said the Field Marshal, "ought to be a great comfort to the fathers and mothers and relatives of a great number of the young fellows who are serving the Fatherland most loyally and bravely in our greatest Dependency." Sir George White strongly advocated the establishment of counter-attractions to the drinking saloon; the success of the Army Temperance Association he attributed in a great degree to the provision of temperance institutions in every barrack or regiment, corps or detachment. Sir George paid a high tribute to "that grand patriot and soldier, Lord Roberts," for his constant interest and strong encouragement to temperance effort.—"Alliance News."

NEARING PORT.

The noble river widens as we drift,
And the deep waters more than brackish
grow;
We note the sea-birds flying to and fro,
And feel the ocean currents plainly lift
Our barque, and yet our course we would
not shift;
These are but signs by which the boatmen
know
They're drawing near the port to which
they go
To land their cargo or to bring their gift.
So may our lives reach out on either hand,
Broader and broader, as the end draws
near;
So may we seek God's truths to understand,
As the sea-birds shelter seek when storms
appear;
So may the currents from the heavenly sea
Lift us and bear us to eternity.

—Selected.

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

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AN ASHBURTON J.P. GIVES EVIDENCE.

In addition to being a Justice of the Peace, Mr. Andrews is also a member of the Hampstead Town Board, and a highly respected citizen of Ashburton.

The block of shops and number of private houses owned by Mr. Andrews—all well let and all rising in value—alone speak eloquently of the progress of the town and disprove all assertions to the contrary. Mr. Andrews said in an interview last June:—

"I went to the winter show last night. It was a combined agricultural, pastoral, and poultry show, and attracted a large number of visitors from town and country. I did not, however, see, hear, or smell a sign of drink. During the license days I never knew such a gathering without there being some there the worse for liquor. They were a regular nuisance. I am satisfied both from my own and the general experience, as I hear it talked about, that rents are more easily collected since No-License. In fact, I cannot remember a single instance of a bailiff being put into a house in distraint for rent. Business seems wonderfully sound, and the town and suburbs taken together are progressing magnificently. I am amazed that the opposition to No-License has not absolutely died out long ago in face of the record of sobriety and good business advance Ashburton has put up under the 'dry' law; but there is an old adage, 'There are none so blind as those who won't see.' There is a class of people in Ashburton who at once put every bad happening down to the discredit of No-License, from too much rain to too little, from caterpillars in crops to stock diseases on our farms, but who absolutely refuse to give No-License credit for any of the good things that have been prominent in the Ashburton district this last nine years. If you point out to these people the growth of the town, it is anything but No-License; if the sobriety of the young men, No-License does not help; the fact of the decrease in crime—it is in spite of No-License, not because of it; if we point to the large number of splendid homes going up, and the increase of real home life, they say those would have happened anyhow. That is how it goes. These people, because of hard-shell prejudice, do a great injustice to a beneficial reform. Of course No-License leaves the right to import drink if they wish to, and a good many do import it, but excessive drinkers can reform if they wish to, and a great many for-

mer drunkards have reformed, as the experience of the 59 prohibited persons show."

In the bar of the Somerset Hotel was found a list of 59 prohibited persons when No-License became law. Of these, at the present day, 28 are removed or their history is not known. Nine others have died, but in many cases were much steadier than formerly till death. Of the remaining 22, whose history is known, Mr. Andrews reports as follows:—Seventeen are reformed, three partially reformed, two as drunk as ever. This is a splendid record.

DRUNKARDS EXTINCT AS THE DODO.

It is astonishing how hard some falsehoods are to kill, even though they are not backed up by the slightest evidence, and have unanswerable evidence against them. Such a falsehood is the assertion that No-License leads to a lot of home-drinking. Against this we have the evidence of four doctors at Oamaru, given some time ago, that of the whole of the six doctors at Masterton, just given a few weeks ago, and strong resolutions stating the assertion to be false, just unanimously carried at large public meetings at Balclutha and Milton. There is also the following capital statement from Dr. James Fitzgerald. Dr. Fitzgerald, at one time against No-License, is now converted by actual experience of the reform. His experience should convert others:—

"No-License has proved the success anticipated in Kaitangata. Street drunkards are now as extinct as the moa and dodo, and bad language and ribald talk on pay-night and Saturday are seldom heard. The homes appear more prosperous than in the days of license, and there is comparatively little home drinking."—James Fitzgerald, M.B.,

F.R.C.S., London, surgeon to Kaitangata Collieries.

HEADMASTERS PROCLAIM BENEFITS OF NO-LICENSE.

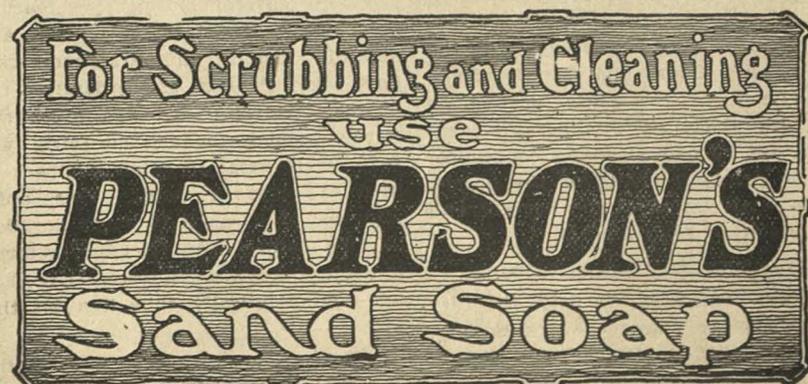
In interviews given in June last, the headmasters of the Ashburton and Waitaki (Oamaru) High Schools, gave the following important statements as to the working of No-License in their respective towns:—

Mr. W. E. Waters, headmaster of the Ashburton High School, said:—

"I am of opinion that No-License in Ashburton has justified itself. The town is clean, and, as far as any ordinary observer can see, there seems to be very little drunkenness. It would seem to the non-expert that if there were drunkenness in the houses or alleged sly-grog places, it would infallibly show itself. The difficulty in controlling partially intoxicated persons is well known. The impression conveyed to my mind is that the youth here are growing up under fortunate circumstances, and that not many new drunkards are being manufactured."

Mr. F. Milner, M.A., rector of the Waitaki High School, and who is a member of the Anglican Church, said:—

"I have been in charge of the Waitaki School, situated about two miles north of Oamaru, for the last five years. The only case of intoxication that I have seen in Oamaru in the whole of this five years was one case at an agricultural show. A welcome and striking feature of the town is the total absence of that beery effluvia which assaults the nostrils at the street corners of the average license town. My experience of No-License has been entirely favorable, and I am fully satisfied that the adoption of this reform, given efficient administration of the law, will be a great success wherever tried in the Dominion."



From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

THE DEEPER SEA.

We have sometimes watched the children playing in the shallow water, and have warned them not to go beyond a certain point. For we know that just beyond that point the bottom shelves, the water suddenly deepens, and there is danger for the little ones. But for the strong swimmer how much better it is than the shallows. How much better, too, for the stately water-craft that ply to and fro on the heaving waves.

And is it not so in life? The water often deepens suddenly, some great new experience of love or sorrow almost overwhelms one, just as the unknown current of the deep surprises the swimmer. Then one awakens to the realisation that he was scarcely living before; the past seems empty and shallow in comparison. But are the deeps not better than the shallows? They may strain nerve and heart, they may test faith and courage; but if one strikes out and breasts them, the reward is sure. It is a reward of exultation, of the glow of vigor and health, of increased power for the next combat. The deeper experiences of life are the better ones.

Dear Ne's and Ni's, in 1912 some of you will find deep places, and I pray that you may be ready for them. If you have learned to trust God you won't get out of your depth. If, however, you have never learned to trust God for yourself but only to lean on others, you may find many a bad deep place. I do not pray that there will be no sorrows, no deep places, but I do pray that you may be ready for all that comes in the New Year—brave and strong and always willing to help others.

UNCLE B.

A LITTLE EXERCISE FOR YOUR TONGUE.

If you stick a stick across a stick,
Or cross a stick across a stick,
Or stick a cross across a stick,
Or stick a cross across a cross,
Or cross a cross across a stick,
Or cross a cross across a cross,
Or stick a crossed stick across a stick,
Or cross a crossed stick across a cross,
Or stick a crossed stick across a crossed stick,
Or cross a crossed stick across a stick,
Or cross a cross stick across a crossed stick,
How will you stick a cross across a crossed stick?

—Sent by Beryl.

ONE WHO LOVES READING PAGE 11.

M. Enid Downward, Box 582, G.P.O., Brisbane, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you please have me for one of your nieces? I have wanted to write to you before, but have been too shy. I am 15, nearly 16. I go to school. "My"

school "broke up" last Friday. I am going away for the holidays. I go next Saturday. I love reading page 11. I don't know what else to say. Good-bye. With love.—Yours sincerely.

P.S.—I can't tell who you are. I have been trying to. I used to think you were Mr. Hammond. If you are, you know my mother, father, and sister.

(Dear Enid,—I am very pleased you have at last written. I may tell you Uncle B. and Mr. Hammond are very intimate, and from what Mr. Hammond has told Uncle B. I have wondered your sister did not write long ago; in fact, she ought to have typed a letter by this time. Be sure and write and tell me how you spent Christmas and your holidays.—Uncle B.)

HOT WINDS, CONCERTS, AND PICNICS.

Daisy Hawkins, Wyville, Cooma, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I do not like your name of "Scallywag," so I will again write you a short note. Many happy returns of the 5th, if it is not yet too late to send you my best wishes. We are just sick and tired of hot windy weather in Cooma. We had some nice rain here last week, but the hot wind has dried all the moisture up. I think that if a stone was thrown in a pool of water the stone would be wet before it reached the bottom. Don't you think so? Is this the answer to Cousin Amy's riddle? Have you ever taken off your left boot first? If you have, will you kindly let me know. Stella and Bertha are going to Adaminaby next week to take part in the annual Methodist concert. A linen tea was held in the School of Arts yesterday, which was given by the past and present pupils of Miss Noonon, L.L.C.M., on the occasion of her approaching marriage. Bertha played the opening overture, and accompanied most of the ladies who sang throughout the afternoon. The school children are going out to Nimitybelle on Wednesday. Mr. Henrickson, the railway contractor of the new line to Nimitybelle, has kindly promised to take the children out on the train to the picnic ground. I think I will be going, although I am now an ex-pupil of the school. I was 16 on November 9. Grace has the mumps, and a large dose of them, too. Good-bye now. With fond love to all your nieces and nephews, also yourself.—From your loving niece.

(Dear Daisy,—You certainly are not a "scallywag," for yours is a fine long letter. In spite of the hot winds, you seem to have plenty of fun. Hope you will try the candle-lighting that Beryl speaks of. I hope some day to go to Nimitybelle by that train. Last time I went I pitied the poor horses. I am puzzled about the left boot, for if you take it off first it won't be the left boot. Will it?—Uncle B.)

A NEW NI'.

Lilian Alexander, High Knoll, Williamstreet, Granville, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Will you let me be a niece, please? I would like to be one. I have been reading all the letters, and I think you are Mr. Hammond. We have been living in Granville for ten years, but I do not like it much. I have a brother and a sister, Helen and Ted. They are twins, and eighteen months younger than I am. We had a little Russian poodle, but it died last month. We think he must have got a bait, as he had a lot of fits one night, and the next day a boy came to say that he was dead. We have a cat. She had kittens, but we drowned them all but one, and he died last night.—Much love.

(Dear Lilian,—Very glad to have you as a niece, and hope you will often write. You have had a sad time losing the dog and the cat. I hope you will soon have pets to take their place, but be sure and tell me about them. I wonder if Helen and Ted will join my family also some day and write?—Uncle B.)

CANDLE-LIGHTING FUN.

Beryl, Bexley, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—We had a very interesting time up here with Mr. Tennyson Smith's lectures. We went to all but one. I think St. George must have been asleep that week, as the attendances were very poor. Perhaps it's this trying weather. We all went to the "Trial of Alcohol," and I looked out for some cousins, but could not recognise any. We had a little annual sale of work in connection with the Ministering Children's League up here yesterday. The proceeds are to help clear off the Sunday-school debt. There was one interesting competition, "candle-lighting." Competitors had to light as many candles as possible with the one match. Whoever lit most won.—Love to all cousins and self.

MORSE TELEGRAM.

Answer: "England's first temperance society was formed in Bradford in February, 1830."—E.R.

(Dear Beryl,—Thank you for your letter, also for the "tongue exercise." I wonder can you say it? I have never tried the candle-lighting game, but I am going to, and will let you know how many I can light. I hope all my other Ne's and Ni's will try and let us know. On New Year's Eve we used to put twelve lighted candles on the ground, three feet apart, and jump them one after the other, and the ones you put out represented your unlucky months in the coming year. Of course the girls had not so good a chance as the boys, because their dresses blew some candles out.—Uncle B.)

A NE 64 YEARS YOUNG.

James Richardson, Lismore, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I take one English weekly paper, also four Australian weeklies, including "Grit." Whichever of them all goes unread through absence or work, "Grit" never does. I look on myself as a sort of associate "Ne." It seems as if I have

BOOKLET ON "HEALTHFUL LIVING" POSTED FREE.

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right to, because I am so interested in "Page Double-One," though I am 64 years young. I read once of a crystal fairy hammer, a tap with which would make the "tapee" witty and smart. Dear, oh dear, I wish that fairy would hit me with the one you must have been blessed with, which wish is harmless, as it has no despondency or paralysis as alloy. May God abundantly bless, sustain, and prosper you, as He has promised.—Yours very faithfully.

(Dear Youthful One,—It is much better to be a young old man than an old young man, as you can well testify to. Thank you for your letter. You are now an honorary Ne, and we will expect to hear from you again.—Uncle B.)

A NI' ON HOLIDAY.

Milcie, Wingello, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—You can see by the name at the head of the letter that I am away from home at present. Everything up here is so beautifully green. There is not so much fruit about this year on account of the heavy winds. I expected to see the trees loaded with fruit, but instead of finding it on the trees I found it underneath. On Wednesday I went out to the gooseberry ground. I managed to pick some, but got an equal number of thorns in my fingers. I also went for cherries the next day. It is very quiet here. There has not been a train through the whole of the day, but then it is Sunday, so of course that makes all the difference. There is such a nice brick church being built here. The men are supposed to have it finished by Christmas, but they have not much chance of it being so. It is still minus roof, floor, and twenty other important parts. To-morrow, if it is fine, we are off to the swamp for Christmas bells. Coming home from Penrose on Wednesday we came across a paddock full of them. I will have to say good-bye to my cousins now, as this is going to be the last time my name will appear on page eleven. I will also have to say good-bye to you, as you will receive no more letters, and also wish you a merry Christmas and a bright and happy New Year.—Your affectionate niece.

(Dear Milcie,—It is quite bad enough your growing old, without your saying you will not write again. Please be an honorary Ni, and write just as often as usual. If you don't I will have to make it seven to twenty-seven, and keep you a while longer in that way.—Uncle B.)

BIRTHDAY CARDS.

For December 5 I received two more cards than those I mentioned last week, one from Milcie, and a hand-painted one from Amy Cowin of the Boonoo Boonoo Falls, Tenterfield. These falls are 752 feet high, so Amy says—but that seems to me a bit tall! I

wish all my Ne's and Ni's had sent me their photos. I want them. I had a very happy birthday, thanks.—Uncle B.

EXTRAS—THE MOAN OF MANY A MAN.

I don't mind the work,
The regular job,
The thing I can do,
And know how to do,
And get used to it.

It's not this that frets,
And hinders and pulls,
And puts out of joint.

It's the extras I mind,
It's this and it's that
I know nothing about,
And cannot plan for,
And do not expect.

It's speeches to make,
And nothing to say;
It's calls to return,
And presents to give,
And letters to write,
Committees to meet,
And bores I must hear,
And quarrels adjust,
And jealousies calm,
And meetings for that,
And things I must do,
That no one wants done,
That have to be done
Because they're the thing.

It's little things here,
And little things there,
That busy men do
"Because, as you know,
If you want a thing done,
You go to a man
Who has all he can do."
I don't mind my work,
My regular job,
If that were just all.
It's extras I mind,
That take up my time,
And eat up my strength,
And never say "Thanks."

And heaven, I think,
Will just be a place
Where each man will do
His job—and no more.

—"Life."

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Mrs. Day, 6s. 6d., 12/11/12; S. Beveridge, 2s. 6d., 30/6/12; M. A. Gleave, 10s., 24/5/13; J. R. Reeves, 10s., 31/12/12; A. Stuart, 2s., 9/12/11; R. Grace, 5s., 27/12/11; Miss Neilson, 6s. 6d., 1/11/12; J. H. Dillon, 6s. 6d., 1/11/12; Miss Chapman, 6s. 6d., 9/11/12; Mrs. Gilder, 5s., 3/2/12; A. E. Weller, 5s., 31/12/12; Geo. W. Lee, 10s., 8/4/12; Rev. M. Smith, 2s. 6d., 28/2/12; Miss McKellar, 5s., 28/8/12; T. G. Burch, 6s. 6d., 12/11/12; F. M. Hooker,

6s. 6d., 11/5/12; Mrs. Pickney, 5s., 31/12/11; Mrs. G. Wilson, 6s. 6d., 16/12/12; Mrs. E. P. Cato, 6s. 6d., 8/10/12; N. Middlemas, 6s. 6d., 16/11/12; Rev. W. White, 6s. 6d., 19/10/12; Mrs. Gibson, 6s. 6d., 20/12/12; Miss Milson, 6s. 6d., 19/10/12; Linton Moore, 6s. 6d., 19/10/12; Rev. Crawford, 7s., 1/12/12; A. Proudlock, 6s. 6d., 1/11/12; A. H. Clements, 7s. 6d., 1/2/13; W. F. Mason, 6s. 6d., 1/11/12; Miss Napier, 6s. 6d., 1/11/12; E. Bland, 5s., 31/12/11; Mrs. E. Hart, 7s., 1/12/11; J. Stein, 10s., 13/8/11; Mrs. E. Pownall, 5s., 7/1/12; A. E. Hines, 6s., 31/12/11; R. T. Evans, 5s., 16/12/11; Mrs. E. Bridle, 1s. 3d., 11/12/11; P. N. Sutton, 2s. 6d., 31/6/13; Rev. F. Dixon, 5s., 21/12/11; Mrs. Baker, 5s., 21/1/12.

THE COST.

(Continued from Page 3.)

"Well, it's too bad," I began, appalled by the wreck this man and woman had made of life.

"It's what we might expect, and what we deserve," she interrupted. "Remember that when we traffic in liquor, we knowingly, deliberately tamper with the well-being of our kind as well. We tacitly acknowledge that, for a price, we are ready and willing to injure our fellow-beings. That's what it really amounts to. Why should they not despise us? We profit solely by their undoing. The loss of self-respect, friends—of everything that makes life worth while—that is the cost," said the saloonkeeper's wife, as she turned away.—"Union Signal."

THE BEST

IS THE

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METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE,
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Brewers' Congress Proves a Boomerang.

The brewers were going to show us a model drinking place. Here is what they offered as a "model":

A "bierstube" filled with women and smoking men.

The brewers discountenance the law-breaking saloon, BUT

THE LAW AS TO CLOSING

Their "bierstube" ran wide-open, law-toder-duyvil, all day Sunday, October 15 and October 22, IN DIRECT DEFIANCE OF THE STATE'S LAWS.

The brewers frown upon the "naughty" saloon-keeper, BUT

AS TO MINORS.

Their model "bierstube" served beer to everyone who applied, and among these were girls who, to all appearance, COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MORE THAN SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE; by doing this, the brewers' model "bierstube" put itself upon a par with every other saloon in Chicago.

FOOD SKY-HIGH—BEER CHEAP.

The brewers were to show us an old-world, ideal place, where people sip a little beer merely as an incident to a meal. But the prices in their "bierstube" were sky-high on everything else, but moderate on beer. Result: they sold beer—and little else.

"TRUE TEMPERANCE."

The brewers were going to show us the meaning of "true temperance," and the blessings of moderation, BUT

At their banquet, 1200 of them consumed 9219 bottles of beer. Presuming, for tender charity's sake, that these were pint bottles, we still have an average consumption that would act like nitro-glycerine upon anything but a beer-hardened steam boiler, for it means just one gallon to the man!

This is the brewers' idea of TEMPERANCE and his ideal of LAW!

NO WONDER.

No wonder President McDonough, of the National Retail Liquor Dealers' Association, said: "The resolutions of the brewers sound well, BUT THEY'RE ALL ROT." For the big men of the beer "industry" may be law-abiding, BUT

If they had not suspended the law of the State of Illinois by the unholy use of an old-party political machine, the managers of the Brewers' Exposition would be in jail today!

AND,

If they had not suspended the laws of nature by a systematic course of hoggish debauchery, 1200 of them would have died the death by apoplexy!

Here is one of the resolutions, which well comes under the class "ALL ROT," passed by the Brewers' Congress:

A RESOLUTION.

"RESOLVED, That public drinking places which are the haunts of vice are dangerous, and should be eliminated."

The resolution was passed, of course. But one brewer, of too much intelligence not to see that the constant reiteration of meaningless and known hypocrisies is dangerous, arose and threw discretion to the winds.

AND THE TRUTH.

"I am not a public speaker," said Mr. H. Hamilton, of Texas. "I have heard the reading of the proposed resolution and have waited in vain for some brewer to arise and speak what he knows to be the truth on this subject. There can be no doubt that the sale of beer or any other liquor in resorts and dives should be stopped.

SAYS BREWERS OWN DIVES.

"What is the use, however, of adopting resolutions condemning its sale when it is well known that most of the resorts of the large cities are in some way owned or controlled by the breweries? If the brewer does not own the license he owns the building, or is in some other way responsible for the place.

"Public sentiment has reached the place where this thing will not be tolerated. Some of you think that the fight against the Prohibition wave has been won. This is no wave, I tell you, and the fight has just begun. The owning of these places and the protection of them by the brewing interests is the thing which gives us the black eye. The anti-liquor forces take this fact and make capital of it, as they justly should.

MUST ELEVATE SALOONS.

"The hope of the brewing interests is to be found in the elevating of the saloons. This cannot be done by resolutions, but must be done by the brewer severing his connection with places of ill repute."

Just here, the "Congressional Record" would probably insert in brackets, "Prolonged applause," but alas, we cannot tell a lie! Mr. Hamilton's words, which he himself characterized as "the truth of which everyone of you are well aware," were received in stony silence.

FACTS.

Within a radius of one mile of the place where the congress was held, and while this resolution was being passed, hundreds of saloons were packed with disreputable women, selling to minors, and violating every law of God and man. And the brewers who own the majority of these saloons, who supply them with their beer and call upon them for needed votes, were, in all probability, sitting in that congress and voting for those resolutions.

From Portland, Ore., comes a contemporary comment upon the "law-abiding" stand of the brewer. Said Councilman Maguire in a plea for a section of the city infested with saloons, but no churches and no schools:—

NOT A RESOLUTION.

"As soon as you try to wipe out one of these vicious saloons, you find four or five brewery attorneys before the license com-

mittee fighting you! And the officials back them up. At 20 minutes to 12 on a Saturday night, I have seen District Attorney Cameron in a place where gambling was going on, and, when his attention was called to it, he said he was too drunk to see anything! That's the kind of a district attorney we have. Whenever you get after a saloon, the holder of the license simply hands over his power of attorney to the big men, and they fight his battle. The most you can do is to force a transfer of the license?"

The ideal programme for the "uplifting" of the saloon provides that it shall:

Serve no women. The "bierstube" did.

That it shall serve no minors. The "bierstube" did.

That it shall obey the closing laws. The "bierstube" DID NOT.

That it shall encourage moderate drinking. The brewers did—by setting an example. They consumed only one gallon of beer to the man at their annual banquet.

Clear-thinking, sober Americans—men who want to vote justly and right—have no faith in the speech of the brewer. For his speech is sweet as honey and the honeycomb, but by and through his hired agents in every city of the land, he's stabbing law, he's stabbing womanly virtue, he's stabbing manly sobriety, he's stabbing and jabbing and heaving at the foundations of the American home. He is conducting a systematic campaign to introduce his turgid, turbid, muddy, bloating poison into the veins of our mothers and the milk of the babe which still clings to her bosom. Is he to have his way?—"American Advance."

ENGLAND'S DECREASING LIQUOR BILL.

Sir Thomas Whittaker, who has made the working of the licensing laws a subject of special study, points out an interesting fact in connection with most recent developments. He says the diminution in the national liquor bill indicated at the date of publication of the latest returns reaches an amount sufficient to cover the whole charges of old-age pensions and national insurance. The process, noted so far back as the period when the Chancellor of the Exchequer was Sir Michael Hicks Beach, has occasionally varied, a spell of exceptionally prosperous times increasing the amount spent on liquor. But in the main the tendency has been steadily in the same direction. Sir Thomas learns that the latest figures at the disposal of the Inland Revenue Department, yet unpublished, do not disturb the conclusions arrived at. This is a matter the Chancellor of the Exchequer will regard with mixed feelings. It affects his Budget by a falling away in one of the richest sources of public revenue. On the other hand, the greater welfare of households, where less money is spent upon drink, cannot fail to be reflected in augmented returns from other commodities yielding indirect taxation.

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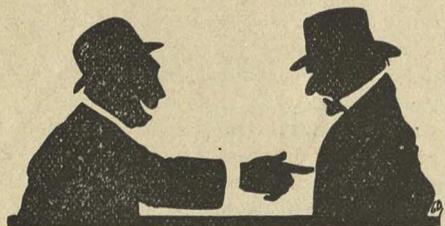
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THE WEST END OF A WIRE.

The proofreader on a small middle-western daily was a woman of great precision and extreme propriety. One day a reporter succeeded in getting into type an item about "Willie Brown, the boy who was burned in the West End by a live wire."

On the following day the reporter found on his desk a frigid note asking "Which is the west end of a boy?"

It took only an instant to reply: "The end son sets on, of course."—"Ladies' Home Journal."

* * *

A NOSE LIKE A GAS-METER.

Jackson Wentworth, after an absence of 30 years, returned to the home of his youth. Jackson had a slight affection of the skin, which made his nose very red. Hence, when he called at the parsonage the old minister remarked: "Jackson, Jackson, my man, I'm afraid you've become a hard drinker."

"Don't judge by appearances, Dr. Steenthly," said Jackson Wentworth. "I hardly consume two glasses of beer a week."

"Well, then," said the minister, in a soothing voice, "I guess your face, Jackson, is like my gas-meter. It registers more than it consumes."—"American Wine Press."

YOU'D BURST.

Ex-Senator Depew, at a recent dinner, told the following story of himself:—"I have received many compliments on my skill at after-dinner speaking, but the naivest compliment of all came from an up-State farmer. 'Senator,' said he, 'you might have typhoid and recover, you might have pneumonia and recover, you might have yellow fever and recover, but if you ever get lockjaw, you'd burst.'"

* * *

When a golf club gives a dance, is it a golf ball?

VERY DRY.

A Scottish paper tells a story of an old Scottish woman who was "unco' drouthie," without the money to buy a "drappie." "Lassie," she said to her little granddaughter, "gang round to Donald McCallum and bring me a gill. Tell him I'll pay him i' the morning." Back came the child with a refusal. Donald declined to part with his whisky without the cash. Eager and irritated, the old woman cast about for some means of "raising the wind," and her eye fell upon the family Bible. "Here, lassie," she said, "gie him this and tell him to keep it until I bring him the siller." Off went the little girl, but she soon returned still carrying the Bible. Donald was obdurate.

"He says he maun have the baubees first, granny."

In anger the disappointed grandmother threw up her hands and exclaimed: "Losh, did onybody ever hear the like o' that? The man will neither tak my word nor the word of God for a gill o' whusky!"

* * *

The New Girl: "An' may me intinded visit me every Sunday afternoon, ma'am?"

Mistress: "Who is your intinded, Delia?"

The New Girl: "I don't know yet, ma'am. I'm a stranger in town."

* * *

Seaside Visitor (admiring a seagull): "How nice and clean he looks." Boatman: "Ah, ma'am, if you spent as much time in the water as he does, you'd look clean, too."

* * *

Blobbs: "I don't know what to make of that boy of mine. He's never around when he is wanted." Slobbs: "Why don't you try and get him a job on the police force?"

A COMPREHENSIVE ANSWER.

One day, as Pat, the water carter, under the influence of liquor, halted at the top of a river bank, a man famous for his inquisitive mind stopped and asked:—

"How long have you hauled water for the village, my good man?"

"Tin year, sor."

"Ah! how many loads do you take in a day?"

"From tin to fifteen, sor."

"Ah, yes! Now I have a problem for you. How much water at this rate have you hauled in all?"

The driver of the watering-cart jerked his thumb backward toward the river, and replied, "All the water ye don't see there now, sor."

* * *

A QUESTION THAT MADE HER THINK.

"Biddy," said an Irishman to the girl of his heart, "did ye iver think o' marryin'?" "Shure, now," replied Biddy, looking demurely at her shoe, "shure, now, the subject has niver entered me mind at all, at all!" "It's sorry Oi am," said the suitor, as he turned to depart. "Wan minute. Pat," said Biddy softly, "ye've set me thinkin'!"

* * *

Singleton: "I can not understand why a man's wife is called his better half." Wedmore: "You would if you had to divide your salary with one."

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For Fathers and Mothers.

A THANKSGIVING LEGEND.

Once upon a time two angels came down to earth to gather the prayers of mortals. One was the Angel of Thanks and the other the Angel of Asking. The Angel of Thanks carried a very large bag thrown over her shoulder, for she thought: "God has given so many things to men that I don't see how I can carry all the thanks I get. I really ought to have someone to help me, but I suppose God knew best when He told me to go alone. Perhaps I can make two trips." And the Angel of Thanks started very early in the morning in order to have time for all the work she had to do. The long, flowing robes that angels wear were bound up close about her, so that she could work very fast, and her crown was laid aside, lest it should interfere.

But the Angel of Asking carried only a very small basket in her hand, for she thought: "God has given men so much, that I really don't see what there is to ask for. I'll start out early and get it all done, and perhaps God will have something else for me to do then." For the angels are happiest when they have a great deal to do for God. And the Angel of Asking wore her crown and carried her harp, and let her long robes float loosely about her, for she thought her task was to be an easy one.

All day they wandered to and fro on earth, gathering the prayers of men. But the Angel of Asking came back very early. She had borrowed the great bag of the Thank Angel, and was bending low under its weight. Her robes were torn and soiled with labor. It was so hard to hold all the wants of men; she wondered how they had managed to think of so many things to ask. She stopped every once in a while to be sure she had lost none.

Late at night the Angel of Thanks came back. She was very weary, for she had been all over the world, but she had only one little "Thank you," that rattled around in the bottom of her basket. And she was so ashamed that she hid her face before all the other angels.

Then she came to the great white throne where God was, and said, "O Father, I have worked all day, and I have nothing to bring you but this one 'Thank you.' I am very, very sorry. Perhaps I can do better tomorrow."

But the Father said to her, very gently: "You are not to blame, my child. It is not your ingratitude, but the ingratitude of men; and they reject not your kindness, but the kindness of the Father Who sent you."—Exchange.

DRILLED INTO PIETY.

The Bishop of Oxford, speaking at the annual meeting of the State Children's Association (at the residence of Lord Brassey) referred to the movement in the direction of the substitution of individual for institutional training of children who, for one rea-

son or another, come under the care of the State.

He had before his mind as a bishop the experience of having had brought before him for confirmation children from institutions—a number of pious-looking children who went down on their knees in exactly the same manner, and placed their hands together with the same expression of profound piety, and closed their eyes with the same expression of devotion. There was no intentional hypocrisy about all this. It had been drilled into them; they had been taught to say their prayers in that manner by corporate drill.

The benevolent visitor to an institution of that kind who saw those things would say there must be some profoundly religious influence at work on those boys and girls to produce that wonderful appearance of devotion. "It is not so. Believe me," continued the bishop, "there is nothing in the world easier than that sort of religious drill of children in the lump. (Laughter.) But wherever you see a great number of children holding their hands and closing their eyes in the same manner you may be pretty sure there is very little religion of the sort that sticks.

"To bring up children in squadrons and platoons fails to produce that which is the chief requisite in education, and that is the sense of initiative, the sense of resourcefulness. All the tendency of modern life is in that most dangerous direction of obliterating this sense of resourcefulness."

THE SWEET REFRAIN.

(By Rose Trumbull.)

I hear it singing in the dawn—
A world-old sweet refrain—
I hear its notes insistent drawn
In music of the rain;
It sings within the swaying corn,
A canticle of cheer
That glorifies the golden morn:
"He loves^a thee: do not fear."

I hear it singing in the noon
When aging summer grieves,
And fading maples sadly croon
The farewell of the leaves;
I hear it when 'mid shrouding snows
The chanting winds intone
A threnody above the rose:
"Will He not keep His own?"

I hear it singing in the night
When out across the bar
The moonlight falls in shimmering white
And calls my barque afar;
It sings to me when vesper bells
Steal out from the deep,
And through all nature sings and swells:
"He loves thee: rest and sleep."

—Exchange.

THE SLEEPLESS SWORD.

"Nor let my sword sleep in my hand."—
Wm. Blake.

The day is done: the smoke of battle clears;
The hosts have parted and the din abates.
Opposing camps would hush awhile their
cheers;
The drooping, dripping sword no foe
awaits.

What! Is it o'er—this fight of yesterday,
And yesterdays of many a year long past?
Can peace at length exert her gentle sway,
And o'er such hostile hosts her influence
cast?

No peace, nor even truce, this sudden calm;
A throbbing thrill abides, though cries be
stilled;
Unheard, there stirs our hearts a soldier
psalm—
A song with hope and faith of victory
filled.

Our host emerges from the clash of strife
But to plunge fearless into strife again.
This conflict closes only with our life;
Unless, ere death, we'd our end attain.

So fight we still, that in our island home,
Girt with the severing and securing sea,
The demon Drink no more at large may
roam;
That men from their worse selves may be
set free.

So fight we still, that little children's sobs
And weary women's tears shall fewer be;
That checked for us shall be the waste that
robs
So many lands of worthy destiny.

So fight we still. Not brother men our foes:
Ours is a social and fraternal creed.
No human enemy we know—save those
Who know no pity in their grasping greed.

Leagued against these, and that which they
purvey—
The mocker of man's mind, the fruitful
cause
Of ills of body and of souls' decay—
We stand to wage a war with scarce a
pause.

On, on! fight on! No quailing nor retreat!
No tented ease can call us from the fray.
Trample the useless scabbard 'neath the
feet—
Let the blade leap and cleave its shining
way.

So to the struggle still, with strength re-
stored.
Our host shall forward move with trumpet
blast,
Till victory's hour shall find our sleepless
sword
Sheathed in the body of a brutal past.

A. B. CHAPPELL.

After the No-license Poll, Feilding, N.Z.,
December 8, 1911.

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NONE GENUINE WITHOUT

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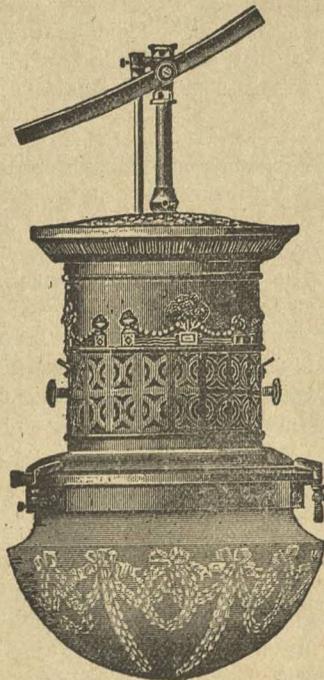
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Mr. Segers, who is a member of "The Brethren," said three years ago that "he had almost doubled his turnover since No-License became law." Another draper, Mr. Moore, who also gave us a testimony, established himself next door to Mr. Segers 18 months ago, but, in spite of this extra competition, Mr. Segers was able to make the very satisfactory report chronicled below. This gives no support to the "town killed" yarn:—

"My business has almost doubled its turnover since three years ago. I have lived in Ashburton about 30 years, therefore I know it under both license and No-License. My personal experience is, and consequently I am of the opinion, that the progress of Ashburton during the last nine years under No-License has been of a more solid and satisfactory character than the progress made during the previous nine years under license.

"It seems to me that the class of men who are alleged to go elsewhere to burst up their cheques and thus lead to a loss by storekeepers now leave more of their money in the hands of legitimate traders than they did in license days. Money spent in hotels did not do the general traders much good.

"I am of opinion that since the open bar has been abolished the town is far cleaner and better in every respect. I prefer to live and do business in a No-License place, and can commend the reform to the citizens of New Zealand."

Mr. Moore is next door to Mr. Segers, and it speaks volumes for the elasticity and growth of trade in Ashburton that, in spite of the extra business in that part of the town, such satisfactory results were achieved. Mr. Moore said:—

"I established myself in business in Ashburton 12 years ago, and in the present premises 18 months ago. My experience is that business is solid and good; my own has made great progress in later years.

"The spending power of the people is greater under No-License. At first some business was diverted to license districts by those who were very much prejudiced against No-License and desired to spend their cash in a license area. However, this was fully made up in other ways, and has now largely, if not entirely, come back to its natural channels. The farmers on the lighter land have suffered considerably during the last five years, owing to drier seasons than usual. Considering this, the way business has kept up is wonderful. I am perfectly satisfied to live and do business in a No-License town, and the idea that liquor licenses are necessary for business, or any other purpose, has been shown by our experience to be false."

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