

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1909

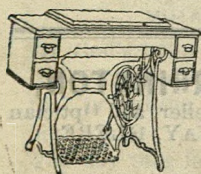
Price One Penny



Mrs. CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.

The Breath of the Mission

While Dr. Chapman prefers an audience of men, and finds no difficulty in filling the largest halls with men only, the party contains ladies who are equally able to fill great buildings with women only. Chief among the lady helpers in this Mission Band is Mrs. Alexander. Her wide experience, her deep sympathy for those in any spiritual darkness or distress, and her undoubted gifts, well fit her for the great responsibility these large meetings throw on her shoulders. There has never been a mission conducted in Sydney on such sane lines—the special meetings for ministers, for men, for ministers' wives, for Church office-bearers, for women, and for would-be soul-winners, are bound to do immense good. The best thing we can hope for is the development of Christian work in this city, in the future, on similar lines. Very few people realise the enormous strain such a Mission is on all the party, and we would strongly advise the Christians to be considerate, especially to the lady members of the party, and not ask of them unreasonable things, or write unnecessary letters, or intrude themselves unnecessarily on these generous friends, who are giving so gladly of their best to Sydney. That a party of Christians, so worked, rushed, and pestered, still "keep sweet and smiling," is a convincing evidence of the power of the Grace of God, and should encourage all "rushed and rattled" folk to take heart, and seek the grace that keeps one sweet.



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WILLIAM WHITE

Redfern and Newtown

A Terrific Whirlwind

IN THE SYDNEY TOWN HALL.

(Concluded.)

Travel in our Southern Seas, and you will see down in the clear water the red anemones. They are so beautiful that you will marvel that some men have not taken them from the sea, but if you watch carefully, you will see that whenever a fish comes near that anemone it will throw out a little threadlet, and wrap it round it, and then another, and another, and another, until at last the fish is held with a dozen threadlets and struggles to its death. That is sin. When I cry out to-day against intemperance, some man smiles back at me to say that when he comes to the place where he wants to stop he can. Listen! That is the threadlet round you. When I warn you of impurity, it is another; dishonesty, it is another. Beginnings always small.

I have another suggestion to make that you will think is just as true as this one. Hear it, men! For I talk slowly so that no boy here may miss what is in my heart to-day for him to see.

WHEN A SMALL SIN HAS ONCE CAPTURED YOU, THEN YOU FALL AT THIS POINT.

You say, "Oh, well, it is true it is wrong, but I will go on for a season, then I will stop." A number of University boys were skating on an ice pond. One was following the other. They were all led by a fearless leader. They were playing the game of "Follow your leader," skating round and round, until at last they heard the ice cracking. Every man left the ice but one, who was so-called courageous. He went on skating. They shouted to him, "The ice is cracking." Turning, he shouted, "One round more." He started the one round more. They took him next day from the frozen pond. There was your trouble. You are a thief, and you said, "Just one more;" you are impure, and you have just one more night of it; you are intemperate, and you said, "Just another glass." If I should say this afternoon, "Every man in this building who has made up his mind to die a drunkard, stand up," not one of you would stand. If I should say to any man in this building, "Are you going on in your impurity till the end?" if I should say this afternoon to any man in this building who is a thief, and who knows he is a thief, "Are you going to continue until the prison doors clang against you?" your face would whiten, and you would look up and say, "My God, No!" But you are saying, "One round more."

When a man has begun in a small way, and has taken the other round—third thing—Listen!

THEN THE HABIT IS FORMED.

If any of you men think it is an easy thing to break a habit, try to break one. You try to change the habit of brushing your hair, and you will find you cannot do it easily. Of course, some of you can, but some of you cannot. You try to change your habit of dress, and you cannot do it easily; you try to change the habit of going to your business, and you cannot do it easily. If habit is such a thing now, in God's name, will you allow the habit of lust, the habit of intemperance, the habit of dishonesty, to grip you? You cannot break it.

Near where I live in the summer is a city of about 50,000 inhabitants. In that city lives a man, the proprietor and editor of a newspaper. He came into that city a young business man worth several thousand dollars. With his money he bought this newspaper. It was on its last legs, and even going to ruin, but he saved it. He is to-day one of the most distinguished Christian men in America. There is not a man in the denomination of which he is a member who gives so generously to everything that is good as this newspaper man.

THE SQUARE-TABLE CLUB.

When he first came into the city, a railroad man came over to see him. He said, "Mr. Hackett, I have come to invite you to join our square table club." Mr. Hackett said, "What is it?" He said, "A business man's club." Mr. Hackett said, "What is that?" He had just moved in from the country. He did not know about the business men's club. The railroad man said, "It is a luncheon club. We luncheon together, and discuss affairs of State and the intricacies of our business." "What else do you do?" asked Mr. Hackett. "We are not teetotalers. We drink, but we are gentlemen." "What else do you do?" asked Mr. Hackett. "If you ask me I will be absolutely honest with you," said the man. "Sometimes just for recreation we play cards. I will be quite as honest with you, we sometimes play for a bit of a stake just to make it interesting, but you must remember that we are all gentlemen and business men. I have been invited to ask you to join." Mr. Hackett, he was not much in stature, looked the other man in the face and said. (By the way the railroad man was third from President of the road in office)—"I am an elder in the Presbyterian Church. How in the world can I join a square table club, and drink and play cards, and be an elder in the Church?" (I do not know whether you can do that in your country or not, but they cannot do it in ours. They ought not to do it in yours.) The railroad man sneered back at him, and said, "Hackett, you need

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not join, but you will fail in business if we don't stand by you." My friend raised himself up until he looked like a giant, and he said, "I will fail as a Christian." Two years ago my friend was on his way to the capital of the State. The train was late; it got in at one o'clock in the morning.

HE DIED IN THE WORKHOUSE.

The snow was terrific. You don't know anything about our blizzards. A blizzard was on that night. There were no runners at the station, and no cabs outside. My friend turned up his coat collar, gripped his travelling bag, and, sheltering his face that wretched night, started down the street for the hotel that was nearest. Just as he turned the corner of the street, he bumped into someone. He staggered and fell back. A man picked himself up in the snow, and, putting out one hand, said: "Please, sir, could you give me a night's lodging? I have not been in bed for

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three nights. Could you not give it to me?" Just then the electric light came into greater brightness. My friend bent down to give him the money when he started back and said, "My God, is it you?" The poor fellow dropped back in the snow. "Edward Hackett," he said, "For God's sake don't say an unkind word to me." I told that story the other day in the presence of Mr. Hackett. He came up to me at the close of the meeting, and said, "Do you know, he died in the poorhouse?" You cannot afford to sin. It will bind you. Some day you will say, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" You will be doomed.

My sympathies are for men. There is not a man in this city, drunken, dishonest, impure, that will ever have from me anything but words of sympathy. No condemnation from this preacher. I will walk these streets with you by the hour if I can help you in your sin. I will go with you into your homes if I can deliver you from temptation. I will put these arms around you and struggle with you against all the demons in hell if you will struggle with me. But while I have sympathy, I stand in this city of Sydney without fear of men, or without seeking the favour of men, to strike at sin because I know what it can do. God pity you.

HAVE YOU TWO STANDARDS OF MORALITY?

I do not this afternoon need to speak about the particular sins of men. As I said last Sunday afternoon, I have never yet found that it was necessary to be smutty to reach men, nor to tell questionable stories to impress them with the awfulness of sin. Have you got two standards of morality in Australia? We have in our country. They are not written on the books I know, but they are written in society. A man can ruin a girl, and the girl will be banished from society, and the man will rush along in his awful career, and then suddenly turn and marry a pure girl, and the girl whom he ruined is pushed down to hell. Listen to me. Society may write it on its books, but God does not. God never gave two standards. And if you ruin a girl, and if you do not repent and ask God's forgiveness, you will go to hell. God pity you.

When we were in New England the other day, there came into my room a friend of mine, who said, "I have just been over in the Cape Cod district. I was in the office of a doctor. The doctor told me that a little while ago there came into his office a young girl. She said, 'Doctor, I am so very sick.' The doctor said to her, thinking she must live in the village, 'You must go home quickly.' He did not know she lived six miles in the country. She staggered along the country road. She fell on her knees, then on her face. She picked herself up, and dragged her way into a vacant house, and in the vacant house the little baby was born. Perfectly frantic, she took its life. Then she dragged her way on home, and," said this friend of mine, "in her room where she lies upon her bed with her face as white as the linen of her bed, stands an officer, and when she is strong enough he will take her to the prison." My friend's tears were rolling down his cheeks, and the tears were rolling down mine, too. I said,

WHAT IS YOUR SIN?

"In God's name, where is the officer that is following the mar? Where is the officer that is waiting for the man?" Is that your sin? Is it? I know what you men say. You say that in the days of your youth you

can sin, and in your mature manhood you can stop. But you sin this sin, and some day you will marry, and in God's time there will come into your home a little baby, and that little baby will crawl up into your arms and pat your face with its little hand, and you will kiss its cheeks, and lips, and say, "Was there ever a man so happy as I?" And a little later the baby's spine will twist, and its eyes will shut, and it is your sin. It is your sin. Is that your sin? "They that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind."

Everything that I have said up to this moment is law, it is God's law, and I am a preacher of Grace. Some of you men sit here this afternoon condemned, and you have said over and over, as you heard the views of the preacher, "Then there is no hope." You felt like going out in despair. But there is hope. God is infinite in His mercy, matchless in His love. He will forgive you. He waits to forgive you. On the authority of this Book which I hold in my hand, and which is the Bible, every man in this building who repents of his sin, confesses his sin to God, not to me, but to God, believes on the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour—every man in this building on the authority of this Book may go out of this theatre service to-day saved every whit. Will you take Him? Will you take Him?

HE HAD BEEN WAITING.

May I close with this. In the City of Chicago one of our young business men came home one day to find that his wife had lost her reason. She had been ailing for weeks and months. The climax was she had gone mad. He did what I should like to have done if the wife had been mine, gave up his business to stand by her side and help her. The neighbours came to him and said, "You have got to take your wife away. She frightens our children." Having sufficient means he moved to the edge of Chicago and built a splendid house. The neighbours came again and said, "The shrieks of your wife terrify our households, and you will have to move." He led them politely to the door and said "My property begins at the iron fence, and my obligation is to my wife." The old family doctor said to him, "George, why don't you take your wife down to the mountains of Tennessee. She was born there. Let her dabble in the brook, let her gather wild flowers, let her hear the birds sing, and maybe she will come back." He took her down, and she dabbled in the brook like a child, cut flowers, and listened to the mountain birds; but the summer passed, and her reason did not return. The gentleman took her in his private car back to his Chicago home, hear broken. He carried her, so frail she was, in his arms up to her room. He put her in bed and she dropped asleep. She slept for fifteen minutes. She had not had a natural sleep like it for a year. He scarcely breathed. She slept for an hour, and he has got his ear down by her lips to hear if her breathing is regular. She slept for two hours, then three, then all the night. Just in the morning as the light came through the window and kissed her face she opened her eyes. Looking up in his face she said, "Where have I been?" "Oh," said he, "my dear," reaching down to cover her face with his kisses, "you have been a long journey, but you have come home." "But where have you been all the time?" she said. "All the time right by your side, waiting, waiting, waiting." You have sinned. I know you have sinned. But ever since you took the first step away there has been One by your side, waiting. He has waited long, He is waiting still. Will you take Him?

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We acknowledge very gratefully parcels from Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Manning, Mr. T. S. Holt, Mesdame Skinner, Motherhead, Boyd, Baxter, McLeod, Miss Wilkie, Mr. W. Winn, Reader of "Grit," "The Vineyards," and six anonymous.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. C. Scott, Miss M. Roberts, S. Latham.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Mr. Hiles, 5s (10/12/09); Mr. A. Cooke, 1s 3d (6/6/09); L. Fortescue, 2s 6d (11/6/09); E. Adamson, 7s 6d (11/6/09); C. A. Watson, 2s 6d (23/8/09); W. A. Dibley, 5s; R. Holmes, 5s (7/5/10); Miss Holman, 2s 6d (3/9/09); Mrs. Missen, £2 2s 3d (N.Z. list); Ald. Treadgear, 5s (21/5/10); Balmain Hospital, 2s 6d (28/4/09); Working Man's Institute, Balmain, 2s 6d (28/4/09); J. L. Brown, 5s (28/4/10); Mrs. Ashby, 2s 6d (1/10/09); E. McCleery, 2s 6d (11/11/09); J. W. Grant, 5s (11/9/09); Mrs. Kline, 5s (20/12/08); Mrs. Tambllyn, 5s (6/5/10); Miss Brown, 5s (1/2/10); Miss Chambers, 5s (1/2/10); Mrs. Carter, 2s 6d (7/12/09); Mrs. Blenkin, 5s (7/9/09); Mrs. Jones, 2s 6d (18/9/09); Mrs. Bullock, 3s.

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The Governor-General's Sympathetic Appeal

His Excellency expressed his pleasure at being present at the annual meeting of the Mission Zone, which he assured the great meeting was shared by Lady Dudley, and said:—

The Mission Zone movement is one for which we entertain the deepest sympathy, and if we, by our presence, are able, in some degree, to give the movement encouragement and support, we are glad. While I have no personal knowledge of the work of the movement, or the necessities for such a work, yet that aspect of the question has been done justice to by the impressive and earnest speeches of those gentlemen whose intimate and extensive knowledge of the problems of city life, and whose personal contact with irreligion, crime, squalor, and misery have enabled them to tell you with all the authority of experience, how best these evils can be mitigated, while I do not feel qualified to play any other part to-night than that of an attentive and sympathetic listener, yet, having seen something of the conditions in the poorer areas of London and Dublin, I can perhaps understand to some extent the kind of work that the agents of this Mission are called upon to perform.

SUFFICIENT EVIL TO MAKE ALL SERIOUS.

It is often stated that in no city in Australia is there to be found anything like the same degree of poverty and misery which unfortunately exists in some of the large cities at home, and I can quite believe that that is so. Yet no one, I think, can read the statements and statistics published with regard to Sydney without realising that there must be here to-day a quite sufficient amount of moral degradation and spiritual darkness to engage the most serious and earnest attention of all those who have the welfare of New South Wales and of Australia at heart. Apart, therefore, from all reforming and philanthropic agencies, whether those agencies be of a State or private kind, there would seem to be an urgent necessity for the existence of organisations such as this, which seek to bring spiritual enlightenment to the degenerate and irreligious, and to instil them with that inspiration which alone is sufficient to support them in their efforts to lead better lives.

VICE AND MISERY BUT CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Moreover, I would ask you to remember

that the greater the success that may attend the efforts of this and kindred societies the less need will there be for charitable enterprise. For vice and misery are often but cause and effect. And the more, therefore, you can, by the ministrations of religion, inspire men to live as good Christians, good fathers, good husbands, good citizens, the fewer will be those cases of desertion, of illegitimacy, and intemperance, which necessitate to-day the care and attention of the State and the charitable public. For that reason I think this organisation is wise in devoting its efforts chiefly to men. Some people will tell you that it is an impossible task, that the difficulties of redeeming adults who have become degenerate in our large cities are so immense, that it is wise to confine the work of rescue to the younger generations. Much, however, depends on the methods that are employed. I am quite sure that men like Mr. Hammond would never agree to regard adults as hopeless, if they are approached in the right way. And, moreover, if it be true that misery among the young is often but the effect of vice among the old, does it not seem reasonable to believe that the primary aim of a society such as this should be to attack the very root-cause of the evil by seeking to influence those upon whose actions so much depends. I said just now that the success or failure of this movement depended largely on the methods employed, and that is a fact which should be constantly kept in mind by those considering these questions.

ESSENTIALLY A RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT.

And it is so, because, in the opinion of those who conduct and support it, true and permanent reform can only be effected by the teachings of Christianity and by the inspiration of religion. It is a movement, therefore, which is conducted under the banner of the Church, and which is organised to a considerable extent by clergymen. But, at the same time, it ought to be realised that, though this is so, it does not necessarily follow that all the actual work in the city should be done by clerical men. The people whom it is sought to influence will not come to religion, therefore religion must go to them; but it must go in a way that they can appreciate, in a way that will attract them, and give them confidence, and this way is often through the agency of lay rather than clerical workers.

THE VALUE OF LAYMEN.

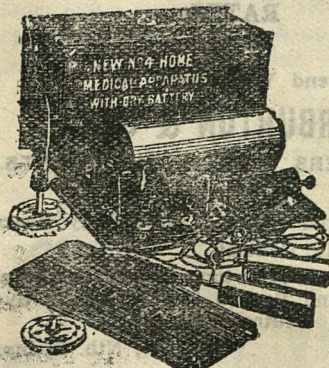
It is not, therefore, correct to assume that, because this is a religious movement, under the auspices of the Church of England, no special organisation is needed beyond the ordinary organisation of the Church. Those who think, because the Church has rectors, and curates, and deacons, that therefore there is a ready-made body of agents available for work of this kind, misapprehend the whole nature and idea of the movement. And such misapprehension, if allowed to continue, might seriously endanger the success of the scheme. Laymen, rather than clergymen, are needed in the early stages of the work, but they must be men of a very special type, carefully selected, carefully trained, men who know and understand the characteristics of the people among whom they labour, and men who can leave the imprint of their own earnestness.

THE NEED OF GENEROUS HELP FROM THE WELL TO DO.

But, for the provision of such men, funds are needed, and the necessary funds will only be forthcoming when it is realised by those who wish to support this movement that the ordinary resources and organisation of the Church are not sufficient, or necessarily suitable, to enable it to cope with the very special kind of work that it seeks to do. I earnestly trust, when once this fact is realised, that ample funds will be forthcoming, and particularly that liberal support will be obtained from the wealthier classes. Last year, out of £1100 obtained, £900 was made up of sums under £4. That shows clearly that the well-to-do are not at present supporting this movement as liberally as they ought to do. It would be a great reproach upon the wealthier Churchmen of Sydney, if such a state of things was to continue, and I hope that a year hence we may be told that there has been a change for the better in this respect. I have already said that Lady Dudley and I regard the work which this organisation is doing with the greatest sympathy, and we trust with all our hearts that its efforts may be blessed with continued and increasing success.

The different important British State documents are sealed with different varieties of wax. The wax used for the Great Seal of England is whitish in colour, and is compounded of oils and balsams from a recipe kept in the Lord Chancellor's office. The wax of the Great Seal and Privy Seal of Scotland, manufactured by an Edinburgh firm, is composed of resin and beeswax, coloured with vermillion. The Exchequer Seal is made of green wax, and is considerably softer than ordinary sealing-wax.

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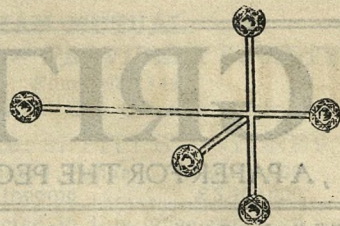
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Talk about People

Born Fliers.

People say that there is nothing new under the sun. But Wilbur and Orville Wright have succeeded in doing what has never been done before—or if it has (says a London paper), there is no record of it. They are the first men in the world to fly.

Someone said the other day that aeroplanists, like poets, are born rather than made. If Wilbur and Orville Wright were not born fliers—at any rate they started studying the art at a very early age.

They came in touch with the subject when they were boys. One day their father brought them home a curious little toy which, when wound up, flew about the room over their heads.

This toy caused them endless amusement, and instead of soon tiring of it, or smashing it, as most boys would have done, they set to work to try and make bigger models on the same lines. They failed, but their clever brains had been set on the road which they were later to travel with such startling success.

Perhaps the most notable characteristic of Mr. Wilbur Wright, who has been hobnobbing with the monarchs of England and Spain of late (says a contemporary), is his silence. He is a man who thinks much and says little, and he believes in doing things himself. One day M. Bollee, who makes Wright's motors for him, pointed out, when the machine did not start, that a short circuit which had occurred was due to some of the aluminium paint on the machine. The aeroplane expert said nothing. He pushed his hands in his trousers pockets, stared hard at the machine, and whis-

tled a little tune. Then he looked at M. Bollee, nodded, and scratched the paint off with a penknife. The action was characteristic of the man. He thinks before he acts, and does nothing in a hurry.

A Good Stamp Deal.

The recent death of Mr. E. J. Nankivell, the well-known editor of the "Reporter's Magazine," and philatelist—Mr. Nankivell was philatelic editor of "The Captain" for years—recalls the story of one of his most remarkable stamp deals. Just before the outbreak of the South African War a correspondent wrote to Mr. Nankivell asking if he could dispose of a large collection of South African stamps. Mr. Nankivell approached several dealers, but they said the stamps were practically valueless, and consequently not worth buying. Thinking that perhaps there might be a few worth keeping amongst the collection, Mr. Nankivell offered to buy them himself, and this offer the correspondent eagerly accepted. In due course Mr. Nankivell received a huge quantity of South African stamps, and scarcely knew what to do with them. Then the South African War broke out, all the Boer stamps were called in, and those bought by Mr. Nankivell thus became valuable. So much so, in fact, that Mr. Nankivell realised something like £1000 on the transaction.

Phil May's Retort.

Mr. H. W. Lucy, in his entertaining reminiscences, says it was Phil May's custom to plaster his coal-black hair close to his head, flat over his forehead. Mr. Lucy's hair, on the contrary, has a "life-long con-

stitutional habit" of standing straight up. One night, after leaving the "Punch" dinner-table, Mr. Lucy laid his hand on the head of his friend and said, "My dear Phil, why do you wear your hair like that?" May looked round with one of his quaint smiles, but said nothing. Next week there appeared sketches of Phil May with his hair bristling at all points, and of Mr. Lucy with his rebellious locks plastered down in May's peculiar style. The legend ran: "First Genius to Second Genius: 'Why on earth do you do your hair in that absurd fashion, Smith?'"

"Father of the British Army."

The memory of General Robert Napier Raikes, who died the other day, went back to the days when he led men armed with the old flint-lock muskets and wore the scarlet uniform of George IV. His commission was dated exactly eight years ago. The "Father of the British Army"—for such was the proud title which could be claimed by General Raikes—led a strenuous life in his early days. He took part in many fights, not only with men, but with animals—for one hundred tigers have fallen to his gun. He thought nothing of riding one hundred miles, dancing all night, and then riding back to his quarters. At the same time, General Raikes was not one of those old soldiers who consider that the Army is "going to the dogs," because "Tommy" has more luxuries than in the days of Waterloo.

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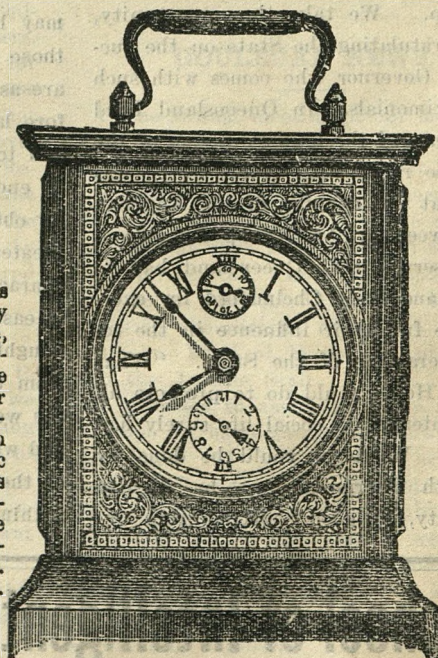
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A. J. SMITH & CO., 14 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.



GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1909.

IN THE RIGHT KEY.

The speech of Lord Chelmsford at the opening of the new hospice for tourists at Mount Kosciuszko was in the right key without trespassing in any sense on the courtesies of the occasion. In accepting the invitation of the Premier to declare the hospice open, his Excellency playfully referred to the road along which his motor-car had travelled, and confessed that the absence of snow had been a relief to his mind rather than otherwise, for he had heard of mayors being required to make the first plunge into the swimming baths which they opened, and he had doubts whether he might not be called upon to make the first trip down the toboggan slide.

His Excellency then went on to say that he noticed that the difference between a hospice and an hotel was the former was a place where no alcoholic liquor was on the table. For that occasion the building they were in was an hotel, but in future he was glad to know it was to be a hospice. This was to be an hotel without a license, and he felt inclined to congratulate the Government on this step. He had nothing to say on the temperance question; but there were a large number of people who did not desire to take their families to a place where the profits were going to be made out of the bar. He felt that if this place was going to be a success, it would lead to other places being opened in Australia where people could live a family life without the place living on its bar. It was a bold experiment to start an hotel without a license, and he hoped experience would prove it a wise experiment.

Many people will join his Excellency in his congratulations to the Government on this laudable step. We take the opportunity, too, of congratulating the State on the succession of a Governor who comes with such splendid testimonials. In Queensland Lord Chelmsford earned the highest esteem of the people, whose recognition of his worth was well voiced at the opening of the Anglican Synod last week by Archbishop Donaldson, when he observed that Queensland had to thank Lord and Lady Chelmsford for exercising to the full their influence in the social and general life of the State. "What Government House could do to promote all the higher interests of social life surely had been done. Whatever could be done by kindness with discrimination, by dignity with simplicity, by good sportsmanship un-

tainted by the baser elements which were daily killing true sport, by fearless loyalty to his principles, above all by the sincerity of his convictions, Lord Chelmsford had done; and they were the gainers for it."

THE MISSION ZONE MEETING.

That the great Town Hall should be filled on a wet night, and that the meeting should maintain for over two hours a high pitch of enthusiasm, which found vent in frequent and very prolonged applause, must surely be accepted as an evidence that the movement is not only a necessary one, but that it is actually accomplishing something at least of the stupendous task of lifting the fallen and sustaining the weak. While it is evident the rich do not go to such meetings, yet the middle class who do are often wonderfully generous. People who constantly attend meetings and Sunday services give annually far more in proportion than do those from whom a guinea is squeezed if the appeal is followed by an interview. This Zone Movement stands for those who do not get a chance, seeking for them not merely charity, but justice; not patronage, but friendship; and, above all, a sane opportunity to embrace the religion of the Lord Christ. The ladies and gentlemen who took part in the tea are to be congratulated on helping so worthy an object to attain such a successful meeting.

THE DREADNOUGHT FUND.

Speaking at a recent meeting in Manchester, Mr. T. C. Horsefall said that "Strong drink was the enemy Britain had most cause to fear. As an example of physical degeneration of the British people, his hearers should know that to get 5000 seamen, they had to reject 35,000 out of every 40,000 offering each year. "In this respect," he said, "we are far worse off than Germany. Let the people recognise drink as a national weakness, and abandon it." We think this is well said, and needs reiterating. While the people who are giving of their bounty to the Dreadnought Fund, which now amounts to some £75,000, are styled patriots, and may have titles conferred upon them, yet those who recognise that ships without men are as guns without powder, and are therefore labouring to maintain a fine physique, and to develop strong character, meet with no encouragement. Alcohol and the facility for obtaining it are undoubtedly two of the greatest factors at work to-day demoralising character, and producing the inefficient. It is easier and less costly to build a Dreadnought, than to redeem a thousand lives from the destroying power of alcohol. Let the wealthy continue to play to the gallery, and win the title of patriot, but let all lovers of their country combine to fight the foe within our own gates, as the best way to

man our Dreadnoughts and defeat the foe outside our borders. We commend the appeal for 20,000 shillings on the back page of this issue to all our readers.

WHO WILL CORRECT THESE ANSWERS?

The following questions and answers are taken from "Fairplay." We will be glad to publish suitable replies from our readers, which must be limited to 200 words to each question.

WHAT GOOD DO LIQUOR BARS DO?

They furnish what some people think comforts, and others necessities; and in a free country it is a good thing that the freedom of access to comforts and necessities shall not be curtailed because of what are comforts and necessities to the majority of mankind may be poisons or causes of injury to a few.

WHAT BENEFIT ARE THEY TO THE COUNTRY?

The public bars are a benefit, because they sell commodities which the great majority of the people want. They sell it under legal regulations and restrictions, and they are established by law in connection with accommodation for travellers and others whose business or circumstances make them dependent upon the hotels for homes or boarding places.

They are a benefit, because, in the absence of well-regulated houses, illicit bars selling vile liquor would be established—as has proved to be the case wherever the closing of public law-regulated bars has been tried.

IS THE BAR A DANGEROUS TEMPTATION TO THE WEAK?

Yes. Just as a tramway, or a knife, or a razor, a fire, a steep cliff, or too much food. But because bars are dangerous to some people, that is no reason why others should have to suffer. Because a suicide cuts his throat with a razor, are razors to be prohibited? Because coffee acts as an irritant poison to some persons, ought coffee to be denounced, its sale prohibited, and the huge majority of people deprived of the comfort, pleasure, and benefit of its use?

A FINE RECOMMENDATION.

The annual medal competition for medals presented by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, London, has resulted as follows:—Silver medal, Wm. O. C. Day; bronze medal, Peter Gallagher. Both medal winners are students of the Metropolitan Business College.

BUSINESS MEN'S MEETING.

EVERY FRIDAY, 1.25 to 1.50.

THE CHAPTER HOUSE, Beside St. Andrew's Cathedral.

Address by Rev. R. B. S. HAMMOND.

PITMAN MEDAL COMPETITION 1909.

Results just to hand show another triumph for the students of the

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

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THE MISSION ZONE ANNUAL MEETING.

A WONDERFUL GATHERING.

The Mission Zone Movement has been slowly feeling its way towards a satisfactory method for reaching the non-churchgoer by a series of experiments conducted during the last six years, and those who are responsible for these experiments are strongly convinced that vast numbers of non-churchgoers are not unsympathetic towards, much less antagonistic to, real religion; they are equally convinced that some of the church customs are no more suitable for to-day than a stage coach would be in George-street.

The annual meeting held in the great Town Hall was quite unique, the Governor-General and the State Governor both being present and speaking most warmly in favour of this "sane and enthusiastic movement."

A GREAT, HAPPY TEA.

Some 1700 people sat down to tea in the basement. As only 1000 can be seated at a time, a second sitting was necessary. The tea was provided by 120 generous friends of the movement, nearly 200 ladies managed the tables, and 90 men, though amateurs, did magnificently as waiters. The catering was in the hands of Messrs. Hawkins and Abberton, of Leichhardt, and everyone was pleased with the excellent provisions.

In spite of the fact that this was a first attempt, there was no confusion and no waiting, and the first sitting of 1000 was completed in 20 minutes.

THE INTERVAL.

From 6.45 to 7.45 the Newtown Brass Band, under Mr. T. Mellor, simply made time fly. The vast audience which had been comforted by the tea, was now soothed by the music, and frequently gave generous applause. When it was understood that the Band of 30 performers gave their services free, the audience plainly showed its appreciation.

THE MEETING.

Ven. Archdeacon Gunther, in welcoming the Governor-General and Lord Chelmsford, said they had no doubt heard of "Darkest London." He was sorry to say there was also a "Darkest Sydney," and it was the endeavour of the Mission to disperse that darkness, and also give the light that cheered and brightened the lives of men.

Lord Chelmsford said he was delighted to be present. He had thought that only a Melba could have filled Sydney's great hall, but he was very pleased to see that it could be filled by a movement which had for its object the well-being of those who were in need. He had as yet no actual knowledge of the work this Zone Movement had accomplished, but he knew what had been done at the Oxford House. He presumed this was intended to deal with those whom the Church did not reach. He had no doubt many would rise from their unfortunate environment if given a helping hand. It was necessary for people to look at things as they were, and do what they could to lighten the burdens of those who were depressed by the surroundings of their lives. (Applause.) The presence of a Minister of the Crown showed that the Government realised that the problems which this movement was intended to solve were such as would have to be tackled in the future. (Hear, hear.) The work had the greatest sympathy of Lady Chelmsford and himself. He hoped in some

other year to be able to speak with greater knowledge of this mission work, to which he wished every prosperity with God's help. (Applause.)

IF MEN DON'T KNOW, GOD DOES.

The Bishop of Newcastle, Dr. Stretch, said that while much was expected of the clergy, and much good advice was bestowed on them, he often wondered why they were expected to do what other wise men had failed to do. Perhaps it was because the Church, believing in God, undertook the impossible, and history told how often she had succeeded. Referring to the term "Darkest Sydney," he did not know that their slums were the only places which were dark. It was quite probable there were some other places which ought to be marked "dark" also, but if they had not actual knowledge of these, God had. (Applause.) As he had said, they wanted to face these problems, and that was what the Church was doing, and when there was work to be done, and worth doing, they asked the public to help them in accomplishing it.

POLITICAL SYMPATHY.

Mr. W. H. Wood, Chief Secretary, in apologising for the absence of Mr. Wade, State Premier, said that it was a matter for congratulation that such interest was taken in the work of the Mission by the Governor-General and State Governor. Personally he was entirely sympathetic with the movement, which aided numbers of unfortunates who could not be touched by the State, and he believed that the work done was fully appreciated by Parliamentarians. A Mission such as this, which inspired men to desire self-control, and made for the strengthening of character, deserved a large and generous support.

IN THE MORAL SWAMP.

The Rev. R. B. S. Hammond on rising to speak was given a tremendous ovation. He said that as science had drained the swamp lands and made them capable of bringing forth valuable crops, and as the City Council was demolishing old houses and giving people decent places to live in, so the Church of Jesus Christ must drain and sweeten, and make productive of good, the moral swamp we called a slum. The speaker referred in a feeling way to the 2600 children under 16 who passed through the Children's Police Court, the 2000 girl-mothers, and the 2318 distinct women convicted for drunkenness; and asserted it was no use making a place fit to live in, if we did not make people fit to live in it. The Movement followed the Christ Who was not a Reformer but a Redeemer, and theirs was the Gospel of spiritual regeneration. That the worst could be reclaimed was emphasised by some facts from experience, which moved the audience to hearty applause.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

His Excellency's words were so much to the point, that elsewhere in this issue we reproduce them verbatim. The meeting was truly magnificent, and that in spite of wet weather, friends coming specially from Picton, Bowral, Richmond, Wollongong, Liverpool, Castle Hills, and other distant places.

The meeting realised over £150, and this was supplemented by a generous donation of £100 from Mr. A. E. Daking-Smith.

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Every participating Policyholder shares in the distribution of the profits each year.

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General Manager and Actuary: Richard Teece, F.I.A., F.F.A., F.S.S. Secretary: Robert B. Cameron. Manager Industrial Department: C. A. Elliott, F.I.A. Sydney, 14th May, 1909.

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ROBERT KERR, Manager

MR. BRUNTNELL'S TOUR.

From the newspapers and friends we hear that Mr. Bruntnell has had large crowds, and splendid meetings all along the Middle Clarence. At Lawrence, a small place, some 300 people gathered, many coming for miles. One result of the meeting was the securing of sufficient persons to form a lodge of the I.O.G.T. Another small place, called Brushgrove, rallied well, and gave £7 7s on the Saturday night. The services on Sunday were grand. The Church of England, Methodist, and Presbyterian Churches had no service, and united in the School of Arts, Brushgrove, for a Gospel temperance service. The three choirs combined on the platform, and sang several temperance hymns. Enthusiasm, interest, and generosity are manifest in all the meetings, and we may expect Mr. Bruntnell back, looking ten years younger, even if a few inches thinner.

GOULBURN NEWS.

At the annual meeting of our branch some little time ago, it was decided to hold a Spring Fair in aid of our next campaign. A committee of ladies was formed to make investigations, and report to the next meeting. It was then finally decided to hold the Fair during the month of September, on dates to be fixed later. All the temperance bodies in the district to help. The West Goulburn Band of Hope has promised to take the Jumble Stall. The W.C.T.U. has also promised to assist, and in a short time we hope to have things in working order. The Fair will probably be held in the largest hall in the city. We hope to obtain the ammunition for our next fight from this Fair, and we are sure that if we have the support of all the temperance bodies, it will result in a substantial gain. Miss Pain, Bradley-street, Goulburn, will be pleased to answer any inquiries.

One Year of Prohibition

IN A GREAT INDUSTRIAL CENTRE.

(Written for the Associated Prohibition press by Robert G. Hiden, of "The Birmingham News.")

Before statutory Prohibition went into effect, at least two-thirds of the State was dry by local option regulation, and into this territory immense quantities of liquor have been shipped from near-by points over the State line. It is true that nothing like so much whisky has been consumed in Alabama under partial Prohibition as under the old regime, and drunkenness has been very largely reduced in the State. The same may be said of the criminal record. And while prohibitionists do not claim that Prohibition actually prohibits, they are justified in the claim that it has very largely reduced the consumption of liquor, and cut down the evils arising therefrom in this community. They hold, and with good grounds that under the more troublesome means of getting liquor, a large proportion of those who formerly drank with more or less regularity, abandoned the habit, and that large amounts of money which were formerly invested in liquor are now put into more substantial commodities. Even though the statutory Prohibition law stands the tests of the courts, large quantities of liquor will be shipped into Montgomery, Mobile, Birmingham, and other cities in the State, by former Alabama liquor men, who paved the way for this sort of business before they left the State. Most of the daily newspapers in the cities, which publish liquor advertisements (and there are only a few that do not), are doing a land-office business in this direction. So much for statutory Prohibition as the situation now stands.

BUSINESS MEN OPPOSED PROHIBITION AT FIRST.

A comprehensive view of what Prohibition, under local option law, has done for Birmingham and Jefferson County during twelve months, will be of interest to all cities and States which are seriously considering the issue in any form.

Whether statutory Prohibition stands the test of the courts or not, Birmingham and Jefferson County will remain dry by reason of the local option law, upon which Prohibition has been in operation in this district for a year. That law has stood the test of the courts. The local option law was adopted by a large majority of voters in an election called for that purpose. It is interesting to note how the law looks after a year's test.

When Prohibition was carried, most of the prominent industrial leaders in Jefferson County were opposed to it. They believed, and so expressed themselves:—

"That it would keep away many desirable liquor traffic and the evils arising therefrom in this district.

"That it would keep away many desirable workers in the mines and mills of the district:

"That it would deprive the city of a large source of revenue:

"That it would drive away many efficient labourers in the mechanical field:

"That it would injure property values."

THE INDUSTRIAL RESULTS OF PROHIBITION.

Let us look at the effects: First, the industrial side of it. Birmingham and Jefferson County, in 1907, had between two and three hundred illegal liquor sellers, under Prohibition termed "blind tigers," which seems to show that the presence of licensed saloons does not prevent the illegal sale of liquor.

When Prohibition went into effect here, it was shortly after the sharp panic of 1907. That panic was followed by a disastrous industrial depression the country over, and Birmingham suffered, just as every other southern city suffered. Furthermore, during last summer, the Birmingham district had a long-continued, costly, and aggravated coal miners' strike, which reduced the production of both coal and iron in this community and threatened to do tremendous damage. All of these things were largely laid at the door of Prohibition by a great many people who do not stop to think. Prohibition was blamed for a large proportion of the losses resulting from the natural conditions in the country growing out of the industrial depression. Of course, this was not fair to prohibition, but Prohibition had to stand it because it came at a time which was unfortunate from the reformers' standpoint.

INVESTMENT OF CAPITAL.

Notwithstanding the financial depression everywhere during 1908, capital invested in Birmingham and district, the whole of it lying in Prohibition territory, increased during the year, 17,507,700 dollars. This was 3,390,200 dollars more than was invested in all the year of 1907, which, until late in October, was a year of unprecedented business prosperity.

BUILDING OPERATIONS FOR YEAR.

Keeping in mind that 1908 was what is known as an "off" year, financially, the city of Birmingham, during that year, had an unparalleled progress in building enterprises. The building inspector's office issued a total of 1104 permits in 1908, representing a money expenditure aggregating 2,546,519 dollars, as compared with 1047 permits in 1907, representing an expenditure aggregating 1,918,205. Here is an increase of 57 permits and 528,314 dollars. Neither the presence nor the absence of liquor in a community, as a rule, is of the importance that many would attach to this phase of the problem.

(To be continued.)

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Saves Money

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1st. Being pre-digested it requires no cooking, but is ready for immediate use.
2nd. It goes twice as far as any other Porridge Food.

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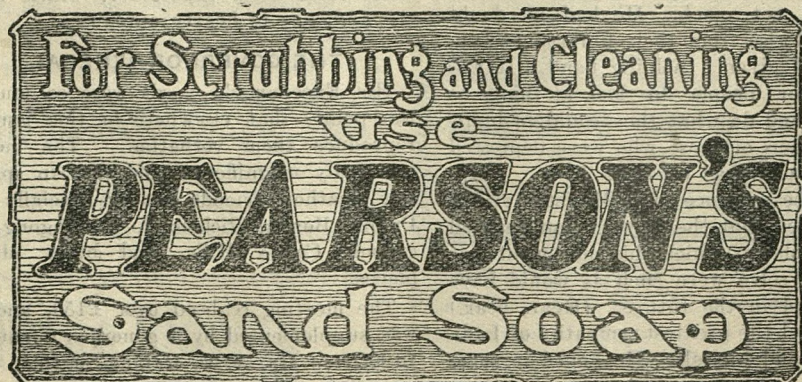
Sick Benefit (after 12 months' membership), £1 1s per week for 52 weeks, and 10s per week thereafter.

Funeral Benefit (after 12 months' membership), £20; after 7 years, £25, or insurance to £100 if preferred.

Contributions are according to age at joining, and cease at age 65.

Write for information as to joining a Branch, or the opening of New Branches, to

I. GREENSTREET, D.S., 21 Bathurst-street, Sydney.



From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

WHAT THE CUP LOOKS LIKE IN THE BIBLE.

(By our Linotypist.)

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who
hath contentions? Who hath complaining?
Who hath wounds without cause?
Who hath redness of eyes? They
that tarry long at the wine.
They that go to seek out
mixed wine. Look
not thou upon
the wine
when
it is
red,
when
it giveth
its colour in the
cup, when it goeth down
smoothly. At the last it biteth
like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

(Will you copy this, making the upper
part red, to represent wine in the glass?—
Uncle B.)

SERMON ILLUSTRATION (No. 2).

(A prize will be given for the best illustration sent in by a "Seven to Seventeen" reader. It must be an illustration you have heard in a sermon or speech. The competition will remain open for a month or two.)

A man brought home a Chinese puzzle which he could not put together, and gave it to his sons to solve. After trying for a little while, one of them went to him, and said, "I have put it together, father."

"How did you manage it, Jack?" said the father.

"Oh, it was easy enough. I turned it over and found a picture of a man on the back, so I just put the parts together."

The Bible is like the Chinese puzzle. If we look at it haphazard, we cannot understand it, but if we study it with "the Man Christ Jesus" always in our view, we will, under the Holy Spirit's guidance, recognise its beauties and learn its truths.—Sent by Gladys R. L. Noble, Minister, the Rev. H. J. Noble.

FOR SUNDAY

HAVE YOU NOTICED THIS?

God so loved the world that He gave His
Only-begotten
Son that whosoever believeth in Him
should not
Perish, but have
Everlasting
Life.

Now, I want you to take Matthew, chapter 11, verses 28 and 29, and try to make a word of five letters in the same way.

HOW DID HE MEASURE THE MILK?

Mrs. Thompson ordered four quarts of milk from her milkman, who had eight quarts in his can, but no measure by which he could measure it. Mrs. Thompson had two jugs, one to hold five quarts, and the other three. The milkman said that he could not measure four quarts with these; but Mrs. T's little boy, Charlie, showed him how to do it. How did he do it?

FOR MONDAY.

PARLYVOO?

1. Nous sommes maintenant à la gare.
2. Il y a une grande horloge à la gare.
3. Il est dix heures et demie du matin.

(BY UNCLE BARNABAS).

HOW I SAW "GRIT" PRINTED.

By VERA MUSGRAVE.

"Grit" is printed in "The Watchman" office. The machine by which the type is made is called a linotype. There are a number of keys, like those of a type-writer, with different letters on them. If one of these is pressed, the "matrix" corresponding to that key is sent down an alley on to a bar. Between each word is put a space-band; then when there are enough words to form one line, the matrices are sent to another part of the machine, where a pot of molten metal comes forward, and the metal is squirted into the letter-niches of the matrices, and a metal slug is formed bearing one line of type. Then an iron hand lifts the matrices and places them on a bar, along which each runs, till it comes to its proper place, and then drops into the "magazine."

The metal of which the type is made, is composed of an amalgam of lead, tin, and alloy; lead for the most part, antimony to harden it, and tin to bind the two together.

After the type has been used, it is melted down, refined, and formed into ingots ready for use again.

The type for the eight inner pages of "Grit" is set up first, while that for the four outer pages is done separately.

When the paper has been printed, the pages are stitched together, and they are then put into a machine which trims the edges, and "Grit" is then ready for distribution.

LETTER BOX.

HAVE YOU BEEN?

Gladys Noble writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—Enclosed is another illustration. I haven't time to do the puzzles this week.

"I like that 'whip-cord.' Do you buy it at the shops by the wayside, called 'prayer?' The cords cannot be bought anywhere else, I think. This notepaper is out of a writing-tablet, which I won at a book-evening for guessing most.

"Have you been to any of the Chapman-Alexander meetings yet? Everywhere there are great reports of them.

"P.S.—The C.E. text is 'By love serve one another.'"

(Am sorry your article on the Liquor Car has to wait. It is as you say about the "whip-cord." If you attend the Chapman-Alexander Mission, tell us about the singing. Which song do you like best?—Uncle B.)

A SHEAF OF ANSWERS.

Rex Dyball, Lithgow, says:—"Dear Uncle B.,—It pleased me very much when I noticed that you had enrolled me as one of your 'nephews.' I am now sending the answers.

"May 20.—Nun, the father of Joshua; Ophir, a town; Pharpar, a river; Quartus (I could not find it); Rheguim, a town; So, a king; Tiberias, a sea; Uziah, a king; Vashti, a queen; Ziba, servant of King Saul.

"(1) 'Now Moses kept the flocks of Jethro his father-in-law' (Exodus 3: 1).

"(2) 'Again Jesse made seven of his sons to pass before Samuel' (1 Sam. 16: 10).

"(3) 'And Elijah said unto Elisha, Tarry here, I pray thee' (2 Kings 2: 2).

"(4) 'Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign, and he reigned thirty and one years in Jerusalem' (2 Kings 22: 1).

"Emily W's. puzzle: NINE.

"May 27.—'Did he catch the train.' According to my working, he would just get to



the station as the train was moving out, and I think he would not catch the train.

"Bible Arithmetic.—Answer: The third chapter of Lamentations."

(Your answers are all good as Lithgow coal. "Quartus" lives at No. 16 Romanus-street.—Uncle B.)

A WANDERING BOY BACK AGAIN.

Arthur Winton, 17 Annandale-street, writes:—"Dear Uncle,—At last I am writing to you. Do you not think it is time? Please do not be angry with me. The Sunday School Institute certificates and prizes gained by the scholars of St. Aidan's were given out last Sunday, when I gained a second-class; my sister Minnie (with whom, I think, you are acquainted), gained a first-class and a prize.

"I suppose you have heard that Mr. Rook is our rector now? He is a real jolly fellow, something like you—that is, taking for granted you are Mr. Hammond. I could tell you amongst a crowd of men with that bald patch. It is, as you say, a head picture, and a good one at that, too.

"You made a slight mistake in saying that I was 12 years old, as I am 13. Do not think by this that I am indignant at your putting it in our paper, though. My Sunday school teacher has been very anxious that I should write to you. But as I now know conclusively who you are, I do not mind writing pretty often. You know, uncle, it is only right that we should pay you out for not telling us who you are.

"That was a nice verse you gave me for my birthday. That piece in last fortnight's 'Grit,' about the cow that sang in the church choir was very good, don't you think so?—Your affectionate nephew.

(Continued on Page 11)

GRIT

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The Mathematics of Prohibition

My Prohibitionist friends across the Atlantic write to me in exhilarating accents. We may, with all our discouragements on this side, take heart in view of the time surely coming when we shall see mighty revolutionary changes here, for America is setting the pace gloriously, and Britain must follow. I am desirous of being permitted in the "Alliance News" to furnish a compact summary of the very latest concrete facts that are dismaying American rum friends, and stimulating American foes of the distillery and of the vat.

FATEFUL FIGURES.

The war is growing hotter and hotter. I will presently say something of the latest devices to which the liquor magnates and their servile satellites have been driven. They put forth figures on their side, and seek to manipulate a show of facts in their favour. It has been sarcastically said that "figures do not lie, but liars do figure!" Well, here are some figures that do not lie, for they are cold and irrefragable statistics. They refer to recent conditions in Chicago. The production of beer in Chicago breweries shows a decided decrease during the last year.

During the first eight months of 1907 the output of Chicago breweries amounted to 3,292,678 barrels; during the same eight months of 1908, the output of the same breweries amounted to 3,144,496 barrels, showing a decrease for Chicago breweries alone of 148,182 barrels in eight months. During the month of August, 1908, only 480,355 barrels were produced, showing a decrease of 47,797 barrels as compared with the month of August, 1907.

Pittsburg breweries are also blue over the reports of beer consumption for 1908. Reports indicate that in the city of Pittsburg alone the actual decrease in the amount of beer consumed for the last year was over 350,000 barrels.

In Columbia, Ohio, the annual output of the Hoster breweries was over 80,000 barrels less than last year, which they attribute to the amount of "dryness" in Ohio and adjacent territory. Reckoning the deterioration of property, loss of dividends, etc., not recouped by profits, they have marked off a loss of 273,000 dollars for the year. Naturally, they are not doxologising!

It is such a series of facts as these, taking place all over the United States, that is stirring up the liquor literature bureaus to such frantic activity of "claiming everything with confidence," declamations about "the Temperance wave receding," and about "more liquor being sold than ever in dry territories," etc. It is also the inspiration of the impudent and hypocritical pretence that the breweries are reforming the low "dives," that the trade "is being uplifted," etc.

DRY DAYS DURING ELECTION.

I will here interpolate a few telling figures of another category. We have just seen our House of Commons spending a very useful evening in passing the second reading of the Bill for closing public-houses during elections. Of course there were some adverse voices both in the House and in the press. Well, we have a nice little object-lesson, for the enlightenment of all who wish to learn without prejudice, in recent experience at St. Louis, Missouri, a city where some of my most intimate friends live and work hard in this and other noble causes. The saloons there were closed from midnight, February 25, till the morning of March 1, because of the fact that the Republican and Democratic primaries, during which the law compels closing, were held on Friday and Saturday, the usual Sunday "lid" did the rest. So there were three dry election days consecutively. With what result? Here are the figures for the dry days as contrasted with wet ones the previous week:—On Saturday 12 arrests for drunkenness in that great city, on the previous Saturday, 160; on Friday, 11 arrests, on the previous Friday 116. And as it added, "No shooting scrapes; no cutting on the three dry days." Nobody in all America whom I have yet heard of raises the cry that dry elections days are undesirable or useless. That kind of logic is left to those who dabble in sophistry in the British Parliament and the British press—a diminishing section, I am thankful to say.

LET ARITHMETIC SPEAK.

The liquor men in America are squirming execrably. Their devices are quite a curious study. They are beginning to wonder what scheme next to adopt to stem this temperance tide, once by them so contemptuously derided. Petty indeed are some of their tactics. How are the mighty fallen, and how mean they are beginning to make Beelzebub look! In a recent liquor-dealers' convention a diabolical argument was thus advanced: "I make the suggestion, gentlemen, that nickels expended in treats to the boys now will return in dollars to your tills when appetites have been formed. Above all things, create appetites!" This infernal counsel demonstrates the pass to which the traffic has been reduced. But I return to figures. The editors of American liquor journals have been manufacturing a bogey which they thought or hoped might scare the community. They have been inventing calculations and piling up imaginary computations to prove that victory for Prohibition would mean the most disastrous business and industrial crisis that the United States of America ever yet had seen. And some of these glittering generalities, dealing with astounding arrays of millions of figures, look alarmingly plausible to readers unable to weigh actual facts against ingenious fictions.

And what are facts now saying? Let us listen to the voice of Atlanta, the beautiful chief city of Georgia. According to the arguments of saloon supporters, this important city in the South was to suffer the greatest conceivable loss when robbed of liquor revenue and the general prosperity fostered by her saloons. As a matter of actual record, her first year as a "dry" city increased her income by 241,000 dollars. The year began with the city owing 368,600 dollars, and closed with 233,000 dollars in the sinking fund, and all current obligations provided for. In 1907 the police court tried 23,983 cases; in 1908 there were only 13,880, or 8133 less, and the police are said to be much more alert. Of these cases, 6480 were "drunks" in 1907, while 2577 were so classed in 1908, a difference of nearly 4000. This explains in part the balance of the city's finances.

THE FINE ART OF SUPPRESSION.

There are various ways of lying, and liquor men do not despise any of them. Specially skilful are they in the elliptical lie. Here is a very nice specimen of the ellipsis, which it was left for the Temperance folk to supply in order to disperse the fog that would otherwise have bewildered many thousands of wondering readers. The liquor advocates "proved" that Kansas, though a boasted Prohibition State, was worse than Minnesota. Why? Simply because it had so many more convicts. Well, that sounded anomalous, it must be admitted. But there was an all-important item of fact omitted, and omitted deliberately, and dishonestly, and dishonourably. The liquor advocates did not disclose the fact that in Kansas there is a great Federal prison, and that Oklahoma, an adjoining State, with a great Indian as well as white population, pays the Sunflower State to keep her criminals while she erects a penitentiary. All were charged up to Kansas and to Prohibition. This is simply an isolated sample of the style in which the liquor men handle truth. But the Anti-Saloon League is always more than a match for them. They are constantly teaching these pupils of Diabolus lessons in exact mathematics; constantly correcting their false quantities; constantly showing up their configurative falsifications, and constantly exposing their fraudulent formulas and tabulations. And the notorious, wily, foxy "Model License League" is losing all along the line. It has no House of Lords, you see, to save it from perdition!—"Alliance News."

WHERE WILL YOU STAY IN SYDNEY?

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TRAMS PASS THE DOOR.

SEVEN TO SEVENTEEN.

(Continued from Page .)

"P.S.—Answer to Emily W's. puzzle—NINE. Will you ask her to work this one, Take one from twelve, and leave nine?"

(Dear Arthur,—I thought we had lost you. We have kept a warm corner for you on Page 9. Am sorry I made you out to be such a mere child of 12. You are "a youth in your teens," of course! Congratulate you and Miss Minnie. My poor bald patch seems to be supplying a thread for you clever detectives to spin theories out of.—Uncle B.)

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

To May Mallyon, Yass, for June 21.

To Avice Enid Loveday, Glen Innes, for June 24.

This is our wish for you: Numbers 6: 24, 25, 26.

N.B.—Please write on one side of your paper only, and send everything for Page 9 to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

"A DOG'S LIFE."

We often hear the expression, "He leads a dog's life," and it is taken to mean that the person so spoken of is getting more hard work, buffeting, and ill-treatment than should fall to him. Still, there is another point of view, shown in the story of the Dutchman, addressing his dog:—

He said: "You vas only a dog, but I vish I vas you. Ven you go mit your bed in you shust turn round dree dimes and lay down; ven I go mit the bed in I haf to lock up de blace, and wind up de clock and put de cat out, and ondress myself, and my frou vakes up and scolds, den de baby vakes up and cries, and I haf to valk him mid de house round; den, maybe, ven I gets myself to bed, it is time to get up again. Ven you get up, you shust stretch yourself, dig your neck a leedle, and you vis up. I haf to light de fire, put on de kiddie, scrap some mit my vife already, and get myself breakfast. You play around all day and haf blenty of fun. I haf to work all day, and haf blenty of drubble. Ven you die you vas dead; ven I die I haf to go to hell yet."—"Bar and Buffet."

MOTHER'S HANDS.

Such beautiful hands!

They are neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were white at all.

I have look'd on hands of form and hue,
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful hands!

When her heart was weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on
That the children might be glad.

I often weep, when looking back
To childhood's distant day,
To think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

But, oh! beyond these shadowy lands,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear.

Where crystal streams thro' endless years
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

Lord Roberts, V.C., contributed a warning speech, and Mr. Mark Cohen (Dunedin) advised, amid cheers, that Lord Roberts be sent forth as a missionary to the Empire.

HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

In Denmark girls insure against becoming old maids.

France spends £300,000 a year in improving the breed of cavalry horses.

Miss Louise Wilkins, who owns a gold mine at Satsuma, in Arizona, has lately retired at the age of only thirty-four, with money enough to yield her £4000 a year for life.

Thomas Cranness, a postman, of Attleborough, Norfolk, has received the Imperial Service medal and pension. During thirty-five years he walked 212,000 miles.

A Lancashire police sergeant who has just retired weighs 25st. 7½lb., is 53in. round the chest, and 58in. round the waist. He is stated to be the biggest constable in Great Britain.

Private John Waplington, of Bolton, has been presented by the War Office with a medal which he won in the Indian Mutiny Campaign. The decoration carries with it a pension of 9d a day.

Since October, 1905, no fewer than 328 women belonging to the English National Women's Social and Political Union and to the Women's Freedom League have gone to prison for the cause, their total sentences amounting to twenty-four years eight months two weeks and six days.

A football match of the most unique kind was arranged to be played at Sessay, near Thirsk, on Good Friday. The Clayton family having challenged the rest of the village, and the challenge having been accepted, Mr. Clayton, the father, kept goal while nine sons and a grandson operated in the field.

Inquiry as to the general age of trees being put to an authority on forestry, it was said that the pine tree attained 700 years as a maximum length of life; 425 years was the allotted span of the silver fir; the larch lived 275 years; the red beech, 245; the aspen, 210; the birch, 200; the ash, 170; the elder, 145; the elm, 130. The heart of the oak begins to rot at about the age of 300 years. Of the holly, it is said that there is a specimen 410 years old near Aschaffenburg, Germany.

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HEADACHE
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They are of great value for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Influenza, Sleeplessness, Brain Fag, and all Nerve Troubles.
They contain nothing that is harmful.

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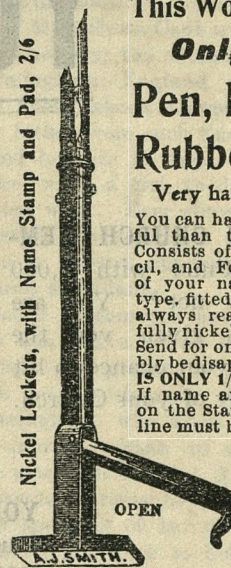
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RICH FARMER, whom God has blessed so richly of late years, you are able to do as well as any of them. Why not? Drink is Worse than Drought. Therefore, **FIGHT IT.**

YOUNG WOMAN, for the sake of your future Husband; **WIFE**, for the sake of a growing Boy; **YOUNG MAN**, for the sake of Clean Manhood;

GIVE SOMETHING GOOD TO THIS GREAT FUND

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TO WIN,
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