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A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

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The Shadow that never left him.

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The Verdict of Experts.

LABOR LEADER AND THE LIQUOR BAR.

John B. Lennon, treasurer of the American Federation of Labor, has been frequently and widely quoted for his out-and-out attitude against the saloon as an enemy of the Labor movement. Mr. Lennon has been taking part in the great Maine campaign, and has come out with some new statements which are well worth reproducing. The following article is taken from a recent number of the "Issue:"—

Long years ago the question was asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It is being asked now by those who are indifferent, or are in favor of the liquor traffic: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes, all of us are, and it is fortunate that we are, for if we were not, our brother could have no responsibility towards us. Conditions would become anarchistic and the race would be annihilated or go back to barbarism. While, as I have said, I have been connected with organized labor for some years, I do not talk to unionists alone, but to the men and women who are earning wages and receiving salaries. I want to tell you how I have seen the liquor traffic—not read about it—as it affects men and women who are earning wages. Real wages may be measured by what a man spends for what is beneficial to him and his family. Money spent for liquor is so much reduction from real wages. The licensed liquor saloon is the most striking example of the long work day. It is a menace to the man who is trying to shorten the work day.

STANDS FOR IGNORANCE.

The man using alcohol loses his skill and alertness of mind and it is only a question of time when his usefulness is at an end. The liquor traffic everywhere stands squarely for ignorance and against education, and the citizens of this State do not want to license an institution that is against education. We are in this fight to win, and that is what we are going to do. If I can help it, it will be by suggestions along the line of economic welfare. What effect would the licensed liquor traffic have on men so far as the security of their jobs is concerned? Take, for instance, the running men on the railroads. I have lived in times when engineers and conductors used to go into saloons as regularly as anyone, but the time came when the engineer or conductor who went into a saloon lost his job. And then later the chief of the order of locomotive engineers had an order issued that a man seen going into a saloon would be discharged. We cannot always endorse what the railroads do, but every man who has to travel or whose wife has to travel can well afford to support the transportation companies in that order.

But how is it in our shops, where there are no orders of this kind? A man must destroy his skill and the opportunities for work. The idea of the people of Maine licensing an institution that makes less

secure the opportunities of getting work! You cannot afford to do it, and I don't believe you will do it. In consequence of the drinking habit men lose employment when they don't know the reason and are not given the reason. The security of a man's employment is so necessary to his well-being, that of his family, and that of society, that anything that threatens it should not be tolerated. Labor must support all non-producers of the world. How about the liquor traffic? Measure it up and see if it is a producer—that is, if it converts anything in the world into what is beneficial to the race. I have seen a good many things produced by the liquor traffic, but none was of any use to me or to anyone else. I have seen my neighbors without food in the house, and my wife would go to give the children something to eat. The liquor-traffic is a non-producer and the worst non-producer in the world, and Labor has to support this thing which contributes nothing of use to society. It is a destructive element to human society.

The idea of a great party, to which I have belonged for some years, presenting to the people of Maine the proposition to license this traffic! I don't believe they will do it.

A PROPHECY.

"Perhaps they will," said Mr. Lennon, bringing his fist down on the table, "but I want to say that I believe that in ten years there won't be a licensed saloon on the North American continent this side of the Mexican line."

Continuing, the speaker said he had been written from Maine that he had no right to come here as a Labor man, for if the liquor traffic were put out of business, a whole lot of men would be thrown out of work. He said he was perfectly willing to answer the question as to what would become of these men. It had been shown by experts—not expert Prohibitionists—that in agriculture it took nine times as many men to produce material worth a million dollars as in the liquor business. In the clothing business the ratio was six to one. In all the industries there is not one that does not require four times as much labor to produce the same product as in the liquor business.

"Let us see," said Mr. Lennon, "what would become of the people if the liquor trade were wiped out. They would suffer for a while, but things would readjust themselves. The man who has money in the liquor traffic would invest it somewhere else. Suppose it were in farming. He would employ all the men who lost their jobs and eight times as many more to produce the same value. But there is another answer besides that to this question. As far as I know the history of the human race, we have had the liquor business in some form or other, and it has been destroying men everywhere. I say—I don't care how many

scholars are here—that the Roman Empire was destroyed by the liquor traffic. I want to say to the people of Maine that if you desire self-government, you want to retain the government in your own hands and not turn it over to the licensed liquor traffic. You have heard how organized Labor has fought in all the States against child labor. What is the influence of the licensed liquor traffic in the matter of child labor? Open your eyes in your own neighborhood—don't go to New York. You will find that the boys and girls of fathers and mothers addicted to strong drink will be started to work in the mills and shops on the average of two years younger than those whose parents are abstainers. I have been before Legislatures in the interests of the children, and there were never any representatives of the liquor interests working with us. Whenever they were there they have worked against the children. Men of Maine, can you afford to cast your ballots for the licensing of an institution that will injure your children or your neighbor's children? What is the influence of the liquor traffic on the employment of women? You have not had license for 50 years. If you had it now, how many more women would be driven into inn-traffic? They talk about the displacement of labor, I would like to know where the liquor traffic has ever taken care of one man, woman or child where it has destroyed the opportunities for work.

TWO REASONS.

And they ask the citizens of Maine to license that thing that affects the health, not only of the men and women of the present generation, but of generations to come. What presumption! It would be far better to license some institution that would spread tuberculosis than to license the liquor traffic. The reasons actuated me to take part in this fight. One was the declaration made in a Labor convention that organized Labor was with the liquor business. One other reason was that in most of the cities where I have lived the licensed saloon governed the communities. Because of that—because of the power of the licensed saloon—I became disgusted and went into this fight so far as my power and influence goes. And yet they ask you to maintain by legal license that which will bring about just that kind of thing in human society. What do you think of it? Is it worth while?

We are told—and that is something that you are going to hear in this State—that the thing to do is to regulate the saloon, and make it do business nicely. I have reared a boy, and I say this: What they call the bad saloon, the low-down saloon, could never have lured my boy. If he had gone to the devil by drink, it would have been by the influence of some of the so-called high-class saloons. The talk that they will give you here about regulating the saloons is simply to get the opportunity to ruin more boys. The saloon business would die if it couldn't get more boys every year. Another thing: If I vote for license I am a party to every crime in the community growing out of the liquor traffic.



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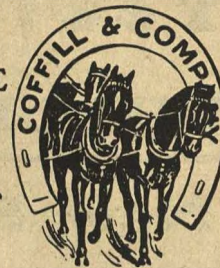
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Is Prohibition of the Drink Traffic Practicable?

To the Editor,—

Sir,—May I ask the favor of space for the following:—Some two months or so ago the "Sun" published an alleged interview with the Rev. Dr. Dill Macky, under the head line "If I were Premier," in the course of which the Dr. is reported to have said: "I do not think Prohibition is practicable in any community." Then followed a reference to New Zealand. This interview was reproduced in the columns of the "Watchman," where I first read it. I at once wrote a brief letter to the Editor as follows: "Sir,—In your issue of this week you publish under heading 'If I were Premier' an interview said to have been given to the representative of the 'Sun' by our respected leader, Dr. Dill Macky, in the reading of which (anyhow at one point) I was greatly surprised, and felt a sense of very deep regret. I refer to the paragraph headed 'Prohibition Not Practicable,' in which the Dr. is reported as saying: 'I do not think prohibition is practicable in any community,' then follows a reference to New Zealand. Now, Sir, I am well aware that very often these interviews are got up by a smart pressman looking for good copy, and need to be taken with a good-sized grain of salt; but seeing that such declaration on the subject of prohibition is credited to a gentleman holding so high a place in the eye and heart of thousands of our people, it must of necessity have a widespread influence, and, furthermore, will, I know, be used in season and out of season by the enemies of the No-license cause in New South Wales. I, as a well-known prohibitionist worker for many years in this State, feel impelled to ask our good friend Dr. Dill Macky to do one of two things—either to repudiate the statement, if incorrect, or give some reasons which have led him to these conclusions, so that they may be put to the test by those of us who do believe in, not only the practicability, but also the righteousness of prohibition. I submit, with all respect, that this is due to the No-license fighters and workers, many of whom regard the worthy doctor as their leader and champion for truth. Later on I shall ask the favor to again address you on the subject.—Yours, etc.,

"THOMAS DAVIES."

This letter was published in the "Watchman" on September 15th. Several weeks have passed over, but so far as I know no

reply appeared from the Dr. Then, feeling as I do that the matter was too serious to let drop in that way, I wrote a second brief letter to the editor, recapitulating the matter of the first letter (given above), and again asking Dr. Macky to give reasons for the sweeping condemnation of the policy of prohibition, credited to him in the interview. Two weeks having passed, and my letter not being in any way noticed, I called to see the Editor, but failed to meet him. The same day I rang up on the 'phone, and spoke with him. Had he received my second letter, I asked. Yes, he replied; but we do not intend to publish it, as we do not think any good purpose would be served by a discussion on prohibition in the columns of the "Watchman." The Editor also favored me with certain of his personal views as to the wisdom or unwisdom of my advocacy of prohibition. Those views are, however, beside the question just here and now. It is Dr. Dill Macky's statement I wish to deal with. My reply to the Editor was: "If you refuse me the opportunity to further ventilate the matter in the 'Watchman' I must seek some other means to do so."

And that is just where the matter now rests. And my reason for asking the favor of space in "Grit" to follow the thing up. It appears as though Dr. Dill Macky does not wish to either qualify or prove his statement, so I must assume that his view on prohibition is correctly reported in the interview, viz., "Prohibition is not practicable in any community."

Very well. I now challenge Dr. Macky, or any other writer, to show any one instance where prohibition has been honestly administered by authority—either private or public—and failure followed, or the policy shown to be impracticable. Let that be done without any further prevarication. It is, I am sure, quite needless for me to say I have no personal antagonism with the Dr., who I am proud to count as a friend and leader in the Protestant ranks, but I must in the most emphatic manner possible question the statement which is the subject-matter between us in this instance. Why is it contended that prohibition in the matter of this criminal liquor traffic is any the less practicable than those which the Almighty God thought it needful to record in the Scriptures for the good of mankind, some of which it is still very difficult to enforce. We do not vote out the ten Commandments

because certain people dislike them, and persistently violate them. And what is to become of the hundreds of prohibitions that our Legislatures have found it necessary to set up in our laws and statutes, not all of which are completely enforced. Will the Dr. declare all these to be impracticable? Surely it is clear enough to any ordinary mind that men and women, living in a civilised state of society, enjoying its benefits and protection, must surrender some of their predilections, if it's to be for the benefit of the whole. We claim that the prohibition of the traffic in strong drink is necessary, and based upon the physiological fact that the use of alcoholic drink is injurious to the human race, and the sociological fact that the traffic is at war with the public good. Recognising the supreme value of human life to the State, the aim of prohibition is to outlaw that traffic which is such an awful enemy to the race, destroying more human lives than all other scourges combined. Two ways of treatment are open to the people as represented in the Government, viz., legalisation or prohibition. The first has been tried under every possible form or degree. With what result? The traffic thus legalised has become the greatest tragedy of modern civilization. Then we say, let us try prohibition; but Dr. Dill Macky says it is impracticable. Again I ask, Why? Let the Dr. take us into his confidence and tell us why.

Rule G, page 6, Book of Rules of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company reads: "The use of intoxicants by employees while on duty is prohibited. Their habitual use, or the frequenting of places where they are sold, is sufficient cause for dismissal."—(Signed) W. B. McCaleb, superintendent." What a stupid fellow that McCaleb must be, according to Dr. Dill Macky, to try to force an impracticable thing like prohibition upon his employees. May I also point to "Sweden," and the recent national plebiscite, when 1,884,298 votes were cast for prohibition—just about 54 per cent. of the entire adult population voting for prohibition? What a stupid lot of folk they must be if prohibition is impracticable in any community, as Dr. Macky says it is. I will ask and answer two or three plain questions—1st. Does the policy of prohibition accord with wise principles of statesmanship? My reply is "Yes." Let Dr. Macky prove to the contrary. 2nd. Does it, in actual operation, give reasonable assurance of being an efficient and practicable policy? My reply is, Yes; because the vast majority of reliable

(Continued on Page 10.)

Yes! We Make Good Bread!

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

WILLIAM WHITE, Redfern and Newtown.

New South Wales Alliance.

NOTES AND COMMENTS BY THE SECRETARY.

We have to thank the press of Sydney, and many of the country papers, for their kindness in inserting the following appeal, which we now present to our readers:—

"THE MOTHER OF WANT; THE NURSE OF CRIME."

Sir,—As Christmas approaches the spirit of generosity is noticeably abroad in our prosperous land, and many are recognising the Giver in their gifts to His needy children.

Much of this giving is made necessary by the presence in our midst of alcoholism, and the expenditure during the last ten years of £49,672,203 on intoxicants in this State of ours.

The diminution of this great evil will undoubtedly mean the lessening of that poverty and disaster which now necessitates so many appeals, and, as prevention is better than cure, we ask your readers to help forward the Alliance work—which stands for the diminution of the drink evil—by including amongst their Christmastide benevolences a donation to the funds of the Alliance.

The adoption on Monday, 20th, by the State Council of a new plan of campaign will involve an expenditure of several thousands of pounds during the next few years, hence the largest as well as "the smallest contributions" will be gratefully received on behalf of the Alliance by—Yours, for a still better and brighter Australia,

Liquor trade advertisements have become ubiquitous. Even on the owned-by-the-people railway stations a liquor advertisement is, in many places, so conspicuous and so near the printed name of the railway station that it is often seen before the name of the station.

The Alliance "Cheery Comrades Calendar" is meeting with much approval. The bookshops stocking it are the Methodist Book Room, George-street; Tyas, opposite the Cathedral, George-street; and Mihell, Pitt-street. Miss Price, the calendar collaborator, at 4 Joseph-street, Ashfield, will supply copies. They may also be obtained at the office, 33 Park-street. Buy a 1s. copy for your friend, and promote the cheery goodwill of Alliance comrades.

Mr. Jennings Thomas, formerly of South Africa, and a famous honorary lecturer there, has undertaken to give an occasional lecture in the metropolitan area.

Alliance workers will get facts for their campaign work by noticing the record of

"the trade" during the Christmastide season.

This season of peace and goodwill is signalised, so far as "the trade" is concerned, by the production of discord and ill-will. Christians at least ought to wash their hands clean of all complicity with the traffic.

The second annual conference of the N.S.W. Alliance will be held about the time of the annual convention during next April or May, and secretaries are asked to at once prepare resolutions which their committees desire to have discussed at the conference. It is likely that there will be very few speakers at the conference, but that the most practical matters will be discussed by the delegates present. Special subjects, for instance, as "How best to finance an electorate," "How to canvass for votes," etc. We invite the attention of presidents and secretaries of branches throughout the State to this matter without delay.

"You'll lose business." That was the bombshell dropped at the feet of a certain George-street worker when he took a prominent hand in the No-license fight, 1910. "I don't care," said the sturdy Britisher; "I'll stand to my convictions." And he did. Did he lose? No. The business is bigger than ever. But he is ready to suffer if need be.

At midnight, December 31, the fourth quarter ends, and the Bottom Square boxes should be opened. Possibly the holiday season will interfere somewhat with the even progress of the work, but agents are asked to have their remittances in head office before January 31.

Our hon. treasurer is most pressing in his requests to me to increase the financial return, a matter which I find very difficult on account of so much work of urgent character at the office. Ten to sixteen hours a day hard work will not enable us to overtake it. If our friends will take the appeal to heart and save me making a personal request by forwarding a donation. "Oh, thank you!"

Time: 12 p.m.

Day: December 31, 1911.

Present: A No-Licenser and his Bottom Square Box.

The Question: "Have I done my duty towards the Bottom Square Box?"

Moral: Do not let the old year pass until you have acted fairly by the Bottom Square Box.

Now that the earlier-closing agitation is so much in evidence, it may be interesting to readers to have their attention called to the striking success which attended the earlier-closing measures adopted by the licensing justices of Liverpool, England, during the strike in August last.

The facts are briefly as follow:—Owing to the disturbed state of the city, the justices decided to close the public houses earlier than usual. On August 14, 121 licensed premises were closed as necessity arose; on the 15th, 351; on the 16th, 284; on the 17th, all the licensed premises were closed at 8 p.m. on that day, and at 2 p.m. from August 18 until and including the 27th day of August. The following well-attested facts followed:—

1. The arrests for drunkenness for the three days (Monday to Wednesday), when earlier closing was only partially applied, began at once to decline, numbering 73 as against 86 in the corresponding days of the previous year. The moment, however, the closing was extended to the whole city, the decline was rapidly accelerated; Thursday showed a drop from 17 to 7, and during the remaining ten days the arrests were only 100 as compared with 305 in 1910, a reduction of 67 per cent.

2. Arrests for offences other than drunkenness declined by 35 per cent.

3. The shopkeepers in the disturbed working-class areas did more business during the ten days of earlier closing than during similar periods before or since.

4. The deposits in, at any rate, two penny savings banks increased, and the withdrawals declined; and the industrial insurance societies collected more money than in ordinary times.

5. There were practically no drink cases in the hospitals, and the number of casualty cases declined greatly.

6. "The testimony of inspectors for the corporation and other bodies, nurses and workers for religious and philanthropic societies whose duties continually take them into the areas of the city which are chiefly affected, all go to show that not only were people more orderly and sober, but that the women attended more regularly to their household duties, the children were kept cleaner, and the households retired to rest at a very much earlier hour." (Report of the Justices.)

7. As soon as the ordinary hours were reverted to, on August 28, the arrests for drunkenness enormously increased. Saturday, 26th, under partial closing, showed only 26 arrests; Monday, 28th, under opening, showed 85; and the six week days showed 337 arrests, against 72 in the corresponding six days of the week of partial closing.

The Liverpool Licensing Committee have
(Continued on Page 10.)

Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

THE MEAGHER—ON SLOW LIBEL ACTION.

The outstanding feature in the above case was undoubtedly the ruling of the judge upon the matter of privilege. It was most clearly laid down to the jury by him that the occasion was a privileged one. The matter upon which he exhorted them to meditate was as to whether or no they could detect any evidence of malice on the gallant Colonel's part. Otherwise they must find for the defendant, which, by the way, they did. We are not of those who would shut the door in the face of the reformed character. Our religion is an effectual deterrent against such an attitude. Doubtless hundreds felt they would like to see a verdict for Mr. Meagher, who is a public man of some value to the community. But unfortunately he has happened to ride across the back of a great public principle—privilege that will allow of a man's character to be thoroughly discussed when he seeks to enter public life. It is good that it should be so. It is necessary, too. We cannot be too particular in the matter of selecting our governors and legislators. We have a right to dive into their past careers. But in discussing them we must be careful to do so without ill-feeling or malice. In such a case we can be made to pay heavy damages. One must not abuse privilege and make it a vehicle for conveying our malicious thoughts and desires. It ceases then to be a privileged occa-

sion when we do so. It is to be hoped that the electioneering committees are well seized with this phase of the question. Otherwise we shall be troubled with more slander actions, which may not have the same ending as the case which is now historical.

THE TWO SAVINGS BANKS.

It seems to us a very regrettable thing that the Federal Government should make such an attempt as it is doing to secure the Savings Bank business of each State. Surely this is not a matter that was ever intended to come under Federal jurisdiction? This State has recently spent thousands of pounds in elaborate savings banks, and in perfecting an excellent system. Are we to be robbed of all the benefits of our long-sightedness? Why should the Federal Government interfere, anyhow? How can we expect to run two banks comfortably from the one post office? The whole thing is absurd. It would seem as if the Labor Governments, State and Federal, have not yet managed to work together harmoniously. It was predicted that it would be a good thing to have Labor in power in both realms, but it does not look as if that prophecy would be fulfilled. We, on our part, must stand religiously to our State banks, for they are part of our assets—they enable us to borrow to good effect. Why should the Federal Government deprive us of them?

Many wise and many righteous have longed to be assured of these matters, and have agonised through life without that certainty. Saints and sages have achieved by long prayers and fasting the graces that you, apparently, may attain by the easy process of self-suggestion. Coming as this psychological discovery does in the middle of an age of unparalleled mechanical invention and discovery it is almost—is it not?—as if the Creator of men had said, 'It is time that these children of mine came to maturity. I will give them at last their full mastery over the earth and over the air and over the spirits of themselves. Let us see how they bear themselves under these gifts.' Thus, your responsibility for yourselves is such an utter responsibility as the race has never known. It is the ultimate challenge to human worth and human power. You dare not fail under it. I think the long generations of your fathers hold their breath to see if you do less with certainty than they have done with faith."

PERTINENT QUESTIONS ON PROHIBITION.

(By a Texas Business Man.)

During the campaign in Texas, a Fort Worth business man, through the columns of the "Dallas News," asked a few pertinent questions on the subject of the saloon being a commercial necessity in a community. Why no propound them to your anti-Prohibition friends?

WHY?

"If Prohibition impairs a man's earning powers by disturbing business conditions, why is it that Prohibition Maine furnishes more per capita for legitimate enterprises than any other State, in proportion to its population? Certainly the natural advantages of that State cannot be said to be so much greater than all others.

"If Prohibition retards development and keeps a community in the back-ground commercially, why is it that in the field of mortgage investments Prohibition Kansas ranks first of all the States?

"If Prohibition drives out capital and depreciates property values, why is it that the great trust and insurance companies in the East continue to put a large amount of money into Prohibition Oklahoma, Prohibition Georgia and Tennessee, while only a few of them invest in Texas?

"It is well-known to Prohibitionists and anti-Prohibitionists alike that town after town, county after county, State after State, have adopted Prohibition without appreciable reflex on business conditions. Indeed, the weight of evidence is to the effect that the man engaged in useful pursuits is benefited when Prohibition goes into effect."—"Union Signal."

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.

To the Rising Generation.

There was a very pertinent, pointed, and personal "Letter to the Rising Generation" published recently in the "Atlantic Monthly." The writer declares that the type of men not uncommon half a century ago, the big-framed, big-hearted "old Roman" men, whose integrity was as unquestioned as their ability, is almost extinct. Their places are filled by smaller, less able, often much less honest men. To the rising generation he says:—"It may easily happen that the next 20 years will prove the most interesting in the history of civilisation. Armageddon is always at hand in some fashion. Nice lads with the blood of the founders of our nation in your veins, pecking away at the current literature of Socialism, taking out of it imperfectly understood apologies for your temperaments and calling it philosophy—where will you be if a Great Day should really dawn? What is there in your way of thought to help you play the man in any crisis? If the footmen have wearied you, how shall you run with the horsemen? In one way or another every generation has to fight for its life. When your turn comes, you will be tossed on the scrap-heap, shoved aside by the boys of a sterner fibre and a less easy life, boys who have read less and worked more, boys who have thought to some purpose and have been willing—as you are not

—to be disciplined by life. Force, personality, the power to endure; these our fathers had, these you are losing. Yet life itself demands them as much as it ever did. Life is not, and it is not meant to be, a cheap, easy matter, even for flat dwellers. It is a grim, hard, desolate piece of work, shot through with all sorts of exquisite, wonderful, compensating experiences. Consider the matter of your own existence and support that you accept with such nonchalant ease. Every child born into the world is paid for with literal blood, sweat, tears. That is the fixed price, and there are no bargain sales. Years of toil, months of care, hours of agony, go to your birth and rearing. What excuse have you, anyhow, for turning out flimsy, shallow, amusement-seeking creatures when you think of the elements in your making? The brain-specialists and the psychologists between them have given in the last ten years what seems conclusive proof of the servitude of the body to the self; they have shown how, by the use of the appropriate mechanism in our make-up, we can control to a degree even the automatisms of our bodies; they have demonstrated the absolute mastery of will over conduct. Those ancient foes, heredity and habit, can do very little against you to-day, that you are not in a position to overcome. Since the world began, no human creatures have had the scientific assertion of this that you possess.

On Learning to do Without Praise.

A SUGGESTIVE DISCUSSION ON AN UNCOMMON THEME.

Praise is a good thing to give and a poor thing to desire. There are men whose principle of action is never to refuse a favor if it is possible to grant it, and never to ask a favor under any circumstances at all. The same rule holds good in the matter of praise. Often we can hearten a discouraged man by a word of praise, or lead one who has done well to do vastly better by a warm and cordial word of appreciation. In dealing with people as they are and in such a world as ours, praise fills a large place. But it ought to be the ambition of every man to get beyond the point where praise is necessary for him—to become so clear and steadfast in his principles, so firm and efficient in his performance of duty, so pure in his own conscience, that to him praise is distasteful.

HOW SOME MEN SEEK FOR PRAISE.

To be desirous of praise is a sign of weakness. Some men are consumed with this desire, or are completely dependent upon expressed appreciation for moral sustenance in their work. They subscribe to news-clipping agencies to see what the papers say about them. They fish for expressions of opinion about their performances. They like to overhear commendatory conversation about their achievements or utterances. With some the weakness becomes positive vanity. With others it retains a more amiable form, making its possessor dependent upon praise for his own peace of mind and happiness in work. Unless he knows that other people are pleased with him and speak well of him, he is cast down and uncertain as to his efficiency and success.

PRAISE AND ITS PROPER ESTIMATE.

Now, our Lord would not have us press His word of warning on this subject to untrue exaggeration. "Woe unto you," said He, "when all men shall speak well of you." But He Himself rejoiced in Simon Peter's great confession, which was a noble speaking well of Jesus. He gathered about Him a group of men whose life-mission it was to be to speak well of Him, and He recognised the supreme beauty of friendship-love, with its perfect regard and confidence. Jesus would not applaud the spirit of the martyrdom-seeker, who makes himself unpleasant to everyone, and then rejoices in his unpopularity as a proof of his loyalty to the Gospel. The men who were loyal to the Gospel in Paul's day were men whose praise was in all the churches. And Paul himself coveted the good-will and regard of all men.

But Paul himself declared that it was a small matter to him, after all, what men thought of him. Each man was to stand or fall to his own Master. Paul stood to his. "With me," said he, "it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment." And he expected others to live not as in the view of men, but as

unto God. Servants were to do their work, not with a view to pleasing men, but with an eye single to God, and were to put the divine loyalty into all their serving.

THE BIBLE IDEA AND THE TRUE REWARD.

The Bible idea throughout is the idea of fidelity to the call of God, of simple conscientiousness in duty. Even when a man has done this, he is an unprofitable servant. And yet this is the least and most that he can do. Doing it is all the reward that any man ever needs. It is as Fielding says in "Tom Thumb the Great"—

"When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough;

I've done my duty, and I've done no more." Even in the best service the doer of it knows that there is imperfection enough, and shrinks from any laudation for that which he knows, even if there were no imperfection in it, is only what he ought to have done.

In duty-doing, we do not deserve any of the credit for what is done. When we really succeed in doing any good piece of work, we may pride ourselves upon our having done it; but we must remember that, if there was any real good in it, that was of God, and God deserves all the praise for it.

AN UNWORTHY BASIS FOR PRAISE.

And when we turn from the thought of what we do to the thought of what we are, how much less reason is there for any praise! We may be, or seem to be, better than someone else, but what a wretched basis for praise this is! And how much evil and worthlessness there is in the very best of men! One need not speak in any spirit of cynicism or unappreciation to say this. The world is full of love; but God deserves all the credit for that. It is full also of follies and vanities and weaknesses; and these are the only things that man can claim as his own. Chinese Gordon was one of the best men in the world, but he was not deceived.

GENERAL GORDON ON LIFE'S DISGUISES.

"If a man speaks well of me," he wrote to his sister, "divide it by millions and then it will be millions of times too favorable. If a man speaks evil of me, multiply it by millions and it will be millions of times too favorable. Man is disguised as far as his neighbor is concerned; this disguise is his outward goodness. Some have it in a slight measure torn off in this life, and are judged accordingly by those whose disguise of goodness is more intact; the revelation of the evil by this partial tearing off is but the manifestation of what exists. Whether the disguise is torn or intact, the interior and true state (known to God quite clearly) is the same corrupt thing; the eye of the Spirit discerns through the disguise.

"Who could bear to have this disguise quite rent off, and the evil exposed to the

eyes of the world? How would the world receive me, if they knew what I really was and what God knows that I am at this minute? Yet, how hardly I judge another whose disguise, slightly rent, shows a little of the corruption I know exists in me. Nothing evil was ever said of any man which was not true; his worst enemies could not say a thousandth part of the evil that is in him." And long afterwards he wrote to this sister: "In my spiritual nature, I despise the world, its praise or blame. I know of nothing to be admired in my body or its actions from birth to this day. The world's praises are satires on me; its blame is just, though not from right motives."

SAINTS WHO WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN CANONISED.

Every good man holds this view. No saint ever would have consented to his canonisation. And many good men have left instructions that there should be no biography of them written, because there would be sure to be praise in it that would give no true idea of the man. General S. C. Armstrong left behind the admonition: "I wish no effort at a biography of myself made. Good friends might get up a pretty good story, but it would not be the whole truth. The truth of a life usually lies deep down—we hardly know ourselves—God only does. I trust His mercy. The shorter one's creed the better. 'Simply to Thy cross I cling,' is enough for me."

A DYING MISSIONARY'S REBUKE.

And one of the most characteristic stories of William Carey tells us that "Among those who visited him in his last illness was Alexander Duff, the Scotch missionary. On one of the last occasions on which he saw him—if not the very last—he spent some time talking chiefly about Carey's missionary life, till at length the dying man whispered, 'Pray,' Duff knelt down and prayed, and then said good-bye. As he passed from the room, he thought he heard a feeble voice pronouncing his name, and turning, he found that he was recalled. He stepped back, accordingly, and this is what he heard, spoken with a gracious solemnity, 'Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Dr. Carey, Dr. Carey; when I am gone say nothing about Dr. Carey—speak about Dr. Carey's Saviour.' Duff went away rebuked and awed, with a lesson in his heart that he never forgot."

"SHIMMERS OF SHADOWS."

To become subjects of praise is to run the risk of obscuring Christ, of usurping glory which belongs to Him. For what good is there in us or our doings which is not from Him and to His praise? And it is to run the risk also of obscuring the actual facts of life. For any attainment or achievement is made to appeal praiseworthy only by comparing it, not with the ideal above it, but with some failure below it. The best man is a poor affair in comparison with perfection. His finest qualities are only shimmers of shadows. "His greatness only great does seem to little minds who do it so esteem."

(Continued on Page 10.)

The Case for Prohibition.

(By Rev. A. Doull, M.A.)

The liquor traffic has only itself to thank for the presence and necessity of this issue.

1. Like the slave power in the abolition struggle of the United States, the liquor traffic is not only defying restriction, but is seeking to encroach upon dry territory so regularly as to constitute a constant menace, often of a lawless character. Local No-License has been found effective and satisfactory so far as it goes, but the traffic seeks to break down and discredit local No-License. Sly grog-selling, which breaks out in the lawless element, has its heyday only for the first year of No-License. The police authorities can cope with it and practically stamp it out when the penalty of imprisonment becomes operative. But the liquor trade, which supplies the sly grog, must know, from the quantities received per month, for what purpose liquor is procured. Yet the trade continues to supply the sly grog-sellers.

2. Then we desire some finality in this struggle; and we can accept finality only on the basis of killing the liquor traffic. True, the public schools will kill the traffic in time. The temperance teaching will have its due and permanent effect. But there is no need to wait till the majority of the voters have come under the influence of scientific temperance instruction in our schools. We have had 20 years of agitation. We have had the people registering their votes on this question at six polls. The people are prepared to vote on the matter. The Trade has had 17 years' notice that at any time their traffic in intoxicants might be taken away. There are other questions clamoring for notice and settlement. It is time that this liquor question were done with and out of the road. And there is only one way of getting it out of the road, and that way is to abolish the liquor traffic.

3. Then the evils of the liquor traffic are not merely local; they are even more of a national character; and this calls for a national solution of the problem presented by those evils.

The effects of the trade spread far beyond the artificial and changing boundaries of electorates. The bad debts of a drunkard may be spread all over New Zealand. The lost labor incurred through drunkenness, the inefficiency of the drinking man, the cost to a community through drinking, accidents and deaths, the proportion of asylum maintenance incurred by drink, not to speak of the shame and heartbreak of parents and relatives—these matters spread over the length and breadth of the land. The trade in Wellington hurts business, prosperity, and families in every other part of New Zealand, and similarly with the trade in every other license electorate. This aspect of the liquor traffic is being recognised more and more. It is felt that liquor is a national scourge and menace. Hence it must be met in a national way.

4. Now the issue set before us is National Prohibition. It is national, and it is thorough-going. This may seem to be a weakness in the eyes of those who wish to conciliate drinking men as much as possible. But in the long run this will be found to be its strength. For it is a logical position to hold. The only things that run counter to it are the desire of a trade to make money and the appetites of a portion of the drinking men of New Zealand; and while even logic can make very little of either avarice or appetite when these are in the saddle, yet it will attract and hold all the coming generations. In any case, we are not asked what form of national solution we may desire for the national problem. It is here, set before us in the ballot paper, and we are asked Yes or No.

National Prohibition prohibits the manufacture, importation, and sale of alcoholic liquors, except for medicinal, sacramental, and industrial purposes. In effect, it will amount to a wiping out both of moderate and immoderate drinking. We take for granted that it is right to abolish immoderate drinking. But have we any case against moderate drinking such as will justify us in voting National Prohibition?

5. This section is an indictment of moderate drinking. It must be brief, but evidence could be multiplied almost indefinitely.

(a) The public health is lowered by moderate drinking. There are scores of witnesses to this fact. Sir Henry Thompson attributes a very large proportion of the most painful and dangerous maladies that came under his notice during 20 years' practice to moderate drinking. Sir Victor Horsley says that the only proper use of alcohol to an ordinary healthy person is its disuse. Dr. George Harley bears witness that for every real drunkard there are 50 others suffering from the effects of alcohol.

(b) The expectation of life is decreased by moderate drinking. The great authorities on this matter are the insurance companies and friendly societies. The United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution has two divisions—one for abstainers and the other for moderate drinkers.

It has the experience of over 130,000 lives, extending over 36 years, to give authority to its figures—an authority that cannot be shaken by any isolated cases of aged drinkers. Its experience is that the mortality among abstainers was 25 per cent. less than that among moderate drinkers. The experience of other life insurance companies that have adequate numbers and a sufficient term of trial is similar to the above. Similarly, a comparison between the Rechabites and Sons and Daughters of Temperance on the one hand and friendly societies that admit moderate drinkers points in the same direction. They all show that

Moderate drinking shortens the average life.

(c) The efficiency of the people is lessened by moderate drinking. Professor Sims Woodhead says: No man can do the best work of which he is capable if he is taking alcohol. Alcohol acts as a cumulative poison. Sir Victor Horsley cites a series of experiments by Kraepelin and other competent men showing that efficiency for work, either muscular or mental, is decreased by moderate drinking.

6. We need not go further, though the indictment of moderate drinking could be made much stronger. To-day we have ample evidence to show that even moderate drinking is affecting our national life and well-being in such a way that the nation must act in self-defence.

Thus it is justifiable not only to abolish the traffic in intoxicants, but, within the limits above-mentioned, to abolish intoxicants themselves. But it is more than a justifiable procedure. Such action is demanded by considerations that appeal at once to the average citizen and to the Christian voter. But the appeal becomes irresistible when we consider how frequently moderate drinking dulls the conscience and stupefies the higher side of man's nature. I believe it is not too severe a thing to say that even moderate drinking in its own way is thwarting the spiritual work of the Church, by benumbing those faculties that should be placed at Christ's service (those faculties that recognise His voice and are stirred to answer His claims).

National Prohibition seems to be the true and only solution of the liquor problem. When tried in New Zealand it will be a unique experiment, as nowhere else will there be such favorable conditions. No American examples guide us here. As we have it before us, it will be a new thing. It satisfies the reason and the conscience alike. The way to vote National Prohibition is to strike out the top line on the ballot paper.—"The Outlook."

A popular comedian at a Lambs' Club gambol in New York told a panama hat story.

"A young clerk out my way," he said, "gave his girl a present of a panama last year. Then the day before the Fourth he got a couple of complimentaries for a picnic, clambas and corn roast down the river, and he wired the girl:—

"Meet me at pier 13 to-morrow morning at 7. Picnic. Bring panama."

"The next morning, as he stood on pier 13 dreaming dreams of love, imagining a long, sweet day of billing and cooing, he saw his girl advancing with her father and mother. He was terribly annoyed, and on the boat, as soon as he could get her alone, he hissed:—

"What did you want to bring the old folks for?"

"Why, Will, you told me to," she said, and she showed him the telegram, which the operator had made to read:—

"Bring pa and ma."

GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1911.

"FAIRPLAY'S" COMPLIMENTS.

Our contemporary is very complimentary over the matter of our little cartoon on the water waggon page recently. We accept the bouquets blushing. But all our efforts to induce "Fairplay's" editor to wait a while and turn over a cable and examine it thoroughly before he rushes into print are unavailing. In the short note of congratulation published last week our friend announces the arrival of **another cable**, which he professes will knock us down and out for good. Good old "Fairplay." Stick to your habits; you will never learn self-repression, so don't bother trying. Here you have been set back twice for chattering too soon, and actually when discussing our cartoon, struck off in memory of the two defeats, you can't even then resist another false prophecy. No wonder the Liberty Leaguers attend the "show" instead of the annual conference. A false prophet is a very tiresome institution.

A BISHOP'S INDICTMENT.

Under the above heading "The Worker," in a recent issue, makes a general attack upon the Church, which it alleges is allied to capitalism so thoroughly that they might almost be called the "Siamese Twins." As a "text" "The Worker" quotes the recent utterances of Bishop Druitt, as follows:—"Christianity is saturated with worldliness, diluted with slipshod belief, blinded by class prejudice, confounded by aggressive infidelity, and pauperised by nominal membership." With this formidable ground work

"The Worker" proceeds to prove (to its satisfaction) that all these evils are the sole product of the entry of the Rich Man into the Church, which he has instantly converted into a "money-changing" temple. In the discussion of the problem generally the Rich Man gets no chance—if he has any good points "The Worker" doesn't mention them—but the poor man's position is briefly described as follows:—

"But the gospel that Christ preached is 'not dead. It lives to-day where it was 'born so long ago in the hearts of work-ingmen.'"

Now, few men—yes, even, we may say, few working men can be found who will not admit that this is all a trifle exaggerated. The poor man is not, as a rule, an angel; neither is the rich man always a mean fellow. The editor of "The Worker" has lost sight entirely of the "mean" between the two extremes.

It is, in fact, when discussing why more of the poorer classes fail to attend at church untrue to say—

"They don't go to church because the 'Rich Man sits in the front pew, and listens to a sermon that is carefully attuned to harmonise with the chink of 'gold.'"

"They don't go to church because it is the 'stronghold of 'the grinders of the faces of 'the poor,' and those who 'of fraud hold 'back the hire of the laborer.'"

"They don't go to church because those 'whited sepulchres,' the Scribes and Pharisees, have made it their own, and the 'money changers whom Christ drove out of 'the temple with a whip now carry on their 'usurious enterprises in the shelter of its 'altars.'"

"They don't go to church because their 'loving mate the Carpenter is no longer 'there; because its clergy have enacted Calvary over again, and crucified Him on the 'cross of His own gospel.'"

"They don't go to church because the 'church has falsified its mission, and transformed the gospel of the Poor into a gospel of the Rich.'"

Whilst admitting that much of this agrees with the bishop's argument, we would like to point out that Anglican bishops have sometimes a tendency to that fatal hallucination—that the Church of England is "the" church. Statistics of others don't count.

Ask the poor man, who more often than not is the deacon or committeeman of the great Methodist Church, does the capitalist push him out of his berth on the management, and we think you will get a forceful "No" from him. Ask the Presbyterian, the Congregationalist, the Roman Catholic.

Any stick is good enough for some people to hit the church with, but she has a way of outlasting and overcoming—yes, and at times "overwhelming"—all opposition, and people who attack her must not complain if they are worsted.

It is true that in many churches the rich man is given too much consideration, but it is more true still that at the present time

the rich man, with his motor-car or his golf bags, does not bother about church at all, and the poor man both attends and governs the church.

Again, one must remember that a faithful pastor or bishop castigates his flock at times. He lectures them as you or I do the office boy. He tells them that the church needs purifying—it is a mass of corruption—the whole man is sick—the heart faint.

He is right. Yet he speaks more or less relatively. It is sound counsel all the same. Yet one reads between the lines and understands that he is not advocating the annihilation of the church, but seeking to make it sounder still. An illustration may help. Recently there left our shores one of the most brilliant ministers of the Church of England—and certainly one of its most eloquent preachers. A saintly man, burning with desire for souls, he captured many souls, and had rare power with the young men. Their reverence for him was unbounded; they attended in hundreds, and his church grew and multiplied.

When recently he returned to the old country, in his parting pastoral letter, he deplored, as any member of Christ's flock should deplore, that he had so few jewels as yet in his crown. "So little," said he, "have I done; so few men have I brought into the fold—so few men." Those who knew him will know also that nothing but his deep humility caused him to deplore as a weakness what all knew to be his strong point. But he spoke relatively—so much more "might have been done." Thus Dr. Druitt speaks relatively. He has castigated his own church thoroughly. It cannot but have a good effect. Yet the wolves who would rush in to grab what they consider the unprotected prey will discover that the church is very much alive—more so to-day than ever; is purer to-day than ever, and is progressing faster than ever towards the goal laid down for her by her Master. Judged by the criterions of success in vogue in the world the Master himself experienced general failure. His converts were few—they all forsook Him in time of need. He was scorned and rejected by 999 persons out of every 1000. Yet He knew well His mission would extend to every part of the world, and it has done so. So will His church finally overcome, although the finger of scorn is often pointed at it. The church is built upon a superhuman foundation—nay, a Divine one—and must prevail.

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.

Although the College is 17 years old, our coaching for Public Examinations has only become established in a large way since January, 1908. During the past three years our coaches (all Sydney University men) have been extremely successful. We coach by individual tuition only and prepare students for Matriculation, Bankers' Institute, Cadet Draftsmen, State and Commonwealth Clerical Exams., Pharmacy Board, etc. Particulars and fees on application.

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The Editor's Letter.

FIGHTING LIKE WINNERS.

It is nine weeks to-day since I landed at Wellington, and it seems like a lifetime. During these weeks I have spoken at 54 meetings, taken 15 services, 33 open-air meetings, and 14 meetings for men only—a total of 116. The hours I have travelled since I landed equal more than one whole week. I have addressed about 61,000 people. This day fortnight I finish and will be on my way back to "the brightest spot in Surry Hills" before the echo of my voice has ceased to vibrate in His Majesty's Theatre, Dunedin, where I deliver my last address. Since last writing I finished my all too brief stay in Christchurch, these meetings being very fine, but my throat was too sore to permit of their being enjoyable.

ASHBURTON.

Ashburton is remarkable, since it is the only No-License area where the vote has gone back on the three-fifths majority that closed the bars, though it did not go back far enough to restore license. It is now over eight years since the hotels were closed in the Ashburton electorate. During that period many changes have taken place. Large numbers of people have left the district and large numbers have come into it. The territory of the electorate has also been changed in a foolish and exasperating way, and about 1100 people of one of the suburbs, all of whose interests are centred in the town, have been transferred to the Selwyn electorate. Similar changes have been made in other parts of the country, and new townships and districts have been added to the electorate. The conditions to-day are, therefore, vastly different from those existing eight years ago, and it is impossible to forecast the result of next election. So far as one can judge from the signs and evidence available, it is most likely that the people will adhere to the policy of No-License. The electorate contains about 13,000 people, and on May 31 only 17 persons were receiving charitable aid. The capital value of the property and real estate of the county for purposes of taxation is set down at over six and a-half millions. In the last three years over £175,000 worth of buildings have been erected. At present a new bank, theatre, garage and store are in course of erection, the building contracts in the town alone amounting to £30,000. The use of gas and electric light has progressed in a very marked degree, indicating increasing comfort, and a higher standard of living. The Gas Company has increased its business by 56 per cent. under No-License.

The rateable values of properties in all parts of the district have risen largely, and during the last seven years the sum of £3 would cover the whole amount of rates lost by the Borough Council.

THE ANNUAL SHOW UNDER NO-LICENSE.

The annual Agricultural Show has just been held, and it is estimated there were 8000 people on the show ground. The local paper says that "the manner in which they conducted themselves is worthy of all praise. There was an entire absence of brawling, and not an intoxicated person was to be seen, either on the show ground or in the streets of the town at night. . . . The sly-grog evil was not at all in evidence, and we are glad to compliment the people of town and country upon the demonstration they have given, that they can meet together and engage in friendly intercourse and rational enjoyment without the 'cup that cheers'—and inebriates." When the hotels were open here there was a large amount of drunkenness; many presons were prohibited; there was the usual amount of misery, squalor, crime, and unhappiness that are inseparable from the liquor traffic. There was constant illegal liquor selling on Sundays on licensed premises, there was selling to those under age, to drunken and prohibited persons, and after licensed hours. The licensing laws were neither better nor worse observed here than anywhere else, and it is a pity that people to-day should overlook these facts and declare that things were better then than they are now.

IN THE OPEN-AIR.

Arriving at 1.40, I began an open-air meeting at 2.30. A large crowd quickly gathered. Before I could make a few introductory remarks an ex-publican—a fluent and excitable Irish gentleman—loudly demanded an apology for something I had said there years ago. He would not allow me to state what I had said, and his noisy unreasonable interruption brought down the strong disapproval of the crowd, and a tactful policeman persuaded him to retire. One man asked if I had noticed an empty shop near where I was speaking. I said yes, and I had also noticed the fact that a contract for over £5000 worth of additions to a store had been entered into a week ago. If No-License was responsible for the open shop, what accounted for the new bank, theatre, garage and store? As is always the case, the bulk of the evidence was on our side.

In the evening, under a huge electric light, specially erected for such meetings, I addressed one of the largest open-air meetings I have ever faced. About 15 young lads started calling out, "We want Brown," but I drew their attention to the fact that it was brains, not Brown, that they wanted, and after a few minutes I was able to proceed. No other argument was thrown at me but a few eggs, which, missing me, found a resting place on the unoffending spectators. On Sunday a men's meeting, attended by over 300, and an after-church meeting, both helped No-License very much. It seems to

me that No-License will stay in Ashburton, in spite of changed boundaries, imported voters, and many other changes.

PORT CHALMERS.

This place enjoyed No-License for a brief while, and showed the usual progress and moral result; owing, however, to a technical point, the position was reversed by the courts. The extraordinary privilege given to English sailors who are in the employ of a New Zealand shipping company, greatly retards the No-License party in all the ports. The sailors, firemen, etc., who can show at any time 12 months' service with a New Zealand shipping company, can obtain a permit to vote by post, though they have never lived a week on New Zealand soil. Some 200 such votes defeated No-License last time. I arrived at five past 8 by train to find a full hall and the mayor in the chair. It was delightful to hear him say he was an old Melbourne Grammar School boy, and he spoke of my early school days, and gave me a good shove-off. The captain of the Salvation Army proposed the vote of thanks. I last met him at Lismore, N.S.W. A meeting at the wharf next day was entirely delightful. It is indeed a beautiful place, and no pen can do it justice. One leaves it very reluctantly.

DUNEDIN.

This city was within 500 votes of carrying No-License at the last poll, obtaining 56½ per cent. of votes for No-License. This was an increase of 7½ per cent. on the previous vote, which meant an increase of 3000 votes, while the liquor vote went back 250. Everyone is hopeful of No-License being carried this time. It will be a great triumph and prove a notable example if it should be so. I am to remain here till the day before the poll, and made an encouraging start last night, when the Garrison Hall, seating 1200, was full in spite of the wet. Two open-air meetings to-day among men make one feel that we have absolutely all the facts, logic and argument, and it seems to me we must win. I am staying with old friends I first met in Gippsland, and afterwards at Caulfield, Victoria, and am indeed having a good time. It will make many in N.S.W. envy me when I say I am enjoying a fire in the room in which I am now writing. Anxious as I am to get back to Sydney, I shall miss the beauties of this country and the glories of its climate. The day on which this letter will be published will be the day on which the vote is taken, and our people everywhere are fighting a winning fight and are reasonable in their buoyant hopefulness.

CHRISTMAS.

Those who read "Grit" are reminded that if they wish to cheer those who are poor, and show their gratitude to the Lord for all Christmas means to them, may send gifts or money to Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, who will see that it is wisely spent to help those who need help.

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

On Learning to do without Praise

(Continued from Page 6.)

A BIT OF STIFF DISCIPLINE.

Why not, then, rise above the desire for praise and cultivate instead a positive distaste for it? We can do this by not reading what is written about us, if by any chance anything ever is written, by not counting any flattery or approbation, by remembering always that all for which the world praises us, if rightly seen, would only show more vividly the chasm between what we are and what we do and the infinite power and perfect character of God. Let us go quietly forward with our duty, living unto God and not unto men, knowing that from the Lord we are to receive the only judgment and the only reward that are of consequence.

We serve the Lord Christ. He was meek and lowly of heart.

We are to be men and women who see and praise the best in others, who wish no praise for ourselves, who have no use for medals, and whose eyes are ever and only to the Lord we serve.—"Sunday School Times."

N. S. W. ALLIANCE

(Continued from Page 4.)

prepared a report, asked for by the City Justices at their meeting in September, upon the effect of the early closing of public-houses in August during the recent strike. The report states amongst other things—

"Any reduction in the hours during which they (the public-houses) are permitted to trade would mean a diminished trade," and, in the second place, that "there can be no doubt, in the opinion of the committee, that if the hours during which licensed premises

are kept open were curtailed, drunkenness would decrease, and if drunkenness were lessened, crimes of violence would also correspondingly decrease."

The experience of San Francisco immediately after the great earthquake there was even more strikingly favorable, when the Mayor actually prohibited the sale of all intoxicants for a period. With the closing of the drinking bars crime was almost wiped out; when the sale of drink was again allowed the crime records jumped up to their old standard.

JOHN COMPLIN,

General Secretary N.S.W. Alliance.

November 30.

Is Prohibition Practicable?

(Continued from Page 3.)

witnesses from all ranks of society in places where any measure of prohibition has had a chance cry with astonishing unanimity: "Let us have more and more." Thanking you for this opportunity to reply to Dr. Macky's statement, I will close by saying—The future glows with light, which is breaking in upon every land. Communities on every hand are rising to free themselves from the liquor devil. And soon all true patriots in this fair Commonwealth will join forces to once and for ever dethrone this liquor power by prohibition, and I am sure my friend Dr. Macky will be one among the glad throng to rejoice in the victory.—Yours, etc.,

THOMAS DAVIES.

Redfern, Nov. 30th.

GRIT SUBSCRIPTIONS.

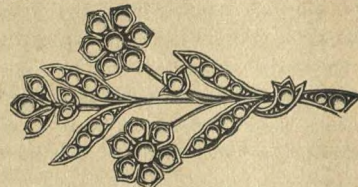
Miss Lovell Smith, 6s. 6d. (28/11/12); J. MacLachlan, 6s. 6d. (28/11/12); F. Gardiner, 6s. 6d. (28/11/12); D. Brown, 6s. 6d. (28/11/12); W. Spring, 20s.; Mrs. Linden, 6s. 6d. (28/11/12); T. C. Field, 20s. (28/12/14);

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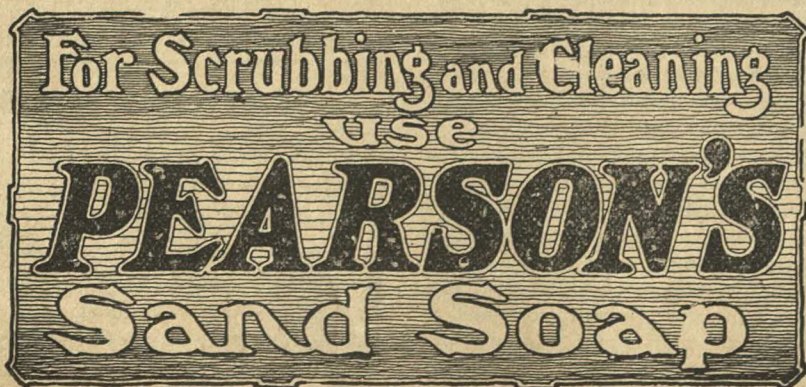
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From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

FOOLPROOF.

Certain mechanism is sometimes described as being "foolproof"—that is, the machine is so constructed that even the most stupid cannot easily disarrange it, neither can they well injure themselves. There are persons who seem to think that this world should have been "foolproof;" that it ought not to have been easy to hurt ourselves; we ought to have water that would not drown, fire that would not burn, gases that would not poison.

People who think like this forget how much we owe to the fact and imminency of danger. It is thus that our mind and muscles are disciplined, and we become strong and alert of mind and body. In the same way the world is not morally "foolproof;" sin hurts like fire burns, it blackens like tar, it has consequences even when you did not mean to do it or did not know it would hurt. If there were no pain we would not know when things were wrong in our body, and so we thank God for pain. A foolish blacksmith once prayed that the sparks from his anvil would no longer burn. His prayer was granted, and he found the heat did not hurt him, so he caught hold of a red-hot bar of iron, and laughed and boasted that he could not feel it. When he tried to let it go, while it had not hurt him, it had burned through the sinews of his hand, which he could never use again. If he had felt pain he would have dropped it, and saved his hand. Dear Ne's and Ni's, never forget "God is too wise to err, too good to be unkind." Things are hard and they hurt, and thank God it is so. They help to make us big and good.

UNCLE B.

FOR SUNDAY.

"The Bible contains the mind of God, the state of man, the way of salvation, doom of sinners, and happiness of believers. Its doctrines are holy, its precepts are binding, its histories are true, and its decisions are immutable. Read it to be wise, believe it to be safe, and practice it to be holy. It contains light to direct you, food to support you, and comfort to cheer you. It is the traveller's way, the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword, and the believer's chart. There paradise is restored, heaven opened, and the gates of hell disclosed. Messiah (Jesus Christ) is its grand spirit, our good its design, and the glory of God its end. It should fill the memory, rule the heart, and guide the feet. Read it slowly, frequently, and prayerfully. It is a mine of wealth, a paradise of glory, and a river of pleasure. It is given you in life, will be open at the judgment, and be remembered for ever. It involves the higher responsibility, rewards the greatest labor, and condemns all who trifle with its holy contents."

Do you read some of this Great Book

every day? You ask your teacher to get you a Young People's Scripture Reading Union card for one penny, and we can all read the same part of the Bible daily.—Uncle B.

DO YOU WANT A NAME FOR YOUR PLACE?

Here are some Australian native names:—Banner-ghur (white grass), Yangoora (stringy bark), Karak (fern trees), Yail Kallak (many trees), Nerowera (stone), Warringa (the sea), Gwandoban (rest), Karangateen (industrious), Kiraneuk (native cherry), Yalock (river), Allamba (to sojourn), Barraworn (magpie), Bullarto (abundance, fertile), Eumina (sleep, repose).

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

What has a boy to be thankful for?

For the throb of his pulse's bound,
With the good red blood of a healthy frame,
For the limbs that are strong and sound;
For a clear bright eye; or an honest name;
For a home; for a father's care;
For friends; for books; in a world of work
For a chance to do his share;
For the summer days and the shade of trees;
For the winter cold and clear;
And, if he's a boy that is worth his salt,
For the fact that he's living here.

RIDDLES.

(Sent by Beryl D. Anderson.)

Why is a beehive like a bad potato?—Because a beehive is a beeholder, a beeholder is a spec-tator, and a spec-tator is a bad "tater."

When were walking-sticks first invented?—When Eve presented Adam with a little Cain.

What monkeys make the best jam?—Grey apes (grapes).

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

Rosa Jamieson, December 6; Gwen Neath, December 7; H. F. Wheen, December 12; Ronald Taylor, December 12.

Happy, happy wishes for your birthday. How I wish I could join your little parties; but if I did, why, you might be surprised, and not even recognise me. Will you start the day by reading Job, chapter 28, verse 28.—Uncle B.

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

THE YOUNGEST NE.

John Keith Durham Searl, Dungog, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Can I be your nephew, please? I am five years old, and I am in first class at school. I like the stories in "Grit." I will be able to write better next letter.—Love from Keith.

(My dear Keith,—Welcome into the company of "The Seven to Seventeens." You

are not yet seven, but never mind. I am delighted with your letter, and hope you will often write. Be sure and tell me when your birthday is, and perhaps you will send me a photograph of yourself.—Uncle B.

NAUGHTY PUPPIES.

Gladys Mary Wilson Searl, Dungog, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Please can I be your niece? I am nine years old. I have a pony to ride; her name is Nellie. We have two orphan chicks; they come into the kitchen to get warm. One day the three puppies were lying down and the chicks sat on them to get warm. Mother reads "Grit" to Keith and I.—Love from.

(My dear Gladys,—I am so pleased you have become a Ni. I am sorry I can't become an uncle to those two poor chicks. If I could I would have smacked those stupid puppies. Be sure and write again, and tell us more about your pets.—Uncle B.)

A WHIRL OF MEETINGS.

Beryl D. Anderson, "Karlsruhe," Bexley, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Since I last wrote I have been living almost in a whirlpool. There have been so many meetings, lectures, etc., what with White Ribbon Union, Band of Hope, Gleaners' Union, Ministering Children's League, Choir, Church Meetings, etc., one has no time to feel sleepy. It took some time to collect the No-License boxes, and then we gave about a fortnight collecting signatures for the early losing petition. I enjoyed Rev. S. Yarrington's lantern lecture very much. Oh, it does seem awful to know of such misery and poverty so near to our happy, easy-going suburb. We had a splendid gathering in the School Hall, and the rain kept off beautifully till the meeting was over. Last Monday Rev. S. Denman gave a very, very interesting lantern lecture on China, India, and Africa. I am intensely interested in foreign as well as home missions, and for that reason I intend joining the Junior Helpers' Branch of the Ladies' Home Mission Union. I had a letter from the secretary last week asking would I join, as I had now been made a full member of the church by confirmation. This just reminds me that I have not told you about confirmation. We had very helpful and instructive classes, which seemed all too short. We were all very sorry when they were over. The service itself I will never forget. I think it was the loveliest and yet most solemn I have ever been to. The Archbishop preached about the "transfiguration of Jesus on the Mount." One point I remember particularly—that we should not get so high on the Mount that we were blind to those who needed a helping hand, but by coming down and helping others up we would get still nearer to the summit and Jesus. I really have taken too much space.—Love to all cousins and your dear self.

P.S.—I see by this week's "Grit" that Cousin Bonny Edwards would like to correspond with some of us. I would love to hear from her.

(My dear Beryl,—You have indeed been

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having a good time. I have been having quite a few meetings myself, and I agree with you they are delightful. Did you ever hear what the dear old lady said when asked why she always went to hear the Rev. Ely-asdust? She said she supposed it was for the same reason as her old hens scratched round her little backyard—not because they expected to find anything, but just for exercise. Dear George Herbert said: "The worst speak something good. When all want sense, God gives a text and teacheth patience." So glad your confirmation was such a memorable one.—Uncle B.)

THAT BALD PATCH.

Ronald Sharpe, "Aorangi," Gerragong, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—This is my first letter to "Grit." Will you accept me as one of your nephews. We have milking machines. I can work them. It is easier than milking by hand. We had a school concert, and we gave the cantata entitled "Red Riding Hood's Rescue," and I took the part of Robin. I think I know who you are, Uncle B., by the bald patch on your head. Your two sons have been here with my uncle from Jamberoo. The Congregational Church has just celebrated its jubilee. My father is a deacon of the church, and I go to Sunday-school. I am 12 years of age. My birthday is on February 7. Wishing "Grit" every success.—Your loving nephew.

(My dear Ronald,—So glad you have become a Ne. So you recognise the bald patch. Dear me, I have seen so many bald patches that I wonder are they all Uncle B.'s? You must like singing if you took the part of Robin. I hope it was a great success. Do you know a service of song called "Teddy's Button"? It is splendid. Be sure and write and tell me about your Christmas holidays.—Uncle B.)

STORY OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

Admiral Farragut tells this story of his boyhood:—

"When I was ten years old I was with my father on board a man-of-war. I had some qualities which I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt, could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards and fond of gambling in every shape. At the close of dinner one day my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me, 'David, what do you mean to be?'

"I mean to follow the sea."

"Follow the sea! Yes, to be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast. Be kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign land! No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck

with such principles as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man."

"My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke and overwhelmed with mortification. 'A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast. Be kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital. That is to be my fate,' I thought. 'I'll never utter another oath; I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor; I will never gamble.'

"I have kept these three vows ever since."

WHAT HAVE YOU LOST?

A Bit of Exaggeration and Some Good Counsel.

A young woman entering the home of a friend unburdened her heart with the words, "I have lost everything I ever cared for!"

"Nonsense!" said her friend. "You haven't lost anything."

"Yes, I have. I have lost it all."

"You haven't lost your home, nor your friends, nor your reputation, nor your moral character, nor anything else that I can think of," said her friend. "Your father has not failed in business, your house has not burned down, your name is not connected with any scandal. You haven't lost anything."

"No, I haven't lost any of those things; thank God for that! But I have lost my faith; I have lost my enthusiasm; I have lost my feeling that anything is worth while."

She was a young girl, barely out of college, and suffering somewhat from the reaction of intellectual strain. The friend to whom she went was sensible, and not shocked by her extravagant self-condemnation, and helped her to a better view of herself and things in general. Yet something of her experience many people have. It comes to other than wilfully bad people, now and then eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge; and the widely diffused experience which belongs to the life of young men and women at the present has an undeniable tendency to leave them blase and dispirited just when they should be entering into the freshness of life's deeper joys.

Faith should not needlessly be lost; it is too precious a jewel of the soul. Faith in God, in the worth of life, in the royal service of friendship is too invaluable a possession to be lightly dangled at the end of a long tether.

Hope should not be permitted too easily to be lost, nor yet enthusiasm in the helping of some worthy cause. But if these seem to be lost, it need not too readily be assumed that they have hopelessly departed. Their rediscovery lies in following the path of Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.—"Youths' Companion."

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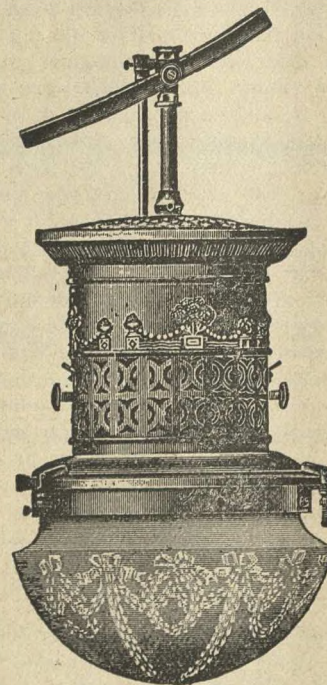
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IS IGNORANCE A CRIME?

In recalling the names of the truly great men of the past one is impressed by the fact that they often suffered greatly because of the lack of understanding and the unwillingness of the people to think with them. Washington and his army suffered cold, hunger and the humiliation at Valley Forge because the colonies would not unite to help them. Later in his public career and during the war Washington, the unselfish patriot, "The Father of His Country," was criticised and attacked continually by ignorant and selfish men. This great man was weakened and brought to an early grave by the torture and cruel attacks of the ignorant and ungrateful.

Lincoln freed the South from slavery, and united the country again in a free industrial republic. He was the champion of liberty, a man great in soul and human kindness. His reward was assassination by a narrow unthinking ignoble partisan.

Columbus died in chains after his great work had been accomplished for the world. Galileo, inventor of the telescope, had a hard fight to keep his enemies from placing him in the insane asylum. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, was called a fool by enlightened Americans. And even the Wright Brothers had to go to Paris to obtain recognition and help. It is a strange thing that all of these men worked as servants of the people, for the people at the risk of dying in the poorhouse or asylum. They did not become Vanderbilts or Goulds. They were simply servants of humanity.

The test of greatness is unselfish service to one's fellow men.—Donald Baker, in "The American Issue."

IMPROVING ARMY CONDITIONS.

Twenty-five per cent. of the soldiers in the British Army are abstainers. In a regiment in North China, in which there are 300 abstainers, the percentage of sick in 1908 among the abstainers was $\frac{1}{2}$ of one per cent; among the non-abstainers $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. At Sierra Leone, perhaps the worst climate in which the British soldier has to serve, in the first ten months of 1908 from the 60 abstainers there were only 29 admissions to the hospital, while 213 non-abstainers furnished 231 cases admitted to the hospital.—Col. L. G. Fawkes, R.A., hon. secretary, Royal Army Temperance Association.

ALCOHOL BARRED.

The fact that none of the contestants (in the 1910 Boston Marathon race) used alcohol during the race, and that all but one finished in good condition, is another evidence that alcohol diminishes rather than increases bodily endurance and capacity for work, since in former years runners who have used alcohol have been the first to give out. The establishment of this proof alone, if its

acceptance could be made general, would be sufficient justification of the Marathon race as a physiologic experiment.—"Boston Medical and Surgical Journal."

A GREAT NOVELIST'S OPINION.

"Miss Schreiner held the opinion, in common with every delegate from South Africa who was present, that alcohol is at the very root of all the unrest in the relations of whites and blacks in Africa. This opinion was emphatically seconded by a negro delegate, who contended that the native African had never been a menace to the white women before his deliberate debauchery with alcohol in order that white traders should profit."—Universal Race Congress, July, 1911.

DR. WILSON ON "BLIND TIGERS."

"There is not a blind tiger in the nation without a blind officer to match. There is not a blind officer who isn't taking something to close his eyes. A pup gets its eyes open in nine days, but there are officers who can see everything but illicit liquor-selling; and they are 50 years old. You had better elect pups to office than that kind of a man. Prohibition has never failed. It will not be tried until you not only pass the law, but elect officials with eyes."—American "Advance."

WORTHLESS ARGUMENT.

As long as the whisky and beer interests spend money to defeat prohibition just that long will their arguments prove worthless. If prohibition really resulted in an increased consumption of intoxicants then the brewers and distillers would finance prohibition campaigns instead of fighting them.

TO CURE—REMOVE THE CAUSE.

In a recent editorial in the "Outlook," Lyman Abbott says "that drunkenness is partly the result of ignorance and ill-breeding and in part the result of deliberate intentional violation of law. Bad inheritance and almost irresistible social forces are influential factors in connection with drunkenness. Society has tried for many years," Mr. Abbott says, "the experiment of curing drunkenness by punishing it. It is high time now that society tried the experiment of removing the cause which produces it." Mr. Abbott could further have declared that the effort to remove the cause of drunkenness is the present stage in the struggle against the saloon. To a very large extent drunkenness is created by the saloon. The saloon depends for its existence upon drunkenness. The barkeeper's income from men and boys who are sober and who remain sober would not even meet the rental requirements of the average saloon. It depends upon drunkenness and necessarily encourages extreme drinking. Lyman Abbott has the saloon situation well in mind when he declares that it is high time that society tried the experiment of curing drunkenness by removing the cause.

FATHER AND SON.

What Judge Ben Lindsey has to say about Their Relations.

It is not to be forgotten that we have magnificent examples daily given us of the close and helpful intimacy between many fathers and sons, and of innumerable fathers voluntarily taking up home burdens with the mother, thus producing superb team work, but unless we have still more of this done, the problem of the youthful delinquent cannot be solved by the juvenile court. The home must help.

It is back to the home, the father, the mother, the school, and the Sunday-school we must go, not only for help to elevate the child, but too often to find there the germs that cause him to be a delinquent.

It is to home influences and to the examples of fathers and mothers, as a rule, that not only the bad in children is to be traced, but the good as well. Take the boy, for instance. To nine out of every ten boys, the father is the model. He is the fountain head of wisdom. He is the law. Not only are his acts justifiable, but his opinions are true.

The boy sees the world through his father's eyes. The viewpoint of the boy is established by the father's outlook. If the boy's attitude toward life is not a faithful reproduction of the father's attitude, it is usually not the boy's fault.

If the father is a criminal, the boy probably grows up with a contempt for the law. If the father hates the police, the boy hates them too. If the father assails religion, the boy becomes an atheist. If the father boasts how he cheated this man or tricked that, the boy is fired with an ambition to emulate his cleverness. What the man is among his business associates, the boy probably will be among his playmates.

It is the same on every social level, among the law-abiding as well as among the criminal classes. The father's views of law and license, poetry and politics, are usually the boy's.

Of all life's plastic influences none perhaps has so powerful an effect in moulding the boy's character as the father's example. In comparison the influence of the school and Sunday-school are as nothing. **It is to the fathers and mothers we must go if we would prevent juvenile crime. It is to the fathers and mothers we must go if we would insure good citizenship for the future.**

The future of the nation lies in its children, and clay is not more amenable to the hands of the potter than the characters of children in the formative influence of parental example. If the son of a bad father is bad, it is the father who is responsible. If the son of a bad father turns out a good man, it is usually in spite of the father. If a father's life sometimes inspires the boy to try for the heights, the honor is that of the father.

That is the father's responsibility. No juvenile court can relieve him of it.—"The Mother's Magazine."

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Miss Dainty (after listening to Colonel Winters' narrow escape): "Is it possible? I do not understand how the bullets could strike directly over your heart and not kill you."

Colonel Winters: "Well—er—er, you see, my heart was in my mouth."

First Critic: "Soberly has certainly written a pathetic story."

Second Critic: "Yes, he ought to include a handkerchief with each copy."

First Neighbor: "What is wrong with your wife? I can see she's got her hand in a sling."

Second Ditto: "Reckless driving."

"Horse?"
"No, nail."

Magistrate (to burglar): "You were caught in the smith's shop, were you not?"

Burglar: "Yes, sir."

Magistrate: "What were you doing when the police caught you?"

Burglar: "I was making a bolt for the door, sir."

"This large bump running across the back of your head means that you are inclined to be curious to the point of recklessness."

"I know it. I got that by sticking my head into a lift-shaft to see if the lift was coming up, and it was coming down."

Tailor (to mother, who is buying a suit for her boy): "Do you want the shoulders padded?"

Little Boy: "No, mamma; tell him to pad the seat of the knickerbockers."

Salesman: "You'll find these good wearing socks, sir."

Customer: "Rather loud, ain't they?"

Salesman: "Yes, sir. But that keeps the feet from going to sleep!"

It was Saturday evening, and mother usually played, while the little ones sang their favorite songs.

"Which song shall I play for you, Mary?" she asked the tiniest of the children.

"I'd like 'Ere Again Our Sabbath Close,'" said the child.

Her mother looked puzzled. "But surely that's more suitable for Sunday," she replied.

The tiny one: "You always air our Sabbath clothes on Saturday evening!"

Tommy had been tardy at school, and this was the excuse he handed in:—

"Miss M'Inerney pleas Ekuse tommy for Being late he was Kep out on account of Sixness in the Famly yours Respect Nicodemus Tucker."

"Thomas," said the teacher, after she had read it, "I have serious doubts about the genuineness of this. It looks very suspicious."

"I know it, ma'am," he replied, sniffing. "I told paw I could write better'n he could, but he would do it."

A German anti-alcoholic journal, "Der Guttemplar," relates that two Germans who were crossing the Luxembourg frontier declared to the Customs officials:—

"We have with us three bottles of red wine each. How much is there to pay?"

"Where is it?" asked one.

"Well, inside us."

The official gravely looked at his tariff-book and read:—

"Wine in casks, 20s.; in donkeys' hides, free. Gentlemen," he added, looking up, "you can go."

He was a motorist, and called at a farmhouse for a glass of water, but the farmer's pretty daughter offered him a glass of milk instead.

"Won't you have another glass?" she asked, as he drained the tumbler.

"You are very good," he said, "but I am afraid I shall rob you."

"Oh, no. We have so much more than we can use ourselves that we are giving it to the calves all the time."

Little Johnnie: "Mother, tell me how papa got to know you."

Mother: "One day I fell into the water, and he jumped in and rescued me."

Little Johnnie: "H'm, that's funny. He won't let me learn to swim."

In daylight little Thomas gloated over his book of Indian stories, and longed to prowl in prairie grasses, and spring upon white men, smashing their heads in with tomahawks. But when darkness fell he sent frightened glances at all the shadows, and felt the shivers run down his tiny spine. "Mother," he whispered, one night, as he stared at his old father bending over his book, "was daddy ever in the Indians' country?" "No," replied his mother. "Why do you ask?" "Because, if he wasn't," said Thomas, in an awed voice, "whoever scalped him?"

To be exact is the pride of science, yet how difficult it is to be exact is proved over and over again. A story is told of a classroom dialogue which goes to show the hopelessness of stating anything precisely in English.

"What is contained in sea water?" inquired the chemistry teacher.

"Chloride of sodium, and er—and—"

"Well, what else?"

"Fish!"

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For Fathers and Mothers.

ON THE GOODNESS OF BEING ILL.

By ARTHUR J. CLARKE.

The majority of illnesses remind one of Watt's picture of "Love and Death." The great angel is stretching out his arm to open a door from which Love would fain bar him. He casts a great shadow ahead of him, and Love can see nothing but dark form and dark shadow. But yet a great light is shining behind Death's figure, and when he passes he will leave the light behind him. Even so it is with sickness.

It is a great experience to

Sit and wait a pair of oars

On cis-Elysian river shores.

There came a night when, fevered and utterly weary, we lay and watched a little flickering gleam in the darkness, and wondered if our low-burning lamp would be alight at dawn. The pulse of life was beating faintly; we were much too tired to be frightened, and we could not keep our thoughts from wandering, but we were filled with a vast curiosity as to what the morrow would bring. And then there came to us, not Death, but his twin-brother Sleep, and as the grey morning brought us consciousness we knew that we should live. For days we lay in extremest weakness, watching the silent, kindly figure of the nurse flitting about the room, waiting until the sun should set in a golden sea over the slate roofs and touch them into beauty. There came days of fuller consciousness—days when we grew to watch for the quick, firm step of the doctor on their path—days at last when a quiet friend would come and tell us that we were not forgotten. And then it was that we began dimly to realise some of the compensations of sickness. Never had food tasted so good; it seemed, indeed, as if weakness had given us a keener perception of flavor, a new delight in elemental things. And then, again, we began to discover the wonderful, unimagined kindness of friends. Day by day they came to see us, bringing simple, welcome gifts; bringing an atmosphere of love that filled the sick-room as with incense, overpowering us with benefactions that would leave us for ever in the world's debt. Even in people we had never really known, in some whom we had never liked, beautiful traits disclosed themselves, so that we found that our judgments had been hard and narrow, and felt as if we could never sit in judgment on men again.

At last a great day dawned for us, and we were allowed to crawl out of doors. We realised then that our eyes had been holden, and that we had never felt the utter beauty of the world. Now, after long weeks in the sick-room, even the air of a great city smelt wooingly. The grimy, perky little sparrows sang like nightingales; every late burgeon slowly bursting into fresh green had a delight, a quite unexplainable fascination for us. We had become little children again, easily wearied, but easily pleased; it seemed

as if illness had smothered out the wrinkles of years. We hardly knew why, but we were simply filled with joy. We had been far down the Valley of the Shadow; it had seemed that never again should we return to the green pastures of this pleasant world, to the love of friends and the beauty of springtime. It was not exactly that we feared the farther shore, but that it was uncertain, awesome, a little lonely, and we wanted to come back to the known, loved faces by the warm hearth. And so we sang our half-pagan song with Hezekiah of old, and praised God that He had restored us to this lovely, imperfect world.

And then the cup of happiness was dashed from our lips, and we had again to shoulder a weary burden. There came a dark day when kindly doctors told us that our brief, acute illness was but the symptom of a deeper trouble, and that months of carefully-regulated life would have to pass before we could be well; and even then there was the other possibility. We took up our load as bravely as might be; we were nerved by the chance of the quickly-dropping curtain. At least we could leave behind us the memory of some slight heroism, of cheeriness under sordid trouble, of victory in seeming defeat. There was self-consciousness in our attitude; something of the "poseur," we were weak, over-strained, lacking in poise. We came away to our Sanatorium counting on easy victory, at least over cowardice; thinking we should find it a facile task to be optimistic, and that we could cheer others as well as ourselves. We were soon to learn how faultily we had gauged our capabilities. The theatre was empty now, and there were few to applaud. The glory and the glow of the drama, the sense of moving in high tragedy, were over for us, and there came the slow grind of patience and the struggle for adaptation to our limitations. At first, for a few life-long weeks, we lay in bed again, while letters came from the far-away outer world, telling of the work our friends were doing, of our work that another was doing. And then we got up and rebelled at the life we had to lead. We grumbled at inaction; we chafed against the few wise rules of the place; we fought against God. Our health grew steadily better, but even this hardly helped us, for with new health came a keener longing to leave our placid, almost stagnant backwater, and return to the rush of waters over the weir. And we had to stay. At first the pang was acute, intense; later it settled down to a slow throb, to a dumb, deep longing.

It is difficult to trace the slow process through which we began to understand that our forced inaction was not God's punishment, but God's method, God's instrument. It was a weary time before we began dimly to perceive the goodness of being ill; it was

not till long after we were well that we saw how vast were the opportunities which we had so largely missed. Our life had been crowded and busy; we had made but little space for slow, dogged thought, for quiet meditation, for prayer. And now we had all the time there was; we could think till the mind became an utter blank. It was weeks before we learned anything of the art of meditation, that art of slow, placed thinking, of reviewing the past and its sad mistakes, of facing the future hand-in-hand with God, of learning to know ourselves. This meditation, coupled with our patent failure in the new conditions, taught us something, a very, very little, of the meaning of humility, and to many of us, as Henry Drummond once said, that lesson is only taught by humiliation. And even though we so pathetically missed our chances, perhaps we did learn something of the habit of patience. At least we saw much of the beautiful patience of men and women whose lives seemed utterly broken, and who yet offered the shards of the broken vessel to God. It was, indeed, when we studied others that we began to understand. In some of them we could see the long struggle against self end in shining victory; we saw the peace which passeth all understanding lighting the worn face; we felt the magnetism of a life which had found its centre, and, being crucified with Christ, lived.

We had come away to get well, and we had our reward. Day by day the blood ran more strongly in our veins; week by week the old depression, the old lethargy, vanished, and we felt at least ready to face life again, and to take up our work. It is almost impossible to render this subtle feeling, this general well-being, into prose. It colors the sunset for us, it gives fresh beauty to the russet and gold of autumn foliage, to the scent of the dying year. It were, indeed, almost worth while being ill to have this poignant sensation of the joy of being well, this feeling of the thrill of life. At last we went back to our work, a little more prepared for it, a little more appreciative of it, somewhat more used to viewing it sub specie aeternitatis. And as we said good-bye to the place where we had stayed so long, the place which had had so many lessons to teach us, we felt that illness, with its loss, suffering, and disappointment, was yet utterly worth while. We had learned many things, but above all we had learned something of the freshness and beauty of the world, something of the depth of human love, a very little of the wonder of the love of God. For God has often to strike a man down to teach him that He is love.—
"Christian World."

—◆—
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