

# THE CO-OPERATIVE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED

## Eighteen Months' Progress:

POLICIES ISSUED ..... 7,890  
SUM ASSURED ..... £336,037 0 0  
ANNUAL INCOME ..... £20,933 0 0

Authorised Capital, £250,000.

Head Office: 16 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.



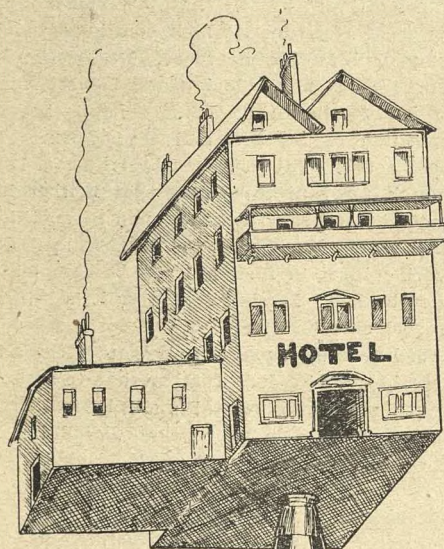
## A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

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## DOES AN HOTEL BALANCE ON A BOTTLE?

**FACTS DECLARE THE BAR UNNECESSARY.**

**A MAGISTRATE'S STRONG COMMENT.**

On Thursday, June 12, at the quarterly Licensing Court in Windsor, Mr. Arthur Gates, who is acting-police magistrate during Mr. T. B. Clegg's absence, made some strong remarks as to the cleanliness of some hotels. The travelling public should be protected, and receive that attention for which they paid and were entitled to. It was an easy matter to keep the house free from filth, but some people were too indifferent to bother about cleanliness.

Some hotelkeepers thought of nothing but the bar trade, but they must remember that the license was not granted for the bar alone.

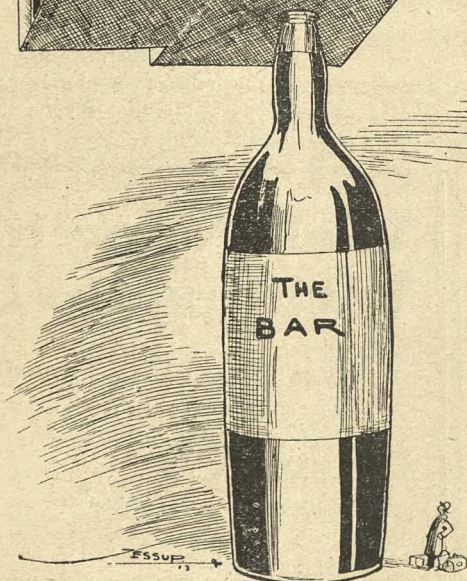
It was for the accommodation of travellers and others. He had been told that in one hotel in the district the sheets on the beds had not been changed for a week. If that were true, it was a most disgraceful state of things, and a person permitting it was not fit to hold a license.

The Alliance Hotel pays handsomely without a bar.

All the first-class hotels in No-License areas of New Zealand pay well without a bar.

### THE VERDICT.

The hotel does not have a bottle for its foundation. We can remove the bottle without fear of upsetting the hotel. Start in and hit the Brewery and the Distillery by removing their bar.



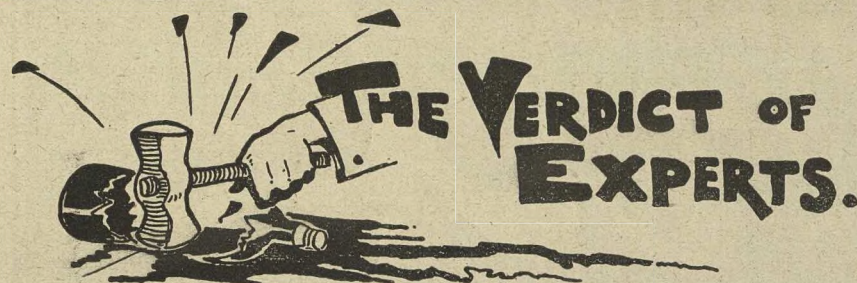
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## Can the Drunkard be Cured?

By REV. HARVEY GRAEME FURBAY, Ph.D.

John B. Gough, John G. Woolley, Francis Murphy, Jerry McAuley, S. H. Hadley were drunkards. They were saved. These are conspicuous examples, from among the thousands of whom we hear not, who were saved—saved in the fullest sense of the word—delivered from the thralldom of the impulse, appetite, or habit or drink, incidental to their deliverance from sin through the blood of Jesus Christ.

Drunkenness is but an expression of sin. It is open, repulsive, reprehensible. There is no excuse for it—no reason why extenuating circumstances be recited—yet it will not exclude a person from the Kingdom of Heaven more surely than sins of a more refined character. Covetousness, envy, maliciousness or lust indicates sin just as much as drunkenness. However, we are not discussing the relative turpitude of intentions, thoughts or conduct. Every Christian worker is confronted with the practical question of what can be done for a drunkard.

This flaw may be an appetite, where the individual craves alcoholic drink in a way similar to a child's craving for sweets.

It may be a habit, formed—as other habits are formed—by the repetition of an act. It may be an impulse very difficult to explain or describe, sometimes referred to as dipsomania.

Some persons drink socially, for the conviviality associated with it. Younger persons respond to the exhilaration with shouts, songs and laughter. They think they have a "good time." This may arouse an appetite, or, by repetition, establish a habit.

Some persons are solitary drinkers. They may enjoy the sensuous effect of exhilaration, or be seeking the ultimate narcotic effect of stupor.

There are regular drinkers, who, for example, take an "eye-opener" every morning, an "appetizer" before each meal, or a "night-cap" before retiring. They are also habitual, indulging with recurrence of the time or the occasion.

There are periodical drinkers—the typical dipsomaniac. With some the completion of

the systole or period recurs with the accuracy of an hour. The victim seems wholly irresponsible. When his resistance is exhausted, he collapses. A period of recuperation follows, during which time he is without desire or inclination for drink.

There is the occasional drinker, who does not drink regularly, nor periodically, nor necessarily socially, but sometimes in solitary. With him it is not an appetite. No habit has been formed. It scarcely could be called a mere impulse. I knew a man who is a type—who only drank when he went to a certain city. If he had remained away from that city ten years, it is probable that he would not have drunk. If he visited that city weekly or monthly, he would indulge. I know another man who seldom if ever drank except when on a Pullman car or steamboat. There seemed to be an association between the push-button in his berth or his stateroom that suggested calling the porter to get him a drink. Specific examples might be multiplied indefinitely of these idiosyncracies of environment which seemed to lead to indulgence. Any or all of these classes represented may be moderate or may be excessive in their use. We see at once that the same rule would not apply to all. When we consider the question of establishing the practice of total abstinence, we see that the same method would not apply to all in trying to beget this practice.

The effect of alcohol is deleterious, injurious, destructive to the individual physically, mentally and morally. There is almost unlimited literature on this phase of the subject, and it need not be discussed here.

It is not the present purpose to inquire about the contraction of the habit or appetite. Curiosity, however, is not an unimportant element in it. Our question is, what can be done toward liberating or delivering the victim.

Drunkenness is not a disease, in the sense that cholera or lead-poisoning are diseases. There may be a physical degeneration which indulgence has entailed. There may be an irritation of some kind of which alcohol is

a temporary palliative. Recollection of the relief or gratification that has come from indulgence when depression or irritation has exhausted may lead the individual to indulgence. The fact is that if this depression or irritation be sufficiently intense, and the mind be allowed to dwell upon the temporary relief that alcohol had brought, there is little doubt but what, in his abnormal condition, the person would yield to drink if opportunity were secured. Medical treatment is valuable for such people, but is not a specific for the trouble. Ultimate deliverance will depend, in no small degree, upon the restoration of the victim to a normal physical and mental condition. Rational therapeutics will be very valuable to this end. The mind has undergone, to a degree, deterioration; the will has lost some of its power of resistance, which continued indulgence will further decrease. Restoration of general health will look toward overcoming it. If the victim be of one habit—i.e., of repetition of an act, and the sequence of those acts are broken, even by isolation, long enough for him to realise that neither his comfort nor health depend upon a repetition of the act, much may be done toward delivering him; in fact, he may be completely disenthralled. In that instance, it is largely a mind cure.

With true dipsomania it is very difficult to say what can be done further than to seek to secure a normal mental and physical condition. A forcible prevention of indulgence at the recurrence of the periodic time may be necessary to demonstrate to the victim that he can get through it without drinking. The only permanent, definite deliverance for the person addicted to drink is the reconstruction of character, founding it upon the

(Continued on Page 10.)

## Well Worth Writing for!

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and ask us to send a Cart. YOU WILL CERTAINLY LIKE IT.

## WILLIAM WHITE, Redfern and Newtown.

### Tom's "Tremenjus Hist."

A STORY OF SAVING POWER.

(Continued from last issue.)

Somebody stepped to his side. A friendly hand supported him. A voice urged him up the aisle to the altar-rail. The young lady appeared on the other side, and told him to kneel, then knelt beside him. Dr. Fernly, the pastor, stooped over the poor fellow, and tried to give him practical advice. It was somewhat confusing, but Tom managed to hear the colonel say: "God is able to make a new man of you. He is able to save you or nobody can. Ask Him, ask Him!"

And so Tom tried to "ask." The congregation sang again:

"The fountain lies open:

Come and bathe your weary soul."

A prayer was offered. The benediction was pronounced and the congregation officially dismissed, but quite a few lingered. A little band of fifteen or twenty persons gathered round the kneeling penitent at the altar, some singing, some silently praying, one or two trying occasionally to advise.

Tom's brain was getting clearer and his senses more acute. When he felt the grasp of a big warm hand, he glanced up and saw the colonel at his side.

"I'm the feller, colonel!" he exclaimed in a broken voice. "I've done it. I'm a gone sucker."

"Never mind that, brother!" said the colonel, kindly. "Just ask God to forgive you and save you. He can do it—don't fear."

So the "good colonel" called him "brother" also! Tom broke into audible sobs. Then he prayed.

"God A'mighty, don't set down on a pore galoot like me. I ain't no right to ask nothin', but I'm in fer it sure, if you don't help me. God A'mighty, ha' mercy. Jesus Christ, give a chap a lift that don't know the way."

He buried his face on his arms and sobbed like a child. The colonel put a friendly hand on his shoulder. The young lady pushed her clean handkerchief into his grimy hand, and tapped her own eyes with her glove.

Half an hour later Dr. Fernly and the colonel parted with Tom before the church. He was not drunk now, but the odor of debauch still lingered. "I'm afraid it won't last," said one of the congregation to another as they moved off down the street. But the colonel put something into Tom's hand for immediate needs, and the pastor told him where to call next day to look for work and assistance for a time.

"Go home and tell your wife and children," said the colonel, "and have prayer with them at once."

"What, the likes of me!" gasped Tom.

"Yes, you remember you belong to God now."

When Tom reached his little dwelling-place it was after ten o'clock—early for him to be "going home." He fumbled at the door, and stumbled into the hall, finding his way by the dim light of a smoky gas flame at the end of the hall.

"Mary!" he called. No answer.

"Mary! Mary! Come here right away."

The crouching wife heard, but dared not reply. The voice was so different; the tone so clear. He must be crazy, she thought. Perhaps he would kill her. Tom's ears, so much more acute than at other times, caught muffled sounds from the inner room, and one child saying to the others:

"Golly! It's dad. Wish't he was drunk enough to stay in the stationhouse."

"My God! My God!" Tom cried in agony; "just listen to them kids!"

He fell upon his knees by the wreck of a sofa, threw off his torn hat, and called peremptorily:

"Mary! Get up, I say, get up an' hunt yer ole Bible. I'm goin' to have fambly prayers with ye an' the kids. Hike 'em out quick, and git the Bible."

"He's clean crazy, an' he's goin' to kill us," groaned Mary. But nothing happened, and she ventured to crawl to the door and peep in. There was Tom on his knees by the sofa, his face turned upward as if looking into the unseen.

"Gimme the Bible, Mary." The tone was kindly. Trembling she hunted out the dusty volume and laid it on the sofa before her husband.

"Now make the kids come in."

One by one the frightened, astonished three scuttled in and backed off behind their mother, gazing wide-eyed at the unimagined sight.

"Whereabouts is that chapter, Mary—the one that tells of the feller that drunk up all he owned? Here, you find it for me."

With streaming eyes the poor woman managed to search out the "Prodigal chapter," and Tom took the Book. Then he read, slowly, brokenly, uncertainly, right through to the words: "This thy brother was dead and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." He lifted both shaking arms toward heaven and cried:

"That's me! that's me! God, you've give me a tremenjus hist outen the mud to-night, an' ef You'll help, I'll be different. Amen."

A week after, Tom, clean-shaven, neatly dressed, was seen nearing one of his favorite saloons. The bartender was at the door talking with a crony.

"Hello, Tom!" both cried; "what's eatin' "

ye? Heard about your crank notions. Won't last with us. Come in an' have a good set-up."

But Tom declined, and moved to pass on. The bartender, who had taken so much of the poor fellow's money, threw open the swing-door, allowing the smell of liquor to pour out.

"Come on in, Tom, an' be friendly. We'll wipe off the old score and start fresh. It's my treat. Come on in, old chap."

"No, Jim," replied Tom, gazing steadily at his former friend. "There's somethin' in the way. I can't go in."

"Ain't nothing in the way if I wipe off the score," suggested the saloon man.

"Yes, there is, Jim," answered Tom steadily. "God A'mighty has wiped off the score agen me, an' I'm His man now. I'm goin' to live on the square."

This declaration was received with guffaws, and renewed urging to enter the saloon. At length Tom wavered. "Well, I'll go in, ef you'll let me pray."

"Let you what?"

"Pray. Let me pray, an' I'll go in."

"Oh, go ahead, pray away if it does you any good," said the saloon man, holding wide the door. But Tom walked straight in and, without so much as a glance at the bar, dropped on his knees beside the small table and began:

"God Almighty, give my ole friends the same kind of a lift you give me. Haul 'em up short, an' stop 'em from goin' to hell. Make 'em hungry fer good, an' right down sick of the bad. Clean 'em out, Lord, an' help me to introduce 'em to Jesus Christ, I ain't able myself, but I'm willin' to try, best I know. God ha' mercy on my friends."

One by one the men who were in the room stole out to the street or the back yard. Tom opened his eyes. He was alone.

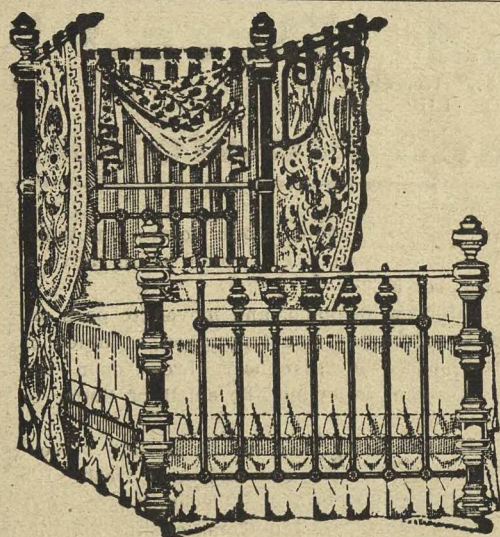
About a year after the night he prayed the saloon empty, Tom came home one winter evening. His home had become a new place. The bright little house was warm and cosy. The wife, calm, happy and content, sat by the table sewing. The oldest girl had come in from the store and laid her wages in her mother's lap. The two younger, with lessons learned for the morrow, were tucked in bed. The teakettle sizzled comfortably on the kitchen fire. Tom bent over and kissed his wife's faded cheek.

"It's a grand night, mother!" he said, as he laid aside his coat. "All the way down the street I was a-lookin' at them stars an' wonderin' ef the Lord has got anybody on one of 'em that can be chocker full of the good-want-to, as I calls it, than I am. I'm so mighty glad I don't never have to go home in the dark anymore."

"Thank God, Tom!" replied his wife.

"Yes, thank God!" said Tom, "It's all light, all light."





This Handsome Black and Brass Bedstead, 4ft. 6in., with 5 Pretty Porcelain Spindles  
4ft. 6in. Raised Side Treble-Woven Wire Mattress  
4ft. 6in. Kapoc Mattress, Bolster, and 2 Pillows, in good Belgian Tick—

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NOTE THE ADDRESS:

**JOSHUA HEATH,**  
**549 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY.**

## New South Wales Alliance.

### STATE COUNCIL MEETING.

The monthly meeting of the State Council was held on Monday last, when there was a large attendance of members. Several of the newly appointed representatives attended for the first time, and were heartily welcomed by the President.

The Council decided to engage Mr. J. J. Franklyn for campaign work, from August 1.

Mr. Franklyn's long and unique experience, and also his fine abilities, will enable him to do valuable work for the Alliance. He will be visiting the country districts, and will be able to track down some of the misrepresentations of the Liberty League.

It was reported to the Council, that disgraceful conduct, caused by drunken men on the trains and trams, demanded attention. It was decided to write to the Railway Commissioners urging the enforcement of the regulations. Perhaps the Liberty League will join a deputation protesting against the interference by the inebriated ones of respectable citizens. Perhaps!

### "THE SMALL CHANGE."

A well-known Sydney firm writes to say: "The amount of small change left by customers is larger than might be expected, with the result that from time to time we have a few pounds available for charities. You will, no doubt, agree that we cannot find any cause more worthy than the Alliance, so are enclosing a cheque for £3, representing part of the fund above mentioned."

Phone 3812 Central.

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on 10th. for the special No-License convention in Chalmers Church Hall.

### ST. GEORGE ELECTORATE.

Mr. W. J. Hawkes who has been connected as an hon. worker with the Temperance movement for many years, has been appointed organiser for the St. George electorate, and will commence work in the Illawarra suburb on July 1.

### SPECIAL NO-LICENSE CONVENTION.

This Special Convention which was previously mentioned, is drawing nearer. It will be held on Thursday, July 10. Letters have been sent out, and all metropolitan clergymen, and Lodge and kindred Temperance Society secretaries, asking them to send five delegates to the Convention.

The ladies of Chalmers Church have undertaken to provide a tea for the representatives. The tea will commence at 6.15 in the School Hall.

The Convention will be opened at 7.15 p.m., by an address from the President (Ven. Archdeacon F. B. Boyce). The subjects for discussion will be: "Methods of Publicity," "Organisation," and "Advantages of No-License." A box will be at the door to receive questions and suggestions which will be answered during the evening.

It is anticipated that the conference will be largely attended, and that considerable inspiration will be derived from the proceedings.

### BOTTOM-SQUARE BOXES.

We desire to remind our Bottom-Square Box agents, that the time for opening the same has again come round, and we will be pleased if the boxes can be opened as expeditiously as possible. The present time should be opportune for the securing of new box-holders.

The day is indeed dawning in Germany. Dr. Pfeleiderer relates in "Hellauf" that he knows of no less than seven breweries in a recent period which have been shut down and sold for other and useful purposes, to the great profit of the shareholders. A large Wurtemberg brewery, according to the "Aerezliche Rundschau," offers its beer hall and grounds as suitable for a sanatorium.

### FOR PRIVATE SALE.

A GENUINE BARGAIN.—Three acres 3 roods 2 perches of splendid Land on the Georgetown Estate, Bankstown. Cleared, good roads made, water supply handy, and near proposed extension Bankstown to Liverpool Railway. £150, Cash £50, Balance 18 quarterly instalments, plus 5 per cent.

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DRY-CLEANING A SPECIALITY.  
SUITS Vacuum Cleaned and Tailor-Pressed, 5/-.  
ALTERATIONS AND REPAIRS.  
Work called for and delivered. Letters receive prompt attention.

We certainly agree as to the worthiness of our cause, and appreciate the thoughtfulness of this firm. When the Alliance policy is in operation, and the liquor bars closed, there will be very few charities required. As this is the year of our big fight, we will be pleased if those who are making distributions, will remember the Alliance.

### MRS. LEE-COWIE'S MEETINGS.

At Wollongong, Mrs. Lee-Cowie spent a most profitable week-end, followed by a splendid meeting at Mortdale on Tuesday night, and left on Wednesday for the Northern Rivers. On her return to Sydney, she will do two Drawing Room meetings in the Gordon electorate, and then will visit the Gloucester and Allowrie electorates.

### GENERAL SECRETARY'S MEETINGS.

Mr. Marion preached to a fine congregation in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday night. A retiring collection was taken up for the Alliance funds.

Mr. Marion left on Saturday for a week's meetings in the Newcastle district, doing the week-end at Wallsend.

On June 30, a public meeting will be held at Mosman; July 1, at Merrylands; and on July 2, at the Society of Friends meeting house in Devonshire-street, Sydney. For this meeting, an effort is being made to secure a large attendance.

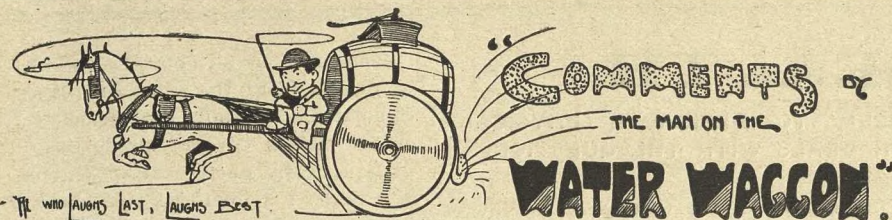
On July 5, 6, and 7, he will visit Dubbo, and on 8, and 9, Wellington, returning to Sydney



PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS PREPARED.

**HENRY KNIGHT,****Builder and Contractor,**

WRITE ME.

**REGENT STREET, PETERSHAM****A CORONER MISSES THE MARK.**

The "Daily Telegraph" published the following par a few days ago:—

"I must say it is very incorrect to allow men addicted to drink like this to drive vehicles," remarked Mr. Hawkins, City Coroner, at the conclusion of an inquest. "It is unsafe for himself and for the public. Men addicted to drink should not be allowed to drive along the streets when there are so many competent, sober men waiting for a chance. This man should not have been employed. I won't say it was accelerating his death, but his employment was certainly contributing to it." Turning to the late employer of the deceased, Mr. Hawkins advised him to get rid of any such men as soon as possible, if they were in his employ, as a person was likely to place himself in an awkward position by the employment of them."

Here we have the usual condemnation of the drinker, in spite of the fact that he may be competent. Even if unusually so, he is to be dismissed, and there the matter ends, as far as the Coroner's advice goes. We complain that the Coroner has not gone far enough in either direction. If he had gone back to the causes of the man's drinking, the chances given to men to drink, it would have been very profitable, and he might have had occasion to say "that it was a pity good men should be spoilt by the very numerous places at which from 6 a.m. till 11 p.m. they can obtain that which makes them unfit to serve their master, and as in the case under notice brings about death."

If he had looked further forward, he might have enquired as to who was going to keep the man whom he said should be dismissed from his employment. Why should the public keep him? How can his wife keep him? Is there any reason for demanding that the drink seller should keep him? These are questions that might well occupy the attention of the Coroner, and his investigations, inquiries, and conclusions would be of immense interest as well as value to the whole community.

**"SECRET REMEDIES."**

Before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Patent Medicines, sitting early in April, Mr. Ernest John Parry, B.Sc., F.I.C., F.C.S., Barrister-at-Law, gave important evidence, and, among other matters,

he dealt with the now well-known work, entitled, "Secret Remedies."

Fault had been found with the press in allowing proprietary medicine manufacturers to advertise misleading statements in connection with various remedies, but, in fact, medical journals were no better, as they allowed "Diabetic Whisky" to be advertised. Mr. Parry said that there was no way of preparing whisky whereby it might be rendered less injurious to diabetic patients.

Mr. Glyn Jones, the well-known pharmacist-barrister, asked Mr. Parry: "Do you suggest that to advertise diabetic whisky, meaning that it might be used by diabetic persons, is all humbug?" The answer was, "Yes; whisky does not contain sugar."


This is very interesting, and is worthy of large publicity. The day will surely soon come when legislative restrictions will be employed to prevent newspapers advertising such things as are known to be harmful.

**THIRTY YEARS OF AGE.**

A writer under the nom de plume of A.B.C. gives the following suggestive monologue:—

For thirty years I have been receiving the benefits of civilisation. Hospitals have been open to me when I have been sick. Schools have trained my mind and hand. Colleges, founded by men of broad vision and maintained by those who have devoted their wealth to others, have helped to add to my store of knowledge.

Through my ancestors I have in my being the experience of unknown ages. Ideas inherited from the Christian system have put democratic ideals deep in my soul. I am the citizen of a country for the wise government of which I am in large part indebted to early seers.



**JAMES COOK,**  
**Baker,**  
**32 Victoria St., Paddington**  
TEL.: PAD. 111.  
**TRY OUR STEAM-MADE BREAD.**

Literature and art, sprung from the story of the life of a man who for three short years talked to men, have added to my development.

As I approach the age at which Christ entered his work it is proper that I ask myself what I have to offer the world for all I have received.

Have I developed myself symmetrically? Am I prepared for my opportunity; am I sound physically and morally as I might be; have I permitted the soil of the world to smirch my soul? Can I face my wife without shame and my children without remorse?

If in three years I am called to account, is it likely that my work will have been worth remembering?

Have I done anything to add to the happiness or comfort of my fellow man?

I face the fullness of my powers. May I assure myself that my past life has been such as to give promise that before my course is run I shall have returned a full measure of active thanks for the good I have received?

As a man of thirty, what sort of a man am I?

**PLEDGE-SIGNING CRUSADE**

	Men.	Women.	Pledge.
June 13 .....	17	5	5
June 14 .....	22	9	7
June 16 .....	26	10	17
June 17 .....	16	4	9
June 18 .....	21	8	4
June 19 .....	19	6	8
	121	42	50

Total number of pledges taken in 23 weeks 1196.

**MANY THANKS.**

The following firms have kindly given cast off hats, boots, etc.:—David Jones Ltd., Palmer and Son, Minahan's, Farmers Ltd., Richard F. Quinn, Callagan's, Winn and Co., Peape's Ltd., Lowe's Ltd. Other firms have promised help. Parcels of old clothes will be gratefully acknowledged. J. Morgan 4s.

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ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU WE MEAN GOOD BUSINESS.



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Prices

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Ladies Costumes from  
£5/5/-

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Send for Samples of Fabrics.

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## PUBLIC HEALTH.

RELATIONSHIP OF THE LIQUOR PROBLEM TO DESIRABLE PHYSICAL CONDITIONS.—STATE BOARD OF HEALTH DEALS WITH THE QUESTION.

The State Board of Health for North Carolina has issued a bulletin dealing with the question of the relation of liquor indulgence to public health. The mere fact of this action is in itself evidence of the attention which the drink evil is demanding of statesmen and politicians.

We sometimes boast of the progressiveness of some of our Canadian communities. It is true that our people as a whole are more temperate than those of most countries, and that public opinion against the liquor traffic is very strong, yet strange to say our Government is sadly remiss in efforts to encourage the dissemination of useful information in relation to the temperance cause. The laws of the different provinces providing scientific temperance instructions in public schools are practically a dead letter.

In Great Britain and in European continental countries Government warnings against alcoholic indulgence are frequent. The temperance sentiment, which is not as strong in Canada, finds more expression in Government action. The inference is plain that Canadian temperance advocates are either less active, or less influential politically, than are their co-workers in other lands.

A good example of what may be done by a Government anxious for the public welfare and impressed by the activity of temperance advocates, is to be found in the document just mentioned, which embodies in convenient form—(1) a series of statements by prominent public men, showing the advantages of temperance habits; (2) a carefully prepared article upon the attitude of the medical profession to the use of alcohol in medicine; (3) a friendly talk to boys on the drink question; (4) a discussion of the underlying factors of the liquor habit; and (5) a review of Mr. Edward Bunnell Phelps' carefully prepared treatise upon the mortality from alcohol. Dr. Rankin's summary of this work is in itself so concise and interesting that we have pleasure in reproducing it for the information of our readers, as a contribution to the question of the extent to which drink habits are responsible for mortality.

### Method Adopted by Mr. Phelps of Estimating the Number of Deaths Traceable to Liquor.

Mr. Phelps began by excluding from the 187 causes of death, under which the deaths occurring in the United States are tabulated

by the Bureau of the Census, those causes in which alcohol could not be suspected of having even a remote effect. The excluded list of causes embraced 54 causes of death which are limited in their effect to women and children. Women were excluded from consideration in order that the estimate might be simplified by limiting it to men only, and after reaching satisfactory conclusions in regard to the number of male deaths attributable to alcohol an estimate of the female deaths resulting from alcoholic intemperance could be arrived at with fewer complicating factors. After having excluded 54 causes, we have left 133 causes in which to consider the effects of liquor; of the 133 remaining causes 27 were again excluded as not being in even a remote degree the result of the use of liquor. We have left, therefore 106 causes of death in which to study alcohol as a factor in male deaths. Furthermore, as deaths under the age of 20 and over 74 form such a very small part of male deaths attributable to liquor, we may confine our estimate to a study of the male deaths between the above ages as possible results of the use of alcohol.

Three eminently qualified medical experts, with statistical training, were selected, and to each of them, independently, the list of 106 causes of death were submitted, and they were requested to write opposite each cause of death the percentage of deaths listed under that cause for which, in their opinion, liquor was responsible. The three independent estimates were then added, divided by three, and the average accepted as the percentage of the total number of deaths listed under each particular cause for which alcohol was responsible. Without going into wearisome detail we may say that Mr. Phelps advances good reasons for believing that the average of the three experts would not be altered to any appreciable extent if the average opinion of the entire medical profession on the same facts were obtained.

To illustrate: It is a well-known fact among medical men that liquor plays an important role in the causation of Bright's disease. The three judges, who we may refer to here as X, Y, and Z, stated, respectively, that liquor was responsible for 30, 40, and 20 per cent. of the total deaths from Bright's disease. As the census had charged Bright's disease with 22,222 deaths between the 20th and 74th year of age, 30 per cent. would be 5234 of these deaths for which liquor was

responsible. In like manner the percentage of deaths from the other 105 causes were calculated. To show how complete the list of 106 causes covered all deaths traceable to liquor, Mr. Phelps calls attention to the fact that for 31 of these causes one or other of the three medical experts "considered the possible alcoholic connection so extremely remote as to justify him in declining to make any estimate."

### The Verdict of Statistical and Medical Experts as to the Annual Number of American Lives Destroyed by Liquor.

The registration area of the United States has a system for reporting deaths with the cause of death, etc., and comprises 51.8 per cent. of our national population. In 1908 there were 320,130 male deaths reported in the registration area; 198,858 of these deaths occurred between the ages of 20 and 74. According to the estimate of the medical and statistical experts it was found that 10.3 per cent. of all male deaths and 13.2 per cent. of all adult male deaths were chargeable to liquor. These percentages give us, in round numbers, for the registration area, 32,855 male deaths a year as the result of liquor.

We must now try to arrive at some conclusion as to the effect of liquor on American women. In New York city only one-fifth as many women died from acute alcoholic poisons, delirium tremens, as died in London from the same cause; moreover, in an investigation by the London police as to the number of women visiting the saloons it was found that 39,541 women entered London saloons in four hours' time. The presence of women in American saloons is comparatively rare. With those facts in mind, and after consultation with statisticians and health officers, Mr. Phelps concludes that the women of this country do not use more than 20 per cent. as much liquor as is used by men. We would, therefore, estimate the effect of liquor on our female population as being only one-fifth as severe as is its effect on the male population; therefore, if 13.2 per cent. of all male deaths above the age of 20 result from the use of liquor, 2.6 per cent. of all female deaths above the age of 20 would be the result of liquor. Now there were 209,049 female deaths above 20 years of age in the registration area of the United States in 1908; 2.6 per cent. of this number would give us 5435 as the alcoholic female mortality of the registration area.

Adding the male and female deaths occurring in the registration area, we find a total of 38,288 deaths to be the annual harvest of human life in the registration area resulting from alcoholic intemperance.

The next question is: If 38,288 deaths occur



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in 51.8 per cent. of our national population from alcoholic intemperance, how many deaths occur for the whole population from this cause? After making the necessary corrections for the greater fatality of alcohol on urban than on rural populations and for the difference in the proportion of rural and urban populations in the registration and non-registration area of the United States, it is found that the alcoholic mortality of the non-registration area is 27,609. This figure, added to the 38,288 deaths occurring in the registration area, makes a total of 65,897 deaths occurring each year in the United States that are chargeable to alcoholic intemperance.

The economic value of the average adult life is estimated by political economists at 4000dol. The 65,897 lives destroyed annually by liquor at 4000dol. apiece amounts to an annual monetary loss of 263,588,000dol.

It has been shown that for every unnecessary death there are 700 days of unnecessary sickness. On that estimate alcoholic intemperance produces, in addition to the 65,897 deaths, 46,127,900 days, or 126,377 years, of individual sickness every year in this country.

Liquor is to blame for 1 out of 12 adult deaths.

Liquor is to blame for 1 out of 10 male deaths.

Liquor is to blame for 1 out of 7.5 adult male deaths.

Liquor is to blame for twice as many deaths a year as are caused by typhoid fever.

Liquor is to blame for more deaths in four years than were destroyed in action in the four years of the Civil War.

The liquor problem is a public health problem.—"Pioneer."

#### ASBESTOS.

A forward looking New Jersey man is building his own coffin and lining it with asbestos. He hopes for the best, but would be prepared for the worst. Wise man!

There's a land that bears a well-known name,  
Though it is but a little spot,  
Its men have fought for freedom's cause,  
It will never be forgot.  
There's something else on the scroll of fame  
That will for all time endure,  
As long as ever the world goes round,  
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## A Governor on Temperance.

HOW TO KEEP MEN OUT OF THE PUBS.

His Excellency Sir Day Hart Bosanquet has on numerous occasions demonstrated his belief in the importance of temperance for seafaring men. The Governor speaks as a true friend of the seamen. At the annual meeting of the Port Adelaide Seamen's Mission, held in Port Adelaide Town Hall, his Excellency said, *inter alia*:—

"It was a fine thing to have magnificent steamships moored alongside the wharfs, but it was a far more splendid achievement to have organized arrangements for providing the crews of those ships with their necessary requirements in a clean, wholesome, and economical manner. (Applause). The first thing required was an atmosphere of temperance. In his first voyage the ship he served in was 93 days at sea without sighting land. The fare was very bad—tea without milk, very hard and weavily biscuit, and flour both weavily and caked with dampness. Salt pork and very hard salt beef were the principal articles of food, and there was not always enough of these. At the conclusion of the voyage there was, and there always would be, an indescribable feeling of exhaustion, which could be relieved by a change of diet. If good food was not easily obtainable, bad spirits always could be had. It seemed easier to drink whisky than to cook a mutton chop or a dish of eggs and bacon. The life of the merchant seaman, although he was better fed now than formerly, was still remarkable for its sameness and the indifferent nature of the food supplied. The greatest benefit one could confer upon sailors of ships on continuous voyages arriving in port was a clean dining-room, and a young, active, and good cook. (Applause.) This was also the best way to keep men out of the public-house, because they naturally spent their money upon food which nourished and renovated their bodies. In 1892 he was appointed to command a

battleship stationed temporarily in a small port on the west coast of England. The vessel had arrived there after an extended cruise. When he joined he found a great deal of drunkenness on shore amongst the ship's company. He was told there was a good teetotal restaurant established there, and therefore there could be no want of good food. He went to the restaurant in plain clothes and ordered eggs and bacon. Although the building was a fine one, a very old man was the only waiter. The old man when given the order said: "Oh! it will take over an hour to get." The fact was that the noble family who had established the restaurant at great expense, and provided the supplies, had ruined the whole effort by placing in charge an old superannuated butler and an aged housekeeper, who were pensioned off, and therefore did not require or care to work. He (the Governor) hired two rooms and placed a smart young couple in charge. They agreed to make reasonable charges, and received the profits. These were small, and very soon he had to take every room in the house, and the drunkenness amongst the ship's company practically ceased. He had tried the same plan on other occasions with much success. The men did not want charity, but they wanted cleanliness and good, well-cooked and cheap food, quickly served. (Applause.)—"The Patriot."

#### HARD LUCK.

Mrs. Brophy lived in front of the tenement house and Mrs. Dugan occupied rooms in the rear of the building. Mrs. Brophy met Mrs. Dugan in the hall and said:

"Them Turks is killin' Christians an' draggin' them through the streets."

"Ye don't tell me," exclaimed Mrs. Dugan. "That's the d—ll of livin' in the rear. I never see nothin'!"—"Cincinnati Enquirer."

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THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1913.

## Important Notice.

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

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## The Case for No-License

IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

By ARCHDEACON F. B. BOYCE.

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

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

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

# A Personal Chat with my readers

There is probably no better known paper in the Commonwealth than "The Bulletin," and its influence undoubtedly is very great. In last week's issue it commented on the New Zealand drink bill in its usually flippant and surface-skimming way, and doubtless many who do their thinking by proxy accept the verdict given that No License is not effective in retarding the use of liquor. Now in the last two years N.S.W. has increased its drink bill by 10s. per head, and New Zealand has only increased by 1s. 11d. per head. This means that last year New Zealand spent on a population basis a sum of one million pounds less than we did on liquor. What accounts for that? I have already in a special article proved beyond a doubt that No License, while only operating in twelve areas out of sixty-eight, has made most of this difference, and the prohibition sentiment of the Dominion has done the rest. The criticism of "The Bulletin" must, however, be taken in conjunction with the fact that in the same issue four whole pages were used to advertise liquor, and 16 other liquor advertisements are to be found scattered through the paper. This is true of practically all the papers; they are dependent on the enormous sums of money the Liquor interests pay for advertising space, and cannot be expected to act freely in the matter of liquor reform or even liquor criticism. We must not forget there are "wheels within wheels," and the 20 liquor advertisements that bring in £270 a week are the wheel within the wheel which in a large measure may account for the biased criticism to which I have referred.

WHEN A WOMAN IS AT HER GREATEST. I have gleaned an important thought from the "Ladies' Home Journal," which says:—

"The test of a woman's distinction and good breeding comes when she must make a home in a tenement or in a tent. It is said that some families 'hand on vulgarity like a coat of arms.' It is also true that the refinement which never bows its head to adversity is a woman's most precious heritage. Diana darning her laces, wearing her made-over gowns with regal air, eating her simple meals contentedly from her few remaining pieces of silver plate, putting up preserves and pickles and making a successful little business of it, would cut a dignified figure. But Diana slipshod and lazy and untidy, adding to her husband's burdens by her complaints, would cut no figure at all.

The bride who believes in her home will get away from the idea that, because she hasn't the possessions of her neighbors or their social prestige or the same kind of husband, she is necessarily hampered and doomed to unhappiness. Two motor cars, a crest on one's note paper, and a butler, may form a combination which deceives the world, but it is often the screen behind which a woman is hiding a broken heart."

This, after all, is only an amplification of the New Testament teaching in which we find the words "be content with such things as you have, for He hath said, 'I will never leave you or forsake you,' and 'Godliness with contentment is great gain.' The fact that the children of the poor are invariably happier than the children of the rich should teach us that happiness does not depend on what we possess, but rather on a heart at leisure from itself.

WHERE THINGS START. If you have not read Edna Lyall's "Autobiography of a Slander," you should certainly do

so. I once knew it keep a very violent offender quiet for over a week. There is always a wonder in our mind as to how a thing gets a start, and how and where it gets twisted on the way. You can form a good idea of the results of a few repetitions of a fact by playing an interesting parlor game called Russian Scandal. Sit in a circle and let someone tell an incident in a whisper to the person sitting next, who must retell in a whisper as much as they can, and so on round the circle, and the result is always astounding. As a quaint illustration, take the well known expression, "All my eye and Betty Martin," which is a corruption of "Ah mihi beate Martine (Woe to me, Blessed Martin), formerly used by beggars in Italy to invoke their patron saint. The story goes that a sailor who wandered into a church in that country, hearing these words, afterwards told his companions that all he could make out from the service was "All my eye and Betty Martin." The expression "All my eye and Betty Martin" is used all over the world, and very few know how far it is from the original meaning and words. A little more inquiry about what we hear, and a little less willingness to pass on all we hear will make for happiness.

The Editor



# An Advertisement for Liquor.

ONE DAY'S GHASTLY RECORD.

ONLY ONE REMEDY—OUTLAW ALCOHOL.

On June 11th the daily papers contained a very large number of sad cases, for which liquor and the bar were entirely responsible. In fact, the main feature of one of the evening papers was Liquor advertisements, Liquor tragedies, and the account of an application from Bondi for another liquor place. We reprint these sordid, hateful things only because we are certain very few people do more than notice one or two of them since they are scattered all over the paper and the part that drink plays is only recorded and not emphasised. The Brewers and the Liquor folk generally are certainly getting some advertising, and it is to be hoped that the public will put the blame where it is due, namely, on the present facility for obtaining liquor at our bars. We could extend these incidents greatly if we included the doings reported by wire from the other States on the same day. We could fill twice the space occupied by this article if we dwelt upon the twenty-seven cases of drunkenness at the Central Police Court on June 11th, none of which were noticed by the press. However, this seems to us more than sufficient to condemn alcohol, and inspire us to make an effort for No-License.

## LEICHHARDT TRAGEDY.

### Man's Throat Cut.

At the Central Criminal Court, Darlinghurst, Annie Sophia Gordon was charged before Mr. Justice Pring and a jury with murdering Frederick Stanley Fernandez Gordon, at Leichhardt, on March 17.

The accused gave evidence that she had to leave her husband on two occasions owing to ill-treatment. She went to live with the deceased, and he also beat her and ill-used her. On the morning of March 17 the deceased was drunk, and he abused her a good deal. He rushed her, as if to strike her. "A faint feeling came over me," she went on, "and everything seemed to go dark. That is all I can remember."

Senior-Constable Beates gave evidence that when he spoke to accused she said she had not been living with her husband for about 12 months, as he had knocked her about, and she had been living with the deceased for about 10 months, and he, too, had knocked her about. She went on to say that he used bad language to her in the house. "The razor was on the mantelpiece," she added, "and on a sudden impulse I took it and done it." "What! Cut his throat?" asked the officer, and she replied, "Yes."

Dr. Palmer, first Government medical officer, said the accused had been under his observation since March 18. She had a number of scars on her head, probably caused by blows or kicks. The life she had lead tended to mental enfeeblement, but she had improved both mentally and physically since she had been in gaol. She was certainly not insane. One of the effects of

alcohol, however, was to weaken the powers of control.

The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter.

His Honor said the jury had fortunately been able to take a lenient view of the case. He would take into consideration the fact that she had lived a wretched life, and there was no doubt the crime was brought about by her taking drink. She certainly did very wrong in living with the deceased while her husband was alive, but His Honor thought she was subject to certain provocation, and for that reason would make the sentence as light as possible.

He then sentenced the prisoner to three years' imprisonment in Long Bay Reformatory for Women.

## HOTEL SHOOTING.

### One Man Dead; Another Injured.

Four shots were fired in a bar of the Roosevelt Hotel, at the corner of Elizabeth and Campbell streets, shortly after half-past 8 on Tuesday night, and as a result, a mechanic, Charles Speed, who is alleged to have done the shooting, was fatally wounded, while Herbert Vincent Clinton, 31, a driver, a resident of Melbourne, who returned from Queensland by the steamer Kyarra on Monday night, received a flesh wound in the neck.

Clinton, who had never seen his alleged assailant previously, was in the bar about half-past 8 on Tuesday night, and was talking to a barmaid, when Speed walked in and ordered a brandy and soda. Speed addressed the other man, and an exchange of words was followed, it is alleged, by his drawing a revolver.

Three shots were fired, and although Clinton ducked, he received one of the bullets in the back of the neck. Speed then placed the revolver in his right ear and discharged it. The Civil Ambulance took the men to Sydney Hospital; where Speed died a few minutes after admission.

## YOUNG GIRL'S LAPSE.

"I've had a good many years' experience of young girls at the Central and other police courts," Sub-inspector Davis told Mr. Pay-

ten, at the Redfern Police Court, "and I can safely say this is the most sad one of the same class that has ever come under my notice."

This was to a charge against a well and tidily dressed girl, named Maude Hay, of an age about four months over 16, who was charged with having insufficient means of support. She pleaded guilty.

The Sub-inspector said what troubled him most was the question what was the best thing to do with Hay, considering her future welfare.

Sub-inspector Davis handed to the magistrate a report presented by one of his officers. It showed that he saw the girl in the company of two other girls and two youths driving in a sulky at Zetland, about 11.30 p.m. Their conduct was such that he had to speak to them. Hay was asked for her address, and she gave it as a certain number of Alderson-street, Redfern. Subsequently the constable visited the address given, and the door was opened by a man named Kurtz, who, in answer to a question, said he was the keeper of the house. Further interrogations elicited from Kurtz was the other occupants of the place were a man named Brown and Hay. The latter was standing alongside Kurtz at the time, and had a package of cigarettes in her blouse. She also smelt strongly of intoxicating liquor.

On a subsequent visit to the place by police officers, Kurtz admitted that Hay lived with him.

## MOST CONTEMPTIBLE.

William Dowling, a sturdy youth of 20 years, was sentenced by Mr. Clarke, S.M., at the Central Court to six months' hard labor for robbing a drunken man of 2s., the victim being asleep at the time.

The magistrate remarked that although only 20 years old Dowling had already been sentenced to imprisonment for vagrancy. This practice of robbing drunken men was very prevalent, and it was the most contemptible form of theft.

## THE SAILORS' FRACAS.

The three Italian sailors, who were arrested in connection with creating a disturbance, appeared before Mr. Adrian, S.M., in the Newcastle Police Court.

Arture Grassa (29) was charged that at North Stockton on the 9th inst., he maliciously wounded Neils Francis Petersen. He

(Continued on Page 13.)



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## Prohibition a Success in Georgia.

WHY NOT TRY IT IN N.S.W.?

In the April number of "Frost's Magazine," Mrs. Armor gives valuable facts and figures showing the success of Prohibition in Georgia.

### COMPARES TWO CITIES.

"In order that one may appreciate the wonderful prosperity immediately attending Prohibition, it is necessary to contrast a Prohibition city with a license city—their conditions being similar, or at least, not favoring the Prohibition city," says Mrs. Armor, and continues: "Such a contrast we find in Jacksonville, Fla., and Macon, G. Macon, a city of forty thousand, lost all her liquor licenses by the closing of the saloons, January 1, 1908. January 1, 1909, Macon had paid a 47,000dol. debt, and had 600dol. in the treasury. In other words, Macon was 47,600 dol. richer than at the beginning of the year; she also reported that 800,000dol. more had passed through her clearing houses than the year before. Jacksonville, a city of 57,000 with all her licenses and claiming during 1908 that she was receiving enormous revenues from the sales of liquor shipped into Georgia, reported, the first of January, 1909, that she had 2000dol. less in the treasury than in January, 1908. She also reported that 2,800,000dol. less had passed through her clearing houses than during the year before; and "The Florida Times-Union" stated that this was a very small decrease, considering the stringency of money matters. Any doubting Thomas may verify these figures by referring to "The Macon News," of January 4, 1909, and to "The Florida Times-Union," of Jacksonville, January 1, 1909.

"The prosperity entered upon in the Empire State of the South during its first year of Prohibition, has never waned; and any well-informed person living in Georgia will admit that Georgia has never had five consecutive years of greater financial success. More fine churches, more splendid court-houses, more modern and well-equipped school-houses, more beautiful homes, and more good roads have been built than during any similar period in the history of the state. The last official report with regard to the number of automobiles owned in the state revealed the fact that Georgia owned

more automobiles in proportion to its population than any state in the Union. This certainly is an indication of prosperity. Careful inquiry in different sections of the state shows that property anywhere in the state is worth from three to five times what it was worth before Georgia went dry.

### BANK CLEARINGS.

"Bank clearings, as reported June, 1912, show an increase of more than 40,000,000dol.

"It has been stated, and some people seem to believe it, that for smaller places Prohibition may be a very good thing, but that a city cannot be run without saloons. Atlanta is one of the most progressive, alive and strictly up-to-date cities in the world. When I was in Pittsburgh, Pa., in December, 1912, I was delighted to read in one of the Pittsburgh dailies, an article written by a Pennsylvania man, who had been travelling through the South, wherein he spoke of Atlanta as the 'Wonder City,' and made this statement: 'If any one, who had not visited Atlanta in recent years, were dropped down into the heart of the city without being told where he was, he would think he was in the heart of Pittsburgh, or of London.' Yet Atlanta is the largest Prohibition city in the world.

### MORAL EFFECT OF LAW.

"The moral effect has been quite pronounced. At the end of the first year of Prohibition, Atlanta reported 3003 less arrests for drunkenness, 8133 less arrests in general, over 200 less juvenile arrests, and a notable decrease in wife beatings. Rome reported arrests cut down 61 per cent.; Albany reported a decrease in crime of 65 per cent.; Macon reported 45 per cent. decrease of crime in general, and 70 per cent. decrease in drunkenness; while Brunswick, with a large colored population, reported a decrease in crime of 82 per cent. The average decrease in crime throughout the State was nearly 50 per cent., while the decrease in drunkenness was 70 per cent. The saloon has gone for good, and those who are even remotely anticipating its return are indulging in a fatuous hope."

## THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

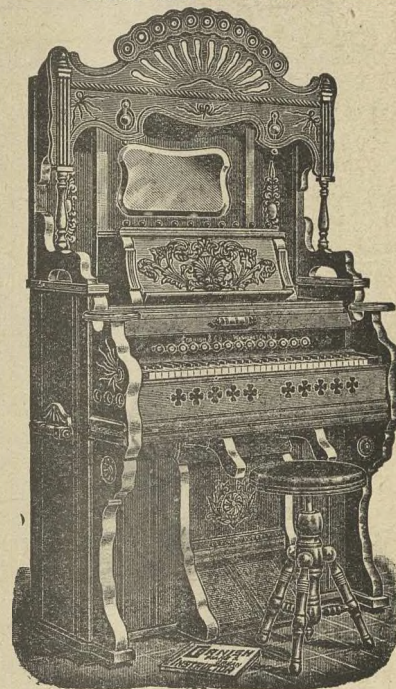
Rock. Medical attention may be of assistance. Mental discipline will be a contributory element. Exercise of his own will power will be absolutely necessary to develop resistance.

So-called treatments for the "drink habit," in the main, are fakes. There can be no therapeutic specific for the "drink habit" if it is not a disease. Restraint does not do any good ordinarily. I yet have to see a man locked up to abort a "drunk" who has been benefited by it. The "drunk" usually is finished, even if it is delayed some weeks.

I have known men sent to the workhouse and to hospitals, forcibly detained and restrained, scores of them, but I yet have to see one man upon whom such treatment had any permanent effect.

The first thing to be done for the drunkard is to establish in his mind a desire to get away from the sin of drink. We will have to be careful about that, too. I have no doubt but what there are many in Heaven who drank whisky a good part of their lives. I would hesitate very much to say that no man who takes a drink of alcoholic liquor should be considered a Christian. It has not been very many years since it was not an unseemly thing for clergymen to drink. There

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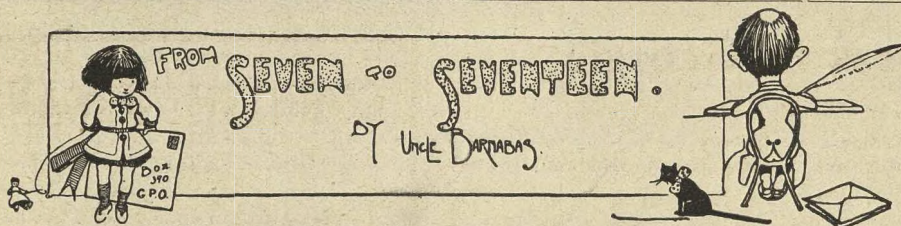
are, however, changing views concerning the ethics of this indulgence, not only in regard to clergymen, but to laymen.

The man who has been a victim of strong drink does not need to be told that it is a sin to get drunk; but he does delude himself, often, with the specious sophistry that it is in the excess, not the use, that the sin lies. There ought to be no occasion for argument with the person who does get drunk about the fact that use means excess with him. However, before you can do anything for that person he must desire to stop drinking; not simply to get away from the distressing and inconvenient effects of drink, but, to use the language of the street, he must want to "cut it out." When the person is at that point then you can begin to deal with him with a hope of success. Medical treatment will be of some use to him; environment will materially aid him; prayer will be a sustaining factor with him.—"National Advocate."

An orator, my son, is a person who, having nothing to say, says it with orotund, circumambuloquacious, flamboyant, overflowing, superexuberant redundancy.

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### LEARNING THE BIBLE BY HEART.

In a paper called the "King's Own," there is the following story:—

"Mother, I don't see why you have me learn a psalm every month," said Eva Preston; "none of the other girls do, and you can always read them."

The mother was silent for a few moments, and then she said gently: "You don't see the use of learning them now, dear, but you will when you are a little older."

The next day was Sabbath. A stranger talked to the Sabbath school. He said: "I work among the poor children in a big city. I have many friends among the newsboys. One day one of them—Dave Herbert—was run over by a horse and waggon. He was carried to a drug-store nearby, to wait for the ambulance to carry him to a hospital. The doctor and I were with him, and a crowd was in the store. The boy was a brave little fellow, but he suffered terribly.

"All at once he said, 'If I could hear about the shepherd I could bear it better.' I knew what he meant, for I had told them about King David's beautiful psalm at the mission school. I said it now over and over, and I wish you could have seen the look in his face as he listened. That little rough news-boy said after me, 'And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.' Before the ambulance came Dave had gone to the Lord's house above. I tell you this, dear children, because few of us learn the Scripture by heart. We don't think it necessary. But I know it is. I wonder now, if any child can repeat the twenty-third psalm for me."

Then there was a long pause, but no one stirred. Then Eva Preston stood up and repeated it very clearly and correctly.

As she finished, the children—and even her teacher—forgetting the place, softly clapped their hands.

The minister lifted his hand to check it. "Thank you, my dear," he said to Eva; "you have a gift no one can take from you."

I am sure it will interest my ne's and ni's, and I hope it will come back to their mind when next they feel they don't want the trouble of learning things from the Bible off by heart.—Uncle B.

### CHILDREN'S SPECIAL.

Are you going to let your over-worked Uncle B. carry all the burden of the Children's Special? If not, how are you going to help? Write to me at once.—Uncle B.

### FOR SUNDAY.

What does the New Testament say Christians are like? Look at

### FOR MONDAY.

Next time you have a party, make them all sit in a circle and then whisper to the one sitting next to you:—"Jennie M. was walk-

ing down the street last week and she stopped to look in a window, and so did a boy. He was late for school and she forgot part of the message she had to deliver. Jennie's mother was very cross, and said she would not let her go out by herself again. The boy did not know what Jennie's mother said, but if he had heard what her mother said he would only have laughed. He was her brother." Now, say as much of it as you can remember in a whisper to the one next to you and don't say it more than once, and then they must say it to the one next to them and so on, and the last one must write down all that is told them, and you will have a good laugh at the result, and you will also have a good lesson on repeating things about one another, and how what we hear is never all the truth, and some times is not true at all.

### A WEE LETTER.

Bonny Edwards, Avalon, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I am being extra special good this time, and not keeping you waiting. I am sorry you missed me, also that little Enid found it lonely. She must forgive me if I "ha doots." Our new cousin, Thelma Deutschar, must have great times with all that music. I'd love to be able to play a violin, and most of all a banjo, but unfortunately (or fortunately, which?) have never had either of those instruments in my hands. I am enclosing postal note for 6s., which I believe is owing for "Grit." Do you not think that had I been fortunate enough to get to the lecture at Nabiac I would have gone wholly for the pleasure of hearing Mr. Hammond speak, and not to "see what I could see"? You may consider this the promised short letter if you like. I am tired, and have several letters to write, so will close. Best wishes to all.—I remain, your loving Niece.

(Dear Bonny,—Your wee letter was welcome, but really you should have added a promise of a better one soon. Thanks for postal note. Enid was not the only one, so don't be a Thomas.—Uncle B.)

### SECRETS.

Alice Davey, Gordon Road, Artarmon, May 22, 1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I know of some girls who have kept secrets. I have sometimes myself, but my sister cannot keep them very well. The concert turned out very well, but it started to rain when we were singing our part, and the people down near the back could not hear very well. My birthday was on the first of February, but I only got my birthday present yesterday. I got a nice pencil case with three pens, a knife, a rubber, three nibs, a ruler, and two ink bottles in it. I have been doing some stencilling. I

did a bag with a little girl on one side, and some flowers on the other side. I netted a hand bag for mother to put her parcels in when she goes shopping. And I made her a hammock for her birthday and an onion bag. I have made a doll's hammock since. It holds all my sister's and my dolls. I have three of them, besides some little ones. But I must close now, as my little friend is waiting for me.—I remain, your loving niece.

(Dear Alice,—I am glad to hear from you, and am most interested to find that some girls can keep a secret. I wonder if you know many who can keep a promise? Your present was worth waiting for, wasn't it? But it is very disappointing not to receive it on the right day. I wonder would you nett a bag or hammock and let me sell it for the Children's Special issue?—Uncle B.)

### A NEW NI.

Agnes McDowell, Uri Farm, South Hay, May 23, 1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Can I be one of your nieces. I think this is the first letter from Hay. Dad takes the "Grit," and mother reads the letters to me. You must excuse me writing with lead pencil, but I am sick in bed. I am allowed to sit up now, but I have been in bed since Christmas Eve with rheumatic fever. I was 9 on Boxing Day. I think this is all this time.—I remain your would-be niece.

(Dear Agnes,—I am so glad to have you as a ni, and we are all so sorry to hear you have been ill so long, and hope you will soon be quite well. You are right, I have no other ne's or ni's in Hay. Perhaps when you get quite well you will persuade some one else to write to me. I don't mind pencil letters a bit—only all letters must be written on one side only.—Uncle B.)

### A WEE NEW NE.

Leonard Smith, "St. Leonard," Narromine, 24/5/13, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—My name is Leonard Smith. I was five years old last January, on the 25th. Would you have me for a nephew? I would love to have you for my uncle. My mother and daddy often talk about you, and told me that when I was a little baby you nursed me once. I lived at Inverell then. Daddy said you were up there showing the people lovely pictures on a big sheet and telling the people not to drink beer. I wish you would come up here and show them. I have a dear little baby-brother now. He is six months old, and I do love him, too. Mother tells me I love him too hard sometimes. We are both going to be soldiers for Jesus. I love that hymn, "Jesus wants me for a Sunbeam." I often sing it. My daddy taught me that. And I love the story in my Jesus Book, too, about David and Goliath. My daddy often reads it to me when he is reading Jesus' Book. Daddy reads lovely little stories out of "Grit," too, and some of those nice letters from your nieces and nephews. My mother is writing this letter for me this time, but I have told her what to say. But if you will have me for your little nephew I will write you a long letter, because I go to school now, and can write "bat" and



"cat," so I will soon be able to write you all by myself. Will you be long before you tell me if you will be my uncle? Now, I am getting sleepy, so I must say "good night" from your loving nephew.

(Dear Len.,—Your letter is most interesting, and I am very pleased to have you as a ne, and will look forward to many a letter from you. Give the baby-brother a kiss from me, not too big a one. I hope you will be a brave soldier for the Lord Jesus.—Uncle B.)

#### A NI WITH A NI.

Winifred Stone, Briar Vale, 25/5/13, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose you have me on the list of the "unknown." The reason I didn't write was because we had so much work, first in the drought with water to carry for the garden, then in the wet weather, and these last few days we have been preparing for Empire Day. Our celebration was held on 23rd inst. I won three prizes. One prize was a doll with a christening robe on, and we had to guess its name. Its name was "Irene." My school mate and I guessed the name and then we drew lots for it, and I got it. At night we had a bonfire; it was 70 feet high. We had a lot of crackers, too. I have not lost interest in "Grit," if I have been a scalawag. Where there are two to write to you we have to divide the news. Edna is going to tell you of two very sad things. I started to write on the other side of the first sheet, being used to doing it at school. I saw where "Irene L." asked for the address of one of the girls that asked for her correspondence. As I was one I will put my address in. It is—"Briar Vale, Coorralantra," via Cooma, N.S.W." This is all I can think of, so good-bye. With love to yourself and cousins, I remain, your loving niece.

P.S.—I don't suppose you knew I had a little niece. She is five months old. Her name is Stella, and she lives with her mother and father in Brisbane.

(Dear Winifred,—So glad you have ceased to be a scalawag. I wonder what you won the other two prizes for. Will you tell me, and what were they? I hope "Irene L." will write to you. Write again soon.—Uncle B.)

#### OLD TIMERS.

Beryl Anderson, "Karlsruhe," Bexley, 27/5/13, writes:—

My Dear Uncle B.,—Isn't it lovely to see so many "new" cousins on the "roll" lately, but whatever has happened to the "old-timers?" Why some haven't written for quite a year, I'm sure. I was looking over some "Grits," about two years old, kept by mistake, and found several slightly unfamiliar cousins' letters.

How did you enjoy the Diocesan Festival? Wasn't it just grand? I enjoyed Dr. Long's and Rev. S. D. Yarrington's addresses particularly. I was looking out for you during the tea but you were invisible as usual. Later on I was longing to "coo-ee," as you were just below us by the southern gallery. Weren't you talking to Miss S. at one time?

We had a great meeting at the Town Hall on the night. Mrs. H. Lee-Cowie spoke, and, as usual, every word of the address was

heard and appreciated by all present. There must have been between four and five hundred there. Don't you think that good for the opening of the St. George campaign? On Saturday week I went to St. John's annual tea-meeting. It was great to see all the old friends again, and it came as a very pleasant surprise to hear Rev. S.D.Y. speak again, also Canon Bellingham with his witty stories and our Precentor Rev. E. N. Wilton.

The football season is in full swing here now, and every Saturday afternoon may either be spent watching the various games or baseball, or else playing tennis. Since the rain came it has been much too cold for this delicate morsel to indulge in swimming.

I wonder were any of my cousins present at the cadet parade that Saturday. Did you see it at all? We went and enjoyed it immensely. I am keenly interested in the naval and military life, and if I had any brothers I wouldn't rest till they were "soldiers," in more ways than one. Last Sunday special references were made, morning and evening, to "Empire" and our duty, etc., in regard to it, proving that an empire or nation not having God as the main and sure foundation, would never rise to any greatness, and in the end would come to ruin.

In reference to Mrs. Lee-Cowie's "Drink Animals," I want to thank now some kind friend, of Lawson, for sending me references. I had previously looked up the two mentioned, through the Concordance, but as they did not particularly refer to drink I omitted them, namely, Job 20, 16; Isaiah 30, 6. I haven't had much spare time lately to answer the "Sunday" questions, etc., but will still try when possible to do some. I spent a very interesting time one wet afternoon over those "Magic Rings" in "Grit" a few weeks back. It was really comical the way in which they righted themselves just when I thought I was beaten.

My class has grown from 9 to 14 now, and I look forward all the week to that little hour on Sunday. It is surprising how soon one grows accustomed to teaching, but they are such loving little fellows that they make it more than easy by their intense interest.

Time will not permit me to write more now. Much love to you and all "cousins."—From your loving niece.

(Dear Beryl,—Thanks for your long and interesting letter. I regret very much that the "old-timers" drop out, and yet I go on hoping that none of my present ne's and ni's will give me up. I am most interested in your class, and hope that many more of your cousins will have a class, for it is as interesting as it is profitable. That Town Hall meeting was great.—Uncle B.)

#### MANY MISFORTUNES.

Edna M. Stone, Briar Vale, 25/5/13, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—It is a long, long time since I wrote to "Grit," and I suppose you've got me on the forgotten list. Why I didn't write is because I have been very busy with our Empire sports this last month. About the middle of April I had a needle run in my right hand, and it isn't right yet. It's getting worse again. Thanks very much for the birthday wishes. There has been a lot

of sickness, and many misfortunes about our district since I wrote last. One of our neighbors, Mr. Brown, who has been ailing for many months, passed away on the 10th of May. He left four girls and one little boy, the oldest being 13 years and five months, and the youngest two years and eight months. His little nephew was buried the same day. There was also another little baby buried on the following Saturday. On the 23rd, at night, another of our neighbors had their house burned down, and nearly all the contents went to. It was a sad sight to see all the beautiful silver and glassware melted and broken up. There were only three in the house when the fire took place. One of those was a stranger, another an old lady who is about 84 years of age; the other was a daughter. It happened in the middle of the night.

We celebrated Empire Day on the 23rd. I won a doll, which I wanted so badly, and a box of beads which I exchanged away for a cup and saucer.

There's a nice steady rain falling now. I've started a piece of painting and want to get it done. On Empire Day we had songs, recitations, lectures, and marches in the morning. The marches were the diagonal, the looping, and the spiral. Excuse all blunders please, because Isabel, my little sister, is racing round the table on the tricycle which makes an awful noise. I said two pieces of poetry on Empire Day. In the afternoon we had footraces, flag races, skipping races, a paper race, sack, and three-legged races. That night we had crackers, fancy light, and a bonfire.

So I will put this scroll in an envelope and see no more of it. Good-bye, with love from your loving niece.

(Dear Edna,—Your splendid long letter makes up for your long silence. You had many sad things to tell, but there is a silver lining to every dark cloud, and I hope those who were afflicted were able to bear it bravely. I am glad you won that nice doll. I wonder what you were painting.—Uncle B.)

#### A CHANGE OF MINISTERS.

Rosa Jamieson, Mount View, West Wyalong, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It is such a long, long time since I last wrote to you that I feel I deserve the name of scalawag, but I will try and write a few more letters to you in future than I have done in the past few months.

We have our new minister, Rev. V. S. Smith, amongst us now. He was stationed in Ariah Park last year. He preached out here for the first time, and we had a nice congregation.

On the eve of his departure from the Wyalong circuit to that of Hamilton-Wickham, Rev. W. Theobald was presented with an illuminated address, and Mrs. Theobald received a silver coffee service, as small tokens of esteem from the people of the Methodist Church in Wyalong.

Rev. Theobald has been amongst us for the last four years, and he was a friend to everyone. The Rev. Smith was given a hearty welcome to the circuit on his arrival, and the officials and members of the Church



extended to him their promises of willing co-operation in all his work. We are all very pleased that a minister with ability, energy, and strength like Rev. Smith has come amongst us.

What a nice number of ne's and ni's entered for the competition. Some of them were very nice essays. I was away from home and missed it all. Didn't Emily Mann look lovely as Queen Summergold. She has dropped her mysterious letters or initials, E.M.E.H., etc., and appeared as a queen amongst us. I wish, uncle, that you could find enough spare room in "Grit" sometime to print the Morse code, again. I would be very pleased to see it, and be able to read and write telegrams in the "Grit." As I cannot think of anything interesting, and this letter seems badly wanting in interest and news, I will close with fond love to all the cousins and accept same for self.—From your sincere ni.

(Dear Rosa,—It is welcome indeed was the sight of your handwriting. I am so glad to hear the good things about your ministers. You know, no one needs your prayers more than a minister, and no one appreciates them more. I quite agree with you about Emily. You ought to have told us all about your trip away.—Uncle B.)

#### A LONG TIME IN STARTING.

Ruby Godfrey, "The Island," Kameruka, near Bega, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have been going and going to write to you for such a long time, and not till now have I made up my mind to write and ask you if you will accept me as a new niece. I have long been a reader of Page Double One, and enjoy it very much. I have three sisters and four brothers. My eldest sister is a nurse. I am very pleased to be able to tell you, Uncle, that we are all teetotalers. My father is very strongly so, indeed. There was an I.O.G.T. Lodge in Candelo (a small town four miles away) some time ago, and all my brothers and my older sister were in it, and Dad was a leading member. I am sure you will be glad to know that through that lodge many men signed the pledge, most of them keeping it. Sorry to say the members (most of them) left the district, and therefore the lodge fell to pieces; but good work was done by it while it lasted. I have noticed that most of your ne's and ni's tell you the names of their favorite books. Well, Uncle, I can't say my favorite, because I have too many. I am a real book-worm, but I like "Little Women and Good Wives" by L. M. Alcott and "A Knight of the Nineteenth Century" by Rev. E. P. Roe. I also think "From Log Cabin to White House" is a very good book. You will be a bit surprised to hear, too, Uncle, I suppose, that I am fond of boys' books. Well, I will tell you all about this place and a lot more news next time I

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write, but I must close now, hoping to be accepted as one of your ni's.

P.S.—I am fourteen years old. My birthday is on the 28th of July. Will write a long letter next time. Love to cousins.—R.G.

(Dear Ruby,—You are welcome as a ni, and while you took a long time to start writing, I hope you will take a much longer time to stop. Make up for lost time and write again soon. Why is your place called "The Island"? How far are you from Bega? Is Kameruka a native name?—Uncle B.)

#### An Advertisement for Liquor

(Continued from Page 9.)

was also charged with maliciously wounding Henry Ernest Peters.

Antonio Lavagna (29) was charged with assaulting Constable M. Toohey while in the execution of his duty.

Vincent Scarpanti (26) was charged with assaulting Henry Ernest Peters, and pleaded not guilty. Defendant said he and five or six other sailors were having a glass in the hotel. A man came in and asked what they were talking about. After that, when they were going to their vessel, they were surrounded by a crowd.

#### A BLIND MAN'S RAGE.

A young man named Percival Hanson, whose peculiar stare proclaimed him to be blind, pleaded guilty, at the Central Police Court, to having damaged a plate-glass window. The window was valued at £4 17s. 6d., and was the property of Lillian Crowe, licensee of the Royal Hotel, William-street, City.

When Mrs. Crowe was in the bar at 10 p.m., a bottle crashed through the hotel window, creating havoc to property, but fortunately missing the occupants. The bottle was a full one. Hanson had been put out of the hotel earlier in the evening.

#### A SEAMAN MISSING.

A Russian Finn, Frank Suamela, who was a member of the crew of the coasting steamer Jap, which is lying at the Municipal Wharf, at Balmain, walked up on deck late on Tuesday night, and as he has not been seen since, it is thought that he tumbled overboard, and was drowned.

Suamela was down below with other members of the crew, and during the evening had several drinks. About 20 minutes past 11 he went out of the cabin, leaving his hat and coat behind him, and walked up the stairs leading on to the deck. He had been away over a quarter of an hour when his mates became anxious about him, and went in search of him. He was not on deck, and an overhaul of the ship failed to locate him,

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "GRIT."

Ethel Miller, 6s., 31/12/13; Thos. Morton, 6s., 31/12/13; A. W. Blowes, 15s., 31/3/15; L. O. Williams, 8s., 30/6/12; W. A. Gilesman, 6s., 30/6/13; E. W. Blair Ross, 6s., 28/11/13; Jack Elliott, 16s., 30/12/13; Mrs. R. Everett, 2s. 6d., 31/3/13; Mrs. Martin, 6s., 31/12/13; E. D. Felton, 8s. 1d., 31/12/13; Werrabarra Reading Room, 5s. 6d., 31/12/13; R. M. Bell, 11s., 31/12/13; Evans Jones, 10s., 31/12/13; Isabel Row, 6s. 3d., 31/12/13; Mrs. Davidson, 8s. 9d., 31/12/13; C. A. Purcell, 6d.; A. Brooks, 6s. 3d., 31/12/13; J. B. Penman, 12s. 6d., 31/12/13; C. Ingal, 6s. 6d., 31/12/13; A. E. Sutton, 6s., 31/12/13; A. W. Lane, 5s. 3d., 31/12/13; A. W. G. Butcher, 2s. 6d., 31/12/12; J. P. Threadgold, 11s. 3d., 31/1/15; Dr. Stuckey, 6s., 31/12/13; R. R. Stuckey, 6s., 12/6/14; D. Morice, N.Z., 13s. 6d., 31/12/13; Miss M. Morice, N.Z., 13s. 6d.; J. T. Horne, 10s., 7/12/13; H. H. Gall, 6s., Gittens (agent), 2s., 18/9/13; W. Smith, 7s. 3d., 31/12/13; Master J. Rothwell, 6s., 31/12/13; W. S. Bradley, 10s., 15/4/14; Rev. A. Fraser, 4s. 6d., 31/12/13; W. J. Jacobs, 6s., 31/12/13; Miss Duprez, 4s. 4d., 31/12/13; F. Bloomfield, 6s. 3d., 31/12/13; F. S. Marchman, 11s., 31/12/13; R. B. Trindall, 5s. 9d., 31/12/13; Miss K. Lynch, 5s., 31/12/13; H. Dunstan, 10s. 6d., 31/12/13; Miss Slater, 2s. 6d., 2/10/13; A. Pontey, 9s. 2d., 31/12/13; C. Ash-down, junr., 3s.; Miss Jordan, 6s., 31/12/13; A. Benjamin, 5s. 10d., 31/12/13; A. Settree, 6s. 3d., 31/12/13; C. Hardy, 12s., 31/12/14; A. J. Rowe, 15s. 9d., 31/12/13; Mrs. Hunter, 11s. 1d., 31/12/13; A. J. Stokes, 6s. 10d., 31/12/13; E. D. South, £1 3s., 31/12/13; Rev. J. Penman, 6s., 31/12/13; John Lowe, 6s., 31/12/13; Rev. J. Steel, 6s., 31/12/13; Miss Ridley, 11s., 31/12/13; W. Cowper, 6s., 31/12/13; Rev. F. O. Drake, 6s., 31/12/13; Jessie Chapman, 8s., 31/12/13; Miss Vernon, 6s., 26/6/14; E. A. Cambridge, 6s., 31/12/13; E. A. Cambridge (donation), 1s.; Brown, 6s., 31/12/13; Ellie C. Mead, 6s., 31/12/13; Miss Butler, 6s., 31/12/13; Thos. Parker, 13s., 31/12/13; Rev. J. H. Robertson, 6s., 31/12/13; E. Hartley, 6s., 31/12/13; H. J. Weeks, 6s., 31/12/13; F. Bailey, 6s., 31/12/13; Miss E. S. Waller, 6s., 31/12/13; F. A. Broadhurst, 3s., 31/12/13; F. A. Broadhurst (Children's Page), 1s. 3d.; W. A. Strongman, 5s., 7/12/13; W. E. Rankin, 6s., 31/12/13; R. L. Scrutton (Fighting Fund), 5s.; Mr. Nic Barnes, 7s., 18/8/14; M. Naylor, 6s., 31/12/13; E. Robbards, 5s. 6d., 31/12/13; Canon Phillips, 4s., 31/12/13; Rev. Fisher Webster, 11s., 31/12/13; Mr. Hyde, 6s., 31/12/13; W. Buckingham, 11s., 31/12/13; S. Stoker, 5s. 9d., 31/12/13.

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### THE USES OF THE BASS DRUM.

"You don't make very good music with that instrument," said a bystander to the man with the bass drum, as the band ceased to play.

"No," admitted the pounder of the drum, "I know I don't; but I drown a heap of bad music."

\* \* \*

### HIS PREFERENCE.

A certain island in the West Indies is liable to the periodical advent of earthquakes. One year before the season of these terrestrial disturbances Mr. X, who lived in the danger zone, sent his two sons to the home of a brother in England, to secure them from the impending havoc.

Evidently the quiet of the staid English household was disturbed by the two young West Indians, for the returning mail steamer carried a message to Mr. X, brief but emphatic:

"Here are your boys; send me the earthquake."

\* \* \*

Elink (the wholesaler): "Well, how many orders did you get yesterday?"

Clink (the salesman): "I got two orders in one shop."

Elink: "What were they?"

Clink: "One was to get out, and the other was to stay out."

\* \* \*

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

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

### WHERE THE SENATOR DREW THE LINE.

Soon after the convening of a new session of Congress the announcement was made of the approaching marriage of Anson G. McCook, then Secretary of the Senate. A subscription was immediately started among the Senators for the purchase of a wedding present, and two or three prominent Senators volunteered to collect the money. Senator X, one of the richest men in the Senate at that time, was one of these.

Seeing a new Western member Senator X went to him and said:

"Senator Slocum, I want you to give me 25 dollars."

"What for?" demanded the new member.

"For McCook's wedding present," explained Senator X.

"I'll see you about it to-morrow," answered Mr. Slocum, with a scowl.

"All right," said Senator X, as he walked away, "but don't forget it."

Senator Slocum watched him until he was out of hearing, and then, turning to his colleague, remarked angrily:

"Well, I've heard of cheeky things in my life, but that man beats all. What do you think? He just asked me to give him 25dollar to buy a wedding present for his cook."

\* \* \*

### THEIR MESSAGE.

The evening callers were chatting with their hosts when there came a patter of little feet along the hall.

"Hush," whispered the hostess, raising her hand, "the children are coming with their good-night message. It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them. They are so much nearer to Heaven than we, and they speak from the fullness of their little hearts never so freely as when the dark has come. Listen!"

There was a moment's pause, and then the message came in a shrill whisper, "Mamma," it ran, "Willie found a cockroach in the tub."

### A FRIENDLY REQUEST.

He was subject to fainting spells, and before starting out he wrote this note, which he pinned to his shirt:

"To the Doctor: If I fall on the street and am taken to the hospital do not operate. My appendix has been removed twice already."

\* \* \*

### WHY HE COULDN'T DO IT.

He was a young lawyer who had just started practising in a small town and hung his sign outside his office door. It read: "A. Swindler." A stranger who called to consult him saw the sign and said: "My goodness, man, look at that sign! Don't you see how it reads? Put in your first name—Alexander, Ambrose, or whatever it is."

"Oh, yes, I know," said the lawyer resignedly, "but I don't exactly like to do it."

"Why not?" asked the client. "It looks mighty bad as it is. What is your first name?"

"Adam."

\* \* \*

### AND FATHER WAS SURPRISED.

"If you kiss me again," declared Miss Lovely firmly, "I shall tell father."

"That's an old tale," replied the bold, bad young man. "Anyway, it's worth it," and he kissed her.

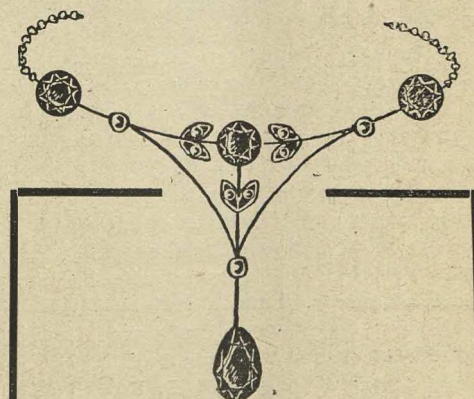
Miss Lovely sprang to her feet. "I shall tell father," she said, and left the room.

"Father," she said softly to her parent when she got outside, "Mr. Bolder wants to see your new gun."

"All right, I'll take it in to him," said her father, and two minutes later he appeared in the doorway with his gun in his hand.

There was a crash of breaking glass as Mr. Bolder dived through the window and departed in all haste for the railway station.

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## What the Parson Says.

SOMETHING FOR THE INNER MAN.

### THE KING'S JEWEL.

The other day I read a little story which seems full of meaning. Here it is, in substance:

There was an outcry at the door of the king's great hall, and a man in battered armour stumbled in and stood in front of the throne. He was breathing hard, for he was weary and angry and afraid, and the sobbing of his breath shook him from head to foot. But his anger was stronger than his weariness and his fear, so he lifted his eyes steadily to the king's face.

The king said, "Speak," but the man uttered no word. Instead, he drew from his breast a golden chain, at the end of which was a jewel set with a great blue stone. Looking at it for a moment scornfully, as one who had a grievance, he threw it down on the steps of the throne and turned to go.

"Stay," said the king; "whose is this jewel?"

"An old servant of yours gave it to me, and told me it came from the king," the man replied. "He said it was the blue stone of the Truth, perfect and priceless. Therefore I must keep it as the apple of mine eye and bring it back to the king perfect and secret broken. So, against open foes and secret robbers I have defended it with faithful watching and hard fighting. Through storm and peril, through darkness and sorrow, through the temptation of pleasure, and the bewilderment of riches I have kept it.

"But, O King," he continued, "the jewel is not untarnished, not perfect. There is a flaw in the stone. I saw it first as I entered your palace gate. Look! It is not the crystal of Truth. I have been deceived. You have claimed my life for a fool's errand. Take the jewel?"

The king looked not at the gold chain and the blue stone, but at the face of the man. Then he said gently, "Will you give me my jewel?"

The man lifted his eyes in wonder.

"It is there," he cried, "at your feet!"

"I spake not of that," said the king, "but of your life—yourself. Have not your labours brought you strength; your perils, wisdom; your wounds, patience? Has not your task broken chains for you and lifted you out of sloth and above fear? Do you say that the stone which has done this for you is false, a thing of naught? My jewels that I seek are not dead, they are alive. But the stone that led you here—look! has it a flaw?"

He stopped and lifted the jewel. The light of his face fell upon it. And in the blue depths of the sapphire the man saw a star.

This story of the blue stone of Truth brings to our minds another precious jewel—the Pearl of great price. Many have declared that there are flaws in this stone also. They have pronounced it imperfect, of little worth. But what has it done for those who have believed in it? It has made them patient in trial, pure in temptation, valiant in danger, glad even in sorrow. They have defended it against open foes and secret robbers with faithful watching and hard fighting. Well or wounded, at home or in exile, they have often given their lives for it, deeming it of more value than all the gold of earth. Is a pearl which has done this for men a thing of naught?

Olive Schreiner, in one of her little dream-stories, tells of a hunter who went forth to capture Truth in a net. Wisdom told him that the net itself must be made of Truth, "for nothing but Truth can hold Truth." When men have truthfully and sincerely sought to learn the real worth of this pearl, they have never failed to see its beauty and value. Men must be candid and earnest in their investigations, unprejudiced, open-minded and honest. Thus only can they realise the genuineness and the beauty of the true, the perfect.

But do not Christ's followers themselves

## SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

CHAS. C. MHELL,

Bible House, 242 Pitt-street, Sydney.

sometimes think that they see flaws in this wonderful pearl? Yes, when they forget their Redeemer. This precious jewel of salvation would be of no value without the Saviour. The man in this story had never before seen the king. A servant of the king had given him the jewel. But when the king himself stopped and lifted up the stone, and the light of his face fell upon it, then in the blue depths of the sapphire the man saw no flaw, but a star.

This is perhaps the reason why so many people think they find flaws in the religion of Jesus Christ. They have never seen it in the right light. When the light which comes from His face alone shines clearly upon it, then they see no flaw—but a star.

This is perhaps the reason why so many people think they find flaws in the religion of Jesus Christ. They have never seen it in the right light. When the light which comes from His face alone shines clearly upon it, then they see no flaw, but a star! And that star will remind us of another star, which led the earnest-seeking wise men to Him.

We are Christ's jewels. His children are of more value in His sight than many precious stones. Let us be wise and faithful and lead others to Him. Then we shall one day shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever.—"Christian Herald."

A terrible sentence of 60 days in the work-house was imposed upon Lawrence Tobin, of Pittsburg, by Magistrate Goettman, for simply dragging his sick wife out of bed and laying her on a hot stove after holding her head in the grate and burning her hair off her head. Mr. Tobin was drunk, you know. The man who sold him the whisky, the judge who granted the license, the legislator who made the law and the voter who elected the legislator, all go scot free while poor Mr. Tobin has to languish in the work-house for 60 days. And Mrs. Tobin still lives.—"The Index."

At every word a reputation dies,

So sang the poet in long ages past;

And this is just as true to-day as then,

For some men lose their reputations fast.

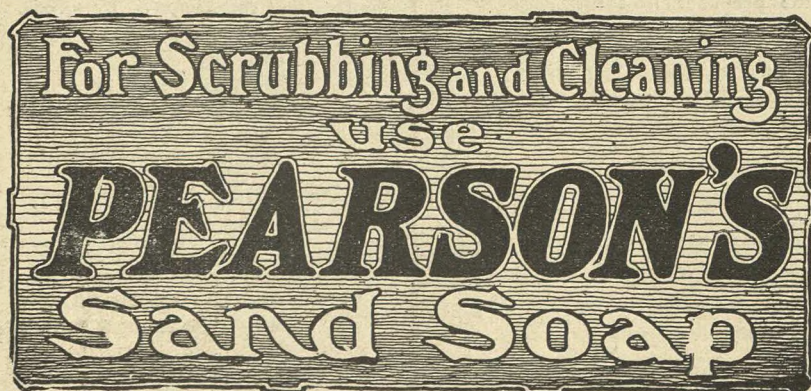
But there are bright exceptions to the rule,

Where reputations always will endure;

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