

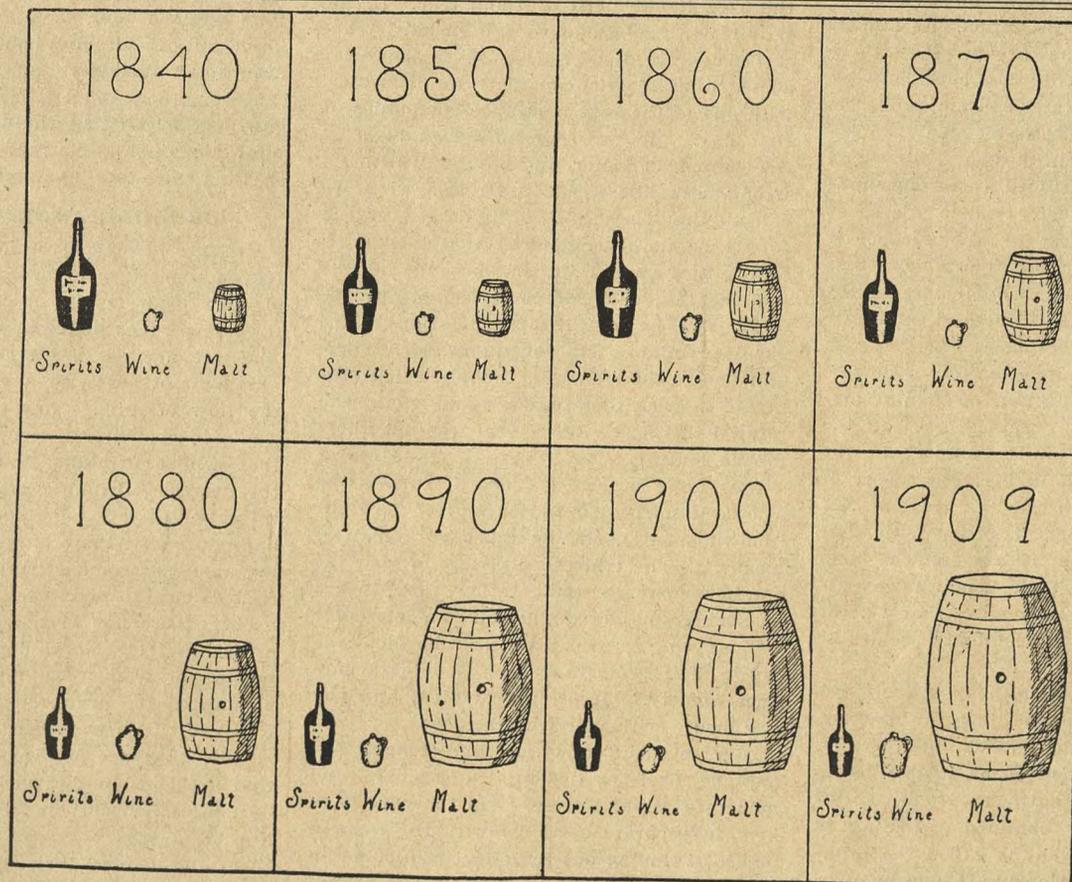
Grit.

A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

Purest **FRY'S COCOA** and Best

VOL. V. NO. 2. Price One Penny. THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1911.

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



HOW THE DRINK HABIT IN THE UNITED STATES HAS CHANGED.

(By William B. Bailey, Assistant Professor of Political Economy in Yale University.)

The official figures for the consumption of alcoholic beverages in the United States, as given below, show that the per capita consumption of spirits fell from 2.52 gallons in 1840 to 1.37 gallons in 1909. Since the drinking of spirits is almost entirely confined to whisky, rum, gin, and brandy, it is apparent that the consumption of the liquors which contain the largest proportion of alcohol has been reduced about half.

The consumption of wine has more than doubled from 1840 to 1909, increasing from .29 to .79 gallons. A large part of this increase is due to the consumption of native wines.

When we consider the per capita consumption of beer and ale, the greatest change is apparent. This has increased from 1.36 gallons in 1840 to 19.97 gallons in 1909. To how great an extent this change is due to the German immigration, which first came to the United States in large numbers about 1848,

is, of course, problematical. Many of the wine-drinking races, like the Italians, after a brief residence in the United States become consumers of beer.

Although there has been a great increase in the total consumption of intoxicants during the period 1840 to 1909, there has been a change from those drinks containing a high percentage of alcohol to those containing a low percentage—and this is the one cause for encouragement.

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ALCOHOL AND THE BODY.

By Dr. Vipont Brown, of Manchester.

DRINK-CAUSED DISEASE.

So far I have shown you how alcohol causes degeneration of the tissues of the body, and thus directly produces disease and death. But indirectly alcohol is responsible for a vast amount of ill-health and loss of life which is not, as a rule, attributed to it.

We are, of course, all familiar with the close connection which exists between the taking of alcohol and gout, to which London physicians attribute so many of our ills.

Then again, Prof. Bronardel, a famous French physician, has proved that there exists a connection hardly less close between the taking of alcohol and consumption. He divided his city into areas of equal population, and showed that in those areas in which most alcohol was consumed, there consumption was most prevalent. And if this be so in France, where most of the alcohol is drunk in the open air, how much more true must it be of England, where most of the alcohol is drunk in the close and foetid atmosphere of the public-house.

Then, again, alcohol appears as a powerful factor in the causation of mental disease. Dr. Clouston, who is one of the greatest authorities on the subject in the British Isles, tells us in his 1903 report of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum that in 42.3 per cent. of the men admitted into that institution (that is, in nearly half the male cases) the cause of their insanity was alcohol. Now this can only mean that a great number of level-headed Scotchmen are drinking away their sanity.

Alcohol, by weakening the powers of resistance, predisposes the body to disease. Not only does it make us less able to resist the entrance of disease germs, it also makes us less able to give battle to disease germs which have already obtained a footing in the citadel. Thus what is called the prognosis of disease is seriously affected by alcohol. For example, should a man get pneumonia, his chances of getting well again are far better if he be a total abstainer than if he be a moderate drinker; whilst if he be a drunkard he has practically no chance at all.

Experiments on animals have strikingly verified these well-known facts. Thus animals taking alcohol are thereby rendered far more prone to infection, and "immunity" is far more difficult to produce.

THE CAUSE OF ACCIDENTS.

And that which is true of disease is equally true of accident. Alcohol increases the liability of a man to accident, whilst it diminishes his recuperative power, so that if he should sustain a severe injury he is far more likely to succumb. Many accident

insurance companies fully recognise this fact, and, as most of us know to our cost, are very willing and anxious to take total abstainers at a reduced premium.

TEETOTALISM AND INSURANCE COMPANIES.

And now, whilst we are on the subject of insurance companies, let us say a few words as to the effect of alcohol on longevity.

And here let me tell you a story which has the exceptional merit of being true. In the year 1840 a young man named Richard Warner, belonging to the Society of Friends, presented himself as a candidate for insurance with one of the best insurance companies of that day. He was carefully examined by the company's doctor, and nothing was found wrong with him. Indeed, he was what we call a "first-class life." But on enquiry as to his habits it transpired that he was a total abstainer, and on that account he was told that he could only be accepted on condition that he paid a large addition to the usual premium. Moreover, on further enquiry as to the reason of the additional premium, he was told that a young man who refused the good gifts of God was not likely to live long.

Now, as it happened, Richard Warner was a man of spirit (I mean, of course, the right kind of spirit!), and he was also a man of means. So he told the directors of that insurance company that, rather than insure on such terms, he would start an insurance company of his own. And this he did, calling it "The Temperance and General Assurance Society." It is still running, and you can insure with it if you like.

Now, in this Temperance and General Assurance Society, the total abstainers and moderate drinkers were, from the very first, kept in separate sections, with the avowed object of finding out the effect of alcohol on longevity. And before very long it transpired that the total abstainers received nearly twice as much in bonuses as did the moderate drinkers, proving conclusively that on the average the total abstainers were the longer lived.

After this the company reduced the premium for total abstainers, and they soon found that it paid them well to do so.

Following the publication of this company's statistics, other companies began to keep two sections, one for abstainers and one for moderate drinkers, and the consequence is that there are now some 30 companies who are willing and anxious to take abstainers at a reduced premium.

Now why is this? Are the directors of insurance companies bigoted temperance ad-

vocates? Of course not! They are hard-headed business men. They do it because it pays them to do it, and there is only one conceivable reason why it should pay them to do it, and that is that on the average the total abstainer lives longer than the moderate drinker. Here let me remind you of the fact that those who insure their lives are picked men. No respectable company would accept a drunkard at any price, so that the comparison is strictly between moderation and total abstinence.

And now it is time that I concluded. Richard Warner, the young man who ought to have sunk into a premature grave because he refused the good gifts of God, lived instead to a ripe old age. After he had more than reached four score, he sank into the grave full of years and honor. But obviously even total abstainers must die from some cause or other, and Dr. Carmichael, of Glasgow, has shown that the difference between total abstainers and moderate drinkers is that far more total abstainers die of old age.

DRINKING AMONGST WOMEN.

Farmers have long been aware that cows fed on the refuse of breweries secrete milk of very poor quality. No self-respecting farmer will feed his cows on brewery refuse. And yet alcohol is often recommended to nursing mothers with a view to increasing the flow of milk. Now the seriousness of the subject will be seen when we realise that whilst drinking amongst men is on the decrease, drinking amongst women has increased of late very considerably. I feel quite sure that there is now far more drinking amongst women than there was when I first came into practice. And, as we should expect, there has been a corresponding increase in their moral depravity. The proportion of women to men amongst those committed for drunkenness used to be one to seven. It is now one to three. Who can wonder that out of every hundred children that are born in the working class parts of our cities, more than 20 die ere ever they are 12 months old, and more than half of them die before they are five years old. Or who can wonder that everywhere we hear of the physical deterioration of the race? Moral degradation must ever mean physical deterioration, for the moral laws are laws of health. It was not by accident that the two words healthy and holy were both derived from the same Anglo-Saxon root, and, virtually speaking, are the same word. When the mothers of a nation are drunken, that nation is, and must be, doomed.

MEDICAL PROFESSION ALIVE TO THE EVIL.

The medical profession have at last recognised the gravity of the situation, and a petition signed by nearly 15,000 medical men, including most of the leaders of our pro-

(Continued on Page 12.)



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THE BARGAIN.

By DAVID LYALL.

On a certain Sunday afternoon, in a remote corner of a London garden, so shut in by branching trees that, so far as privacy was concerned, it might have been in Arcady, a man was on his knees. It was an unusual sight, for it is not customary for an ordinary Englishman of a somewhat rigid temperament to perform his devotions in public, or even out of doors. James Metcalfe was in an extremity. Within the wall of that colorless suburban house a dear life was in jeopardy, and for that he prayed. He was a tall, spare man, with large features and a strong, determined mouth. Sleepless nights and anxious days had accentuated his physical characteristics; he was haggard and worn, which gave an added pathos to his kneeling posture, and to the words which fell aloud from the lips on which he had no longer strength to keep guard.

"Lord God," prayed James Metcalfe, "I have lived for over 50 years in this world without Thee. I have never worshipped Thee, nor owned Thee, either in my life or in my heart. I have lived as the arbiter of my own destiny, and to this I am brought. One by one Thou hast taken away all my props, even everything I possessed and prized, save only one. Spare her, Lord God, and I will live a different life. I will consecrate the remainder of it to Thy service, and give my money for the relief of human sufferings, and humble myself before Thee all the days of my life. Only spare her, for without the last I cannot live."

After his lips were silent, his heart—nay, his whole being—remained uplifted, and, unknown to himself, the tears were raining down his cheeks. He was brought to himself by the clear tinkle of a bell and the sharp shutting of a door. He sprang to his feet, wiped his face with his handkerchief, and, with a gesture a little wild, made his way through the spreading greenery towards the house. Two French windows, with white curtains swaying in the breeze, opened from the drawing-room to the lawn, and just within this window the two surgeons, who had been in the house for over an hour, were talking in low tones, very earnestly together. When they saw Metcalfe approaching they ceased speaking, and waited for him politely, yet with an evident air of reluctance.

"Well?" he said, and the monosyllable

was parched, his tongue seeming to cleave to the roof of his mouth.

"The operation is over, yes," said the elder of the surgeons, a man of immense height, with a clear-cut, decisive face. "Only moderately successful. Mr. Attwood and I have just been talking it over. It is right to tell you that while Miss Metcalfe will probably recover from the shock of this operation, we cannot hold out any hope of her ultimate recovery. You see, we arrived, unfortunately, a little late."

Metcalfe slightly bowed.

"I am much obliged to you, gentlemen, but my daughter will get well. Your fee? If you will name it now, I will go to the library and write the cheque."

"Later," murmured Sir Austin Crane, looking at his colleague with an odd expression. "We are due elsewhere at three-fifteen. Come, Attwood."

They passed out, bidding him good afternoon. He accompanied them to the hall, saw that they got their hats, and watched them get into the carriage waiting in the front street. Then, with an air of relief, he closed the door. He wiped his face again, and began very slowly and deliberately to ascend the stairs. He was intercepted on the landing by the nurse-in-charge, who begged him not to go into the room yet.

"She has not come out of the anaesthetic yet. I think you must wait, Mr. Metcalfe."

"I see her now," he answered, and made his way into the room with an air which made it impossible for the nurse to remonstrate further.

The patient lay perfectly flat on the narrow hospital bed, which had been requisitioned for the occasion, her bright hair spread like an aureole about her face, which was deathlike, but exquisitely sweet. A day or even an hour ago such a sight would have filled her father with despair, but now it had no power to harm him. He smiled as he stooped to touch with his lips the pale, limp hand.

"She will soon be all right, nurse," he murmured, cheerfully, as he passed out.

She merely shook her head, and, when he was out of hearing, murmured to her colleague, "Poor man!"

But Metcalfe was right. Sylvia's recovery, though slow, was uninterrupted. She was very patient and sweet, but not so cheerful as Metcalfe would have liked. One day, when she was nearly quite well, and

was able to walk unassisted about the pretty walks of that wonderful and much-envied garden, he ventured to twit her with it.

"Next week we shall go to the sea, Sylvie. Won't even that bring a smile to your face?"

They were sitting under the big spreading ash tree which made such glorious shade in the noonday heat. It was a Sunday afternoon, and the Sunday quiet, which no one has ever been able to deny or to explain away, brooded on the soft, warm air.

She reached out her white hand, and patted his, where it lay on his knee, and in her eyes there was a strange, far-away look.

"I have a confession to make, dad," she said, presently. "It is not a kind confession, but I think I shall feel happier, perhaps, when I have made it. I did not want to get better from the operation. I—I even prayed that I might never wake out of it."

"Why did you do that, my child?" asked Metcalfe, with an accent of pain.

"It was very selfish, I know, but sometimes, since mother and Tony and little Jean have been taken, I have been so lonely. And I have thought so much of heaven, since they went there, that somehow it became more real, and—and even dearer than earth. Sometimes, when I looked ahead, and thought what it would be like when you went away, too, I was afraid. I wonder was it very wicked to ask God to take me away? It was selfish, I know, daddy, because of you."

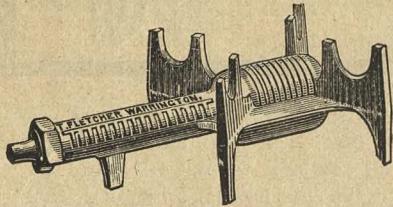
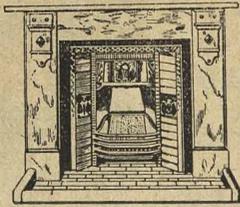
"And you are disappointed, then?" he said, in a strange, choking voice. "It is unnatural for a young girl like you to say such things. Life is all in front of you. You need not have a wish ungratified."

"No, but that least of all makes people happy. There is a sort of hunger. I don't know what it is. You won't like me talking like this, dad, because I know how you feel about these things, and how you have said all along that all the happenings of life can be explained by perfectly natural laws. But there are some that can't be explained like that; they belong to—the other world, in which you don't believe."

"Sylvie, I can't forget the first time we talked on the subject, when you sat up three weeks after your operation, and you told me how disappointed you felt when you awakened, and found yourself still here. Did you really feel like that then?"

"Yes. It was so strange an experience. I felt as if cords were drawing me two ways, and I waited breathless to learn which would be stronger. When I awoke and saw your face, then I knew."

(Concluded on Page 10.)



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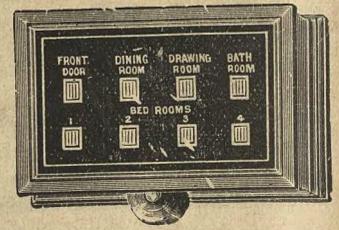
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New South Wales Alliance.

There was another fine audience at St. George's Hall on Sunday night last. Mrs. Helen Barton was the speaker, and gave a vigorous address. She pleaded for a greater interest in temperance matters. Her text was somewhat original, and is found in Ezekiel 31, 16: "All that drink water shall be comforted."

* * *

The State Council met on Monday afternoon last. This was the first meeting in the new offices. For the benefit of all concerned we desire again to say that our new address is 32 Elizabeth St., near Hunter St.

* * *

Rev. J. Paterson, M.A., of Broken Hill, an enthusiastic temperance worker, is coming to Sydney, his new appointment being Chalmer's Church (Presbyterian). The Barrier Alliance gave a farewell tea in honor of Mr. Paterson on the occasion of his farewell. A hearty welcome to the metropolis awaits our distinguished worker.

* * *

Thinking that a horse sale would be an ideal place to pass off liquor, a Tamworth hotelkeeper applied for a license to sell at the same. However, the Act does not permit such a place to be licensed, and the magistrate very properly dismissed the application.

* * *

In striking contrast to Judge Pring's strong pro-liquor remarks last week, we have the Chief Justice delivering himself very strongly as follows: "An awful lesson must have been brought home to you and everyone connected with you in the events preceeding the event," remarked the Chief Justice in discharging William Welman, whom the jury had adjudged not guilty of a charge of murdering his brother on Christmas Day. "This horror," continued the Chief Justice, "produced by yielding to intemperance is one that must remain with you while you live."

* * *

It is no more a lesson to William Welman than anyone else, and unfortunately such calamities are becoming alarmingly frequent.

The Licensing Court has concluded its work in the St. George electorate, and has marked down the following hotels for closing in three years time:—Gardiner's Arms, Kogarah; Highbury Barn Hotel, Arncliffe. Frederick Greeve also loses his colonial wine license: This is the great "victory" of the trade. If St. George temperance workers suffer a few more "defeats" like this they need not complain.

* * *

Mrs. Helen Barton and the Alliance Concert Party appeared at Rockdale, Petersham, and Chatswood during the week. Mrs. Barton's oration, "Echoes from the Home Land," was well received. The concert party also did well in catering for the musical tastes of the audiences.

* * *

Ere these notes appear in print, Mrs. Barton and her daughter will be on their way to the Clarence River. They will work right through to Lismore, and should have a great time among the dairy farmers of the north.

* * *

Have you got a Bottom Square Box yet? It is of the greatest importance that every temperance advocate and No-license voter should "now" be rendering help in order to build up a fighting fund. It is not much to have a box and give at least one penny per week, half of which goes to the electorate in which it is raised, and half to the Central Fighting Fund.

NO-LICENSE CONFERENCE.

Up to the present about 250 delegates have been appointed to participate in the deliberations of the coming conference to be held in the New Masonic Hall on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, April 19th, 20th, and 21st.

There are still many societies that have not attended to the question of delegates. The secretary of the Alliance is anxiously awaiting the names of the same.

At the last meeting of the State Council it was decided to increase the number of delegates for each society from two to five.

The visitors who will take a prominent part in the conference include Rev. A.

Dewdney, chairman of the executive of the New Zealand Alliance. Mr. Dewdney passed through Sydney this week en route for Victoria, but will return in time for the conference. His long experience of the anti-Liquor fight, coupled with his grasp of the whole position in New Zealand, and especially the new issue of prohibition which will be submitted to the people of New Zealand this year, will be a great gain to the conference, which will seek to gather every scrap of information calculated to help us in future fights.

Several important resolutions affecting the policy, administration, and future work of the Alliance have been submitted. These will need the best thought of the conference, and delegates will be called upon to exercise their judgment upon matters involving immense possibilities.

Rev. T. Fee, who took a part in the 1907 Local Option campaign, will be another New Zealand visitor. Mr. Fee has lived in No-License districts in New Zealand, and will, therefore, be able to give first hand and up-to-date information concerning the same.

The holding of the conference during Easter week was arranged in order to secure as large an attendance of country delegates as possible. It is recognised that the country electorates contain some of the most earnest and level headed workers in the movement. Moreover, they have a keen insight into many of the methods adopted by our opponents. The questionable tactics of the Continuance Party will be fully exposed. Country Lodges and Leagues are specially appealed to to ascertain at once what members are likely to be visiting Sydney at Easter and arrange to have them duly appointed delegates.

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Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN ENTENTE.

It is safe to say that most British subjects look forward with eager anticipation to the consummation of some sort of agreement between England and America, the two foremost "white" nations of the era, each foreseeing situations of great difficulty in the future. Why, we ask, should they not unite to save the situation? And the nation whose offensive capabilities have caused these preparations, who is she? Why the very nation England shepherded during her babyhood, and taught to fight, and, to quote a phrase employed by a daily paper recently, "held the ring" for her while she fought an older nation. Does anyone pretend not to know who? Lord Lansdowne has been guilty of many "bad breaks," but surely nothing ever exceeded in diplomatic stupidity his treaty-making with Japan. It has come to this, that the mother country must at all costs defend her children out in these lone parts from this ever ready and near foe. It will be a stupendous task, but it must be done. It is very well to talk of an Australian navy in twenty years time, but the danger is nearer than that. And it is apparent to all that the Home statesmen very thoroughly realise it now. But if an understanding is arrived at with America, now that the Panama Canal is nearing completion, it will mean that immediate danger is out of the question. It is to be hoped that such may be the case.

A NUISANCE.

To leave international troubles for a moment let us touch upon parochial matters. It is a nuisance to have to worry about defending yourself from attack by a foreign foe when it takes all your time to worry through with your business. We must, however, not refuse to see danger when it threatens us. But there are other nuisances, and we have a very regular experience of one we wish to mention. It, or rather "he," is very much in evidence upon the boat we travel homewards each evening. An old man, with venerable whiskers, and bowed shoulders and thoughtful face. You would feel drawn towards him (unless you had had previous experience).

The old fellow is at times a very quiet and self-possessed passenger, but when he

has "met a friend" at the wharf, he is obnoxious to a degree. Sober, he is the meekest of men, and the most diffident. Intoxicated, he is the most garrulous. He addresses the smoking saloon at the top of his voice, and always upon some religious subject. Did he discuss the weather, or the referenda, you might forgive him. Even a conjecture as to how Mr. Holman felt his latest rebuke would be refreshing. But a loud and rasping sermon from an intoxicated patriarch is not a pleasant feature of your homeward journey after a heavy day's work. And one detests to hear the Deity's name drawn into every sentence. Ironical as it may seem, the old man insists upon the indifference of his hearers to their immortal interests. He scolds and condemns, The more intoxicated—the more vehement. His Biblical knowledge is astounding. One could only wish it were put to better use. And, we must confess, we find it preferable to choose another part of the steamer than be annoyed by his vapourings. Reminding one very vividly of the extraordinary brand of theology found at times in the columns of "Fairplay," we leave our readers to judge of the effect upon the audience.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Twice during the latter week have the evening papers contained accounts of gross cruelties to horses by different carters. On one occasion the animal was actually prodded in the ribs with an iron fork; on the other his driver belabored the horse over the head with a paling. We are glad that the magistrates dealt out severe punishment in each case. Such treatment to the patient horse is abominable. It may be contended that some horses are vicious and lazy. Quite so. But it has been abundantly proved the proper way to treat them is by a scientific mixture of gentle, yet firm handling—not to madden them by gross cruelty. And we would like to add our meed of praise and appreciation to the witness who, in one case, attended at personal loss of time. He is to be commended. May his courageous stand be taken by many other citizens, and we will soon wipe out such diabolical treatment to God's poor dumb creatures.

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MAINE AND PROHIBITION.

From the anti-prohibition press of the State one would think that only calamity has come to Maine through prohibition. I has been a wonder to some of us, since potato beetles did not come to Maine until after prohibition was enacted, that its coming has not been charged to prohibition. The failure to do this is probably an oversight.

Eight years ago a poetic advocate of re-submission attributed Maine's slow growth in population, and the decrease in farm values to prohibition.

Now, after seven years of increasing vigorous enforcement of our liquor laws, we find that the farm values have increased, meantime, from 25 to 50 per cent.; and one of the most pushing farm agencies advertises Maine as a prohibition State, and finds this fact of decided assistance in selling Maine farms to people in license States.

The late census report gives the gratifying information that Maine has increased 47,905 in population, or 7 per cent. since 1900, the largest increase reported since 1850.

The recent report of our State Assessors acquaints us with a very large increase in State valuation during the past year of more than 20,000,000 dol. From 1890 to 1900 Maine increased in valuation 27,603,608, or 9 per cent.; and from 1900 to 1910 the increase was 57,351,759 dol., or 17 per cent.

It would seem that prohibition has not, at least, hindered a rapid increase in State valuation.

But the Maine Bank Report furnished further evidence that prohibition, enforced with increasing stringency, has not diminished the savings of the people.

The total assets of Maine savings banks in 1899 were 67,521,197 dol., an increase over 1890 of 16,619,670 dol. But in 1909 the savings bank assets had increased to 96,254,583 dol., or an increase over 1900 of 25,178,372 dol.

In 1899 the assets of the Maine trust companies amounted to 11,802,252 dol. an increase over 1890 of 8,172,357 dol., and in 1909 the trust companies' assets were 44,547,034 dol., or 32,744,782 dol. over those of 1890. The total in savings banks, trust companies, and building and loan associations in 1900 was 87,233,793 dol., divided among more than 208,000 depositors, nearly a third of our population. But in 1909 the total amount in these institutions in Maine was 144,887,429 dol., a gain of 66 per cent., and the number of depositors was 333,556, or nearly one-half of our population. But during this period, 1900-1909, the national banks in Maine established savings departments, and in 1909 the savings deposits in these banks amounted to 14,719,635 dol., so that the grand total of such deposits was 159,607,064 dol., an increase from 1900 of 83 per cent.

If now we remember that the total savings bank deposits in 1868 amounted to 8,032,246 dol., the rapid increase in savings then will appear.

The total assets of savings banks trust companies, and building and loan associa-

tions for 1910 is given in the recent report of the Bank Examiner, together with the savings deposits in the national banks, as 167,131,719 dol. By the census of 1910 Maine's population is 741,371. It will be seen, then, that the savings in these Maine institutions is equal to 225 dols. for every inhabitant of our State. This does not look as though prohibition has impoverished Maine.

If, now, we turn to the value of our mills and their machinery we shall find that in 1902 their total value was 20,208,236 dols.; while in 1909 their value had reached 27,030,725 dols., an increase of 6,822,489 dols., or more than 33 per cent. Prohibition certainly has not prevented the investment of capital in manufacturing industries in Maine; and the recent large purchase of land at Saco by the York Corporation with the intention of greatly enlarging its plant does not indicate alarm or dissatisfaction with prohibition or its enforcement.

In view of the above facts the candid reader must admit that Maine has prospered under prohibition.

* * *

DOES ENFORCED PROHIBITION LESSEN THE SALE OF INTOXICANTS.

It is frequently said that enforced prohibition does not lessen the quantity of liquor sold; or, to put it another way, that as much liquor is sold under prohibition as under license. From this standpoint some are saying we might as well have license, as the present condition.

It is well for such to get a glimpse of a license city and the working of license.

De Moines, Iowa, is a city of 81,000 population, and it has 106 licensed saloons. On Friday evening, December 30th, 1910, from 8 to 10 o'clock, the closing time, these saloons were shadowed by committees from a Citizens' Association, and the results of their observations were read from the pulpits the following Sunday.

Eighty-five women drank liquor in the saloons during that evening, and 12,235 persons entered these licensed saloons between 8 and 10 o'clock of that evening. Of this number 189 were minors.

It will be seen that more than one-seventh of the population visited the saloons that evening; and that the average number of visitors to each saloon was 116. If each visitor bought two drinks, the amount paid to the saloons that evening was 2447 dols., and at the same rate the sales for 313 days would amount to 765,911 dols. This takes into account only the sales made during two hours each evening for the 313 working days of the year.

Where in Maine can such a relative visitation of the saloon be witnessed?

De Moines is a sample license city. In what way does license there lessen the evils of the saloon? In what way does such license regulate the saloons. Eighty-five women seen drinking in the saloons, and 189 minors seen to enter them in two hours, besides a number in the total equal to more than a seventh of the population of the city.

Is this the kind of regulation of the saloon the States want? Without doubt, such "regulation" pleases the saloon.

Prohibition has not, it seems, been fatal to Kansas's prosperity. While Iowa, a license State, lost in population during the past decade, and Missouri, another nearby license State, made a gain of only 6 per cent. in population, Kansas gained 15 per cent. in population as against a gain of only 3 per cent. from 1890 to 1900. It should be remembered that Kansas is without large cities, while Missouri has St. Joseph, population over 100,000, Kansas City nearly 200,000 and St. Louis nearly 700,000, and in the older States the chief gain in population has been in the cities.

* * *

STRIKING OBJECT LESSON.

One of the striking object lessons on the business side of sobriety comes from St. Louis. The street railway company of that city employs 4000 conductors and motormen. Each of these employees has received a letter from the company which reads as follows:

"If employe of this company choose to frequent saloons, either on or off duty, or attend the races or other gambling places, rooms or resorts, they are exercising a right which can not be denied them, but they can not remain in the employ of the company.— Robert McCulloch, General Manager."

* * *

Prohibition in the constitution puts too much power into the hands of a majority, says Dr. Blanchard. But it took a two-thirds vote of the Senate and House and a majority vote of the voters to put prohibition in our constitution. How, then, does it put too much power in the hands of a minority? Only twelve times since 1860 has a governor elected received more votes than were given for constitutional prohibition in 1884, and twenty-four governors elected had less votes.

* * *

CHURCHES AND PUBS.

There are 1000 churches in the State of Washington and 1500 saloons. However, the number of churches is on the increase, while 345 saloons have been abolished within the past two years.

* * *

The Fifth Avenue Bank of New York City has adopted stringent rules prohibiting its employees from visiting saloons, race tracks, or evil resorts of any kind.

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ALLIANCE HEADQUARTERS

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Park and Castlereagh Streets.

New Zealand Drink Bill.

THE LEADING DAILIES ON THE SUBJECT.

The "Daily Telegraph" in a leading article says:—

Once more the unanswered riddle of why the consumption of strong drink increases where prohibition is gaining ground pre-pounds itself out of the New Zealand drink bill. As was pointed out when the Dominion's alcoholic chickens came home to roost last year, there is a difference between prices there and Australia which makes a comparison scarcely reliable, but however that may be the net fact is that New Zealanders are drinking more while the temperance sentiment seems to be so steadily spreading there that recent visitors to the country report strong evidences of a tendency towards dryness in now "wet" districts. Explanations that alternately suggest themselves are that the drinkers are drinking more, that liquor is increasingly consumed because it is "kept in the house," and that people who vote to close public-houses are not necessarily teetotalers. That anti-prohibitionists are wreaking an eccentric revenge for the spread of No-License principles during the last few years by drinking more than they would do if their liberties were not restricted at the polls is an interesting conjecture, anyhow. That when a bottle is kept on the sideboard because the head of the household cannot get a casual nip at the hotel the family become habituated to sampling it is equally so. And it seems feasible that while it is there hospitality may prompt invitations to visitors to "take something" stronger than the tea of other days. But the main consideration seems to be that prohibition for the community and for the individual is nominally the same thing, but very differently applied. Plenty of people dislike hotels and will vote to close them for other reasons than those dictated by devotion to total abstinence. The hotel may be considered a nuisance or an undesirable haunt. It may discount the value of property in the neighborhood, or be recognisedly a place where misguided men resort too often. On any of usch grounds some will vote to close the licensed house while maintaining their own miniature bars at home, and thus doing a full share toward keeping the drink bill from sagging. In America, where they are advanced in the practice and theory of this subject, it is contended that the questions of drinking and the saloon are quite separate. It looks so, for neither there nor in New Zealand does a vote on the hotel issue seem to settle the other as it might have been expected to do. After all, however, these drink bills are inevitably unsatisfactory. What they show is not what the community drinks, but how much is drunk by the drinkers whom they cannot dissociate from the rest. The statistics that would be really informing, but apparently are unobtainable, are those which would record the number of tipplers year by year, and thus answer the vital question of whether the

abstainers in the country are on the increase or the decrease.

The "Sydney Morning Herald" in a leader says:—

The particulars supplied by our New Zealand correspondent of the Dominion's expenditure on liquor show, consistently with the experience of the past, that improved prosperity has led to greater indulgence. The average expenditure per head, calculated on "bulk" rates, was lowest in the year 1896 (£2 19s. 8½d.). From that year to the present time there has been a steady increase, fluctuating a little in the rate of advance, and the average per head of population last year was £3 13s. 1¼d. There are some points in this of general interest to the public, and of special interest to temperance and other social reformers, inasmuch as New Zealand has been rather conspicuous for the nominal success of the popular vote against the licensed sale of alcoholic drink. The aggregate No-License vote in 1896, when the first effective local option poll was taken, was 98,312; in 1908 (the last poll) it was 221,471. At the first ballot 37.82 per cent. of the voters declared for No-License; at the last poll the proportion had swelled to 53.45 per cent. In the same period, however, the outlay on drink had advanced by nearly 25 per cent. It cannot be suggested that New Zealanders compare unfavorably in respect of their drinking habits with the people of other countries, for there is nothing abnormal disclosed by the statistics. From the point of view of ethics or economy indulgence in alcohol as a beverage, and the expenditure thereon, are difficult to justify or defend. During the comparatively short life of the Dominion, for example, her people have spent about five times as much on liquor, which might quite well have been done without, as on the construction of railways, which are still far short of requirements. But that only shows that the New Zealand community is fashioned and dispositioned on similar lines to those of other civilised peoples. With other characteristics, many of them admirable, it has the same weaknesses. It is the remarkable advance in the No-License voting alongside a growing appetite for alcohol that makes the position at once interesting and difficult to explain. For the vote against Licenses has certainly been effective in closing hotel bars. Nearly one-sixth of the Dominion is under No-License, and the proportion of drinking places has been actually reduced by half—from one to every 341 persons to one to every 764. The cause of the prohibitionists has apparently advanced by leaps and bounds. Licenses have been swept away at the rate of 30 per annum, and over a hundred were abolished as the result of the last poll. Yet the expenditure on drink has persistently increased, and the latest returns give no reason to believe that the

temperance cause is making appreciable progress towards its ultimate goal of prohibition, or that the ranks of abstainers are being substantially increased. Nobody, of course, will suggest that anything but the highest altruism prompts the No-License campaign and propaganda. Nobody can imagine that advance in the liquor consumption is a desirable sign of the times, except that incidentally it indicates material welfare. The state of affairs disclosed by reliable statistical information spread over a couple of generations does, however, engender the thought that the temperance party may be side-tracking the real question. Perhaps the energy and enthusiasm concentrated upon obtaining votes against licenses might be more profitably directed less against the licensed traffic in liquor than against liquor itself. New Zealand's experience suggests, at all events, that the people of the Dominion have not yet arrived at a solution of the drink question

A LITTLE LIGHT.

In addressing a public meeting in Auckland, New Zealand, this month the Prime Minister said:—"That the revenue for the past 12 months exceeded that of the previous year by £1,088,000, and by the end of the financial year they would have over a million to the good in the Treasury. Customs, stamps, post and telegraph, and railways were mainly responsible for the increase."

This accounts for the slight increase in the liquor consumed by drinkers in "wet" areas. The worst cases of sly-grog this year were not in a No-License area, as cabled March 3, 1911:—"At the Auckland Police Court, John Graham, lodging-house-keeper, was fined £50 for sly-grog selling; Isabella Mitchell, his housekeeper, was fined £5, and Harry Smith, for four similar offences, was fined £100."

Beyond all argument is the fact that the liquor consumed in No-License areas has steadily decreased, until now we find it is only one-fourth or one-fifth what it was under License. Whatever accounts for the increased consumption of alcohol, it is not No-License.

NO-LICENSE IN WAIHI.

The criminal statistics in connection with the business transacted at the Waihi Magistrate's Court for 1910 show that the total convictions numbered 157, as against 269 in 1908, during which latter period the district was under License. The offences against good order—embracing drunkenness, breaches of the Licensing Act, lunacy, indecency, etc.—were 43 under No-License in 1910, as against 147 under License in 1908. The orders made declined to 12, as compared with 49.

To get a fair comparison, it should be understood that 55 convictions in 1910 and 27 convictions in 1908 were mainly offences against by-laws, and should be taken from the totals, thus leaving 102 convictions for 1910, and 242 for 1908. Comment is unnecessary.

GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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

THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1911.

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(2) And where favorable opportunity offers, to open up similar hotels in other important centres.

Leading business men of the city, realising the profitable nature of the venture, have become provisional directors, and along with others have applied for a substantial number of shares.

We would advise our readers to avail themselves of the splendid opportunity now offered in the prospectus appearing in this issue of investing in such a sound and going concern, which, besides being an object lesson for No-License reform, has promise of being a large and successful financial venture.

Mr. Stanley F. Allen, F.I.A., public accountant, 32 Elizabeth-street, Sydney, is secretary of the company, and will forward application forms and further particulars. Apply early.

SLY-GROG.

Superintendent Sherwood, chief of the metropolitan police, as reported in the "Evening News" last week, said: "As a result of raids on sly-grog shops, a large quantity of liquor comes into our hands. We have at present in stock from these sources over 800 bottles of beer, whisky, and wine. The money received from these auction sales is paid into the consolidated revenue." We may surely be forgiven if we smile at the Liquor people when they talk of sly-grog in No-License areas. All these 800 bottles were taken in the most notoriously over-licensed part of Australia. Again, we emphasize the fact that license does not protect us from sly-grog, but rather fosters it, and provides both the disreputable people who engage in it as also their customers. This is equally true in New Zealand where the licensed areas provide the most striking cases of sly-grog selling.

"SO-CALLED BOXING."

In the space of one year in Philadelphia there have been three deaths caused by boxing matches, and we are not far behind them, having had at least two in the last few months. This seems to have impressed the so-called "sports" who are framing all sorts of rules to prevent a man being hurt when he is hit hard. We have as a comment on this the case last week of an aspirant to pugilistic honors who, seeing his opponent in a bad way, refused to knock him out, and for his sportsman-like conduct he lost £100 and is dubbed a "mug." The fact is, so long as these contests are made the biggest money-getting avenues of the day so long will they rouse the worst in men, and bring disgrace on all concerned by the exposure of "faked contests," "brutal knock-outs," and such deaths as those already referred to. Eliminate the money prize, make the "knock-out" illegal, and then we shall have clever, useful boxing that will be generally approved of, even if the "pug" sports have to resort to dog fights or cock fights to satisfy their lust for blood and brutality.

THE MORAL OF IT.

The last few days have brought to light some things that would profoundly shock the community if we had not become so sadly accustomed to them. A boy received £1000 damages from his father, who was proved to be of very drunken habits, and in liquor-inspired wrath knocked the boy's eye out. Then in the case of a young fellow who killed his brother, the Chief Justice made the following comment:—"An awful lesson must have been brought home to you and everyone connected with you in the events preceding this affair," remarked the Chief Justice in discharging William Arthur Wellman, whom the jury had adjudged not guilty of a charge of murdering his brother on Christmas Day. The evidence showed that the evening prior to the tragic events had been spent by the two at a party, where there was liquor in plenty. "This, horror," continued Sir William Cullen, "produced by yielding to intemperance, is one that must remain with you while you live. The posi-

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PARCELS OF CLOTHING.

Many friends have helped us very greatly with parcels of clothing, and we are sorry that sometimes their gifts have not been acknowledged, and sometimes we fear have even gone astray. It is partly due to the fact that parcels have been sent to The Chapter House, 69 Reservoir-street; Clarendon Road; the "Grit" office; and just to the Railway Station, and sometimes a week or two goes by before they are opened. We now want our friends to know that we wish all parcels sent to

69 Reservoir Street, Sydney.

tion of a large number of young people meeting on Christmas Eve and drinking until the larger number of them were incapable of self-control, resulting in so sad a fatality as this, is a lesson which I hope no one will forget. You are a young man, and for you the experience has been a bitter and sad one. But it is one that may profit you, and profit all who have had to with this unhappy case, not a little."

Beyond all question these incidents prove the necessity for total abstinence, prove that liquor bars do not protect us from home drinking, but rather minister to it, and that No-License people have every warrant for their vigorous efforts to restrict the sale of alcohol.



A BUSINESS LIKE GIFT

THE BEST GIFT YOU CAN GIVE YOUR BOY—THE GIFT MOST LASTING IN ITS GOOD EFFECTS—IS A BUSINESS TRAINING AT THE M.B.C.—A TRAINING THAT IS UP-TO-DATE, THOROUGH AND PRACTICAL IN EVERY DETAIL.

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A Personal Explanation.

By the Rev. R. B. S. HAMMOND.

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

I believe every personal friend I have is a subscriber to "Grit," and there are very few subscribers to whom I am not personally known, which is my reason for this intrusion of my affairs in the columns of "Grit." I am sure that my effort to combine practical help for the unfortunate with legislative protection for them meets with hearty approval, and I am determined to continue to work this combination. In the past I have endeavored to do this by adding to my work in connection with the Mission Zone my advocacy of No-License, and now that I have severed my connection with the Mission Zone I want to make it clear that I do not purpose to do less for those who may be called "unfortunates."

MY RESIGNATION FROM THE ZONE.

My position may be best explained by a story. A young man who was known to be engaged was announced to be free, and when asked if he broke the engagement he said "No." "Did the lady then break it?" "No." And in reply to the puzzled looks such answers had provoked he explained that she had discovered his income and he had discovered her dress account, and then the engagement began to sag in the middle, and slowly but surely dissolved. Years of experience have increased the strength of my convictions on certain methods of work, and the majority of my committee holding no such convictions my engagement with them has been sagging in the middle, and now we part without any ill-feeling, but we part absolutely on my initiative. During the seven years I have been organizing missions of the Mission Zone, the committee have approved of my work, which included holding 31 parochial missions, preaching in 154 different churches in nine different dioceses, delivering 375 lectures and holding in all 3700 meetings without any holiday. I have collected at week night meetings £8409 for religious work in what is known as the poorest and most thickly populated part of Sydney.

THE RESULT OF EXPERIENCE.

There is no question that a church that only provides seating accommodation for 10,000 of its 85,000 adherents, and that does not even fill these, has not much to be satisfied with. I am convinced that the remedy for this is to train specialists, who will concentrate their efforts where the most people may be reached. Many men who are in business to-day would engage in the work of a Christian specialist if only it were so ordered that they might not be hampered or diverted from the main work of Christianising as distinct from obtaining church members. At present the greatest amount of time and effort is spent on those who least need it, and we have failed to grasp the main idea of the parable of the man with the 100 sheep. We are most concerned over those we have; Christ was most anxious about the one who was lost

and a far off. There is great need of preaching services where men and women may be gathered to hear why they should believe, or pray or praise God, and until they do believe they should not have to recite a creed, mumble a prayer, or join in praises. Our service debar many a man from hearing the sermon, as he does not want to be a hypocrite, and therefore will not pretend to be taking part in the service when his heart is not in it, and yet if he wants to hear a sermon under existing conditions he has to play the hypocrite. The non-churchgoer is by no means irreligious, and there is still among them a real reverence for the Lord Christ.

THE FUTURE.

As rector of St. Simon's Church I will have only limited opportunity of experimenting, as the parish is only 30 acres in extent, contains no other Protestant church, but 16 pubs, with a population of about 4000. While there is no rectory and no endowment, and the church is most unsuitable for special work, yet there is abundant encouragement and more than enough work to absorb every energy or gift.

The Men's Home has done such good work that it is hoped it may be enlarged or its operations extended. Every penny spent on men is an investment from which the women and children will draw the dividends. This Home can never be self-supporting, as nine out of ten of those who seek its shelter are in need of so much, and so often in financial difficulties that they are not in a position to be generous, and the fact that they have nothing is a good reason for giving them of the best we have. Men often offer to pay, but the knowledge of those dependent on them makes it impossible to accept their money. The Church and the Home provide opportunities for the religious and philanthropic work which I hope the readers of "Grit" may assist from time to time, and then "Grit" will provide the means for spreading knowledge about alcohol and its defeat by personal abstinence and legal restriction.

IN CONCLUSION.

A great work calls for workers. Sydney, with its thousands of drunkards untouched by the churches, the Children's Police Court, with its weekly tale of child neglect and de-

pravity, and the ever-evident irreligion of the pleasure-loving and the ignorance of a vast number on the subject of alcohol, all unite to make their appeal to heart, conscience, and pocket, and may God help us each to do our part that the divine purpose may be fulfilled.

Do what you can being what you are,
Shine like a glowworm if you cannot as a star;

Work like a pulley if you cannot as a crane,
Be a wheel greaser if you cannot drive a train.

"NO SHOUTING."

Mr. Percy Hunter is reported in the "Daily Telegraph" as having referred to the "horrible shouting" custom as not being in vogue among the Americans at Honolulu, and wonders why the Australians should adhere to it. As a matter of fact look with contempt on the man who has "a Jonnie Woodser," or has "one with the flies," and we must not forget that behind this shouting custom is the desire to be sociable. A spirit of hospitality and generosity that in itself is only good, it becomes "horrible" and "absurd" only when it takes the direction of insisting upon using alcohol as the medium of good will. Our tea-rooms, of which there are so many in Sydney, are full of people "shouting" one another, and it is not "horrible." No tram ride but what provides an illustration of the "shouting" instinct, and it is a delightful social instinct, and it will continue with fresh impetus when we have done away with the open bar which alone is responsible for the side-tracking of a good desire into the quagmire of an evil habit.

LIKELY TO BE MISUNDERSTOOD.

Quills is a commercial traveller returning home only at the week end. Last week an interesting event was expected in the family, and Quills was to receive the news by telegram. When it came he was thunderstruck. The telegram ran as follows:—
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THE BARGAIN.

(Continued.)

Metcalf was silent a full minute, then spoke with an odd new note in his voice.

"Sylvia, I, too, have a confession to make. That day when they came, and I had to leave you with them, I came here to this very spot, and went down on my knees and tried to make a bargain with God."

"You did that, father, you?" said the girl, with a new, intense light shining in her eyes.

"I did. I said that if He would spare you, I would devote the rest of my life to His service, and give my money for the relief of human suffering."

She was very silent, listening with the same still, intent look on her face.

"When you prayed like that, father, you must have believed that God had the power to answer you," she said, at last, in a very low voice.

"I was crying out blindly to the force that rules. I called it God, because it was the only name I knew," he answered, a trifle hardly.

She was silent again, seeming to ponder on his words.

"And your prayer has been answered. It reached the source of prayer."

"It must have done. The answer was more direct and convincing because, when I went into the house that day, after the operation was over, they told me there was no hope of your ultimate recovery; in a word, that the operation had not been successful."

"But I am getting well," said the girl, wonderingly. "I feel myself stronger each day. I know, because something tells me that I shall live quite a long time."

Metcalf nodded.

"I know it too."

"And so my life is a gift from God, daddy—a gift to you as well as to me?"

"I take it like that," he answered, steadily. "And I will hold to my bargain. When you are able we will discuss things. After we come back from the sea we will set about doing what we can to help others."

An irresistible joy sprang in the girl's sweet eyes, but the expression on her father's face slightly shadowed it.

"Father, you don't look a bit glad. I don't believe it will make you happy to do what you are talking about."

"I shall be happy if I have you, and I will stick to my bargain," he answered, in the same level voice. She laughed very softly then, as if some inward thought touched her fancy. Her eyes followed the flight of a bird on the wing, and rested on it, where it alighted for a moment on a bough.

"It is all so wonderful," she said, at last. "Things explain each other in life, don't you think, father?"

"No," he answered, with a sudden harsh note in his voice; "I think most of it is chaos, and that we are all working in the dark."

"Oh, no. It is all quite clear when one understands. I know now just what mother meant that day she died, when she spoke."

"What did she say?" asked Metcalfe, and his tone was intense. He had loved his wife consumedly, in a strange, deep, silent way that had seldom found expression, and her death had changed the whole aspect of his life.

"She said that I should have to carry on her work; that she would expect me to bring you to her."

"To bring me to her; what could she mean by that?"

Sylvia leaned forward. "Don't you understand, father? She taught me to love Jesus when I was very little, and when I was older to trust in God as a Father who doeth everything well. It made her very sad because you could not believe. She said I must show you the way. That is why I have come back, when I wanted so much to go to her. It is all very plain. Don't you see it?"

Metcalf made no answer. His eyes were hidden by his hand, they had filled with tears.

"It is going to be beautiful now you and I together, and mother will understand," said the girl. "Sometimes she comes so near, so very near. To-day I quite think she is here."

Metcalf started and looked round, then he rose up and walked away with the look on his face of a man whose soul needs solitude. He had made a bargain, groping blindly in the dark towards a Power that held him in the hollow of its hand. Now his eyes were opened, and he saw the working of the Perfect plan.

Once more through the quiet garden breathed the voice of prayer: "Lord, I believe! Help Thou mine unbelief!"—"British Weekly."

Haughty lady, who has purchased a stamp: "Must I put it on myself?" Clerk, very politely: "Not necessarily, ma'am; it will probably be better if you put it on the letter."

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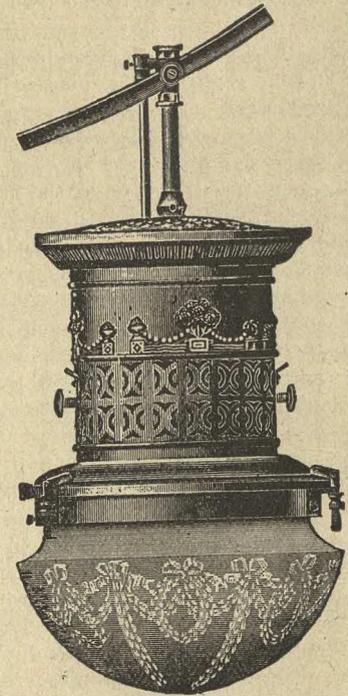
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The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

FOR SUNDAY.

SIX QUESTIONS ABOUT ELISHA.

- 1.—Who was his father?
- 2.—Where, in I. Kings, is his name first mentioned?
- 3.—What did he say as he saw his master taken away into heaven?
- 4.—What were the first words he spoke after he was left alone?
- 5.—What makes that Elisha liked music?
- 6.—What furniture was there in Elisha's little bed-room?

(The answers to the questions 3 to 6 are to be found in the first four chapters of the 2nd Book of Kings).

"MY HEART WAS SET ON THE ELEPHANT."

Dear boys, have you ever lighted on that verse in Colossians 3:—"Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth?" Now, I don't like bazaars. I almost broke my heart at one once, long ago. You see it was this way. I loved a very sweet woman. I was only a child, and I loved her with all my heart and soul. She had a fancy stall at the bazaar, and on that stall was a small, black, ivory elephant, marked 2/6. I had 1/6 to spend, and my heart was set on the elephant. I must have the elephant for father's birthday. Such a pretty paper-weight, and so cheap, I thought! So I flitted about the stall all night just to keep my eye on him. Once a boy picked it up, and asked the price. I thought it was gone for certain, but, No, the boy passed on, and left it standing with its black, ivory trunk, most beautifully carved, just as before. I asked the price two or three times of the assistant, not of my beloved lady, because I thought she might give it to me for less, and I was proud. Still 2/6! I thought "to-morrow night they will take sixpence off," so I waited. The next day I sold a wee bantam hen to my sister for sixpence, on condition that I was to have the egg every other morning, and go halves in the chickens. That gave me two whole shillings. At last the bazaar was opened, and I made straight for the elephant; it was not there—my disappointment was keen. Then I felt that the eyes of my beloved lady were upon me, and the sweetest voice in all the world, to me, said: "Do you want the elephant very badly, Billie? Well, dear, if you had come to me last night I would have given it you for less. How much have you?" "Two shillings." "Very well," she said, "you come to me in half an hour, and you may have it."

I was back at the stall in just half an hour, and she took the money and gave me the elephant. How proud I was. I took it into a quiet corner and unwrapped it carefully. Yes! There it was in all its black, shining beauty. I kissed it when nobody was looking, fondled it, and stroked its long, black

trunk with childish delight, when oh! the trunk came of in my hand. I could have cried out, but I didn't. I just sat and looked at it in a stupid, dazed kind of way, with a great, old-fashioned pain gripping at my heart. "Oh!" I moaned to myself. "She didn't break it—she didn't stick it together again;" and Satan said, "Yes she did!" And I passionately whispered, "She didn't, she didn't, she didn't." And then the stall assistant noticed the small, huddled form in the corner and crossed over. "Why, Billie, whatever is the matter? You look like a little old woman of 60." And I said—nothing! But do you know, lads, the light went out of my life that night, and spoilt my faith in people for years? I carried the elephant into the home paddock next morning, and dug a long hole with an iron porridge spoon and buried it, and, some day, I am going back to dig it up again, and thank the dear Father for the lesson it taught me, to keep my faith with little children, and to "set my affection on things above."

PAUL.

AUNT PRISSY SPEAKS FOR HERSELF.

Dear Uncle B.,—I am sending you the answers to the various puzzles, for I do not want you to get any balder yet awhile.

The writer of the invitation (as I sent it to you) was "Kate Underwood," but, as the printer evidently did not understand the puzzle, the name can be "Afterwood."

Regarding the "Orange puzzle," I think you had better explain why there was a loss of a penny! I can demonstrate it, but I don't know whether in a few words I can explain it to your ne's and ni's! Have any of them explained it? Or did any of them find the right words for "roast-mules" and "cart-horse"?

I have not noticed any of their answers, excepting Emma Rankin's reply to the conundrum, which was splendid. I wonder if she had heard it before? Many thanks to her for her kind words about my letter.

Have I sent you "my lady's lap-dog" yet? I thought I had sent it, but I may be mistaken. Love to all ne's and ni's, Aunt Tabitha, and yourself.—From Aunt Prissy.

(Dear Aunt,—Please forward the lap-dog.—Uncle B.)

FOR MONDAY.

(SENT BY AUNT PRISSY.)

A FLOWER WEDDING.

- 1.—Two flowers fell in love. Which were they?
- 2.—What did they meet on?
- 3.—What did he say on parting?
- 4.—What did he do on their next meeting?
- 5.—What was her color on answering?
- 6.—What month did they meet in?
- 7.—What was it said she married for?
- 8.—Who said this of her?
- 9.—What did he marry for?
- 10.—Who was the bridesmaid?

- 11.—Who was the best man?
 - 12.—What did he wear?
 - 13.—What perfume was used?
 - 14.—Who decorated the church?
 - 15.—Who played the wedding-machrh?
 - 16.—What was the bride's dress trimmed with?
 - 17.—What color were the bridegroom's gloves?
 - 18.—What did they toast the bride's health in?
 - 19.—What did they drink out of?
 - 20.—What place was the honeymoon spent in?
 - 21.—What did the happy couple live in?
 - 22.—For how long was their happiness?
- N.B.—Each answer is the name of a flower, and no name is to be given more than once.

ANSWERS TO MONDAY PUZZLES.

(By AUNT PRISSY.)

1. — Roast-mules. — Somersault. Cart-horse.—Orchestra. (9/2/11).
- 2.—Orange Puzzle.—Loss of one penny through change of plans. (23/2/11).
- 3.—An Invitation.—Dear Bob, will you come to tea between five and six? Kate Afterwood. (2362/11.)
4. — A Shakespearean Romance. — (1) Romeo and Juliet. (2) A midsummer's night dream. (3) As you like it. (4) The merchant of Venice. (5) The twelfth night. (6) Anthony and Cleopatra. (7) Merry wives of Windsor. (8) Hamlet. (9) Much ado about nothing. (10) The tempest. (11) The taming of the shrew. (12) Measure for measure. (13) Love's labor lost. (14) A comedy of errors. (15) Julius Caesar. (16) All's well that ends well. (9/3/11).
- 5.—Post Office Puzzle.—Epistle. Riddle—Dock. (16/3/11.)

INTERESTING ADDRESS ON ALCOHOL AT BEXLEY.

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

Dear Uncle B,—We had a simply delightful Band of Hope on Tuesday. Our rector, Rev. H. T. Holliday, and our two curates, Revs. F. B. Mullens and P. N. Howard, were present. We opened with prayer, and sang several hymns, then the members rendered several items, after which Mr. Mullens gave a very interesting address. I intended writing before, while it was still fresh in my memory, but I have been very busy, and I am afraid I have forgotten the best part of it.

Mr. Mullens said someone asked him if he belonged to the "Hammond set." "What is that?" "Oh, the teetotal crowd!" "I should hope so. Indeed, yes!"

In speaking to the boys he said if they wanted to be well developed physically and morally, they would never touch the poison alcohol, and so follow the example of all famous athletes.

Mr. Mullens said alcohol was a poison, but a useful thing. He then spoke to the girls in particular, and said when they had their best dresses on, and their hair curled, and their nice pocket handkerchiefs, they liked to wave about the latter and show

what nice scent they had. They little knew it was alcohol. It is used not only to extract the perfume from the various flowers and leaves, but also to preserve the perfume after it is extracted.

He then spoke of an accident of his. He ran into a needle, or rather a needle ran into him—his foot. The doctor visited him each day for a long time, poulticing, etc. At last his life was despaired of—he had to be operated on. He lay on the operating table, suffering great pain, until something was sprayed on his foot. What was it? Alcohol in a certain form. During the extraction of the needle he felt no pain, the stuff had thoroughly numbed that part. In such a way alcohol acted on the body.

He then asked the little ones if they had ever been to the Museum. If so, they would have noticed all the snakes, lizards, curly things, etc., in bottles of liquid—all different kinds of, or containing, alcohol. If we had a pet dog and you gave it alcohol it would kill it, but if we wanted to look at him sometimes we could put him in alcohol and preserve him. It kills live things, but preserves dead. Mr. Mullens brought a small bottle of alcohol to show us an experiment. He put some in a vessel and lit it with a match—it burnt just like gas! He then held a paper over it, close to the flame, and it did not smoke. All the poison burnt away to nothing.

(Dear Beryl,—Thank you for this very clever account of Mr. Mullens' address. The address must have been striking. I hope there were many such hearers as you. Will you report more of your meetings for our Page? Are you learning shorthand?—Uncle B.)

KNOWS WHERE JAWBONE IS.

Ethel Phillips, Queen Street, Alexandria, writes:—

Dear Uncle B,—I think it is about time I wrote you another letter. I am still interested in Page Double-One. I read that letter last week from A.W.B., of Jawbone. I have a very good idea where Jawbone is, but as you have asked one of your nephews to answer it, I, being a niece, am not at liberty to answer it. I hope that your nephews will succeed in finding it out. Wishing Page Double-One every success, with kindest regards to all cousins and yourself,—I remain your loving niece.

(Dear Ethel,—I think the nephews have given Jawbone up. Will you try? Could you also guess who A.W.B. is? Will you send me a short article of not more than 200 words on "The Factories of Alexandria"?—Uncle B.)

CHRISTENING BATTLESHIPS.

Japan sets us an excellent example. At the launch of the battleship Kawachi Yokosuka, at Yokohama, the ceremony was witnessed by the Emperor and 60,000 people, despite the pouring rain. Instead of the customary oblation to Bacchus, earthen flower pots were broken at the bows, and two doves upflying scattered showers of paper flowers.

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ARE MADE FROM THE WHOLE GRAIN OF THE WHEAT.

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45 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued.)

profession, was presented to Parliament begging that the teaching of the evils of alcohol should be made compulsory in our schools.

And it is, indeed, time that some action should be taken, for it is an appalling fact that the working men of this country spend on an average one-fifth of their wages on that which diminishes their power of doing work, increases their liability to accident and disease, shortens their lives and fills our jails, our lunatic asylums, our hospitals, and our workhouses.

I have heard it argued, and that by a professor of medicine, that alcohol carries off those who are at least fitted to survive, thus proving a blessing in disguise. But my own personal experience points exactly in the opposite direction. Those who fall most easily under the fascination of drink are often those of brilliant intellect and keen sensibilities whom the world can least afford to lose. Even amongst the working classes they are often the cleverest workmen.

Some years ago an employer of labor was complaining bitterly of the drunkenness of his men, and I said to him, "Why on earth do you not sack them?" "Sack them!" he replied, "I cannot afford to do that. They are the best workmen I've got."

Then again you are all familiar with the vulgar idea that the drunken doctor is wonderfully clever when he is sober! For the sake of my own self-respect I always try to believe that this is a popular superstition, and yet at the back of my mind I have a suspicion that there is a certain amount of truth in it. Certain it is that alcohol has robbed all our professions, and most of all the clerical and medical professions, of those who ought to have been their brightest or-

naments. And when we remember how easy and advantageous it is to be teetotal, and how impossible it is for many to be "moderate," surely it follows that we cannot too strongly advocate not merely temperance, but total abstinence. Indeed, if it be true, and I have tried to show you that it is that alcohol even in so-called moderate quantities does harm, impairing a man's work, predisposing him to accident and disease, and shortening his life, surely it follows that there is no real Temperance or true moderation apart from total abstinence.

PASS "GRIT" ON.

ALCOHOL UNDERMINES POWERS OF RESISTANCE.

In Great Britain a number of benefit societies keep abstainers and moderate drinkers in separate sections, and even the moderate drinkers must be temperate or they are not admitted to membership. These societies are obliged to render reports to the Government, and such reports show an average of 19 days of sickness per year for the non-abstainers, or moderate drinkers, against 14 days or less for the abstainers.

Dr. Wm. L. Reid, of Scotland, who cites the statistics of these benefit societies, quotes this significant passage from Dr. Buchner, professor of medicine in Munich University. "Alcohol kills the largest number of victims by ambush, as it were, in that it undermines the powers of resistance to sickness so that the apparently quiet, temperate drinker succumbs to a lung inflammation or to an infectious disease which the sound, normal body easily overcomes. But what the physician most fears in alcohol is chiefly the injury to the nervous system and the intellectual powers."

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HOW TO WORK.

By SIR ROBERT STOUT.

There are some maxims that we keep on repeating; but the meaning, or message thereof, we habitually ignore. Who has not heard of what an ancient Hebrew said: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." But how often are the words of the preacher heeded? The world is, however, beginning to see that this ancient preacher was right. The keenness of competition has made everyone realise that this is not the age of the slovenly or the lazy. If work has to be done it must be done well. The farmer who keeps bad stock is a fool; and the pastoralist who makes up his bales of wool carelessly cannot hope to make sheep-farming pay. The shopman that succeeds must be honest, keep good things, have his shop nice, and understand men and women. It is the alert man who works with all his might that wins. A blunderer that works hard will not win. Intelligence tells. A late American writer says that the unemployed problem, and the charitable aid problem, would both vanish if men had pluck and purpose, and obeyed the ancient Hebrew maxim I have quoted. And the American is right, if he allowed for hereditary weakness, accidents, and unavoidable sickness. I know no lesson more needed to-day in our country than that it is the duty of us all to do our work with all our might. Complaints are innumerable about inefficiency. There are

TOO MANY LOAFERS

everywhere—men who do not obey the advice of the preacher. In every employment in which a man is engaged he should do his best. If he is a farm-laborer he should take an interest in his work, be kind to all animals he may have to look after, be intelligent, be helpful, try and find out how to do things in the best way, and learn all he can about his employment. I refer to the farm laborer because some people foolishly imagine that little intelligence is needed in farming operations. Such an imagination is vain. An efficient farm laborer is a treasure to any farmer, and worth far more than the current rate of wages.

Men must do their work with brains. Who can estimate the difference between the educated, intelligent gardener and the one who simply mechanically digs and rakes and sows seeds? If men are intelligent and loyal and active no "bosses" are required; but such leaders are necessary if men lack

these qualifications. We may complain of "slave-masters," but "slave-masters" will ever exist if there are "slaves." Some men need others to give them jobs; they cannot find jobs for themselves. There are some men who for ever are saying "I can't," not "I'll try." If our race is to be efficient, and is worth preserving, all of our race must be efficient and be workers. Why have the Japanese succeeded so marvellously? The answer must be: They placed efficiency first. We may denounce the yellow race, but we will have to give way to them unless we can be more efficient and do our work with all our might. Abusing them will not help us. How many inefficients have we? I cannot make an estimate, but I go nowhere in the Dominion without seeing many. Let me give an illustration. According to my custom, I generally take a walk before breakfast; and the other morning, whilst walking through Dunedin, I met—before seven o'clock in the morning—one man under the

INFLUENCE OF INTOXICATING LIQUOR.

He could walk, but with difficulty. He was inefficient. He could not compete with a competent man. A little further on I saw two men coming out of a bar, wiping their mouths. They seemed to be going to their work, and what work could they be expected to do compared with the man who had not indulged in alcohol? And what may be seen at night in our towns? Hundreds drinking alcohol in bars and clubs. What can be expected of men who thus muddle their brains with this poison? The wonder is not that there are inefficients, but that there are so many efficient.

Farming is our main industry, and will remain so for many years to come. Are our farmers sufficiently alert? Do they spend much of their time in finding out the nature of the soil of their farms? Do they consider what grasses they should cultivate? What about stock? Are they continually thinking of their business? Or do sports engage more of their attention? We will not have efficient farming until there is an enthusiasm for farming, and until it is realised that farming requires the closest attention and the exercise of more than ordinary intelligence. The improvement that has taken place in cultivation has been very great, but the road that has yet to be travelled is very long. Let us consider

how wheat and oats have improved under cultivation, and improvements are still going on. The distinguished plant breeder, Luther Burbank, says that if we could produce

ONE GRAIN MORE

to each head of wheat they would in the United States have 15,000,000 more bushels of wheat. And the results in other grains, if one grain were added to one head, would be as follows, viz.: 5,200,000 more bushels of corn; 20,000,000 more bushels of oats; and 1,500,000 more bushels of barley. If they could produce a potato plant that would produce one more potato there would be 21,000,000 more bushels of potatoes in the United States. We are doing little or nothing in plant breeding.

It is, however, not alone in our neglect to advance in research that we display our inefficiency; we have been woefully wasteful in the past. We have wasted many of our natural resources, such as our timber, and acres have been laid waste in searching for gold, that can never be restored; and we have spent more on alcohol than would twice pay our national debt. I do not think that £140,000,000 is an excessive estimate of our waste on alcohol. The sum spent on tobacco has also been very considerable. The direct loss on these drugs has been large; but if the indirect loss was computed—the loss of health, the loss of life, the condemnation of thousands to poverty—the loss would appal the most callous. What might New Zealand and New Zealanders have been had we all been thrifty, had we all been free from the drug habits—of drinking alcohol and using tobacco? If we had all worked with our might, and been thrifty, there would have been little poverty and no unemployed problem. We have been foolish in the past. Is it too late to be wise? We cannot go on as we are going. The "pay day" comes round, as Emerson said. If, as a race, we are not strenuous and efficient, we cannot hope to compete with other races. It is not a yellow race question we have to consider, nor any negro question, but a white race question. Is the white race going to exist? If it is, its members must be intelligent, sober, thrifty, strenuous, active, and alert. Nothing else can save the race. Those white people who do not do their work with all their might, and those amongst them who indulge in alcohol and other drugs, are committing race suicide.—"N.Z. Home Journal."

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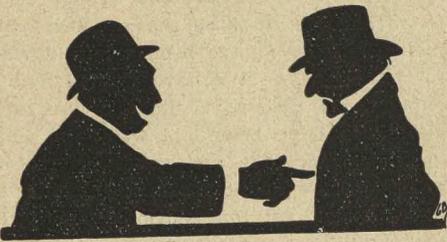
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HOW A JOKE STOPPED A DUEL.

In the American "Educational Review" Mr. E. O. Vaile writes on the importance of reading for thought, and makes many suggestions for helping the pupil to think what is read. He suggests that anecdotes should be given out for silent reading, then to be read aloud or told offhand. For, he adds wisely, to tell an anecdote well is a fine accomplishment, to which our schools give too little attention. Of such anecdotes he gives this sample:—

"An Irish lawyer, who had never fired a pistol in his life, was challenged by a famous duellist whom he had offended. The duellist, who had been crippled in a previous fight, came limping up on the ground. He had one favor to ask; permission to lean against the milestone near by, as he was too lame to stand without support. The request was granted. But just as the word 'Fire!' was about to be given, the lawyer said he believed he also had a favor to ask. He asked the privilege of leaning against the next milestone. A roar of laughter from all sides ended all thoughts of the duel.

* * *
GOOD ADVICE.

"Kind friend," whined a beggar, "I'm trying to get to Glasgow, and I've got the price of a ticket all but sixpence. Will you help me out?"

"No; but I can give you some excellent advice," replied the gentleman he addressed. "Take the train to within a sixpenny fare of Glasgow, and then walk."

* * *
A SMART BOY.

Teacher: "Now, Tommy, suppose a man gave you a hundred pounds to keep for him and then died, what would you do? Would you pray for him?"

Tommy: "No, sir; but I would pray for another like him."

AN ARCHAEOLOGIST.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Smith told us, "my husband is an enthusiastic archaeologist. And I never knew it till yesterday. I found in his desk some queer-looking tickets with the inscription, 'Mudhorse, 8 to 1.' And when I asked him what they were he explained to me that they were relics of a lost race. Isn't it interesting?"

* * *

A PAIR OF THEM.

A countryman visiting Dublin for the first time took a seat in a tram. Being next to a pompous-looking swell, he commenced conversation in a rather free-and-easy style. At length the mighty one said:—

"My good man, reserve your conversation for one of your own equals. I'd have you know I'm a K.C."

At this the countryman stood up with outstretched hands, exclaiming, "Shake hands, namesake; I'm a Casey myself."

* * *

PATRIOTISM.

Always stand up for your own country, especially in the face of the globe-trotter. This was the motto of the Australian who came by the mail steamer to Fremantle, and stood on deck with the English critic.

The E.C. was ready to snort with disfavor at all things Australian, and he watched a gang on the wharf, tugging languidly at a three-inch wire hawser.

"Look at that!" he fumed. "There's your Australian unionism! Not one of them putting his back and shoulders into the work."

It was time for the Australian to take his pipe out of his mouth and reply, even though the gang on the wharf was not sweating visibly.

"But you see," he said, "it is one of those cheap, Brummagem English hawsers. They are afraid of breaking it!"

* * *

A TRIFLE MIXED.

A class of boys had been examined in geography, the previous day having been devoted to grammar. Among the geographical questions was the following:—"Name the zones." One promising youth, of eleven years, who had mixed the two subjects, wrote:—"There are two zones, masculine and feminine. The masculine is either temperate or intemperate; the feminine is either torrid or frigid."

DESPERATION OF STARVATION.

A lady who had been spending a few days with a friend in the country was astonished on her return home to find her previously well-stocked wardrobe empty. "Good gracious, Herbert!" she cried to her husband. "Where are all my clothes? And what in the world is that big black patch on the lawn?" Herbert met her gaze without flinching. "Nelly," he replied, "after I had starved for two whole days, you wrote that the key of the pantry was in the pocket of your bolero—" "Walking skirt, Herbert." "Well, I don't know a bolero from a walking-skirt or a box-pleat, and I was desperate. So I took all the things out on the lawn, and burnt them. Then I found the key among the ashes!"

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For Fathers and Mothers.

WORRY AND DISEASE.

By Dr. A. T. SCHOFIELD.

Worry affects disease in various ways. In the first place, it is a common predisposing cause. People who habitually worry are far more liable to disease than those who do not, and most of all so if their worry is partly due to fear of disease. Few things more predispose to disease than fear of it, and elaborate precautions often thus defeat their own ends. Then worry may be an exciting cause, and absolutely produce disease. Nervous exhaustion, and, indeed, neurasthenia of all sorts, may be thus caused. I have known a very marked case of diabetes so caused.

WORRY AGGRAVATES DISEASE.

There is no disease whatever but is or can be affected by the mind; and if its habitual attitude is that of worry, it must affect disease prejudicially. A worrying patient is more feverish, more wakeful, more uneasy, and altogether worse to manage than one of a calm and placid disposition.

But worry does more than this. It greatly intensifies functional diseases where pain is a leading symptom, such as neuralgias, also rheumatic and other pains, and all forms of neuritis. In all these cases it is quite surprising what a difference in the suffering the character and attitude of the mind produces. It is hardly too much to say that a change in mental attitude may, in milder cases of this nature, actually effect a cure.

Worry always prolongs the illness, and makes acute attacks tend to take on a chronic character, sometimes to such an extent that the patient becomes practically incurable, and no real improvement takes place till the worry ceases. In all this, I have rather under than over stated the evils worry produces in relation to disease. But this, alas, does not exhaust by any means its capacities for doing harm; and although not, perhaps, directly our subject, we cannot leave this topic without touching on other cognate evils that worry inflicts on its unhappy victims.

WORRY IS DESTRUCTIVE.

Work uses the brain harmoniously and to some purpose. It no doubt fatigues the nervous system, but the fatigue is healthy and not destructive, and disappears with proper rest. Not so with worry, which is to work as discord is to harmony. It is an irregular and destructive action of nerve force that has, if prolonged, a disastrous action upon the brain, and not only injures it directly, but indirectly, to a varying extent, and incapacitates it for ordinary useful work. This is no small evil when work is a necessity, and its paralysing power in this direction is by no means the least of the evil effects it produces.

It prevents work, too, in other ways—by exhaustion, by discouragement, by distraction, by depression. For we must remember that in one who habitually worries the

character rapidly changes for the worse. The temper suffers, and a cross, snappy, unreasoning disposition often replaces an amiable temperament under the adverse pressure of this fault.

The whole family and house becomes affected by the changed atmosphere, and the evil thus reacts disastrously on others. The person becomes gloomy and depressed, and few care for the company of people of a worrying nature. They are generally given a wide berth, and this, of course, only aggravates their condition and leads from bad to worse. Then, again, there is another way in which evil is done, often unconsciously. If one of these worriers makes anything of a Christian profession, or takes up any religious work, consider what a comment the disposition is on their faith and works—how, indeed, it absolutely negatives the former! How can one both trust and worry? The two are really as incompatible as oil and water. Besides what is the use of talking of "casting all our care upon Him" when we persist in carrying it on our own shoulders? Such an attitude reminds one of the story of the tired bagman who, tramping along the road, got a lift in a waggon from a kindly carter. The carter, however, soon heard groans from the waggon behind him, where the bagman was seated, and, to his surprise, he found he was still carrying his heavy pack upon his shoulders. "Put that down at once," he said. "What a fool you are to carry it in the waggon!" "By no means," said the bagman. "It is kind enough of you to give me a lift; I could not think of asking you to carry my wares as well." If for "wares" we read "cares," we get exactly the case of the foolish Christian who, while he believes that God sustains him, refuses to part with his worries.

CAN WE PREVENT WORRY?

How may worry be prevented, or if already the habit of the mind, how may it be checked and stopped?

A good deal, of course, depends in the first place upon the temperament. If naturally sanguine, it is much easier. Some people are naturally trustful, and look on the bright side, and are not anxious. Those thus happily constituted have indeed no excuse for worrying.

Knowledge often dissipates worry. We often are needlessly anxious about things concerning which increased knowledge removes all such thoughts. If we know a thing is not dangerous, we cease to worry over it. If we know the thickness of the ice, we cease to be anxious if it will bear. If we know the firm is solvent, we don't worry over our investment. And so on. Will power, again, can often overcome worry. "I will not worry," strongly insisted on and watchfully carried out, may have a lasting power for good. These efforts of will are most effectual if strongly

made on going to sleep at night and on waking in the morning.

FAITH IN THE ALMIGHTY FATHER.

Lastly, trust or faith, when genuine, removes worry. Some trust in a friend, others in the silver lining to the cloud, but above and beyond all, there are those who trust in the Almighty Father, who can lighten every burden, relieve all anxiety, and fill the most troubled heart with His peace.

Personally, I am most optimistic, and can find some good in almost everything, but I must confess, as I close this article, I cannot see any good whatever in worry, which I regard as an unmitigated evil, to be got rid of at all costs.—"Home Messenger."

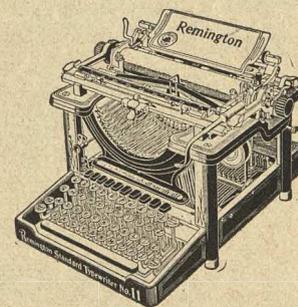
THE UNWISE MOTHER.

The mother who coddles a child into sickness is generally responsible for a professional invalid in after years. "I have never been ill a day in my life, so I do not understand why my daughter should be constantly on the sick list, for I took good care of her during childhood." This was the complaint of an affectionate but unwise mother whose usual morning greeting to her little girl was, "You don't look well to-day;" or, "You must have a slight fever; your cheeks are flushed," or, "Don't go to school to-day—I do not wish you to run any risks such bad weather as this." Or perhaps it was, "Stay in bed an hour longer and see if those dark circles under your eyes will not disappear."

With her mind thus constantly turned to the state of her health, the child grew into a morbid maidenhood and a kind of official invalidism that was no less a burden to the man she married because merely fancied.

Mr. Bash: "I suppose you find that a baby brightens up the house."

Mr. Benedict: "Yes; we burn nearly twice the gas we used to."



A Typewriter for £3

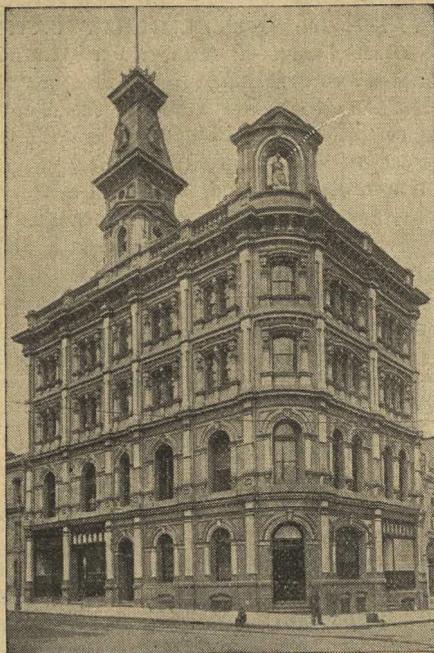
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The Alliance Hotels, LIMITED.

TO BE INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES ACT.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL, £100,000 IN £1 SHARES.

First Issue 25,000 Shares; 2/6 on Application, 2/6 on Allotment, and the Balance to be called up as required in Calls of 1/- per Share.

PROVISIONAL DIRECTORS:

WILLIAM WINN, Merchant, Director W. Winn and Co., Ltd., Newcastle; G. J. WATERHOUSE, J.P., Director E. Vickery and Sons, Ltd., Sydney; HUNTER McPHERSON, J.P., of Thomas McPherson and Son, Merchants, 493 Kent-street, Sydney; WILLIAM COOPER, Manager Cadbury Bros., Ltd., George-street, Sydney.

SOLICITOR:

WILLIAM C. CLEGG, 45 Elizabeth-street.

AUDITORS:

PRATT and PRATT, 76 Pitt-street.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICE:

STANLEY F. ALLEN, F.I.A., 32 Elizabeth-street.

A GROWING PUBLIC NECESSITY.

FIRST-CLASS CITY AND COUNTRY HOTELS, CLUBS, ETC., WITHOUT THE SALE OF INTOXICATING LIQUOR.

OBJECTS.

To take over as a going concern as at 31/1/1911 the N.S.W. ALLIANCE HEADQUARTERS CO., LTD., situated corner Park and Castlereagh streets, Sydney, now carrying on a profitable and successful up-to-date Hotel Business without a Liquor Bar, and to open up similar businesses, as opportunity affords, in other parts of the State. The New Company will acquire a valuable Property, and one that is increasing in value.

GROWING POPULARITY.

Owing to increased patronage, the accommodation is not nearly sufficient, numbers being continually turned away. The following are the numbers accommodated during the last four years:—

1907	11,022
1908	14,169
1909	15,072
1910	18,305

CAPITAL IS REQUIRED

(Firstly) To improve the earning capacity of the undertaking by adding additional bedrooms to meet the Easter rush (this work is already in progress), and it is proposed to add two Stories at a later date.
(Secondly) To extend the Business to other centres, where the demands justify the opening of Alliance Hotels.

A FINANCIAL SUCCESS.

It is proposed to pay £5550 in Cash and £1000 in fully paid-up Shares, and to take over the Mortgage of £10,000, as consideration for the Assets and Business of the N.S.W. Alliance Headquarters Company as at 31/1/1911.

The Profit and Loss Account for the last financial year is highly satisfactory, and shows that with like profits in the future the Company should clear over 10 per cent. on £6550 (the actual capital needed to acquire the business), without considering the probable increase which is likely to accrue from the alterations.

For fuller particulars and complete Prospectus and Application Forms apply to STANLEY F. ALLEN, Public Accountant, 32 Elizabeth-street. Phone 2788 City.