

Try

# BOURNVILLE THE NEW COCOA

# GRIFF.

## A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

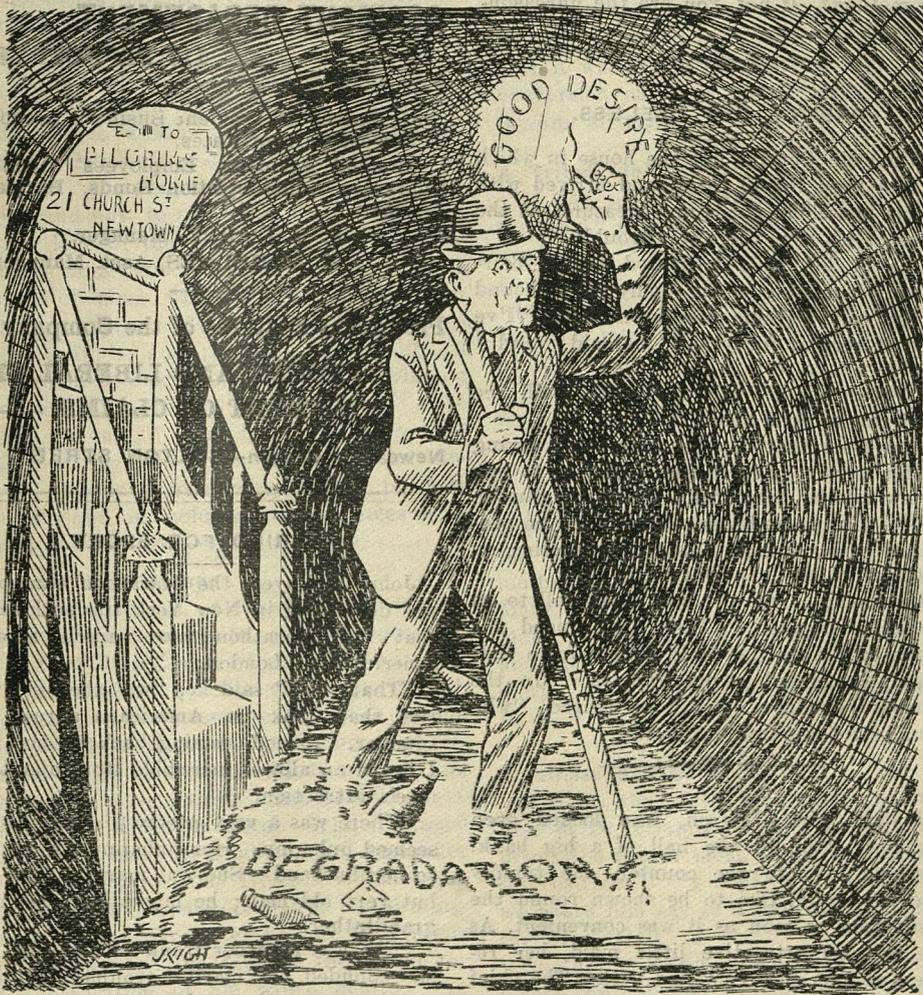
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### Groping in the Dark



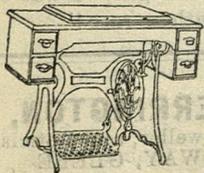
GOOD DESIRE IS THE LIGHT THAT MAKES DARKNESS VISIBLE, THE GOSPEL IS THE LIGHT THAT MAKES THE WAY OUT BOTH CERTAIN AND POSSIBLE.

Large numbers of men do not go to church, because when they did go the service was lacking in "grip," and failed to interest and inspire them; and, on the other hand, many men "go to pieces" because they are naturally lacking in the power of self-control, and drift into situations which make a sport of them. In every man there burns a tiny flame of good desire; it is true it burns itself out in some, and it is not all-sufficient in any of us; yet it is a quality that can be fostered, and upon which much can be built. There are very few men who have not at some time tried honestly to pray, and what the Churches need to do is to provide meetings of such a kind that a man who does not know how to pray should at least be helped to know men who have learned this way to manhood. If the social element is not possible in the Churches then the Churches must find places where it is possible.

At 21 Church-street, Newtown, an effort has been made to help men by those, who, while they would not call themselves Christian Socialists, yet strongly believe in social Christianity, and may be found both praying and singing,

Oh, for a closer walk with man,  
A bright and cheery face,  
A heart to feel, a brain to plan  
The weal of our lost race!

The idea of this effort is to provide men with a way out of the tunnel of despair, and the stream of degradation. The element of home, the friendship of men groping their way to the light, and a presentation of religion that is backed by the testimony of such of the men as have experienced the reality of religion, all combine to attract and help, until, after a year, actually dozens thank God for such a place. The special nights at this Home are Wednesdays and Fridays, when all men get a hearty and warm welcome.



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**WILLIAM WHITE** — Redfern and Newtown

## The Methods of a Revival

Our friends from America have started well, and now, in tram, train, and ferry, we hear it asked, "Does it do any good?" and we answer: There is no shadow of a doubt great good is accomplished at such times. No business firm, however careful and cautious, but contracts some bad debts; these "badies" had the best of intentions, but "they did not make good." The Missioners are not able to choose their converts, and, taking business chances, they know some "will not make good," but then their work is surely justified if those who "make good" predominate over those who do not. It is safe to say that at least half the ministers in New South Wales, of all denominations, are the abiding fruit of such revivals, and they will be found to be the live half.

### THE CRITIC.

Those who do most of the criticism are of two kinds, first the fool, one can use no other word, who does not go himself to the mission unless it be to look in for a few minutes, who does not read more than a few sketchy lines in a daily paper, and then audaciously gives an emphatic opinion on what he is profoundly ignorant of. The Japs say, "The frog in the well knows nothing of the ocean," and just now it is well to remember the frogs in the dry Church well, or the pleasure pond, know nothing of the revival ocean, and one must go elsewhere for information about revivals. Then there are many who hate anything that touches the conscience, or stirs them to think. They are the kind who would throw a boot with an oath at the person who gave them an early call on a frosty morning. Vehement denunciation is apt to make one think that some darling such as self, or secret habit, is being dragged out to the light, and the resentment of the old Adam is seen in wholesale criticism.

### THE SANITY OF THEIR METHODS.

In the series of meetings ample time is to be given to an appeal to the reason of the hearers. The casual attender may miss this, but it will be there. Everything is done by statments and propositions logically proved to rouse men to think. Christianity has nothing to fear from the thinking folk. Then the appeal to the conscience is justified on every ground. Conscience stands equal with reason, differing in no greater degree than reason in each individual, and as sure a guide at least as reason, and therefore the illustration, the appeal, the personal application of a truth, are absolutely sane. And what can be said about the emotional side of the revival? Well, our Dreadnought friends dare not criticise, for they have raised £70,000 on the emotional strain entirely. Our married friends are silent, since their choice of a wife was purely an emotional choice, and, in spite of mischoices, is the only safe and rational

method of wife selection. Then parents dare not object, since they feed their hungry hearts on the words and gifts winged by emotions, and such words and gifts are valued mostly as evidence of emotion. There is no doubt that it is a sane and right thing to touch the emotions, and call them into activity toward the God who created on the one hand, and the brother man who is lost on the other hand.

### A WORD OF COUNSEL.

Since it all sounds so different when you hear it, to when you read the scrappy report in the paper, the only fair thing to do is to go yourself, and to go sufficiently often to enable you to base an opinion on the facts as you see them. In the atmosphere of the meetings, and the sunshine of Mr. Alexander's abounding geniality, in the magnificent appropriateness of the whole thing for those for whom it is meant, you will be, as many others have been, changed from a critic to a convert. Have you courage to try this method? If not, you are the unreasonable one.

### PRETTY, BUT USELESS.

When old Perkins left the house in which he had lived for 40 years, and arrived with all his household goods and treasures at the home of his son, there was trouble.

One of his most treasured family heirlooms was missing—a big family album bound in full calf. Perkins was inconsolable. "I've used it regular for years," he said, "and I wouldn't 'ave lost it for worlds."

"Never mind," said his son, "we'll see what can be done about it."

And from that day he commenced saving up his money, until he had sufficient to buy a new album, beautifully bound in crimson plush, with great brass clasps, which he presented to his father, naturally expecting an outburst of thanks. But no.

On seeing it the old man's jaw fell to an alarming degree. Then he banged his withered fist on the table with a force that simply staggered young Perkins. "In the name of goodness, man," he roared, "who could strop a razor on that?"

A little girl of seven, who looked even younger, stood in the hall of a big bank. Walking over to the counter, she timidly said she would like to be shown round the institution as soon as it was convenient. As she was an attractive little maid, her request was at once complied with. The chief clerk escorted her round himself, showing her the workings of the big locks, and laughingly introduced her to all the gentlemen they met. When going out she thanked him, and said:

"You see, my papa has deposited five shillings here for me, and I wanted to be sure it was in a safe place. Thank you."

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### MARRIED FOR SPORT.

John J. Hayes, the Marathon champion, was describing in New York the enthusiasm that the Marathon race caused among Americans in London.

"That race," said he, "was the chief motive that took us Americans abroad last summer. Indeed, coming back on the boat I heard an almost incredible story about the race's attraction.

"There was a very pretty girl aboard who seemed unhappy. Her unhappiness was due to her husband. She was married to a rich but very old man; he might have been her grandfather.

"She was a rather frank sort of girl, and she confided her marital troubles to one of the women at her table. From her confidences it was plain that the aged husband was a brute.

"But, my dear child," said the woman, "whatever induced you to marry such a man?"

"Well, you see," said the girl, "I was so anxious to see that Marathon race!"

## DRUNK and Disorderly WATCHES

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## The Men and their Mission

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman.

Dr. Chapman has for six years conducted simultaneous campaigns in over fifty American cities, and has seen tens of thousands unite with the Churches as an outcome. In Pittsburg 7000 converts were recorded; while in Minneapolis 3000 joined the Churches within three months of the visit of the evangelist and his forces.

Before becoming an evangelist Dr. Chapman was a successful pastor in New York and Philadelphia. In the latter city, when only 31 years of age, he took charge of Bethany Church, of which John Wanamaker is an elder, and which has the largest Sunday school in America. Later he was pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, New York City.

Dr. Chapman was born in Richmond, Indiana, in 1859. Left an orphan at nineteen, had to struggle to complete his education. He graduated from Lake Forest University in 1870, and from Lane Theological Seminary in 1873. He is the author of a number of books on the Christian life, and founder of the great Winona Lake Bible Conference, where thousands of people gather annually, including about 2500 ministers, evangelists, and missionaries, to listen to the foremost Christian leaders of America and England.

Dr. Chapman is a marvellous manager. He has reduced the matter of evangelistic services to a sane, scientific, and persuasively victorious system. He is a man to study. In perfect self-control, knowing men and how to use them, he is dominated by a love of the Biblical truth which possesses him, and by that passion for the souls of men, which a sublime love for Jesus imparts. He believes the verities of the Bible, and preaches them with an intelligence, discrimination, and convincing power that very few men possess. He knows men, all men, high, low, rich, and poor, strong and weak, Pharisee and sinner. He never swaggers or rants, but just talks right on, holding his audiences in a hard and fast grip—often in tears.

Charles M. Alexander.

Mr. Charles M. Alexander, the famous gospel-singing evangelist, joined forces with Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman about a year ago. From being an obscure singing revivalist, he made a five years' revival tour around the world with Dr. R. A. Torrey, and became the most famous gospel singer and chorus director living. His revival melodies took London by storm. While engaged in mission work in England, Mr. Alexander was married to Miss Helen Cadbury, the daughter of Richard Cadbury, of Birmingham. Two years later he left Dr. Torrey and made a second tour of the world for the restoration of his wife's health. In the course of the journey some remarkable meetings were held, one in the theatre at Hong Kong, and a number in Australian cities.

During the past three years Mr. Alexander has been engaged in a search for new and popular gospel hymns. He has secured a large number, and recently issued a new hymn book. Some of the most popular of the new campaign songs are "He will hold me fast," "Who could it be," "No burdens yonder," etc.

Mr. Alexander is a genius in directing the singing. It is impossible to describe him. He must be seen and heard to be appreciated. But the most charming quality

about him is his genuine modesty, and his passion for what he is convinced that he is called to do. There is no exhibition of egotism or self-exaltation. His supreme desire is to use the singing service to comfort, inspire, and lead souls into a knowledge of and communion with Christ. Herein he vies with Dr. Chapman in personal consecration and the single desire to be serviceable in high ministry to the people.

**A Wayward Son Saved.**

Dr. Chapman tells this pathetic story:—

A son of a noble Christian woman of Boston became a drunkard, a gambler, and through his gambling lost all his money and became heavily in debt. His mother was wealthy, but he felt that he could not go to her, and so he ran away to San Francisco, where he plunged deeper in sin than ever. He became a wreck and went to his room one night determined on suicide.

But he jarred something covered with dust from a shelf, and as he picked it up he saw it was his mother's Bible. He flung it from him with an oath, and it opened to a written message she had left there, reading, "Dear boy, you'll never get away from your mother's prayers."

He fell on his knees and gave his heart to God, and when the news reached his mother it was found that, on the night of his conversion she was on her knees praying for him all night.

**A Tribute to Motherhood.**

"I pay my most earnest tribute to motherhood," says Dr. Chapman. "No one can sympathise with suffering unless he, too, has suffered. I can sympathise with those who honour the memory of a departed mother, for mine left her children at the age of 37.

"But to-day, as I think of her, she is as much alive as ever. I can think of no more appropriate text for a word on this subject than that from Proverbs: 'Her children shall rise up to call her blessed.' The Bible continually exalts woman, for example, Hannah, the mother of Samuel; the mother of Moses; the Shunamite woman; Mary, the mother of Jesus; that other Mary, the woman who anointed Jesus' feet, and many others. The Bible is woman's glory. 'Her children shall call her blessed.'"

**Quietness and Self-Restraint.**

Perhaps the most remarkable manifestation in Dr. Chapman, and that which surprises the hearer most, is his quietness and self-restraint. "I deprecate excitement," we heard him say to a crowded audience in the Town Hall.

One day in Boston, when greeted with applause, he rebuked it, and, turning to his daughter, Mrs. C. P. Goodson, who was with him during the Boston mission, he asked her to sing, and brought a specially impressive meeting to a close in this way: "I want you to think about this," he said. "I am not going to ask you to raise your hands, or to stand up, or to come forward, or to remain for an after meeting. I just want you to go home with the spell of this song upon you, and think of these things." Then the daughter took her cue from her father's eye, and sang:

Come home, come home,  
Ye who are weary, come home:  
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,  
Calling, O sinner, come home.

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HOW GERMANY CONTROLS THE WASTER.

"Progress" tells us that there is a law in Germany which provides that if it can be proved that a man is earning a sufficient wage to support those dependent on him, but that he is dissipating that wage by vicious habits, he can be declared a minor, and he is then treated as a child. His employer is told that the wage must be paid, not to the man, but to a guardian appointed by the magistrate of the district in which he lives, who uses it for the support of the wife and children. In England a man who could not get his wage might refuse to work; in Germany the police would see that he did his work.

Like provision is made in Belgium and other smaller nations. Britons care so much for "property," and so little for manhood, and the drink traffic is such a feeder of the propertied classes, that every attempt to stay its ravages is regarded as an attack on property, and so resented.—"Everybody's Monthly."

HAVE A GOOD HUNT.

It is wonderful what we can find if we have a good hunt, and just now the need of many of our poor for clothing is very great, and so we ask our friends to hunt up a few things, it does not matter about their being old, and send them to Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, "Chester," Clarendon-road, Stanmore.

We acknowledge very gratefully parcels from Mrs. King (Elizabeth Bay), Mrs. Hope, Mrs. King (Stanmore), Mrs. Baxter, Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Molesworth, Mrs. Deane (new clothing), Mrs. Dent, and 5 anonymous.

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## A Flourishing Society

The Rechabite Order is without doubt one of the most, if not the most, progressive and enlightened of the many Friendly Benefit Societies. Founded on the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, it has saved large sums of money which would otherwise have been expended to meet claims on account of sickness and premature death caused by the use of intoxicants. The tabulated experience of the Society in comparison with that of one of the largest Benefit Orders in the world gives incontestable proof of the value of its fundamental principle of abstinence. The rate of mortality amongst members of the Rechabite Order at age 21 is shown to be 5 per 1000; whilst in the other Order referred to it is 7½ per 1000. At age 30 the difference is 3 per 1000 in favour of Rechabites; and the advantage steadily increases until at age 60 it reaches 8½ per 1000. And there can be no doubt that the advantage would be even more pronounced in favour of the Rechabites were it not for the presence of a considerable number of total abstainers in the society under notice.

It is the proud boast of the Order that no man in it has ever claimed the sickness benefits and failed to receive the full amount due. Obligations of this nature are looked upon as sacred, and are as sacredly fulfilled. Formerly a Tent Relief Fund provided the means of assisting branches whose sick funds were unduly depleted, but in 1893 this was replaced by a Consolidated Sick Fund. Every Tent has joined in this scheme of consolidation, and the fullest security is thus afforded to every member that, no matter how small his Tent, or how unfortunate its experience of sickness, his claims will assuredly be paid.

Enough has been set forth to satisfy any reasonable person that the Rechabite Order commands the utmost confidence as an institution for the assurance of sick and funeral benefits. That being so, it would seem to be the duty of every total abstainer to lend his countenance, aid, and support to the furtherance of its special mission in the field of temperance. Certainly no abstainer should choose to link himself to a non-abstaining benefit society whilst membership in the I.O.R. is open to him. He cannot obtain better treatment or greater security in any other Order, and most assuredly he should lend the practical value of his abstaining life to demonstrate the truths of temperance rather than lessen the weight of scientific evidence in their favour by assisting to lower the sick and death rates of non-abstaining societies, and

thus render the comparison less favourable to temperance teachings. The fight for temperance is a hard one. No single advantage can we afford to neglect or throw away. Everything that will tell must be made to tell. Many persons are particularly influenced by considerations of health and longevity. To these people Rechabiteism carries telling truths laden with the power of conviction, and it deserves, and should receive, all the help abstainers can give it. Therefore, let it be said, join the Rechabites in preference to any other benefit society, and by so doing you will serve your own financial interests, prove your faith in the principles you profess, lend your experience to the demonstrating of temperance truths, and ally yourself with one of the oldest, most progressive, and most permanent of temperance societies.

Branches were opened in Australasia in the forties, and in the next decade Districts were instituted. There are now Districts in every Australasian State and in New Zealand, possessing funds amounting to nearly £640,000, and with an adult membership of over 40,000, and juvenile adherents numbering close on 19,000. More than 1000 Tents are in active work.

This Order is established in every part of the British Empire, and in several European countries, and the United States of America.

At the end of 1907, the last year for which complete records are yet available, the total adult benefit membership was 234,255, adult honorary members 9683, juvenile members 179,829. The total funds of the Order were returned at £1,913,724 19s 2d.

The foregoing sketch gives but a few particulars from the history of this remarkable society, and is intended only as an introduction to those whom it is hoped may be led by its perusal to become permanently and actively associated with the Order.

### DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE RECHABITE ORDER WILL DO FOR YOU?

It will save you heavy doctors' bills.—Medical attendance and medicine are provided for members and their wives and families.

It will provide for you when you are sick and your wages have ceased.—Sick pay, after twelve months' membership, £1 1s per week for 52 weeks, and 10s per week so long as sickness lasts thereafter.

At death it will provide your wife or relatives with a funeral allowance for immediate needs, or with a larger sum towards further necessities.—Funeral allowance,

£10 after six months' membership, £20 after twelve months' membership, £25 after seven years' membership, or a life assurance of from £40 to £100, according to the contributions paid and length of membership. Funeral allowance for registered wives, £15; and for registered children, £5.

At age 65 it will continue to provide your benefits without further contributions from you for sick or funeral fund or medical aid.

No other Society can offer you these benefits at so low a rate as the Rechabite Order. There is a reason why.

### CHARACTER READING BY BOOTS AND SHOES.

Palmistry, phrenology, graphology, and all the other methods of judging character seem destined henceforth to take second place to cothurnology—the science of worn boots.

According to Dr. Garre, of Basle, worn shoes give far more reliable indications than the lines of the hand, the features of the face, or the style of handwriting.

If heel and sole of the shoe are equally worn after two months' wear, the wearer is an energetic business man, a trusty employee, or an excellent wife or mother.

If the sole is worn on the outer edge the wearer has a marked tendency for adventures, or a bold, obstinate spirit.

If the wearing is on the inside edge it is a sign of irresolution and weakness in a man, modesty in a woman.

Dr. Garre has put his views to practical test, and on one occasion, having closely observed a stranger entering his house, noticed that his shoes were worn on the outer edge, the tip of the sole being roughened, while the rest was still new.

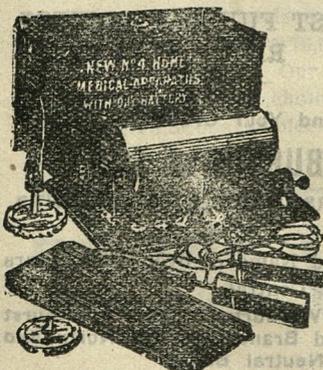
He was convinced that the man before him was a scoundrel, and on the very same day the individual was arrested for theft.

### SLIGHTING HIM.

"I understand you thrashed my boy this morning?" the angry parent said, striding into the school-room after the children had been dismissed.

"Yes, I did," the master answered, "but I did not thrash him severely."

"That's what I'm angry about," rejoined the parent, "you didn't hurt him at all. Now, look here, sir, I'm one of the largest ratepayers in my street, and my boy is entitled to as good a thrashing as you can give any other boy. Understand that! If you slight him again you'll hear from me in a way you wouldn't like. Good-afternoon, sir!"



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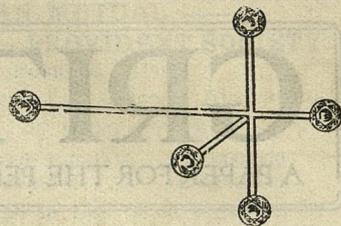
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## Talk about People

### The Laziest Man on Earth.

The laziest man in the world is said to be John Mumera, of Jerseyville, Ill., who has been in bed ten years because he is unwilling to comply with the rules of the Jersey County farm, which says that everyone living there shall rise at five o'clock in the morning. Before he had been at the farm a week he complained that the hour of rising was too early. One morning he failed to take his place at the breakfast table. Richard Mourning, superintendent of the farm, went up to his room. "Time to get up!" he said. "I'm not going to get up at five o'clock in the morning for anybody," replied John. "You'll have to," said Mourning. That made Mumera angry. Shaking his finger at the superintendent, he exclaimed, "I'll never get up any more! I might as well stay in bed." The man kept his word, and will very likely remain in bed until the day of his death. He acts like a crank, who ought to have a place in some asylum, but he illustrates only a little lower type of physical indolence than is seen everywhere about us on the highways of life, and he is a pretty good picture of a number of people who are literally too lazy to put on and take off their clothes, who religiously stay in bed, day and night, all their lives. Some loud voice of man or God ought to arouse and impel them to Christian endeavour.

### The "Omely" Bishop.

Since he became Dean of Manchester—in 1906—Bishop Welldon has been winning that same measure of popularity amongst the kindly, hard-headed people of Cottonopolis, as he did amongst the exuberant Harrow boys whom he governed for "thirteen of the happiest years of my life." To a certain extent his popularity is to be found in his unconventional ways. For instance, he thinks that there is nothing like a ride in a tramcar to get into touch with people, and illustrates the truth of this statement by the following anecdote. He happened to be travelling in one of the Manchester tramcars one day, and fell into conversation with a gentleman. The latter evidently enjoyed the exchange of conversation, for at the close of it, as he reached the door to dismount, this particular stranger turned round to the Dean and in loud tones exclaimed, much to the amusement of the other occupants, "Sir, I think you're 'omely." "That's what I am," adds the Dean, "I'm 'omely."

### Romance of a Canadian Journalist.

"He carried to Montreal nothing but a common school education and an alert brain, but to-day he is a millionaire newspaper owner and one of Canada's best citizens." That is how Sir Hugh Graham, the first Canadian journalist to be knighted, whose life story is a veritable romance, has

been described. Sir Hugh commenced his career as an office-boy on the Montreal "Evening Telegraph," and in later years started the "Daily Star." For some time the paper staggered under a huge load of debt. In fact, at one period Sir Hugh's credit was so low that he bought his coal by the bucketful, and paid for the paper day by day with the proceeds of the street sales of the evening before. And when a neighbour cut off the steam power, Graham triumphed over the difficulty by using horse power.

### A Friend of Dumb Animals.

George Thorndike Angell, known both in Europe and America as "the friend of dumb animals," passed away recently at his home in Boston, at the age of 86. Though he had been ill for some time, he had kept in active touch with the various humane interests of which he was the founder. Mr. Angell was born in Southbridge, Mass. He went to Dartmouth College, in New Hampshire, made a good record as a student and was graduated in 1846. He determined that his life should be devoted to the law, in which he had always had a lively interest, and studied at the Harvard Law School. He was admitted to the active practice of his profession in 1851. It was 15 years later that he became interested in protecting, in some legal way, helpless dumb

animals. He attended a race and saw two horses driven until they dropped dead. He determined to do his best to make such things impossible. Henry Bergh, of New York, had just started the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals. Fired by his example, Mr. Angell started to publish the magazine "Our Dumb Animals." He was one of the founders of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals, and was its president and moving spirit for years. The law took a secondary place in his life, and he travelled extensively, lecturing and in other ways promoting his humane work. In one year he printed more than 17,000,000 pages of literature on his favourite topic. As a result of his efforts, over 70,000 "Bands of Mercy" were established in America and England. His funeral in Boston was made notable by the number of important men who attended, and the public manifestations of respect.

Of British birds' eggs, a complete set is worth about £200.

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# GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1909.

## MISSION ZONE ANNUAL MEETING.

Just what this movement is many do not yet know, and as to whether it is necessary some still have their doubts. It is an Anglican movement to unite all who love in the service of all who suffer, taking count of the fact that there are worse troubles than broken legs, and greater needs than the want of food. It is a movement that seeks to transform character by preaching and living the Gospel of Christ's love among the poorest, neediest, and outcast portion of society. Its funds are devoted entirely to providing "a living agent" who will go to the people, and no money is wasted on buildings to which people will not go. The agents take it for granted that the sinner has found sin a loathsome thing, and only needs the sympathy of genuine friendship, and the helping hand of religion, to forsake the evil way, and experience justifies this assumption. The sin-stricken need sunshine, not scolding; a helping hand, not a solemn warning; encouragement, and not denunciation, and so the Zone stands for these things. Is it necessary? Yes, in spite of all that is being done by other bodies, there are tens of thousands to whom the Zone Agents may minister without fear of overlapping. The annual meeting on Thursday, June 10, in the Sydney Town Hall, is worthy of a great attendance.

## A NOVEL WITH A PURPOSE.

There is little doubt that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" played a large part in stirring feeling and awakening enthusiasm on behalf of the slaves in America, and since then many attempts have been made to do for liquor slaves what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did for negro slaves. "Danesbury House" has played a useful part, and though not so well known, "At Close Quarters," by Robert Batty, is a powerful story. Hall Caine's "Drink" is so purely imaginative as to be quite ineffective. Marie Corelli loses all her pen power in her effort "Holy Orders," which is unreal and almost nauseating; another book of the same feeble character, and she might well lose her reputation as a novelist. It seems strange that a theme so full of pathos and tragedy has not produced a masterpiece. It is true Zola has pictured the evil of alcohol, but we still

wait for "the book" on this subject. Coulson Kernahan has undoubtedly achieved the highest distinction in his brochure "A Literary Gent." This is true to life, and holds one spellbound, and leaves one with a sickening sense of horror. "Patmos," a story of the fight to banish alcohol in New Zealand, is interesting and useful, and yet has failed to gain the large circle one hoped for it. We can only hope that, as the war wages hotter, a story may be forged in the heat of battle that will grip the public mind, and help to slay what is now a tottering evil. We reproduce an incident from the latest attempt to convey in a story the lessons that the public must learn before alcohol is for ever banished. The new book, "Growing Towards the Light," is by a lady living in South Australia, and is a valuable contribution to the cause of Temperance. It is a readable and convincing story; the writer makes no attempt to display any literary fireworks. It is an honest story, honestly told; young and old will read it with interest and with profit. This is a book which we hope will become popular as a Sunday school prize for elder scholars, and should be on the shelves of every public library. Apart from the light thrown on the liquor evil, there is a wholesome love element, and many shrewd observances that are sure to win attention.

## DRINKING CLUBS.

The solution of the drinking-club problem has always been one of the hardest nuts which temperance reformers have recognised they had to crack. Legislation has been directed in a measure against these, but it is usually aimed at what are called the low-class clubs. The worst offenders, the swell clubs, are practically immune. In England friends of temperance reform are particularly concerned about this aspect of the drinking evil, and especially so far as the political drinking club is involved, which, as one contemporary remarks, usually spells more beer than politics. The London "Daily Telegraph" gives the following significant figures regarding the drinking habits of seven of the leading London clubs:—

Clubs	Members	Expenditure, wines, etc.	Per-head num.
		£ s. d.	s. d.
Army and Navy	2300	3729 6 11	32 5
City Carlton ...	1000	2398 13 2	48 0
Constitutional ...	6000	9611 19 4	32 5
Junior Carlton	2100	8129 17 1	77 5
Constitutional ...	6000	9611 19 4	32 5
Reform ...	1400	3974 19 1	56 9
St. Stephens ...	1150	3163 10 5	55 0

Well may the papers exclaim, "How very thirsty these poor clubmen appear to be! How they vary in their alcohol-consuming power! At the head stands the Junior Carlton with 77s 5d, whilst at the bottom stands the National Liberal with 31s 4d—a little less than one-half! A lighter bill would in no wise detract from the clearness of their political thinking! 'When the wine is in, the wit is

out.' " Such clubs in any country, as the "Christian" declares, are the dire enemy of the home and the cruel demoraliser of the nation, and the sooner they are swept away the better for all.

## THE NEWCASTLE SYNOD.

Some members of the Anglican Synod at Newcastle are very much afraid of Prohibition; it is, however, comforting to remember that in 12 years at least four synods in New Zealand have been converted from such fears as those expressed last week at Newcastle, and have as the result of discussion and personal observation of No-License areas come to express themselves, by a large majority vote, in favour of No-License. The clergy are conservative and often strangely timid, which may in some measure account for their lack of courage in condemning a system that has produced over 200,000 convictions for drunkenness in New South Wales in the last ten years. Surely nothing could be worse than license? License has never been able to guarantee good order, good liquor, or freedom from sly-grog selling, or home drinking; from every point of view license has failed. On the other hand, while the experimental area in New Zealand is small, yet it has produced results so striking that all the places that have banished the bar are satisfied to keep the bar out, and the whole voting population by a majority of over 30,000 declares itself satisfied that No-License has on its side the logic of facts. We live in cheerful expectation of seeing the synods of New South Wales converted, as they have been in New Zealand.

Devonshire farmers are making a large profit from turnip tops, which are being sent to the London markets as spring vegetables. Until the present demand arose, most of the turnip tops were wasted.

## General Education

There are thousands of Girls in Sydney who have left School, but whose English Education is unsatisfactory. They do not write well, and, even in ordinary conversation, they are doubtful of the correctness of their English. Their knowledge of words is very limited, and their spelling faulty; while, in arithmetic, even simple calculations cause them some difficulty. The ordinary class methods are responsible for their condition. Their teachers had not the time to attend to their difficulties, with the result that the Girls to-day are continually being humiliated by disclosures of their ignorance. Such Girls are not beyond help. We have a "General Education Course," which specialises in English, Arithmetic, and Handwriting, and in which the instruction is strictly individual, and modelled to meet each student's particular needs. Many Girls are now taking up this course as a preliminary to a business training in Short-hand, Typewriting, and Bookkeeping.

Lessons may be taken at the rate of two or three per week in the mornings or afternoons, or all day, and every-day attendance may be arranged.

Full information on application.

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# Growing towards the Light

By Mrs. HENRY A. DOUDY.

(Awarded First Prize at the Australasian Exhibition of Women's Work.)

## CHAPTER IV.

A chill wind began to blow, so he buttoned his coat and walked quietly back. He could see the red light of a black's fire, where they were camped near the Torrens, and hear the sound of their voices borne to him on the wind, and stopped to listen a minute. Then he was just going to turn up the narrow lane that led to the Queen's Head when he caught sight of a man leaning over the Parklands' fence on the opposite side of the terrace. The outline seemed familiar, and he crossed the road to find his conjecture correct, and that it was Mark standing there. The man had risen, and he could see his face as he turned round when Laurie touched his arm.

"Aren't you well, Mark?"

"No, I'm not, but that's nothing new. Never mind me, Laurie, you go home."

But Laurie did not move. "What's the matter, Mark? If you are ill, why don't you go to the doctor?"

"There's no doctor who could cure my illness, boy. What I want is a will of my own, and no doctor could give me that."

He turned his head again, and stared moodily in front of him. The smell of drink exhaled from his clothes and breath, and his face looked ghastly pale in the moonlight. Laurie did not know what else to say, and did not like to leave him by himself, so he jumped on to one of the posts and sat there. Two or three minutes passed, and then Mark stirred.

"What, still there?" he said, looking round, "well, if you won't go in, come for a walk. I thought a stroll in the fresh air would do me good, but it seemed too much trouble when I got here."

They walked in silence the same way that Laurie had gone earlier in the evening, and when they reached the seat both sat down. Laurie beat his feet on the ground, and hummed and whistled softly, but the man sat gloomily still, his arms loosely folded, his eyes fixed on the lights across the river, the twinkling oil lamps of the town which in a few years was to become a city.

"Don't you ever drink," he said, suddenly turning his head, and looking fixedly at the boy.

"Do you mean you want me to be a teetotaler?"

"I wasn't thinking of your taking the pledge; but better that than get so that you can't do without the cursed stuff."

"Why, can't you?"

He laughed hoarsely. "Something like that; at least I've begun to think so lately."

"But if it makes you ill, why don't you leave it off?"

"More easy to say than do, boy."

"But what is there in it; if you don't want to take it, why do you?" said Laurie wonderingly.

"That's the point, what is in it?" he returned mockingly. Then, with a swift change of look and voice, "It's a fatal fascination, that's what it is. There's nothing like it in the world. It won't let you alone; it whispers to you day and night; it comes round you in glasses, bottles, buckets, oceans of it and calls, 'Drink me, drink me, drink me,' and your throat burns and burns, and you can think of nothing else, see nothing else; and at last you do drink, till you forget. But then—when you awake—then horrible things come round you, and

you wish you were dead, dead, and in a place where no drink follows you day and night, calling, calling, and won't let you rest."

His voice sank low, and he looked down muttering thickly and indistinctly. Laurie was frightened, for he had seen enough of the effects of drink on the habitues of the Queen's Head to know that the man was not far from an attack of delirium tremens, if it were not already on him.

"Come home, Mark," he entreated, taking his hand, "and I will get a doctor for you."

"The doctor is no use. I am a good mind to kill myself and end it all; but then, as Shakespeare says, 'What dreams!'"

Laurie shrank back, and for a moment thought it would be better to leave; then tried once more—

"Do come, Mark, and I will sit with you, and you can tell me about the place you used to live in, and the jolly times you had in France and Holland."

"No, stay here, and I'll tell you a story now," he answered, with sudden energy in his voice; "a new one that you haven't heard before. Do you remember what I told you of that fellow who shot one of the coast-guards? He knew he did it, because he saw the man drop to his gun, and the others had emptied theirs. Do you remember how they could not prove who did it? Only he and his mates knew; but they stuck to him and never told. He got five years in gaol, but he would have been hung if they had known."

Laurie nodded.

"Well, listen, I was the man."

"The man who shot the coast-guard?" exclaimed Laurie with dilated eyes.

"Aye, the man who shot the coast-guard."

There was silence for a minute, and from the river came the strange, sad cry of a curlew.

Then he went on: "When I came out of gaol, my poor old mother was dead, died of a broken heart; and the girl I loved, who might have married me, had married another man. Kith nor kin had I, so I just went away to sea, and roved about until I came here; and a bad day it was for me when I came. But perhaps it would have been all the same, the fellow's face has been always before me, I saw it as he fell. It would have been better if I had told who did it, and been hung."

He looked wildly round, and wiped the drops that stood upon his brow.

"Come home," whispered Laurie with pale lips.

"No, not yet; it is a relief to tell someone, even a boy like you. Do you know what made me murder him? Brandy, the cursed thing. We were running a cargo of brandy, and had been drinking some too; and brandy is killing me now. Every night in my dreams he laughs at me and says, 'It won't be long before I have you, you will soon be with me now, the murdered and the murderer together.'"

"No, no," cried Laurie, "you are not a murderer; it was an accident; how often have you told me so?"

"All the same that was not true, I did mean to shoot him, for I saw him plainly in the moonlight, and aimed straight at his heart. But if I had not drunk anything that night, I would not have done it, for I never willingly harmed a fly before. When

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Sydney, 14th May, 1909.

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"I got off with five years, and thought to begin afresh, but always he followed me. I hated the cursed stuff that had worked my set eyes on before, who had done me no wrong, killed by this hand," and he held it out before him.

I saw him fall that sobered me; I could not believe he was dead. A man I had never ruin, and for many years never touched it. Then I grew tired of wandering, and Mrs. Johnstone had been kind to me once when I was ill and boarded here; so when she wanted a man to help, I took the place, and for a long time drank little. But, you know what it is in the bar; the stupid fools who throw their money away are always bothering you to drink, and you don't like to refuse a good customer; so at last, before I knew where I was, I found myself craving for it. I tried again and again for weeks at a time to do without; but always it was the same thing, no peace till I took it. As I said before, there is a fatal fascination in the cursed thing; not only in the taste, but in the smell as well."

A rush of pity filled Laurie's heart. He could not tell how much of the story was true, how much imagined, but he saw that the man was suffering intensely, both in mind and body.

"Can't you try and give the drink up, Mark?" he pleaded, touching the hand that rested on the seat beside him.

"It's no good, Laurie. I've tried over and over again."

"But once more; try once more," and the boy clasped Mark's arm beseechingly.

The man's eyes rested sadly and despairingly on the young face that reflected the strained, miserable expression on his own.

"It's no use, boy; it's just as if a devil had got hold of me."

With his shaking hand he tried to draw the handkerchief from his pocket, but before he could do so, great tears fell from his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks.

Then Laurie did what had not happened  
(Continued on page 10.)

### EFFECT OF REDUCTION.

A number of people seem to think that a reduction of the facilities for obtaining intoxicants in South Australia will not lessen the amount of drink consumed in the State; but experience in other places tells a different tale. The following statements regarding towns in Victoria in which liquor licenses have been reduced in number are important and interesting:—

**MOOROPNA.**—Mr. F. J. Camp, editor and proprietor of the "Mooroopna Yeoman," says:—"Thus from the point of view of accommodation the township has not suffered, but has rather gained, whilst in other directions the effect has been magnificent. Business is on the improve, the volume of trade has not been lessened, and the moral tone of the community has been raised." Dr. Florence said:—"So far as my observation serves, I should say that at first blush it looks bad to close the hotels, but the ultimate effect is good. So far as Mooroopna is concerned the area of drinking has decreased, and the quality of the drink sold has improved. In Tatura, too, the effect has been distinctly good, and the closing of some of the hotels has given tone to the place."

**ECHUCA.**—Mr. J. J. Cunningham, chemist, said that, from a business point of view, he could notice little difference. Morally there was an improvement. There were not so many nests of vice, and not so much physical vice as formerly.

**Cases of drunkenness.**—Three years prior to reduction, 642; three years after reduction, 468; equal to 174 less. One constable removed.

**ECHUCA EAST (4 closed out of 7).**—Cases of drunkenness.—Three years prior to reduction, 137; three years after reduction, 48; equal to 89 less.

Mr. J. Jeffrey, of Jeffrey and Hulme, said:—He believed there had been far less drinking. For instance, out at the village settlement the people had to walk 1½ miles to get a beer, and consequently they often did without it. There were plenty of people who would drink when the drink was handy, but would not walk for it. In the same way business men who were not guzzlers, after doing a deal, could not afford to walk several hundred yards for a taste. He thought the moral tone of the town had been raised.

**ECHUCA.**—At Echuca, Cr. J. W. Arthur Kelly said:—"We had to pay pretty dearly for our whistle, but after-events have justified our action, and so firmly do I believe that the poll has been a benefit to Echuca that, if it had to be taken again, I would go for it with all my might." Continuing, Mr. Kelly said that, of the 20 hotels closed, not one of the premises was vacant, nor had one been pulled down, and all had been let for some considerable time, having been taken up almost immediately after the poll. The twenty were thus allocated: Twelve were occupied as private dwellings (one of them being a doctor's residence), four had been converted into business premises, three were being run as coffee palaces, and one as a store and wine shop. Dr. E. Orde Smith said:—"The net effect of local option here has been a considerable reduction in the number of 'drunks' brought before the magistrates, and though there is great room for improvement still, yet much good has been done, and the town has decidedly benefited, and we can see now enough to know that the fewer hotels the greater the prosperity of the place."

**GEE LONG (54 licenses, reduced by 18).**—Cases of drunkenness.—Last year, with

54 hotels, 532; \*first year with 36 hotels, 324; second year, with 36 hotels, 323. All crime reduced by one-third.

\* In Victoria as a whole there were 339 cases of drunkenness more this year.—"The Patriot."

### THE SECRET OF DR. CHAPMAN'S SUCCESS.

An American newspaper sent a special representative to Boston to study at close range Dr. Chapman's methods in connection with his great campaign in that city. Here is his testimony.

Asked what one thing above all others he regarded as being the secret of Dr. Chapman's marvellous success as an evangelist, he replied:

"His exaltation of Jesus Christ. He preached, not to please the people, but to win them to Christ. He held up Christ as the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. He emphasised over and over, not the divinity, but the deity of Jesus Christ as the second person in the Godhead. He made this one fact so clear that Unitarian Boston could not possibly misunderstand him, and the hungry hearts of a people long misfed or fed only on the unnutritious outward husks of Gospel truth, drank in his words as a dry and thirsty ground drinks in the refreshing showers after a long extended drought. He dwelt much upon the vicarious atonement of Jesus Christ, and upon His power as a present, living, uttermost Saviour from all sin. 'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.' Jesus Christ was lifted up in Boston, and all Boston was moved and drawn, as probably never before in its history.

"Of course, there were other factors—the singing, the united prayers of thousands of hearts, the earnest co-operation of pastors and of assisting evangelists, the splendid newspaper reports, the diplomatic (but uncompromising) methods of the evangelists in dealing with the people—wise as serpents, harmless as doves—the forceful, earnest preaching, the entire campaign well organised and wisely generated—each had its part in contributing to the final results, but all together would have availed little had not Christ been exalted and kept constantly before the people. This above all else was the one thing that impressed the writer as being the secret of success in this the greatest campaign of evangelism that probably any city in America ever witnessed. It would be well, if evangelists and preachers and Christian workers everywhere would take careful note, and profit thereby."

### NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Miss Wells, Rev. W. Best, Mr. W. H. Doust, Mrs. Duffy, Mr. J. Eather, Mrs. Ensor, Rev. Fairbrother, Mr. D. Wiggins, Miss Winifred Gurr, Mrs. S. J. Clarke, Miss Gough, Mr. B. Walker.

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" 403, Ashfield.

### JOHNNIE'S DISCOVERY.

The worst boy in the school had been doing something unusually outrageous, and his teacher thought it was a fitting opportunity for appealing to his better nature, if he had any such thing. Afterwards she related the result to a friend:

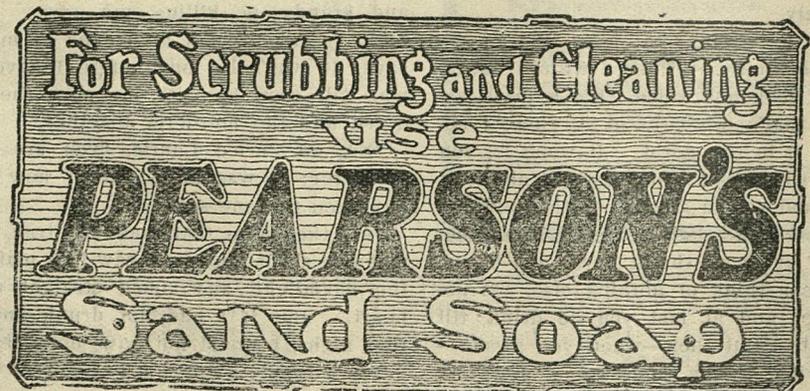
"Johnny sat still looking at me intently, and seemed to be deeply impressed. I never saw a child who looked so absorbed, even fascinated by my line of argument. Just as I reached the climax of my appeal to his better self, a light of discovery broke over Johnny.

"'I say, teacher,' he said eagerly, 'it's your bottom jaw that moves, isn't it?'"

### NOT LIKELY.

Small boy, to young lady in confectioner's shop: "A pennyworth of stale pastry, please, and mother says don't put any wedding-cake in, 'cause it makes us sick."

Dogs are well provided for on the Prussian State railways. The latest arrangement for the comfort of touring canines is hot-water pipes and spring mattresses. A bit of hard board with no spring in it is the ordinary man's or woman's portion.



# From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(BY UNCLE BARNABAS.)

WHAT IS IT?

WHY, THE S. S. S. S.

WAIT TILL NEXT WEEK.

FOR SUNDAY.

## NINE QUESTIONS ABOUT NEHEMIAH.

1. Why did he weep?
  2. What did he do in the palace?
  3. Why did he get up in the middle of the night?
  4. Who repaired the horse gate?
  5. Who mended the sheep gate?
  6. Which verse tells us Nehemiah had poultry for dinner?
  7. How long did it take to build the wall?
  8. What was it Ezra stood on?
  9. Who tried to sell fish on the Sabbath?
- (All the answers are to be found in the book of Nehemiah.)

FOR MONDAY.

## TRANSLATE THIS INTO ENGLISH.

Dol Thermot Habburd, tenw ot het pudcoarb,  
 Ot etg reh opor odg a nebo,  
 Tub hwen hes tog ether, het pudcoarb saw ebar,  
 Dan os eth opor odg tog neno!

## DID GEORGE WALK ROUND THE MONKEY?

George was trying to tease the monkey, which was seated on the top of a barrel-organ. But although he walked all round the organ, the monkey always turned so as to face the boy the whole time. When the boy had walked round the organ, had he walked round the monkey?

## OUR FRENCH STORY.

Nous sommes six dans le fiacre.  
 Le cheval marche très bien.  
 Nous aimons aller en fiacre.  
 Nous arrivons bientôt à la gare.

## HOW BOTTLES ARE MADE.

(By QUEENIE S.)

I have been to see my brothers making bottles at the Glass Works. It is wonderfully interesting. I saw a man shovelling what looked like sand into a large brick tank, in which there was a tremendous fire, and on going round to the other side of the tank I was surprised to see men taking glass out, and making it into bottles. They used a long iron pipe with a hole down the middle. Putting this pipe through a hole in the side of the tank, they turned it round for a second or two, and then brought it out with what looked like a ball of fire on the end, which they proceeded to roll on a slab of marble. Then placing the ball of fire in an iron mould at their feet, they blew down the tube until their cheeks came out like a balloon. The mould then fell open, and a full-sized bottle was on the end of the tube.

Then breaking the glass round the neck, he dropped it on a tray, and started over again. Another man now took up the running. Placing the bottle in the frame made to fit it, he put the neck into what they call the "Glory Hole." (I think some other name would fit it better, for it is the hottest thing I ever saw.) He again heated the neck, and proceeded to finish it—in other words, he put the head on it. It is then taken away by a boy, who carries it

on the end of a long iron rod, and it is placed in a large oven, about 60ft. long by 8ft. wide, at the top of which is a great fire. As the trays fill they are gradually drawn away from the fire end to make room for the next tray. It takes 24 hours to pass right through the oven, where they are taken out and packed in crates for delivery.

There were 36 men working in a space not more than 12 feet square. They call it the "Bee Hive." I saw a man take some glass out and drop it on the ground, and put a billy of water on it. It boiled the water almost immediately, even quicker than I could make it boil on a gas stove.

## LETTERS.

### "VERY PLEASED TO SEE YOU!"

Bernard Luscombe, Amwell Lodge, Boundary-street, Parramatta, writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—I am writing you a little letter to ask you to include me in your list of nephews. I am nine years old, and live in Parramatta. We are taking your paper, 'Grit,' and I have read letters written to you by other boys; so I hope you will accept my letter. I have three brothers all older than myself, two of them go to work, and the other is in the Scout Corps. We both go to St. John's Sunday school, and I was very pleased to see you there last Sunday afternoon. This is all I have to tell you this time.—I am, your loving friend."

(Dear Nephew,—This is a good 'little letter.' Don't you like to see it in print? I hope you will write very often. Do you know who Saint Bernard was?—Uncle B.)

### FROM MADEMOISELLE MUSGRAVE.

Vera Musgrave sends me a lot of correct answers, and translates the French as follows:—

We are going to France.  
 We are going with papa and mamma.  
 Baby is coming, and also the nurse.  
 Our nurse has packed all our trunks.  
 Our toys are in the big trunk.  
 We have many toys.

Last Sunday a medical missionary preached at our church. He comes from Egypt, and was telling us about the Mohammedans there who become Christians. They have to give up all their worldly possessions, and their children; they are divorced from their wives, and all their relations disown them. It is a very hard thing to be a Christian there. Don't you think we ought to be thankful we live in such a free country?

(Dear Vera,—Yes, and, on Empire Day, I told a lot of children to listen to the fluttering flag, and to tell me one word that it said. They guessed the word—Freedom. Thank you for your article.—Uncle B.)

### "KEEP STRONG."

Rosina E. Muller, Allan Dale, Gunning, writes:—"My dear Uncle B.—I was very pleased to see my letter in 'Grit.' If you are like the old woman who lived in a shoe, and the names of them could not go on page 9, you must have a very big foot. Your photo was very good. I know the back of your head as well as your face. Well, about confirmation. The Bishop gave a very nice address. His text was to keep strong. I am going to try to be strong, and keep my paper white. We are having our Sunday school anniversary on the 19th of this month. I am going to recite a piece. Its name is 'Billy Blackman.' We



are going to be given books. I like to read 'Page 9.'

Dear Rosina,—Answers correct. I should like to hear you recite. Keep near to Jesus, and you will always be strong.—Uncle B.)

### "THE BABY OF THE FAMILY."

Dora Howell writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—I went to the Commem. celebrations, and enjoyed myself very much. The "grads and undergrads and fellows" are so amusing—just like great, overgrown children! That 'Crown' photo was bad, but we may be good enough detectives to identify you by the nose, leg, and crown of the head. Do you think we are? Will tell G. N. my address, and that I go to Woollahra (Forth-street) School, and am in 7th (the highest class). Thank you for your praise of my article; I did not think it worth it. I am not 'nice and jolly,' as I am the baby of the family (the next youngest being ten years older than I), and therefore have no companions except my books and a little correspondence, and I am awfully lonely sometimes. I am always being taken to task for reading too much, but I have not much else to do, as I don't care for fancy-work. Can you suggest anything for me to do? Don't you think it is a long time since we have seen anything of Aunts T. or P., on Page 9?"

(Dear D.,—I have been thinking that a "S. to S. S. S." might be started, with managers to be appointed by "Uncle B.," my own dear self. The particulars you can read next week. Well, I should choose you for a manager, and, if you could take up the work I think that would give you plenty

(Continued on Page 11)

# SPIN

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TEA WAREHOUSE: **534 GEORGE STREET,** opposite Town Hall

## A NEW VERSION.

A schoolmaster was endeavouring to teach his class our duty towards our neighbour. After some discussion he put the following question to them:

"Which of you can tell me your duty towards your neighbour?"

After waiting some time a little hand was seen to go up at the back of the class.

"Well, what is it," asked the schoolmaster.

"Keep your eye on him," was the prompt reply.

## TOO REALISTIC.

The village schoolmaster looked anxious and worried.

"What's the matter?" asked the vicar.

"I'm worried about the boys in the upper classes, sir," replied the master. "I've been teaching them how to revive the apparently drowned."

"Well, why should that worry you? You could not teach them anything more useful."

"Yes, sir, I know that; but I've already caught several of them trying to drown one another, in order to practise what they've been taught."

## HARD ON THE LADIES.

They were talking of figures of speech.

"Have you ever noticed," said one, "how fond people are of vegetable metaphors when they are dealing with a woman. Her cheeks are 'roses,' her lips are 'cherry,' her hands are always 'lily' hands, her mouth is a 'rosebud,' her complexion is 'like a peach,' and her breath is 'fragrant as honey-suckle.'"

"You've forgotten one," said the cynic.

"What's that?"

"Her tongue. It is a scarlet runner."

## NOT THE ONLY WAY.

The leading counsel in an important trial had shown a good deal of feeling towards each other, and at last they descended to personalities.

Annoyed at a very pointed remark by his opponent, the prosecuting counsel said:—

"I advise my learned friend to take a walk from Runcorn to Liverpool when next he goes on holiday."

"Why?" interrogated the other.

"Because then he will learn the proper way to Speke."

This raised a laugh against the defending counsel, who, however, calmly replied:—

"Following my learned friend's argument, may I ask him if he is acquainted with the road from London to Taplow?"

"Yes, I am."

"I thought so."

"Why?"

"Because you know the way to Bray."

Then the judge woke up and intervened, and peace reigned for a while.

## THE LIQUOR BUSINESS.

DR. CHAPMAN ON DRUNKENNESS.

## A SCATHING DENUNCIATION.

Speaking to a large gathering of men in the Exhibition Building, Melbourne, Dr. Wilbur Chapman took occasion to make a pronouncement on the liquor question which created a great demonstration of approval. He said:

"I want to say this with exceeding care. I come from a country where the greatest temperance fight the world has ever seen is on, and where victory after victory is being won. I have preached in most of the cities of the United States, and the greatest leaders in the cause are my friends. Mr. Alexander can tell you that no man can speak with greater authority than I. Whenever a man dares to tell you that the temperance fight is not winning out, that prohibition does not prohibit; whenever a man dares to tell you that the people of America have grown sick of prohibition, and that it is a failure—here stands a man to say that that is an absolute falsehood. (Continued cheering.) There are cities of from 10,000 to 200,000 without a single saloon. One of the largest cities in America is without a saloon, and has entered upon its third year's test of the plan. That reform came to Worcester, Massachusetts, as the result of a revival such as this. I have no vindictive word to say about the saloon-keeper, the bar-keeper, or the bar-maid. My heart goes out to them as to any other one in sin. But if ever a business was hatched in hell or fed by devils, it is the liquor business. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) Hear me: If ever there was a time when the man who calls himself a Christian should stand against the public-house, this is the time. If I did not stand against it, I would take my name off the church books. (Cheers.) Don't think I am taking advantage of the high position I hold in the confidence and the affection of the people of this city by speaking vindictively. But if you had heard the sobs of women, the cries of little children, as I have heard them, if you had followed as many drunkards down into the depths of despair, you would marvel that I can speak with so much calmness as I do. You would turn against anything that would so rob men and hurt women."

## GROWING TOWARDS THE LIGHT.

(Continued from page 7.)

to him for long, burst into a passion of weeping. The unwonted thoughts that had taken possession of him during the day, joined to the horror and pity excited by Mark's story, and the miserable hopelessness of the narrator, had stirred the very depths of his being, and broken up the reserve and make-believe stoicism which are part of a schoolboy's second nature.

Mark wiped his eyes hastily. "Don't, don't," he whispered huskily. "I'm not worth it."

Laurie made a violent effort and stopped. He bit his trembling lips, and clenched his hands, but could not speak. He was angry with himself for crying like a girl, as he thought scornfully; but his tears did what his entreaties could not.

"See, Laurie, just to please you, I'll try once more. I know it's no good," he murmured, sighing heavily, "but I'll try."

He got up. "We had better go in, your grandmother will wonder where you are."

They walked back in silence, Laurie still shaken by the tempest which had passed over him. At the gate Mark paused.

"It's nearly shutting up time. I'll see if I can get some coffee. Good-night, my boy." He held out his hand, and Laurie laid his in it silently. Our copy is from George Robertson's.

## PLEASE ACT PROMPTLY.

A red pencil mark beside this notice will be a gentle reminder that you have received 5/- worth of "Grit," for which you have not yet sent the money. Do you think this an unreasonable reminder?

If your "Grit" does not come regularly, please send us a postcard at once. It is impossible to make complaints at the G.P.O. unless we know promptly. Send postal note to Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

## DECOMPOSING.

A lady going into her drawing-room, found it had not been dusted. Going down into the kitchen, she met the maid with the duster in her hand.

"Mary," said the lady, "have you forgotten to dust the drawing-room?"

"No," replied the maid, "I was just decomposing."

"Decomposing, what on earth do you mean?" asked the mistress.

"Why, mum, I was just returning to dust," calmly replied the maid.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Miss E. V. Hall, 2s 6d (6/5/10); Miss Winton, 2s 6d (30/3/09); Miss Brownhill, 5s (26/2/10); Mr. H. Dixon, 5s (14/4/09); Miss E. Twine, 5s (12/9/10); Mr. P. Burrill, 10s (8/2/10); Mr. S. D. Yarrington, 2s 6d (3/9/09); Judge Pollard, 6s 6d (27/5/10); Mrs. Cansdell, 5s (28/8/09); Mr. D. Cameron, 5s (29/1/10); Mrs. G. Francis, 5s; Mr. Howard, 5s; Mrs. Martin, 5s (11/9/08); Mr. Rose, 5s; B. Walker, 2s 6d (3/12/09); Mr. Strickland, 5s (19/3/10); G. R. Davey, 5s (12/5/10); Mrs. Wallace, 5s.

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You want Comfort, Convenience, and a Moderate Charge, then go to—

### THE ALLIANCE HEADQUARTERS HOTEL,

Corner Park and Castlereagh-st., Sydney.

TRAMS PASS THE DOOR.

**SEVEN TO SEVENTEEN.**

(Continued from Page 9.)

to do. Tell me what you think of it! Your sheaf of answers splendid. Sorry there's not room to print them all. Have just room for answers to Book of Ruth Problems—May 13—1, Elimelech; 2, parched corn, bread and vinegar; 3, Naomi; 4, David.—Uncle B.)

**"REMEMBER THE PRINTER."**

Gladys Noble writes:—"Dear Uncle B.—Does Emily mean to represent 'The Burden-Bearer?' Who do you class as your children? Seven to Seventeeners are your 'nieces and nephews,' so your children must be our 'cousins.' How nice it is to have another N.Z. cousin. It shows that, though the children there have helped to win their battle, they have not lost interest, and are going to help us with ours. These are last week's puzzles. I have not had time to solve this week's, except that banking was first introduced 'When Pharaoh received a "check" at the bank of the Red Sea, by Moses and Company.' Love to aunts, cousins, and Uncle A., and yourself, remembering the printer."

(Dear Gladys,—Your answers and translations very good. Of course all the children in my classes are "mine," as well as lots of others that I keep meeting as I wander about the world. It is nice of you to welcome our New Zealand relatives.—Uncle B.)

**NINE PICTURES OF A MADMAN.**

Lily When sends me nine sketches of the Madman jumping (May 13). They are very funny, especially one with legs running off with his father's hat. I wish I could show them on Page 9. Lily is quite a gifted artist.

All letters and answers to be addressed: "Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney."

**WRONG AGAIN.**

A political speaker was attacking the Government of the day with more venom than reason. A man at the back of the hall at last cried out, "You're wrong, sir!" A little nettled, the orator continued without heeding. Presently, in answer to another strong assertion, came again, "You're wrong, sir!" The speaker looked angry, but continued on the warpath. "You're wrong, sir!" again rang out.

Angrily addressing the persistent one, the orator cried, "Look here, I could tell this man something about this Government which would make his hair stand on end."

"You're wrong again, sir!" came exultantly from the critic, as he stood up and removed his hat. His head was as bald as the proverbial billiard ball.

**TO ALL WHO WISH SUCCESS TO "GRIT."**

If you know anything of journalism, you will know that the advertisements are the financial backbone of a paper. Now, advertising is not philanthropy, it's business. Business tolerates nothing that is not a success. Our advertisers will continue to patronise our columns just so long as they are convinced it pays them to do so, and no longer. We absolutely refuse to advertise anything we are not personally convinced is satisfactory. We have had to refuse advertisements. You can show your appreciation of this paper, and you do well for yourselves by bestowing your business patronage upon those advertising in our columns, and when doing so mention "Grit." One order worth a ton of "hopes for our success."

**HOW THE WORLD MOVES.**

There are 750 golf links in Great Britain.

The polka was originally a Servian war dance.

A single orange tree will produce 20,000 oranges, and a lemon tree 8000 lemons.

When a hen attains her third year her laying capacity is at its best. She will lay, on an average, from 300 to 500 eggs in her lifetime.

Dr. William Hawkes Day, whose death at the age of 85 was announced at Norwich the other day, had attended at the births of 8,000 children.

The Drink Bill at most London hospitals is much less than it used to be. At Guy's, for instance, the sum yearly expended on alcoholic liquors for the patients is at the rate of 9s a bed. In 1862 it was no less than £3 9s.

Father Alfani has recently constructed at Faenza, the birthplace of Torricelli, the largest barometer ever made. The tube, instead of being filled with mercury, contains purified oil, rendered free from air, and he has thus been able to obtain a column 11.19 metres in height, whereas with water the height would only have been 10.32 metres.

A curious tree grows in one of the numerous islands which are studded about the Pacific Ocean. It grows, at its full height, to nearly 30ft., with branches spreading like a huge umbrella, yet it is completely leafless, the species having never been known to show signs of a single bud. Its sap is useful as a medicine, but as fuel the wood is worse than useless, being as hard as iron and quite as difficult to burn.

There is to be seen at Linwood, near Paisley, a blackbird which is the unique possessor of two almost distinct heads. It has two bills, and has been seen to make use of both. During the recent stormy weather, the bird came to feed with others at a spot on the river bank where a good deal of waste bread is thrown out by the employees in a public work, who examined the strange bird leisurely through a window.

Cairo has the biggest University in the world. There are about 9000 students and 200 professors. The chief subjects taught are Mohammedan law and matters connected with the Koran.

**HEADACHE CURE.**

There may be a dozen things that cause you to suffer from Headache or Neuralgia.

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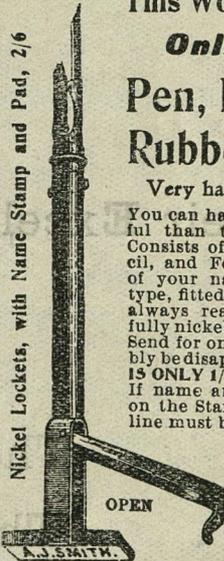
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ANNUAL

# MEETING

Thursday, June 10, 1909,

AT 7.45 P.M.

in the TOWN HALL, SYDNEY

## SPEAKERS:

Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the  
State Governor

The Hon. C. G. Wade

The Lord Bishop of Newcastle

The Rev. R. B. S. Hammond

THE NEWTOWN CHAMPION BAND—Winners of 16 Competitions,  
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