

ALWAYS GREEN COUPONS.

The Green Coupon Company now enters upon its eighteenth year, and as the result of experience can give you no better advice than it has done year after year in the past, viz.:-



- 1st. Decide to pay cash for your purchases.
- 2nd. Do business with a tradesman who gives Green Coupons.
- 3rd. Ask him to supply you with a Green Coupon Directory.
- 4th. Demand one Green Coupon for every sixpence you spend.

- 5th. Gum them in your Directory Book.
- 6th. When you have a hundred or more collected visit the Showrooms of the Green Coupon Company.
- 7th. Select a useful article or articles for your household.
- 8th. Continue the operation until your home is well furnished.



REMEMBER THE ADDRESS: 697 GEORGE STREET, HAYMARKET.



A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VIII. No. 49. Price One Penny.

THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1915.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.



A BAD TIME AHEAD.

SILVESTER BROS., The Strand.

CHOICE SANDWICHES FOR LUNCH.

Specialities: Salmon and Egg, Roast Pork, Ham and Tongue.

TRY YORKSHIRE SAUSAGE FOR LUNCH.

TELEPHONE 7892 CITY



ALCOHOL SHORTENS LIFE.

That the use and handling of liquor are among the most potent causes of mortality among men was brought out by the exhibition of statistics at the eighth annual meeting of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents.

Arthur Hunter, actuary of New York, who reported these matters to the association, is the chairman of the central bureau of the medico-actuarial mortality investigation which was conducted on behalf of the forty-three leading insurance companies in the United States and Canada. The results of the inquiry are available for use in lengthening life.

"If the government of Russia carries out its present intention to abolish permanently all forms of alcoholic beverages, the saving in human life will be enormous," said Mr. Hunter. "It is not too much to say that the loss of 500,000 men as the result of the present warfare could be made good in less than ten years through complete abstinence from alcoholic beverages by all the inhabitants of Russia.

"There is a general impression that saloon keepers do not live as long as persons in non-hazardous occupations, but it is not generally known that most classes which are connected with either the manufacture or sale of liquor have a high mortality. In the fourteen sub-divisions of these trades there was only one class which has a normal mortality, and that was the distillery proprietors.

"Among the men who admitted that they had taken alcohol occasionally to excess in the past, the extra mortality was over 50 per cent., which was equivalent to a reduction in the average life of over four years. Men who had used alcoholic beverages daily, but not to excess, were divided into two groups: (a) men who took two glasses of beer, or a glass of whisky or their equivalent, a day; (b) men who took more than the foregoing amount, but were not considered by the companies to drink to excess. The mortality in the second group was found to be fully 50 per cent. greater than in the first.

ALCOHOL AND TUBERCULOSIS.

Dr. Woodcock, the Hon. Physician of the Armley Hospital for Tuberculosis, says:—"I have for many years performed very many, probably most of the post-mortem examinations in cases of sudden death in this city. In every instance where death has been due to acute alcoholism I have, I think, found tuberculosis present, apparently as a result of the evil life of the 'alcoholic.'

Among my patients as a whole I have found excess in the use of alcohol (the sufferer in this article is called an 'alcoholic') has predisposed to bronchitis, pneumonia, tuberculosis. Evidence of the truth of this statement is patent to all. Consider the case of cabmen, commercial travellers, waiters, professional athletes.

As to my hospital patients. I am always disheartened by the contemplation of the future of the alcoholic. I can do little for him that will be of permanent value. I see him turned out from hospital hearty as a yeoman, and hear of his death in two years. Lung haemorrhage is the commonest cause of his final bow to life. Many heavy drinkers, of course, do not die from tuberculosis. Theirs is a hurdle race. They come down at disease of the liver. But the phthisis hurdle is there all the same.

I have said little of moderate drinking. You are asking me for my opinion, and I dare not too readily dogmatise. Generally speaking, we accept Sims Woodhead's teaching that "moderate" drinking may come perilously near to "excessive," and that alcohol in all but the most moderate of usage, lessens the resistance to all diseases, especially to tubercle.

LYING ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. C. W. Saleeby, the eminent eugenicist, speaking on the subject of "The Fraud of Medicated Wines," averred that the symptoms of supposed immediate benefit from the taking of such wines were really symptoms of intoxication. The doses of alcohol in medicated wines were very large, and many honest and ingenuous persons who were not aware of the presence of alcohol in such beverages were often deceived. In some cases it was as much as 20 per cent., and he maintained that when beverages contained this quantity of alcohol their composition ought to be clearly stated on the label. If the concoction were an honest production, such a regulation ought to be to its advantage, and if it were dishonest, then it should be to its disadvantage. The honest sellers of alcohol ought to agitate for the putting down of something which was in its very nature dishonest. The claim for medicated wines that they had a medicinal value—that they had the same by virtue of their composition—was a false one, and it could be demonstrated to be untrue by physiological experiments. Some of the advertisements glaringly described the beneficial results to be obtained from the use of such beverages, but the

W. KERR,

Hall Mark of Value,

542-544 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

Opp. Town Hall.



Finest house in the city for all kinds of up-to-date LADIES' JEWELLERY, where you are bewildered by the enormous variety from which to choose and the vast range of prices suitable for every purse.

NEW GOODS BY EVERY MAIL.

CALL AND INSPECT OUR STOCK.

effect was only the initial action of the alcohol on the system, as in its later stages they found quite a depressing and reverse influence. Medicated wines generally professed to be valuable for the blood, but they knew the action of alcohol in this respect, and it was notorious that a person addicted to its use offered a very feeble resistance to microbes of disease. What about the ten thousand doctors who had written in praise of medicated wines? He declared that if anyone wrote for names they could not get them, and he firmly believed they were not obtainable. He did not believe there were the names of a hundred practitioners now to be found in the medical directory who had written. If the people wanted the verdict of the doctors, they could have it. He was present at the International Medical Congress last year, when he heard the president give his opinion of medicated wines. It was to the effect that the time had come for the medical profession to stamp upon them.—"Alliance News."

WHY INDUSTRY FIGHTS OLD BILL BOOZE.

The Leipsic Sick Benefit Society found that when the general accident rate for insured workmen was 100 per thousand, the accident rate among drinkers was 320 per thousand.

The Roeschlingsche Iron and Steel Works of Bolklingen, Germany, discovered that while the average accident rate in their plant was 12 per thousand, the rate of abstainers was only 8 per thousand.

The Lukens Iron and Coal Company, the Illinois Steel Company, the Hershey Chocolate Company, the Diamond Match Company, the Philadelphia Quartz Company, and many other American industrial concerns have come out for "industrial prohibition" during the past year."

Johnnie Brown—Hero.

When the great war broke out, the little East Coast town of Fairhaven suddenly became a most important centre for the mobilisation of troops. Men in khaki were to be seen everywhere. Motor cars and bicycles were constantly flashing through the streets. Officers rode about on their handsome chargers. And the Boy Scouts had the time of their lives, acting as special messengers, holding their heads more erect, wearing their uniform constantly, more proudly than before.

The Juvenile Good Templar branches were well represented amongst the Scouts, and the Templars were easily the smartest members of the company, as more than one officer acknowledged. Johnnie Brown was an especial favorite, and before the great body of troops departed to fight for King and country, their Colonel shook hands with Johnnie and said:

"Well, good-bye, old fellow. You've been a host in yourself. It's a great pity that you weren't a few years older, then I could have had you with me as my regular orderly."

And Johnnie raised his hand to the salute, and answered:

"I wish I were coming with you, sir. I want to serve my King and country, and yet I am too young!"

"My dear lad, you are serving every day of your life," said the Colonel. "You've begun well. I see you wear a Good Templar button. Keep to that, my boy. Stand firm by your pledge, which binds you to fight against the only foe Britain has any need to fear!"

And Johnnie's eyes sparkled.

"I mean to stick to it, sir," he answered. "It's the lessons I've learnt at the Lodge which have helped me to be of use to you now."

When the troops had gone the town was guarded by a mere handful of soldiers, and these were billeted in the licensed hotels throughout the town. The Boy Scouts were still on duty. The Templar boys were most unwilling to cross the thresholds of the places they had been taught to avoid. Yet they had to go where duty called. And to give them credit, the officers and men did all they could to prevent the boys from seeing or hearing anything which would make them blush for shame or sully their young minds.

Because there was a telephone in Johnnie's home, so that he was an expert in its use, he was given the important work of answering telephone calls, recording messages, or summoning officers who were required to speak. In this way he learned many things, but never a word as to what he heard crossed Johnnie's lips.

One evening the Captain was called to the telephone, and when he had received his message he turned to Johnnie:

"You know all the country round here well, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," answered Johnnie, promptly.

"I want a letter taken to the Commander at West Bay. I can't spare a man to take it, as we have important work to do to-night. It is a wild evening, and it will be very dark. You won't be afraid?"

"Afraid, sir!" said Johnnie, indignantly. "Of course not. But may I telephone home to let mother know I may be late? I won't say where I'm going."

"All right. I'll have the despatch ready in ten minutes."

Ten minutes later Johnnie was riding on a bicycle through the wind and rain-swept streets out to the dark, lonely country road. A plate on front of the bicycle bore the magic letters, "O.H.M.S."—"On His Majesty's Service"—and his heart was glad within him because he was entrusted with this task of carrying an important letter to the Commander of the troops guarding the Bay, where the foe might manage to effect a landing if he could slip through past the watchdogs of the navy, and of that Johnnie had no fear. He was challenged once or twice by sentries, but was always ready with his answer, "Friend," and at last he was riding cautiously down the rough road to the Bay itself.

He was taken straight to the officer's tent, and that gallant soldier praised him heartily.

"You're a plucky little beggar," he said, "to come all this way alone in the dark, and on such a wretched night. You are quite wet. My orderly will get you a cup of coffee. Can't offer you anything stronger, you know," with a smile, "because I happen to be a strict teetotaller."

"So am I, sir," answered Johnnie, "a fourth generation Good Templar."

"That's right," said the officer warmly. And when Johnnie had taken the coffee the officer himself accompanied him back to the main road.

It was raining in torrents, and the roads were dangerously slippery, while the wind was straight ahead. The return journey took twice as long as the outward one, and the boy was completely fagged out when he duly reported himself at headquarters in the biggest hotel in the town.

"I say, you must have something before you go home," said the Captain. "Can't afford to let you be laid up, you know. I came in drenched, and they are making me some hot toddy. You'll have a share of it."

"I'm a Good Templar, sir," said Johnnie, quickly.

"I know, but this is a medicine, man," was the reply. "Here, waiter —"

"I can't take it, sir," said Johnnie, firmly, while the color slowly mounted to his brow, for there were several men in the room, and they had all ceased their conversation to listen. He wondered if they were laughing at him. And there is nothing harder for a proud, sensitive lad to face than the fear of being laughed at.

"Nonsense, boy. I sent you out in the storm. I feel responsible for you. If you're

laid up your parents will never forgive me. The toddy will prevent you taking a chill. Come, drink it up, and don't be a silly little ass."

He had himself taken rather more drink than was good for him, and there was a rough note in his voice which told the hearers that he was angry at the boy's defiance. Johnnie winced a little, yet repeated his words:

"I can't take it, sir. I'm sorry to vex you, but I can't break my pledge at the bidding of any man, and I don't think it is fair to try and make me do so!"

The officer glared at him for a moment; then, with a muttered exclamation of annoyance, turned hastily away. The boy's words had sent a thrill of shame through him, and he was the sort of man who could not bear to be put in the wrong.

"May I go, sir?" asked Johnnie.

"Yes," snapped the officer, without looking round. And as Johnnie sped homewards his staunch, true heart was heavy as lead.

"He won't be as nice with me after this," he thought, "and I like him best of all the officers, unless Colonel Wallace himself."

And he did not know that as the door closed behind him a young subaltern spoke softly to himself, though the words reached every man in the big dining-room.

"By jove we've got no cause to fear for Britain's future so long as our boys are made of stuff like that! He's as great a hero as any soldier who has died upon the battlefield!"

His senior officer turned and looked at him, and his frown gave way to a smile.

"'Pon my word, you are right, Graeme," he said, "and I was a double-dyed cad! I'll apologise to-morrow!"

And he did. Nay, more, when they were moved to another post he gave Johnnie a big book which told of great deeds of derring-do, and upon it he inscribed:

"A book about heroes, to a young hero, from his sincere friend and admirer, Robert Sinclair."

And Johnnie was rewarded a hundredfold. —M. C. Ramsay, in "The Scottish Good Templar."

THESE, TOO, WERE MEN.

These, too, were men! These corpses ranged in rows,

And piled in ghastly heaps on moor and fen

These silent hosts we fools accounted foes, These, too, were men!

How slow we learn! How slowly man outgrows

The traits of beasts that dwell in cave and den,

And rises o'er the brutes, his history shows. These, too, were men!

Shall we not blush, and hang our shamed heads when

Our rulers boast new triumphs, deadly blows,

And foemen slain, if we remember then— These, too, were men? —T. W. Mercer.

BUY GRIFFITHS' TEAS

New South Wales Alliance.

Being informed that an effort was being made to open a public house in Campsie, the Speaker's Team have held several meetings there. That of last Friday night was the climax of the series. A splendid attendance, and the usual public-house apologists increased the interest. A very large crowd listened for 2½ hours to Messrs. J. C. Jones, L. Phillips, Tracey Clark, and Francis Wilson. A splendid feeling prevailed, and we have no doubt that the effort to open a public house will meet with the same fate as previous attempts.

In the same electorate (Canterbury) an effort is also being made for a license at Bankstown. The local temperance people are strenuously opposing this, and the Speaker's Team are also helping with meetings.

A wire from Yamba states that a second application for publican's license there has been refused.

Mr. W. D. Bohn, who has been secretary of the Barrier Temperance Alliance for the past 5½ years, has resigned, and Mr. J. S. Thorn has been appointed in his place. Mr. Bohn has been a resident of Broken Hill for 28 years, but has not been a temperance supporter for the whole of that time. During the period that he was secretary he did much valuable work, which the central Alliance has always appreciated.

Subscribers are reminded that the financial year ends on 31st March, and membership subscriptions should be sent to the office during the month.

AMERICAN OPINION.

Prohibition Appears to Have Won Already in the West and South, and the Progressive Party is Overwhelmingly Dry.

"During the last half century's history of the American Congress there has been no session more astonishing in its results than that of last Tuesday," says the Philadelphia "North American" in calling attention to the fact that of the 433 members of the

House, 386 declared themselves on the Hobson resolution for constitutional prohibition.

The vote in favor of the amendment was 197 to 189 against, a majority of 8 of those voting. But more startling than the bare majority of the membership voting is the fact that 18 State delegations voted solidly for prohibition, and 12 were for it by a majority vote. Only 8 States voted solidly against prohibition, and only 9 additional States gave a majority against it. In view of the fact that only 36 States are needed to ratify a constitutional amendment providing for national prohibition, the significance of the action which placed the Congressional delegations of 30 Commonwealths out of the 48 behind the Hobson bill is striking.

The West and the South are Won.

The South gave more than two-thirds of its Congressmen in favor of the bill and if the other sections of the country had voted "Aye" in equal strength, the measure would have carried. Only four States commonly known as Western—California, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Nevada—failed to support the resolution.

"Of the 197 votes in favor of nation-wide prohibition, 89 were cast by Southern men; of the 16 States commonly referred to as Southern, 11 voted for it; of members representing the States that seceded, about 80 per cent. favored it." So says the New York "World" in querulous complaint at the failure of the adherents of States Rights to be alarmed by the cry that the Hobson bill imperils that doctrine.

The effort to use the States Rights theory as a bulwark against the coming of national prohibition was advanced with such pitiful weakness that the Philadelphia North American comments in this way:

"The parallel with the slavery fight fails when we compare the great orators and constitutional lawyers who defended slavery in Congress with the utterers of the feeble commonplaces in behalf of the liquor evil."

The stand on the Hobson bill by States is given below:

Solid for prohibition—Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, Wyoming—18.

Gave majority for prohibition—Alabama, Georgia, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky, Maine, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Virginia—12.

Delegation evenly divided—Nebraska—1.

Gave majority against prohibition—California, Louisiana, Maryland, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Texas, Wisconsin—9.

Solid against prohibition—Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana, Massachusetts, Nevada, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Utah—8.

The overwhelming vote of the Progressive members for the bill is another matter of significance.

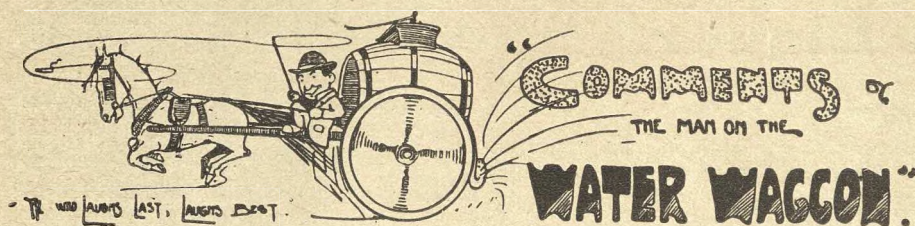
YOUNG PEOPLE'S TEMPERANCE LEAGUE OF N.S.W.

We acknowledge with thanks the following further promises towards this new movement:—A. W. S. Gregg, £5; Mrs. C. T. Newman, £3; Messrs. Robert Sands, Thomas Harrington, E. Carr Hordern, J. M. Callaghan, £2/2/- each; Messrs. F. N. Brack, F. E. Penfold, A. A. C. Cocks, J. J. Mulligan, W. Cooper, W. C. Penfold, J. A. Somerville, F. C. Petrie, W. J. Walker, G. Hough, Misses E. E. Louthean, M. E. Louthean, L. M. Louthean, Mrs. W. S. Strang, £1/1/- each; Mr. S. W. Hinwood, £1/10/-; Miss Old, £1; Rev. A. A. Yeates, Mr. P. H. Clark, 10/6 each; Messrs. C. B. Thistlethwayte, H. Nutter, J. W. Miller, J. Mars, 10/- each; G.T.H., 9/-; W.W.S., 2/-; Previously acknowledged £37/6/6; total, £75/0/6.

In addition to the list of names mentioned in a previous issues, hearty endorsements of the proposal have been given by the following:—Hon. D. R. Hall (Attorney-General), Colonel E. T. Wallack, C.B. (Commandant N.S.W. Military Forces), Mr. W. Cooper (Society of Friends), Revs. W. G. Taylor, Dr. W. E. Bromilow, Dr. Thomas Porter, Chas. Whyte, M.A., Messrs. A. E. Illingworth, H. G. Payne, G. D. Clark, Mrs. W. S. Strang, and many others.

BUT THE BREWERS RECOMMEND BEER FOR MOTHERS.

The amount of milk is not increased by alcoholic beverages, and there is no such thing as "nourishing beer of the greatest value to nursing mothers." Frequently the milk contains a very appreciable amount of the drug which the mother has been imbibing, for alcohol can be readily traced in the mother's milk within 20 minutes of its ingestion into her stomach, and it may be detected in it for as long as eight hours after a large dose.—Dr. W. McAdam Eccles, England.



THE COURAGE OF MR. HALL.

The Attorney-General has promised that the Liquor Laws shall be properly administered and duly enforced. We believe that Mr. Hall will act up to his promises.

Few people realise what demands upon one's courage and determination such a step involves as the proper administration of these laws, unpopular as they must be in a certain quarter.

The ramifications of the liquor party are so extensive and their power so great that few politicians care to offend the "party" in the very least degree.

Let a public man but utter any sentiment involving the least—the very least—condemnation of the "traffic" and he is a marked man.

It then becomes a certainty that local forces will be organized against him at the next election—and forces well armed with the "sinews of war" into the bargain.

Money talks is one of the leading mottoes of the "Trade," and we confess they have good reason to think highly of the "system" employed. Only a strong man will survive when he realises he can have whatever he asks—to talk and act one way. The pressure on the other side is correspondingly great—if he won't sell himself he shall be driven into oblivion.

Small wonder that with such "stiffening" on either hand the weak man walks in the narrow path selected for him by the "Trade," and doesn't dare sing any other song than the "Liberty League's Lament." The latter mainly refers to the poor publican as a down-trodden philanthropist, and appeals loudly for assistance to preserve the liberty of the boozier to drink himself to death. A "popular" song all right.

Thus the politician early learns his letters in the whisky traffickers' school, and rapidly becomes proficient and able to make a tidy little speech.

He is apt to be heard saying that in his opinion it is far better to have a good number of well-regulated houses selling good stuff than to drive the people to become "secret drinkers."

The many-hired parrots in the country pubs say this also very prettily, and the sentiments are not new; but it is one of the early lessons in the Liberty League reader.

Later on our M.P. comes to really think he is voicing his own convictions when he extols "the traffic," and settles down to try and regained his self-respect—a commodity the hotelkeeper has little time for as a rule.

THE POWER OF PERSUASION.

It would appear from the following cutting from a Sydney morning daily that the

"pressure" applied by our friends the enemy is not wholly reserved for politicians. Please scan the following.—

OFFERED A BRIBE.
HOTEL PROPRIETOR FINED.

YOUNG, Wednesday.

At the Police Court to-day, Thomas Bleasdale, sanitary inspector, charged John Comerford, proprietor of the Australian Hotel, with having offered him £5 as a bribe to influence him in the performance of his duties. Defendant, who pleaded not guilty, was fined £5, and £2 8s. costs.

We do not for one moment suggest that the opposition hold any mortgage over the "graft" system in vogue in our midst.

By no means.

It unfortunately appears that bribery and corruption are met with in almost every walk and profession, but we claim that the "influence" is wielded by the "Trade" to an enormous extent. "We have the money" is the proud attitude of the Captains of the Liquor Army, and this paper is ready and willing to allow their claim instantan.

They have the money—also the influence—and if you doubt it, my friend, and happen to be a country storekeeper or baker, just take a prominent part in the local temperance society and find out what happens.

Or if you meet your Parliamentary representative, ask him to join in a deputation to close the hotels at 10 p.m. and see what he says.

If you doubt the power of the Brewery Brigade you will find that he, at any rate, has a very wholesome regard for it.

He knows.

To tell a trader outright that if he doesn't quit his temperance work he will be boycotted is "blackmail"—and the oftener you and I publish that fact the better.

Though the Liberty League may have the hide of a rhinoceros, it is probable he will not wish to set himself in too derogatory a position before the general public.

Blackmail is a nasty word, isn't it? Sounds very harsh.

We cannot promise to water it, U.L.V.A.!

BRIBERY IN GENERAL.

Leaving for the moment the liquor people to preserve themselves in their beloved alcohol, we have one final word to say on "graft."



James Cook Ltd.
Baker,
32 Victoria St., Paddington
Tel.: Pad. 111.
TRY OUR STEAM-MADE BREAD.

This false principle is growing in our midst. It threatens to grip us as it has gripped the United States.

It is useless to deny this fact. Indeed, 'twould be childish.

You and I meet it day by day.

Let us then remember that every time we expose it or gently but firmly refuse to be a party to it, we drive another nail in the coffin of "graft."

It is soul-destroying; it saps the very vitals of one's finer morality, destroys self-respect, and opens the door to an infinity of evil.

Let us put our feet upon it and drive it from our midst.

Determined action is needed, and the sane and wholesome mind of the general community will readily respond and sanction a better moral tone.

THE WAR.

A Patriotic Appeal

IS MADE TO

THE NATION

To Abstain from Alcoholic Drink During the war on the ground that—

1. The grain destroyed for their production is required for food.
2. The money spent up drink will purchase many times its value in food.
3. Physical power depends upon food, and must not be destroyed by alcohol.
4. Alcohol lowers vitality and diminishes power to resist disease.

PATRIOTISM

Demands a whole-hearted response from all classes to this appeal.

ONE HUNDRED TO CLOSE.

Denver, Colo., Dec. 12.—One hundred saloons in Denver will close on January 1. These are saloons owned by breweries and they have decided to reduce the number in proportion to the reduction in the output of the breweries, since the manufacture and sale of liquor must cease in this state on January 1, 1916.

A BREAKFAST, DINNER, AND TEA BEVERAGE. FRUCERIA ESSENCE

Superior to Coffee, and does not attack the heart and nerves like Coffee and Tea do.
MANUFACTURED BY Sample Bottles Posted Free, 6d.

THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD CO. (Vegetarian Cafe),
45 HUNTER STREET, 283 CLARENCE STREET.

Soldiers and Liquor.

TIMID LEGISLATORS, GRASPING PUBLICANS, AND A LONG-SUFFERING PUBLIC.

Ever since the war broke out we have had impressed upon us the menace that liquor is to the soldier. The camps at Randwick and Kensington had to be moved at considerable cost owing to the great amount of drunkenness. Hundreds of men kept for weeks and partly trained had to be dismissed because of drunkenness, the cost running into thousands of pounds being borne by the apathetic taxpayer. We might well review the situation.

A GRAVE ERROR.

The London "Daily Chronicle" says:—

"The best impulses may lead to error, and in our zeal we have unfortunately fallen into one error which is resulting in grave consequences—I mean our too eager desire to show our appreciation of the men who are training in our midst for active service. The other day I talked with a man from Aldershot, a sergeant in a crack regiment, and he spoke bitterly of what he called 'the treating nuisance.' 'I cannot stand three minutes at a street corner,' he declared, 'without being invited by some stranger to come and have a drink, and I know it is just the same with other men in uniform.'

"As it happens, my friend is a teetotaler, and the invitation is politely declined. But the vast majority of his comrades are not teetotalers, and the constant temptation to drink when off duty is a peril which is causing the authorities much anxiety. Lord Kitchener's appeal not to give soldiers liquor was not made hastily or without cause. An experience of nearly half a century has taught our War Secretary the dire effects of strong drink on an army. "Soldiers who drink cannot be efficient," he has told us in effect, and such a warning from such a quarter ought not to fall on heedless ears. For at no period of our history, not even during the Napoleonic wars, was the efficiency of our army so vital to the national safety as it is to-day."

NOT MERELY A FEW WASTERS.

Neither here, in Egypt or England is the evil confined to a "few wasters." Far more men are involved than is generally known. As proof we quote from an English paper, which says:—

"Sixteen counsel, including several members of Parliament, appeared before the Dublin Recorder last November in connection with an application of the military to have Dublin public-houses closed temporarily at eight o'clock.

"The Solicitor-General for the military authorities said that the drink evil in Dublin since the mobilization had been appalling. On Saturday night, October 31, out of 5000 troops who had leave for the evening 659 returned to barracks under the influence of drink. Neither the Executive Government nor the military authorities wished to press unduly on any class or section, but they saw no way out of the matter except to make the present application.

"One reason why temptations to drink ought not to be placed in the way of the young men who are fighting for their country is that many of them have hitherto been total abstainers. At the Dublin interview referred to above, General Friend, commander of the troops in Ireland, and Brigadier-General Hill, both supported the application made, and the latter said that a great majority of the men under his command in the Dublin district were teetotalers."

THE ARMY'S BEST.

Speaking last year at the Army Temperance Association's Twentieth Anniversary, the late Field-Marshal Earl Roberts pointed out that in 1895, the first year after the association was started, it numbered 7091 total abstainers and 840 Temperance men; a total of 7931. Last year these numbers amounted to 20,225 total abstainers and 2214 Temperance men, making a total of 22,439, or treble what it was twenty years ago. (Cheers.) In India last year the total number of members was not less than 34,700, not far short of half the strength of the British Army in India. The admissions into hospital due to alcoholism from the whole British army in the last twenty years showed clearly how beneficial the association had been for soldiers, for he found that in 1891 there were no less than 849 admissions, while in 1911 these were reduced to 136. Similarly with the fines for drunkenness in 1891 there were 147 fines per 1000 men. In 1911 there were only 63 per 1000. During the same period the beer canteen receipts had decreased by 75 per cent., while the average expenditure per man had decreased from £8 11s. to £3. Fourteen detention barracks had been closed during the last eight years, and the inmates reduced from 1842 to 470—a great financial saving to the nation. (Cheers.) It was, in fact, impossible to over-estimate the benefit which the association had been to the army and the country. It did much to keep the men steady while they were in the ranks, and it returned them to civil life fitted to fill positions of trust and responsibility. (Cheers.) During the last twenty years 160,000 members of the association had been transferred to civil life, the vast majority of whom had done remarkably well. (Cheers.) Every endeavor was made to find employment for men on taking their discharge. (Cheers.)

ENFORCEMENT OF LIQUOR ACT.

"A drunken man is not a pretty sight at any time, but a drunken soldier is really an abomination," said Mr. D. R. Hall, Attorney-General. "I was more than grieved to notice a number of those brave young men who returned from Rabaul on Thursday about the streets under the influence of drink during the week-end. These chaps must be admired for the wonderful response they made at short notice, and it seems a great pity that they should be sub-

jected to the temptation of drink, with its attendant bodily and mental ill-effects.

"The military authorities, from Lord Kitchener downwards, have appealed to the too enthusiastic friends of our brave defenders to refrain from the iniquitous habit of 'shouting.' I quite understand that five thirsty men might want one drink each. If they went in and had a soft drink or a soda, they would only have one each. Why they should insist on having five each in an hotel I can never understand. I am sure much of the deplorable sights are due to the system of 'shouting,' and I am going to do what I can to prevent soldiers receiving drink when are not in a position to know what they are doing, and when they do not need it. I am not going to introduce any fresh legislation; I am simply ordering a more rigid enforcement of the Liquor Act. Section 53 says: "If the holder of any license for the sale of liquor supplies liquor to any person who is at the time in a state of intoxication, he shall for the first offence be liable to a penalty of not less than £2 nor more than £5, and for any subsequent offence to a penalty of not less than £10 nor more than £20, and in the latter case to the forfeiture of his license."

"The Inspector-General of Police has been given special instructions to see that the law is enforced," continued Mr. Hall, "and the Crown Solicitor will arrange that in all cases where prosecutions are pending he shall be represented, and will press for the highest penalty, and, in the case of second offences, cancellation of the licenses."

UTTERLY INADEQUATE.

As the matter now stands, a drunken soldier on the street may be arrested, but the arresting constable not having seen him served cannot charge the liquor-seller, who, as usual, gets off scot free. If, on the other hand, the policeman permits the man to wander into another liquor-selling place and waits until he is served, then he lays himself open to the charge of setting a trap for the liquor-seller; and a charge of this kind will probably provide a lot of trouble for the constable.

The fact that thousands of intoxicated men and women have been served in the last few months, and that not a dozen convictions have been recorded against the law-breaking liquor-sellers, and these only on the initiative of private citizens, is surely proof positive that the law is inadequate.

The Minister for Justice might very well, on the evidence to be obtained in Liverpool, close the bars at 7 p.m. daily in that town. This has been done in every town in Canada where troops are quartered. He might also follow the example of New Zealand, which, in the War Regulation Act, prohibits the sale of liquor to soldiers in uniform for consumption off the premises, and also the purchase by civilians of liquor for soldiers except for consumption on licensed premises.

Policemen on duty are prohibited from drinking, and it is not unreasonable to ask that under the present war conditions all soldiers in uniform be considered on duty, and that they be prohibited from drinking.

Why Not be a Rechabite?

**JOIN THE GREATEST BENEFIT SOCIETY
IN THE WORLD.**

A Million Members. Total Funds - £2,500,000

SOME OF THE BENEFITS.

NO DOCTORS' BILLS.

Medical attendance and Medicines are provided for members and their wives and families.

WAGES WHEN SICK.

Sick pay, from date of joining, £1 1s. per week for 52 weeks, and 10s. per week so long as sickness lasts thereafter.

Female members 8s. per week for 26 weeks, and 4s. per week thereafter.

A DECENT FUNERAL.

Funeral Allowance £25 from date of joining, or a Life Assurance of from £50 to £100, according to the contributions paid. Funeral Allowance for registered wives, £15; and for registered children £5. Female members, £12 10s.

NO WORRY WHEN YOU ARE OLD.

At age 65 it will continue to provide your benefits without further contributions from you for Sick or Funeral Fund or Medical Aid.

Female members cease contributing at age 60.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

At the age of eight years and under sixteen any boy or girl may become a member upon payment of the small charge of sixpence which entitles them to a pence book and a book of laws.

A contribution of threepence per fortnight (the maximum) covers all the foregoing benefits, and cost of management.

A Funeral allowance of £10 is payable to the parents or guardians in the event of death taking place after six months' membership.

At age sixteen members may transfer to the adult Order, with instant freedom to the Sick Benefit of £1 1/- per week for twelve months, and 10/- so long as sickness lasts thereafter.

A BRANCH may be opened wherever TEN ABSTAINERS will combine for that purpose.

QUARTERLY CONTRIBUTIONS for SICK & FUNERAL BENEFITS.

Age at joining.	s.	d.	Wives' Contribution.
16, 17			
18, 19	3	11	0 11
20	6	11	0 11
21	7	1	1 0
22	7	2	1 0
23	7	5	1 0
24	7	8	1 0
25	7	11	1 1
26	8	1	1 1
27	8	4	1 2
28	8	8	1 2
29	9	0	1 2
30	9	4	1 3

The Contributions for ages 31 to 40 increase proportionately.

NOTE.

The above rates are for Sick and Funeral Benefits only. The Quarterly contribution for Medical Benefit and Management Expenses is subject to local arrangement. The usual rate is 8s. 6d.

Members over 65 years of age are not required to contribute for their Sick, Funeral, or Medical Benefits.

SICK BENEFIT.

£1 1s. per week for 52 weeks, after six months' membership.

10/- per week so long as sickness lasts thereafter.

FUNERAL BENEFIT.

£20 from date of joining.

£25 after seven years' membership.

£15 on death of wife after registration.

ADDITIONAL FUNERAL BENEFIT.

Members may insure in Funeral Fund up to £100. A safe form of Life Assurance at lowest rates.

**For particulars write to
"RECHABITE,"
Box 390,
G.P.O., Sydney.**

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.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1915.

DID YOU NOTICE.

Week by week there comes to us through the cables the evidences of progress, and it may surprise many to know that since the war commenced over 100 separate cables have been published referring in some way to the harm done by alcohol and some further restrictions placed upon it. During the last week I noted the following:—

"PARIS, Saturday.—The Chamber of Deputies has, by 481 votes to 52, adopted a bill suppressing perpetually the sale of absinthe in France."

That is, nearly a 10 to 1 vote for prohibition. I doubt if even war in our State would have that effect on our liquor dominated politicians. Another cable says: "In the House of Commons on February 15th Mr. Lloyd George (Chancellor of the Exchequer), who was loudly cheered, made a statement in reference to the recent agreement arrived at between the Ministers of Finance, of Britain, France, and Russia, to combine their resources to prosecute the war to a successful conclusion.

After emphasizing Russia's undeveloped resources, he said the suppression of alcohol had increased the productivity of her labor 30 to 50 per cent. It was as if it had added millions of laborers without increasing the expense of maintaining them. Cheers.)

A Personal Chat with my readers

Of course temperance folk have known and said this for the last 50 years, but we were only dubbed fanatics. Now the same sentiment is cheered in the most conservative parliament in the world.

A cable dated Feb. 19th says:—"The Iowa State Legislature has passed the Prohibition Bill by a large majority. It will come into operation in January, 1915."

We certainly do not require any sympathy these days. Our success is so overwhelming and continuous that we need just to cultivate modesty as the laurels of victory are being hung all over us.

Florence L. Barclay, the author of many widely read novels, the most popular perhaps being "Following the Star," frequently takes part in Bible League meetings. She lately used the following illustration:—

"I sometimes hear young Christians say: 'How can we be sure that the books were rightly selected and chosen? Who did the choosing? Who decided as to what should be bound up and called the Bible? Ought not parts of the Apocrypha to have been included in the inspired Word? Should not some portions of the inspired Word have a place in the Apocrypha?' Or they will have heard discussions as to the dates of the various books: as to whether a gospel which bears the name of one man, was not probably largely dictated by another. Many questions of extreme interest arise, but those who discuss them, and may possibly have their faith in the Bible somewhat shaken by a non-understanding of them, have no time to fully enter into these questions. I want to say this to you: Never speak as though when the Holy Ghost had inspired the last word of the Book of the Revelation, He then launched His Book upon the world for men to deal with—choose, select, translate, revise, print, bind, and publish, as they pleased.

"Would any human author so deal with his manuscript? When an author has finished a manuscript, do you suppose he sends it to the publisher, and says: 'Here is my manuscript. Do with it what you please! Print the chapters which appeal to you; omit those you do not care for. Call it what you like; bind it as you will!' Do you not know that an author expects to have a say on every point connected with the publication of a book; the choosing of the printer, the selecting of the paper, the type, the binding, the color? There is no detail too small for the

anxious attention of an author who is really keen.

"And do you know that the most difficult and sometimes the hardest work of all upon a book is after the actual writing is finished, when we come to the proof correction? Let me tell you, that an author who is conscientious and careful, reads three sets of proofs right through. I know of one author who happened personally to deliver at the printing press the final set of proofs, and heard there that, owing to a delay in the arrival of the consignment of paper, the printing would be postponed twenty-four hours, although the type was ready upon the presses. That author at once took home the set of proofs, and spent another twenty-four hours of work upon them. The result of that work was one comma! A friend, in speaking of it afterwards, said: 'What! Twenty-four hours' work to put in one comma! Did you think that worth while?' But the author said: 'Absolutely worth while, for that comma made the whole difference to an important sentence!'

"Friends, if a writer of human literature keeps this careful hold upon a book, right to the very end, do you suppose the Spirit of God would do less? I firmly believe that He guided the minds of those who selected; that He guided the intellects of those who translated; and of those who, later on, gave us our valuable Revised Version; that He kept, and keeps still, His hold upon His Word; and that you may say, without any doubt or question, as you take up your Bible: 'My Bible, as I now hold it between my two hands, is the Word of God as He intends me to have it.'"

Patrick Macquade, a native of Belfast, Ireland, left the State Hospital at Lidcombe on December 8 on one day's

THE BOTTLE AND THE SKELETON.

leave. He did not return, and the following day he was struck off the books. Exactly two months later his skeleton was found in the hospital grounds. The body had been partly eaten by dogs, some of the bones being found a few feet away from the skeleton, beside which was a bottle half full of rum.

The coroner returned a verdict to the effect that the deceased was found dead. The man who served this intoxicated man was not called to the inquest, no action is taken to prevent the thing happening again as it has happened many times before. It is not so long ago that a man left the same

(Continued on Page 15.)

The A.W.U. and Its Enemy.

TEMPERANCE MEN FIGHT TEMPERANCE MOVE.

It is always a matter of interest, as well as importance, when Labor men, or their unions, discuss any aspect of the liquor problem. They often afford an interesting sidelight on human frailty and prejudice, to say nothing of fear. We find the enthusiast for early closing of all places dealing with the necessities of life, lose all his enthusiasm when asked to extend his principles to early closing of hotel bars, or to see a body of men "backing and filling," when, after rising to heights of righteous indignation against any attempt to oppose the principle of "one man one vote," they fade away when asked to make "one vote of one value" on the liquor question.

There is no Labor Party in any part of the world that does not include among its leaders keen opponents of the liquor traffic, but usually they are held in check by the "diplomatic," but short-sighted, ones who are sacrificing the future to the present, and who plead caution in the name of the party funds, the drinkers' vote, and the liquor advertisements in their paper.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC LABOR'S GREAT ENEMY.

Efficiency means higher wages, and the world's leaders are unanimous in declaring liquor to be the greatest enemy to efficiency.

Spending power means a demand for goods that necessitates employment.

The liquor traffic everywhere is the break on the people's spending power. In N.S.W. this trade diverts from the necessities and comforts of life over seven million pounds a year.

Opportunities to work are life to the mass of the people. The liquor traffic absorbs many millions of capital, and gives only about one-tenth the employment that would result if the money was invested in any other business.

Health and long life are our two most precious boons. Those engaged in the liquor trade have been proved by all insurance societies to suffer more sickness and to have a shorter life than those of any other trade.

Accidents are to be dreaded in any home, but none have so much reason to dread them as the workers. The "safety first" movement in America has proved beyond dispute that 70 per cent. of industrial accidents have their origin in liquor, as one expert said: "If the railway companies sent the stomach of the engine driver to the chemist instead of the cemetery, they would have found data upon which to base a verdict as to who was responsible."

Since the last man to be put on, and the first man to be put off is the drinker, we may fairly claim that organized labor is suffering from that proportion of its members who are out of employment, who undersell the labor market, and are a burden on those of their number who have cut the booze out.

TRADING WITH THE ENEMY.

We reprint the following from "The Worker":—

Mr. Black moved the resolution from Carrathool (N.S.W.) Local Committee—

That no hotelkeeper be allowed to act as agent for the A.W.U.

He said that the A.W.U. should not have any of its business done in hotel bars. Although this resolution had been defeated at previous conventions he trusted it would be carried at this one. There were a great number of A.W.U. men who were total abstainers, and he did not think they should have to go into hotels to learn of Union matters. Hotelkeepers were not, as a rule, acting as agents merely to advance Union business. The Union should take a firm stand on the liquor traffic, and if the community as a whole sobered up, so to speak, things would go along much more smoothly. The Labor movement did not exist solely to shorten hours and increase wages, and had a duty to perform with regard to the liquor traffic.

Mr. Blakeley seconded.

Mr. Lundie opposed the motion. No branch employed an hotelkeeper if it was possible to get a better man. He was a total abstainer, and in fact a Rechabite. In some Rechabite circles they reckoned that he, the mildest mannered man who ever entered the Labor movement, was a wild and woolly red revolutionist. For all his beliefs in total abstinence, however, he was not going to debar a man from spending his leisure and his cash as he wished. Whilst he knew there were hotelkeepers who were always out after the gentle dollar, he was also going to say that some of the whitest men he had met in the union movement were hotelkeepers.

OLD UNION MEMBERS.

Mr. Brown was against the motion. In certain places that he knew of the only reliable men for the work of agent were hotelkeepers. There were a number of these men who were old union members who in the days when Mr. Black was in his swaddling clothes were fighting for the conditions which had enabled men like Mr. Black to be present at Convention that day.

Mr. Richardson said he had changed his mind on this subject, and would oppose the motion. An hotelkeeper was not necessarily sought out for the position of agent, but because he was on the spot and the most desirable man.

Mr. Ryan said that commonsense should govern in these matters. He knew of hotelkeepers who had fought for the unionists, and of others who were against the Labor movement. If exception could be honestly taken to hotelkeepers they should not be agents.

Mr. Collins said he was a teetotaler, but he had in his mind an hotelkeeper who was just as straight as Mr. Black or himself. He was up against the drink traffic just as much as Mr. Black, but he was not going to shut out as agents hotelkeepers who, he knew, had been staunch to the Labor movement.

The motion was defeated.

OUR COMMENTS.

We congratulate Mr. Black on coming at the subject again and refusing to accept past decisions as final. Stick to it, Brother Black; you must win before long.

The Rechabite who opposed this proposal should be instructed in the rules of his order and asked to explain how it is he is not carrying out his pledge to encourage others to be as he is—an abstainer. He is apparently unable to see that the decent publican is incapable of making liquor harmless or that men are protected from drinking because the liquor-seller is a "white man."

Mr. Collins might well consider the position of his own boy. He naturally expects the boy to follow him in the matter of total abstinence, and yet would be no party to conditions under which that boy must frequent a pub if he would know of local union matters, and run the gauntlet of sneers unless he patronises the bar.

We hope the matter will not be allowed to rest, and on the principle of the greatest amount of good to the greatest number the resolution must eventually be carried.

HOODWINKED.

The average working man worries more about losing his job than he does about going to hell. No hell in the future can hold as many terrors as the hell which comes to him through a job-less condition. To his mind, therefore, the economic aspect of the liquor problem is more important than any other. He has been told that if the breweries and the saloons were closed, the men who grew the grain out of which beer is manufactured will suffer grievously; that the glass bottle blowers who make the glasses and the bottles used in the industry, and those who make the cigars which are sold in the saloon, those who make automobiles in which the beer is conveyed about the city, the horseshoers, the harness-makers, the machinists, the carpenters, the engineers—all, indeed, who are in any way related to the manufacture or the sale of liquor—all will lose their jobs if the saloon is put out of business.

In America, in the last Census Bulletin, page 8, we find:—"The relative importance of these industries from a purely manufacturing standpoint is best shown by their ranking in number of wage-earners; in this respect the brewing industry ranks twenty-fifth among the industries of the country, and the distillery industry forty-third."

THE KNOCK OUT TO LIQUOR.

In the statistical abstract of the United States 1911, p. 298, it is shown that only 3 per cent. of the total tonnage of all freight was wines, liquor, and beer.

Of the total crop of grain, consisting of barley (malt, rye, corn, wheat, and oats), there was used for liquor just about 3 per cent.

The ratio of wages paid to the working man in five leading groups of industries outside the liquor traffic in the matter of capital investment, is about four times greater than it is in the liquor trade, and in the matter of wages paid compared to the value of products it is nearly three times greater.

The liquor business employs only one-fifth as many workers for the same amount in-

(Continued on Page 15.)

CITY OF CRANIA.

(By HENRY JONES, for "Grit.")

COLOR.—(Continued.)

GREY EYES AND DARK DEEDS.

Since the war began many writers of note have written character sketches of the Emperor of Germany, but not more than one has referred to the color of his eyes. Perhaps it seems a detail to the uninitiated into the science or art of character reading, but to the true and serious student it is a most important detail. The shape of his head has been dealt with in a previous issue, and many dailies have published opinions concerning his sanity or insanity, but I hold that the secret of his character is in the color of his eyes. Owing to the absence of first hand information, I have refrained from speaking definitely upon this point, but as I am now in possession of indisputable evidence I might be permitted to say what physiognomy teaches in this respect.

The Kaiser has light grey eyes. This is no accident; it is in harmony with the natural order of things. His eyes are greyer to-day than they were twenty years ago, because his mind is more cold-blooded, calculating, mathematical, and dispassionate. If you study the criminal records of most countries you will find some interesting facts concerning the color of eyes. About one per cent. of dispassionate murderers have dark eyes; the other ninety-nine per cent. have light grey or very light blue eyes.

Take a few examples from N.S.W. Amongst the most dispassionate and cold-blooded murderers we have been cursed with were Deeming, Barnes, and Butler. We find these had light grey or light blue eyes.

WHY IS THIS THUS?

The question naturally arises in the mind, why have dispassionate murderers light eyes? To answer this we must first explain why the eye has color at all. According to the most reputable scientist we learn that the color of the eye depends upon the chemical properties in the blood. When analysed we find that the more carbon the system contains the darker will be the color of the eye, and of course if follows a natural sequence—the less carbon the lighter the eye. Now, carbon does not bend. In the street you will sometimes find a short piece of carbon out of an arc lamp. Take this up and try to bend it, you can't, it breaks; so with individuals with a superabundance of carbon in their system, they will not bend.

GENIUS AND FIENDS.

When a grey eye accompanies a good phrenological make-up we get genius of the highest order. These manifest the mathematical, calculating, and diplomatic qualities. The blood runs smoothly and evenly and enables the possessor to control emotion and direct thought along any given channel. Some of the finest diplomats in Europe and England possess grey eyes, but they also possess a well-balanced brain. It is reported that Earl Grey, that master of tact,

diplomacy, and statesmanship, has grey eyes. Kitchener and Lloyd George have blue grey eyes, while Mr. Asquith has the light steel grey.

Coming to the Kaiser, we find the grey eye when under excitement, while it is tinged with blue in calmer moments. Such an eye (color) enables the Kaiser to control sentiment, crush feelings of a humane nature, and act with all the coolness, coldness, and heartlessness of a fiend. Had he a different organization he may have become one of the most valuable allies England could have wished for. The latest portrait of this man clearly demonstrates the marked change in color and expression of the eyes since 1908. The shape of his head, as described in a previous issue, differs very considerably from the shape revealed in his portrait fifteen years ago, but even then the shape indicated



DORA HOWELL.

the potentialities which have manifested themselves in recent years. He allowed his organization to control him instead of controlling his organization.

THE END OF THE KAISER.

Phrenology teaches that no man is punished for his sins—he is punished by his sins. As the sin of thought is far more serious than that of action, we must conclude that the Kaiser's end is at hand, because by thinking (thought) he has developed an organization which predestines him to death through heart trouble. By checking his higher sentiments and suppressing the action of benevolence he lives in a constricted and contracted condition of body. Did you ever think of the scientific significance of those words of Scripture: "Bowels of mercy."

NATURAL FEROCITY.

In animals of a wild ferocious nature we find a liberal quantity of yellow in the eyes. When roused to anger this color appears to

be red or fiery. If you notice the eyes of all animals whose character never varies you will find brown, red, and yellow coloring predominating; so with individuals. The blue eye is more even in affection, the brown more passionate, and the grey most unemonstrative.

DORA HOWELL.

The pensive look upon this face is not natural, because Dora is endowed with a full development of the organ of mirthfulness; perhaps she is assuming the expression to play some part—she has imitation enough to do so.

The personal qualities here displayed are of a high order. She is refined, more pre-inclined to good than bad, circumspect, and somewhat ambitious. There is a good degree of intellect displayed in the forehead, particularly that kind of intellect that would find pleasure in teaching, reading, and engaging in the useful arts.

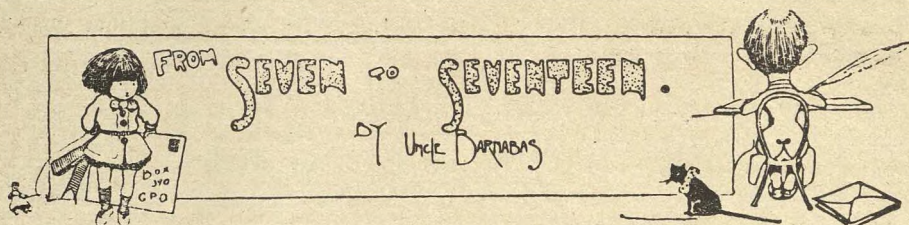
The top lip indicates plenty of independence and firmness. She will stand on her dignity in quiet yet effectual manner. The chin is rather narrow and foreshadows fastidiousness in selecting companions and dress. It would be better if she mixed and mingled with people more promiscuously.

The eyes are full, showing language, so in some manner she will be very expressive. Perhaps if she attempted writing and teaching in school she would discover that she has very fine powers of expression. There is no doubt she has intellectual and personal qualities to justify her engaging in teaching, clerical work, light constructive work, and business (sales).

The head dress hides the crown, but I conclude from the face that she is ambitious, over-cautious in action, and very imaginative. She will fill an ordinary position very well and serve her friends faithfully. Music will appeal to her, and she has some talent for playing.

PAT'S REJOINDER.

An Irishman had been long addicted to drink, but he signed the pledge and put on the blue ribbon. His former companions poked fun at him. "What reason have you, Pat, for giving up taking a drap?" said one of them. "Why, whisky is the worst enemy I ever had. It ruined me home and caused me to lose my job and go in rags." "But," his old-time friend rejoined, "does not the Bible tell you to love your enemies?" "Yes, it does," said Pat, "but it doesn't tell me to swallow them." "Well, Pat, didn't Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?" "Yes, he did, but not me, to lose me job, and go in rags; and there's nothing the matter with me stummick." "Oh, go along, Pat; you look like a calf at a country fair with that blue ribbon on." "An' thet is all right," said Pat, "an' whenever ye sees a calf at the country fair wid a blue ribbon on he always takes the prize."



ARE YOUR SENTRIES AWAKE?

If you go to Liverpool and cross the bridge a sentry stops you, and when you satisfy him you go a little further and another one stops you, and if you can satisfy him you enter the camp. If a Royal person, or a General, were in the camp he also would be protected by a sentry outside his tent. The most precious thing we have is our character, and the good opinion of others. They are protected by three sentries. Are they awake? Do they challenge every intruder, and want to know his business before they let him pass? Perhaps this little incident may explain what I mean:—

"Oh, mamma," cried Blanche, "I heard such a tale about Edith! I did not think she could be so naughty. One—"

"My dear," said her mother, "before you tell it we will see if your story will pass three sentries."

"What does that mean, mamma?"

"I will explain. In the first place, let me ask you about your story; is it true?"

"I suppose so. I heard it from Grace White, and she is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind, but I am afraid it was."

"And is it necessary?"

"No, of course, mamma; there was no need for mentioning it at all."

"Always ask these three sentries first when you are tempted to tell something about others."—Uncle B.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

What about Saturday, March 27th? Will your mother come? You may of course bring your chum. I want to know what you think and what you are going to do? So please write the very day you read this.—Uncle B.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.

Those of you who are fortunate enough to have your birthday in March can celebrate on the same day as I do, and that will be fine.

I wish you all a very happy day, and very many more of them, and I hope you will never grow too old to take an interest in this page, and your "Grit" cousins.

Ronald Jones, 4th; Kathleen Rankin, 5th; Albert Froggatt, 10th; Cecil Maynard, 17th; Vivian Bembrick, 17th; Clarice Clout, 18th; Hope Begg, 19th; Ruby Meale, 21st; Arnold Carr, 21st; Hedley Carr, 21st; Edna Willard, 21st; Arthur Day, 23rd; Beryl Elvery, 23rd; Violet Brown, 24th; Dorothy Hunter, 24th; Grace Hawkins, 27th; Ellie Read, 29th.

A NEW NE'.

Victor Glanfield, "Mayrah," Kensington-road, Kensington, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—May I be your nephew? I am ten years old and am in fourth class at school. I go to the Kensington Public School, and we are having holidays at present. I read some letters in "Grit" on page eleven, and was very much struck by them. I attend St. Martin's Sunday-school and Church, and like it very much and attend very regularly. I am going away to Katoomba, and hope to have a good time there. I am learning the violin, and am getting on well, and my brother is learning the piano. My birthday is on May 12, 1915. So, hoping you will accept me as a Ne', I remain, your loving Ne'.

(Dear Victor,—I am very pleased to have you as a Ne', and hope you will often write. Tell me what games you like best, and who your chum is, and what you do on holidays. All these things interest me.—Uncle B.)

Alma Everingham, St. Elmo, Nabiac, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Father has been getting "Grit" for a long time now, and as I have been always going to write and ask you to give me the honor of being your Ni', and as I have the pleasure of knowing a Ni' and Ne' of yours, Bonny and Mervyn, I think it is about time I also made a start, for I do not like to be beaten. Cousin Bonny does seem afraid of Mr. Jones, but I do not mind saying that Mr. Jones is just straight out, and I think he has read Bonny's photo very well. I don't think I would be afraid of him, and I would like to send my photo along, Uncle, if you will accept it. And, Uncle, what about yours, for it is such a long time since you were around here that I forget what you are like. I suppose you had a holiday at Christmas. At least, I hope you did, Uncle, for I have had a nice time. If I want to be your Ni' I must keep off that "scalawag" list, and I will try hard to do that. I suppose you will want my age. Cousin Nora Robertson says in her last letter that she is getting on the ladder of time. But what about me—eighteen, and my birthday is June 27. And I think I am quite young yet. Well, Uncle, once I am your Ni' I will give you a little news, and watching and waiting for your photo in "Grit."—I am, yours sincerely.

(Dear Alma,—I am pleased that you have at last joined the goodly company of Ne's and Ni's. Send your photo as soon as you can, and perhaps Mr. Jones will give Bonny a chance to have a word about you. My photo is giving me much more anxiety than any of you dream, and I have had many consultations with both Mr. Jessup and Mr. Jones, and hope the result will be satisfactory.—Uncle B.)

A WEE BIT AFRAID.

Reg. King, "The Cottage," Brungle, via Gundagai, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Again I take the pleasure of writing to you, as I was very pleased to see my last letter printed in "Grit," and to know that you have accepted me as a nephew. Well, Uncle, it is still very dry up this way, and rain is needed very badly. I really don't know what will become of us all if the drought and war continue. We have had two dreadful dust storms here this week. I wish that it had been rain instead of dust. The first one was on Tuesday evening, and when it was at its worst you could not see five yards from you. To see the time we had to strike a match. It was just on the verge of striking six. Fortunately, the wind wasn't very strong. The latter one came yesterday at about mid-day, but it wasn't so bad, for we could see the trees and surrounding houses. You could imagine the dust that was lodged in the house. We had dust in our eyes and throats for a long while after.

We have to feed our stock now, the cow on cornstalks and the two ponies on chaff. We own a cow and calf, three ponies, and a mare and foal. The mare and foal are at Gocup and one pony that dad rides. I can ride and also drive the pony in the sulky. I also have a bike, but at present it is of no use to me, as it is punctured. I have no photo of myself suitable for Mr. Jones; besides, I'm a bit afraid of him. Wishing page eleven every success, with heaps of love. I am, yours sincerely.

P.S.—I will do my best to keep off the "scalawag" list during 1915.

(Dear Reg.,—I don't think you really are afraid; only, like all boys, you are shy and perhaps too modest, so I will still look for a photo some day. Those dust storms must be dreadful. Can you fix a puncture? Why are boys like bike tyres? Because they are sometimes the better for being blown up.—Uncle B.)

TIRED OF WAITING.

Doris Bannerman, Sherwood, Macleay River, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Just a few lines to page double one, wishing it every success. My word, we had a very quiet Christmas this time. I received five cards from my relations. We have plenty of ripe melons, and I wish this envelope was a bit larger, Uncle; I would be able to send you one, and I am sure you would enjoy it. I haven't been anywhere for my holidays yet. I am waiting for the train to come to Wauchope, so I hope I haven't got much longer to wait. We have had some lovely rain, and it is quite a change after the heat. I think we will have to go and live at the beach. What do you say, Uncle? Millie is going to the South-West Rocks to-day, and she is staying a fortnight. Our pot plants are looking lovely now; well, in fact, everything is looking nice. I am just tired of waiting to hear who won the hero competition. Isn't this war a dreadful thing. One of my cousins is

in England, so he will soon be ready for the field. I will close, with best wishes to my cousins, and especially to yourself.—Your fond Niece.

(Dear Doris,—The hero competition never came to anything. I am almost ashamed to say that only about three entries were received. Evidently heroes are scarce; or if they are plentiful they don't get any chance to display themselves. There was a very fine piece of heroism here lately, as you can see by the letter in last issue from Dr. Arthur. I am very sorry the melon could not come by post.—Uncle B.)

OYSTERS AND MOSQUITOES.

Vera Yates, "Kimberley," Craven, via Gloucester, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—It is some time since I last wrote, but we were rather busy before Christmas, and have been holidaying ever since. Millie and Eddie are not home yet. I was away three weeks, and had a splendid time. I was at Nelson's Bay, Port Stephens, for over a week. There is a beautiful harbor there, which is very little used. I went up to the oyster leases. I never saw oysters growing for market before. It takes eighteen months or two years for an oyster to grow big enough to eat. I don't care much about them myself. Do you like them, Uncle? The only things I didn't like about the bay were the mosquitoes. Oh! they were dreadful. They nearly ate me, and no one else seemed to worry about them, or they didn't seem to worry anyone else but poor me.

I collected for the Surry Hills Mission at Christmas and yesterday. I received a book, the name being "Quite Unexpected," and it was quite unexpected, too. I hope the poor children had a happy Christmas.

What sort of a Christmas did you have, Uncle? I suppose you ("I mean Mr. Hammond") had got over sea sickness by then.

I am expecting a letter from Francie. She sent me a card and said she was writing shortly, but I have not received her letter yet. I have had letters from Bonny and Milcie, too.

I'm sorry to say I'll be 17 on the 14th next month. Never mind, I'll be 17 for twelve months, won't I? And I suppose I can still be an hon. niece?

Isn't Mr. Jones clever? Can he read your bumps, Uncle? I'm sure we would all be very pleased if he would. Well, I must close, wishing you a happy New Year.—Your loving Ni'.

(Dear Vera,—It was quite nice to hear from you again. So the oysters wait for two years to make it worth our while to eat them in two minutes. Some people live to eat, some eat to live, but oysters evidently eat to be eaten. Poor things! As for mosquitoes, the blood-thirsty things are most objectionable, because they make such a song about things before they do them. You have a year in which to write often, and then you will be an hon. Ni', and will still be expected to keep an eye on this page and to write sometimes.—Uncle B.)

A NEW PRIZE-WINNING NI'.

Jessie Smith, Tyneside, Sale-street, Orange, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I would like very much to be one of your nieces. I live in Parkes, but I am in Orange for my holidays. We have to go to school again on Monday. I am in lower fourth in the big school. My teacher's name is Miss Richie. It has been very hot here lately, and to-day we got some nice rain. I belong to the Methodist Sunday-school. The picnic for Sunday-school was on Tuesday. There were races in the afternoon for the children. I won two prizes. There was a race for the ladies, called the egg-and-spoon race. The prizes for it were two pictures and a vase.

I am 11 years old. I will be 12 on August 31 next. I came top in our school examination before Christmas. On breaking up day we had a concert for Belgians. I said a piece of poetry called "A Dreadful Mistake," and I think the item I enjoyed most of all was "The Dentist's Den," done by about twelve boys. Every week I read "Grit," and I think it is a very interesting paper. I always turn to pages eleven and twelve before any others. I must close now, hoping I will be accepted as a Niece.—With love, from yours truly.

(Dear Jessie,—So you are a prize-winner, and wish to be a Ni' Well, you are very welcome. I wonder if any of my readers could tell me where I could get a "Dentist's Den." It sounds good, and I know some boys who could just about do it well. I wonder what the "Dreadful Mistake" was? Is it a long piece? Write again soon.—Uncle B.)

WANTS ANOTHER UNCLE.

Bessie Payne, "Coo-ee," Cairo-street, North Sydney, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I would love to have you for an Uncle. Mother reads "Grit" to me, and I thought I would love to have another Uncle. On Sunday we had a fearful storm, and we could not meet mother coming home from church. In the afternoon we went to Sunday-school. My name is Bessie, and I am eight years old. My birthday is on December 7. I am very lucky, for it is near Christmas. Don't you think so? I must now say goodbye.—Your loving Niece.

(Dear Bessie,—I am so pleased to have you as a Ni'. I wonder did father help you write your nice letter? It seems to me you have most of the good things all in December. What games do you like best, and who are your little playmates.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NE.

Dudley Hawkins, Wyville, Cooma, 17/1/15, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you please have me for a nephew. I am 11 years old, and my birthday is on the 29th December. On New Year's Day we went to Rock Flat for our Sunday school picnic. We had a good time, but the day could have been better, for it was misty, and a cold wind was blowing. Towards one o'clock we went to the school, which was not far away. My father,

brother, cousin, and I went out shooting. We got eighteen rabbits and a yellow hare. We have a Persian cat and a kitten which have great fun. Well, uncle, I will have to close now and go to church. I remain, your would-be nephew.

(Dear Dudley,—You are welcome as a ne, and I hope you will often write. I always feel sorry for the poor little bunnies, because it is not their fault that they are a nuisance, and that we have to shoot them. I wonder did you ever see a white hare. I don't mean hair. I have. I saw a white sparrow a little while ago. What is your favorite game?—Uncle B.)

AS LONG AS MEMORY.

Kathleen Rishworth, "Wainui," Hornsby, February 6th, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am writing to know if I can be one of your nieces. We always have been getting "Grit" ever since I can remember, but I have not made up my mind till now. I am twelve years old, and my birthday is on the 14th of July. It has been very hot up here lately, but to-day it has been raining off and on all day. I go to the Methodist Ladies' College, and to the Methodist Church. I am sending you a joke for the "This is Where you Laugh" Page, and I hope I will get the prize. Our garden is looking lovely now with roses and bouvardias, and asters and chrysanthemums are coming out now.

Well, Uncle. I must close now. Your loving niece.

(Dear Kathleen,—So you have been getting "Grit" for as long as you remember. Well, it is hard to say how long that may be. Some girls have a very short memory. Some have a very uneven, tricky one, and some remember things that never happened. So you see it is not quite safe to measure by memory, is it? I am glad you have at last written, and hope you will often do so, and please send me your photo.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NI.

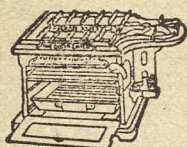
Bessie McDonald, Edinbane, Central Landsdowne, 9th February, 1915, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I am writing to ask you if you will accept me as one of your nieces. I will be nine years old on July 2. I have been reading the "Grit" for a long time, and I love reading the pages 11 and 12 very much. Our home is situated about 3½ miles from the new railway line (the North Coast line). I may be going for a ride tomorrow with my auntie to Taree. That is a most important town on the Manning River. I am in second class at school. I only have one sister, and her name is Eunice. She is nearly seven years old. I must close with love to all the cousins and yourself.

Your loving niece.

(Dear Essie,—You are welcome as a Ni, and I hope you will write often enough to keep off the scallywag list. Who is your best playmate? Have you any pets? I am so glad you like reading pages 11 and 12.—Uncle B.)

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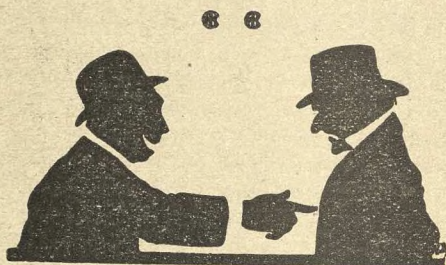
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This is Where You Laugh.



In a certain district lived a certain Mrs. Brown, the mother of little twin girls. "What are their names?" asked the interested visitor. "This one is named Beulah Bertha Beatrice Brown, and that one is Beatrice Beulah Bertha Brown," replied the mother. The visitor's breath was gone. At last she ventured, "What long names you gave them, Mrs. Brown." "Yes, you see, I had to—the line on the registry paper was so long, and I had to fill it up."

* * *

A FEW AUTHENTIC YARNS FOR "GRIT."

My little girl had suffered toothache, and borne it like a martyr. At the dentist's she saw a lady receive a plate of artificial teeth. A great thought struck her. "Mother," she said, "Could not I get a plate? Then whenever my teeth ache I could just take them out!"

* * *

"Daddy, what's a fowl's gizzard for? And what are all the stones in it for?" asked my little son. I explained that as the fowl had no teeth she swallowed the stones, so that her food was ground up by them for digestion, and so they took the place of teeth. "Daddy," said he (and he, too, knew what toothache is), "It's a pity we haven't got gizzards instead of teeth, too. We wouldn't have toothache then!"

* * *

Three little girls, children of a friend of mine, were earnestly discussing an important question, then ran to their mother with it. "Mum, is you married?" asked the eldest. "Yes, dear." "And is Daddy married?" "Yes, my pet." "Mum, who did you marry?" came next. "I married Daddy, dear." "And who did Daddy marry?" queried the inquisitive one. "Why, he married me, darling." Then all three broke down in wails and tears. After much difficulty, the mother got the explanation from her first-born. Amidst her sobs, she said, "You and Daddy went and dot married and never asked we's to the wedding!"

My little son asked me for a green quince. I said it was bad for him, but that he might have it when it was cooked. That night we were watching the moon. "Oh, it's beautiful, it's beautiful, my mother," he cried. "I want it; I want it, my mother." "My boy, I can't give you that," I said. "I can't give you the moon." "Well, when its cooked may I have it?"

* * *

HE HAD A GIRL.

A small town boasts a female preacher. One day when working in her study she heard a timid knock at the door. Answering the summons, she found a bashful young German on the step, who stood twirling his straw hat in his hands.

"Good afternoon," the preacheress remarked. "What do you wish?"

"Dey say der minister lifed in his house, hey?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yess? Vell, I vant me to kit merriet."

"All right; I can marry you," she said.

The lady's hair is beginning to silver, and the German glanced at it. Then, without comment, he jammed his hat on his head and hurried down the walk.

"Will you be back?" she called after him.

"You gits no chance mit me," he answered.

"I don't want you; I haf got me a girl already."—Sent by Francis Brown.

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My method of filling teeth is also painless. I use great care when drilling that I do not hurt you, and, once in, you can depend upon the filling staying there.

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Painless Fillings, from 5/-

Consultation is Free, and gladly given. May I advise you just what would be the best course for you to follow—?

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WHAT HE WANTED.

A genial-looking gentleman wanted an empty bottle in which to mix a solution, and went to a chemist's to purchase one. Selecting one that answered his purpose, he asked the shopman how much it would cost.

"Well," was the reply, "if you want the empty bottle it will be a penny, but if you want anything in it you can have it for nothing."

"Sure, that's fair," said the customer; "put in a cork."
—Sent by Francis Brown.

DON'T BE ONE-EYED

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The Bridge that Spans the Gulf.

By DR. R. F. HORTON.

Across the River Zambesi, below the Victoria Falls, is a bridge which spans the widest chasm, and overlooks the most awful turmoil of waters of any river in the world. That bridge was made by building out an arm from either shore and uniting the two outstretched arms in the centre over the roaring stream. Neither arm could have reached the opposite bank by itself; the two were needed to meet one another. Such are penitence and pardon, that from the bridge across that tumultuous stream and those stupendous falls which seem to separate the soul from God. At first one is inclined to say: Why cannot the bridge of pardon be thrown over exclusively from the side of God? Perhaps others are tempted to say: Surely the bridge of penitence will span the chasm and bring the soul to the unregarding God? But no, the truth lies here—pardon without penitence is impossible, and penitence without pardon is useless. God and man must meet at a central point, where the love of the one is answered by the response of the other, where the need of the one finds the amazing supply of the need from the other.

My object in this brief paper is to make this point so clear that the reader may not only act upon it, but also convey the truth to other minds.

PARDON IS POWERLESS WITHOUT PENITENCE.

Let me take an example. Two people are quarrelling, words run high, and feelings become exasperated. And then suddenly one of them in a burst of generous enthusiasm says to the other: "I forgive you." What is the effect? The other is only exasperated and driven into a more bitter resentment; the mention of the forgiveness sounds condescending and superior, and the offer of it is rejected with a kind of indignation. Such an illustration admits us into the secret that forgiveness is powerless and useless while it only remains in the heart of one who forgives, and does not get into the heart of the one who is forgiven. The assertion, therefore, that God forgives us, even when it comes with all the generous grace and freedom of the New Testament, does not necessarily affect those who hear; indeed, the bulk of people permit the great statement of Divine pardon to pass by them like the breath of the summer wind, or like the pleasant song sung in the evening, without any permanent effect, and without any conscious realisation of what it means. "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thine iniquities," is so great a saying coming from God that you may suppose everyone would be arrested and brought to his knees in gratitude and praise. But it is not so; the great truth remains inoperative unless something happens in the soul of the one who hears. And while the great truth remains inoperative, we cannot, strictly speaking, say that it is the truth; it is only a half-truth, only the one side of the bridge thrown over the chasm by God, waiting

to be met by the other arm thrown over the chasm by man.

We have a striking example of the powerlessness of pardon as such to affect life or to change character in the religion of Islam. For there the idea that God is merciful, too merciful to punish sin, operates only as an excuse for sin; the dutiful Moslem continues in evil practices with an easy conscience, because he takes the pardon of God for granted, and assumes that it is always there to meet the sins when they are committed and to forgive them. But evidently what is wanted in pardon is that it should be effectual not only to remove the punishment of sin, but to remove sin itself, and that effect can only be produced if the response of the sinful soul to God is such that, when the sin is pardoned, it is put away and followed by abstention from sin—by holiness, in a word.

PENITENCE MEANS THE COMPLETE SURRENDER OF SIN.

Now, if pardon is to have such an effect, there must be penitence in the heart of the sinner; something must produce the feeling that to be forgiven is the one thing desirable, and that such forgiveness involves the complete surrender of sin. This is the feeling of penitence. And let me lay stress for a moment on the word "feeling." In the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church the word "penitence" or "repentance" is changed into "penance," and the idea enters in that sin can be removed by definite acts of penance, just as goods can be bought by definite coins of the realm. The acts of penance may be only external, and may carry with them no heartfelt sorrow, but, at the most, anxiety to avert the punishment of sin. But the condition of pardon is not penance, the mere coins of self-discipline offered to God for the sin of the soul, but the deep heartfelt sorrow for sin because it is hurtful to God, and the longing to be quit of sin in order that the soul may be at one with God.

Shakespeare's definition of repentance is, therefore, very exact—

"Heart-sorrow and a clean life ensuing."

That heart-sorrow which seeks and finds definite forgiveness goes on to a life in which sin is put away and holiness takes its place.

It is perhaps not necessary in this brief paper to dwell upon the relation between penitence and the work of our Lord Jesus Christ, but the subject cannot be properly understood if this fact of Christ is left out of account. It is Christ's extraordinary power to awake in the soul a genuine penitence. When, for example, Peter falls down before

Jesus and cries, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord," he shows the first step of faith in Christ which led to the full confession of Christ later on. Coming into the presence of Christ still, as in the days of his flesh, produces in the soul a hunger and thirst after righteousness, a sense of shame for sin, the humble cry: "Deliver me from sin, for that is the only evil by which I am oppressed."

Now, we cannot say how far this would have operated on the succeeding generations of men if Christ had only been a pure and sinless man, whose presence was the rebuke of sin; but what history reveals to us is that when the Sinless One offered Himself upon the cross, and took in His own body the sins of the world, that He might bear them away, that great transaction began to work upon the consciences of men, and to produce from age to age that heart-felt sorrow for sin and that longing for a clean life to ensue which constituted the availing penitence. That is to say, Christ is the atonement for sin in this among other ways, that His sacrifice produced the condition of penitence on which depends the effective pardon of God. For those who believe in Jesus Christ, His gracious word with which He meets suffering and sinful man, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," passes on into the effectual forgiveness of God. A forgiveness which comes wholly from His Cross, and sacrifice is not disregarded as if it were a matter of course, an ordinary part of the constitution of the universe; it stands out as a work of love accomplished by God Himself in the sending of His own Son into the world to be lifted up that whosoever believes in Him might be pardoned and saved.

It is, therefore, the Cross of Christ which in every sense brings together those two arms of the bridge which crosses the awful chasm and the roaring flood of human sin. On that bridge the souls of men have constantly been passing to enter into the pardon and the peace of God; on that bridge the pardoning grace of God is always approaching the sinful race of men, pardon and penitence cease to be empty words, and become the expression of the deepest and most searching truth of human life. God and man are reconciled.

It will be seen, therefore, how close is the connection between the two ideas with which the Gospel opens: "Repent, and believe the Gospel." They are equivalent to the gracious invitation: "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."—"Home Messenger."

"Dinah, did you wash the fish before you baked it?"

"Law, ma'am, what's de use ob washin' er fish what's lived all his life in de water?"

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PERSONAL CHAT

(Continued from Page 8.)

institution and stumbled over an ant bed, and was too drunk to get up and so slept there. The ants stung him to death, but no one cared, and the pub was allowed to go on repeating these pathetic and devilish tragedies.

I was impressed by reading the following piece of arithmetic in "The Optimist," a bright inspiring paper issued by the business firm of Laidlaw Leeds of Auckland:—

An employee of a prosperous private company, who thought his pay ought to be raised, complained that the proprietor was in Europe wasting thousands of pounds in frivolous pursuits while the men who were making his business profitable were obliged to deprive themselves of all luxuries.

"How much do you think your managing director wastes upon himself in a year?" the employee was asked.

"Not less than £4000 a year," he said, aggrievedly.

"How many men does he employ?"

"Nine hundred."

"Are they all underpaid?"

"There is not one but deserves more."

"If they got an average increase of 1/8 a week would they be satisfied?"

"Satisfied!" snorted the employee. "They would be insulted. What do you mean?"

"I mean that you haven't got the employer's point of view. He has a profit from the business of £4000 a year to spend, as you think, wastefully. Well, if he raised the pay of his nine hundred employees 1/8 a week, that would add just about £4000 to his pay-roll. The increase of pay would be so small as to insult everyone who received it, and yet so large as to take all of the managing director's extraordinary profit. If he raised their pay an average of 3/5 a week each, that would be £8000 a year, and it would ruin the business."

Every subscriber to "Grit" is a partner in the concern. You have a perfect right to criticise and suggest on the one hand, and on the other it is reasonable to expect you to pay for what you get and play your part in increasing the usefulness of the paper by obtaining new subscribers and being loyal to those who advertise with us. Get the idea of your being a partner and it will give you a sense of dignity, importance, and responsibility. Never refer to "Grit" or its doings except as "we" and "us," for you are as necessary as the Editor—in fact, more so, you could do without him, but he can't do without you. Please give close attention to any letter you may receive from the office in the next few weeks.

The Editor

The A.W.U. and ITS ENEMY

(Continued from Page 9.)

vested as is the case in the average number employed in the other five groups of industries.

What about the value of the product of each individual worker, and the percentage of that product which goes directly to him?

Industry.	Share of Value of Products Labor Receives in Wages.
Liquor	7.3 per cent.
Textile	19.7 per cent.
Iron	19.8 per cent.
Lumber	26.8 per cent.
Leather	15.7 per cent.
Paper	20.5 per cent.

While the liquor traffic has an investment of about three and two-thirds times as much as the average of eight leading legitimate industries, it uses only about one-third more raw material than is used on the average by these other industries.

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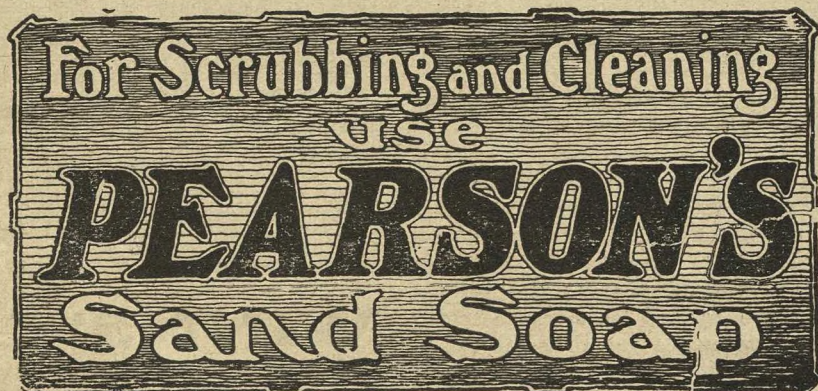
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