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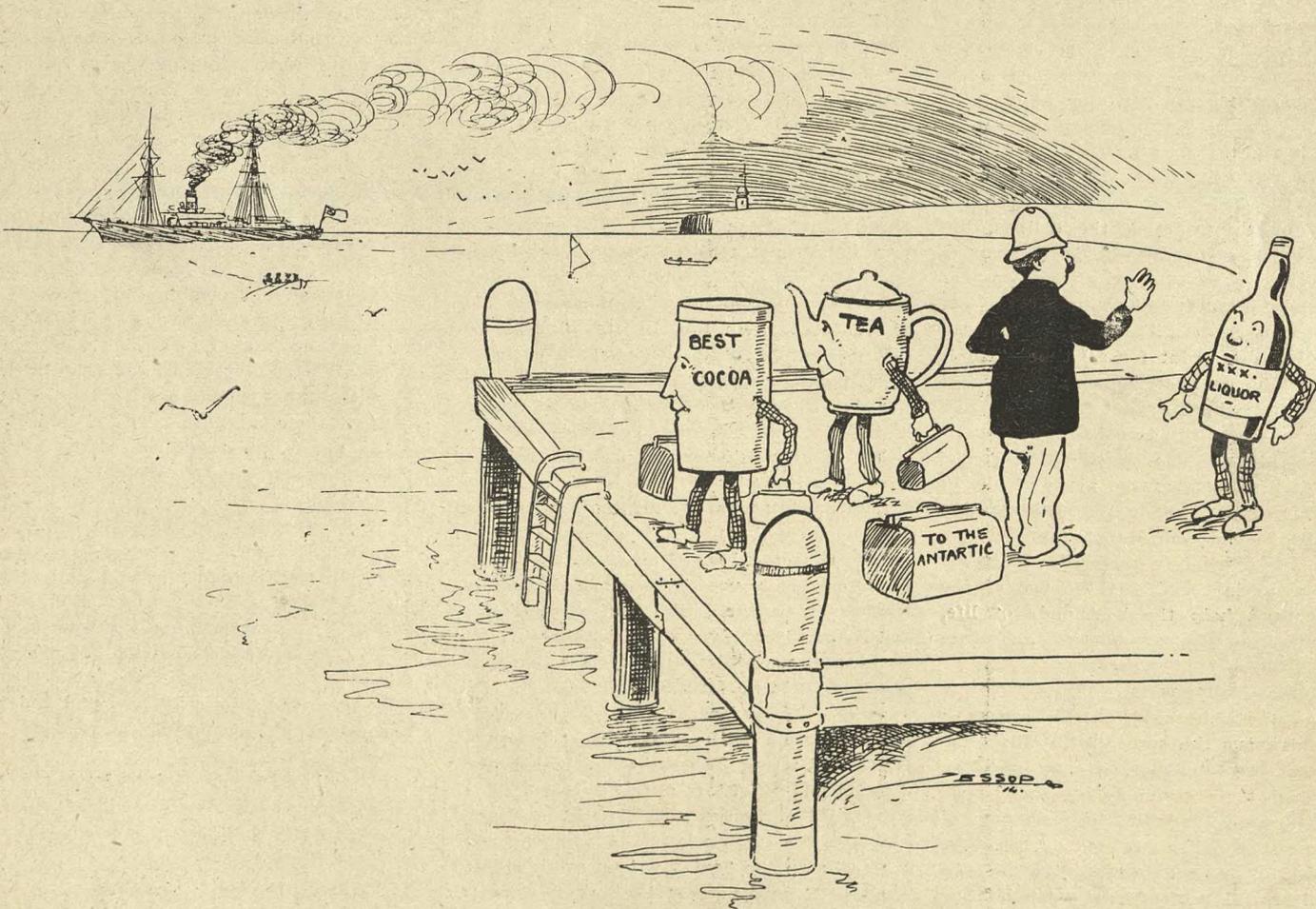
Gruit.

A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VII. No. 46.

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



Unnecessary, Undesirable; therefore Prohibited.

On Jan. 13 last, "The Times" published the following statement:—

"Sir Ernest Shackleton, who has announced his intention of leading another expedition to Antarctica, says that night and day will not exist for the party which will make the dash for the Pole.

"The party will take no stimulants except tea and coffee. Tea will be served at midday as a refreshment, and cocoa will be taken at night to preserve the body heat during sleep.

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What Is Temperance ?

"Temperance" is a principle guiding conduct, and in application will sometimes mean abstinence and sometimes not. To talk about it meaning or not meaning abstinence, or drinking, or eating, is not the thinking of a trained mind, and people occupying public positions, at any rate, ought to give some attention to orderly thinking. "Temperance," says Dr. F. R. Lees, "is the proper use of things, and primarily refers to quality, not quantity." ("Select Works," Vol. ii, p. 128.) There we are thrown at once upon the qualities or properties of things. If these are right then comes in the question of quantity; and if the kind and measure are right then "Temperance" means use in that relation and not abstinence. On the other hand, however, if the quality is wrong no measure or quantity is right.

All down the ages the world's clearest thinkers have been pointing out to us the relativity of things upon these lines, but talkers who do not think still go on pouring out useless words as before. Xenophon, the Greek historian and philosopher (B.C. 430-354), gave us a definition which ought to have settled this point for all time—"He is temperate who on no occasion prefers what is merely agreeable to what is best." Here we have the same dividing line, the "qualities" of things. The intoxicating drug, whether in the form of the glass of ale, of wine, or of whisky, may be "agreeable"; nay, it may be longed and lusted for, but the question is not what is agreeable or craved for, but what is "best." If the use of the drug does not help the best ends of life, then no measure of use comes within Xenophon's definition of Temperance.

St. Thomas Aquinas, the famous Italian Schoolman and Philosopher of the thirteenth century, gives us the same test—"The temperate man does not use in any measure things contrary to soundness or a good condition of life, for this would be a sin against Temperance." Quality, we see, is the first consideration; things contrary to soundness or a good condition of life are not to be used in "any measure," i.e., total abstinence is then the rule Temperance imposes. And even Worcester's great Dictionary (1859), whilst giving "moderation" as one of the de-

finitions of "Temperance," also defines it as "opposed to any improper indulgence," i.e., in such a connection it means total abstinence. The trend of the argument thus far is to show that according to the rules laid down by our logical thinkers, the question of quality should be determined before that of quantity, for if the quality is wrong (as is observed above), no quantity can be right. And the very next time Mr. Woodward goes to his tailor's for a suit of clothes he will act upon these principles, and not those of his speech. The tailor will show his stocks and his patterns, and if quality, price, and color are suitable, then quantity will come in to be determined; but if quality, price, and color are not suitable no order will be given—he will abstain from giving an order. "Temperance," then, means the right use of good things—what is best, what is helpful to the best conditions of life—and abstinence from things of evil or seductive properties, or which do not hold the best ends of life.

If the use of alcohol (or intoxicating liquors) is in harmony with these principles, if it does help life in its highest and best phases, then its use is no violation of Temperance. But this is a big "if." Here are three witnesses of eminence and responsibility, whose combined testimony in the world of scientific medicine is unchallenged and unchallengable:—

1. "Knowing what we all know with reference to alcohol—that it is a poison just as much as opium, strychnine, and arsenic—ought we not to use our undoubted great influences over the child-bearing women of the country to induce them to abstain from such a thing which cannot but be deleterious?"—(Mrs. Mary Scharlieb, M.D., M.S., address on "The Responsibility of the Medical Profession with regard to Temperance in Child-bearing Women"; British Medical Association, Brighton, July 24, 1913.)

2. "Alcohol is the most subtle, insidious, and evasive kind of poison, and we have got to be on the 'qui vive' on every side to see that it does not get the better of us."—(Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D., F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Physicians, and President of the 17th International Congress of Medicine, and Physician

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Extraordinary to the King; National Temperance League's Breakfast to 200 of the Medical Visitors, International Congress, London, August 8, 1913.)

3. "The enormous expenditure on drink—even if drink were innocuous—implies a corresponding abstraction of wealth from useful and beneficial uses. But drink is not innocuous. It is the most powerful and fascinating of all means of degradation and disease which unfortunate human nature can find to debase itself. Every medical practitioner sees illustrations of this almost every day of his life. . . . It would seem to us fitting that. . . . the leaders of the medical profession should combine to convince the front bench representatives of the great political parties that the alcohol question is above all party interests, and that in dealing with it they should act together, and act with all their strength. The bishops have set us an example, and we of the medical profession have also our religious duties."—(The "Lancet," the leading journal of the medical profession, September 8, 1900.)

There is nothing in alcohol, according to these witnesses, promising good, and helping to the highest and best ends of life; on the contrary, we have emphatic affirmations of evil—"a poison which cannot but be deleterious," "a subtle insidious, and evasive kind of poison," "the most powerful and fascinating of all means of degradation and disease."

The evil character of intoxicating drinks being thus clearly established, no measure of use is right, and "Temperance" inculcates total abstinence therefrom.—"The British Temperance Advocate."

High society is like a mountain top—by the time you get there you are too tired to enjoy it.

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Nat Belderson's Pony Trap.

By THEO P. STARKE.

Nat Belderson and Joe Cameron had been chums ever since they sat in school together in the little county town of Branford. In fact, they seemed inseparable since the day when, as a new scholar, Joe Cameron entered the school, having come into the town with his parents from an adjoining county. Like most new boys he had to run the gauntlet and toe the line amongst his schoolfellows, but he stood the test well. Before the week was out Nat and Joe had stood up to each other in school-boy combat, surrounded by a shouting crowd of schoolboys, urging them on to a conflict which should settle once for all which of them was the supreme fighter. Up to that time Nat had carried all before him, and had been acknowledged the leader of the school in that respect, but his attempt to overcome Joe Cameron resulted in the position thereafter being a dual one, for if Nat had pugnacity, Joe was equally possessed of endurance and mettle, but showed no spite. In fact, some of the boys went as far as to say that if Joe would only get savage when having a tussle with Nat Belderson, the latter would have to take second place as to fighting ability. It turned out, however, that Nat realised that Joe had quite as much pluck as he had, and he did the wisest thing, he decided to keep an even friendship with him, which Joe was in no way against agreeing to, hence they became genuine school-boy chums.

When school-days were over, both of them went to work at the engineering firm at which their fathers were employed, Nat learning the trade of a moulder, and Joe that of an engine-fitter. Years passed on, and the friendship between them continued. Many hours and days they spent together, and, being fond of company, many hours they wasted with drinking companions until both were well-known as fairly heavy drinkers, whose week-ends especially were devoted to the worship of their beloved idol, drink. Nat was the first to find a girl willing to marry him, and at the same time he decided to leave his trade and take a public-house which happened to be vacant in the town.

Joe soon after started a home of his own, but often repaired to the "Branford Arms" to see his old schoolmate and workfellow, and, if the truth be told, Nat got more of Joe's hard-earned wages than any of the local tradesmen. Joe's devotion to the "Branford Arms" became so strong that he ceased to take the usual pride in his personal appearance, so that when he took into daily use the last Sunday suit he had purchased, he had not the wherewithal to replace it. Like many others of his class, he did not think that his drinking had thus led to less work for the tailor who had always served him well, and who had done nothing to lose his custom. It is by this means trade—outside the liquor trade—is gradually reduced, until the supply of the really necessary articles which go to make a man's life comfortable,

dwindles to a low ebb, while the money intended for the same is squandered in drink, which benefits most those who are in the liquor business.

While Joe Cameron was thus settling down into the category of the thriftless drinker, his old mate Nat Belderson was blossoming out as a prosperous publican. Joe saw him every night behind the bar with a fat cigar in his mouth, his thick fingers bedecked with two or three heavy rings, and with a huge gold watch-chain across his waistcoat, while his wife was gracefully attired in rustling skirts, with lace collar and ruffles, and with accompanying rings and gold adornments. Joe's wife, on the other hand, was quite unable to keep up such a style as that affected by Mrs. Nat Belderson, and was gradually wearing up the stock of clothes which, by her own carefulness, she had provided for herself before she married.

Not many months later Joe heard the customers talking about Nat's new "turn out," and one of them asked Joe if he had seen it. Joe said he had not, and asked what it was like, and was informed that it was a regular "knock-out," with a smart, high-stepping pony, with brown harness, and brass fittings polished fit to "take your eye out," and a smart trap into the bargain. "Yes," said another, "and to see Nat and the missus driving out in it would make you think he was an alderman of the Town Council." This was greeted with some laughter, while Joe added, "I should like to have a drive round with Nat, we have been old acquaintances for a good many years." "Well," said another, "you can ask him, but if you don't have a ride until you have one in Nat's new turn-out, you won't have one yet. I saw him out with it yesterday, and gave him the 'nod,' but he didn't even look at me." "I think he should give us all a turn," said Tom Brierley, "it's our money he has bought it with." "You are right Tom," said Joe Cameron, "and if we had taken care of our brass instead of spending it with Nat, we could have had a pony and trap each." "Yes," said several of them in chorus, "I believe we might."

A few days later Joe had evidence that Nat did not wish to recognise his customers when out driving, for when Joe gave him the "seal of the day," Nat did not deign even to look at him. The same evening Joe saw Nat in the bar, and asked him in a friendly way if he would give him the chance of a drive round some evening. "Not likely," said Nat. "If you want a drive round, you should get a conveyance of your own." "Well," said Joe, "haven't I helped you to buy the one you have? You never earned as much as I at the works, and where else have you got your money but out of us chaps, and in only a few months, too, which tells me there must be a big profit on what you sell, and we buy." "I don't know anything about that," said Nat, "you must look out for yourself,"

and turning away he went on serving at the bar.

Joe Cameron did not like the rebuff he had received at the hands of his old friend Nat, and on reaching his home his wife noticed there was something amiss, but, like a sensible woman, she decided not to worry him with questions. She was, however, surprised to find that her husband spent his evenings during the remainder of the week, if not in his own house, in the immediate locality, on the Recreation Ground near where they lived, where he watched the various games going on. On the Saturday he came home on leaving work, which was quite an unusual thing, and told his wife that he wanted her to go down to the town with him after tea. In the meantime Joe spent some time in the bit of garden at the back of his cottage, which was the first attention he had given it since he was married. The ground responded readily to his labors, and by tea-time he had a nice bit of it turned over. After tea he brushed himself down, and rather shamefacedly started off in his working clothes—the only ones he now possessed—with his wife to the town. It was rather fortunate for Joe that he had this week-end drawn the balance of his month's "piece-work" at the foundry, which had provided him, together with his wages, with nearly four pounds ten in cash. Calling first on one tradesman and then another who had known him now for some years, he made sundry purchases, which enabled him to present a better appearance on the Sunday, and somewhat more in accord with the tidy-looking little wife who had managed to eke out her stock of clothes until now. That Sunday was the first that he had spent away from the "Branford Arms" since Nat Belderson had been its landlord, which fact occasioned some comment on the part of Nat and his wife over their supper table that night. Nat knew Joe had been a good customer and one who had spent from 15s. upwards at his bar every week, and such customers meant profit.

As Joe did not turn up at all during the next week, Nat asked some of his former shop-mates whether they had seen anything of him, and they had informed him that he was at work every day, but that he had altered somewhat, and had given up drinking. As to the cause of this sudden change none of them could give a reason for it, but it started a conversation in the bar, which had not concluded even at closing time.

Nat and his wife had a further talk together on the matter, during which Nat asked himself the question, "I wonder whether Joe is offended because I refused to take him for a drive in my new 'turn-out'?" "You didn't tell me that you had refused him," said his wife, "but if you did, I should quite think that is the reason, especially as you and Joe have so long been chums." "Well, I'll send round and invite him to drive over the Barling with me to-night, and perhaps that will make things alright," said Nat, and suiting the action to the word, he penned a line to his old chum, containing the

(Continued on Page 10.)

Sound Value

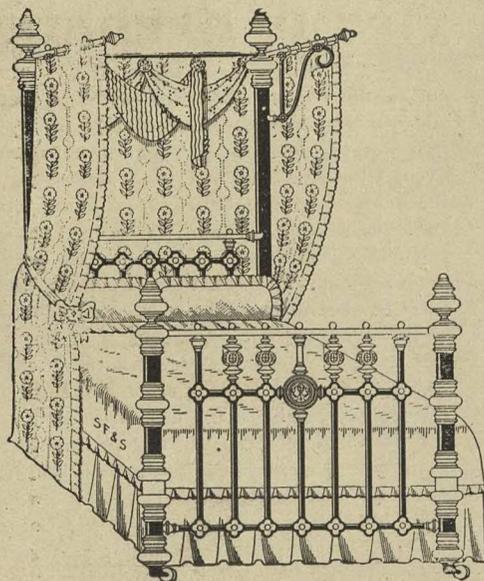
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New South Wales Alliance.

The State Council, which has been in recess for a few weeks, will meet again on Monday, February 2, at 4 p.m. A full attendance of members is anticipated.

THE PRESIDENT.

The Venerable Archdeacon Boyce, President of the Alliance, has decided to visit Great Britain, and will leave Sydney on February 21. The members of the Executive are arranging a suitable send-off, of which full particulars will be given later.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Franklyn, wife of Mr. J. J. Franklyn, who is well-known in Temperance circles both in Australia and New Zealand, passed away recently after a long and distressing illness.

Mr. and Mrs. G. House have also passed through a deep sorrow, their youngest son, Eric, having died on Christmas Eve. Eric was an active Good Templar, being District Sentinel at the time of his death.

ALLOWRIE.

The Allowrie No-License Council has presented Mr. G. A. Somerville, the Hon. Secretary, with a gold chain and pendant as a token of appreciation for his services to the cause in the recent local option poll.

GOULBURN.

Mr. A. Toombes was tendered a farewell social and presentation by the Goulburn

workers on Monday, 19th, and reports that the local friends are in great hopes for the future.

PETERSHAM.

The Petersham No-License League held a very successful social on Tuesday evening, and succeeded in securing some splendid vocal and elocutionary talent. The General Secretary was present, and delivered an address.

FOR AMERICA AND GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. Lucas, who organized the Petersham Electorate in the recent contest, has left for the above countries to investigate the liquor problem. On his return he will no doubt be in possession of much valuable information. We wish him bon voyage.

AFTER THE HOLIDAY.

The General Secretary has returned to Sydney after a holiday in South Australia. In the Southern State, he found that Temperance matters were becoming a leading topic of conversation, and the promise of the S.A. Government to submit the early closing question to the people will mean a big campaign early in 1915.

AUSTRALIAN TEMPERANCE CONFERENCE.

This important conference takes place in Adelaide in March next, 21st to 27th. It is to be regretted that Archdeacon Boyce will not be able to attend. So far it is ex-

pected that at least 10 representatives will be going from N.S.W.

THE FIGURES.

Our friends should keep last week's issue of "Grit" containing the Local Option returns for the State. The Alliance is indebted to Mr. T. S. Lang for again working out the percentages and securing their insertion in the "Daily Telegraph."

THE REDUCTION QUESTION.

Attempts are being made in several localities to have houses that were delicensed as a result of the Local Option Poll re-opened. Some big fights are ahead, especially at Old Bulli and Ruscutter's Bay.

THE DUBBO CASE.

The re-licensing of the Fitzroy Hotel at North Dubbo is causing concern, especially in view of the fact that the granting of a similar application was set aside by Judge Scholes at the Quarter Sessions last July. No doubt the local police authorities will appeal again.

THE GRANVILLE POLL.

Owing to some official bungling, there is still some doubt re the Granville poll, and it is understood that an attempt will be made by the Liquor Party to upset the poll, which was in favor of reduction. Should they succeed, it will mean another contest, for which the No-License forces will need to organize and fight.

"Waitin' for the morn to rise?" asked the jovial passenger of the man leaning miserably over the steamer's rail.

"No," replied the other between spasms; "ain't swallowed no moon that I knows of."

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

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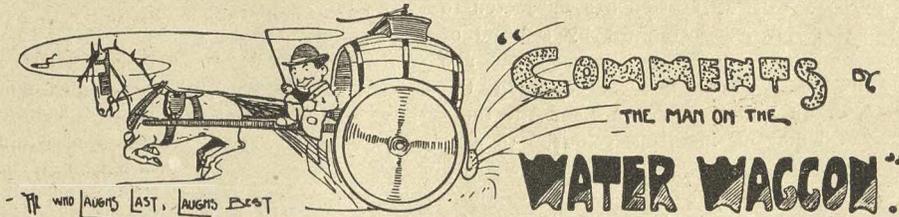
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DO YOU READ THIS COLUMN?

If so, you know that something is doing just now. You want to be in it? Well, Sir or Madam, it is your privilege to join in. We are desirous of doing some real educative work, and want our paper to be sent FREE to thousands of people who never read it now and who need help. You, reader, are probably one of those good workers who bemoan the fact that it is hard to get in a real good telling stroke. Quite so.

The people who read this paper are mostly good, earnest people, who do not need advice nor spiritual aid to break them from sinful habits. How about getting a message to those who do.

Yes, yes; of course they ought to reach out and buy it, but like the heathen they kneel in their blindness to wood and stone (and glass, too, Editor, "Grit"). How about getting at them if they won't join on to us.

Well, a number of us are promising £5 annually to send our paper after them, trusting that we shall number 200 by the close of the year, which means ONE THOUSAND POUNDS. Are you going to join in? Pay it monthly, quarterly, or any old way.

You want to know how far we have got, so far? Here is the list to date:—

A promise of £50 on condition we raise £400 before Easter. Five sums of £5 each acknowledged in last issue. The Men's Brotherhood of St. Simons, Surry Hills, £5; "Hopeful," £5.

SALVATION FOR A COINER.

A cablegram in the "Sun" issue of 19th inst., under above heading, makes interesting reading, especially for those who ask "What is Christianity doing?" The same people forget the many innate as well as external forces religion has to fight, also the fact that we pass through many changes in a lifetime, and the burglar of to-day may be the missionary of ten years hence.

Some men resist the spirit of God for a lifetime, but it is our opinion that those who are still godless at three-score years and ten have had to fight hard against the pleadings of Divine Love more than once.

Here, however, is the cable in case it missed any readers. Ponder over it well:—

SALVATION FOR A COINER

A CRIMINAL'S ROMANCE.

RETRIEVED BY THE "ARMY."

LONDON, Monday Morning.

A grim romance of the underworld ended at Highgate Cemetery, in the north of London, on Saturday, when the remains of a man named George Cook were buried with full Salvation Army honors.

A number of the officers testified to the dead man's loyalty and steadfastness as a soldier. Thirteen years ago a judge at the Old Bailey sentenced Cook to twelve years' penal servitude, and characterised him as being the most expert coiner of the nineteenth century.

Commencing his evil career with a sentence of nine months' hard labor for passing base coin, he spent more than 30 years in various prisons out of sentences that aggregated 45 years.

While serving his last sentence he came under the influence of the Salvation Army, the exhortations of Brigadier Playle being the means of his heart being touched and his acceptance of religion. In October, 1910, Cook was released on ticket-of-leave, and

determined to go straight. He confessed his sins at the penitents' bench, and for the remainder of his life lived blamelessly and in perfect happiness.

At the graveside were three of the chums of his old criminal days. One of them stood in the dock with him when he was last sentenced, and all wore the uniform of the Salvation Army.

THE SPECIAL FUND.

Oxford-street, Sydney,

January 15, 1914.

(To the Editor, "Grit.")

Sir,—Some reasons why the free distribution and educational fund should be supported:

It is the duty of all well-wishers of Society to aid an object which has in view the moral improvement of the community.

Free distribution is a welcome and worthy adjunct to local work. It is not easy to get people to public meetings, but a quiet "think" on the question, as evidenced in your journal, cannot fail to produce results.

This has been the case in districts known to the writer where "Grit" has been circulated.

No great reforms have ever been carried except by persistent agitation, to wit, the abolition of the slave trade, the great Reform Bill, the management of prisons, etc. "Agitate! Agitate!" said Cobden. "Educate! Educate!" said Bright, and we say likewise. Wilberforce said "Every good cause is worthy of constant and consistent hammering." To achieve success in our moral reform, persistent and earnest application is necessary. Once the people understand the real meaning and effect of "No-License," "Reduction," and "Continuation," there is no fear of the result. New Zealand-like, the community will not be satisfied with half measures.

Surely we are not to be beaten by the brewers and grog-sellers? They subscribe willingly and bountifully, and it is needed, for the result means life or death to them. There should be no difficulty with us, if 200 reformers help the cause with a modest: annual subscription of £5—it should be 500—then something really worthy of the cause could be done. Think of 250,000 "Grits" being circulated free, the good that would be done to some 1,000,000 readers, and the certain results that would follow.

It is a worthy object, and appeals unresistingly to all who have the good of their fellow creatures at heart. Do it now!

Kindly add my name to your list; 10/- enclosed on account.—Yours faithfully,

"HOPEFUL"

BEST BRANDS OF UNFERMENTED WINE

Pints, 10d. and 1/-; Quarts, 1/6 and 1/9. Special Price for dozen lots.

VEGETARIAN RESTAURANTS: 45 HUNTER STREET (one door Castlereagh St.)
 283 CLARENCE STREET (one door Town Hall).

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"BY THEIR FRUITS SHALL YE JUDGE THEM."

The Result of a Vote for Continuance.

CAUSES SWAGMAN'S DEATH.

At an inquest on January 14th on the body of Patrick Sullivan, who died in the Sydney Hospital on January 5, from a fractured skull, Alexander Marina was committed for trial on a charge of causing his death.

Henry Langley, a laborer, said that he was standing outside the Sussex Hotel on the morning of January 3. Sullivan was there, and was under the influence of liquor. He told witness that "that little black coon," indicating Marina, wanted to take his swag. Marina then tried to push Sullivan's swag over his head, and afterwards hit him on the face. Sullivan turned to Marina, who again hit him lightly on the side of the face. This caused Sullivan to fall, and he struck his head on the roadway. The Ambulance took him to the hospital.

Another witness stated that he saw Marina and Sullivan shaping up to each other. The latter seemed helpless with drink.

Alexander Marina said that he met Sullivan at the corner of Liverpool and Sussex streets, Sullivan turned to him and said, "What are you blackfellows doing out here?" He replied, "I have as much right here as you," and Sullivan struck him several times. Witness then struck deceased with his open hand, causing him to fall. He ran into the hotel and got a glass of water for deceased and then walked away. Hearing that Sullivan had been taken to the Sydney Hospital, he decided to go and see him, but was arrested while he was on the way. He was fairly drunk that day, having had six glasses of rum and milk.

The Coroner recorded a verdict of manslaughter against Marina, and committed him for trial at the Quarter Sessions.—"Telegraph," 15/1/14.

BROKE THE CASH REGISTER.

Thomas Gleeson, a young man, pleaded guilty, before Mr. King, at the Paddington Police Court to-day, to a charge of having damaged a cash register, the property of Edward Tanner, licensee of the Sussex Arms Hotel, Oxford-street. The amount of the damage was assessed at £5.

The evidence of the publican was that December 31 was his closing-up day, as the license had expired. Gleeson came into the bar between 10.30 and 11 p.m. He was intoxicated, and pulled the cash register off the counter and dropped it on the floor.

Mr. King ordered Gleeson to pay a fine of £1, also the amount of damage £5, and the costs of one witness, £1 1s. The alternative was two months' imprisonment.—"Sun," 11/1/14.

LARRIKINS AT CANTERBURY.

Some three years ago Canterbury had an unsavory reputation for larrikinism, and it was only after Senior-constable Manual had his arm broken that the element was

wiped out. The evil has again become apparent. Residents in the vicinity of the Canterbury railway station are subjected to annoyance towards midnight by a band of young fellows whose sole amusements are drinking beer from bottles, dancing the tango, or an Indian war dance, on the foot-path, and making insulting remarks to persons going to and from the station. Shortly before 11 o'clock last night a band of these young fellows behaved in a most disgraceful manner, and when remonstrated with for breaking the beer bottle on the roadway became abusive and threatening. This morning the roadway at the entrance to the Canterbury station was littered with broken glass. The young men seem to know the exact time the solitary constable on duty passes the station.—"Sun," 12/1/14.

MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN.

On January 9th Constable Bainbridge heard an altercation in a house in Carey-street, Leichhardt. The occupier was Gertrude Beekin, a married woman, and a native of Germany.

Mrs. Beekin appeared at the Glebe Police Court to-day charged with using indecent language. She said, "My husband taught the children to be rude to me. He blackened my eye, and knocked me about. That gentleman over there (pointing to Sub-Inspector Brooks) has told my husband to give me some more, to teach me not to get drunk. He has made my husband worse. My children call me a jail-bird and drunken."

"Who are you accusing?" asked Mr. King, S.M.

"That's me," said Mr. Brooks. "This woman is a regular public nuisance. She is always drunk and using bad language. The police are always at the house, and she leads her husband an awful life with her drunken habits."

The Accused: I don't, your Worship. Why, I spent 12 months in a penitentiary for nothing.

A fine of £2, in default, two months' jail, was inflicted.—"Sun," 12/1/14.

DIRTY AND BEER BOTTLES.

A charge of having failed to keep her premises in a clean condition was read at the Glebe Court to-day against Johanna Napier, of Balmain-road, Leichhardt.

Sanitary Inspector Pritchard said he visited defendant's cottage on November 5 last. The place consisted of two rooms and a kitchen. The front bedroom contained a trestle bedstead, the crevices of which were full of dust and bugs. The kapok mattress was dirty, and the pillow and pillow coverings were thick with grease and dirt. The second room contained a double bed and a kapok mattress which was moist and dirty and gave off an offensive odor. The pillows were thick with grease and dirt. In the

corner of the room was a heap of dirty rags. Beer bottles were strewn about the room, one of them containing an offensively-smelling liquid. Cobwebs hung from the bed-posts. A four or five year old child slept in the room.

"I was out working, and was very busy that week," was the excuse of the defendant.

The woman was fined £1.—"Sun," 16/1/14.

WOMAN FINED £100.

At the Redfern Police Court yesterday, Mr. Clarke, S.M., imposed a fine of £100, or nine months' imprisonment, on Margaret Cook, aged 33, for having sold beer without a license, at a house in Cleveland-street, on December 21. For aiding and abetting in the offence, George Cunningham, aged 35, was fined £50, or six months. Mr. E. R. Abigail appeared for defendants, who were granted time to pay on finding sureties. In fixing the amount of Cook's penalty, the magistrate mentioned that she had been previously convicted of a similar offence.—"Herald," 14-1-14.

DIVORCED.

Judgment was delivered in the suit in which Louis Zions asked for a dissolution of his marriage with Esther Jane Zions (formerly Walker), on the ground of habitual drunkenness and neglect of domestic duties. His Honor found in favor of the petitioner, and granted a rule nisi, returnable in six months.—"Herald," 15-1-14.

FATAL FALL IN THE STREET.

A finding of accidental death was yesterday recorded by the City Coroner after inquiring into the circumstances surrounding the death of James Francis Doherty (48), which took place in the reception house, Darlinghurst, on January 9. Deceased, while under the influence of drink, had fallen in Devonshire-street, striking his head against the blocks.—"Telegraph," 21-1-14.

DISHONEST RATE COLLECTOR.

Bernard Halle, 61, was charged, before Mr. Love, S.M., at the Central Police Court, yesterday, with embezzling the sum of £17 19s. 2d., the property of the City Council.

Accused was employed by the council as a bailiff, with authority to collect rates, and received from the licensee of the Royal Hyde Park Hotel the sum mentioned in the charge. When asked by a detective later on what he did with the money, he said that he got drunk and spent it. Afterwards he said that he lost it.

Halle, who pleaded guilty, was fined £20, with the alternative of three months' imprisonment. He told the court that the money was paid to him too late in the day to leave at the council's office, and that he met some friends and got drunk.—"Herald," 16-1-14.

EYE STRAIN

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ESTABLISHED 1887.

Lives Wrecked by Drink.

LIABILITY OF HOTELS.—DAMAGES WON IN AMERICA.

A suit was started on February 18 last in the Circuit Court of Lake County, Ill., by six small children against three saloon keepers for damages due to loss of support arising from the habitual intoxication of their father. In the Illinois case the jury awarded a verdict of 5000 dollars to the children.

North Chicago, a suburb of Chicago, 30 miles to the north and in an adjoining county, is a manufacturing town, and its population is largely of foreign birth. It has 5000 inhabitants, and there is an average of one saloon to every 167 inhabitants. The saloons are of the lowest kind, and their effect upon the little community can be imagined.

STARVATION AND INSANITY.

The Illinois case was pitiful in the extreme. A Swede named Hogstrom was reputed to be a good mechanic up to the time that liquor mastered him. The local saloon keepers were warned not to sell or give him liquor, but they disregarded the warning. As a result his family suffered great misery. They faced starvation a hundred times. The home of the family was within from two or three blocks of the saloons of the defendants. The father was constantly in their saloons, most of the time in an intoxicated condition. He spent all of his earnings there, and his family was totally neglected by him. The six children were Gunnard, Elof, Sigrid, Lillie, Harold, and Anna Hogstrom; were aged, respectively, fifteen, thirteen, nine, six, five, and four years.

Miss Mary Palmateer, the principal of the school attended by the older children, stated at the trial that at one time she found the children had been without food for three days, and that one of them fainted in the class-room on this account. Conditions finally became so bad that the mother, Selma Hogstrom, was driven insane, and her abandoned and neglected children were taken to an orphanage.

When the case came to trial the little children were in court and their appearance made a powerful impression on the jury. The testimony of several prominent women of the city who had assisted the family at different times also had a marked effect.

The jury were only out a short time, and soon reached a verdict. All were in favor from the first of finding the defendants guilty, and several were in favor of giving the full amount asked for in the bill, 10,000 dollars; the verdict was finally fixed at 5,000 dollars. This is probably the largest verdict ever given in a case of this kind in the State of Illinois.

MAY BE FORCED TO PAY.

The saloon keepers were Joseph Dackiewicz, Steve Cvetan, and Peter Wember.

The case was brought by the "next friend," Lee Vedder, and the trial occupied the greater part of two days. Of course, the case was appealed, but unless the verdict is reversed, the liquor dealers will be obliged to pay the money awarded the children. The Illinois law is precise on this point, and makes special provision for the collection of the money.

One of the defendant saloon keepers is very wealthy, and the building occupied by each of them is worth considerably more than the judgment, so that the judgment is likely to be enforced. If collected, a guardian will be designated by the County Court to receive the money and the same will be used under the direction of the Court for the support of the children.

One important point in the Illinois law is that it is not required that a man must be a "habitual drunkard." The statute says:

Every husband, wife, child, parent, guardian, employer, or other person who shall be injured in person or property, or means of support by any intoxicated person, or in consequence of the intoxication, habitual or otherwise, of any person, shall have a right of action in his or her own name, severally or jointly, against any person or persons who shall, by selling or giving intoxicating liquors, have caused the intoxication, in whole or in part, of such person or persons; and any person owning, renting, leasing, or permitting the occupation of any building or premises, and having knowledge that intoxicating liquors are to be sold therein, or who having leased the same for other purposes, shall knowingly permit therein the sale of any intoxicating liquors that have caused, in whole or in part, the intoxication of any person, shall be liable severally or jointly, with the person or persons selling or giving intoxicating liquors aforesaid, for all damages sustained, and for exemplary damages.

LEGAL REDRESS IN NEW YORK.

What may be done in New York under similar conditions was explained by Supt. Thomas D. Walsh, of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, in commenting upon the neglected and half-forgotten New York law. He said:

"Interests working for the welfare of children in New York State will receive with considerable satisfaction the announcement of a verdict of 5000 dollars against saloon-

keepers in North Chicago for rendering incapable by the sale of liquor a man whose children suffered thereby.

"Under section 42 of the Liquor Tax law of the State of New York damages may be recovered in a civil action in similar cases. It is only necessary for a wife to give written notice to a saloon-keeper or his bartender, forbidding him to sell or give away liquor to a person whose intoxication shall have caused such damage. The constitutionality of the act has been tested and found sound. Under this act children may maintain action against those who sell liquor to the fathers.

"In view of the fact that over 90 per cent. of the neglect and cruelty cases investigated by the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children have their origin in intemperance and to the further fact that many delinquencies of children may be traced to inefficient and intemperate parents, I know of no better way of preventing the sale of liquor to workingmen who do not support their families, or who do support them even though intemperate, than by the wife serving written notice on the proprietors of saloons patronised by the husband, warning them against such sale under pain of prosecution."

Section 42 of the Liquor Tax law of New York, entitled "Recovery of Damages in a Civil Action," reads:

A recovery may be had in a civil action of damages suffered by reason of the intoxication of any person, from any corporation, association, co-partnership, or person who shall by selling or giving away liquors have caused such intoxication, if the persons or one of the persons suffering such damage shall, previous to such selling or giving away, have written notice to such corporation, association, co-partnership, or person, or to their agents or employees, or to the person so selling or giving away, forbidding such selling or giving away liquors to the person whose intoxication shall have caused such damage; or such damage may be recovered from any corporation, association, co-partnership, or person owning or renting or permitting the occupation of any building or premises where such selling or giving away of liquors shall have occurred, jointly with the corporation, association, co-partnership, or person selling or giving away, or severally when the notice herein provided for shall have been given to such owners or their authorised agents, and not otherwise.

Lynn, Mass., with 9000 people, lately had no arrests or a whole day. One result of being six years without a licensed saloon, and enforcing the law.

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 mere grit they contain the better they wear.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1914.

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METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Robson House, 337 Pitt Street, Sydney.

The usual after-dinner tiff had taken place, and Smithers had cooled down. After all, peace was a good thing, and well worth the having, and a little more or less humble pie did not much matter. He determined to try woman's weak point—dress—and remarked pleasantly:

"I see dresses are to be worn longer than usual this season."

But the hard lines at the corner of her mouth were still there.

"Well," she observed bitterly, "if they are to be worn longer than I am compelled to wear mine, they will have to be made of sheet-iron—that's all."

And then they started all over again.

A Personal Chat with my readers

THE SONS OF CLERGY.

It is commonly believed that a large per cent. of the sons of clergy turn out badly. I was once challenged on this point by a man in a street meeting. I drew his attention to the fact that the papers had nothing to say about the sun for 364 days in the year, but on the 365th day, when there was an eclipse, it became the most prominent of all the news items. Equally true is it that 364 sons of clergy, sane, normal, reputable, and more than that are unnoticed, but the 365th, who makes a mess of things, gets all the limelight. Mick Dooley says: "We don't want a religious daily paper, because news is sin and sin is news, and Father Flynn who gives his last penny to the poor can only get eight lines in the obituary column for which his friends pay, while Mick O'Duggan can get a double column heading for bashing a policeman." Many popular beliefs are, however, not founded on fact, and the more one reviews the question of clergymen's sons, the more evidence does one obtain to prove overwhelmingly that the men who come from the most religious homes are the nation's greatest assets.

In the "Dictionary of National Biography" there are 1270 names of eminent men who were sons of clergymen. In this single compilation of great names in English history there are 410 more sons of ministers than sons of doctors and lawyers together.

In a recent issue of "Who's Who," for America, out of nearly 12,000 names, almost 1000 are sons of clergymen, a number out of all proportion to the whole number of ministers in the population of the country. According to that standard, there should have been not more than fifty of these famous men the sons of clergymen.

Time would fail to tell of the notable men in all departments of human activity who were sons of ministers. We mention only a few of these. In science, Agassiz, Fabricius, Jenner, Linnaeus, Olbers, Fields, Morse, Berzelius, Euler; in history and philosophy, George John Romanes, John G. Wilkinson, Hallam, Hobbes, Froude, Sloane, Parkman, Bancroft, Schnelling, Schleiermacher, Nietzsche, Muller; in art, Reynolds and Christopher Wren; in philanthropy, Clarkson and Granville Sharp, the anti-slavery agitators; in poetry, Lessing, Tennyson, Ben Jonson, Cowper, Goldsmith, Thomson, Coleridge, Addison, Young, John Keble, Matthew Arnold; among essayists, Emerson, Richter, Hazlitt; among novelists, Charles Kingsley, Henry James, and the three daughters of clergymen, Jane Austen, Charlotte Bronte, and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Religion is not more likely to sicken a

boy than jam. It is a question of the brand and the quantity. Don't be afraid to insist upon a reasonable amount of religion just as you insist upon a reasonable amount of food even if there is no inclination for it. Real religion is like mother's sauce—it gives an appetite.

AN UNCONSCIOUS HELPER.

Those who complain that they get no chance to do big things are surely blind to the chances they get. Frank Bayley says:—"He didn't write it! He never saw nor heard of it. I can't tell you his name—nobody knows it. He was just a bricklayer, for whom nobody cared enough to ask his name. Yet if it hadn't been for him, the great book might never have been printed. Some day you will hear of Carlyle's 'French Revolution.' That is the book I mean. The bricklayer never could have written it; he didn't know enough. Nobody could have written it but Thomas Carlyle, who was a great man. Let me tell you the story of that book. When Mr. Carlyle had finished the second volume, he lent it to another great man to read; and that man lent it to a friend of his, who left it lying on his table. It had not yet been printed; the pages were only in writing. The housemaid, looking for something with which to start a fire, saw the loose papers and used them for kindling! It was the only copy.

"When Mr. Carlyle learned of it, he was in despair. He was so discouraged that he sat idle for many days. But one morning, sitting by his open window, he saw the bricklayer building a wall, brick by brick, and singing as he worked. He said to himself: 'What a fool I am! That humble workman puts me to shame!' So with fresh courage he began his task again; and after many, many days the great book was written once more and given to the world.

"The workman never knew what a day's work he had done. He was just faithful in the little things of his task, laying bricks, one by one, all day long and singing his happy thoughts. If you are faithful in your daily work, no matter how small it is, you never can tell what use God will make of you."

That's inspiration enough for a week anyhow. I think many of my readers might suggest similar things, and it would enrich this page, if more of you contributed to it.

The Editor

A Year Among the Drunks.

THE RESULTS JUSTIFY THE EFFORT.

NEED OF MORE HELP AND A FARM.

On January 10th, 1914, the first year of the Pledge Signing Crusade at the Central Police Court was completed. No less than 8257 men and women were convicted for drunkenness alone, and very nearly an equal number were in the court for some crime or misdemeanor with which drink was associated. Of this number 2132 signed the pledge at the court, and 67 came to the office and volunteered to sign. Of this number, only 307 are known to have broken their pledge and been re-convicted at the court.

PRACTICAL HELP.

Many lose their hat on the way to the lock-up, and owing to the kindness of friends and many city firms, we have provided 780 hats for the hatless ones. Boots are in great demand, and we have been able to supply over 500 pairs, also 200 garments of various kinds. The missionary, Mr. W. D. B. Creagh, takes boots, clothes, and hair-brushes to the yard each morning, and very many spruce up and feel more like facing the world as the result. We find any amount of evidence to prove that the best way to keep a man out of the mud is to polish his boots.

Over 150 letters have been given recommending men to the Board of Health. Fourteen men in a desperate condition have been sent to the Reception House for treatment. Nearly 270 men have been found employment, assisted with fares or fees, and given another and a better chance. If you read between the lines you can readily imagine the innumerable interviews, letters, and patient listening to tales of woe all this necessitates.

SOME INCIDENTS.

A man signed at the court one morning and three months afterwards he came to the office with his son partly to express his thanks, and also to give his boy the chance of signing with us. There were no less than seven cases of man and wife being in the court at the same time for being drunk, and on each occasion they both signed the pledge. Never a day goes by but someone is seen in the street or comes into the office to smile their thanks for being persuaded to sign the pledge.

Mr. Creagh says: "With such a large number passing through the court is it any wonder that one meets many again in the street? A nod often means a handshake, then the enquiry 'where did we meet before?' The answer, generally whispered, 'at the Central.' Another enquiry, 'how are things going?' Answer, 'pretty good' (no whisper this time). One of the most pleasing things in connection with this work is the way the men behave, most of them believe it to be a real good effort. Many an elderly man who feels there is no help for himself is found giving advice to some young chap, and urging him to sign the pledge. My heart often beats faster as day by day I

come face to face with some of the incidents and characters of this work; often in that lane at the back of the court where the prisoners leave the court I have seen and heard things that have made me ask the question, 'What manner of men and women would these be if they had not taken on the drink evil?' All through my life I have always said that amongst the drunkards were the most generous characters. I am sure of this now. I once saw two women leave the court. One had a hat, the other had none. The one who was bareheaded did not like going into the street without a hat. The woman who had a hat took it off and put it on the other's head. Then they strolled into the street. I have never seen them since, but I have never forgotten the incident, never will, and it has helped very much to make me even more soft-hearted and more desirous of helping the men and women who are down through drink."

"I have also seen men share their last sixpence—often in two drinks—but none the less it shows a generous nature. A man values the last of anything, but when that last is a sixpence and one has a terrific thirst, to share it then is a splendid sacrifice."

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

No one can go to the court without being impressed with the fact that not sufficient consideration is given to these people who suffer more than cancer patients, are as hard to cure as consumptives, are more numerous than those suffering from any other disease, and cause their friends more sorrow and the State more expense than any other class.

On the morning of Boxing Day 84 drunks were dealt with in 28 minutes. This is as inhumane as it is futile.

On December 15th, 48 men and 8 women appeared for drunkenness. They were dealt with in 25 minutes. One woman convicted for the third time in six months was fined 10/-; another convicted five times in four months was fined 15/-; another three times in four months, 5/-. Five men convicted 26 times in the last 9 months were only fined 5/- each. A declared inebriate, who had done 12 months for drunkenness, was fined 15/-, or seven days. On December 29th a woman was up for the third time in three weeks and fined 15/-; a man for a second appearance in one week was fined 10/-. Hundreds of such incidents take place in the year. At least 300 have qualified during the year for treatment as inebriates, but only about 30 of them have been so dealt with. It is both inhuman and worse than useless to continue dealing with drunks by methods that neither punish, cure, nor correct them, and all the while the numbers go on increasing and the people vote for continuance of it all.

WHAT IS THE TROUBLE?

The drunk, as seen at the Central, is invariably

ably a sick person, to be pitied rather than blamed, needing a doctor's care rather than a policeman's. On the other hand he is the inevitable product of our licensing system, and as surely as the sun will rise to-morrow morning, so surely will the open bar corrupt and create a diseased condition in tens of thousands of our fellow citizens in the coming year.

We make the supreme blunder of treating physical wrecks as though they were only moral delinquents, and then add insult to injury by passing a sentence that is no more effective than placing a mustard plaster on a wooden leg. It is high time that drunkenness was treated seriously and judged by its cost to the community, its danger to society, and the sorrow it causes in the homes. It is the most serious social problem we have to face.

Twelve to fourteen thousand pounds were absolutely wasted on Rabbit Island to fit it for a home for inebriates, and not a soul has even been sent there. Five hundred pounds were spent on the Neal treatment without encouraging results, and it is time the Government empowered someone with a knowledge of the subject to bring in a comprehensive plan to deal with drunks. The plan must include an agent at the court, a receiving home and a farm; and the remedy will be incomplete and unsatisfactory unless it recognises that the alcoholic is the result of a combination of social, physical, and moral circumstances.

THE VALUE OF THE PRESENT METHOD.

While pledge signing is only suitable to about one-fourth of those before the court and leaves the three-fourths quite untouched, yet it is worth support for the good it effects among this number. The pledge acts to the will as splints do to a broken arm, and tides a man over a bad pinch until abstinence becomes a confirmed habit. It brings the signer into association with those travelling the same way, and this is a very valuable thing, as may be seen at the weekly meeting so well attended by pledge signers. It is a valuable contribution to the home since it conserves an immense amount to the use of the woman and the child. It is a very low estimate to allow 10/- a week as the expenditure on alcohol of those who find their way to the court, many of them spending more than that in a day, and we contend that over 1000 have kept our pledge for at least six months, this meaning not less than £500 a week saved from drink to be used in needful and advantageous ways.

THE FINANCING OF THE MOVEMENT.

It is surprising and discouraging to find how few of those who approve of an effort being made give any financial help. The effort cost about £230 for the year, and this was provided by less than 75 people, all of whom are generous givers in other directions. The public men who have effusively approved of the effort have quite forgotten to back their sympathy in a practical way. Donations or clothing may be sent to Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, 33 Park Street, Sydney.

Nat Belderson's Pony Trap

(Continued from Page 3.)

invitation, which he sent on to Joe at the foundry by one of the workmen who had just then come in. On receiving it, Joe read the note, and placing it in his pocket, said nothing about it until he reached home in the evening, when he passed it over to his wife who read it, and handing it back to him said, "Are you thinking of going with Nat as he asks, Joe?" "No, I am not, my dear," replied he; "I've done with Nat while he lives at the 'Branford Arms.'"

His wife, seeing that the way was now open for further questions, seized the opportunity, and said, "Have you fallen out with him, Joe?" "No," said he, "but he set me thinking a week or two ago, when I asked him to give me a drive round in his new 'turn-out,' when he told me to get one of my own." "It occurred to me," continued Joe, "that my money had gone a long way to buy Nat's 'turn-out' for him and his missus, and that I had been a fool not to see it before, so I made up my mind to stop drinking, and buy a conveyance some day for myself, and one for you, my dear." "For me!" exclaimed Mrs. Cameron in astonishment. "Yes, and I shall be able to do it before long, so that you and I can have a look round the countryside during the summer evenings, and will be better than spending my money in the 'Branford Arms.'"

Joe was as good as his word, for in a few weeks he came home pushing a brand new lady's bicycle with one hand, and a gentleman's bicycle with the other, his face beaming with smiles as he approached his cottage, where his wife was awaiting him. "These are our conveyances, my dear," said Joe, "and after tea I'm going to teach you how to ride yours." Mrs. Cameron flushed with delight at the prospect, was an apt learner, and before many days was able to manage her bicycle alone, and to accompany her husband on trips to villages lying around Branford.

One evening, when cycling into Barling, they saw a crowd of people on the village green, being addressed by a man Joe knew as one of the hands at the Branford foundry. Dismounting, he with his wife, approached, and found that the man was speaking on Temperance, having cycled over with other Branford friends for that purpose. Joe was much interested in what he heard, and asked if he might say a few words, a privilege which was readily granted. Joe stood up, and having always been a keen pot-house debater, found his efforts in that direction to stand him in good stead now. He narrated his experiences as a drinker, and his determination to have an alteration, which had resulted in him being at Barling that night as one of the results of Nat Belderson's refusal to take him for a drive.

The Temperance friends from Branford invited Joe and his wife to cycle back with them, and on the way so interested them in the work going on at their little hall in Castle Street that they both promised to join the

Society, with which they have been identified ever since. Joe has become one of the best speakers for Temperance Reform in the countryside, and during the fight for the Licensing Bill of 1908, spoke on more than one platform with Members of Parliament. A family of four has grown up around him, all of whom are life abstainers, and members of the Band of Hope, and there is not a happier home in all Branford than that of Joe Cameron and his wife.

But what of Nat Belderson and the "Branford Arms?" Sad to relate, his fine "turn-out" was the means of his undoing, for one night he and his wife were returning home from Barling Fair, where Nat had indulged too freely in the liquor which he had dispensed to others, when his high-stepper, taking fright, bolted, and running up the bank, pitched both him and his wife into the road. Mrs. Belderson escaped with a bad

shaking, but poor Nat was picked up with a broken neck. His wife, on her recovery, had the license transferred to her name, but soon after developed so strong a liking for drink, that she was scarcely ever sober, and after having been compelled to leave the "Branford Arms," continued to imbibe its wares, until she was laid in a drunkard's grave.

This is but a sample of what strong drink is doing amongst us, in destroying what might otherwise be useful lives, but it gives some encouragement to the Temperance worker to find that men to-day are thinking themselves out of the clutches of drink, even as Joe Cameron did by his pondering on Nat Belderson's pony trap.—"Alliance News."

"I've just returned from abroad, you know. How is your poor father?" "We lost him." "Dear, dear!" "Yes, the nurse married him."

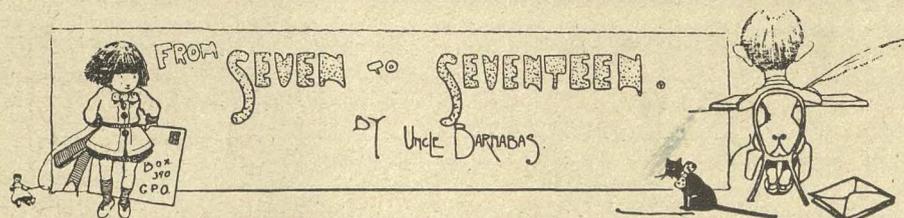
SUMMER IS THE TIME FOR
UNCLE TOBY'S ROLLED OATS

NO FOOD SO GOOD

Oh you darling the Oats are delightful

MY UNCLE TOBY'S
Rolled Oats
 Clifford Love & Co. Ltd
 Sydney.

**YOU WILL STAND THE HOT WEATHER BETTER
 IF YOU HAVE THEM EVERY MORNING
 FOR BREAKFAST**



THE FLY.

Many of my ne's and ni's will wonder what has become of the letters. I have very few in hand at present, and am holding them over for next issue. I will just publish a scallywag list in a few weeks, and My! that will be terrible!

You are only little folk, and don't think there is much you can do, but if a fly can do big things surely you are better than a fly, and able to do more things? A paper called "Life and Health" says:—

"Flies, as well as bad water, spread typhoid.

"Screens in the window prevent crane on the door.

"A fly in the milk may mean a member of the family in the grave.

"Flies in the dining-room usually precede nurses in the sick-room.

"It is a short haul from the garbage can to the dining-table, via the fly route.

"It costs less to buy a screen door than to get sick and lay off for a month.

"A fly has natural enemies; the most effectual and most persistent should be man."

This ought to make you scared of flies, and it also ought to make you thank God that "little folk" can do big things, and so please try and do a few.—Uncle B.

THE COAT of GOLDEN MAIL

Being the Adventures of the Beautiful Prince and the Magician.

A Fairy Tale for all who are Young Enough to Enjoy Mystery.

(By MARY L. MOPPETT.)

(Continued from Last Issue.)

CHAPTER II.—THE MAGICIAN.

And now, having introduced you to the hero of this romance, we will do the same to one who is scarcely less important than the Prince. Suppose we call him the sub-hero? He is quite worthy of a title, because without his aid the Princess's adventures would have been rather tame, and many of them would not have happened. So we will call on this mysterious person, send in our card, and, if he is good enough to receive us, we may reckon on having a good time. But if he does not like us the whole house in which he lives will come tumbling about our ears like a castle built with cards. For though he lives in a mighty big palace—through which one could wander all one's life and then not come to the other end—it is like a pack of cards because it is made of paper, just as the rooms and partitions are made of paper in that land across the sea, called Japan.

Of course, the paper of which the palace is made is strengthened with boards, and is really a very solid structure, capable of lasting until the end of the world! The foundations were laid in stone, and many trunks of noble trees support the superstructure.

It took ages to build, and the Fairy, who told us about the Prince's coat of mail, told us that she saw the foundations laid, and was able to throw some light into the dark holes which were dug for them. Then, as now, you see fairies could do wonderful things!

Well! Here we are! What a grand place! Can you count the rooms? Oh, dear! My neck aches with looking up so much! Look at the colours! Nearly every room painted differently! And if we are allowed to see some of the rooms inside we shall be delighted with the pictures in them! Ah! Yes! Now we are inside. And we notice, first of all, how quiet it is in here!

The door closes softly, just like the baize-covered door inside a church. There are no servants, so we just stand on the mat, and the salver springs in front of us to receive our cards, and then travels swiftly and silently to the library, where the wonderful owner of the palace is busy with some of his experiments.

As the salver leaves us, two chairs are impelled toward us, and we sit down and wait an audience, with more or less impatience.

The salver brings back to us the message that we are to walk through the doors which will open to us on our approach. So we rise and find the magician through the medium of open doors.

He stands to welcome us, for he never forgets his manners, and we gaze with pleasure on his genial countenance, and note his happy smile and laughing eyes.

We are surprised to find him such a good fellow, for we had thought that, being so learned, he must be very grave, not to say stolid—through having so much wisdom packed away in such a small compass inside himself; but, instead of being as heavy as lead, or as heavy as sister's first cake, we find him quite light-hearted and gay. What wrong impressions we do get about most things!

He is dressed in black, of course; that is his ordinary attire, but his holiday clothes are sometimes very gay, and his court dress is simply gorgeous!

Of course, also, he has a wand. Did you ever hear of a magician who had not one?

No, it is not black. It is a crystal tube, and has a lot of little beads of light chasing each other down the middle of it, each one anxious to be out first so as to get its work over before the next one "gets a show," as the boys say in Australia.

And now the Magician speaks, and we

think we hear the music of silver bells. The sweetness of his utterance surprises us into silence, for we expected to hear a thin cracked voice from such a very ancient person.

We tell him that we are anxious to become acquainted with the history of the Prince, and so he directs our attention to a row of shelves, and indicates those books which will be of service to us, by tapping them with his wand. At each rap a tiny globe of light escapes from the tube, and illuminates the part of the shelf struck until the next globe of light begins his share of the work.

But now, as we have exceeded the conventional half-hour for a call, we thank the great man for his courtesy, and he dismisses us with a bow, and then we are ushered out (in the same mysterious way, out of the quiet and into the noisy work-a-day world so different from the Magician's Sanctum, and so confusing that we feel sorry to be so rudely awakened from what seems to us now to be but a pleasant dream.

(To be Continued.)

- Chap. III. The Palace.
- IV. The Entrance to the Palace.
- V. The Music Room.
- VI. The Watch-Tower.
- VII. The Mill.
- VIII. The Police Station.
- IX. The Windy Caverns.
- X. The Princess.
- XI. The Marriage.
- XII. The Children of the Happy Pair.

OFF THE SCALLYWAG LIST.

Eric Froggatt, 153 Gala-st., Invercargill, New Zealand, December 14, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have not written to you for a long time, and, I suppose, I shall be on the scallywag list. We broke up school on Friday, December 12, and we get our prizes on Wednesday. We are going to Auckland for our holidays, and we are going by boat. We shall leave Bluff on 6th January, 1914, and have a cabin on board the boat for ourselves only. Next year I shall be ten on 16th May, and will be in the fourth standard at day school. My brother and sister (Estelle and Bertie) will be writing to you by this mail. Our tram-cars are getting over £260 per week. Please take me off the scallywag list. — From your affectionate nephew.

(Dear Eric,—You are off the scallywag list, I wish I could do away with that list this year. Now do you think I could keep my 200 ne's and ni's from being scallywags? Will any one tell me? Tell me all about your trip to Auckland.—Uncle B.)

OUR WAR VESSEL.

Joan Lemm, "Marion," 16/12/1913, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I am glad you found my letter on Mr. Ray's lecture interesting. I thought I would write and tell you I am going away to Wilberforce on the Hawkesbury River to spend my holidays, and to wish you the compliments of the season. I

said I would tell you about our visit to the "Australia" when I wrote again, so I must keep my promise. We had the good fortune to meet the chief writer (Mr. Pearce, by name) who has all the communications of the vessel under his control. He showed us all round the ship with much graciousness, and showed us many objects we would not otherwise have seen. H.M.A.S. "Australia" is a battle cruiser of 18,800 tons. She consumed 13,000 tons of coal on her voyage to Australia, having left Portsmouth, accompanied by H.M.A.S. "Sydney," on 21st July. All her fittings are on a modern scale, and there are duplicate parts for each portion of the ship. There are four immense propellers, two in readiness for an emergency and two in use. The workrooms are like young dockyards, particularly the stokers'. In the electricians' workroom there are many interesting implements. There is a hospital, a dispensary, a prison, a library where wholesome literature is lent to the seamen, also a canteen where the sailors procure soft drinks, biscuits, chocolates, etc. They make their own ice and aerated waters, and they have a refrigerating plant. But no intoxicants are served out to our Australian sailors, and Mr. Pearce said "the men don't want it." Altogether, it seems a huge manufacturing centre, as well as a fighting machine. The bake-house is on the upper deck, and contains shelves of beautiful crisp loaves of bread. The flour is sifted in electric sieves and baked in ovens heated by electricity. In the different storerooms torpedo nets, groceries, preserved meats, fish, etc., are kept. The officers who have cabins have small chests in which to keep their clothes, the sailors have canvas bags with their names engraved upon them. They sleep in hammocks slung up on hammock hooks. The ambulance is composed of pallets kept in iron racks which are strapped round the wounded, and so they are borne down to the lower dock. The "Australia" has some 12 inch guns, and the cannon swing easily on their stands to the position required. The bayonets and rifles hang on the walls of a storeroom or racks. The life-buoys are modern-fixed also. If the accident happens at night an electric light immediately on touching the water flares up at the side showing the drowning man and the position of the buoy. That was a splendid cartoon on the front page of the last issue of "Grit." It just illustrates what Prohibition will do towards splitting the liquor log. I was sorry to see No-License baffled at the last election, but considering the evil forces which have opposed the Local Option poll. All along the temperance people have worked wonderfully. The brewers and publicans have money behind them, but we have God and right, and we must keep on fighting and praying till we get a victory. I was collecting for the City Mission on Saturday. I got 15/7, and mother £2 5/-. So with the 5/3 I collected for the Benevolent Society we collected £23/5/10 for the poor this year. Wishing cousins and yourself a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year from your loving.

(Dear Joan,—Your description of our war

vessel is most interesting, and in the name of all your ne's and ni's who had no opportunity of seeing the vessel. I thank you for your splendid letter. I hope you are having a lovely holiday, and will write and tell me all about it.—Uncle B.)

AFTER A LONG TIME.

Walter, Liverpool, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It's a long time since I have written to you, but I have not forgotten you. The last time I wrote to you was before I went to the hospital, but I have been home a long time now.

We have our school holidays now. I am going away after the New Year to Hurstville.

The flowers in our garden are all out now.

There was a fire in Castlereagh-street not long ago. All the old cemetery was on fire. The fire brigade came down and put it out.

(Dear Walter,—What a long time you kept me waiting for a letter. I am so glad they looked after you well in the hospital, and made you well again. I hope you enjoy yourself at Hurstville. You have some "cousins" about there. Hope you will meet them.—Uncle B.)

THE CHAMPION OF UNCLE B.

Olive Wells, 2 Richlands Avenue, Surry Hills, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you please allow me to be your little niece. I thought I would like to be one since I saw "Grit" and the lovely letters in it. I did not know of "Grit," but Mr. Hughes gave me some, and I thought Page 11 was lovely. I am 9 years old, and go to Albion-street Public School. I suppose you will know where it is. I have a sister named Eileen, who is 12 years old. She got the qualifying certificate, and now she goes to Fort-street High School. My teacher in the Public School is Miss Harvey. She's very good to us and I like her, and I am lucky to have a good Sunday school teacher in the person of Miss Miller.

I like Scripture very much, and hope to know a great deal of my Bible before I am seventeen—out of date of course. Do you think I am good enough to be your niece Mr. Hughes—I suppose you know him?—strongly recommends me to the list of nephews and nieces. I have read "Chatterbox"—I mean the book, not myself. I am a bit of a chatterbox, or mother calls me that. What do you think, Uncle, will become of me? Do you think I will become a missionary? I hope to hear from you soon. With love.

(Dear Olive,—I am delighted to hear from you, and so pleased to find that my champion, Mr. Hughes, is still at work getting me ne's and ni's. He did champion work when he was at Wollongong, and I hope my ne's and ni's there will honor him by going on writing. What will become of you? Well, dear, that after all will depend on yourself. You will become what you really make up your mind to be. The moment the prodigal said "I will arise and go to my Father," he had a long way to go, a difficult way to go, a sad way to go; but he got there, because he stuck to that "I will." If you tell God you will serve Him and tell Him every day

—you certainly will do so, and be both happy and useful. Write soon and tell me when your birthday is. Write only on one side of the paper, please.—Uncle B.)

ALL MYSELF.

Leslie Twemlow, Police Station, Alectown, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It is a long time since I last wrote, so I thought that I would write to-night. Us children and Dad had the measles not long ago. The other day Dad and my little sister and brother, Violet and Earle, and Stella and myself took one of our calves out to a paddock about a mile out, and the next morning the calf was back. We took it out again, and the next morning it was back again. Then Dad made a yoke, and at about 10 o'clock that morning Dad and I went out with it to the paddock. When we were coming home we wanted a drink of water very badly. First we went and looked in a tank, and it was empty. Then we went and looked into two horse troughs, and they were empty too. Then we went to the Government tank and got a drink there. Our grapes are not very big, and my brother Earle often says that he wishes he could eat them all in one mouthful. Our other fruit is not very good this year, and our almonds were eaten by green parrots or something like that. Our aloes were out in bloom not long ago. A merry Christmas to you and all my "Grit" cousins. I must close now, as I am getting tired. With love from your affectionate nephew.

P.S.—I am sending 1/- down for the poor children's Christmas. It is not much, but I saved it all myself.

(Dear Leslie,—I felt so glad when I read that you had saved that shilling all yourself. I am afraid most of the shillings or pennies I get in Sunday school come from mother and I am sure God would sooner have a penny saved "all myself" than a pound some one else gave you to give. I wonder what became of the calf. Did he stop away altogether the last time?—Uncle B.)

THE START FOR HER.

"My dear girl," said a father to his daughter, "what do you suffragists want anyhow?"

"Why, Dad, we want to sweep the country," replied the daughter.

"Do you?" said the father. "Why, now suppose you take a broom and start with this room."

The Fifth Annual State Conference of Charities and Correction was lately held in Philadelphia, and the one underlying cause of poverty, upon which emphasis was laid, was the licensed saloon. But will the Socialists agree to this?

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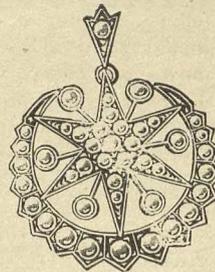
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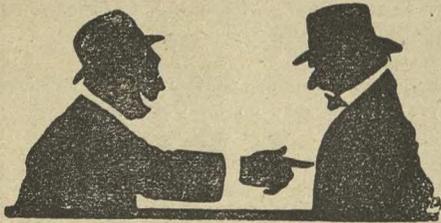
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TOMMY'S COURTESY.

Tommy's father had been giving him lessons in politeness, but hardly dared hope that the seeds of his teaching had taken root.

One day, hearing noise coming from the nursery, he investigated, and found Tommy pounding his little brother.

"I'm surprised, Tommy," said his father, sternly, "that you should hurt your little brother. Don't you know that it is very cowardly to strike one who is smaller than yourself?"

"Yes," replied the culprit meekly, "but when you spanked me yesterday I was too polite to mention it."

* * *

HIS LAST.

The General was riding along on a blazing hot day when a dilapidated soldier, his clothes in rags, with no shoes, his head bandaged and his arm in a sling, came in sight.

The General stopped. "Why, my good fellow, you seem to be pretty well done up?"

"Yes, sir, I am just a bit," said the soldier. Then, looking up at the General, he said: "General, I love my country. I'd fight for my country. I'd starve and go thirsty for my country. I'd die for my country. But if ever this confounded war is over I'll never love another country!"

* * *

The cabby regarded with a gleam of delight the taxi which had broken down, but did not speak.

The chauffeur began operating on his machine. He turned and twisted it, and banged it and screwed it, but to no avail, and still the cabby spoke not. Then the chauffeur wiped his brow, and the cabby, still with the gleam in his eye, crossed over.

"Ere," he exclaimed, grimly, holding out his whip. "'Ere yer are, mister, 'it 'im with this."

THE TEACHER'S THEORY SHATTERED.

"Children," said the teacher to his pupils, "you should be able to do anything equally well with either hand. With a little practice you will find it just as easy to do anything with one hand as it is with the other."

"Is it?" inquired the urchin at the foot of the class. "Let's see you put your left hand in the right-hand pocket of your trousers."

* * *

FATHER'S DEFINITION.

"Pa," said the small seeker after knowledge, "what is a kiss?"

"A kiss, my son," said the father, who hadn't lived fifty years in vain, "is nothing divided by two."

* * *

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is appendicitis?"

"Appendicitis, my son," answered the deep-thinking father, "is something that enables a doctor to open up a man's anatomy and remove his entire banking account."

HE STILL HAD IT.

"Look here, you swindler!" roared the owner of the suburban property to the real estate man. "When you sold me this house, didn't you say that in three months I wouldn't part with it for ten thousand dollars?"

"Certainly," said the real estate dealer calmly; "and you haven't, have you?"

* * *

WANTED TO BE OBLIGING.

Opposite her in the trolley car was a man who was expectorating freely. Finally the woman hailed the conductor, and asked: "Conductor, do you allow spitting in this car?"

Taken aback for the moment by the unexpected question, the conductor recovered himself and said: "Why, not exactly. But go ahead, if you like, madam."

* * *

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKEN.

"You'll get run in," said a pedestrian to a wheelman without a light.

"You'll get run into," savagely responded the cyclist as he knocked the pedestrian down.

"You'll get run in, too!" said a policeman stepping from behind a tree.

And just then another scorcher came along without a light, so the policeman ran in two.

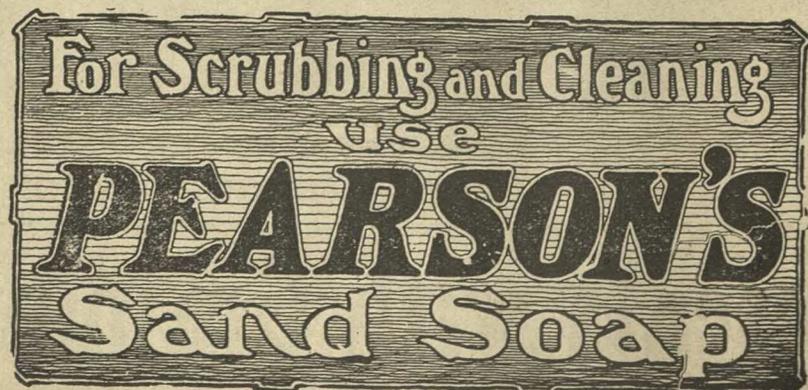
Balmainites! Read these tidings of REANEY'S Return

I am coming back to you—back to the good old friends who have suffered and swore about their teeth in my absence. On Monday next, February 2nd, I shall open my new Model Surgery in City Road, right opposite Grace Bros., over the E. S. and A. BANK. Come and see. Bring all your little teeth troubles to me. I will give you peace. My marvellous ambidexterity and wonderfully painless system of Extractions will be here at your hand from now on. DON'T GO ELSEWHERE—SEE ME.

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Something for the Inner Man.

How the Pew Challenged the Pulpit AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

In "Collier's Weekly" is an incident told concerning Dr. C. L. Goodell, of New York. Dr. Goodell is one of the most successful soulwinners in the Methodist Episcopal Church. In the midst of one of his services he was interrupted by a man who rose up in the aisle and, in a harsh and excited voice, said:

"I am just out of State's prison. I was guilty of all that was charged and of things which were never found out. You have been saying things here which are tremendously true or terribly false. You have been talking about Someone who can save people from their sins. You said it makes no difference how wicked a man has been; if he repents, his sins would be blotted out. You said he would know he was forgiven, and the sense of condemnation and guilt would be gone. Now, if you are saying what you do not know to be true you ought to be ashamed. If you are holding out to a man like me a hope when there is no hope, you ought to stop it."

The man here stopped and looked in a pathetic and despairing way at Dr. Goodell. Then he advanced a few steps, and standing in front of the chancel and stretching out his hand, said:

"I want to know, sir, whether you believe that this religion you are preaching can save a man like me. You said that Jesus saved a thief on the cross. Do you believe that Jesus can save a thief now?"

Here was a distinct and awful challenge issued to Dr. Goodell's faith. It was no wonder that preacher and audience almost felt as if a voice had spoken to them from the other world. There was no middle course for Dr. Goodell. He reached across the chancel rail, took the outstretched hand of the stranger, and said with all the earnestness he could command:

"I have honestly declared a message in which I believe I cannot afford to preach a gospel that is not true, and I will not. If you will meet the conditions which are laid down in the Bible, by which a man may come to God, and you do not find salvation, I will never again go into this pulpit to preach."

The two men knelt at the altar. The despairing sinner was shown the way of life as it is pointed out in the Bible. Then there was prayer, in which the sinner joined. Finally the service closed. Service was announced for the following night, but Dr. Goodell announced that he would not preach except upon the condition already expressed.

It was a trying time for Dr. Goodell. He did not sleep much that night. He had a restless day. The devil tempted him to indulge various doubts, but faith in the promise of God triumphed. Not during that

day did Dr. Goodell hear from the man. Night came, and the congregation assembled. The man had neither appeared nor sent a message. The preacher remained in a pew while the congregation sang "There is a fountain filled with blood." As the last line of the grand old hymn was finished, the man all breathless and excited, with hair in confusion, rushed down the aisle and exclaimed: "The car broke down, but—you can go ahead and preach." He had found in his own experience that the blood of Jesus Christ does cleanse from all sin.

That same Jesus is living to-day, and whenever a sin-worn and iniquity-spotted soul seeks the Saviour, he may find Him, then and there. "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be the glory in the Church and in Christ Jesus unto all generations for ever and ever."

Salem, Ore., ranks as the first capital city of any State to go dry. She went that good way by a majority of 492 at the last election.

* * *

Of twenty-eight cities voting on license in Illinois at the late election, twenty-three of them went dry.

* * *

If all professing Christians would let their light shine before men, more sinners would find the narrow path.

* * *

Two new and very drastic anti-liquor laws went into effect in Texas November 17th—one prohibiting State shipments of liquor into dry territory and forbidding liquor dealers to solicit business by mail in dry communities, the other closing all places of liquor at 9.30 p.m.

* * *

Some time ago the liquor men of Ohio asked for a law abolishing the free lunch, and got it. The free lunch brought trade, for it begat thirst; and the law became a dead letter. Now the license commissioners say it must be enforced, and the liquor men don't like it.

FOOL'S GOLD.

See him there, cold and grey,
Watch him as he tries to play;
No, he doesn't know the way—
He began to learn too late.
She's a grim old hag, is Fate,
For she let him have his pile,
Smiling to herself the while,
Knowing what the cost would be
When he'd found the Golden Key.
Multi-millionaire is he,
Many times more rich than we;
But at that I wouldn't trade
With the bargain that he made.
Didn't let a joy divert him,
Didn't let a sorrow hurt him,
Let his friends and kin desert him,
While he planned and plugged and hurried
On his quest for gold and power.
All the while as he grew older,
And grew bolder, he grew colder,
And he thought that some day
He would take the time to play;
But, say—he was wrong.
Life's a song;
In the spring
Youth can sing and can fling;
But joys wing
When we're older,
Like birds when it's colder.
Just watch him to-day—
See him trying to play.
He's come back for blue skies,
But they're in a new guise—
Winter's here, all is grey,
The birds are away,
The meadows are brown,
The leaves lie aground,
And the gay brook that wound
With a swirling and whirling
Of waters, is furling
Its bosom in ice.
And he hasn't the price,
With all of his gold,
To buy what he sold.
He knows now the cost
Of the spring-time he lost,
Of the flowers he tossed
From his way,
And, say,
He'd pay
Any price if the day
Could be made not so grey.
He can't play.

—Herbert Kaufman, in "Everybody's."

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