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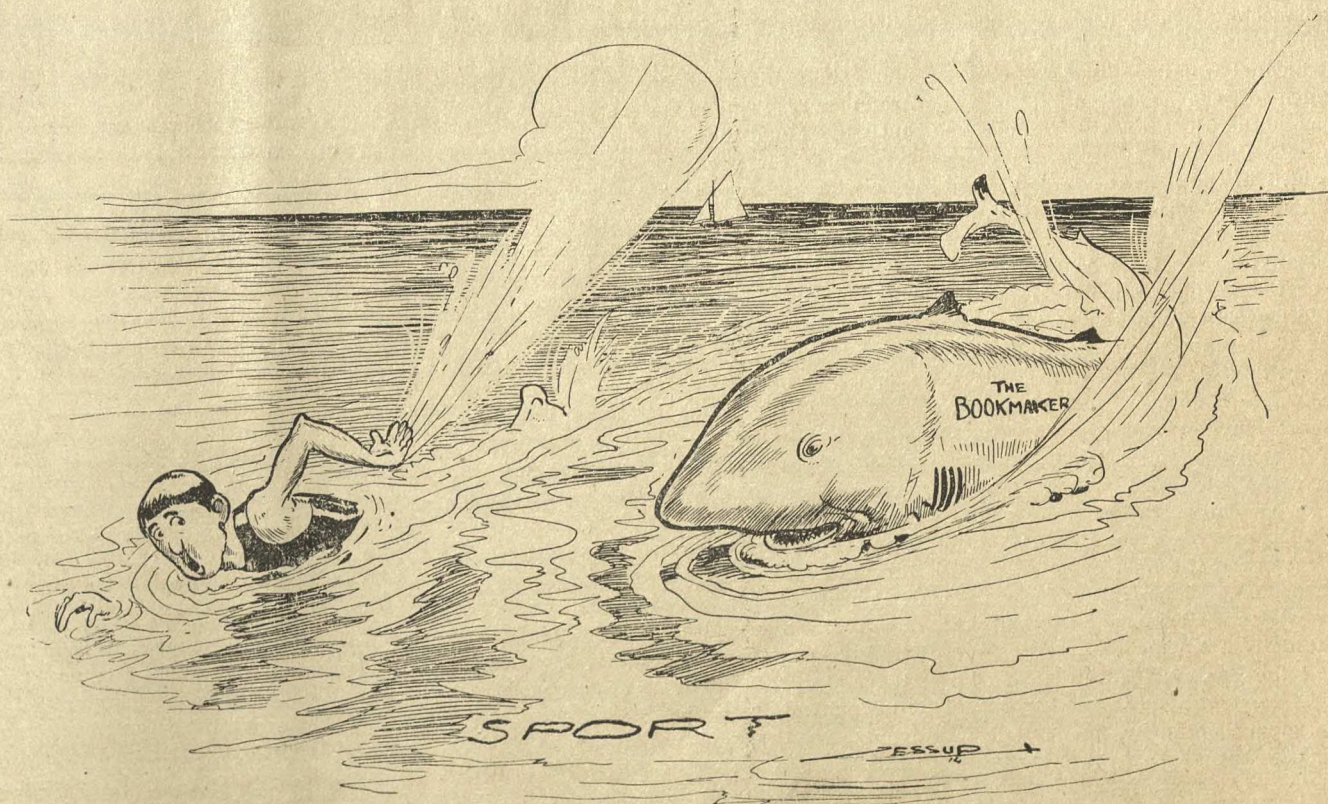


A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1914.

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'WARE SHARK!

News item.—“There is a movement on foot to have betting legalised at Athletic, Cycling, and Swimming Sports Meetings. The League of Swimmers turned the proposal down unanimously.”—See page 5.



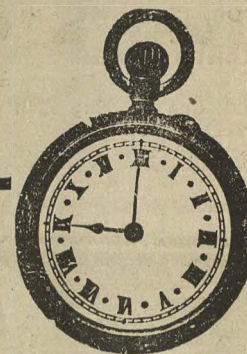
ALCOHOL AND THE SOCIAL INSTINCTS.

Sir Thomas Clouston, M.D., LL.D., is a great authority on all lunacy matters, and he must have seen a great deal of the evil effects of alcohol in brain diseases. It was therefore in every way fitting that he should deliver the Norman Kerr lecture, under the auspices of the Society of the Study of Intebriety. It is true that this distinguished medical man was a sort of Balaam in this matter; he neither cursed alcohol nor did he altogether bless it. As one who heard the lecture says in a letter to the "Scotsman," he is a sort of Jekyll and Hyde in this matter. "As the distinguished alienist expert he pronounces, with all the weight of an acknowledged authority, a decided and vigorous and powerful condemnation of the social use of alcohol; as the individual citizen (with his own personal predilections and prejudices) he offers a halting and qualified apology for the maintenance of alcoholic usage as a social necessity of the State." It may be true, indeed, that alcohol was used by many of the greatest men of the past, but if, as Sir Thomas says, "there is no reason to suppose that Homer, Goethe, or Shakespeare were in the least aided in their great efforts by the physical stimulus of wine," and if it would be "unimaginable that Milton's poetry and prose owed anything to it," what is the use of giving us their names in such a connection? If Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning and Sir Walter Scott were not helped by it, why appeal to poets at all? Burns, Edgar Allan Poe, Omar Khayyam, and Alexander the Great, are surely warnings rather than examples to be followed. And when Sir Thomas says that our Lord "seems to have used wine in his daily life," he goes beyond the facts. Because the Master said at the Passover Feast, or at the Last Supper, "I will not drink henceforth of the fruit of the vine," it is surely a strange argument to say that he drank it daily. As is well-known, wine was used at the Passover, but whether intoxicating wine or not is quite another question. It is known that raisin wine is used by Jews in our day, but whether the same thing is true of our Lord's earthly day is perhaps not so certain. Anyhow, he is referring to special occasions, and to the drinking of wine at a special feast. The "stimulating effects of alcohol in poetic fire and conscious happiness"—is one quite sure of this? So far as one knows scientific tests of the use of even small quantities of alcohol are fatal to accuracy in setting types, in adding up figures, and other things that require careful thought

What judge who had an important judgment to determine would be likely to fortify himself for the duty by even a small dose of alcohol? Physicians and surgeons have told us very explicitly that they would not dream of seeking such inspiration.

THE ACTION OF ALCOHOL.

Sir Thomas Clouston is very decided in his views as to the evil effects of alcohol. Even what he calls the "pleasant personal and social effects" of alcohol can only be safely obtained "in fully developed, healthy men, with a reasonably good nervous heredity, and when taken in strict moderation." So that before one seeks stimulus of this kind, one must be very sure about one's health and heredity. The period of adolescence is by far the most dangerous time with regard to alcohol, and so "it should not be used then at all"; in other words, young men should never touch alcohol until they are 25 years of age, and young women should abstain until they are 21 or 22. This is certainly sound advice, but why should they begin afterwards? According to Sir Frederick Treves, no young man who wishes to be really "fit" physically and mentally should touch alcohol. To the female sex alcohol, says Sir Thomas, is especially dangerous, and to all who have bad nervous heredity alcohol is deadly. In truth, Sir Thomas has so many qualifications, so many provisos, that his deliverance on the whole is strongly in favor of abstinence. Some will think that it would have been better for the Society for the Study of Intebriety to have found some medical man with more decided opinions about the evils of alcohol, but perhaps there is wisdom in listening to all sorts of teachers. On the whole, Sir Thomas is strongly against the ordinary use of alcohol; even in the most moderate doses the effects on many brains are decidedly bad. The sense of duty can never be strengthened; "it tends to dull the sense of responsibility; it undoubtedly tends to put the purer emotions on a lower plane, diminishing their ideals." As a matter of fact, social enjoyment seems the only thing that Sir Thomas regards as the argument for alcohol; and



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here he is so anxious to avoid much drinking, or drinking at all by many persons, that he takes back most of what he gives, I think. And so it is well for us to listen to this teacher. He tries hard to keep alcohol for some of our pleasures, but perhaps rather than think of all his provisos and restrictions, the wise course will be to do without it. Who wants to forget duty, or to dull the sense of responsibility? Who wants to diminish the tendency to take trouble about the higher things? Perhaps if in our banquets we had no alcohol, our speakers would not be able to take such rose-colored views of serious things. Let us hear all that can be said by distinguished students about alcohol, but then let them keep to the scientific side of things.—"Grimsby News."

Under the proposed reform of the Quebec licensing laws, advertisements in the public press must not contain a statement that the liquor advertised is beneficial to the health or to the mind.

* * *

Sir Henry Lewis, J.P., of Bangor, says with regard to arrested motor car drivers that the first question to be asked is not "was he drunk?" but "was he drinking?" for the reason that great European physicians support the view that even moderate drinking affects the nerve centres of the brain so as in an emergency to interfere with a quick decision—thus causing accidents on the road.

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Just a Common Dog.

The first time Evelyn saw him was on the great steamer when she and her brother Charlie and mamma and papa were all going on a summer holiday. He sat on a box in a corner of the main deck, a cord tied around his neck, his tail drooping mournfully, and his eyes longingly glancing about for release. Evelyn patted his head while the purser told her the story of Dandy.

He was just a tramp dog, and stole passage on the boat in the boldest way. But this was his last trip. A despoiled lunch basket, some hidden chicken bones, and Dandy's look of bland, disinterested content had told the whole shameful story. "He shall never go again," concluded the pursur.

Evelyn looked ruefully at the stubby yellow coat. "If he were a prettier dog, I'd like him myself; but he is awfully plain. His nose is like a pug's, his ears like a water spaniel's, his coat like a collie's and terrier's mixed, and his tail like a setter's. He's a terribly mixed-up dog. But I like his eyes."

So it was to his big, honest eyes that Dandy owed his nice new home; but once given the chance, he won the love of his little mistress for the whole "mixed-up" dog.

Together they romped the beach, dashing over the bluffs and through the glens on wonderful tramps of adventure; and at night in the little cottage a yellow figure lay on guard just at the foot of Evelyn's cot.

"You cannot take that dog home with you, dear," was mamma's verdict. "I won't have such an ugly-looking animal around the house."

Dandy knew all about it, and he licked his faithful little mistress' face lovingly when her tears fell on his ugly head out in the woods. It was their last day together, and Evelyn meant to make the most of it by visiting all the old haunts. Over the hills they ran, until all the cottages were passed. Over the ledge to the cliff was a narrow path, and down this Evelyn ran until she saw the place where she wanted to rest. Then breathlessly she tugged, slipped and floundered through the warm sand until it was reached. It was a fine lookout point, a cave that some boys had dug in the hillside and then deserted.

"I wish you were a girl and I were a dog, Dandy," said Evelyn, wistfully. "so we could be chums. I've seen ever so much uglier dogs than you, dearest; but mamma—"

There was a queer sliding, crushing sound, and a hail of pebbles and sand, a great heavy thud, and then darkness.

"Dandy," gasped Evelyn, as she rolled to the far edge of the cave away from the deluge, "we're just corked in. Oh, dear me!"

The tears tumbled down the pink cheeks, and the brown curls were bent to the dust in sorrow.

Dandy fully appreciated the danger of the situation, but he did not cry. He licked the bowed head and he sniffed carefully on all sides, then went straight to business. Pretty soon all that the spiders and ants heard

were Evelyn's sobs and a soft, quick scratch, scratch, scratch, scratch, as Dandy's paws dug steadily at the sand.

The sun lay like a great ruby on the water when a black nose poked itself out of the mass of sand that had loosened and fallen, in an avalanche before the cave, the dirty paws followed, and the owner darted off headlong for Evelyn's cottage.

"Dandy's alone!" cried Mr. Chester, when the staunch little dog bounded to the hammock and barked. "Something's wrong, I'm afraid, mother."

Dandy tried to tell with his tail how true a guess it was, and before the ruby sun had dipped into the western waves he was guiding papa and Brother Charlie to the cave.

It was a tedious task digging with sticks, hands, anything, at the sand; but Dandy pawed and barked cheerfully, and the work went on until finally brother Charlie crawled through and handed out a frightened, dirty, tearful little girl to papa's arms.

"Dandy left me, papa," she sobbed.

"Well, Dandy shall never leave you again," said Mr. Chester, patting the dog's rough yellow head. "He's a hero, and even I had to learn the lesson from a dog that a rough coat does not make a cur."

Evelyn's eyes opened wide. "Why, papa! how did you know where I was?"

"Dandy did it all," said papa, earnestly. But the hero never blushed; he merely wagged his tail.—Exchange.

"During twenty years' experience on the sea and on the snow in winter—an experience coming after an upbringing in soft places—I have found that alcohol has been entirely unnecessary. I have been doctoring sick men and women of every kind, and I have found that I can use other drugs of which we know the exact action, and which we can control absolutely with greater accuracy in cases of necessity for stimulating the heart. I contend that we can get just as good results without it, and I always fear its power to create a desire for itself. It is not necessary for happiness, for I have known no set of men happier and enjoying their lives more than the crews of my own vessel, and the many, many fishermen who, like ourselves, neither touch, taste, nor handle it."—Wilfred Grenfell, M.D. (of Labrador fame).

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DON'T STOP SHORT.

In South Africa, in looking for diamonds, they often find a substance that is half charcoal and half diamond. It was intended to be a diamond, but it stopped short, and it is only diamondiferous; it is partly a cinder and partly a jewel. It stopped short, and will never get into the king's crown.

Scientists say copper is elementary, aboriginal matter which was on its way to become gold, but by some accident it got shunted on to the wrong track—it stopped short.

Let me say this to you. Don't be content to be sprinkled on one part with diamond and the other part with slag. Mind comes at last to make up His jewels you will be with Him and shine in His crown. Be sure that you take the last step, the final surrender, the inward trust and love of the heart, and you shall become the fine gold of the sanctuary, and be acknowledged by the Master in the day when He shall give to every one of us according to His Spirit, and His work shall remain.

RACE SUICIDE THROUGH DRINK.

Dr. T. Alexander MacNicoll, M.D., writes in the "The Medical Temperance Review": "For every child of total abstainers that dies under two years of age, five children of drinking parents die. If this percentage holds good throughout the United States, then we are confronted with the fact that since the dawn of the 20th century and the first of January, 1912, one million babies, under two years of age, died as the result of the drink habit of their parents. This is race suicide on a colossal scale. . . . We are face to face with the greatest crisis in our country's history. The alcohol question must be settled in ten years, or some more virile race, will write the epitaph of our people."

The Baltimore, Maryland, police department has issued an order prohibiting the serving of liquors to women from any bar in that city.

Sound Value

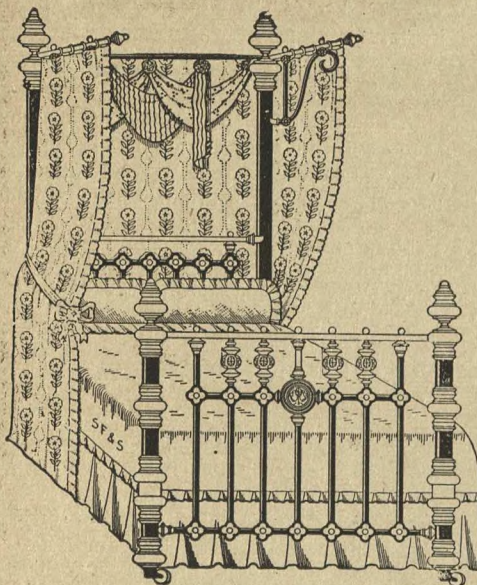
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Alliance, consisting of Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, acting president, and Mr. James Marion, general secretary. The District Chief Ruler, Bro. Read, warmly welcomed the deputation, and said that the conference had donated 20 guineas to the Alliance funds.

The Acting-President spoke on the need of aggressive anti-liquor effort by the members of the order, and especially urged the building up of the juvenile work.

The General Secretary spoke upon "local organization," and the part that on I.O.R. tent could effectively play in the same.

The report of the L.O.R. movement in this State shows that the order is in a healthy state, and is growing numerically, and being strengthened financially. The very low death rate of members and the comparatively few claims on account of sickness place this society in a strong position, and furnish a splendid illustration of the value of total abstinence in relation to health.

REVS. T. DAVIS AND HENRY W.
HOWARD.

With the changes being made in stationing Methodist Ministers, two prominent workers in the Alliance will be moving from Sydney.

Rev. T. Davis, a vice-president, goes to Merewether. Mr. Davis has for years been a persistent anti-liquor fighter, and is a member of the executive committee and campaign committee. He has frequently contributed letters to the press, and hits the nail on the head every time.

Rev. H. W. Howard is also a member of the executive, and wherever he has been stationed at the time of a Local Option Poll he has been in the forefront of the local forces. Mr. Howard goes to West Maitland. These two gentlemen will be missed from the central administration of the Alliance, but will be able to do effective work still in their circuits.

SUBSCRIPTIONS DUE.

The financial year of the Alliance closes on March 31, and all members are urged to pay their subscriptions before that date.

EDUCATION CAMPAIGN.

Already acknowledged, £57; Mr. F. J. Salisbury, cheque for £5; Mrs. Ellbeck, £1 10/-; Mr. Bert Grainger, £1.

New South Wales Alliance.

THE ANTI-LIQUOR FIGHT IN GRANVILLE.

Considerable uneasiness is being felt in anti-liquor circles at the failure of the Government to fix the day for a fresh licensing poll in Granville. In the meantime interest is being maintained. Rev. James Wilson, on the eve of his departure for Great Britain, spent the week-end at Granville and Thursday night at Guildford. The meeting under the auspices of the Brotherhood in the Granville Town Hall was crowded. At Auburn on Friday night an audience of fully 500, mostly men, listened for over an hour to the General Secretary, at the same time Messrs. Herps and Jones held a good meeting at Lidcombe.

AUSTRALIAN TEMPERANCE CONFERENCE.

This important event opens in Adelaide on Saturday next. Most of the N.S.W. delegates leave by express on Thursday night. The complete list of delegates from N.S.W. is as follows:—

Messrs. Gow, Dash, and Clegg, vice-presidents; Messrs. Pulsford, Berryman, Gabriel, Hunter, Youdale, Mesdames Blow, Masterman, Miller, and Studpart, members of the State Council; Mr. J. Marion, general secretary; Rev. Masterman, Mrs. Siddall, and Miss Miller. Sixteen in all.

METROPOLITAN LICENSING BENCH.

In the Legislative Assembly Mr. Levy asked the Minister for Justice if he was aware of a peculiar state of affairs affecting

the Metropolitan Licensing Bench. Mr. Hall replied that he regretted that such a state of things existed, and he was taking steps to end it.

Mr. Hall has amplified his answer by stating that the constitution of the Metropolitan Licensing Bench was under his consideration, and he hoped to come to a decision before the end of April. The members of the Bench are Messrs. Smithers, Payten, and Barnett, S.M.'s.

THE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

At the annual conference of the Methodist Church resolutions were passed urging a vigorous pledge-signing crusade and more attention to temperance instruction in Sunday schools.

The conference recommended a referendum on the question of the entire closing of liquor bars.

It also expressed the opinion that the time had arrived to provide for State Option ballots, and that by a bare majority vote.

ANNUAL RECHABITE CONFERENCE.

The annual Rechabite conference at its session received a deputation from the

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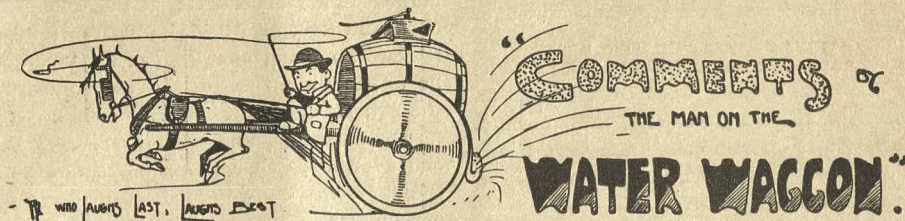
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'ET TOUJOURS, COURAGE.

There may be some of our readers who feel a little despondent at the results of recent elections. True we haven't found them, but it is perhaps reasonable to suppose we have our share of faint-hearted followers. 'Tis so in every cause—has been even so since the world began.

Thus it becomes a necessity every once in a while to sound the bugle call and rally our supporters to greater efforts still. We have to learn that our campaign is no mere flash in the pan, but a steady life campaign. We are not going to win right out, nor be defeated right out. Not at all! As a matter of fact the contest is a remarkably even one. We riddled the opposition in 1907—since then we have had less success. This, however, does not worry us one scrap—a good thing always takes a lot of fighting for. We are content to learn from every campaign and plug in solidly with a more rhythmic swing than before. True it is, ours is no path of roses—an utterly unscrupulous enemy without, a plethora of foes within.

We carry on our back several "old men of the sea," including extremists, and anti-smokers, and silly talkers, but after all they are few and the foes without are the real burden.

To face them with determination and belief in the great truths of our temperance creed and our ability to win out. That is what we require of all wellwishers. The writer thought it might not be out of place here to quote a fine passage from Richard Le Galliene's "Religion of a Literary Man," that is very inspiring.

True, the application is not quite relevant, but one wishes our friends to catch the glorious spirit of optimism and determination—the courageous fire that dominates the fighting servants of the Master. Speaking of the great mystery of pain in one of his essays, Le Galliene tries to show much of the world's woe is exaggerated by us.

Then he concludes with this fine passage:

"However, it is always best to put a question at its worst. Let us suppose pain as an unmitigated evil—and allowing me, for the sake of emphasis, to speak in theological terms—let us thence deduce that whether God is all-merciful or not He is evidently not all-powerful. Let us embrace the heresy

of the Manicheans, and hold that the world is at the mercy of two rival dynasties of good and evil—God and Satan.

"Well! What if the fate of man ultimately hinges on the fortune of battle, on some celestial Armageddon, why should we be afraid? Why should we so faint-heartedly conclude that God will lose the battle? He has hurled Satan out of Heaven once, and shall He not hurl him forth again? And even if, impious thought, Satan should triumph, are we not men? Can we not face all the pains of hell he shall devise? If He slay us out-right, all is forgotten. If he keep us in torment shall we not some day raise God's banner again? The truth is that our modern pessimism means but two things: cowardice and selfishness.

"The selfish—it is a merciful provision—always, in the long run, suffer the most, though it may often seem otherwise. And no observing man will deny that this is, comparatively, an age of cowardice. At any rate it is an age of anaesthetics. Those who, like Mrs. Henley, chant 'The Song of the Sword,' are at least so far right; and we may well pray for the spirit of our brave forefathers who went to battle with stouter hearts than we take to the dentist's."

"HOLY HORROR."

Poor mother "Fairplay" has struck a mare's nest again, and being short of any copy, deserving of the term startling, has made a leader of her find.

Some obscure American organ has (according to "Fairplay") stated that alcohol is killing as many people in America every year as have been killed in all the battles of the world since 500 B.C. "Fairplay" gurgles with disgust at this apparently strong statement, and alleges that all temperance statements are exaggerations. Well, we have not so far traced the origin of the article, nor read it, and won't take any whisky journal's statement about it. We also are not aware of the condition of "Fairplay's" Editor when he wrote the matter up, his liver might have clouded his eye. A few noughts make a lot of difference in any calculation.

In any case we would admit that some American journals do not enter ever for the "veracity prize," and it wouldn't trouble us a cent if any particular paper did exaggerate

facts. We should be sorry, and that would be the end of it.

But one comment of our contemporary is particularly amusing. She says:—

"In these columns we have exposed hundreds of falsehoods promulgated by the anti-liquor party, but this splendid effort stands alone as a specimen of stupendous and unblushing guile."

Ha, ha, ha! "Fairplay" clothed in the garment of holy horror and religious innocence.

The liquor party must have forgotten the faked, empty-bottle photo, or the cable that capsized coming over from New Zealand and was published upside down by them, eh? and the faked article about smoking and numerous other fakes we could easily emulate, eh? People who live in edifices built of glaziers' sundries shouldn't hurl projectiles. But perhaps "Fairplay" was only perpetrating what her Editors term a joke.

SPORTS AND BETTING.

TURNED DOWN BY SWIMMING LEAGUE SOME STRONG STATEMENTS.

There is a movement on foot to have betting legalised at athletic, cycling, and swimming sports meetings.

This fact was made known at the meeting of the League of Swimmers last night, when Mr. R. E. Oaten, secretary of the Athletic League, asked for co-operation in an endeavor to have the Gaming Act amended to admit of it. He said that some years ago Mr. Wade submitted to the Legislative Assembly a measure named the Gaming and Betting Bill. It was intended to suppress the betting shops, then rampant in Sydney, and other forms of pernicious speculation, its provisions limiting betting to the racecourse. One clause of the bill provided that betting "may" not be allowed at athletic meetings if those in charge of the function permitted it, but when the measure reached the Committee stage Mr. Wade adopted an amendment by Mr. Griffith that the word "may" be deleted and "shall" inserted, and even then the suppression of betting was only carried by 31 to 28. The position that then arose was that, while betting was legalised on racecourses, horses, ponies, trotting, and coursing, it was prohibited everywhere else. The body he represented considered that an unwarranted interference with the liberty of the subject, and so did the League of Wheelmen, with whom he had been in communication. Both those bodies desired the League

(Continued on Page 14.)

BURNET'S PENNY JELLIES.

Three Ways from Whisky.

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE, in "The American Magazine."

"But first," proposed Mr. Jacoby, "you want to go to a doctor and get your nerves braced up and some treatment for that trouble in your legs you were telling me about."

Mr. Jacoby then gave him two cards, one to a doctor, and one to a manufacturing firm in the suburbs asking that he be put to work. This latter secured him a position as night watchman.

It must be borne in mind that Johnson had been defeated a great many times. In the preliminary manoeuvrings of this final campaign he was careful never to say he could make good. He only said he thought he could make good. He did not even tell Mr. Jacoby he would not drink on this job. He only told him he thought he had one more fight in him. So now when he was actually at work he made himself pledges but twelve hours long. At night he said, "I won't take a drink till morning." In the morning again he said, "I won't take a drink till night." And every day or two he dropped in to see Jacoby. Several times Billy was near to a fall, but checked himself by saying, "Anyhow, I won't take a drink till I see Jacoby." After he saw Jacoby, for a while at least, he didn't want a drink.

Besides he was a member of the Jacoby Club now, and very much interested in keeping sober a man named Riley. He felt if Riley should some day smell liquor on his breath or if he, Johnson, should get to drinking, it might throw Riley out of his stride, or perhaps cause him altogether to lose his place in the race.

So between thinking of Riley and of the wife, housekeeping for this man who used to work for him, and reading crudely spelled and tear-stained letters from his scattered children, asking to come home—with frequent visits to Mr. Jacoby—the days stretched forward until it was three months since Johnson had touched liquor.

One day the manager of the factory sent for him and said:

"Johnson, you are a man of too much ability to be wasting your time as you are. How does it come about that you are doing this sort of thing?"

Johnson, who in these ninety days had done a good deal of thinking, was feeling pretty hard against himself. He told the manager why he was a night watchman instead of the editor of a great daily newspaper, and did it without glossing over the story very much.

"Well," asked the manager, "do you think you are through with the booze game?"

"In all human probability I am," replied Johnson cautiously, as usual with him in those days. "I have made a good many resolutions, but I think I am through. I think I have a little sand left."

After this talk, Johnson was put to work in the shipping department, where he had a good chance to become acquainted with the

finished goods. A couple of months later he was on the road as a salesman. He made good, and after four years became manager of an important branch store, in which position he has now been for three years. His salary has been raised repeatedly. He is on his feet financially, physically, and morally. His home is re-established. His wife keeps house for her own husband, and the children are back under the roof-tree.

It is now seven years since Johnson shuffled into Jacoby's outer office, and he still feels that he has "a little sand left."

It was a moral "kick" plus the genius of a Jew for friendship that put Johnson out of the whisky-wrestling game.

WHEN LANG WAS SIX MONTHS "FROM RILEY'S."

The Self-Master Colony sits on the crown of a hill a few miles from Elizabeth, New Jersey. Fifty acres of land surround an old colonial mansion, lately refurbished till its tall columns gleam like marble shafts among the trees. It has the usual complement of out-buildings, which, however, instead of housing horses, cows, fodder, and agricultural machinery, contain a printing office, a rug factory, and other features of an industrial home, with a very limited farming equipment crowded into one side of the large barn.

Along one side of the Colony runs a country road with an interurban street-car line, and on the side of the terrace overlooking this road, where all passers may see, the words, "Self-Master Colony" are embroidered in cobblestones. On two other terraces in other parts of the grounds the same legend appears, also marked out in cobbles. "Self-Master!" This one idea is branded all over the place, which is a strangely unconventional home for men who, from whatever cause, have lost their grip and want to get their hands back on the rope. As whisky is the greatest grip-loosener known to civilisation the most of the men at the Colony are alcoholics.

The presiding genius is a man named Andress Floyd, but there is an assistant genius of great importance, Lillian Blanche Floyd, who is his wife. The Floyds are young. Andress was born in New England, but for all that is a Greek mystic. A few years ago he was a Wall-street broker picking up thousands on a turn of the wheel, but the wheel turned once too often and he lost—lost every dollar—lost even every interest in making dollars. Since that he has devoted himself to picking up men after the very old principle embodied in the Self-Master Colony.

The idea is: "Master yourself." But Floyd doesn't preach it to the alcoholics and drug fiends and other pieces of human debris who inhabit his home, in fact says scarcely a word about it. Rather, he tries to live it, and depends upon the intangible influence of his own calm, self-controlled life to breed a

spirit of self-mastery among the forty men his home can accommodate. He is the Self-Master!

Across the road from the Colony is Riley's—a typical country saloon. To the inmates of the Colony, Riley's is a sort of testing machine. If a man can sit on the Colony well curb and look at Riley's indifferently,—as if it were an undertaker's shop, for instance,—he is getting along. If, on the contrary, at the squeak and pouf of these swinging doors he wets his lips and shades his eyes in an endeavor to catch a glimpse of the forms at the bar—why, his reform is in no very prosperous state.

All of which is in accord with the Self-Master idea. Indeed, while poor weak men are continually taking things from the Colony, rugs, tables, blankets, anything at all portable and negotiable, and exchanging them for drinks at Riley's, I do not know that Mr. Floyd would like Riley to move away. The men have to learn to face the temptation of the roadside saloon when they go out. It is perhaps well for them to practice on Riley's, which thus, all unwittingly, becomes a part of the Colony teaching apparatus.

About two years ago a rather thickset man with dark eyes and coal-black hair lightly streaked with grey stood in the door of Riley's, looking at the Colony. Broadly speaking he had been drunk for ten years. The name of this man was Lang—Arthur Lang. He was an alumnus of Princeton University.

Ten years after graduation he had a salary of five thousand dollars a year and savings of ten thousand, besides a charming wife and two attractive children.

But now, twenty years after, he did not own a toothbrush, was unable to hold a job of any kind, and had not seen his wife or children in years, although he often slunk craven-heartedly through the streets of the city in which they lived.

Worst of all, there was a stubborn streak in Lang's character which had prevented him from trying to reform. One way and another he got into various institutions for the treatment of alcoholics, usually through the sentence of a police judge. Finally, judges, court officers, and social workers ceased their efforts to reform him, giving the man up as just one more derelict, stranded on the shores of incurable alcoholism.

Lang noticed this cessation of interest in his behalf and it provoked his obstinacy. He began to consider that he might reform on his own account if he choose. While in this mood and entirely of his own volition he started for the Colony, but from the Nebo of Riley's paused to spy out the land.

The Colony had a very thirsty look to him, and he fell back often upon the bar for refreshment and encouragement. But by the time his last dime was gone his resolution had reached the sticking point and he moved unsteadily across the way and executed a detour which landed him at the back door of the institution.

It was near the close of the day. The odor of coffee and hearty food was coming from the

kitchen. A half dozen men were washing about a well that stood in the yard. Others were coming in from the fields and issuing from the doors of the printing shop and the rug factory. The drunkard was struck with the air of quiet orderliness that prevailed. Everybody seemed contented. Also, everybody seemed to have been at work.

"Sit down," said one of the men, motioning to the steps leading to the kitchen. "Supper'll be ready soon."

Presently a man came out of the rear entrance to the mansion, strolled past the kitchen door and stopped among the men who had gathered in groups as the supper hour approached. The new-comer was tall, clean-shaven, and almost dapper looking, with small hazel eyes and plenty of chestnut hair. He wore a closely buttoned brown frock coat, a large fedora hat, also brown, and carried himself with a certain reserve, yet at the same time was frankly cordial. Lang, reading him quickly with the suspicious eye of the alcoholic, decided that this was the boss—the supreme Self-Master, Mr. Floyd, of whom he had been hearing at Riley's. Presently Mr. Floyd greeted him, kindly but casually, although Lang had a feeling that he was being looked over rather carefully.

The supper was a generous meal. There were three tables in three rooms, and Lang learned that these tables differed in degree of respectability and that men were promoted or demoted from table to table according to conduct. At the first table in an inner room Lang was permitted a glimpse of the most advanced members of the Colony, with Mr. Floyd sitting at the head and Mrs. Floyd at the foot. Lang resolved that if they admitted him to the Colony he would do just about anything if it could win him the privilege of sitting down once more at a table like that with a gentleman at the head of it and a lady at the foot. At the close of the meal the cook approached him, pointed to a scrubbing brush and a bucket of water, and said:

"If you want to, you can scrub the kitchen floor."

The kitchen in which food is cooked for forty men, and one half of which is used as a third-degree dining table, is likely to need considerable scrubbing. Lang had never done work so menial as this. An hour before the cook would have got the scrubbing brush in his face for such a suggestion, but some subtlety in the atmosphere of the Colony was percolating into Lang's stubborn soul. Anyway the cook had said, "If you want to," and Lang had somehow a feeling that he wanted to.

It was worth a week's worth of any kind to be treated as he had been for the last hour, not as a freak or a social derelict, but as a man. Moreover, he had gleaned from the table talk that the cook, who had been an awful "souse," was now four months from Riley's. Lang looked at him with awe and wondered if he himself would ever be "four months from Riley's." He took the brush and attacked the floor, making as long a job of it as possible, and as thorough.

After breakfast the next morning, despite

two good meals and a night's sleep, the new-comer was in a highly nervous condition. The other men went to their tasks; but he, having none and no strength left for one, now that the effects of yesterday's whisky had worn off, sat weakly on the well curb and gazed toward Riley's.

In the most casual manner imaginable Mr. Floyd, looking thoroughly immaculate and more the Self-Master than ever, sauntered out of the house and asked Lang if he wished to remain at the Colony. Lang, although wishing more than anything else in the world at the moment to be leaning up against Riley's bar, could not find it in his heart to seem unappreciative and replied that he did.

Mr. Floyd then told him that he was welcome to stay as long as he wished, which seemed very nice, but also assured him that he was at liberty to leave whenever he chose to do so, there being no restraints upon him whatever; that the place was just a home for any man who needed one, a place where he would be treated in a kind, self-respecting way, being expected to do some regular work for which he would be paid a small wage, and to bear a mutual share in the life of the home. As long as a man toted fair he would be permitted to remain; when he ceased to do so he would be compelled to go.

Compelled to go! Permitted to remain!

To Lang these were startlingly new ideas, when related to a home for inebriates. He had been sentenced for definite terms to such institutions in the past.

"Take a rest to-day, and I will assign you to work in the morning," said Mr. Floyd, moving off. "By the way, Lang," he added, "if you happen to want a drink and think you ought to have it, go to Mrs. Floyd and she will give it to you."

Lang stared in amazement. He was so surprised that he almost fell in the well, but lost no time in inquiring where Mrs. Floyd might be found. He got the drink. It was not exactly dispensed with alacrity, but—he got it—and knew if the case became urgent with him he might get another. But this very thing of putting the final decision up to himself begot a powerful impulse to self-mastery. In fact, the whole programme of the day at the Colony was one long provocation to self-mastery.

He could stay or go, scrub the floor or not, take one necessary drink or not, —self!—it was up to self, an appeal to self all the way along. They had arranged it in the Colony with the simplicity of a kindergarten game. Every reaction was in plain sight, was sure and automatic—punishments were clearly self-inflicted and rewards were plainly self-administered.

In the first week or ten days Lang suffered greatly from weakness and nervous attacks. When he felt that he could no longer keep from going to Riley's, he sought Mrs. Floyd, but after two weeks he was able to fight through the day entirely without liquor.

Association with the men in the Colony, some of whom were winning their battles and some of whom were losing, also served to deepen Lang's resolve. But the greatest spur

of all came from the constant procession of helpless wrecks which appeared daily at the back door, as he had come. Each of these was given food and a kind word; but not one in ten could be received because the home was already full to overflowing. Lang knew what it meant to wander homeless and houseless upon the highroads in all kinds of weather. He did not want to slip back into the hopeless ways of a drunkard again, and above all he did not wish to do anything which might cause Mr. Floyd to cast him out of his comfortable home.

As the weeks slipped along it became easier to control his appetite. At the end of six months he felt that he had conquered. He could look across at Riley's and laugh and snap his fingers. Still he felt a peculiar reluctance to leave the home and try himself in the world again. Although now a self-master so far as liquor and some other bad habits were concerned, he clung by every instinct to the home which had been such a haven to his shipwrecked life. He lacked confidence. His brain had so long been bred to alcohol that he found it difficult to trust its sober processes. But fortunately an incident occurred which greatly renewed his faith in himself. This came through a visit of — Colby, a brother of Bainbridge Colby, to Mr. Floyd, of whom he is very fond. The visitor saw a man at the home engaged in a lonely game of chess with himself, and being one of the crack chess players of the country he good-humoredly dropped down at the other side of the table and began to play, at the same time looking off round the room, talking to Mr. Floyd, and letting his mind flit over a variety of subjects. But after a time the situation on the board abruptly claimed him. Scrutinising keenly the face of his opponent, at whom he had barely glanced before, he concentrated all his attention upon the chessmen, forgetting Mr. Floyd, the home and all his surroundings, until he had won the game.

The lonely chess player was Lang. He had been beaten, but by a champion. The glow of victory was in his heart. If he could make Mr. Colby extend himself to win a chess game, he guessed he was pretty good himself. The next day he left the Colony, a graduate. Unwilling, however, to undertake the nerve-strung work of a salesman, which was the work in which his successes had been made, he obtained a clerical position in a great manufacturing company where he was just one among ten thousand employees, where personality was entirely unknown and unappraised, where the holding of his position depended solely upon his ability to do the work required of him. His wages were sixteen dollars a week. He lived frugally. The first sixty dollars which he saved was applied to the repayment of sixty dollars of the expense money of a firm by which he was employed, and which he had wrongfully used while on a debauch. Thereafter he began to recall all the old friends and acquaintances from whom he had borrowed dollars and halves and quarters during his drinking days,

(Continued on Page 15.)

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.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1914.

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The St. Petersburg (Reuter) correspondent of the "Daily News" says: "The Holy Synod has designed September 11th as the day when services will be held every year in all Orthodox Churches throughout the Russian Empire to pray for the cure of those afflicted with the evil of drunkenness. The date has been selected as being the day of the beheading of John the Baptist, an act attributed to the inebriety of Herod. In addition to the services, there will be religious processions with holy relics and emblems; addresses will be delivered by the ministers of the Church, and collections will be made on behalf of various Temperance societies." And this when the Russian Government draws one-fifth of its entire revenue from the sale of liquor! What humbug!

A Personal Chat with my readers

One of our Judges wrote to me the other day, and his letter is very weighty, and might well be reprinted in the country press of N.S.W. Will you send it to your local paper and ask them to insert it. A Judge speaks with more weight than any one else for two reasons. In the first place he has all the evidence before him and before him daily; and in the second place he is trained to consider judicially and weigh his words before uttering them. Considering these reasons, the following utterance is of the greatest importance:—

"I enclose a small donation in aid of your good work. I am strongly of opinion that some modification of the Gothenburg system would be the best practicable method of exorcising the demon of drink. As long as private fortunes may be made out of the ruin of others, the demon must flourish, and our licensing system is a ghastly humbug. Why not honestly call a 'drinking saloon' what it is? Why treat the keeper as a wrongdoer, and then fine him in advance—and license him to do wrong? And why call the thing a hotel when it is nothing of the kind, and never is meant to be? Make him sell his poison openly, with conditions that preclude the possibility of a 'deadhouse,' and the 'respectable' (!) secrecy of a 'bar parlor.' Now we encourage, by compulsion, these mischievous devices; and, by loading him with useless heavy rent and fining him, in addition, in advance, we compel him, by hook or by crook, to push his evil trade so as to make up his fines before he can begin to earn a living."

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

We shall never forget the kind things that we may do for others, if they really spring from kindly feelings and are not prompted by self-interest. Many a man has won influence and power simply by his kindness of heart, when he had few other qualities to recommend him, and without such kindness great talents have gone to waste.

Of all forms of kindness the speaking of kind words is that which lies most easily within the power of all of us. Not that words can ever take the place of deeds. Where a deed is required, words sound but as a mockery. But there are many, many times when the word is all that is needed to make the difference between happiness and despair. Most of us are starving for a little appreciation. Most of us will work harder for praise than for money. What a pity it is that thousands who really appreciate their

friends and think the world of them are tongue-tied and never speak the word of praise until they speak it over the coffin.

"Kind words are more than coronets," wrote Tennyson. They are indeed the crown for which many a man struggles. He who withholds the word which has been richly earned is defrauding his friend. He who cannot, in looking back upon his life, remember one little sentence which overpaid him for years of toil, is a poor man.

We have all known what it is to come home so tired that we can hardly drag one foot after the other; when our nerves are on edge, and we feel like screaming if anyone speaks to us. But then comes the soothing influence of all that "home" means; the rest and peace wrapped up in that one word; the love that meets us at the threshold in the person of the mother, the wife, or of the child who throws her arms around our neck and innocently prattles of all the doings of the day—the sweetest music of welcome. We feel a load lifted from tired heart and brain at once, and take courage again. We have come back out of the heat and the toil, among pitiless strangers in an unforgiving world, to the refuge love provides. But suppose it was not that way. Suppose after a day of drudging labor we came home to brawling and discord. Suppose we were met with scowls and frowns instead of loving looks. When you think of what your home-coming might be in the absence of affection and sympathy, be thankful for the love that is at the door with outstretched arms to take you in.

Can you imagine the lot of thousands in Sydney to whom the word home has no meaning? Is it any wonder some drink and others crowd the places of amusement? Have some pity for the lonely, have some sympathy for those who live in a "house" and never have a chance of an evening in a "home," and above all, be thankful.

The Editor

READ 'GRIT'

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A MAN OF ACTION.

LET US STOP TALKING AND FIGHT.

If all the crusaders against John Barleycorn fought like E. F. Jones, manager for the Antisaloon League in Missouri, the figures for consumption of alcohol might halt in their upward flight. When the saloon interests resort to rough tactics, Jones does not turn his face to the sky and implore heaven to soften the hearts or weaken the wills of the enemy; he rallies the antisaloon people and goes out to meet the foe with weapons especially adapted to the fray. He believes in Sunday-school methods in Sunday-school work, but when it comes to forestalling the colonizations of bums and thugs by the liquor people he lays aside hymn-books and the like and looks for a club a little heavier than that of the stubborn John. Jones hates the saloon bitterly, and is devoting his life to the national movement against it. When he was a boy he saw an uncle destroyed by strong drink, and later in his life his favorite brother became a drunkard and during a spree dropped dead on the streets of Kansas City. The crusader travelled 32,728 miles in Missouri in 1912, conducting local-option campaigns and working to assemble in Jefferson City the legislature that enacted the County Unit Law. He has been instrumental in driving the saloons out of a majority of the counties in the State. The story of his work is told in the Kansas City "Star":

YOU LIED.

Jones used to be in the grain business in Lees Summit, this country, and while he lived there no saloon nor joint was able to get a foothold. Once a man applied to the county court for a license for a saloon in Lees Summit. Jones went before the court, then in session in Independence, and got its promise not to grant the license until after a certain day in the following week, when Jones said he would file a protest against it. A half-hour after Jones had departed from the court-room the court granted the license. It was dark when Jones reached Lees Summit and learned how the court had tricked him. He mounted a horse and rode out through the country, sounding the alarm and asking the farmers to meet in Independence the next morning.

Jones appeared before the court with four hundred men and women and demanded that the saloon license be revoked.

"You lied to me," thundered Jones to the court.

"Be careful or we will put you in jail for contempt," the presiding judge said, angrily.

"If you do we will tear the jail down," replied Jones.

The court revoked the license, and as long as Jones lived there no other was granted.

In 1903 he moved to St. Louis. For six years he has been campaigning for the Missouri Antisaloon League. He has conducted forty-four local-option campaigns and has won forty-three of them.

CONSECRATED LEAD.

One of his warmest campaigns was in

Charleston, Mississippi County, in the southeast corner of the State. As the campaign waxed warm Jones learned that the liquor interests were going to bring enough men from St. Louis and colonise them in the town to carry the election for the "wets." Jones called a mass-meeting of his followers and told what the "wets" intended to do.

"Now," he said, "suppose they bring those bums from St. Louis down here to vote against you and defeat your will, what will you do about it?"

An old man six feet tall, a devout Christian, arose and said: "I've got an old squirrel rifle out home, and if they do that I'll just load her up and consecrate her to the service of the Lord, and on election day I'll guarantee to mow down at least a dozen of those colonised whisky votes with consecrated lead."

"And I'll be at your right hand," answered Jones.

After that there was no talk of colonising voters and the town went dry.

In New Madrid County last spring a flood came just before the local-option election was to be held and one-third of the county was under water. The water was nine feet deep in New Madrid on election day. Jones hired thirteen motor-boats and seven four-oared skiffs and had the skiffs towed in flotillas by the motor-boats, and in those he brought in the "dry" voters to the polls. Some of the voters were carried six miles in boats. The voting place in the town of New Madrid was in the court-house, where the water was nine feet deep. The boats went in the front door of the court-house and the landing place was the fifth step inside the building. The county went "dry" that day by 281 majority and seventeen saloons went out of business.

HELPING THE MAN WHO HELPED HIM.

When an exciting campaign was in progress last fall in Mexico, the seat of Audrian County, the "drys" canvassed the town and found that they were short a few votes. A big mass-meeting was held on the last Saturday night before the election on Monday, and Jones delivered the principal address. The foreman of a gang of laborers engaged in laying pipes through the city heard the speech, and after the meeting he returned to the bunk-tents where the laborers slept and gathered all the men around him. "The Star" goes on:

"Men," he said, "fifteen years ago I was a drunkard, a low-down saloon bum, in Kansas City. I was in the gutter.

"Now you've heard a good deal of talk about this man Jones, who is preaching temperance here and trying to put out the saloons. The liquor men have been after your votes and they have tried to set you against this man Jones. But let me tell you: this man Jones lifted me out of the gutter. He took me when I was down and out, when no one else would touch me and he put me on my feet on solid ground and I've never touched liquor since.

"Now all of you men know all about what booze does to you. There's hardly one of you that hasn't spent his week's wages many a time for booze. There's hardly a one of you that hasn't spent money for whisky that you needed for clothes for yourself, or a new dress for the wife, or a pair of shoes for the baby. I'm going to vote for a dry town. How will you men vote?"

It was said that every man in the gang agreed to vote for local option, and the town of Mexico went dry by a majority of 65 votes.

THE LORD DOESN'T VOTE.

One of the battle-cries used by Jones in his campaign is:

"The church folk must wake up to the fact that the Lord doesn't vote. If we are to stamp out the saloons it must be by votes, not by prayers alone.

"The supreme object of my life, and of the Antisaloon League, which I represent, is to vote the saloon out of business," says Jones. "We have got now in Missouri where the temperance people can elect 95 of the 143 members of the lower house of the legislature, and 23 of the 24 senators. We can defeat for nomination on the State ticket any man indorsed by the liquor interests. Last winter we had such strong support in the State legislature that we passed the County Unit Law in spite of all the liquor interests could do to defeat it. Thirty-eight of the 4005 saloon-keepers in the State met in Moberley after it was passed and sought to defeat that bill by referring it to a referendum vote. They got the necessary signatures to a petition, and it will be voted on next November and carried, and then we will vote every saloon out of every county in the State except St. Louis, Jackson, and Buchanan, because, under that law a whole county, towns and all, will vote as a unit on the wet or dry proposition.

"Meanwhile we are knocking out the saloons pretty fast under the old Local Option Law.

"The liquor interests can not stop the tide that will put a legislature in Jefferson City in 1915 that will put through a prohibition amendment to the constitution such as was adopted in Arkansas and that will go into effect in that State January 1.

"We will have rational prohibition within ten years. The Hobson resolution in Congress for a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of beverage liquors in this country will be referred by the present Congress to the States for ratification. Only thirty-six of the States have to ratify it and it becomes a law that can not be repealed. Twenty-eight States, not counting Missouri and Illinois, will ratify it at once. Missouri and Illinois will ratify it in 1915. Then we will need only six States, and we will concentrate our efforts in six States and have it ratified by the necessary number and have it in force within ten years.

"The Antisaloon League is the greatest political power ever known in this country. It is a league of the churches of this country, and is the nearest to a federation of all the churches we have ever had. It constitutes a force that no power can withstand."

New Zealand Notes.

(By ARTHUR TOOMBS.)

So many friends requested "a few lines" during the campaign here that it might save a deal of time and some little disappointment if those "few lines" found favor with the editor.

My reception was somewhat flattering. I had barely reached my diggings when the newspapers were keen on interviewing me, and before I had been six hours in the city each of the newspapers had obtained my opinion on all manner of subjects. The next morning (Saturday) my photograph loomed large in the "sports edition" of a certain paper. Needless to say, the compelling interest behind all this was not personal, but was aroused solely by the position I was to occupy and the importance of the coming prohibition campaign, fraught as it is with such immense possibilities.

The N.Z. Alliance have a pledged card which is being considerably used, by which the voter promises to vote for no political candidate who will not substantially reduce the present unfair three-fifths majority necessary to the carrying of No-License or Prohibition. Many of us know how hard it is to persuade people to vote against the candidate chosen by their own party, but obviously the "Democratic Pledge" must have some importance attached to it, as almost all candidates are wriggling to hold supporters who may have signed the pledge.

In the last bye-election the two candidates to reach the second ballot were both "bare majority" men, and the successful candidate (a Labor man, by the way), was the president of the No-License Council, and perhaps the chief authority of New Zealand on the "bare majority" question.

The Christchurch "Square" has long been the battle-ground for the Prohibition Party, and it is associated with some of the most notable meetings of the movement in New Zealand. In this historic spot thousands of people have congregated and hung on every word spoken by men like the late T. E. Taylor and the Isitt brothers. Memories of the visit to Christchurch of the Editor of "Grit" are also largely associated with his "Square" meetings. Imagine, therefore, the deep concern occasioned prohibitionists when a determined effort was recently made in the City Council to have all meetings in the Square stopped. The move was countered, and we now have even better conditions than previously.

I have already been privileged to address a couple of meetings in the Square, and the outstanding feature is the keen interest evinced, although the poll is yet nine months off.

A liquor man here recently said that it paid the liquor party to "lie low." One of our wags seized the phrase and retorted that the liquor crowd always had lied and lied low, in fact they were, at a party, "low liars" all the time.

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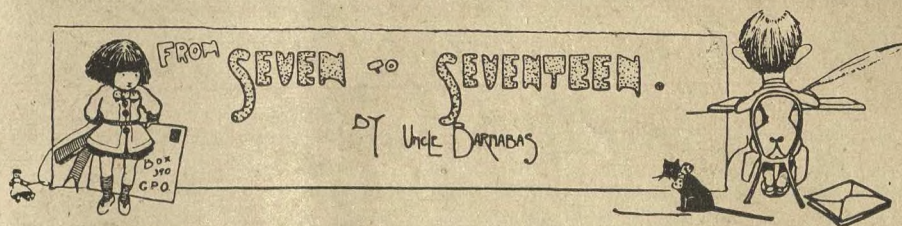
Last week I had the privilege of visiting the No-License town of Ashburton, and whilst there enjoying the company of Mr. Andrews, who assisted in the recent No-License campaign in N.S.W.

A series of articles has recently appeared in the Christchurch "Sun" on "No-License in Invercargill," written by their chief reporter, Mr. Lane, who previously was sub-editor of an Invercargill paper. The articles are intended to be critical, and even needless hostility is at times apparent. Despite this, we have the following commendation that should make the average unbiased voter plump for No-License:—

"It would be a great mistake, however, to conclude that No-License is entirely without merits. The point which may be made here is that No-License has undoubtedly decreased public drunkenness, and the writer believes that it has reduced the total consumption of liquor in Invercargill. The spectacle of an intoxicated man in the streets of

Invercargill is not rare, but it is infrequent and distinctly unusual. Some people would say that it is exceedingly rare, but the writer's observations would not justify him in accepting that pronouncement. The large public gatherings in Invercargill are notable for the sobriety of the crowds, and that makes a most agreeable impression on the visitor to these functions. At the last A. and P. Show there was an attendance of fully 20,000 people, and the writer, who was out to observe, did not see a single instance of drunkenness during what was an exceedingly hot and thirsty day."

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A MODERN PARABLE.

A charming short parable, entitled "Where love is, there God is also," by Tolstoi, tells how a poor little old shoemaker, Martiun Avdyeitch, was startled from the sleep into which he had fallen when reading the Gospel story of how Christ was neglected in the Pharisee's house, by a voice saying "Martiun! ah, Martiun! Look to-morrow on the street. I am coming." All next day he waits expectant and wondering for the advent of our Lord. He takes in a half-frozen dvornik and gives him tea; he clothes a shivering woman and her starving child, and he composes a quarrel between an apple-woman and a street arab. So the day passed, and the darkness came. "The moment Avdyeitch opened the Testament he recollected his last night's dream, and as soon as he remembered it, it seemed as though he heard someone stepping about behind him. Avdyeitch looked around, and sees—there in a dark corner, as though people were standing; he was at a loss to know who they were. And a voice whispered in his ear, 'Martiun—ah, Martiun! did you not recognise me?' 'Who?' uttered Avdyeitch. 'Me,' repeated the voice, 'it's I.' And the dvornik stepped forth from the dark corner. He smiled, and like a little cloud faded away and soon vanished." The starving woman and her child, the apple-woman and the boy, also, appeared to fade away, saying, "It is I." Avdyeitch's soul rejoiced, he put on his eye-glasses and began to read the Gospel where it happened to open, and he read, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." And Avdyeitch, says Tolstoi, in concluding the tale "understood that his dream did not deceive him; that the Saviour really called upon him that day, and that he really received him."

Each day brings its opportunity to actually do something to the Lord Christ, for if you do it to any one for His sake you do it to Him. It makes selfish things look so ugly and hard, unselfish things so attractive and delightful if we remember this.

UNCLE B.

FANCY SIX CATS.

Francis K. M. Brown, "Elim," Ebenezer, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am afraid you will have me down on your scallywag list by this for not writing sooner. I started a letter to you about two months ago, but did not have time to finish it, so I hope you will forgive me. I saw my other two letters in "Grit." I enjoy reading "Grit" every week. It is just as interesting as ever, but I don't think that a very good photo of you that was on the back of the special issue of "Grit." I think

you must have a better one somewhere, but you will not let us see it. Your face can't be seen very well in the one in "Grit." Ebenezer is nine miles from Windsor, the nearest railway town, so we have a long drive before we get to the train to go to Sydney. The weather was very hot here until yesterday, when we had a heavy storm, and now the weather is cool and unsettled. We have two horses, one cow, one dog, and six cats. How would you like to have six cats, Uncle? The horses' names are Darkie and Star, the dog's name is Fleet, the cow's name is Molly, and the names of the six cats are Flossie, Jerry, Barney, Hector, Kilma, and Tim. Don't you think they are funny names? I went to Manly to stay with my sister for a fortnight a little while ago. I went in surf bathing and had a good time. On Sunday we went to the Methodist Church because the Baptist Church was too far away. The Methodists had picture service after the usual Sunday evening, showing moving pictures of the life of Jesus, such as Jesus turning the water into wine. I enjoyed it very much. I intended going to see you while I was down, but my sister did not have time to take me, and I could not go by myself very well. I noticed in the issue of "Grit" of October 30 that Cousin Hope Begg asks if you or any of the cousins know the name of the sequel to "The King's Daughter." If she means the one by "Pansy," it is "Wise and Otherwise." I would like Dora Howell or any of the other Ni's. to correspond with me. Do you think they would if you asked them? I may be able to get two of my girl friends to write to you. I must close now, with love to all the cousins and a special share for yourself.—I remain, your loving Ni.

(Dear Francis,—I am quite overcome by the thought of six cats in the house, one is too many for me, they always sit in my chair and squeak when I sit down and scare the life out of me, or else they sleep on the hearth rug and I tread on their tail, and then there is trouble. I do not know how you remember all their names, do you keep a special cow to supply them with milk. I am sorry you did not get as far as "Grit" office. Perhaps you will next time. I hope some Ni. will write to you. Thank you for your nice card.—Uncle B.)

EXCEPTIONALLY GLAD.

Winnifred Stone, Briar Vale, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I saw my letter in "Grit" last week. Edna did go to Sydney for the last fortnight of her holidays, and she has been ill since she came back. I have such a lot of correspondents now and that is why I did not write before. I was exceptionally glad when our school opened yesterday, and better still to find our good teacher had not

had a removal. I like school now better than ever I did because I am in fifth class now, and am going to try and get my qualifying certificate at the end of this year. Our clergyman (Mr. West) and his wife came to Cootralantra to-day, and Mr. West held church service in Cootralantra House. It was very nice. He has given scripture lessons in our school twice since he came, and very nice lessons, too. I rode to church on Sunday, and I am that stiff now that I can hardly walk. A friend of ours died in December and was buried on the last day in the old year. He was one of mother's school mates. Six children are left fatherless. It would make any one cry themselves to see two of the girls (the eldest ones) in church last Sunday. Did I tell you of the death of a dear old lady, aged 84, who had her house destroyed by fire last May? She died just before Christmas. Poor old lady. She was so kind to us, and everyone about here liked her. Well, Uncle, we spent Christmas very lonely, too lonely I think, on account of the rain preventing a lot from going to church that day. Stella was the only one of the eldest children from here who came home. My two brothers may be coming home shortly. My eldest sister is in the North of Queensland at Selwyn. She says that her little girl is just able to walk. She was a year old on the 7th of this month. I think I will close now, Uncle, as "time rolls on" very quickly. Thank you very much for forgiving me for being such a scallywag.—I remain, your loving Ni.

(Dear Winnifred,—It is a pleasure to hear from you, and I am delighted you found it "exceptionally glad" to go back to school. I always feel sad when I hear boys and girls grumbling about school; it is the best time of their life, and I am always very thankful that my mother kept me at school until I was 18. We are all sorry for those fatherless children, and hope that God will raise up good friends for them.—Uncle B.)

THE KING AND THE QUEEN.

Lily Thatcher, 376 Crown-street, Surry Hills, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you please allow me to be your little niece. I did not know of "Grit" until a gentleman who knows you told me about it. I have one little sister and two little brothers, and a little dog; so you see we have a big family beside Mum and Dad. They are, of course, the king and queen of the house. I belong to St. Michael's Church. I go to Sunday school in the morning, also in the afternoon. Mr. Hughes teaches us in the morning, and Miss Miller in the afternoon.

I love Sunday school and church. Somebody told me that you are very clever in making bad children good and the good children better, and that is why I would like to be your niece. I will try and get Mumma to get "Grit." Will write more next time if you will kindly let me be your niece. With best wishes and love. Yours sincerely.

(Dear Lily,—I am very glad to have you as a ni, and hope you will often write. I do like your calling father and mother the king and

the queen of the home—and you are the Little Princess. I am very thankful to Mr. Hughes for introducing you to me.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NI.

Nellie Pace, 5 Napier-street, Paddington, writes:—

Dear Mr. Minister,—As I do not like to call you Uncle B. until I see if I am accepted so perhaps Mr. Minister will do this time. I did not know of "Grit" until a friend showed it to me this evening, and I think Page 11 very interesting, and will you please accept me for your niece. I am twelve years of age. I am in Upper Fifth class at Albion-street school. Do you think that good enough for a child of twelve? My teacher in public school is Miss Pauley, and I hope she will remain there as long as I go. I have not had the cane all the time I have been going to school. I belong to St. Michael's Church, and Mr. Elder is the name of my good minister. I go to Sunday school morning and afternoon, except when I am absent. Also I attend church in the evening. I have neither brothers nor sisters. I am a total abstainer from all intoxicating drinks, and would like hotels with their shutters shut. I have not set down the mark what I am going to be, but if admitted to your list, then as an uncle, you may favor me with an advice as to what occupation to take up. Somebody who knows you told me you are very good at giving advice free of charge (no 6-and-8, please). I think I have written enough this time until I have heard from you.—Your wellwisher.

(Dear Nellie,—You are welcome as a ni, and from henceforth I am Uncle B. and you have about 230 new cousins, some of whom may write to you. When is your birthday, and have you a photo. you could send me, and what are your favorite amusements? Write me a long letter.—Uncle B.)

LOVELY HOLIDAYS.

Athelstane Ford, "Kellerberrin," Balmoral-street, Wahroonga, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have just come back from Thirroul, where I spent my holidays most enjoyably. I met a whole lot of my school-fellows there. I like Thirroul beach much better than Austinmer for bathing. We all went up the Bulli Pass on a frightfully hot day, and afterwards mother and I went up after some rain, and got a splendid view from the Lookout and Sublime Point right along the coast. We could also see the Illawarra Lake. We gathered a great lot of blackberries, and we brought a billyful home. We three children got chicken-pox last quarter, and missed three weeks' school. I got "David Copperfield" for the senior drawing prize. My brother was not back in time for all his examinations, but won the Latin prize again this time in the top form. He has to have about a year's holiday after constant illnesses. I am going back to Mr. Bavin's for a year before I go to a Grammar School. I wish you a very happy New Year.—With love.

(Dear Athelstane,—You must have had a lovely holiday. I think the South Coast is

BUY GRIFFITHS' TEAS

just grand because it combines the hills and the ocean. We all congratulate you and your brother for winning those prizes. Don't forget to write again soon.—Uncle B.)

UNCLE B. FEVER.

Florence W. Messiter, 38 Denham-street, Surry Hills, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It seems to me as if an Uncle B. fever was going about here, and I have been caught by it, and as a result I would like to be in Uncle B.'s family links, that is, if you think me worthy of such an honor. This fever is better than smallpox. I go to St. Michael's Church, and go to Sunday school morning and afternoon. I go to Crown-street Public School, and like it very much. I have a strong wish to be a missionary when I am old enough. If I am allowed to be your niece I will tell you all next time about my prizes, also will give you my exact age. I am standing on one of the steps between 7 and 17. Please reply soon. Wishing you every blessing.

(Dear Florence,—I am delighted to have you as a ni, and hope you will write and tell me about your prizes, also your missionary hopes. I wish the Uncle B. fever would spread as rapidly as smallpox. I hope some one catches it from you.—Uncle B.)

A HELPER.

E. M. Stone, Briar Vale, Cootralantra, via Cooma, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It is a long time since I wrote to you, but I have been away on a holiday, and that accounts for my long spell. We have had some awfully hot weather up here lately. To-day was a horrible day—hot, dry, and sultry. I was in North Sydney for my holidays, but I could not go to see you. Next time I go to Sydney I'll try and see you. I did not send my list in before, as I thought I may be able to get some more on it. I got 7s. My sister had a list, too, but she never got hers till Christmas. So I must conclude, as news is scarce and we are badly in need of rain. I remain, yours sincerely.

(Dear Ni.,—Many thanks for your splendid

help—the seven shillings was very welcome. I am sorry you were not able to see me when you were at North Sydney, but hope you will have better luck next time. Don't be so long in writing next time.—Uncle B.)

HOME WORK.

Joan Lemm, "Marion," writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I am really ashamed of myself for not writing to you before, but we have been having so much home work lately that I have had little spare time to myself. I am in the Qualifying Certificate class this year, and consequently the lessons are a little difficult at first. I suppose you are receiving numerous letters telling you of failures and successes in the recent examination. By the bye, Uncle, was the children's special issue ever published? If so, I never received a copy. I have a lovely library book called "Pixie O'Shaughnessy." Have you ever read it? It has a sequel—"More About Pixie." Did you see that paragraph in the "Herald" about how Londoners procure drink during the time hotels are closed on Sundays? A harmless-looking taxi standing at the street corner is a very convenient "pub." A man gets in, and as it drives on he lifts up the moveable seat and concealed beneath it is a bottle of whisky and a tumbler. When he has his drink he dismounts, and the taxi waits for another customer. Now I must close. Love to ne's, ni's and yourself, from your loving ni.

P.S.—I liked Myrtle Luxton's story, "Joan's Christmas," and I think she might have borrowed my name for the occasion.

(Dear Joan,—So you have plenty of home-work, and I suppose I ought to be thankful for getting a letter at all—but my experience is that the busy people are the ones who can find time to write, and the worst scallywags I have are not the ones with home work. I am sending you a special children's issue, and am very sorry you did not receive yours. I missed that piece in the "Herald." I wish my ne's and ni's would always send me any interesting piece from any paper they would read.—Uncle B.)



Have you a Bath Heater?

Robust people love the cold plunge or shower on frosty mornings, but medical men forbid other folks to likewise indulge.

Those who can't take it cold, must do one of two things to get the necessary warm bath—either boil a pot or instal a good bath heater. Think before doing the latter, as there are many heaters that give trouble. The Fletcher-Russell doesn't. It heats one to four gallons of water in a minute, to from 60 to 105 degrees with a minimum use of gas. It is the quickest, safest, and most economical.

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THE BEST SHE HAD.

The Millers went on a tour by motor-car and arrived late one evening at a township, which was crowded for the annual show. There was only one hotel and not a bed in it to be had. The couple were tired out and felt unable to go any further, so Miller said to the landlady: "Can't you give me a bundle of hay?" "I'm sorry, sir," she said. "There's not a thing left but a bit of cold mutton."

* * *

WHERE MISERY LOVED COMPANY.

He was a long-suffering traveller on a little single-track railroad, and he complained bitterly to one of the trainmen about the lateness of the train and the irregularity of the service. The employee remonstrated in virtuous indignation. "I've been on this here line, sir," he began, "upward of eight years, and —"

"Have you, indeed?" interrupted the traveller sympathetically. "At what station did you get on?"

* * *

NO COMPARISON.

An Englishman and an American were standing before the wonders of the Victorian Falls, in dark Africa, when the Englishman said:

"Surely you must concede that these falls are far grander than your Niagara Falls."

"What?" replied the American; "compare these to our Niagara Falls? Why, man alive, they are a mere perspiration."

* * *

A SLENDER DIET.

"What animal is satisfied with the least nourishment?" asked a proud father.

"The moth," replied his son confidently. "It eats nothing but holes."

FOLLOWING HIS LEAD.

Young William received a new diary for a birthday present and was encouraged by his mother to set down each day's doings.

The first day he wrote "Got up at seven," and then continued to record incidents of the day. At his mother's suggestion he took it to his teacher for approval.

She criticised his first phrase. "Don't say 'Got up,' William," she said. "The sun doesn't get up; it rises."

Upon retiring that night William remembered his teacher's instructions, and wrote with much care in his diary: "Set at nine."

* * *

NOT THE SAME.

Mrs. Browning had a new servant girl named Annie.

"Annie," said the mistress, "did you put the clothes in soak?"

"Oi did not," answered the girl; "did you want me to, Mum?"

"Why, certainly," was the reply.

"Very well, Mum," said Annie.

About two hours later Annie presented herself to her mistress.

"Oi hev put thim clothes in soak, Mum," she said, "but the pawnbroker wud give me only chew dollars on the whole outfit. Here be th' money, Mum, an' it's sorry Oi am thot yet bees so harrud up."

* * *

CERTAINLY.

"I can tell you," said the accurate man, "How much water goes over Niagara Falls to a quart."

"How much?" asked his sceptical friend.

"Two pints."

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HE KNEW.

The Sunday-school teacher was talking to her pupils on patience. She explained her topic carefully, and, as an aid to understanding, she gave each pupil a card bearing the picture of a boy fishing.

"Even pleasure," she said, "requires the exercise of patience. See the boy fishing; he must sit and wait and wait. He must be patient."

Having treated the subject very fully she began with the simplest, most practical question:

"And now can any little boy tell me what we need most when we go fishing?"

The answer was quickly shouted with one voice:

"Bait!"

* * *

THE APPRENTICE.

A young apprentice one day at breakfast suddenly exclaimed, "I am growing blind! Ach! I am blind!" His master alarmed, asked how it happened. "I don't know," was the reply, "but I am so blind that I cannot see the butter on my bread." The good-natured master, who had once been young himself, begged his wife to put a bit of cheese on the lad's bread. After supper the old man kindly inquired, "Well, my lad, how are your eyes now?" "Thanks, they are quite well again. I could distinctly see the bread through the cheese."

* * *

EASILY EXPLAINED.

Bacon: "Didn't you hear those measly roosters crowing this morning before day-break, and they continued it incessantly for an hour after?"

Mrs. Bacon: "They always crow early in the morning."

Bacon: "I wonder why the blazes they do such things."

Mrs. Bacon: "Well, dear, you should understand. Don't you recollect that once when you got up at daybreak you crowed about it for a week?"

**Don't be
Old at
Fifty!**

Because hundreds of people look old, haggard, "played out" at the half-century, don't think it is YOUR lot in life. Missing teeth have much to do with the age. If YOUR teeth are perfect, fill your mouth and do not leave hollows in the cheek, then you need not fear the hand of time. Reaney Sets of Artificial Teeth place the secret of youth within the reach of all. They fit, look, and feel natural, match your own teeth and never clip, drop, or move.

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MARY L. MOPPETT.

(Continued from Last Issue.)

CHAPTER VII.

THE MILL.

Here they witnessed a scene of great confusion. The various vehicles were tumbled together in a great heap, the drivers arguing and quarrelling; and at the same time each was trying to extricate his own particular charge from the congested mass, and take it to its destination. The bridge was quivering and oscillating under the great strain which was being put on it.

The risk of staying on it was very great, the only labor available being the few "free" laborers who were not in sufficient numbers to work the levers effectively, and so at any moment it might give way and upset them all into the Great Ventilator, with fatal results, far-reaching enough to affect all who were living in the palace.

The policemen were rushing here and there trying to muster up sufficient helpers to carry out the orders from the Chief Commissioner, "that at all hazards (in view of the approaching peril) the mill was to be locked up, and a stout resistance was to be made to the entrance of the contents of the Crystal Tank."

And just here I must explain that all these events took place in what would seem to us but a very short space of time, but to the Magician and the Prince, who were so very small, time was correspondingly long.

You have no doubt heard of some tiny insects who are born, grow up, and fulfil all the duties of life, and die a natural death, all in the space of one hour as we reckon time! So that it seems that the smaller one is the more things can happen in a short time. Thus an hour may give one time enough to do leisurely that which takes an ordinary man seventy years to get through.

By this time you are quite familiar with the action of the Red Carpet which was still being worked, but in a somewhat haphazard manner, and which now transported the Magician and the Prince to the Great Entrance.

They hoped to be able to climb the slippery white pillars and hide under an overhanging bank which might shelter them, and yet give them an opportunity of seeing all the sights.

So they hastened over the Spring in the valley, and climbed the hill and scaled the slippery walls, and got to their vantage ground in safety.

There they could see much better what was going on than they could on the Bridge, though they had a frightful shock just after their adventurous climb, for, without any warning, the lower halves of the white pillars dropped suddenly away from the upper portions, where the Magician and the Prince held a very precarious footing, so precarious indeed that the Prince kept his hand on the silken cord ready to release his wings should there be occasion to use them.

As they now looked down they saw a wide

chasm stretched between the place where they now were standing and that which they so lately occupied. And they could see the navvies stretched out lazily on the carpet, having "let go" the levers altogether; and, in spite of the gesticulations and exertions of a great number of the policemen, there they continued to lie.

For, on looking still more closely, the Magician and the Prince saw that only part of the force were doing so, the others, who seemed to be trying to fulfil contrary orders, were taking the men away from their work.

This puzzled the Prince not a little, and at last caused him to seek information on the subject from the Magician.

"No wonder that you are puzzled," replied the Magician, "for without my opera glasses you would not be able to discern the telegraph boys bringing orders from the Sultan, which, judging by the confusion ensuing, are contrary to those issued by the official in charge of the Police Station, so that neither party knows what to do. The Sultan will eventually have his own way, no doubt." "That's a cert," muttered the Prince; then looking through the powerful glasses he saw hundreds of messenger boys delivering the Sultan's "urgent" commands to the policemen, the tenor of which was that they "were to stop their interference, and let the navvies alone."

Finding that the Magician was again communicative the Prince asked him to "tell him of what use were the white pillars?" "In this front part are the Cutting-up Works," replied the Magician; "a little further round is the Tearing-up-ery, and at the back the Grindery. In these different works all the vehicles which we saw on their way to the Bridge are first cut up or torn, and then mangled or ground before they go to the Bridge. Indeed, if this were not done the Chemists in the Laboratory would have an anxious time, and everybody in the Palace would suffer."

"Hold on for your life," exclaimed he, suddenly, "or you will be caught in the storm and hurled no one knows whither!"

The Prince turned and saw, to his horror, a mountainous sea of foaming liquid entering the mill and carrying all before it! Navvies and policemen, inquisitors and vehicles, fell prone before it! And were mostly carried by the Flood through the Mill, over the Bridge, and down the Twopenny Tube at an alarming rate!

When the Flood had made what seemed to be a clean sweep of everything, and had it-

DON'T BE ONE-EYED

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ALL NEWSAGENTS. TWO PENCE.

self disappeared down the Tube, they noticed that some of the inquisitors who had reached their little sentry boxes in safety before the catastrophe were now cautiously looking round to see if all the danger was over. Then, hastening to the telephones, seemed to be trying to "ring up" headquarters and get others to replace their comrades who had been swept away. Apparently they had some difficulty in "getting their number" for they were acting in a very undecided manner, as though wondering what else they could do.

Sports and Betting

(Continued from Page 5.)

of Swimmers to join in a deputation to the Government to have the Act amended.

Mr. Ballerum moved that the request be not entertained. The league was certainly a professional body, but the introduction of bookmakers at their carnivals might lead to all sorts of corruption.

Mr. Quinlan, in seconding the motion, referred to what he called the decline of cycling. A few years ago crowds of 30,000 or 40,000 people would go to cycling carnivals, but then the bookmakers arrived, and the only question for the spectator was not to find the best rider in a field of 20 or so, but the almost solitary trier.

Mr. Kennedy said that when he came to Australia fully 4000 men were living on pedestrianism. Some men who could do under "evens" were kept at £4 a week or so, simply to run a starter who did not suit the books out, and then they finished nowhere in the final. Now the public would not look at a professional runner.

The motion refusing to take part in the suggested deputation was carried unanimously.—"Daily Telegraph."

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Something for the Inner Man.

How the Soul may be Stifled.

By R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A.

Now mark well, it is impossible to pour your soul in any one direction with intensity without weakening its current in others; you cannot fling yourself away upon the kind of endeavor without finding your capacity for a different kind of endeavor diminished proportionately. If a watch-maker is to retain the fineness of touch necessary for his calling he cannot afford to spend his best hours daily in some coarse mechanical occupation from which he expects to reap immediate profit. If an artist is to retain his vision and his power of expressing it, he must not accustom himself to paint advertisements on hoardings, or to dwell amid sordid and ugly scenes for the sake of producing some commodity that has no pretence to beauty or charm, but which the public wants in order to pamper an artificial taste. The man with the soul of a poet must not prostitute his gift at the shrine of mammon or he will desert him; he cannot live on the heights of divine inspiration and descend to the arena where men fight for gain; he cannot throw himself into the struggle with eyes of greed and heart of covetousness without paying the price of ceasing to receive the finer vibrations that come from the ethereal world.

STIFLING THE SOUL.

Here is the explanation of most of the secular-mindedness of to-day. Doubtless there are men here who have little or no religious susceptibility in their nature; it has been crushed out by other things. I speak frankly to such I would say, You have stifled your soul; you are conformed to the fashion of this world; you are projecting your being along lines which render you less and less capable of responding to higher influences. You are so busy with the outside of life that you have lost the power of appreciating what life is in its essence; the spiritual does not appeal to you; you hardly know what it means, because you have been preoccupied for so long with the material, and viewing life only from that standpoint. You are clever, may be, but it is not your cleverness that makes you turn away from thoughts of God and the life to come, or from the pursuit of holiness as the chief end of a rational being. You are not entitled to sneer at those who feel and act differently, for you know nothing about the matter; you have filled out that in yourself by which you might have known. You are like a man plor-blind laughing at one who lingers over the beauty of a rose as contrasted with that of a cabbage. The cabbage is bigger, he says lots bigger, and just the same in other respects; why make such a fuss about the rose? You cannot eat a rose, and so on.

My friend, you are very busy—too busy—but you have missed life. God made you so that you could have risen to heights

supernal, and you are grovelling in the mire. The music of heaven has been sounding in your ears, but you have been dead to it, allowed the clamour of the world to drown it. If you are content, your state is pitiable in the extreme. But you cannot be content. How can the poor, restless world be content without God? We are constituted for eternity, and must suffer and burn till we find our true satisfaction therein.

"Life's a veil the real has;

All the shadows of our scene
Are but shows of things that pass
On the other side the screen.

"Time his glass sits nodding by;
Twixt its turn and turn a spawn
Of universes buzz and die
Like the ephemeris of the dawn.

"Turn again the wasted glass!
Kingly crown and warrior's crest
Are not worth the blade of grass
God fashions for the swallow's nest.

"Kings must lay gold circles down
In God's sepulchral ante-rooms,
The wear of Heaven's the thorny crown,
He paves His temples with their tombs."

I beg of you to make one solemn resolve, that you will begin afresh with God and care for the salvation of your soul. Save your soul alive though the earth were to open her mouth and swallow everything upon which you have been building your hopes. Bring your soul back out of the pit of death into which you have been thrusting it, and give it into the hands of Christ. Put everything else aside until you have done that, for in that is included or implied the possession of all you have ever known of the beautiful and good, all true idealism and inspiration, all love and tenderness. And may "the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."—"Christian World Pulpit."

In connection with the Local Option polls in Ontario this year 43 contests took place and 15 "repeal" contests. Of the new contests 17 won local option, and 20 carried a majority, lost through the three-fifths clause, while six lost by a straight majority. In all the repeal contests local option was sustained; in fact during the last five years only 81 out of 760 possible contests in "dry" districts have taken place, and in five cases only did electors vote "wet." Once a Canadian Municipality has gone "dry" it shows a great disinclination to take a backward step. There is much soreness amongst Canadian Temperance reformers about the handicap of the three-fifths majority required for local veto.

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Three Ways from Whisky

(Continued from Page 7.)

and to return these small amounts. As far as he can remember this has now been done. His wages have been increased to twenty-one dollars per week. He has money in the bank, he is in correspondence with his wife and she has said that she will return to him when he can make a home for her.

Lang got his "kick" at the Colony in that daily and hourly dramatisation of the self-master idea. It did not come in one single shock, but in a succession of impulses that were like the blows of a pneumatic hammer.

The notable thing is that none of these men was reformed against his own will. Each achieved it by getting hold of some principle of self-mastery. Happily for these men, a considerable leaven of self remained in each. Alcoholism demoralises the self and disintegrates the personality, and the power to respond to a moral kick, however administered, must be dependent upon the amount of moral force which remains undestroyed. This is also the experience of the drug cures for alcoholism. As one of these drug administrators puts it: "There must be some man left to work upon." In other words, the man who comes back from whisky, by whatever road he travels, in addition to getting his moral "kick," must, in the words of Billy Johnson, "have a little sand left."

SOME GOOD NEWS FROM MAINE.

Sheriff King F. Graham, of Cumberland County, Maine, "pulled" the Elks and Cumberland Clubs in the city of Portland the other day just by way of reminder that prohibition prohibits in Maine. The Waterville Sentinel, anti-prohibition, warns the clubs that they can expect no mercy in the courts, for precedent is squarely against them. Lockers and "clubs," which are really communal booze establishments, are up against the real thing in that State now.

The legislature last winter impeached three sheriffs of big "wet" counties, and the fourth conveniently got smallpox, or hydrophobia, or something. Many say it was a sore toe, while others contend it was a plain case of cold feet. Anyway, he quit, and the Governor filled the places of all the perjured ones with men who know the meaning of an oath of office and were prepared to argue the question with the booze runners.

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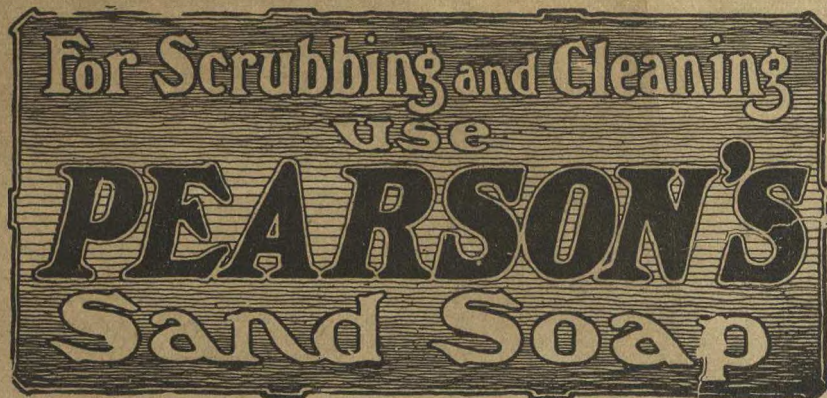
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