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RECHABITE CONFERENCE.

Who Shall Tell the Life Story?

MRS. CECILIA FARWELL.

During the great floods in Ohio a woman who was rescued after two days of exposure to cold and water in the capital city gave birth to a child in the open boat which was bringing her to safety. There were but two other persons in the boat—the brave man who had risked his own life to save her and a policeman who had been taken into the boat on the return journey. The latter wrapped the tiny babe in his coat, and after a desperate fight against the swift current the mother and babe were brought to shore and carried to the nearest emergency hospital—the city prison.

The story was told everywhere. It seemed to typify the horrors of those dreadful days. Mothers holding their own little ones close to their hearts, wept over it. In cafes, in hotels, on street cars, one heard it over and over—the very newsboys on the corners cried it out, and the heart of the great city throbbed in pity for the young mother who before the day was over lay still and quiet in the sleep that knows no awakening to pain and fear.

It was a life story—pitiful, sad. As one heard it there came unbidden to the heart a prayer for motherhood—for all who suffer that God's plan of Life may be fulfilled.

In an idle moment this afternoon I wandered into a moving picture show. In the semi-darkness of the close room were men and women, some of them with marks of grey in their hair; there were young girls attended by young men; school girls and boys ranging in ages from seven to seventeen; while half way down the front was a mother with a babe in arms who fretted so in the close air and at the loud music that the mother had to take her out. I noted the audience with a certain philosophical reflection on the popularity of the moving picture shows as I settled myself in my own seat.

The second film was an Indian-Girl-White-Man-romance, with the girl's half-breed brother for a hero; incidentally there was a white girl who was interested in the brother. The meetings of the white man—an army officer—and the Indian maiden were shown in the first accidental meeting; the later love-making scenes, then came the curtain explanatory—"Some months later," and the following picture showed very plainly that the girl was soon to become a mother. Then, following the curtain explanatory—"The Unwritten Law," the brother killed the white man, was captured, and condemned to die. There was an uprising of the tribe, and two very spectacular pictures showing the Indians in war dance, then galloping away on their ponies, and the cavalry charge to meet them. The Indian girl goes with them, is captured, and in the fort learns of her brother's fate. Aided by the white girl, she succeeds in getting an audience with the commanding officer and makes the explanation

which her brother had refused to make, showing her ringless finger, and throwing her blanket aside indicates by a gesture that the dead white man's child lies under her heart.

This is another life story—of pitiful, pitiful shame and dishonor. It does not thrill our hearts as did the other—the half darkness, the music, the wild riding and the love scenes—all of these leave a different feeling from that of the story of the mother and the babe in the boat. But, nevertheless, the story of life is told—the suffering by which nature's plan of life is fulfilled.

Yesterday, when I opened my mail I unwrapped a package containing a little book beautifully bound in blue and silver called "Teaching Truth." I had loaned it to a friend and it was coming home to me again. That little book has made many journeys in care of Uncle Sam. A young girl who sat at the typewriter near me made some comment on the binding. I handed it to her with a word of explanation and added, "Would you like to read it?"

She reached out her hand eagerly, "Oh, may I? Do you know, my mother never would tell me anything—and I've asked her, too—over and over, 'cause I wanted to know. But she said she would tell me when I got married. Oh, of course I know—a lot of things—a girl can't help it—but—I—no one ever told me who knew—right, and I never read anything. I would like so much to read this."

I dropped my unopened letter and swung round in my chair to look at the fair young face, flushed with eagerness and blushes that she had talked with a comparative stranger upon a forbidden topic—a topic which her mother had given her to understand was improper "until she should be married"! I heard the noise of the street cars through the open window, building elevator, and from the other office, a part of our own, came the sound of a man's voice giving dictation to the other stenographer—and my heart beat in sudden anger against that mother! How had she dared to send that fair young daughter into the city streets and offices, to become a part of their great jostling, hurrying, crushing day's work without giving to her every possible safeguard? Better have thrown her without a life belt into the open sea!

I may have been wrong—the mother has the first right—but I said quietly, as I went back to my mail: "When you have read the little book we will have a talk about it, and if there are any questions which you wish to ask me I will be glad to tell you truthfully, and as fully as I can. Or, I have some other books which you may read."

These three incidents of the city streets have suggested to me again the old question, "Who shall tell the story of Life?" Shall the child hear it first on street or play-



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ground, or shall it be illustrated to him by moving picture shows of shame and dishonor? Oh, that the mother would awaken to the realisation that this question is not hers to decide if she let her own first opportunity pass!

I presume that if I should meet my young stenographer's mother and discuss the question with her she would tell me that "no one ever talked to her about such things, and she didn't see any use in talking to Helen." And since she "doesn't see any use" in it I should but waste words if I should say to her: "Your life was lived under very different conditions. Your daughter has told me how you and her father were engaged early, and married just as soon as you were old enough, so that you went from the security of your father's home to that of your husband's, with no experience of business college, office, shop or store between. Besides, there were no moving picture shows in those days."

That last argument ought to be a clincher—but it would not. I would not enter into a wholesale condemnation of moving picture shows, by any means, but I have been making quite a study of them. I have joined the crowds who crush into the entrance lines on nights, I have slipped into an almost deserted room in mid-afternoon or morning, have sat in ill-ventilated semi-darkness and listened to the undertone comments of school girls and school boys, of men and women and of children, and I am convinced that the mother who told me recently that her little daughter of thirteen and her son of eleven had neither of them ever visited a moving picture show without being accompanied by father or mother was right! I have seen not less than six films within the last few weeks which have for their plot some phase

(Continued on Page 12.)

The Box from St. Mark's.

WHAT THE CALENDAR REVEALED IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

By MABEL N. THURSTON.

The ladies of St. Mark's Church were gathered in the chapel one October day, packing their annual missionary box. From the stained glass windows the lights fell across the pretty, energetic groups, made warm spots of color in the piles of bundles on the floor, and touched softly the hard outlines of the box itself. Merrily chatted the ladies. Some were amused at many of the contributions that had been sent in. Some were laughing at the way they packed and unpacked and repacked. Some, who had given it meant self-denial, touched a happiness deeper than words.

They worked busily all the morning. By noon the box was packed and the janitor had nailed on the covers, and the ladies, with little sighs of satisfaction, were putting on their gloves and saying their thousand last words. They did not notice when the door was pushed timidly open, and a woman entered.

She touched the lady nearest her. "I—I hope I am not too late," she said, looking up with eager appeal. "I couldn't get here before, but I wanted to bring my bit."

The lady glanced at the little package held out to her, and looked embarrassed. "I'm so sorry, Miss Tremont," she said, "but the box is all nailed up. If you had only been ten minutes earlier!"

For a moment the little woman did not seem to understand. Then her hand dropped, and her eyes filled with tears, and without a word she turned away and pushed open the swinging doors. Out in the vestibule she stopped; she could not go on the street so. She wiped her eyes on her little cotton handkerchief, but it seemed to do no good. "I ain't ever had things like other people, and I don't expect to, but I did think I could give," she said, tearfully.

The door behind her opened softly, and a girl slipped through. She was the youngest of the workers that day, and felt shy and strange, but as she saw the pitiful little figure she forgot her shyness, and ran forward and put her warm, strong young hands over the little trembling ones.

"Don't," she cried; "don't feel so—please! The ladies are opening the box while I ran after you. I'm so glad I caught you! Let me take it back for you—unless you would rather put it in yourself."

The woman looked up with a quick, quivering breath. "It can go?" she cried. "Of course it can go," answered the girl, eagerly.

The woman gave her the little package. "It was for mother's sake," she said, humbly. "I wouldn't have cared so much for myself." Then she pushed open the door and went away.

The girl walked slowly back to the chapel where the ladies were waiting. She was very silent. One of the ladies took the package, and tried to slip it in at one side of the box.

As she did so the paper tore; she looked up in amazement.

"Of all things to send a missionary!" she exclaimed. "It's a Scripture calendar—a nice one, too; it must have cost a dollar. It seems a pity people are not more sensible! A dollar would mean a good deal to a missionary, while the verses—well, he would naturally know them."

A strange expression crossed the girl's face. "And yet," she said, "she was crying because she thought it couldn't go. She said it was for her mother's sake."

A hush came over the room. They remembered then that the little figure had not been wearing the shabby black very long.

Suddenly one of the ladies spoke. "I should never have forgiven myself if we had let her go away," she said, with a little quiver in her voice. "I feel somehow as if that meant more than anything I ever gave in my life!"

There were hard times that year. The well-to-do pastor of St. Mark's spoke of it often. The poor pastor to whom the missionary box had gone spoke of it seldom, but as the months passed by, every one cut deeper lines of suffering on his face. It was a terrible year. Sometimes he thought that he could not endure the privations he had to bear and that he saw about him.

He had not been paid for months, either by his people or by his missionary board. Many a Sunday he had gone to his meeting, meaning to tell the people that he must have some money, but when he looked into their poor, pinched faces, his heart would fail him, and instead he would preach to them of trust in God, or pray for them, until, in the agony of his prayer, he utterly forgot his own need.

But his need was pitiful. The long strain had been too much for his wife, and she was sick—dying, the doctor said, from want of nourishing food. The children were growing thin, with languid, unchildlike ways, and Beth—Beth, with her patient caretaking, was at the same time his greatest comfort and almost his greatest headache.

It was Monday night, and Sunday had been an unusually trying day. The minister looked at the clock, and his breath came hard. It was mail time, and it seemed to him that he could not go and meet another disappointment. Then he saw the expression on Beth's

face, and he went for his hat and turned up his coat collar. It was September, and the nights were cold now.

At the door he stopped. "I may be late home, Beth," he said; "don't wait supper. Mamma must have her tea, but I don't want any to-night."

Beth turned her face away—she understood so well! "Yes, papa," she said, in a choked voice.

The door closed, and the minister went out into the darkness. A neighbor had taken the children for the day, and Beth and her mother were alone. Beth ran to the bed, and buried her face in the pillow.

Her mother's thin hand touched her lovingly. "Don't dear," she whispered. "It is best—it must be best, though it is so hard for us now."

Beth lifted her face desperately. "It isn't the letter, mamma—I guess I don't know how to hope any more. It's—mamma, I gave you the last bit of tea yesterday, and—it almost breaks my heart!"

Her mother gave a little start, but she was not thinking of herself. "Beth," she said, quickly, "we mustn't let papa know. I can get along well enough without the tea. Do be brave, dear, for his sake."

"I'll try," sobbed Beth, "but, mamma, sometimes I wonder what God is thinking of!"

"Beth," she said, "pray—pray and I'll pray with you, but don't stop for one moment until you believe that God is good—that God is love!"

The child knelt beside her in an obedience that was frightened at first, and only the ticking of the clock broke the silence of the room. Ten—fifteen—twenty minutes passed, and Beth had not spoken. Twenty-five minutes—half an hour—then at last the child looked up with the light of a great peace upon her worn little face.

"It's all right, mamma," she said, softly.

Her mother looked at her. "Beth," she said, "you are hoping for something!"

The child lifted her face, full of bright confidence. "I can't help it, mamma," she answered. "I'm sure it's coming somehow; maybe not to-day, but I know it's coming."

Her mother's voice was low, but she had to ask the question. "And if it doesn't, Beth?"

The child's lips trembled a little, but she answered, steadily. "Then it's all right, too," she said.

She shivered a little in the chilly air, and turning away, went to put the water on the

(Continued on Page 10.)

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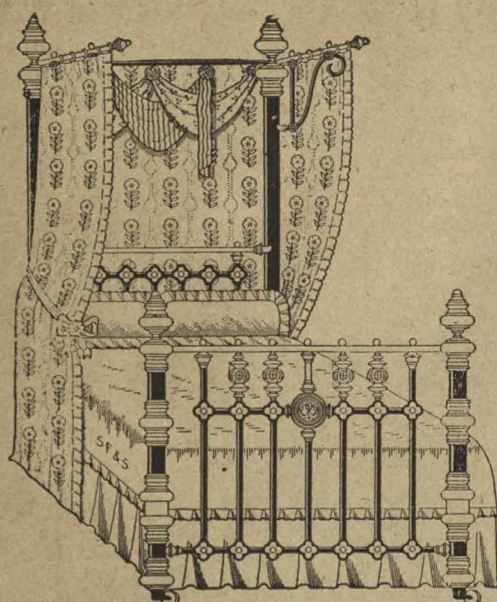
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New South Wales Alliance.

SPECIAL STATE COUNCIL MEETING.

There was considerable interest manifested in the sub-committee's report embodying a policy and plans for future operations of the Alliance. The special meeting of the State Council called to consider the same sat for three and a half hours on Monday, and had not concluded when an adjournment was made until Monday, April 6th. The debate on the various proposals was one of the best on record, the various speakers being keenly alive to the importance of the policy being propounded. Until the policy reaches finality its full text will not be available for publication, but there are indications that it will emerge from the State Council as something decidedly aggressive, and in harmony with the world wide forward spirit against alcoholism.

SPECIAL REDUCTION COURTS.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the extent to which liquor licenses are controlled and public houses are owned by the brewing companies in Sydney. Here is a typical illustration of how the brewery interests are represented in the Ryde electorate at the Reduction Court.

Mr. Ralston, K.C., instructed by Mr. Parish (of Parish and Stephen) appeared for Toohey's Ltd. in respect of Hawkesbury River Hotel, Pymble Hotel, Railway Hotel, (Hornsby), and Royal Hotel (Thornleigh). Mr. R. Windeyer (instructed by Mr. Old) of Messrs. Asher, Old, and Jones) for Tooth and Co. Ltd., the hotels concerned being The Railway Hotel (Ryde), Hornsby Hotel, Royal

Hotel (Ryde), Hampden Hotel (Pennant Hills), Eastwood Hotel (Eastwood), Bay View Hotel (Gladesville). Mr. P. Purcell appeared for the licensee of the Hornsby Hotel, and Mr. W. A. Windeyer represented the owner and licensee of the Steamboat Hotel, Ryde.

It will be seen that the lastmentioned hotel is the only one for which the brewers are not represented.

THE AUSTRALIAN TEMPERANCE CONFERENCE.

Several well-known Temperance workers passed through Sydney last week on their way to the Australian Temperance Conference in Adelaide. Mr. Lee-Cowie arrived from New Zealand on Tuesday, and left the same evening by the express. Rev. J. Williams (general secretary of the Queensland Alliance), accompanied by Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Way, and Mrs. Trout, called at the office, also Mrs. Page-Hanify (grand secretary of the Queensland I.O.G.T.). In addition to the sixteen delegates from Sydney, N.S.W. will also also be represented by three delegates from Broken Hill, including Messrs. Rosenberg and Bohn. A full report of the conference proceedings will appear in "Grit."

The meeting heartily thanked Mrs. Donohue for her suggestions. A committee was appointed to secure data and arrange a deputation to the Lord Mayor in connection with the proposal, and also to bring under the notice of the Railway Commissioners the urgency of reforms in providing the travel-

ling public with better facilities for obtaining non-alcoholic refreshments.

A NECESSARY MUNICIPAL REFORM.

Speaking under the auspices of the Alliance at the Young Women's Christian Temperance Association Hall, Mrs. M. Donohue spoke of a much-needed reform, which she urged the Alliance to advocate with all the weight of influence. This was the establishment of kiosks at different points in the city for the sale, at quite moderate prices, of pure, well-cooled, non-alcoholic drinks. In Germany, she told her audience, the kiosks where such beverages might be procured by putting a penny in the slot, or by the payment of such minute sums as three farthings or one penny, were pictures of brightness, beauty, and delightful finish. Tiles, marble, nickel, and plate glass, lent them an air of scrupulous cleanliness and beauty that was attractive in the extreme. They were built by the municipality, and leased at quite nominal rentals to vendors, but under the strictest municipal supervision. Prices were also fixed by the civic authorities. Sterilised milk, suitable for children, could be obtained for a fraction of a penny, and Mrs. Donohue felt sure that the establishment of similar places in Sydney would mean encouragement to a greater sobriety.

Mrs. Donohue had also something to say of the railway refreshment rooms on our country lines, and their bad management. She complained of the lack of convenience in getting tea or coffee late at night, and instanced an occasion when, to get a small bottle of lemonade, she was forced to stand at a bar counter, and to pay 6d. for it, "just the same amount that they would charge for a whisky and soda. Is it not human nature that a man being charged the same for the one and the other should prefer to take whisky?"

The moral effect of beauty, she considered, was greatly overlooked in Sydney, and she concluded with an appeal that nothing but what was beautiful should be erected when they came to the building of the kiosks. "You have so much that is ugly in Sydney," she said, "that I should be grieved beyond measure if I thought that I had contributed to the erection of anything else unsightly. Let your kiosks be things of beauty and cleanliness."

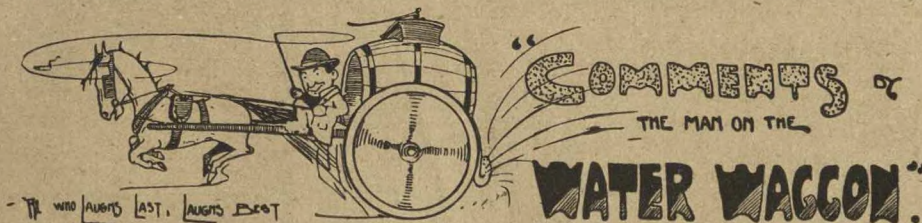
LIVERPOOL MILITARY CAMP.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union has launched out in a direction highly commendable in order to meet the needs of the trainees who are going into camp at Liverpool during Easter. Two large marquees are being erected, and two bell tents, one being a meeting room, and another for refreshments, and a further for reading, writing and games. The soft drink department will be in evidence. Fully 4000 boys will be in camp. The ladies who have undertaken the big effort will undoubtedly have their hands full. But the fact of doing something practical in the military camps will be keenly appreciated, not only by the boys, but by their parents. The arrangements are being controlled by Mrs. E. E. Ardill (State Superintendent of Legislative Work of the W.C.T.U.).

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THE "SPORTS."

We are always being told that we are not "sports"—that no "wowser" is a sport—the inference being that sportiveness and alcohol run in double harness. The official liquor paper claims it is "the" journal for the sportsman, and that if he doesn't like its account of each and every prize fight he certainly is no judge of the noble art. This all being given in, how comes it that the sports never seem to like the official results of their various contests? On most occasions recently we have read of "ridiculous decisions," and of the whole assembly rising in its wrath and hooting the referee"? A charming spirit to come from sports ??? Eh!

We thought the term "he is a sport," meant that a man could take a nasty decision as well as a nasty thump without losing his head. Very apparently we are mistaken. At the last big contest (McGoorty and Smith) the referee had to get away quickly to avoid assault, whilst the large audience worked itself up into a frenzy. What did it all mean? Either they believed the referee was bought, which seems unbelievable from what one hears of him, or they thought him an incapable jackass, OR they had bet on the wrong man and were very sore. Under either of these unhappy conditions the prizefighting business lies under a cloud, and the "sports" themselves are covered by the same hazy protection. It is poor sport to bring two men 10,000 miles to set them to work under a man who may decide anyhow, and it is equally poor sport to howl when you are hurt financially over the deal.

Under which of the above headings the "sports" wish us to place them we neither know nor care, but feel it will be hard to justify themselves wherever they roost.

From "sports," Heaven deliver us.

BISHOP MERCER ON AUSTRALIANS.

The worthy Bishop accuses us of "evenescent emotionalism and some lack of concentration."

This is refreshing. We are generally criticised for our lack of any symptoms of emotionalism—charged with being incapable of much finer feeling—given to materialism and sport and pleasure, and lacking veneration, enthusiasm, and natural affection.

Our concentrative powers may not be developed as yet, but the writer's experience in other lands does not go to show we are guilty of either of the above charges.

A better perspective of the state of affairs can be obtained by a tour to older countries and our impressions abroad certainly lead us to the conclusion that we do not in the least degree comprehend what social hysteria really means in Australia. It was a revelation to the Man on the Waggon to visit America, which he had always been led to believe was a land where money and money getting had long since drowned emotion. Why, from the youngest street newsboy to the oldest and most sedate commercial magnate every mother's son lost his head at sight of the Stars and Stripes. The feeling shown for the traditions of "Old Glory" was simply absurd when one considers how the American laughs at the veneration of the Britisher for his antiquities. He, the American, is absolutely the most sentimental creature on earth, and near to him, if not a good second, comes the Englishman, with all his boasted stolidity. One only needs to view one London procession to find it out. Hence it would appear we are not alone in our emotionalism.

As to its being evanescent—most emotionalism is more or less so, as much so as is toothache—Dr. Mercer seems to have been a little unfortunate in his choice of terms. If, however, he aimed at showing that Australians are less solidly grounded mentally and emotionally than any other peoples we must state that we think he has taken on a proposition he will find it very hard to prove.

OUR SPECIAL FUND.

Our "collection" is still mounting up, though slowly, and when we reach £100 it is our intention to steam straight ahead and start a free issue in as large a way as possible. We will, of course, still keep moving. Now, here is a chance for you, reader. Suppose you are not financially able to pro-

mise us £5, well why not get out to COLLECT IT FOR US? If you are a reputable sort of person we will cheerfully supply you with a collecting book and push you off the premises with our special blessing on your head. WHY NOT DO THIS? Aren't you getting tired of your conscience telling you that you are 80 per cent. talk and 20 per cent. action—that you don't really deny yourself one cent. in the whole year—that you are not living up to your privileges?

Come right along now and do some work for your fellow creatures.

EDUCATE! EDUCATE!

The following amounts have come to hand: — Already acknowledged, £64/1/-; Mrs. Lee-Cowie, £1; Mr. Tom Holt, £2; Duncan Cameron, 20/-; Surry Hills, £1; Mr. Saunders, £1; Total, £70/10/-.

(To the Editor of "Grit.")

Dear Sir,—I am glad to see a working man has sent you a sub. to your fund for sending "Grit" out free. I believe it is a good move, because, after all when it comes to counting out the dubs, one has very little for home after he has paid the pub. Now, I gave that rotten game up a little while ago, and I'm getting a few things together and saving a bob or two, so out of my next I send you £1. I'm not blowing my own trumpet, but I tell you it's a safe game leaving the drink alone. I'm a freer and a better man, and I always look out for the little paper with the cartoon, so do the wife and youngsters.

It has done me good, and I think my little sub. will do good to some 5 or 6 men who will get it free (like I did once), and when the grog is out of you you can sit down and think and do. I know the idea will graft on, and I hope will do well, because I know you mean well, and I hope to see a lot of my fellow workers sending in a bit to help others to think.—Yours, etc.,

SURRY HILLS.

"This nation cannot endure if it continues to exchange public morals for public money," said ex-Governor Hanley, of Indiana, at Columbus recently.

UNFERMENTED
WINE—NATURE'S TONIC
Procure it in bottles or cases from the
VEGETARIAN RESTAURANTS
283 CLARENCE STREET and 45 HUNTER STREET
(One door Town Hall) (One door Castlereagh-st.)

LAMB'S LINOLEUM CREAM.

The Poster Campaign Against Alcohol.

A UNIQUE PLAN OF COMPELLING THE DRINKING MAN TO THINK.

By MICHAEL CALLAHAN, in "Munsey's Magazine."

Boston is to-day the centre of a unique temperance campaign, one of the most remarkable in the history of the country—A Poster Campaign.

Alcohol has been attacked for many years from a thousand angles. The poster campaign is something entirely new, and is said to be already astonishingly successful. It was started in a small way in Boston in April last year.

Now it has a well-equipped organisation back of it, prominent in which are many

bring out a feeling of resentment, the resentment of inherent rights. But to make men think, to reason, to work out the problem for themselves, and to work it out free from prejudice, is quite another matter.

Men have always felt, since temperance crusades began, that these crusades were aimed at their personal liberty, that they had a right to determine for themselves whether they wanted to drink or to abstain from drink, and that in the matter of the use of alcohol temperance crusaders were

without awakening prejudice is and should be its key-note. With these posters plastered on bill-boards, on trees, on old buildings, on fences, and even private residences, the alcohol problem is forced home upon men, so forced home that they are compelled to think, and in thought there is safety.

It is a singular fact that a constant repetition of a statement or a question, confronting one everywhere, on every corner, at every turn, on every bill-board, so forces

OVER **95** PER CENT.

**MORE ACCIDENTS
TO WORKMEN WHO DRINK
THAN TO WORKMEN IN GENERAL.**

According to figures of
Leipzig Sick Benefit Society

THINK-IT-OVER POSTER COMMITTEE,
11 Mason-street, Cambridge, Mass.

leading physicians of Boston and the best thinkers of that city and Cambridge—men who have made a comprehensive study of the effects of the use of alcohol and particularly the fruitage of the alcohol habit. Reproduced herewith are miniature facsimiles of some of the posters that have been used.

The idea of these posters is to make men think. To attack the alcohol habit is to

not in any sense their brothers' keepers. When men resent an attack they are not open, freely open, to being convinced. They stand braced against the contention and summon every argument to buttress their position.

The poster campaign does little to awaken this feeling of resentment, and probably in its best form would do nothing at all. Holding strictly to the idea of making men think

ALCOHOL!

THE PUBLIC MAY THINK:—

It is only Heavy Drinking that harms.

EXPERIMENTS SHOW:—

That even Moderate Drinking Injures Health, Lessens Efficiency.

THE PUBLIC MAY THINK:—

Alcohol braces us for hard work and lessens fatigue.

EXPERIMENTS SHOW:—

That alcohol in no way increases muscular strength or endurance.

ALCOHOL LOWERS VITALITY; ALCOHOL OPENS THE DOOR TO DISEASE.

At the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, the use of Alcohol as a medicine declined 77 per cent. in eight years.

Most Modern Hospitals show the same tendency.

THINK IT OVER!

TO THE THINKING MAN!

OUR PRISON COMMISSION REPORTS

95%

OF THOSE

IMPRISONED

IN 1911

HAD INTEMPERATE HABITS.

See Report of Board of Prison
Commissioners, Mass., 1911.

POSTER COMMITTEE,
BOSTON.

itself into the mind that it compels discussion both with oneself and with others.

In the inception of this poster campaign a poster was placed on the corner of a house on Charles Street, Boston. It attracted so much attention that all the newspapers sent representatives to photograph the house and the poster and wrote generous accounts of the results of that first move in a new phase of awakening public thought on the alcohol question.

This single poster, starting in its modest fashion, unheralded, has, well within the scope of a year, found its way all over America, not necessarily to every town, but to many towns throughout the whole country.

At this writing it is impossible to predict the ultimate effectiveness of the poster campaign against the use of alcohol. It is not a crusade, but rather an ingenious and common-sense method of bringing the drink question home to every man. And because of this ingenuity and simplicity, and because

of the lack of arousing individual resentment on the part of men who look upon themselves as masters of themselves, it bids fair to do a work that other methods of temperance advocacy have failed to accomplish. It is only fair, however, to say that

warfare, in the days of Henry Ward Beecher and John B. Gough, the general public was not sufficiently alive to the dangers and injury from the drink habit to be awakened by a poster campaign as it now is by the present one.

Who is the first man to be laid off, and the last man to be taken on? THE MAN WHO DRINKS

11 MASON-STREET, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

there is a time for everything, and that the temperance view-point having been carried as far as it has been, has made the effectiveness of the poster campaign possible. In other words, in the early days of temperance

The effect of the rum habit is a known thing to-day, a scientifically known thing. It can be weighed and measured, as coal or grain can be weighed and measured, and the answer determined with equal certainty.

PLEDGE SIGNING CRUSADE

From February 27th to March 19th (18 days) the number before the court has been: Men, 368; women, 90; total, 458. Out of this number 110 took the pledge of total abstinence. This stream of men and women form a strange and varied crowd. One sees the young lad and lass just out of their teens, old men and women just tottering seemingly on the brink of the grave. A few blind men have been before the court. There is no doubt that some of the blind men of Sydney are helping to make it possible for a certain gentleman to make large gifts to educate the boys of England on the defence question.

One very sad case was that of a young woman who clasped a ten days' old baby to her breast. As she stood up, with tears in her eyes, it looked a bad advertisement for alcohol, and our present system of handling this cursed liquor. Two men were so struck by the sight that although in the yard they had refused the pledge they decided there and then to sign. When they had signed the pledge they were urged to not only try and keep the vision of the frail little woman and wee child in their mind, but were urged to look further and see the thousands of little children who, under the ban of this curse, were not getting a fair deal either from their parents or from the Government of the country they are born in. Proof comes along almost daily that the pledge has been a success in many lives.

Help in various ways has been given to men specially through those who have kindly given clothes, boots, and hats. May I ask those who have kindly given help in the past to continue to do so, also may I ask those who can afford to help and have not yet started to begin at once, so that a class who are really more to be pitied than blamed should be given a sane and sensible chance to regain the lost ground. The lee-way in some life can be made up if you

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

CHAS. C. MIHELL,
Bible House, 242 Pitt-street, Sydney.

help. May I also urge that you become a pledged total abstainer from alcohol, also that in some way you work with the object of saving your brothers and sisters; join some temperance society, thereby helping to save the individual and also helping to save the nation from the habit that is the darkest stain on our national character.

If you do this some one may live to bless you.

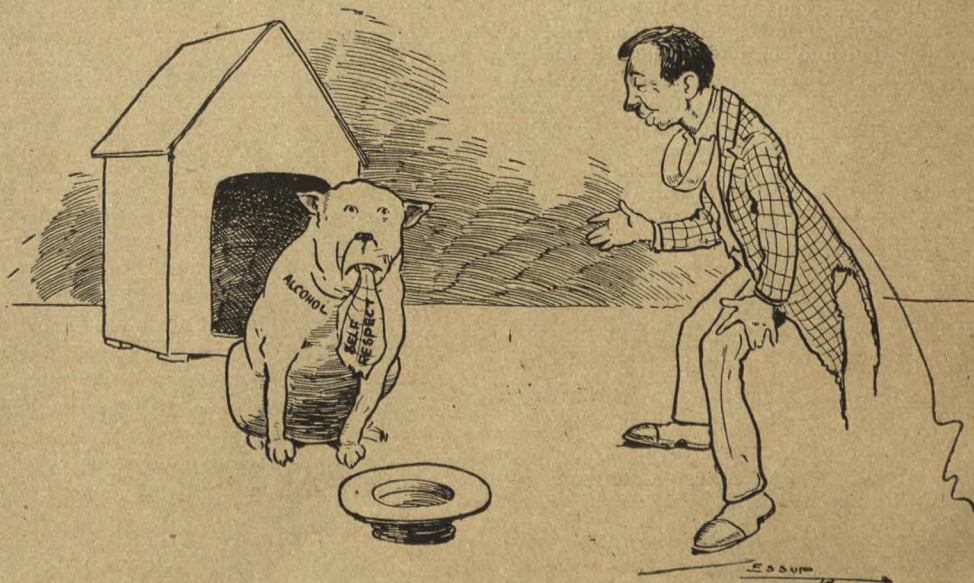
We, as individuals, are duty bound to help, for the system allowed to exist for the sale of alcoholic liquors is just as weak and bad as those who are falling through taking alcoholic liquors.

Our warmest thanks for the following donations:—A friend, £1/1/-; Miss Herring, 10/-; Mrs. Harper, 7/6; Mr. Trimble, 7/-; C. Hardy, junr., £1/1/-; W. H. Gear, £1/1/-; F. C. Darby, 10/6; G. R. Harrison, £3/3/-; Judge Murray, £1/1/-; Miss Beattie, 10/-; A. Rickard, £1/1/-; Mr. Rudder, £1/1/-.

TO THE BAR (LIQUOR BAR).

A bar to happiness, a bar to health.
A bar to honest toil and honest wealth.
A bar to honored age through virtuous youth,
A bar to reverence, a bar to truth.
A bar to worthy service for the State,
A bar to all that makes a nation great,
A bar to filial love and childward care,
A bar to purity, a bar to prayer,
A bar athwart the path the wise have trod.
A bar of hindrance to the house of God,
A bar to noble deeds and noble fame.
A bar that shuts in sin and shuts out shame.
O may thy ruin-breeding precincts be—
Bar to all good—for ever barred to me.

—Rev. Wm. Allen, in the Boston "Christian Endeavour World."



A HAIR OF THE DOG THAT BIT HIM.

Or FOLLY INTENSIFIED.

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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Change of Address or non-delivery of the paper should be promptly reported to the Manager.

Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

Manager—J. BRADFIELD.

Address: Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

Office: 33 Park Street, City.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1914.

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Society, by its use of intoxicating liquors, encourages mental defection which results in crime.—Dr. R. B. Von Kleinsmid, secretary of the American Association of Clinical Criminology.

* * *

While I am not a professional Temperance man, I would beg you to keep whisky from my race. In States and counties where we have no bar-rooms, by people are 50 per cent. better off.—Booker T. Washington.

READ 'GRIT'

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Write at once if your Copy does not arrive on time. Box 390 G.P.O., Sydney.

A Personal Chat with my readers

OUR

BIRTHDAY.

"Grit" first saw the light on March 28th, 1907. It was emphatically asserted that a weekly temperance paper had never lived in Australia, and that no temperance paper had ever paid its way and therefore "Grit" must die. The verdict at the inquest was to be: "Strangled, starved and smothered." Fortunately, however, critics, like the doctors, are sometimes wrong, and "Grit" has grown steadily as a child ought to do, has made the mistakes of childhood, has had to face a healthy amount of bullying, a reasonable amount of jealousy, and has survived a large amount of flattery. I feel like the small boy who on the night before his birthday asked his mother what clothes he would wear the next day. She told him the suit he had on, of course, and he looked up with naive surprise and said, "But won't it be too small to-morrow, mother?" For some time I have felt "Grit" was growing out of its clothes and that it ought to be 24 pages instead of 16. What do you think? What do you think ought to be done to those who don't pay in advance? Do you think "Grit" is well grown for an eight-year-old? I thank you for all your kind birthday greetings and wishes.

"The New Republic,"

THE SKULL AND CROSS BONES.

a vigorous temperance paper, printed in Ohio, says:—

"Albany, N.Y., February 10.—The 'poison' bill, requiring that alcoholic beverages be labelled with skull and crossbones, introduced into the legislature by William E. Knapp, of Chemung, is creating a sensation here as elsewhere. The liquor men tried to treat it as a joke, but the people generally consider it seriously. The liquor folks are jumping sideways, not knowing just what to do.

"It provides for the placing of the skull and crossbones on every bottle of liquor, the emblem to be in red ink, with the statement under it that alcohol is a dangerous poison.

"The following is a statement given out by Mr. Knapp as to what the bill is expected to accomplish, and his reasons for introducing it:—I have introduced this bill because I am in sympathy with its purpose, which I believe will have the effect to lessen the drinking of liquor—to deter some entirely and reduce the amount consumed by others—through an accurate statement of the scientific truth.

"I am interested only in the statement of scientific facts proposed and am not wedded to the skull and crossbones as an emblem. I am perfectly willing to compromise on a picture of a coiled snake with the Scripture quotation, 'It biteth like a sere-

pent and stingeth like an adder,' if the liquor men say that they would like that better on the label.

"It is bad enough for the brewers to obtain a monopoly of the retail liquor trade and to dominate politics, but when they seek to enter our homes through the newspapers and seduce our children under our very eyes with the plausible untruths of their advertisements, that beer and other liquors are foods, it is time to call a halt on such deception.

"We teach the children in public schools the effect of alcohol and we ought, like France in its poster campaigns, to do something to protect those who never went to school or who quit before this sort of teaching was started. The scientific testimony is overwhelming that alcohol is a poison. There are two kinds of poison—irritant, such as arsenic, and narcotic, such as opium. Alcohol produces some of the effects of both. If this is true, and the evidence seems conclusive, it is our duty to warn the people who are too busy to keep up with the latest scientific discoveries. There is a great mass of testimony on this subject, but I think the statement of 800 German professors and physicians is about the most significant thing I have ever seen. Those eminent scientists of a nation commonly supposed to be opposed either to Prohibition or total abstinence, say in part, as reported in a recent history of the 'Anti-Alcohol Movement in Europe.'

"Science has shown that alcohol, even in moderate quantities, causes disturbance in the brain's action and paralyses critical capacity, power of will, the ethical and aesthetic sense, and lowers self-control. For this reason one should realise that it is a poison and no longer to be classed with foods."

When we vote a man into Parliament we have a perfect right to see that he represents us.

If he doesn't, then it is madness to vote for him again. There are nearly a quarter of a million No-License people in N.S.W., and they are practically without representation in our Parliament. Neither party in Parliament cares a snap of the finger for the temperance cause, and our only hope is a continuous effort to prod our member with demands for further restriction of the liquor traffic, and if he has no backbone and no convictions on this greatest of all questions then mark him for the scrap heap.

The Editor

Smashing Liquor Statements in N.Z.

By ALEX. S. ADAMS.

A writer under the nom de plume of "Fairplay" has been misrepresenting No-License in Invercargill. We are glad he did so, for it has moved Mr. Adams, the well-known Dunedin lawyer, to provide a complete and invaluable reply. Mr. Adams says:—"Fairplay" has grossly misrepresented the conditions in Invercargill by suppressing the fact that it is the distributing centre for a large outside district. He now says: 'I am well aware of the distributing centre Invercargill is.' To show the effect of that admission it will be well to take an illustration. Suppose that a consignment of liquor—say 100 cases of whisky—is landed at the Bluff (a license town). That consignment may be distributed by rail amongst all or some of the large number of publicans within the police district of Invercargill. Some of it may be sent to Riverton, Winton, Orepuki, Queenstown, and other places, and not a gallon of it may be delivered in No-License Invercargill. But the Customs entries for the Bluff are all made in the Custom-house at Invercargill. Consequently the Customs returns show the whole of the 100 cases of whisky as entered at Invercargill. Another illustration: Beer duty stamps are sold at the Custom-house and at some post offices. The only Customs record of the quantity of beer dealt with in any place is the record of beer duty stamps sold. There are about half a dozen breweries within the Invercargill Customs district (which covers all Southland), all or any of which may get their stamps from Invercargill. "Fair Play" seems to admit that he knows these facts, and yet persists in quoting Customs returns to prove that the liquor consumed in the No-License area is excessive. He has, indeed, the grace now to say that the liquor was distributed 'in' and 'around' Invercargill. Comment would be wasted.

For police purposes the Dominion is divided into police districts, each of which is under an inspector, and is known by the name of its principal town, where the inspector is stationed. The Invercargill police district extends over the whole of Southland, and includes Stewart Island, Bluff, Invercargill, Riverton, Gore, Tapanui, Queenstown, Pembroke (on Lake Wanaka), and practically the whole country lying between these towns and beyond them to the sea. In that district there is a population of 61,000. The Invercargill No-License area is the town of Invercargill and suburbs, with an estimated population of 18,000. The police reports given in Parliamentary Paper H 16/1912 give the figures for the police districts only, except where the four cities are expressly named. These facts seem to be known to 'Fairplay,' as indicated by his admission, and are all shown in the Parliamentary Paper quoted by him. In that paper there is not a word or a figure referring to the No-License area of Invercargill. Now, with this Parliamentary Paper H 16/1912 before him, "Fairplay" quotes it as showing:—

Sly Grog Cases. Fines.

Invercargill (No-License)... 23 ... £445
This, of course, is intended to mean that there were 23 convictions for sly grog-selling in the No-License area. Now, the parliamentary return shows, not 23 convictions, but 23 reported or detected offences of that class, and those not in the No-License area, but in the police district. On reference to the return of convictions ('N.Z. Gazette,' 1912, p. 1187), I found there were only 17 convictions for this offence in the whole police district. There were only four in the Invercargill courts. In 1912 there was only one ('Gazette,' 1913, p. 560).

"Fairplay" gives (from undisclosed sources) the following table:—

	Cases Drunks.	Crimes.	Percentage Drunks.	Percentage Crimes.
Invercargill (say 20,000) ..	297	832	1.48	4.16
Dominion (say 1,008,000)	11,699	23,492	1.16	2.34

"The figures 297, 11,699 correspond with the figures in H 16, and are for 1911. The figures 832 are from the return for 1912 (see below), and the figures 23,492 certainly do not refer to any year since 1902 (see 'Year Book,' 1913, p. 266). Now, in H 16/1912 (p. 10) the population of Invercargill police district is stated as 61,000, not 20,000, and the number of persons 'charged' with drunkenness (not convicted) as 297 for the whole district. This is 0.48 per cent., and not 1.48 per cent. The figures 832 are, as already stated, taken from the returns for 1912, and are the 'total offences, including multiple charges,' for that year ('Gazette,' 1913, p. 560). The same return gives the 'total offences, including multiple charges,' for the Dominion as 43,873! (p. 562). The position therefore is:

	Cases Drunks.	Crimes.	Percentage Drunks.	Percentage Crimes.
Police district Invercargill (61,000, partly License) ..	297	832	0.49	1.36
Dominion (1,008,000)	11,699	43,873	1.16	4.35

"In 1912, therefore, the average of 'drunks' to population was nearly two and a-half times, and the average of 'crimes' is over three times as great in the whole Dominion as in the Invercargill police district (part license).

"Fairplay" is thus proved to have distorted or misrepresented practically every figure used by him. I except the 'population' figures, as they are not worth testing."

THE NEW ZEALAND DRINK BILL FOR 1913.

The Drink Bill for the Dominion for the year 1913, as shown below, is based upon the Customs returns of liquor cleared for consumption, and beer manufactured in the Dominion. The basis of valuation is that



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adopted for many years past. It is suggested that it is in some respects too high, but it has been thought that, as the figures for previous years have been calculated in the same manner, a change is not desirable. To adopt a new basis would lead to serious errors in comparison. It is probable that the cost of the liquor to the actual consumer is more than the figures show. The period covered is from January 1 to December 31. There is an increase in the total consumption of spirits and beer, but it is satisfactory to note that the consumption per head of population shows a decrease of 11½d.

DRINK BILL FOR 1913.

Spirits—876,769 gals. at £2 per gal. (increase, 12,973 gals.)....	£1,753,538
Wines—147,056 gals. at £2 per gal. (decrease, 6560 gals.)....	294,112
Imported beer—299,210 gals. at 6/- per gal. (increase, 2830 gals.)..	89,763
Beer brewed in New Zealand—10,001,200 gals. at 4/- per gal. (increase, 214,080 gals.)	2,000,240

£4,137,633

Total for year 1912, £4,081,162; increase, £56,491.

Estimated mean population for 1913, 1,068,645; Maoris, 49,844; total, 1,118,489. Estimated increase, 29,670.

Cost of liquor per head, 1913, £3/14/-; 1912, £3/14/11½; decrease, 11½d.

The quantities of different liquors consumed per head of population work out as under:—

Spirits75 gallons
Wines131 gallons
Beer	9.209 gallons

Attention must again be called to the enormous gross total of expenditure. It seems almost incredible that in this small country £4,137,653 should be spent in intoxicating liquors in one year. It is greater than the total revenue from the whole of the railways of the Dominion, and would pay the total railway expenditure of £2,705,609, interest at 3½ per cent. (average rate) on the total cost of the whole railway system (£31,611,220), and still leave a balance of £273,988. With the Drink Bill we could therefore carry all the passengers and goods free on all our railways, pay interest on cost of construction, and the surplus would pay all the sick and funeral benefits for all the friendly societies in New Zealand.

The average expenditure for each household of five persons is £18/10/-. In many homes no liquor, or only a small quantity, is used; and the same applies to mental and general hospitals, jails, and other public institutions. The tax upon the homes of the drinkers must be very heavy.

The Box from St. Mark's

(Continued from Page 3.)

stove. She could make her mother some gruel—that was all.

Suddenly her glance fell upon the calendar that had come in their missionary box nearly a year before. She brushed the tears from her eyes and crossed the room to read it. In their anxiety the leaves had not been torn off for three days. She read the verses softly aloud: "I am the bread of life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth in Me shall never thirst." (John vi. 35).

Her voice trembled a little over that, but she went on to the next one, and as she read it a grave sweetness filled her voice. She did not notice that her father was softly opening the door, his white face drawn with the pain of bringing them another disappointment. The words sounded almost triumphantly through the little room.

"And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking; I will hear" (Isa. lxxv. 24).

She tore off that sheet, too, and then stopped in bewilderment. Instead of the verse for the day, she saw a white envelope pinned across the text. She unpinned it and opened it; there was a carefully folded note inside. As she turned she saw her father standing by the door, and running over to him she thrust the note in his hand.

He unfolded the note and looked at it almost blindly for a moment, then suddenly he buried his face in his hands on the table. Beth picked up a paper that fluttered out of it, and her face grew white. It was a twenty-dollar note.

In a few minutes they could read the note. It was a very brief one. The minister sat with his wife's thin hand in his while Beth knelt with her face beside her mother's, and so they read it.

"Dear unknown friend," it ran, "I am only a plain little dressmaker, but it doesn't make any difference who I am—the money is not from me, it is from my mother. She was all I had in the world, and I had been saving this to take her away and make her well, but God took her away and made her well first. And so I have put this money here so that you can find it on her birthday, and I pray it may bring you a bit of the blessing that my mother gave me all her life."

Beth lifted her face, full of wonder of it. "And God had heard, and it was waiting all the time!" she said. Then she leaned down and pressed her face against her mother's, with "Mother, darling, you shall have your tea."

That was not quite the end; perhaps it would be truer to say that that was only the beginning. One morning the pastor of St. Mark's came before his people with a letter. They had had grateful letters from missionaries before, but never one like this. As it told of their bitter need, and the help that came to them from poverty and sorrow, many a careless heart was touched.

"I do not know who she is," said the pastor, "who has done this beautiful thing, but

SUMMER IS THE TIME FOR

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MY UNCLE TOBY'S ROLLED OATS

No Food

So Good

Oh you darlings the Oats are delightful

Rolled Oats

Clifford Love & Co Ltd Sydney

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

I am glad she is among us; I believe that we have many such whom we do not know as such, and these are they who bless the world. May God speak to our hearts and teach us—each one of us—so to turn our sorrows into blessings for others."

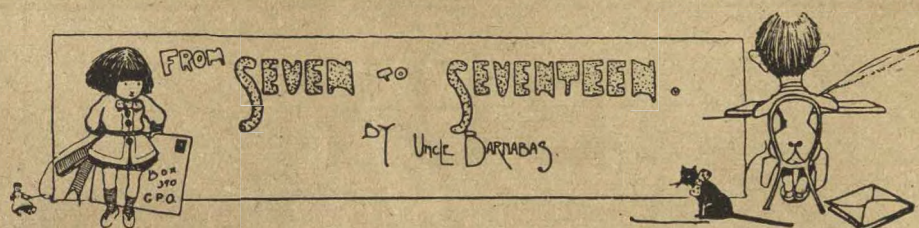
The little dressmaker in her seat up in the gallery was sobbing behind her rusty veil, but it was from joy, not sorrow. And in her heart she promised that as long as she could work she would send twenty dollars for her mother's sake.

Behold now the church of St. Mark, which had felt the hard times, realised suddenly that it did not know what hard times were, and the gifts of its people filled not one, but three missionary boxes that year, and all carrying liberal gifts of money.—"Expositor."

A sense of personal grievance is often to the mind what a cancer is to the body.

Professor Dr. Kraepelin, Director of the Lunatic Asylum in Munich, and a great authority on the alcohol question, says: "It is my experience, and I could confirm it by innumerable proofs, which leave me without a shadow of doubt, that of all conceivable methods of fighting the drink evil the personal example of total abstinence is by far the most efficacious. I have to thank total abstinence not only for its beneficial results in regard to my own powers of continuous work, but also for the satisfaction that comes from being consistent, and from seeing the unmistakable effects of the influence of my example in the struggle against alcoholism."

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MARY L. MOPPETT.

(Continued from Last Issue.)

CHAPTER VIII.

THE POLICE STATION.

"As it is rather risky at the present time to travel further into the Palace," said the Magician, "I will try to tell you something about the Police Station while we wait here for further happenings."

"It is situated immediately under the great Done which so pleased you on our approach to the Palace, and has telephones connecting it with all parts of the Palace."

The station itself is a roomy building containing hundreds, nay, millions of cells, and is, in color, grey, thus matching the grey uniforms of the ordinary police force. There the Chief Commissioner has a permanent seat, which, as a rule, he never vacates, save when the moon is up and the stars shining, or when all his subordinates have emigrated, as sometimes they do, to a foreign country. Detained in some of the cells in this wonderful place you would find, if you went there, those very Knocks which you saw taken prisoners in the Music Room."

"But what can be the matter now?" exclaimed he, as he looked down at the Red Carpet. The Prince, on looking in the same direction, saw some of the one-time staid Inquisitors dancing and capering about like a lot of monkeys, while others belonging to the same division of the force were standing looking at each other with grave, white faces, as though they had received some bad news. "I wonder what the message is that is causing such an effect!" And saying this the Magician put to his ear a small ear-trumpet so that he might be able to judge Those who had lost control of themselves to the extent of dancing when "on duty" were from the conversation what had happened. shouting, "For he's a jolly good fellow!" The others were wondering what would happen next, and were for retiring to their sentry boxes out of harm's way while they had the chance of doing so, for the message just received was certainly very upsetting, not to say serious!

It was to the effect that the Chief Commissioner had fallen from his seat, and was no longer capable of directing the forces under his control!

Such a calamity had never before occurred since the Palace was first built, and, of course, no one was able to take over control at a moment's notice. This explained to the onlookers the gravity of the situation.

The rowdy members still kept up their noisy revels, and the quiet ones were stealing away to shelter when a tremendous clap

of thunder shook the Palace to its foundations, and the whole structure collapsed in a heap! Music Room and Police Station, Ways-In and Ways-Out, Fluted Roof and Shell Entrances, Mill and Watch-Tower, Bridge and Tube, Canals and Springs, all fell together, and I am very glad that I was not on the spot on which fell the Grand Palace.

The first impulse of the Prince was to spread his wings and get clear of all the trouble by, as he said, "Clearing away from it," but on second thoughts he decided to remain and see what means the Magician would use in order to give again to the Palace its erect form.

He was also very anxious to know how it was that such a misfortune could happen to such a well-built edifice as the Palace undoubtedly was.

On turning his head he was surprised to see that the Magician was getting ready for another ride, and also to hear that the Band was playing outside with a vengeance.

"Am I to stay here alone?" queried the Prince, for the Magician seemed to be inclined to hurry off without explaining his actions or intentions to him almost as though he had forgotten his existence.

"Yes, I think you will be quite safe where you are," said the Magician, rather absently, "as the Palace, or rather the ruins of it, seem to have quite settled down. I will communicate with you when I have anything to relate, or any instructions to give regarding your behaviour."

"I am going to see the Clerk of the Weather. As he is able to foretell changes in the atmosphere he must have known beforehand of this storm. He may suggest a remedy. If not, you and I will be able to reinstate the Palace on almost its old footing."

Saying this the Magician rode away on the next wave, and the last that the Prince saw of him as he neared the Clerk's Circle (he lived in a round house and had named it according to its form) he was waving the silver-hued wand and the telegraphone.

And now the Prince had time to rest and think, though it was very hard indeed to concentrate his thoughts on the many things that had happened to him since he met the Magician at the Cross-roads, and was so much reduced in size. For all round him surged the waves; and the Band was playing the most atrocious discords; and the stench from the Twopenny Tube was almost overpowering. But in spite of bodily discomfort, he was able to arrange in his mind, in proper order, all the events which I have here related for your amusement.

He had not a very long time to spend in thought, for there, close to him, was the Magician, back again, with a smiling face and an immense pair of Bellows as big as a Cathedral following close upon his heels.

WITH HONORS.

Dulcie Davis, "Merella," Milton, writes:--

Dear Uncle B.—I am afraid you will call me a scallawag, and my only excuse is that I have been away for a holiday. My sister and I have been to Nowra for seven weeks, and came home Saturday week. We had a splendid time. New Year's Day we had a trip of about thirty miles in a motor-boat on the Shoalhaven River and Broughton Creek (a branch of the Shoalhaven). It was a lovely bright day, with a gentle breeze blowing, and the nice scenery on either bank made the trip altogether delightful. The rest of the day we passed at the Aquatic Sports. As the Wollongong, Kiama, Berry, and Nowra Shows fell while we were in Nowra, we went to them all, and had a good time at each. One day our Uncle took us in a motor-car to Captain's Point. The men were all at work, so we spent some time in watching them unload a steamer, saw timber at the mill, roll down the parade ground, bring loads of stone down to the wharf on trucks, and lots of other things, beside all kinds of work on the large buildings. We went over the Naval College, Sailor's Home, gymnasium, and some other big buildings. All this was very interesting, and although we were tired when we got back to Nowra, we did not mind that at all. Another day we went with a team of tennis players to Wandandian (which is half way between Nowra and Milton). The players we went with were beaten; but that did not interfere with the fun. Our Uncle drove us up to the Cambewarra Look-out the day before we came home. You get a glorious view from there. Away down below you there is the Shoalhaven River. It looks so blue and sparkling in the sunlight. On either side are the farm-houses and the green crops. Then we could see miles of sea, and Jervis Bay, and could just see the Pigeon House. The train going from Sydney to Bomaderry looked like a toy from the top of the mountain. The drive back in the afternoon, between ferny banks and trees, was lovely. The trip home in the car from Nowra was nice also; but it seemed too short. My brother started for military camp at Goulburn this morning, and being on a farm that leaves us a bit short-handed. I have a certificate for passing the last Sunday School exam. with honors, and another for passing the Public School exam. I also won second prize last year for lessons and attendance at Sunday school. It is very hot and dry here, and we are hand-feeding some of our cows. I will close now, with love to yourself and all the "Grit" cousins. From your loving niece.

(Dear Dulcie,—So you passed with honors, and we all congratulate you. The Nowra district is very beautiful. I have been in all the places you mention, and I do not know

of any more beautiful part of our State. Write again soon.—Uncle B.)

* * *
Mervyn Edwards, Beaucroft, Avalon, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I did not know till this week if you ever got my last letter. One of our "cousins" sent us the "Grit" with it in. We did not get it when it was published. We had a good time on Christmas Day. I got a story book and dart gun, and lots of lollies and nuts, in my stocking. We all got up about 5 o'clock on Christmas morning to go in to Wingham in a motor car; we went to my grandmother's, she was sick, Eccott, Mark and I had some swims. It was very hot. We got home at 8 o'clock that night. We have drill at school, and first aid. We had the inspector at our school on Friday. We are having a nice shower; we want rain badly. All the cattle are dying, there is no feed for them. Love to all. Your loving ne.

N.B.—Has no one sent in ideas for the "Grit" signal or badge?

A little bird whispered in my ear not long ago that you were not quite well. I hope you are alright. Although continuance still reigns in the Gloucester electorate, I consider we gained on last time very well. Fancy, only 90 votes and we'd have gone in sailing! I wrote to you some time in October. Did you get my letter. It wasn't funny, only silly. I am not ill. You are not very nice always, are you? Love from B.

* * *
Edith Waters, Balonne-street, Narrabri, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It is a long time since I wrote to you. It has been very hot up here. But have been having a few cool days lately. Ray said that he could tell you all the other places he would not like to be living in. We saw that Raymond's letter was in "Grit" a little time back. Mother has a nice lot of people taking the "Grit" now. I am eleven years old now. My birthday was on the 21st of December. How did you enjoy your Christmas? I went to Wee Waa for two or three weeks. But I didn't think the six weeks long enough. We were all put up at Christmas. Ray was put into fourth, Leslie was put into second, I was put into third. I haven't written to you for a long time, but I don't seem to have much to tell you. How is the strike getting on? You can't have any nice chops for breakfast now. You had better come up here, you can get plenty up here. This is all this time from your niece.

WAITING FOR THE RAIN.

Clarice Clout, Bellevue, Tumut Plains, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It is a long time since I wrote to you, so I thought I would write a few lines. We were up at Forest Camp for our holidays. Mother was in Sydney at Christmas time. The show will soon be here, and we all hope to be there. Mother is going to help at the tea tent. The corn about here looks very bad now. It is such a long time since we had any rain. We can

BUY GRIFFITHS' TEAS

hardly see the hills for smoke, and I think there must be a very big fire somewhere. The races were on yesterday and to-day. Our school-teacher is going away for a holiday. We do not know who is coming in his place. We have a few apples, but the fowls are eating them. We also have some nice peaches. I noticed that there has not been any photos. in "Grit" lately, but still take great interest in the page. They have a new manager of Wermatong now. His name is Mr. Stacey. The days are very hot now, but the nights are getting cooler. One day last week we took our tea down to the river and enjoyed it very much. There was church over in our Sunday school last Sunday, and we all went. I am learning music now, and like it very well. We are milking two cows now, but do not get very much milk. The sun looks so funny now, Uncle, it is real red, which is caused by the smoke. I go to school every day, and like it very well. Well, dear Uncle, I think I must close. With love.

(Dear Clarice,—So you, like many more, have been waiting for the rain. With all our independence and forgetfulness of God we have to remember Him in our troubles. The only reason why we have had no photos. is because none of your new cousins have sent their pictures. Perhaps this will remind them to do so.—Uncle B.)

PUSSY LIKES NE'S AND NI'S.

Elaine Roddan, "Astolat," Murray-street, Cooma, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—My pussy is getting quite big, and is not so playful. She runs about on the violets or lies on them. I have been sick, and did not go to school. I think this is all, as I have not much news to tell you, so good-bye. I remain, your loving niece.

(Dear Elaine,—Your pussy is just like my ne's and ni's, as they get older they are less playful and write me fewer letters. I suppose I ought not to grumble, but it makes me wish they never grew older.—Uncle B.)

It is easier to acquire a knack than to assert a gift.

Who Shall Tell the Life Story?

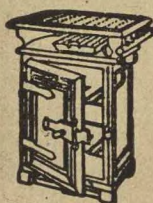
(Continued from Page 2.)

of the sex-question, to all of which the mother's qualification might be made—"You can see them after you are married," except that I am of those who believe that marriage makes more holy beautiful laws and truths which may be reverently taught at any time.

A woman physician told me of a young girl who came to her and said, "I want to know some things. I am willing to pay for your time, and I want you to tell me the truth. I have tried to find out, and I can't—and I must know!" The physician gave her three-quarters of an hour. The next day she was called to the telephone by a very angry mother. "I do not thank you for telling my daughter things that I did not wish her to know!" The physician answered sternly: "Madame, go to your closet and ask God to forgive you for your neglect, and then, low on your knees, thank Him that your daughter came to me!" The girl's fiancée had been trying to teach her some of the things which she had asked the physician to explain, and it was the breaking of the engagement which had excited the mother's wrath, though of course she did not understand.

My little blue and silver-bound book has not yet been returned to me, so I cannot quote from it, but somewhere in its pages is the thought that it is better to tell a child the truth years before it is necessary than to wait five minutes after the seeds of impurity and evil have been sown.

Whether prohibition is right or not, time will tell, but it seems to us beyond question that we have reached a period when we must awaken to the fact that we have been losing our fights because we do not properly understand public sentiment. The American bar-room is looked upon by the average man and woman as a menace to the welfare of society.—Editor, Western Department of Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular.



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ONE SWALLOW MAKES A PANIC.

Little Alice was to speak in public for the first time at a Sunday-school concert. When it came to her turn she arose and walked across the platform very bravely, but being seized with a sudden attack of stage fright she could not find her voice. Something came up in her throat, making her gulp and swallow, but no little poem was forthcoming.

Finally, turning a frightened face to her teacher, she gasped, "I've swallowed my piece."

* * *

THE INVENTION OF RHYMING WORDS leads to some equally amusing results, as may be gathered from the following:—

A silly young fellow named Vaughan,
Who treated his boss with much scaughan,
Now belongs to the clique
Who earn nothing per wique,
And his best clothes are resting in paughan.

A Suffragette preaching in Leicester,
Defied a big crowd to moleicester,
Large musceled, she huseled,
And buseled and tusceled,
Till the force had, perforce, to arreister.

A canny young canner of Cannee
One morning observed to his granny,
"A canner can can
A lot of things, gran,
But a canner can't can a can, can 'e?"

* * *

HIS APPLICATION OF THE LESSON.

"Why, Willie," said the Sunday-school teacher in a pained voice, "have you been fighting again? Didn't you learn in last Sunday's lesson that when you are struck on one cheek you ought to turn the other one to the striker?"

"Yes'm," agreed Willie; "but he hit me on the nose, and I've only got one."

WHEN PA SCORED ONE.

"Pa," said Tommy, asking his fifty-first question that evening, "is a vessel a boat?"

"Well, yes," said pa, trying to read his paper; "you can call a vessel a boat, certainly."

"Well, what kind of a boat is a blood-vessel?"

"A lifeboat, of course. Now run off to bed."

* * *

JUST THE SAME.

"Daughter," said the father, "your young man, Rawlings, stays until a very late hour. Has not your mother said something to you about this habit of his?"

"Yes, father," replied the daughter sweetly, "mother says men haven't altered a bit."

* * *

SHE KNEW.

A teacher had been at great trouble to explain to her class the meaning of the word "notwithstanding," and on asking for a sentence in which the word occurred, was somewhat non-plused to receive the following effort from a blushing maiden of some eight summers and winters:—

"Please, miss, my little brother has a hole in the seat of his trousers, and it's notwithstanding."

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AN OLD GAME.

At a recent meeting of the Church Army Prebendary Wilson Carlile told a story concerning a Royal Army Medical Corps orderly, who was being impressively warned by a nurse before going on night hospital duty, that he must on no account be tempted by the darkness to fall asleep.

"It's all right, miss," he said, with a twinkle in his eye. "There ain't no fear o' that. I was a poacher afore I joined."

* * *

BLUFFING THE CADGER.

"Excuse me, sir," said the seedy one in the hotel lobby, "but though a stranger to me, your face seems familiar. Have you any relatives in Atlanta?"

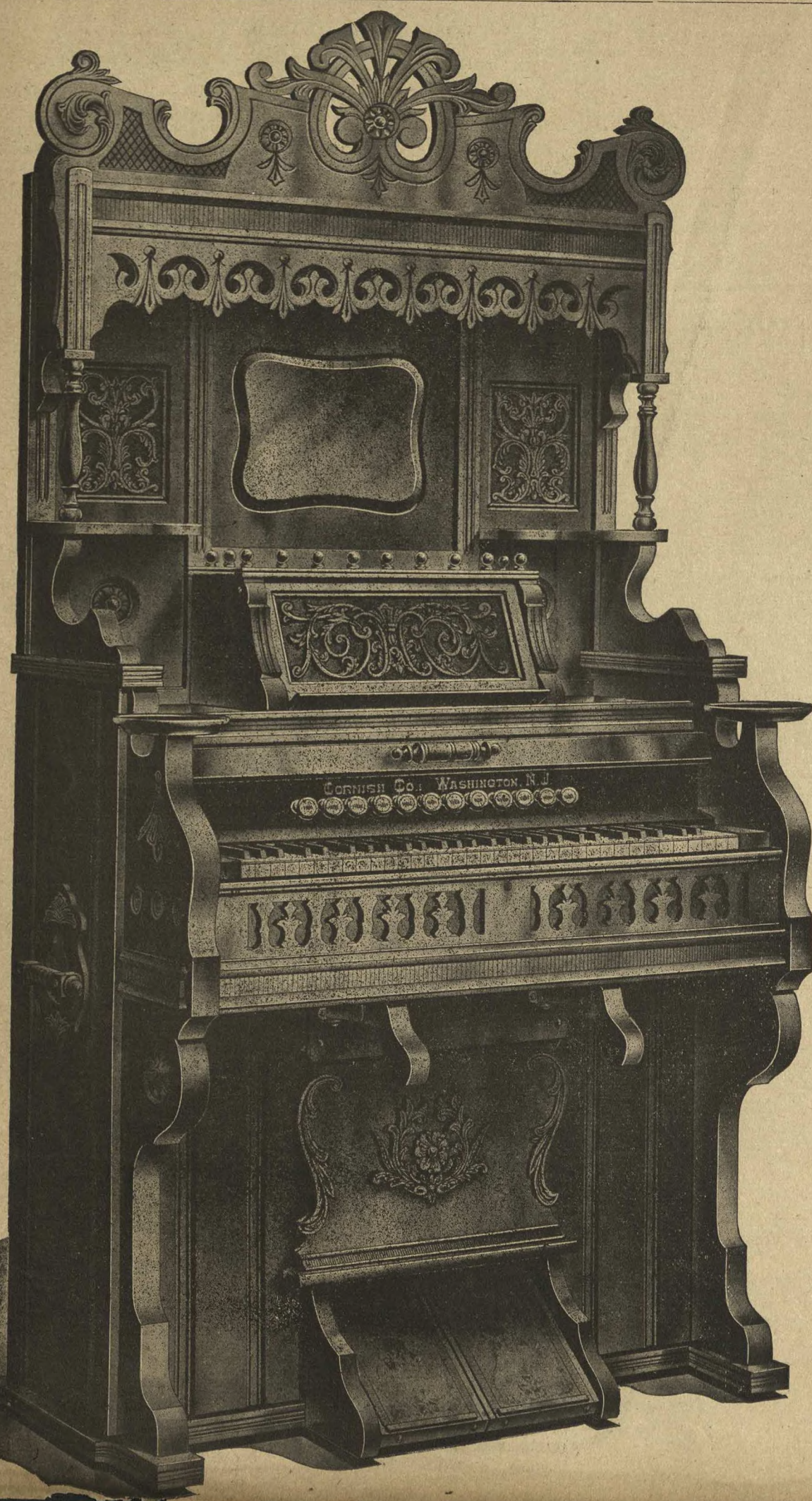
"Not one," was the reply. "Years ago I floated down the Chattahoochee River on a raft, leaving all my relatives behind. The raft was wrecked in a storm and I had to swim ashore, with a forty-pound catfish in tow. I traded the fish for a week's board, put an 'ad' in the 'Lost' column, recovered my wrecked raft and started a lumber-yard." —"Atlanta Constitution."

* * *

THE DIFFERENCE.

When Sister's beau comes Sunday nights
We always turn on all the lights;
And Ma and Pa and Sis and me,
We entertain the company,
He sits across the room from Sis,
Like this.

Our bedtime's nine o'clock, you know
(I just pretend, but do not go);
The lights they seem too strong for him,
And so they turn 'em awful dim;
And he sits on the couch with Sis,
Likethis.



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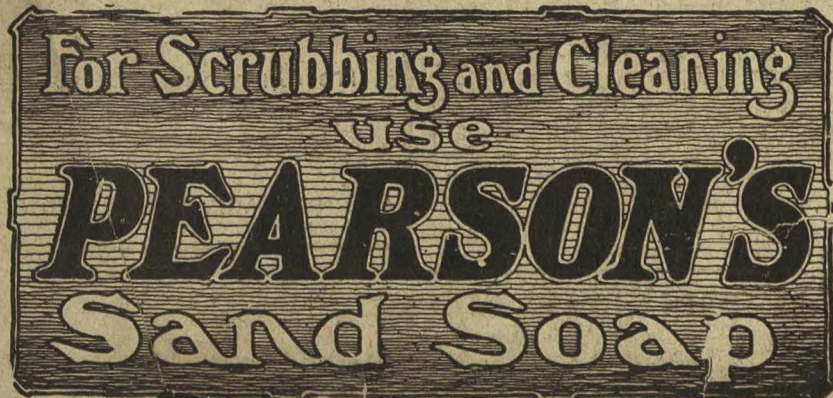
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Something for the Inner Man.

A LETTER TO A MAN WHO HAS GIVEN UP GOING TO CHURCH.

BY THE REV. ALEX. CONNELL, M.A., IN THE "HOME MESSENGER."

My Dear Friend,—I understand that you have given up going to church. I wonder why. I do not insult you by supposing that you have quarrelled with anybody—minister, deacon, or fellow-member. And yet there is nothing more curious in modern life than the fact that a personal squabble, or a spice of jealousy, or a grievance, real or imaginary, often seems to alter, outwardly, at least, some men's entire relation to the universe. Now, the giving of offence is a shame and a crime, but the taking of offence is sheer stupidity, especially when it leads to the snapping of such a tie as Church fellowship. Neither do I credit the suggestion made to me that you have left us because of the music, although people are not sure whether it is because our music is too choral or too congregational. I feel certain that is not the reason. Your sense of humor would forbid your ceasing to worship God in public simply because you had certain views as to a particular church, or choir, or even parish. After all, the world is wide. Men worship the Christian God and receive His Word in many ways. If they persecute you in one city, you can flee unto another. You may have ceased for good enough reason to go to a particular church; but, however good the reason, do not, I beg of you, be so illogical as to allow it to keep you from going to church at all.

THE NATURE WORSHIPPER WHO LIES ABED.

I hope you will not tell me that you have discovered that the Sabbath was made for man, and that the worship of God in Nature is an elevating and august devotion. Frankly that is cant, and it nauseates me. This Nature-worshipping cult, at least, so I have found it, is not unaccustomed to lie abed on Sunday mornings. To this cult church draughts and microbes are the deadliest enemies of afflicted humanity. Again, I appeal to your sense of humor and to your honor. Is it worth while making terms with hypocrisy in order to cover up one's departure from an ancient tradition?

You say that you seriously doubt the whole basis and authority of religion, and you further doubt your own need of it. Now, on your honor, are you sure that is why you have given up this practice? Is this why the few where your father and mother sat knows you no more? Of course, you know that scientific materialism is dead or dying. In a generation, no one with any claim to be called intellectual will dare to hazard a denial of the supernatural. That is the trend of things. You are late in the day with your agnosticism. In fact, you are out of date. There is a lack of responsiveness about these

tuals are feeling after religion, not flinging away from it, and they will find the way back.

CONSIDER WHAT YOU ARE LOSING.

Would it not be franker to confess that you have lost taste for worship, that you are really nowise different from the individual we hear so much of, "the man in the street"? Have you not just grown slack, and lapsed into a dumb yet dissatisfied practical atheism, which has no intellectual basis whatsoever? If this is the case, I am profoundly sorry for it. Perhaps you are not wholly to blame. You may have found the Christian Church unsympathetic in the hour when you most needed sympathy, and seemingly selfish in the day when a real vision of unselfishness might have saved your soul. But surely you remember that Christ is more than His Church. The sympathy and the vision you could have found in Him, and somewhere in His society you could have found a few kindred spirits. But this separation of yours is a tragedy, and I wish you would consider what you are losing. You cannot do without religion. We all have our religious moments. We must worship, if we are to excel; nay, if we are to maintain a tolerably decent level in character and ideal. Much of your life is drab and prosaic. Commercialism and life's fateful grind are depressing and benumbing to the bravest souls. Do you not feel you need to breathe an ampler air than that of the market-place? You need God, like all of us; and, if you need Him, you ought to seek Him. And the way in which men have sought Him for nearly two thousand years, and, by seeking Him have founded strong nations and created great literatures and shaped heroic characters—I say the way in which men have sought Him, under the Christian tradition, has been very largely by the simple practice of going to church. For the promise runs, you remember: "Where two or three are met together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."

THE PERIL OF NEGLECTING CHURCH-GOING.

May I urge another consideration? I am distressed at the perplexity into which you have thrown the younger members of your family. You would not deliberately advise

a younger brother or your own child to enter a Christian church. But the world are they to get over this absurd contrariety between your words and your practice? This revolt of organized religion may be a doom to them. If you take this liberty of license to yourself, can you complain if others prove upon that liberty till it turns to chaos? I tell you what you are doing by your conduct: you are shattering one of the safeguards of the young generation. That with clear conscience, so far as your own conscience you must consider. But I believe you would shrink from anything that would injure the peace of you love. Will you not give up of churchgoing another trial? It is a little trouble to get back to the old way, but it is worth while. It is now we need to stand for the spiritual life in our time. May I call for you to church next Sunday? Sincerely yours,

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