

Grit

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N.S.W. ALLIANCE SPEAKERS' TEAM.

Front Row, seated (left to right).—L. D. Gilmore, Librarian; J. W. Hetherington, Treasurer; O. A. Piggott, Secretary; C. Clifton Wilson, J.P., Leader; James Marion, Gen. Secretary Alliance; Francis Wilson, R. L. Herps.

Back Row (left to right).—J. C. Jones, H. S. Clarke, L. Noeld, W. Sciree, L. Gerret, J. A. Lucas, E. L. Slade-Mallen, S. Grant, H. Morton, W. J. Phillips, W. Payne.

TEMPERANCE REFORM AND THE IDEAL STATE

TWELFTH LEES AND RAPER MEMORIAL LECTURE.

By Dr. JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A.

(Continued from last Issue.)

ALCOHOL AND THE CITIZEN.

Professor Dellbruck, the Professor of History in the University of Berlin, asserts that nothing is more distinctly manifest in history than that the welfare of States depends upon the quality rather than the quantity of their members. Numbers are important, and from that point of view patriots and statesmen are bound to regard alcohol as the foe of their country, for it shortens life,* it diminishes the power to resist disease and to recover from accidents, it vitiates parenthood, and cuts off the resources of the State.

But had as that is, it is not the worst count in the indictment. Alcohol debases the quality as well as reduces the number of our citizens. It destroys character; and character is the factor that makes great States; geographical situation offers advantages, mineral treasures increase the opportunities for advance, climate has its influence; but the best results have been achieved by the nations made up of citizens capable of self-control, cherishing high ideals, and compact with a courage never to submit or yield; and whatever else, not to be overcome. "The Greeks," says the professor, "won in the Persian wars not by the great numbers they could send into the field of war, but by their valor"; and "The Times" adds the illuminating statement that "it was not the quantity, but the quality of their enemies that endangered the freedom of the Greeks, and their merit was to have created such a sufficient organization of citizen forces that they were able to win." Wellington is reported to have said in reply to a question why the English conquered the French that it was because they could stay on the field and fight five minutes longer than their foes. Surely a trade which

*It is no longer a guess that total abstinence is the royal road to longevity. Already the evidence is abundant, and it is increasing day by day. The United Temperance and General Provident Institution says that "The actual deaths in the General Section in 47 years were 92.65 per cent. of the expected deaths; but in the Temperance section they were only 69.78 per cent." The Sceptre Life Association has had a Temperance section since 1864, and it reports for the 28 years, 1884-1911, that the expected deaths in the general section were 3487, and the actual deaths 2779, being a percentage of 79.70; but in the Temperance section only 1283 actual deaths occurred out of an expected 2446, i.e., only a percentage of 52.45. And this statement is more impressive because the Sceptre draws nearly the whole of its assurers from members of Religious bodies, who, if not abstainers, are most abstemious in their habits; so that the contrast set out in the above figures is between moderate drinkers and total abstainers. Again, is anything more eloquent than the fact that thirty-two Insurance Companies give to abstainers a 10 per cent. reduction of rates?

inevitably debases the moral and intellectual qualities of the citizens of a nation and also cuts down their numbers is a plague that, like cholera, consumption, pestilence, famine, and war must be driven out of the land.

EFFECT OF SMALL DOSES OF ALCOHOL.

But to complete this part of my argument I must remind you that science assures us with increasing strength that alcohol taken even in small doses is injurious. Dr. News-holme sums up a long review in the words, "So-called moderate doses of alcohol can be proved experimentally to inflict serious injury, and the experience of insurance offices points in the same direction."†

Dr. McAdam Eccles writes, "A daily moderate dose of alcohol taken in the form of alcoholic drink has a tendency quietly but surely to deteriorate the tissues of the body."‡

Dr. James Ritchie, of Edinburgh, says, "Alcohol even in small quantities perverts the judgment and weakens self-control."‡

Sir Lauder Brunton testifies that alcohol "produces progressive paralysis of judgment, and this begins with the first glass."§

Sir Victor Horsley and Dr. Mary Sturge agree that "In reality we have no proof that a minimum and permissible dose exists at all," and they add that "The man who desires to use his entire force on behalf of himself or his fellow-men can do so best and longest by entirely avoiding alcohol."§

"Perfectly good health," said the late Sir Andrew Clark, "will, in my opinion, always be injured even by small doses of alcohol—injured even in the sense of its perfection of loveliness. I call perfect health the loveliest thing in this world. Now alcohol, even in small doses, will take the bloom off, will injure the perfection of loveliness of health, both mental and moral." But surely I need not add further testimonies. The indictment is overwhelmingly sustained. Alcohol in its smallest doses is the foe of the citizen and of the State. It shortens life. It enfeebles it. It debases it.

Nor is it any longer accepted as a sovereign remedy for any of the diseases of life. It is being displaced more and more. It is off its throne. Hospitals use it less and less. It diminishes a man's chance of recovery from accident by 50 per cent. In 1820 the alcohol given to the patients in Leichestor Royal Infirmary amounted to more than thirteen shillings a patient; in 1910 it had fallen to eightpence.¶

†"Alcohol and the Human Body," by Sir Victor Horsley and Dr. Mary D. Sturge, page 323.

‡"Fifty Doctors against Alcohol," p. 89.

§ Ibid. p. 160.

¶ Ibid. p. 155.

§ "Alcohol and the Human Body."

¶ "Alliance News," Nov. 13th, 1913.

The Leeds General Infirmary tells a similar tale. In 1869 £593 8s. 6d. was spent on 1828 patients, or 6s. 6d. per head. In 1912 8346 inmates cost no more for alcohol than £69 4s. 8d., or 2d. a head.

In short, Metchnikoff, the great scientist, declares that alcohol paralyses the defensive garrison of the body against all microbic agents of disease, that it destroys the guardians of life; that instead of having curative virtues it positively destroys those elements in the blood that act as the sentinels and soldiers of life.

In face of these, and a whole host of similar incontrovertible facts, it is manifest (1) "that true Temperance is total abstinence from alcohol"; (2) that the only really scientific and patriotic policy of the State is to place alcohol in the category of poisons and deal with it in the same way as with strychnine, prussic acid, and the like, and cease altogether from legislating for its sale as a food.

IV.

Keeping this vast mass of evidence in view, I now approach the legislative task of the Temperance reformer along another line.

MAN AND THE SOCIAL ORDER.

(1) It is everywhere taught now that man can only realise himself in society. He is made for it, trained in it as in a succession of schools, and his development is determined by his use of those schools. More than ever his life is explainable by reference to others, and his innermost life is to be understood by its relation to the contents and character of its environment. Apart from it, he cannot be in all respects a man, or be understood as a man. He is not a "discrete entity"; he is a social being, and only in society can personality be won. He is always to be seen in a social "group," in a home, a village, a city, a nation; an organic group of mutually related human beings. He is under social laws. He makes such laws, and his well-being is secured through the discovery of just social laws and his persistent obedience to them. Our cosmic relations are a part of ourselves, and we cannot be shut out of them and live. My brain is open to the general brain system of the world. I cannot discharge my brain functions in isolation from that system. Individual experience is rooted in the wider experience of the social organism. Each set of personal experiences hangs upon and involves other experiences, being, in fact, only a fragment of the larger life of the home and the tribe and the State, which each shares. A State order was here before we came, and will be here when we are gone; we are shaped by it, and at the same time are shaping it by our action or inaction, the evil in it thriving by our negligence, and the good growing by our aspiration and endeavor. Human nature is fundamentally one and the same all the world over; but it varies according as it is developed in different schools; the Chinaman from the Frenchman, the Jap from the Russian, and even the American from the Briton; and though in

(Continued on Page 7.)

A Secret Heritage.

By ANNE GUILBERT MAHON.

"You mean Mildred?"

Mrs. Brett's face paled and her eyes grew big and anxious as they searched the face of her caller.

"It is about your daughter—your adopted daughter," answered the other woman.

"Tell me at once! Don't keep me in suspense," pleaded Mrs. Brett, breathing quickly and with agitation.

"Don't alarm yourself, Mrs. Brett. I am only carrying out a promise I made to Mildred's mother, the only one who could have any claim upon her and who is dead."

Mrs. Brett drew a sharp breath of relief. The color came back into her face.

"Won't you sit down and tell me about it?" she asked, recalling her position as hostess.

The other woman seated herself.

"Have I not seen you before?" asked Mrs. Brett, a puzzled expression on her face. "Your face is familiar."

"Yes," answered the woman. "I have been near you very often. I promised Mildred's mother I would watch over her as much as I could, and I have tried to keep my promise. I could only watch her from a distance, for her mother made me promise that I would not reveal her identity or mine either to you or to her until Mildred had reached a certain age."

A happy smile overspread Mrs. Brett's face as she answered:

"Yes, to-day is her birthday. She is so happy. I should not want anything done to mar it for the world."

"I hope that will not be necessary," answered the other woman gravely. "I shall tell you the story fully and you can use your judgment as to what to tell her and what to keep secret."

"It will be a great relief to me to know," murmured Mrs. Brett. "All these years, since the morning she was left at our door—a little helpless infant—this has been a shadow hanging over my husband and myself, for we never could bear to tell Mildred about her mysterious history. She has always considered herself our own daughter. I don't know how she will take it when she finds out. I had hoped—"

"I understand," answered the other sympathetically. "I know what a good home she has had with you, what a fine girl she has grown to be, how fortunate she was that she came into your hands."

"We have wondered so long. She was such a darling baby, so neatly, even daintily dressed when we found her; and the note pinned on her cloak was such a strange one.

"You mean about the stipulation as to her being brought up in the practice of total abstinence?" asked the other.

Mrs. Brett nodded.

"We thought it strange at the time. My husband and I had not been married more than a year and we were very gay. We belonged to a set of young people who in-

dulged in a perfect round of gaiety, and always had wine on their tables. We had been accustomed to it ourselves, and we thought it nonsensical to be so particular. But, somehow, that note affected us strangely, that request that the baby should be brought up never to touch a drop of liquor and to hate it. Somehow—we grew to love the baby so—it seemed as if we could not even have it on the table, looking into her innocent little face, and—"

"I understand," nodded the other.

"Then we grew to be total abstainers ourselves. For the baby's sake, more than anything else, I looked into the matter and became convinced. Our friends laughed at us, but, somehow, we just could not go back into the old ways after that. And oh!" added Mrs. Brett earnestly, "you don't know how thankful I am now for that influence in our lives. And my husband and I have often been thankful that we escaped, and were led to stop just at the time we did. That is only one of the blessings which Mildred brought to us. It seems as if her whole life had been one blessing after another to us."

"Her mother would be so happy if she could hear you say that—would be so happy if she could see her—"

"Tell me about her," asked Mrs. Brett softly.

"She had a reason—a vital reason—for wishing her baby brought up free from any influence of liquor, for the poor little child's life was strangely cursed by it. Her father died a drunkard two weeks before Mildred was born. Mildred's mother was a sweet girl. I knew her well, knew her from a child—but she was weak. Her husband's death almost killed her, and when she finally recovered she was in such a state of nervous collapse that she was hardly able to take care of her baby. The doctor prescribed wine as a tonic, and, although she could ill afford it, the poor woman came to depend on it. She knew the terrible effects, had seen the results in her husband's life, and she always meant to stop the habit before it got to be too much for her; but the poor thing had to work, and her strength was so slight that she got, unconsciously, into the habit of taking a drink before beginning any task—to strengthen herself for it, so she said. She was greatly to be pitied."

The woman stopped and wiped her eyes, then went on brokenly:

"As I said, she was always rather weak, and in time, when Mildred was nearly a year old, she realised that the habit was growing too strong for her. We talked with her and reasoned with her, and when she was herself she would promise us that she would never taste another drop, and would be penitent and anxious to reform, but the temptation was too much for her. I want you to know that Mildred's parents were

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CATALOGUE SENT FREE.



both fine young people—and would have remained fine young people—if it had not been for this demon of drink, which overpowered them. Now, do you see why her mother was anxious for Mildred to be brought up as a total abstainer?"

"I do, indeed," responded Mrs. Brett heartily.

"One day she came to me," continued the woman; "I was then working as house-keeper for a family in the country. She told me that she had made up her mind she could not reform. She told me that she realised that the habit was too strong for her, that her baby was not getting the care it should, and, although it almost killed her to do it, she was going to provide for the baby elsewhere. I begged her to tell me where she was going to put the baby, what she was going to do with it, but on this point she was firm. I never knew until afterward, when she was dying and sent for me, just what she had done with it."

"Did she go to the home for inebriates?"

"No, poor thing! She never reached there. After she left the baby on your doorstep she was tempted to take a drink. When she was dying she sent for me and told me what she had done with the baby, and begged me, as far as I could, to watch over the little one and see that she grew up to be a good, pure girl and strictly temperate. When Mildred reached twenty-one she wished me to come and tell you, and to say that you could do as you thought best about telling her about her real parentage."

There was deep silence for several minutes after the woman ceased speaking.

"I scarcely know —" began Mrs. Brett. "Mildred is so happy in the thought that she is our child. It is such a terrible his-

(Continued on Page 10.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

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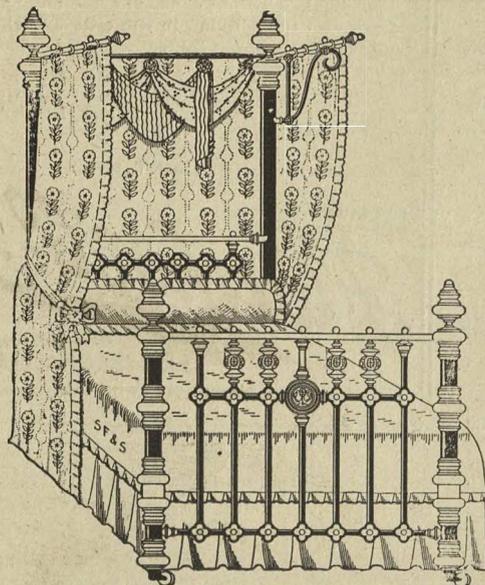
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New South Wales Alliance.

STATE COUNCIL MEETING.

The first meeting in 1914 of the State Council was held on Monday afternoon, there being a large attendance of members present. The President occupied the chair, and drew attention to the resolution of the Political Labor League in favor of having the question of State control submitted to the electors at the next election. Needless to say, the Alliance will resist any attempt to bring citizens into co-partnership with the liquor business.

ACTING PRESIDENT.

In view of the departure of the President for Great Britain, Rev. R. B. S. Hammond was unanimously appointed acting president until the end of the present financial year.

FINANCIAL APPEAL.

The Treasurer pointed out the urgency of wiping off the campaign liability as of first importance. The Council decided upon a special "give or collect" campaign to raise £500 by March 31st. Cards have been printed, and every member of the State Council has been authorised to collect funds. Many of our "Grit" readers who are in hearty sympathy with the Alliance would probably feel disposed to help as indicated. The country districts could render valuable help. If 250 of our friends outside of Sydney gave or collected £1 each it would mean raising half the amount required.

THE PRESIDENT'S SEND-OFF.

This has been arranged for Feby. 20th at

4 p.m., and will be held in the Young Women's Christian Association Hall, Castle-reagh-st.

As we have not the addresses of many of the older workers and supporters of the Alliance, who would like to be present at the send-off, we shall be pleased to hear of anyone desiring to attend in order that invitations may be sent them.

AUSTRALIAN TEMPERANCE CONFERENCE.

The agenda for the conference to be held in Adelaide, March 21 to 27, is to hand. The delegates will receive a civic reception on the morning of their arrival. On Sunday visiting preachers will occupy various pulpits, and a large open-air meeting will be held in the Botanic Gardens on the Sunday afternoon. The following is a list of subjects set down for discussion:—

Juvenile Temperance Training.
Scientific Temperance Teaching.
Legislation State Option, Local Option,
The Democratic Majority, Early Closing,
Barmaids, Nationalization, Licensing Benches.

On the question of organizing and cam-

paigning, several matters will be introduced concerning a National Temperance Bureau. Australian Temperance Handbook, Australian Weekly Temperance Paper, financing, detail organizing, publicity, Federal organization. On the last day of the conference, the delegates will be the guests of the Government in a charabanc excursion in the hills.

DUBBO APPEAL.

The decision of the Licensing Bench at Dubbo in granting a license to the Fitzroy Hotel, a delicensed house, has been appealed against, and will come up for further consideration at the next sitting of the Quarter Sessions at Dubbo.

NEW ZEALAND GREETINGS.

As showing the interest in our recent poll, the following letter has been received by the President from Rev. Alex. Miller, convener of Temperance Committee, Presbyterian Church of N.Z.:—

"The Manse, Evendale,

"Auckland, 27/1/14.

"My Dear Archdeacon Boyce,

"I have pleasure in forwarding herewith copy of resolution passed at the meeting of the General Assembly of our Church last month. We should have liked to see one or two districts carry No-License. But we rejoice in the measure of success obtained, and in the fact that this will mean the closing of a considerable number of drinking bars in the near future. We wish you continued and increasing success in your war against the drink evil.

"We are getting ready for our great campaign in preparation for the poll in December next, from which great things are expected. The sentiment in favor of National Prohibition is, I believe, stronger than ever before. The recent strike troubles have helped this in various ways, and with the probability that the effective majority will be reduced from 60 per cent. to 55 per cent. our hopes run high. Ever yours faithfully."

The resolutions were as follows:—

"That the Assembly congratulates the friends of Temperance Reform in New South Wales upon the measure of success obtained in the recent No-License Poll."

"The Assembly also congratulates the Temperance Party and the Presbyterian Church in Canada upon the splendid victory gained for Prohibition at the recent polling, Ontario."

"That a copy of the foregoing resolution be sent to our friends in New South Wales and in Canada."

At Lara, the Inebriate Hospital for men, 127 men were treated during 1912; 96 were Australians, 77 had College educations.

WINE IS A NECESSITY

Procure it in bottles or cases from the

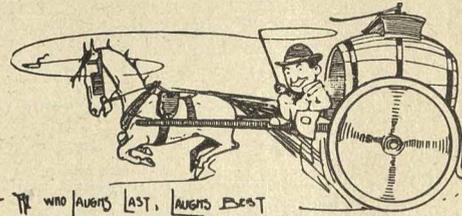
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“COMMENTS OF
 THE MAN ON THE
WATER WAGGON.”

— THE WHO LAUGHS LAST, LAUGHS BEST

THE SAME OLD CROWD.

The Liquor people are ever the same—their tastes identical. We append an extract from the Saginaw (U.S.A.) “Daily News,” which makes interesting reading, as it suggests a pretty parallel to the faked photo of empty bottles in New Zealand. When you have a bad case it takes a lot of bolstering up, and needs the employment of men without any character but an atrocious one.

Read this little extract and you will find, my Friend, as pretty a little picture of Satan in motion as you are ever likely to see at a moving-picture show. Extract Saginaw “Daily News,” December 19, 1913:—

“SIGN WET PETITION IN CHURCH CELLAR.

“Members of Chester Congregation Threaten to Enjoin Somebody.

“(Special to ‘The Daily News.’)

“Charlotte, Michigan, December 19.—The story of how the committee working for the liquor interests in Eaton County secured so many signatures in Chester township is making that township the laughing stock of the State, for many of the signatures were obtained in the basement of the township church while the members of the congregation were clearing the house of worship.

“The smooth-tongued representative of liquor interests entered the church where a number of men were at work, and had them write their names one after another. Now those same church members’ signatures are to be seen all over the country, where the petitions are posted.

“Legal action is threatened by the Chester Church members to prevent the board of supervisors from taking action on the petitions at the January term, and it is proposed that the Chesterites go before the supervisors in a body and demand that their names be stricken from the petitions on the ground that they were obtained fraudulently.”

THE POLICEMAN'S LOT.

He would be a brave man who would claim that the policeman is overpaid—or even adequately remunerated—if he didn't get hurt, he should. The “John,” as the larrikins call him, for less than the wages of an artisan by far, undertakes the most

important duties. He regulates the traffic—watches criminals—takes charge of all accidents, minor and major—settles street disputes—warns Chidley he musn't stop and harangue the crowd—and generally guards the citizen's freedom from unwelcome intrusion. One would naturally think that for these duties he would be well paid—but such is far from the case. Of all men he is most liable to temptation—mark that well—for his very freedom of action provides a danger. Does he feel like hitting the prisoner over the head when he puts him in his cell—well, it is a certainty the magistrate won't believe the prisoner when he complains. The magistrate cannot well do so, for it would mean a long list of lying stories from almost every other prisoner, so the policeman gets the benefit of the doubt.

Again, how about relieving the prisoner of his money—he won't be sober enough to miss it till morning, and then will reflect that he sat for an hour in Hyde Park at midnight. Could he expect to find his money? Surely no? This is not, Readers, a reflection in any sense upon the force, but only a little reminder of what unique opportunities for evil-doing present themselves to our constables. Are they sufficiently well paid to make them resist these inclinations? Do we offer sufficient inducement to secure the right class of man—that is the question.

It is assuredly our opinion that we do not.

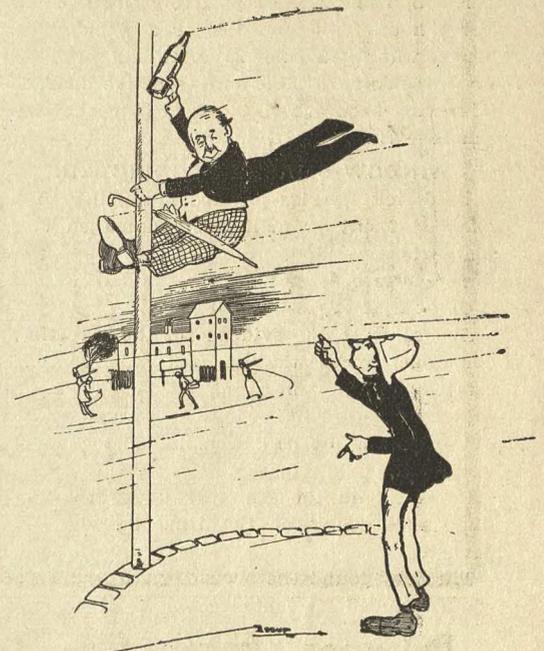
The police are miserably underpaid and overworked. They are harassed with red tape, and expected to maintain the mental poise of a Supreme Court judge. Hardly able to make ends meet at the present season of high prices, they are tempted daily to secure perquisites at almost no risk whatever.

To their tender care the “drunk” is left when they have been so long on duty as to be irritable and peevish.

The asinine gathering of the former gets on the latter's nerves, and well it might. Small wonder if the constable's treatment is not over gentle. It is all very well for people to talk of harsh treatment who have never experienced the luxury of piloting a frenzied alcoholic through a hostile crowd to the police station. “Gritites”—can you expect to get models of self-control in the

force when you want too much work for too little money.

It is unfair—is it not? Let some of us see to it that representations are made in the proper quarter.



RIDING OUT THE GALE.

Constable: “Come down! You're drunk!”
 Drunk: “Not 'tall, old sport; jus' ridin' comfortable at (hic) anchor.”

“RAISING THE WIND.”

The very high wind which blew on Wednesday last was responsible for a good deal of damage being done to property, but it also furnished excuses for the appearance of at least two men in the police courts. One man, who was charged with drunkenness, said that he was perfectly sober when arrested, and what the constable mistook for a sign of inebriety was caused by him being blown about the street by the wind. The excuse was not convincing, notwithstanding its originality, and the man was convicted. In another case, a policeman caught a man in the act of searching a drunken man's pockets, and when interrogated by the officer he said that he was searching for a handkerchief, so that he could wipe the dust from the man's eyes, as he had been out in the high wind. Mr. Smithers, S.M., before whom the case was heard at the Central Police Court, remarked that what the accused was evidently doing was attempting “to raise the wind,” and found him guilty.—“Daily Telegraph.”

PASS “GRIT” ON.

Under Strict Supervision.

"BY THEIR FRUITS SHALL YE JUDGE THEM."

The Result of a Vote for Continuance.

GAY LIFE AT GLEBE.

Stella Roufstopolas, aged 34 years, and Augustus Havee, aged 26, made things lively in Glebe-road, Glebe, on Friday. Roufstopolas was at the Glebe Police Court to-day charged with being drunk and using indecent language in the thoroughfare named, for which she was respectively fined 5s. or three hours' jail, and 15s. or a week's jail. Havee was fined 5s. or 24 hours' jail, and 15s. or a week's hard labor on respective charges of having been drunk and used indecent language.—"Sun," 27/1/14.

WINDOW-SMASHER CONVICTED.

Frederick Purkiss pleaded not guilty to a charge of having maliciously damaged two plate-glass windows, the property of Alexander M'Intosh Fischer, to the amount of £40, at Sydney, on December 11.

According to the evidence of the arresting constable, when the accused was remonstrated with for breaking the windows he said that he did it because he wanted to be put in jail, as he had been unable to obtain work.

Purkiss said that he was under the influence of drink at the time he did the damage.

The jury found the accused guilty, and he was remanded for sentence.

FOUND GUILTY.

William Willis was charged with unlawfully endeavoring to break and enter the warehouse of James Pemell and others at Sydney on December 14, with intent to steal.

The accused pleaded not guilty, and conducted his own case.

It was stated on behalf of the Crown that two policemen surprised the accused while he was apparently endeavoring to force an entrance to Pemell's premises in Engine-street. One of the constables said that he saw a "jemmy" in the accused's hand, while the other one stated that he heard a sound as if such an implement had been dropped. When searched, a piece of wire and a nail were found in the accused's pockets, and he refused to give any explanation regarding them. The accused, when arrested, was holding a bottle of rum, and appeared to have been drinking heavily.

Willis, in defence, said that he had not seen the "jemmy" until one of the policemen showed it to him. His reason for going to the back of Pemell's premises was that he wanted to have a sleep. The nail and the piece of wire he used for drawing corks.

When the Crown Prosecutor suggested that the wire could be used for picking a

lock, the accused said that he knew nothing about locks. He followed the occupation of a lead-burner, but owing to lead-poisoning he had not worked for some time. He admitted that there were previous convictions recorded against him.

The jury convicted Willis, and he was remanded for sentence.—"Herald," 21/1/14.

FIGHT IN A WINE BAR.

During a disturbance in a wine bar last night, Dan Creedon, of Glenmore-road, Paddington, was struck on the head with a bottle. He fell unconscious and was taken to the Sydney Hospital, where Dr. Featherston inserted 10 stitches in a wound across the right side of the forehead.—"Daily Telegraph," 29/1/14.

AN EXPENSIVE FROLIC.

Rudolph Anderson went into one of Sargent's shops on Friday night when under the influence of drink, and, after using bad language, damaged a pair of scales. At the Water Police Court yesterday Mr. Clarke, S.M., fined him 10s., ordered him to pay £4 4s. amount of damage done and 21s. costs, or go to jail for two months.—"Daily Telegraph," 29/1/14.

SUICIDE.

Alice Jane Griffiths (27) died in the Sydney Hospital on January 21 from the effects of poisoning. The City Coroner was told yesterday morning that deceased who had lived at Playfair-street, Sydney, was seen under the influence of drink a few minutes prior to taking the poison. A verdict of suicide was recorded.—"Daily Telegraph," 29/1/14.

STABBED WITH A POCKET-KNIFE.

At the police court this morning, Mohamid Tidus, a seaman, was charged with assaulting Thomas Hood, at North Stockton, on January 31 last. Hood, in giving evidence, said that accused sold him nine tomatoes for 2s. Accused was under the influence of liquor at the time. He chased Hood, and stabbed him three or four times in the back with a pocket-knife. The magistrate fined accused £10, with £3 2s. costs, in default four months' imprisonment.—"Herald."

FINED FOR SLY GROG-SELLING.

Ethel Davis, aged 30 years, was charged at the Central Police Court with selling beer without being the holder of a proper liquor license.

Constable Clifford, of the Redfern Police Depot, said that Constable McKnight gave him some money and certain instructions. He then went with a man whom he did not



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TEL.: PAD. 111.

TRY OUR STEAM-MADE BREAD.

know to 321 Crown-street, arriving there about 8 p.m. He knocked at the door, and the accused opened it and said, "Come inside." He went into the front room, which was a bedroom, and asked for a drink. The woman said: "I do sell beer. I have been doing so for these last four years. But you have got to be very careful, as the police are pretty hot just now. But I don't think they are shrewd enough to catch me, as they have failed on several previous occasions." After that the accused said, "But you seem alright. I think I can trust you. I will sell you as much as you want." Witness ordered three bottles of beer, saying he was not particular about the brand. They drank two. The accused said, "You will know where to come for a drink any time you want it." Witness went to No. 3 Police Station and handed the remaining bottle of beer to Plain-Clothes Constable McKnight.

A fine of £30 was inflicted, in default four months' jail.

THE PRINCIPAL CAUSE OF RUIN.

Judge Rogers drew attention at the Parramatta Quarter Sessions to the number of men came before him on various charges, most of them explaining that their downfall was due to drink. "All these cases seem to be due to drink," said Judge Rogers; "it is a marvel to me why men don't let the drink alone." The case in question was where an English gentleman had issued a cheque for £1000, the cheque being valueless. Before sentencing him to five separate sentences of six months each, the judge expressed his personal sorrow that a man should have fallen so far below his usual social state.

In another case the defendant pleaded that he was drunk when he committed a certain offence. "That's alright," said the judge, "but we have to protect the public from the actions of the people who are drunk. You are sentenced to twelve months' hard labor."—"The Cumberland Times."

TWO YOUNG FELLOWS.

William Farrington, aged 21, and John Purcell, were, at the Newtown Police Court to-day, charged with riotous behaviour. It was stated by the police that early last night Purcell was being taken away from an hotel at Petersham when he struck Farrington. The two men then had a fight for a few minutes. Purcell was fined 10s. or seven days' gaol, and Farrington 1s., or one hour's gaol.—"Sun," 28/1/14.

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Temperance Reform and the Ideal State.

(Continued from Page 2.)

our day there is a wonderful "pooling" of all the results of these various educations, yet we have a long way to travel before the different effects of the different trainings will entirely disappear.

Therefore it is now an axiom of human life, accepted by reasoning beings everywhere, that the social order, the arrangements of our communal life, the laws and customs of a nation should be so framed that the individual citizen will be put in a position where he can best realise himself, achieve the highest personal character, and render the maximum of good service to the State.

THE STATE AND THE INDIVIDUAL.

(2) For the State exists for the individual, and acts for him in acting for itself, with a view to making his life free and full and strong and happy. Its business is to facilitate as far as possible by restraints and limitations, institutions, and inspirations, by the laws it enacts and the customs it fosters, the cultivation of moral personality and individual serviceableness to the whole commonwealth. Aristotle teaches that the State is formed "not only to make life possible, but to make life good"; it exists not only that "men may live, but that they may live well." William von Humboldt taught that the State, with all its laws and institutions and organizations is but "the scaffolding for the building of a man"; and Emerson affirms that "the greatest enterprise in the world for splendour and for extent is the up-building of a man." Amiel describes the State as "an ideal moral power, forming the character, developing the abilities, and calling out the energies of its members in a common service." Simonides figures it as "man's schoolmaster," and though we rarely think of it, it is, when at its best, a social machine for carrying out a highly organized and marvellous system of education constructed to secure the most perfect forms of personal and civic life, and to provide for a progress of personal character to higher and fuller personal character. In that spirit, pericles, speaking of Athens, declared "Our whole polity is a school for Greece."

Perhaps the finest description of the purpose of the State is the beautiful picture of the aims and ideals of the Jewish Commonwealth given in the 144th Psalm, in which ye see "the sons" of the State "as plants" rooted in the rich soil of the Hebrew forest, carefully cultivated and diligently protected from blight, and from the ravages of war; and "the daughters" clad with beauty, lovely

to look upon, and strong "as the corner-stones of a palace" to bear the stresses of the walls. That picture was not drawn from imagination; it was fact. Slowly were the Jews formed into a brotherhood, inspired by a beautiful "considerateness" for one another, and dominated by the love of righteousness and justice. The ideals of its legislation were intensely human, and brotherly considerateness was obligatory. Men were bound not to hurt one another; they were linked in kinship, and must not only protect each other from peril but do nothing that would cause another to fall. They must guard one another. There was a real solidarity in life. All life was moralised. Moral responsibility was never lost sight of. Lands, buildings, farms, were agents of moral culture and instruments for fostering brotherhood.* All was shaped to create those conditions in which each Hebrew might best realise himself, freely cultivate and perfect his powers, add to his values for the Commonwealth, and so carry out the plan of God for himself and the people. Thus the State which grows up naturally and inevitably out of the necessities and desires of its citizens has for its supreme function the furthering of each citizen's interests, the development of his character, and the increase of his total worth to society by means of its laws and administration, its institutions and ideals, its acts and its atmosphere. He himself should be struggling towards that goal; and it is a struggle—yea, a tremendous climb, for, as Fichte says, "Selfhood is an endless seeking to be a self" or in the current speech of the hour it is an effort to achieve personality, to build character, to perfect the equipment required by the fullest service to the social order. And accordingly that political order reaches the nearest to the ideal State, as suggested by the thinkers just quoted, which (1) removes all hindrances out of the pilgrim's path, (2) surrounds him with a social atmosphere charged with noble civic purpose, and (3) nourishes through its Government the sense of brotherhood, the obligation to altruism, and the duty of personal service; or, in other words, facilitates the formation and choice of the best ideas and ideals of life.

REALITY OF IDEAS AND IDEALS.

(3) For ideas and ideals make our real world. They are our invisible but most powerful kings. Great ideals carry with them an informing life-giving and developing influence. They have a momentum of their own. They are dynamic. They are the seeds of the harvest of progress. They prevent energy from becoming egotism, the monotony of the plains hiding the light and glory of the hills, the prosaic details of duty

*Psalm 144, v. 11, 12; Leviticus 25, v. 14, 17.

from quenching enthusiasm, and plodding from losing the fresh glow of noble passion. The useful citizen is an idealist. He sees into the life of things, endures as seeing the invisible, and works with invincible faith and undespairing heroism on behalf of what he sees. George Eliot makes Dorothea Causaubon say in a letter: "I have a belief that by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil, widening the skirts of light, and making the struggle with darkness narrower." And it is an old and universal belief that "As a man thinks in his heart, so is he"; and so he acts as a citizen of the world. The ideals may be dim and elusive or hidden by subsidiary interests; but they are still operative according to their character, and form the most important single factor in the success or failure of the individual and of the State. Of course, the State does not actually create our ideals. We do that, but it supplies the materials out of which they are formed. The spirit and traditions of the family, of the public school, of art and literature, of customs and rites, of churches, Town Councils, and Parliaments, and not least, of the laws and their administration, offer the stuff on which we think, and by which our choices are materially affected; those very choices on which turn the suffering or prosperity, the retrogression or the advance of the social world in which we act; and by all this political environment we as Wordsworth sings,

"Build up the being that we are."

We start from our place in the racial history be it bad or good; we take up our inheritance in the larger life around us, and elect the part we play in shaping the future of mankind.

DRINK QUESTION A PROBLEM OF IDEAS.

(4) And what that part is, and what our aims are, depend to a far greater extent on the Government under which we live than most of us are aware, and this especially as to our attitude towards the trade in intoxicating liquors. For at bottom the drink question is a problem of ideas, and Governments are the patrons and distributors of ideas. At first blush it looks as though the drink habit were a matter of taste or appetite or social vogue, and no doubt these factors enter into the problem; but if we go

(Continued on Page 10.)

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1914.

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LIFE IN PROHIBITION KANSAS IS LONG.

A comparison of the mortality figures in Kansas, Massachusetts, and the country as a whole, reveals the fact that the dry Jayhawkers live just a little longer in the land than their wet cousins. If you live in the prohibition State and are ten years of age, you may expect to stay here 56.85 years. If you are a citizen of Massachusetts, your expectation will be 54.13, and the average expectation over the nation as a whole, according to the American Experience Mortality Table, is only 48.73. The same ratio holds all the way down the table, Kansans having just a little further to go. Buttermilk and beer seem to have directly contrary effects upon the thread of life.

A personal chat with my readers

WHICH HAVE YOU LOST

In his "Nine Sermons," just published, the Rev. Frederick Harper, rector of Hinton-Waldrest, tells a lovely story about a shepherd in a mountainous region of Scotland.

One awful winter night of sleet, and snow, and frost, the sheep were out, and the shepherd was afraid they would succumb to the severity of the weather. He could not sleep at home, and so went out to seek his sheep. He found them, and succeeded in bringing them home, but three of his fingers were so badly bitten by that night's exposure that he lost them.

A while after, a minister, in conversation with the shepherd, noticed that one hand lacked some fingers, and asked the reason. The shepherd told his artless tale.

"But," said the minister, "your neighbor lost no fingers."

"No," said the shepherd, "but he lost seven sheep."

It has been truly said, "There is no gain except by loss," and the problem of life always seems to me to be one of relative values. The pleasures of sin are real, but they are only for a brief season; the service of Christ is often a lonely toil, but the joy of it never fades, and the reward is out of all proportion to the merit. It might be said of many a parson, "he lost no sleep, but he lost half his congregation." It is true of many a parent that they missed no pleasure, but they had no time to cultivate the friendship of their children. They lost no social prestige, but they lost a child.

CHILDREN'S PLEASURES.

I love to give children a good time. I am sure that a reasonable amount of pleasure is necessary for children. I count it neither waste of time nor money to provide children with wholesome fun. The great danger is that the children are always looking over the fence and wanting to get into the other paddock where the grass looks so green and no danger, or harm, or wrong is to be perceived. The problem is where to put up the fence. Amusements are so plentiful, and many of them so good, that it is quite unpardonable for parents to be easy going in the matter, and not to have a definite limit to be firmly imposed upon the children. I know, and therefore I say, unhesitatingly, that there are thousands of young fellows who have no more morals than a dog and no more manners than a bear. They hang round places of entertainment, and unattended girls are irresistibly attractive to them, and they have many methods of picking up acquaintance

without giving any cause for alarm. Oh, mothers, believe me, your girl needs a little care and a little restraint, no matter how good a girl she is, and you must think for her and decide for her if you are going to do the right thing by the most precious gift that God ever bestows—your child.

I have received the following letter:—
A TEMPERANCE MAN MYSELF.

"Having received "Grit" for some time, and having not ordered the paper, I presume it was sent just for distribution which I have done. I am a temperance man myself and don't require reminding of the curse of the public houses. If, on the other hand, I am required to pay, which I don't think would be fair, please stop the paper."

Some one has been kind enough to send this gentleman "Grit," and it has produced the letter we print. I note that he proclaims himself a "temperance man who does not need reminding of the curse of the public house." A temperance man who does not need a temperance paper is on the same footing as a Christian who does not need sermons or even a Bible, a Labor man who does not need a Labor paper, a lover who does not need a letter or a photo of his beloved. A temperance man who has no desire to bring others to his way of thinking and thus remove what he deprecates is surely what the Yankees would call a "queer duck," and there can be no better way of winning converts than by the picture-story facts and articles the paper contains. A cause cannot progress in this century without a paper, and no paper can live unless taken and paid for by those who approve of all it aims at. The paper was evidently sent by some one who believed that a "temperance man" was the right person to appreciate and take the only weekly temperance paper in the Southern Hemisphere.

"If I am required to pay please stop the paper." This sentiment is fairly common, and is not, I am certain, limited to the ranks of temperance men, but it is so mean that I feel it has only to be looked at squarely to bring an effective condemnation. The man who does not believe in a cause enough to read its progress, pay a penny a week for its paper, win the interest of someone else, may call himself what he likes, but he cannot complain if others smile at his professions and are discouraged by his attitude.

The Editor

The N.S.W. Alliance Speakers' Team.

In discussing the effective methods of reaching the electors with facts and arguments on the No-License question, it is now generally recognised that climatic conditions make possible much useful work in the open-air.

Experience has also revealed the fact that thousands of people will condescend to stand for two hours and listen to open-air addresses who would never enter a public hall, no matter how attractive the speaker or how comfortably they could be seated.

Again, in large towns and cities it costs nothing for a site from which an address can be given, nothing for advertising, and thus removes the necessity for a collection to defray expenses.

At such meetings opponents of No-License often interject, much to the help of a good outdoor speaker. This intensifies interest, attracts a still larger audience, until such meetings, unadvertised in any way, have often been attended by 1000 people.

It was the great value of open-air work as a means of advancing the No-License cause that brought about the formation of the Alliance Speakers' Team. The first meeting was held in March of last year, and was convened by Mr. J. Marion, General Secretary of the Alliance. The team was formed that night, with about 18 members. The following officers were elected:—Leader, Mr. C. Clifton Wilson, J.P.; secretary, Mr. O. A. Piggott; treasurer, Mr. J. W. Hetherington. It was decided to have a fortnightly meeting for the purpose of training, by means of debates and lectures, and to devote as much other time as possible to open-air work.

In the few months preceding the poll no less than 150 meetings were held and ad-

ressed by members of the team, quite a number of the members showing such an intelligent grasp of the question and evincing such ability as to single them out for special appointments, which they filled not only in the city, but in the country districts.

In addition to speaking, the team distributes literature at its meetings, and in this way thousands of leaflets were circulated during the campaign, the "Member for Bung," a reprint from the "Brisbane Worker," being one that the team specially circulated, and out of the team's own funds, to which the members subscribe liberally, much of the literature was paid for.

After the elections were over the members met and decided to continue its work. At the fortnightly meetings discussions on parliamentary lines are being held, the subjects being the Liquor Act, the local option provisions being taken clause by clause. In this way members are getting a thorough grasp of the existing Act, and amendments are suggested and vigorously debated. A few of the members take up the liquor side for debating purposes, and occasionally the "House" divides. Mr. C. Clifton Wilson, team leader, makes an admirable "Speaker."

The members of the team are a united and happy family, who not only appreciate the opportunity of working for temperance reform, but recognise that the training and education for public usefulness in such a practical way is a distinct advantage.

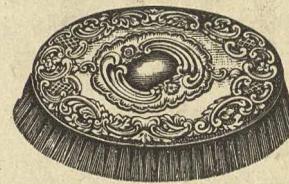
An effort is to be made to gain new members during the coming year. The membership fee is 3d. per week. All particulars may be obtained from the secretary, Mr. O. A. Piggott, "Cora Lynn," Robert-street, Camperdown.

better still, in the larger schools unite their classes and secure an expert to give scientific instruction to the whole school. All workers should be armed with Sir Victor Horsley and Dr. Sturge's work, "Alcohol and the Human Body," and Edwards' "Proving Our Case," which is commended by Prof. Sims Woodhead. The magic lantern should be made to play an important part during the coming three years, especially in open-air work, for it is in the street that you can alone reach "the man in the street," and he is the man you want.

I should be very glad to place myself at the disposal of workers for work of the abovenamed nature, to take an occasional gospel temperance mission of, say, three days' duration. I hope that others will endeavor to devote some time in the same direction. I should be glad to hear from interested clergy and workers.—Yours, etc.,

H. F. L. PALMER.

The Rectory, Denham Court,
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GOOD TEMPLAR NOTES.

The Metropolitan District Lodge is making a great effort to extend its operations, and thereby create and foster temperance sentiment. The District Organizer is endeavoring to bring absolutely new blood into the Order whilst forming new lodges, several being in process of formation with this in view.

Bro. J. A. Lucas, late No-License organizer at Petersham, writing to a member of the order from on board the R.M.S. "Orvieto," says: "You will be interested to hear that there is a branch of the I.O.G.T. on this boat, and it is called the first Orient Lodge of Good Templars. I have attended two meetings, and there has been an attendance of 17 on each occasion. At the first meeting two new members were initiated, and last Saturday night one more was added to our cause, and to-night, which is the usual meeting night, two more are to be initiated. I have been asked to give a lecture at an early date on "What Prohibition is and what it is accomplishing." These young fellows are a fine band of workers and very much in earnest, and the meetings they hold are full of useful business. No frivolity is permitted: the cause is ever first." Bro. Lucas is going to study the liquor problem in the prohibition areas in U.S.A. He will also visit England.

It is reported that Br. W. L. Finlayson, M.H.R., is likely to visit Sydney at an early date. Meetings will doubtless be arranged.

"The time will come," thundered a suffragist orator, "when women will get a man's wages." "Yes," sadly muttered a man on the rear seat, "next Saturday night!"

EDUCATE! EDUCATE

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,—All must agree with the project of raising a fund for the dissemination of education by the printed page. It should not be a great task to get a thousand to contribute or collect £1, even if 200 could not be got to send £5 to the fund. I hope to be one of the former number.

But there are other means of education also which must not be neglected. These three years should be filled with earnest work in the shape of "old-fashioned" temperance effort, gospel temperance missions, etc. More particularly should temperance work in the schools be done, for it is from the growing intelligence of the rising generation that we are to hope for future victory. Pledge-signing among the children should be pressed forward, and Band of Hope work attended to. The clergy might well give a quarterly or half-yearly temperance lesson in the public schools to their classes; or,

A Secret Heritage

(Continued from Page 3.)

tory—such a sad heritage. I hate to darken her happy young life with its shadow—”

“I feel the same way,” agreed the woman. “It would, as you say, affect her whole life, and perhaps it would do no good. Her mother wished it to be just as you thought best.”

“Mildred is a great worker in the Young People's Society. She helps with the Loyal Legion, too. She is as strong for temperance as any one could possibly be.”

“That would make her mother so happy,” murmured the woman.

She rose to go.

There was a swift step in the hall and a fair, fresh-looking young girl with big, startled brown eyes in which were traces of recent tears, came into the room.

“I heard—” she murmured brokenly; I was in the next room. I knew I should not have listened, but—somehow—I always knew there was something strange about my birth—I always suspected something—and when you started to tell—I couldn't go away. I heard it all—all.”

Mrs. Brett folded the girl in her arms. She could not trust herself to speak. With an effort Mildred raised her head.

“But,” she said, “as long as this sad story is true—I am glad to know. Dear mother,” she looked into her foster-mother's face lovingly, “you will never be anything but the dearest one on earth to me; but, if I am cursed with such a dreadful heritage, I am glad I know it. It will make me stronger than ever to battle with it.”

She turned to the stranger.

“You need have no fear that I shall ever give in to any tendency I might have toward the habit. I have always hated it. I have always used every influence I possessed against it, and I shall do so more than ever now. It is a terrible heritage—a dreadful life-history—but I do pity my poor mother, and I cannot be too thankful that she brought me to this home, where I have been so happy, where I have been surrounded with such love and care.”

There was silence for a moment, then Mildred added, her voice shaking with suppressed sobs:

“And I cannot be too thankful that at the last she died fighting it—that she did not give in to it that one time—that she really died a conqueror.”

“You will come again, will you not?” asked Mrs. Brett of the stranger, when they were a little more composed. “You were a friend of Mildred's mother. I should be glad to have you come to see her, to know her well—our dear daughter!”

“I shall be glad to,” answered the other; “and, although we had decided not to tell her, I am glad that she knows. It is better so.”

Years afterward, when Mildred had her own home, and her own family of strong,

healthy, beautiful little ones—a home wherein father, mother, and children alike were workers for the suppression of the curse of intemperance as well as other evils, and for the advancement of the right, her mother's old friend again visited her, and Mildred turned to her with happy earnestness:

“Don't you think my mother would be satisfied now if she knew?” she asked.

“I am sure she would,” was the answer, “and, perhaps—you know we cannot tell—perhaps she does know.”—Exchange.

Temperance Reform and the Ideal State

(Continued from Page 7.)

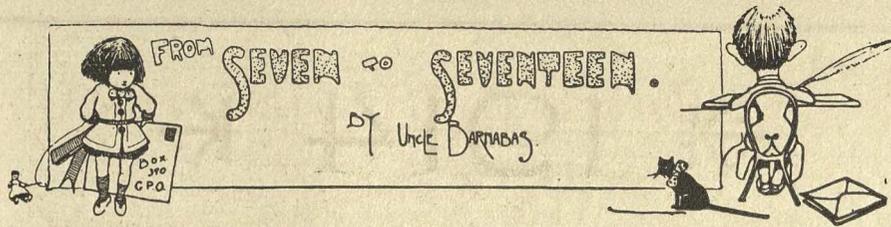
deeper, we discover here, as elsewhere, that it is the point of view we inherit and transmit; the social standard of judgment we accept that really controls the situation. It is What Lord Haldane, borrowing a word from

Germany, calls the *Sittlichkeit*, i.e., “the unwritten law regulating the actions of the members of a community,” due largely to the temper and actions of Government; it is the habits and ethics prevalent in a country, determining its characteristics, helping to hold it together, and “making the binding power of those ideals a reliable sanction for their obligation to each other” as members of the same political group.

It is that moulds our thinking and determines the judgment we form of the trade in alcohol. Change that massed body of opinion and you alter the drift of society, and ultimately make it necessary to regenerate and re-construct your legislation.*

(To be continued.)

*“Legislation depends upon the varying currents of opinion.” See “The Relation between Law and Public Opinion in England during the Nineteenth Century,” by Professor A. V. Dicey, K.C., B.C.L. (Macmillan, 1905), where the subject is treated with special fulness and force.



THE BLESSING OF A GOOD HABIT.

A remarkable record of aged Sunday-school scholars is given by the London "Christian World." This year the Thomas Gee medals, given to the oldest members of the Welsh Sunday-schools, have been won as follows:—Catherine Jones, Beddgelert, 98 years old, has been a member of the Sunday-school for 95 years; Jane Jones, Festiniog, 91 years old, member of a Sunday-school for 86 years; Richard Williams, Aberffraw, 89 years old, in Sunday-school 86 years; Jane Jones, Coedpoeth, 88 years old, 85 years in Sunday-school; Hugh Jones, Carneddau, 89 years old, 85 years in Sunday-school.

Now, Ne's and Ni's, there is one thing quite certain, and it is that none of them were ever sorry for going to school. In all those long years any ordinary person would do dozens of things they were sorry for doing, and these Sunday-school goers unite and say one thing we are not sorry for—one thing we joyfully recommend is the Sunday-school. We made our friends there, we found our pleasures there, and above all we found a Friend in Jesus, and there is nothing but happiness in the memory of our Sunday-school. Those who go to Sunday-school and look for their friends and their pleasures somewhere else soon drift away, and they live to regret it, and undoubtedly regret it when they come to die. Dear little friends, ask God to make you loyal to your Sunday-school, and to help you find all that will make life brightest in its teaching, its friends, and its pleasures.

UNCLE B.

TOO HOT TO LIVE.

Raymond Waters, Balonne-street, Narrabri, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I was very glad to see my letter in "Grit" some time ago. My garden, I told you about in the last letter I wrote, has nothing in it now. The sun has dried it up. I am sorry Narrabri did not get No-License or Reduction. After our temperance meeting was over some mates of mine and myself went round in the moonlight and threw over the fences No-License bills. I learnt out of "Grit" the spider-web to say at the meeting. Dad and another minister went out one evening pasting up the bills on the trees and fences. It is so hot up here now that we can hardly keep alive. But we have plenty of clean, fresh water to drink. I must finish up now by wishing you and "Grit" a happy new year.—From your Nephew.

(Dear Raymond,—I was pleased to receive your letter. I am afraid yours is not the only hot place. You want to sit down

and begin making a list of all the places you are glad you are not living in. I am glad to hear you learned that piece out of "Grit." Write again soon.—Uncle B.)

FROM WAY BACK.

Edward R. Butler, Dindierna, Mungindi, Sept. 17th, 1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose it is getting on for four months since I wrote to you last. Mother and I are sending you a five shillings postal note to help you with the children's copy of "Grit."

I am rearing some silk worms for to see whether they will live up here, and to see if I can make any pocket money out of them. I am feeding them on lettuce leaves because our mulberry tree was checked by the severe frosts we had up here. It is getting nice and warm up here now, and our fruit trees and vines are getting fruit on now. We have some nice little pet lambs that we are rearing up, because their mothers left them to the mercy of the foxes and crows and hawks that we have about here. My father and two more of our neighbors are going to put up a telephone line to our nearest town, Mungindi.

One of our neighbors is going to leave our district and go to Moree because there is a good school there for their children to go to, and so I will be losing some of my mates soon.

We have Sunday school at our own house, and my father teaches it. There are only three scholars, namely, my sister, a mate of mine, and I. We are having our exam. within this fortnight.

We live about 70 miles from Moree, but we will soon have the train running within about eight miles of us. My sister and I will soon be having our quarterly school examination this month. Wishing the "No-License" fund every success.—I remain your affectionate nephew.

(Dear Edward,—Yours was one of the letters so carefully put away, and the five shillings was also with it, for which many, many thanks. I hope the silk worms are doing alright. Does it make any difference to the color of the silk if you feed them on different things? It will be fine if you get the 'phone on, and when the train comes within eight miles of you it will make a lot of difference. Write again soon, if it is only to forgive me for losing your letter.—Uncle B.)

NO NEED TO BE DISCOURAGED.

Daisy Hawkins, Wyville, Cooma, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It is too late now to wish you a merry Christmas, but I hope that a bright and prosperous new year lies before you. I am past from the "7-17" altogether now, and I suppose this will be my last letter to "Page Double One." I

have been too disgusted at the results of the election to write before. Although we gained a few votes this poll, Continuance was still by far in the lead. You asked us to tell you what we did for No-License. Well, Uncle, I walked the whole of one hot day giving out papers, and on the day of the election I helped another lady to give out No-License voting cards. Hundreds of No-License papers were posted into the country, but we still see the open bars everywhere the same as before. On Christmas Eve the members of our choir went out carolling, and they had a fine time, and at 3 o'clock on Christmas morning woke up the whole household when they came home. On Christmas night there was a combined service in the Presbyterian Church. The service was beautiful, but it was no fun sitting in a crowded church for over an hour on a hot night. On New Year's Eve we had a midnight service in our church. On New Year's Day we went on a walking expedition to Mount Gladstone. There were a dozen in the party, and we had a very pleasant time. Well, dear Uncle, I must now wish you and all "Grit" cousins a most happy and prosperous new year, and conclude.—I am, yours, etc.

(Dear Daisy,—Please don't give up page 11 altogether. You have helped so often to make it interesting that I do not like the idea of your following the example of many of your cousins, and deserting this page just because you have the misfortune to grow old! You have no need to be discouraged over the poll any more than when at school you were only moved from the first class to the second. You knew that it would take another year to get into the third, and were content to take one step at a time. We certainly took quite a step up at the last poll. It is a question of education, and the poll was an examination in which many failed to give the right answer, and now they will suffer for years, but they will answer more wisely I am sure next time.—Uncle B.)

THE SIZE OF UNCLE'S FAMILY.

Nettie Hume, "Moana," Donnelly-street, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am really afraid to ask your forgiveness for not writing before, and I don't think I can find an excuse, so will have to invent one. What about laziness; that one ought to do. First of all, Uncle, I must thank you for the birthday greetings. There was a slight mistake in "Grit" about the date. It was printed October 16 instead of the 31st. I am sorry to say we did not get No-License, or even did we get Reduction, but Continuance was carried. We had a very quiet Christmas this year. It was very dull in Armidale. On New Year's Day I went to the Highland Gathering, but there was a storm in the afternoon which spoilt part of the programme. We have had lovely rain lately, and it is raining heavily now. I say, Uncle, I hope you keep your promise and come up to Armidale and see your Ni's; I will look forward to that visit.

I find myself envying Cousin Beryl sometimes to think she goes to visit "Grit" office. Surely she knows all the mysteries about Uncle B. and Mr. Hammond. I think I will have to write and ask her all about it. But I suppose I must not be too inquisitive. I still get nice letters from Ruby Godfrey and Dulcie Davis. I saw where one of the Cousins asked you how many Ni's. and Ne's. you had. I wonder do you know, or are there too many to count. I say, Uncle, whatever has become of Cousin Bonny. I do miss her letters in "Grit." I don't think my last birthday was quite so welcome as the one before, do you know why? I suppose I must tell you, but I am seventeen now. Well, Uncle, now that I have confessed, I think I will finish up for this time, I will be taking up too much room in "Grit," so with love to yourself and all cousins.—I remain, your loving Ni.

(Dear Nettie,—I have over 200 Ne's. and Ni's., some of them are too grown up to write, but I do not consider I have lost them. I think Beryl is quite safe, all she knows she knows what not to tell. Don't worry about being seventeen. A woman is only as old as she looks, and you may run along for a year or so yet, don't you think so?—Uncle B.)

THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING A KITTEN.

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

Dear Uncle B.,—I have not much to tell you. We are having hot days now. I have a dear little puss that is all black, and it has not a bit of white on it. It followed us home from church one night. It had a piece of blue ribbon around its neck. I think this is all this time.—I remain, your loving Niece.

(Dear Elaine,—Thank you for your little letter. That little puss must have been an adventurer, and, like Columbus, he discovered something worth while. There is one thing certain, neither the father or mother of that kitten were cruel to him, as thousands of human parents are to their children, and 99 per cent. of cruelty to children is due to drink.—Uncle B.)

AFTER A LONG SILENCE.

Linda, Liverpool, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am staying at Liverpool again as you can see by my letter. Before I came here I was up at Marulan. I stayed there for a fortnight and had a good time, and I used to play with the little girls next door. Next week we will have to go to school again. I will be in second in the big school then. When my little sister is older she is going to write to you; she is only four yet. Yesterday when we went into the garden the bees chased us out, and one of them stung baby on the face. Last Saturday we all went to Watson's Bay. We went by tram and came back by boat. Dad works at Point Piper, so he came out to Watson's Bay, too, and we all had dinner there together. Last time I came up to Liverpool to stay Walter was away, and he is away this time, too. I don't know what else to

1914

BEGIN THE NEW YEAR WELL BY USING GRIFFITHS BROS.' TEA

tell you now, so I'll have to leave off now.
—Love from.

(Dear Linda,—It is a long, long time since you wrote to me, isn't it? I am so pleased to hear your little sister will write to me one day. I have had letters from some very wee gurlies, so tell her to begin at once by putting a line on the end of your next letter.
—Uncle B.)

* * *

Joan Lemm, Wilberforce, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—As you see from the address I am staying up near the Hawkesbury River for my holidays, and this afternoon I am fulfilling my promise of writing to you, although I have left it rather late, the last week in fact. I am having a lovely holiday, and I feel ready to tackle school again now. Mother has been telling me you are having awful heat in Sydney just at present. I went for a swim earlier in the afternoon, and we had a swing on the branches of the willow trees. The other day I had a ride down to the lagoon on a quiet pony bare-backed. The boys caught a mullet yesterday afternoon in the river when they were fishing. I had a drive into Windsor on Friday night. It was lovely going across Hawkesbury River bridge, the planks are so smooth. Now I must close as it is close on tea-time. Love to all cousins and yourself.
—From your loving Ni.

P.S.—Are there any cousins at Windsor or Wilberforce.

(Dear Joan,—I am sorry not to have answered your letter in time to tell the cousins near where you were to look you up. I am so glad you had such a lovely holiday, and hope you are finding school interesting and full of pleasure, for it is so when looked at properly.—Uncle B.)

EYE STRAIN

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The Doom of King Alcohol.

The Indictment.

King Alcohol has drenched the world with men and women's tears,
And strewn along life's rugged path the blighted hopes of years!

King Alcohol has whet the sword and nerved th' assassin's arm,
Therefore we'll strive, by voice and pen, to sound a loud alarm!

The Awakening.

King Alcohol, who fattened on the people's hard-earned pence,
Shall now be extirpated by enlightened commonsense!

King Alcohol has reigned too long! His Kingdom sure must cease—
Then may the People shout their song of Liberty and Peace!

King Alcohol has had his fling! His power is ebbing fast!
The People yet shall win the day, and vote him out at last!

The Enemy's Alarm.

King Alcohol is dazed to see the "writing on the wall,"
Which prophesies, to all who read, his kingdom's doom and fall!

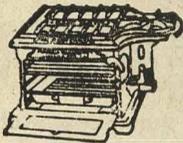
Final Struggle. His Friends have "Grave" Fears.

King Alcohol is very ill. Death rattles in his throat—
Come, help, His Majesty to slay, by your NO-LICENSE VOTE!

The Dream of the Prohibition Party.—R.I.P.
King Alcohol IS IN HIS GRAVE! No resurrection there—

Thanks be to those who put their cross (X) down in the bottom square! W.J.B.

At the Women's Inebriate Hospital 51 cases were treated, a total for the two Hospitals of 178.



Have You A Fletcher-Russell Griller?

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AN EASY SOLUTION.

"How does the breakfast suit you, John?" inquired the young bride anxiously.

"It's just right, Dearest," said her husband. "It may be plebeian, but I'm awfully fond of calves' liver for breakfast."

"So am I, Dear," said the wife. "Oh, John, don't you think it would pay us to keep a calf? Then we could have liver every morning for breakfast."

* * *

AS IT SEEMED TO JAMES.

"Archimedes," read the young pupil aloud, "leaped from his bath, shouting, 'Eureka! Eureka!'"

"One moment, James," said the teacher. "What is the meaning of 'Eureka'?"

"'Eureka' means 'I have found it.'"

"Very well. What had Archimedes found?"

James hesitated a moment, then ventured hopefully: "The soap, Mum."

* * *

HER ANSWER.

The school-children had learned Eugene Field's poem "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," and one afternoon, for the entertainment of some visitors, the teacher had them repeat it. Thinking to display how well the children comprehended the meaning of the poem she began to ask questions about it.

"And what were the two little eyes and the little head doing in their little boat that was a trundle bed?" she said.

No hand came up.

"What happens when we go to sleep?" she went on. Still no sign.

"Why, children, can't any of you think what you do when you are sleeping?"

Up came the hand of a tiny, brown-eyed maiden.

"Well, Dorothy, you tell us."

In the sweetest lisp came the answer:

"I thnore."

HER PRESENCE OF MIND.

"What's this I hear?" demanded the girl's mother irascibly. "They tell me that Ralph actually kissed you at the railway station when he went away. And what did you do then?"

"I only acted sensibly," said the girl; "so to make everybody think he was a relative, and to prevent talk, I kissed him too."

* * *

WELL, WASN'T HE RIGHT?

A teacher was questioning a class of boys on the subject of "birds." Having received correct answers to the questions about feathers, bill, feet and wings, he put the question: "What is it a bird can do that I am unable to do?"

"Fly," was the answer he hoped to get. For several moments the boys thought, but gave no answer. At last one held up his hand.

"Well, my lad, what is it?"

"Lay an egg, sir," said the boy.



THE DOOR OF OPPORTUNITY

THE MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Miss Wells, the teacher, was delivering the final lecture of the term, and she dwelt with considerable emphasis on the fact that each student should devote all the intervening time preparing for the final examinations.

"The examination papers," she said, "are now in the hands of the printer. Are there any questions to be asked?"

Silence prevailed for a moment and then a voice timidly inquired:

"Who's the printer?"

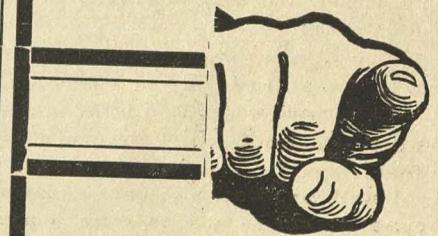
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and had a tooth decayed, I would not hesitate a moment about getting it out. My Painless System positively prevents pain, and does not cause swollen, inflamed gums or bad after-effects. Take the hint NOW.

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Being the Adventures of the Beautiful Prince and the Magician.

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

(By MARY L. MOPPETT.)

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III. THE PALACE.

One day the Prince was waked from a very long sleep by a sound which seemed to him at first to be the hum of a mosquito, so he flung out his right arm, and slapped himself smartly across his right ear, as we all do when we hear these tormentors. But there was no mosquito there to be killed, so he listened again more intently, and heard a tiny silvery voice which seemed to be speaking to him at very close quarters. So he turned over and examined the grass on which he had been lying, but could find there no trace of anything or anybody who could possibly own a voice so small, and then laid down again and listened.

Yes! No! Yes! There was the same small voice talking into his ear, and inviting him to meet the owner of it, that he might receive instructions and be shown the way to go when he set out on his travels.

"For," said the small voice, "the time has come for you to begin your long journey, and, as many days will pass before you reach your resting-place, there is much to arrange, and therefore much to talk about. And because you may, with reason, be afraid to come and meet a stranger, I will tell you now that I have known you ever since you were born, and have had this telegraphone, which is something like the telephone, with which you are perhaps acquainted, and by means of which I am now able to speak to you) especially made and tuned for your ear alone, so that at any time I can talk to you, and caution you when you are likely to run into danger, and warn you when your enemies are near."

"I know that at present you are unable to answer me, so trust that you will meet me at the cross-roads, which lie a little further on, in the way on which you are now about to travel."

"I shall have much pleasure in speaking to you, and shall be able to show you many things which would be invisible to you without the aid of my magic power. So, hurry up, and make the most of this opportunity."

"That sounds alright," said the Prince to himself—for princes do not talk in a dignified way when they are alone, and when one knows them well they seem to be very ordinary mortals—"So I'll trudge along to the cross-roads, and talk to the gentleman of the pretty voice, who seems to be so well up in my history," and with that he loosened the cords of the wings attached to his feet, and, presto! there he was at the cross-roads.

He looked up first one road and then the other, but could see no one on either of the roads, and had just made up his mind that he had only been dreaming about the silvery

voice, when he heard again the same tinkling sound, and then saw, wonder of wonders, a tiny, tiny man in a high mitre-like cap and flowing robe, holding in one hand what looked like a polished silver wand, but which we, who have before made the acquaintance of the Magician will easily recognise as the wonderful wand containing the bulbs of light, with which we were so pleased when we paid him our well-remembered visit.

But, oh! he was so small! Like a little ant! Not a bit bigger. And as it was impossible for the Prince to talk to anyone so small, the Magician told him to "nod his head if he would like to become as small as himself."

Our hero "was out" for adventure—and should not wonder much if, had we been near by, we should have heard those familiar words, "You bet!" as an aside, you know. But for answer to this reverend gentleman he very gravely bowed his head, for such a wonderful little man was certainly worthy of all respect.

Tinkle! Tinkle! once more sounded the little voice, and this is what the Prince heard: "I am sending you up a mirror so that you may watch yourself as you are crinkling up."

Then, like a flash, he saw before him one of those hand mirrors such as your big sister uses when she does her back hair. There it was, standing on the handle part, upheld by magic power, and in it he watched himself crinkle up, both ways at once, fold after fold, until he was tiny enough to talk to the Magician, who welcomed him to his own peculiar sphere with a winning smile and a hearty shake of the hand, making his young acquaintance feel quite comfortable although he found himself in such strange surroundings, and certainly had never before felt so very small!

So the Happy Pair soon set out on their travels, and though the way was rough and long, and, for the most part, uphill, the Prince's wings and the Magician's wand overcame all their difficulties, and lightened the toil of the journey, and at last they came to their destination, and could see the outside of the Grand Palace, within which so many stirring events were to happen.

The golden roof! Ah! That was the very first thing that they noticed, because it was

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so glittering in the sun's rays. For just at the very identical moment when they looked at it, the sun shone out in all its splendour, and all the clouds disappeared. Now I am inclined to think that the Magician must have been a second cousin to the Clerk of the Weather, or, at any rate, a connection by marriage, and that he must have pressed a button somewhere on his tiny anatomy and thus given notice of the Prince's arrival to him and got him to switch on the sunlight just for the sake of effect!

The Magician explained to the Prince that the roof was really covered with tubes of gold, laid side by side, and each one fitted into the next below it so exactly that it made a perfect covering.

The ends of each series of tubes were turned up, just as you know the roofs of Chinese pagodas do, thus relieving monotony in the design, and lightening the general appearance.

This glittering roof only covered the centre dome-shaped tower and principal entrances. The rest of the building broadened out at each side, the two extremities being movable, like the end of the bridge on the Lane Cove River which is opened when the steamers want to pass it at high tide.

The main building rested on a basin like foundation, which was very strong, and was raised on two further extensions, forming a basement, terminating in arched foundations which furnished sufficient strength to support the great weight of the building.

The whole structure was dotted with tiny windows, and painted in all the colors of the rainbow, but at a distance, such as that from which our hero and sub-hero viewed it, the colors blended so perfectly that it seemed to be of dazzling whiteness. All this was told to the Prince by the Magician as they journeyed still nearer and nearer to the palace, and at last gained an entrance within those far-famed walls.

But that part of the history belongs to the next chapter, so we will leave them gazing at the outside.

(To be continued.)

"The Age" estimates that we have 10,000 habitual drunkards in Victoria. Over 7000 arrests for drunkenness were made in Melbourne alone during 1913, an increase over 1912 of 1014.

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Something for the Inner Man.

A TALK ABOUT BIBLE CHARACTERS. AND THEIR LESSONS.

By ROBERT E. SPEER.

No one who has ever heard Mr. Moody describe Bible scenes or Bible characters will ever forget the vividness and reality of his descriptions. It was just as though the scene described had taken place yesterday in our own town, or the character of whom he spoke might be the very next man to meet us on the street. Take a Bible story and tell it to some little children, and see whether you can make it so real and present that they will prefer to hear it rather than any account of actual present-day happenings.

Imagination was given to us for this very purpose. It will be well to read again John Ruskin's great words in which he tells us this:

"What are the legitimate uses of the imagination; that is to say, of the power of perceiving with the mind things which cannot be perceived by the senses? Its first and noblest use is to enable us to bring sensibly to our sight the things which are recorded as belonging to our future state or invisibly surrounding us in this. It is given us that we may imagine the cloud of witnesses in heaven and earth and sea as if they were present—the souls of the righteous waiting for us; that we may conceive the great army of the inhabitants of heaven, and discover among them those whom we most desire to be with forever; that we may be able to vision forth the ministry of our God beside us, and see the chariots of fire on the mountains that gird us round; but, above all, to call up the scenes and facts in which we are commanded to believe, and be present, as if in the body, at every recorded event of the history of the Redeemer."

Using the imagination in this way we share the experiences of the great characters of the Bible. As Dr. Tyng said:

"That book is the book of God, and when I go out and commune with it I hold communion with my God. I am Moses, just come down from the burning mountain, his face shining with joy and the glory of the Lord. I am Isaiah, and have come from the golden courts where the seraphim and cherubim shout Hallelujah to the Lord God of Hosts. I am Paul, and have seen the third heavens opened, and can tell what is uttered there, and have seen glories ineffable which no tongue can tell nor imagination conceive. I am John, and have laid my head upon the Master's bosom, and have caught, warm with His breath, the very whispers of the sweet counsel which He has breathed into my ear.

"It is not from any intervention or interpretation of man that it derives its power. God gave it to me. He made it, and He has preserved it. It is still bread and food for all the world."

No Bible men are of greater interest than the Twelve whom Jesus chose to be His

Apostles. And nowhere have the characters of the Apostles been more beautifully and yet succinctly analysed than in Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson's "The Apostles as Everyday Men," published by the "Sunday School Times." Dr. Thompson takes up the twelve, two by two, and shows how wonderfully the Lord fitted them together and how wonderfully, also, His influence moulded them.

That is one of the great and inspiring thoughts which the study of Bible characters suggests to us. We see how creative and ennobling the influence of God's Spirit is upon human personality in freeing it from all that depresses and constricts it. "The Apostles," says Dr. Thompson, and his remark applies to all lives which are submitted to God, "were touched, enlarged and ennobled by the same Spirit as spoke through the prophets. Saul of Tarsus, for instance, if our Lord had not entered his life, might have had a name among the Rabbis of the Talmud, that weary and dreary compilation of rules and opinions, refinings and hair splittings. He would have been lost in the crowd of tradition-mongers, and his influence on the world's history would have been utterly unimportant. Our Lord's first command to Paul in the hour of his conversion, is 'Arise and stand upon thy feet.' There we find him for the rest of his life, standing on his own feet, living his own life, uttering his own thoughts, leaving his personal mark on every word he writes, and all this because he is living and acting by the inspiration of his Lord's presence, and can do all things through the Christ who makes him strong. 'Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.'" The one divine Spirit of the Bible has produced the richest series of great individual characters of which we know.—"S.S. Times."

THE USE OF THE BIBLE.

The Bible is not a thing to be worshipped. A savage might bow down to a telescope, but an astronomer knows better. The way to know it is to use it. It is not to be looked at, but to look through. To bind a Bible beautifully, to lift it reverently, to speak of it with admiration, to guard it with all care, is not at all to the point. Look through it. Find God with it. See what God was to the men of the Bible, and then let Him be the same to

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you. See the proofs of His power, and prove that power for yourself in yourself. Search the Scriptures for the testimony of Jesus, and honor them by being an honor to the One they reveal.—M. D. Badcock.

PROGRESS.

Salem, Oregon, capital of the state and centre of the hop-growing section, voted for prohibition in Tuesday's election, and ten other Oregon towns followed the good example. Six precincts in Portland also eliminated the saloons. Two dry towns went over to the enemy.

In Illinois, out of twenty-seven towns voting, twenty-two were carried by the forces of prohibition and one town is sitting on the fence, nursing a tie vote. Not one dry town went wet, but THIRTEEN wet towns went dry.

In Ohio, the initiative law favored by the Anti-Saloon League which would have allowed dry territory in that State to take full advantage of the Webb Act, went down to defeat, but so did the small legislature proposal, which would have thrown State control into the hands of the large cities and was consequently greatly desired by the liquor interests.

The evening of November 24th will be the last sad hour for many a saloon in Ohio. Eighty-nine will be closed in Columbus alone. This is in accordance with the provisions of the law limiting the saloons by population.

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Should you have experienced any difficulty with your eyes and have found no relief, a visit to Jerdan's will repay you

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