

ALWAYS GREEN COUPONS.

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



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

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



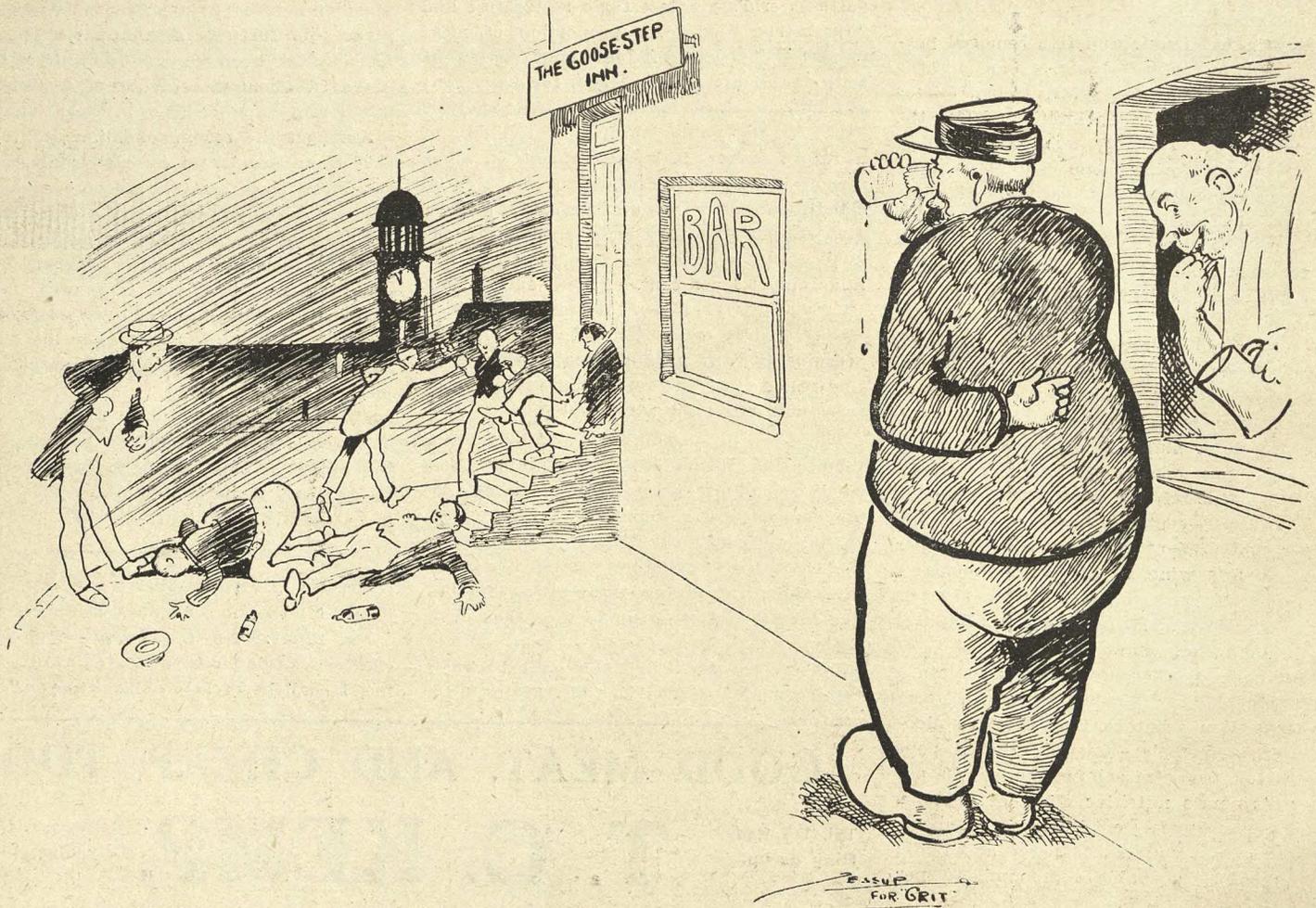
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A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VIII. No. 47. Price One Penny. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1915.

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ELEVEN O'CLOCK AND ALL'S WELL!!!

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Patent Medicines.

REPORT OF SELECT COMMITTEE.

In this Report, which has just been published in England, we find the following interesting section (35) on

MEDICATED WINES.

In addition to the various classes of patent and proprietary remedies, our attention has also been forcibly called to the advertisement and sale of medicated wines, and weighty opinions have been quoted to us regarding their mischievous effects. The trade in these wines is a very extensive one. Messrs. Coleman and Co., the proprietors of "Wincarnis," have a capital of £250,000, employ between four and five hundred persons, and, as before stated, spend £50,000 a year in advertising. Mr. Henry James Hall, trading as Stephen Smith and Co., the proprietors of "Hall's Wine," has a capital of £175,000. The alcoholic content of these wines is very high. For purposes of comparison, the alcoholic strength of familiar wines may be taken to be as follows:—Claret 9 per cent., hock 10 per cent., champagne 10.15 per cent., sherry 18 per cent., port 20 per cent.

The alcoholic strength of well-known brands of medicated wines was stated to us as follows:—Bovril wine 20 per cent., Lemco wine 17 per cent., Wincarnis 19.6 per cent. (the proprietor stated this percentage to be about 17 per cent. of absolute alcohol), Bendle's wine 20 per cent., Glendinning's wine 20.8 per cent., Ambrecht's coca wine 15 per cent., Spiers and Pond's wine 17 per cent., Savar's wine 23 per cent., Coleman's coca wine 16 per cent., Hall's wine 17.8 per cent., Vin Mariani 16 per cent., St. Raphael tonic wine 16 per cent.

A number of other preparations contain a high percentage of alcohol, without bearing any suggestion whatever that they are alcoholic. For example:—Carrick's liquid peptonoids, 20 per cent.; Panapeptone, 20 per cent.; Armour's nutritive elixir of peptone, 15 per cent.; Carnaby, 17 per cent.; Junora, 11.9 per cent.; Vibrona, 19 per cent.; Lydia E. Pinkham's vegetable compound, 20 per cent.

Thus, though we cannot take responsibility for the foregoing figures, it would appear that many of these wines and preparations are as alcoholic as the strongest wine, and most of the rest are about twice as intoxicating as ordinary claret. One wineglassful of a 20 per cent. wine or preparation contains three and a half teaspoonfuls of absolute al-

cohol; one wineglassful of "Wincarnis" three teaspoonfuls. The recommended dose of "Wincarnis" equals one wine-glassful of whisky per day.

Some medicated wines claim to be nutritive because meat extract enters into their composition. The quantity of meat extract, however, is trifling, and in any case it is not nutritive. "Wincarnis," for instance, is declared to "give a strength that is lasting, because in each wineglassful there is a standard amount of nutriment," and is described as the world's greatest tonic restorative and "the nerve food." Its proportion of meat extract is 1.2 per cent., or about one-twentieth of the nitrogenous (flesh-forming) constituents of lean beefsteak. An analysis made by the public analyst of the city of Bradford says: "It is so deficient in albumenoid nitrogen and phosphorus, essential constituents of nerves and flesh, that in these respects it is but very little superior to port wine itself." "Lemco wine," again, contains only 0.6 per cent. of meat extract, but 12 per cent. of sugar. Alcohol, moreover, cannot contain meat extract in solution, and presumably any medical man desiring to administer meat extract would prefer to do so without mixing it with alcohol.

There can be no doubt that many persons acquire the "drink habit" by taking these wines and preparations, either knowing that they are alcoholic, since they can be purchased and consumed without giving rise to the charge of "drinking," or in ignorance that they are highly intoxicating liquors. The further charge is made that their drug content may lead to the "drug habit." "Hall's coca wine" is now called simply "Hall's wine." It contains one grain of the

extractive principle of the coca leaf (which is mainly cocaine) in 26 fluid ounces, a sufficient amount, as stated by the proprietor, to cause sleep if two wineglassfuls are taken. It is recommended for children in these words: "For colds, coughs, and bronchial affections: children, a dessert-spoonful three times daily." One "nutritive tonic wine" (Bugeaud's) is advertised as containing "cinchona (quinine) and cocoa." It contains no cocoa. The word is probably a misprint—perhaps accidental—for "coca." In some cases proprietors of these wines offer to pay for the wine license of retailers. A well-known firm of chemists, commenting upon this, wrote: "On our expressing surprise that they could do this, we were told that of course they would expect our orders for ordinary unmedicated wines, the demand for which always followed, in their experience, where the medicated kinds were introduced." It is stated that doctors' testimonials are secured by the offer of a free 2s. 6d. bottle for any poor person to whom the doctor may like to send it, on his returning a signed coupon. Thus Coleman and Company claim to have 6000 signatures of medical men in favor of "Wincarnis." The president of the British Medical Association gives this further explanation: "The profession has been educated up to a better standard about the giving of testimonials, but it was culpably lax some years ago."

Amongst the recommendations, is (6)—

That an exact and complete statement of the ingredients and the proportions of the same of every patent, secret and proprietary remedy; of the contents other than wine, and the alcoholic strength of every medicated wine, and a full statement of the therapeutic claims made or to be made; and a specimen of every appliance for the cure of ailments other than recognised surgical appliances, be furnished to this Department, such information not to be disclosed except as hereinafter recommended, the Department to control such statement, at their discretion, by analyses made confidentially by Government chemist.—"Alliance News."

Precise Boarding-Mistress: "Mr. Blunt, shall I tender you some more of the chicken?"

Mr. Blunt: "No, thank you! But, if you can tender this piece you have already served me, I shall be greatly obliged to you."

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ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCING YOU WE MEAN GOOD BUSINESS.

"POP."

By ALICE HEGAN RICE, in "American Magazine."

(Continued from last issue.)

"The confinement is telling on him," said Miss Fletcher. "I wish for his sake they could start home to-day. But I do hate to see Sally go! The girl is getting her first taste of civilisation, and I've never seen any one so eager to learn. We have to take the books away from her every day, and when she can't study she begs to be allowed to roll bandages. The third day she sat up she wanted to help nurse the other patients."

"I am afraid we have spoiled her for hoeing tobacco, and planting corn," said the night nurse.

"I hope so," Miss Fletcher answered fervently.

It was nearly the last of June when the doctor dismissed his patient. "This doesn't mean that she is well," he warned Pop. "You will have to be careful of her for a long time. She has worked too hard for a growing girl, and she's not as strong now as she was."

"She will be!" Pop responded confidently, "that thar gal is made outen iron! Her maw was afore her. Liza wuz my third wife, an' she'd borned six or seven children when she died at thirty-five, an', by Joshuy, she'd never once hed a doctor in all her life!"

Pop's joy over their dismissal was slightly dimmed by Sally's reception of the news. He saw her draw a long breath and bite her lips; then he saw what he had never seen since she was a baby, two large tears gather slowly in her eyes and roll down on the pillow. He watched them in amazement.

"Sal, whut ails ye?" he asked anxiously, after the doctor was gone.

"I want to git a larnin'!" she broke out, "I don't want to go back to the hills."

Instantly the old man's face, which had been tender, hardened to a mask of fury.

"That passel of fool women's been workin' on ye," he cried hoarsely, "larnin', larnin', that's all they know. Ain't the Fork good enough fer ye? Ain't the cabin whar yer paw, an' yer grandpaw, an' yet great-grandpaw was borned good enough fer ye?"

"Yes, Pop, yes!" she gasped, terrified at the storm she had raised. "I'm a-goin' back with you. Don't tek on so, Pop, I'm a-goin'!"

But the tempest was raging, and the old man got up and strode angrily up and down the small room, filling the air with his indignation.

"I should say you wuz goin' back! I'd like to make one o' them dressed-up doll women outen you! You're goin' back with me to the Fork, an' ef thar's ever any more nussin' er doctorin' to do, I'm a-goin' to do hit. I've nussed three women on their deathbeds, an' when your time comes I 'low I kin handle you oo."

Then his mood changed suddenly, and he sat down by the bed.

"Sal," he said almost persuasively, "you'll git over this here foolishness. Ag'in fall

you'll be a-cappin' corn, an' a-roastin' sweet pertatoes, an' singin' them ole ballarts along with the Hicks gals, an' Cy West, an' Bub Holly. An' I'll tote you behind me on the beast over the Ridge to the Baptist Meetin' House the very next feet-washin' they hev. Jes' think how good hit's goin' to be to see the sun a-risin' over Ole Baldy, an' to hev room to stretch an' breathe in. Seems ez if I hain't been able to git my lungs full of wind sense I left Jackson."

"I know it, Pop," Sally said miserably. "You growd old in the hills afore you ever seen the Settlements. But sence I got a sight of whut folks is a-doin' down here, 'pears like I can't be reconciled to goin' back. 'Tain't the work back home, nor the lonesomeness, tho' the Lord knows the only folks that ever does pass is when they're totin' deads down the creek bottom. Hit's the feelin' of bein' shet off from my chanct. Ef I could git a larnin' I wouldn't ast nothin' better then to go back an' pass it along. When I see these here gals a-larnin' how to holp the sick, an' keer fer babies, an' doctor folks, I lay here an' stiddy 'bout all the good I could do back home ef I only knowed how."

"You do know how," Pop declared vociferously, "ain't you bin a-lookin' after folks that's ailin' around the Fork fer a couple of years er more? Ez fer these new-fangled doctorin's, they won't nary one ov 'em do the good yarbs will. I'd ruther trust bitter-goldenseal root to cure a ailment than all the durn physic in this here horspittle. I ben a-studyin' these here doctors, an' I don't take much stock in 'em; instid of workin' on a organ that gets twisted, they ups and draws hit. Now the Lord A'mighty put thet air pertickler thing in you fer some good reason, an' ther's bound to be a hitch in the machinery when hit's took out. Hit's a marvel to me some of these here patients ain't a-amblin' round on all fours from what's been did to their insides!"

"But think whut the doctor did fer me," urged Sally.

"I ain't fergittin'," Pop said suddenly, "an' I've paid 'em fer hit. But ef they calkerlate on yer takin' root here, they're treein' the wrong possum. You're a-goin' home along o' me to-morrow."

That afternoon he left the hospital, and several hours later was seen walking up Monument Street with his arm full of bundles.

"I believe he's been buying clothes to take Sally home in!" said one of the nurses, who was watching him from an upper window. "He asked me this morning if I knew a place where he could buy women's togs."

"It's a shame he won't let the girl stay," said Miss Fletcher. "I have been talking to superintendent, and she is quite willing to let her do light work around the hospital and pick up what training she can. I should be

glad enough to look after her, and there's a good night school two blocks over."

"Why don't you talk to the old man?" urged the nurse. "You are the only one who has ever been able to do anything with him. Perhaps you could make him see what an injustice he is doing the girl."

"I believe I'll try," said Miss Fletcher.

The next morning, when she came on duty, she found Sally's bed the repository of a strange assortment of wearing apparel. A calico dress of pronounced hue, a large lace jabot, and a small pair of yellow kid gloves were spread out for inspection.

"I knowed they wuz too leetle," Pop was saying, as he carefully smoothed the kid fingers, "but 'lowed you could kerry 'em in yer hand."

There was an unusual eagerness in his hard face, an evident desire to make up to Sally in one way for what he was depriving her of in another. He was more talkative than at any time since coming to the hospital, and he dilated with satisfaction on the joys that awaited their home-coming.

"May I have a little talk with you before you go?" asked Miss Fletcher.

He flashed on her a quick look of suspicion, but her calm, impassive face told him nothing. She was a pretty woman, and Pop had evidently recognised the fact from the start.

"Wal, I'll come now," he said, rising reluctantly; "but Sal, you git yer clothes on an' be ready to start time I git back. I ain't anxious to stay round these here diggin's no longer'n need be. Besides, that thar railroad car mought take a earlier start. You be ready ag'in' I git back."

For an hour and a quarter Miss Fletcher was shut up in the linen closet with the old man. What arguments and persuasions she brought to bear are not known. Occasionally his voice could be heard in loud and angry dissent, but when at last they emerged he looked like some old king of the jungle that has been captured and tamed. His shoulders drooped, his one arm hung limply by his side, and his usually restless eyes were bent upon the floor.

Without a word he strode back to the room where Sally in her misfit clothes was waiting for him.

"Come along o' me, Sal," he commanded sternly as he picked up his carpet sack. "Leave your things whar they be."

Silently they passed out of the ward, down the stairway, through the long vaultlike corridor to the superintendent's room. Once there he flung back his rusty coat and ripped the last bill but one from its hiding place.

"That thar is fer my gal," he said defiantly to the superintendent. "She'll git one the fust day of every month. Give her the larnin' she's so hell-bent on, stuff her plumb full on it. An' ef you let ennything happen to her"—his brows lowered threateningly—"I'll come back an' blow yer whole blame' horspittle into eternity!"

"Pop!" Sally pleaded, "Pop!"

(Continued on Page 5.)

BUY GRIFFITHS' TEAS

New South Wales Alliance.

EARLY CLOSING CAMPAIGN IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Mr. Marion, writing from South Australia on February 1, says: One of the undoubted features of this campaign is going to be enormous public meetings. I have never in N.S.W. or New Zealand seen such large and enthusiastic audiences. Although the heat has been intense and registers well over the century, the largest public halls at the centres being visited are inadequate to seat the people. The wings of the stages have to be removed, platforms packed, and then the doorways are jammed with people who stand for two hours. Such a meeting took place at Prospect, a suburb that would be almost identical with Arncliffe, Sydney. Mrs. Barton was the speaker, and made a fine appeal.

A LABOR LEADER'S DECLARATION.

At the Prospect meeting, in moving a vote of thanks to Mrs. Barton, Hon. J. H. Wilson, M.L.C., who was Minister for Agriculture and Industry in the late Labor Administration, said he believed in total prohibition and in the principle of six o'clock closing. He told the story of an interview he had with a navy at the Burrin Juck dam. The man, a fine big fellow, who was 44 years of age. When he came to Burrin Juck he had nothing but his swag. Prior to starting on the big works he had spent all he earned in drink. Burrin Juck had no liquor bar. It was necessary to go many miles for a drink. The navy told Mr. Wilson with considerable pride that after having been there 18 months he had put £117 in the bank, and fully expected, on the completion of the works, to be worth £500.

OPEN-AIR ACTIVITIES.

At a previous campaign in Adelaide, conducted in the open-air by Rev. C. E. Schafer and Rev. John Paterson, M.A., now of Christchurch, the City of Adelaide witnessed riotous meetings. The Liquor Party organ-

ized opposition and howled down the speakers, supplementing their jeers with rotten fruit, eggs, and potatoes. The announcement that Mr. Schafer and myself would speak on Friday night, again drew the same "wet" element. Mr. Schafer was unable to be present owing to a sore throat. Although at times the meeting was noisy, it was nothing bordering on the sensational. Just how much reliance may be placed upon newspaper reports will be realised from the following extracts taken from two of the morning papers. The "Register" says Mr. Marion persevered for an hour to address the spectators from a box platform, but so hostile was the hearing by the majority that when at length he ceased his remarks only fragments of his arguments had been heard."

The "Advertiser" report says: "The speaker was constantly interfered with by a person who appeared the worse for liquor, who informed the gathering that as far as he was concerned the pubs. might keep open all night. 'Well,' retorted Mr. Marion, 'when we see a person the worse for drink at 8 o'clock, we have a splendid living argument in favor of 6 o'clock closing!'

"With few exceptions those present seemed to be in favor of Mr. Marion's arguments."

It is worthy of note that at the close of the meeting, with over 1000 present, three cheers were lustily given for 6 o'clock, and the opposition hadn't the strength to raise a counter cheer.

AT STRATHALBYN.

I have just spent the week end at Strathalbyn. This is Mr. Schafer's circuit. One frequently hears the insinuation that Ministers who devote some of their energies to temperance and social reform neglect their church work. I was particularly pleased to find that Mr. Schafer's church, in which I preached, was very largely attended. On the previous Sunday there were 80 communicants, and on Sunday night the large church was packed. The church officers expressed

their greatest personal regard for their minister, and although Mr. Schafer has been a greatly abused man by even his own co-religionists, wherever he has had an opportunity of being known and understood he has won all hearts. The coming week promises some highly interesting experiences, as about eight open-air meetings have been arranged.

Temperance Work Amongst the Young.

The proposal to organize Temperance work amongst the young people of New South Wales, as outlined in last week's issue, has already met with a good deal of encouragement.

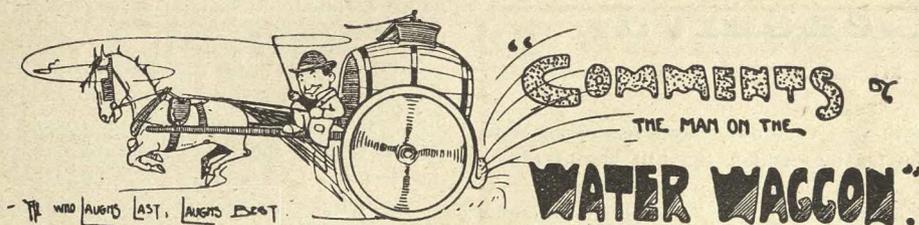
As previously reported, the scheme was first of all endorsed by the State Council of the N.S.W. Alliance. It has since been submitted to a number of representative leaders of social reform for their opinions, and up to the time of going to press hearty and unreserved approvals have been given by the Rev. F. Colwell (President of the Methodist Conference), Rev. F. V. Dowling, B.A. (Chairman Congregational Union), Rev. B. Gawthorp (President Baptist Union), Mr. Alan Price (President Churches of Christ), Lieutenant-Colonel J. Birkenshaw (Salvation Army), Messrs. S. Hunter, G. Gardiner, and A. Stewart (Grand Lodge Officers of the International Order of Good Templars), Rev. A. Fisher-Webster and Mr. J. S. Garfield (President and Secretary of the N.S.W. Christian Endeavor Union), Mr. W. J. Walker (General Secretary of the Sons of Temperance), the Revs. R. B. S. Hammond, A. A. Yates, M.A., G. Cranston, Harold Wheen, P. J. Stephen, Joseph Woodhouse, W. Woolls-Rutledge, G. O. Cocks, R. B. Reynolds, M.A., N. J. Cocks, M.A., W. Lamb, Messrs. H. G. Harward, W. Gillanders, B.A., William Arnot, Albert Bruntnell, John Complin, G. E. Ardill, Mrs. Stupart, Mrs. Laverty, and others.

The proposal has now reached its most crucial stage. It is now necessary to discover to what extent those interested in this special kind of work are prepared to give it their financial support. It is very important that we should know, during the next few days, the minds of our friends on this matter. If the response is satisfactory a meeting will be called at once and the new movement launched.

We are not just now asking for cheques, but simply for an indication of willingness to help. We trust that the readers of "Grit" will come generously to our aid, and thus make it possible to undertake this very necessary work on behalf of our boys and girls.

Communications may be addressed to the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, Box 390 G.P.O., Sydney, or Mr. G. E. Bodley, 264 Pitt-st., Sydney.

PASS "GRIT" ON.



"A TALE THAT NEEDS NO TRIMMINGS."

There are some stories that need the hand of the artist to portray to us characters that lie hidden—need what we have just called "trimmings."

Others are plain as some people's faces (to interpret we mean of course). They need no exhaustive analysis, nor the touch of a master hand. Just as simple as simple could be was the problem. A certain poor unfortunate woman—in good circumstances, with no need to steal—fell regularly into awful habits, and had to be continually punished.

The police sergeant described her condition in a nutshell. She is alright when sober, she is excellently connected; when drunk she is a thief.

Thus falls into the obscurity of the city dungeons an otherwise good, respectable citizen.

The pity of it!

Place yourselves, readers, for one moment in the position of her relatives. Imagine her your sister or mother. How would you feel about it? People marvel that we make a hit at the drink traffic and insist upon organizing to crush it.

Can you wonder why?

Last week "The Waggoner" met a friend in King-st., who took his arm as an unknown drunk meandered by. "Do you know him?" asked the friend. "The Waggoner" didn't. But when the name came forth—and that of a prominent city man trading in that street—one was simply staggered. We had known him alert and business-like a few years ago, and stated so.

"Yes," said our friend; "it's only during the last few years he has sunk to this pitch, but there is only one ending." Into his business house staggered the "drunk"—changed we were told in disposition and character, to the dismay of all his employees—to keep up a semblance of business until he sinks to the next "strata" of decay. When you get there you are generally past all care as to how you look, or act, to your dear ones at home, or your fellow workers.

Your business then can go to the dogs—and generally does. You have only one object to live for, and that a bitterly degrading one.

THE LOCAL EXPOSITIONS OF THE NOBLE ART.

We have always stated that we believed in boxing—in any decent exercise in fact; but that we abhorred the system of fighting for MONEY amidst the shrill cries of betting men. It isn't decent—it's lowering.

Of course we have been called wowers

and milksops, etc. etc., but that will not change our tune.

We claim the hitting of one man into insensibility is not sport—not edifying, but degrading.

Here is an excerpt from a Sydney sporting paper, which we think proves our case in itself.

Sydney "Sportsman," 20/1/1915:—

Anyhow, that is just what happened. After McNabb had banged and battered, for over two minutes, at arms and gloves and elbows mostly, though a few over-swings and hooks got on to the head and neck, and had butted and hustled Holland round three sides of the ring, the visitor began to take a hand, and his right uppercuts to the already swollen, bust, and disfigured face were not pleasant to watch. McNabb was already badly exhausted by his own previous exertions, and stooped almost innocuous against Holland, who had little trouble in whacking very vigorous short punches up into that puffed and bleeding face; and McNabb, having made his last grand effort, having hurled all his forces against an imperturbable, impregnably fortified foe, went to his corner a beaten man.

He spurted once or twice, after that; but the smiling—it sometimes seemed tolerant—Californian simply took his time about finishing him off. In the twelfth Billy gained courage by success in planting three light lefts to the always-moving face, and sprang into let fly "one of those." Like a flash Holland's right flashed across, a perfect inside cross-counter. It took poor Billy fair on the point and dropped him heavily. He looked around bewildered, his mat of red hair hanging sodden on his forehead, and the ruby flowing sullenly from nose and mouth and split cheek. At 6 he seemed to realise and rose and threw out his hands blindly towards Holland.

Instead of going mad like so many men do, and as Jeff Smith did as soon as he thought Mick King was at his mercy in that third, Holland kept as cool as an iceberg, stepped close and fairly smashed both hands to the jaws. McNabb reeled, and just as he tottered off balance, a perfect right smash landed near the point. The rest is told in the first paragraph of this story.

This sounds like a gentle "exhibition of boxing" does it not?



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TRY OUR STEAM-MADE BREAD.

"POP"

(Continued from Page 3.)

But his emotions were at high tide and he did not heed her. Pushing her roughly aside, he strode back to the entrance hall, and was about to pick up his carpet sack when his gaze was suddenly arrested by the great marble figure that bends its thorn-crowned head in pity over the unhappy and the pain-racked mortals that pass beneath its outstretched hands.

"You ain't goin' to leave me like this, Pop?" begged Sally. "Ef you take it so hard, I'll go back, an' I'll go willin'. Jus' say the word, Pop, an' I'll go!"

The old mountaineer's one hand closed on the girl's bony arm in a tight clasp, his shoulders heaved, and his massive features worked, but his gaze never left the calm, pitying face of the Saviour overhead. He had followed his child without a tremor into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, but at the entrance of this new life, where he must let her go alone, his courage failed and his spirit faltered. His dominant will, hitherto the only law he knew, was in mortal combat with a new and unknown force that for the first time had entered his life.

For several minutes he stood thus, his conflicting passions swaying him, as opposing gales shake a giant forest tree. Then he resolutely loosened his grip on the girl's arm and taking up his burden, without a word or a backward glance, set his face toward the hills, leaving an awkward, wistful girl watching him with her tears only half obscuring the vision that was already dawning for her.

(THE END.)

The Greek navy barred rum long before the United States did so under the order of Secretary Daniels. Count Tsukalas says that, while light wines and beers have not been forbidden the officers on land at mess, the crew have not been permitted to have liquors of any kind, and the officers are not allowed to use them between meals. The efficiency of the navy has increased 50 per cent, since this order went into effect, says the Count.

A BREAKFAST, DINNER, AND TEA BEVERAGE.

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

The Police Censured.

THE DISGRACEFUL STATE OF THE COUNTRY PUB.

We have two pictures this week illustrating the remarks of the magistrate who is reported in the daily press as follows:—

"During the hearing of a case in the Bathurst Licensing Court, in which the application for the transfer of a Bathurst hotel license was refused, the magistrate, Mr. C. Jennings, made pointed remarks concerning what he described as the unreliable reports of the licensing inspectors.

"It would seem," he said, "that the longer an inspector is in the force the more carelessly is the work done. In this case a sergeant and senior-sergeant both are at fault. While there was misconduct in the hotel on several occasions, and in one case a man had been locked up, the police made no commentary in their reports. It is not sufficient to follow on the old stereotyped style of reporting hotels, with little variation, as 'Well conducted.'"

Of course the police are only human, and, as Dr. Sheldon said, "are, by our mistaken standards, chosen principally for their physical proportions and incidentally for their moral strength." It is only natural to find that when the police live for many years in a country town that they take the line of least resistance, and avoid as much trouble as possible, hence the magistrate's censure. The police cannot wonder if people ask why things are so. The magistrate says there is white-washing of the pub by the police. Is it out of good nature or for gain? The police overlook a great deal in connection with drinking places. Is it cowardice or is it a fellow-feeling that makes them kind? Whatever be the reasons, there is no doubt that there is a growing feeling that the public must do their duty and compel liquor-sellers to respect the law.

STORM CENTRES.

Hardly a day goes by without some evidence that the liquor bar is a menace to good order and a danger to the community as no other place is.

In the "Sun" of the 6th inst. we have the following case reported:—

"A disturbance occurred in an hotel at Redfern last night, and Harold Butler, aged 26, of Hugo-street, Redfern, is alleged to have been struck by a tumbler, causing concussion and a wound on the temple. He was taken to the Prince Alfred Hospital. His condition is said to be serious."

Unfortunately it is too common to awaken any public interest, such things being of daily occurrence.

SHOCKINGLY INSANITARY.

The "Daily Telegraph" of the 10th inst. says:—

"Chief interest in the Legislative Council was centred upon the second reading of the Public Health Bill, which, inter alia, proposes drastic alterations in the law regarding the notification of infectious and contagious diseases. Mr. Flowers, who was in charge of

the bill, was very outspoken regarding some of the matters which the bill would touch. He dwelt on the insanitary condition of some rural hotels. Language, he said, could not be used strong enough in its condemnation of some of these houses, which were shockingly insanitary. He had sent round a circular asking the police to pay greater regard to the matter; but everybody's business was nobody's business, and there had been very little remedy. The percentage of decently-conducted hotels was very small indeed. (Hear, hear.)"

He joins with the magistrate in condemning the police for their inactivity, and declares they have not responded to his authoritative circular.

PUBLICANS AS MONEY-GETTERS.

The Sydney "Bulletin," in its issue of the 4th inst., prints the following statement:—

"The publican is one of the few who earns big money easily. The community has grown to associate him with diamonds, a behemoth appearance, and cigars. So long as he behaved at all decently a big section of the public has, nevertheless, been willing that he should be guaranteed the security of his license. In this spirit his patrons have for years allowed themselves to be robbed, and

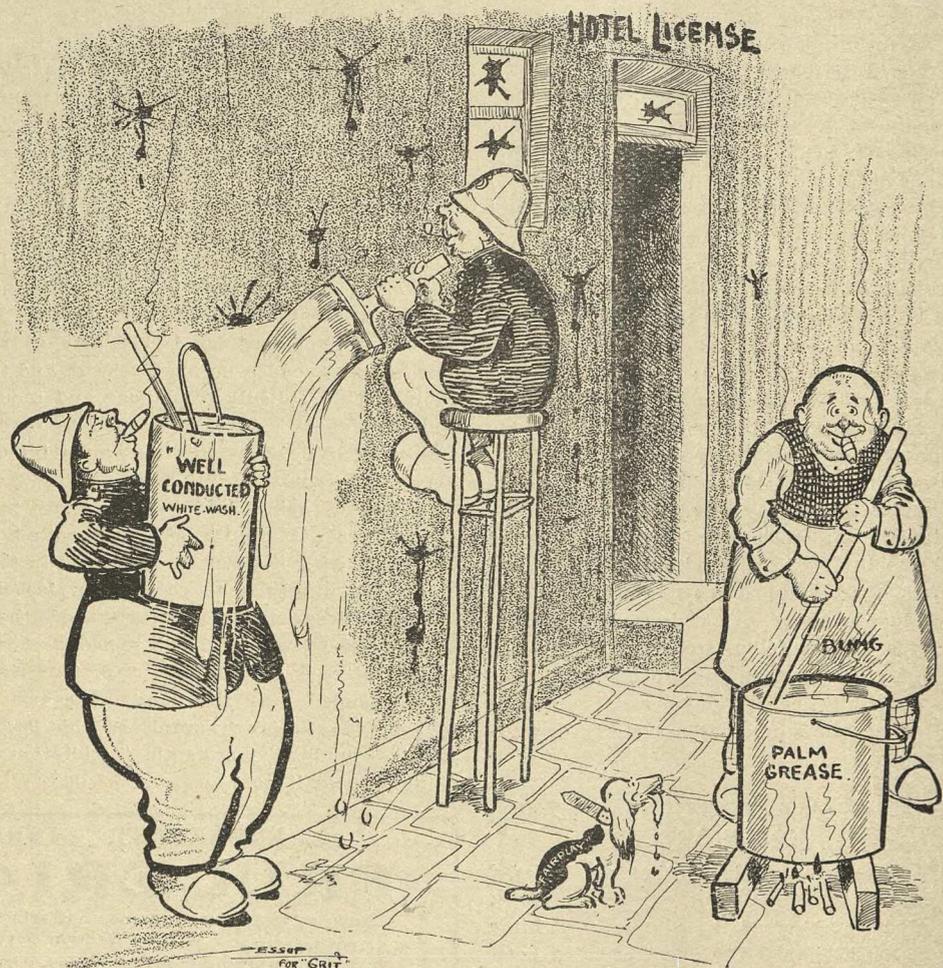
never seriously kicked. But the trade may presume on that too much.

"The other day the Australian Government was forced into levying some mild war taxes on the nation. The publicans—I write in New South Wales—decided immediately that the new imposts necessitated a rise in prices. Let us see what that means by considering the position of the sixpenny bar.

"The trade has carried a resolution to put up prices there to sevenpence. The whisky with the largest sale costs to the trade 5s. 6d. the dozen, or 4s. 6½d. a bottle. The publican figures that 16 drinks run to the bottle, so that the return is 8s. per bottle at sixpence and 9s. 4d. at sevenpence. But measured by the quartern, which is more than the average drinker takes each time, the bottle runs to 20 drinks, and so returns 10s. at sixpence and 11s. 8d. at sevenpence. Still, taking the publican's own estimate of 16 drinks, by raising this price to sevenpence he makes an extra 16s. a dozen. He does this to meet the Government war excise, which is 6s. the dozen! Of course, he gives in soda—at 1s. a dozen. As against the soda he sells soft stuff. A typical line costs him 1d. a bottle, and he sells it at 6d. Also, he gets 2½ per cent. discount on his whisky and sells the empty bottles for 1s. a dozen.

"For bottled lagers he pays from 6s. 9d. to 8s. a dozen. Say, 7½d. the bottle 'in and out.'

(Continued on Page 12.)



"WHITEWASH."

The Challenge of Patriotism.

By DANIEL A. POLING.

(Address in part delivered at National W.C.T.U. Convention, Atlanta, Ga.)

THE SUPREME FOE OF THE STATE.

The liquor institution will give to the armies of our progress trembling limbs, blinded eyes, deafened ears, poverty of purse and of soul, halting minds and hearts that are too frail to pump the blood of mighty deeds.

Men and women as citizens are the product of four environments: The physical, the moral, the industrial, and the political.

A physical incompetent by superior qualities of the unconquerable soul may lift himself out of the chains of disease and pain and make his fellows his debtors, but no man will deny me when I say that that which makes for physical incompetency is an enemy of the State.

A moral incompetent cannot be a good citizen.

An industrial incompetent cannot be a good citizen.

A political incompetent cannot be a good citizen.

I submit to you that the liquor institution is the supreme tangible foe of the State, because it is the supreme positive promoter of physical, moral, industrial and political incompetency.

Millions of citizens, men and women, immediately vital to the national and world programme of this Republic cannot be at their best until the liquor institution is destroyed. Other, and unborn millions are physically, morally, industrially and politically pre-damned by the eugenic taint of alcohol. And America needs every man at his best!

INDICTED ON FOUR COUNTS.

On four counts—as the shackler of bodies, as the despoiler of morals, as the impoverisher of industry, and as the corrupter of government, I indict the liquor institution and arraign it in the High Court of patriotism. On the accumulated and unimpeachable testimony of the centuries I demand the verdict of guilty with no recommendation of mercy. In the name of the dead, the living and the unborn I ask for the maximum sentence, State-wide, Nation-wide, World-wide Prohibition!

WHAT IS ALCOHOL?

What is alcohol? Its friends say that it is a stimulant and a liquid food. We submit that alcohol is the greatest physical menace of the race.

Modern science declares that it has yet to be proved that the heart muscle can be stimulated by alcohol, that alcohol is a narcotic, water-absorbing an esthetic drug—a poison. It must be classed with opium, cocaine, morphine and other appetite-forming poison drugs. It cannot be taken into the human system with any degree of frequency without deterioration to the human tissue, and it affects maliciously all cell life. One drink of intoxicating liquor disturbs the

disease-germ-destroying white blood cells of the body—they stagger. With the germs of the typhoid striking in on the bowels, with tuberculosis germs striking in on the lungs, the sluggish, impoverished white corpuscles of the drinker's blood are insufficient for their task, and fail in the hour of physical crisis. Thus it is that pneumonia has a death mortgage on the drunkard! Thus it is that the so-called moderate drinker has but one chance in two for recovery from disease and for long life as compared with the total abstainer.

Plants watered with alcohol languish and die. A guinea pig from a vigorous litter fed upon alcoholised food, if it lives at all, is stunted and inferior. Should it propagate, its descendants are invariably sickly and short-lived.

In infant mortality Bavaria, the greatest beer-drinking principality on the globe, leads the world. The French Government, in scientific campaigns against its declining birth-rate, discovered and officially reported that the birth-rate was lowest in those divisions of the Republic where the per capita consumption of light wines was the highest.

Prohibition is patriotic because prohibition is a scientific movement against physical incompetency.

THE DESPOILER OF MORALS.

The liquor institution is the despoiler of morals. Morality is a composite of religion and education. There can be no morality without religion, and the only effective morality is an educated, positive morality. Morality is militant.

The home, the school, and the church constitute civilisation's great moral triangle.

The liquor institution is either the friend of the home, the school, and the church, or it is the enemy of the home, the school, and the church.

The saloon does not make fathers and mothers more affectionate, but it does rob hundreds of thousands of children of sober parents. It does brand a million helpless babies with the shame, "a drunkard's child."

Liquor does not hang pictures on the wall or put bread and meat into the larder, but it does create at least 350,000 child laborers, by impairing or cutting off entirely the earning power of the natural provider. The fact that a father has lost his job through drink does not signify that his children have lost their appetites.

The liquor institution does not make child-rearing easier, motherhood happier, but it does fill sweat-shops with mothers who, with bleeding fingers, toil for bread.

The liquor institution educates no children but the children of the liquor dealer, and it closes the door of the public school to hundreds of thousands of children and for millions it bars the road to higher education.

Prohibition Kansas had last year in proportion to population more high school graduates and more young men and women in colleges and universities than any other State of the Union and than any other country in the world.

The liquor institution has never conducted a revival meeting, but it has damned a billion souls, for "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven."

The liquor institution has never raised a family altar and no prayers have ever been offered for God to make more saloons and more saloon-keepers, more drunkards and drunkards' wives and drunkards' children, but prayers as numberless as the sands of the seashore have risen to the throne that the drunkard shop might be closed forever. And they will continue to rise until the prayer-answering God, through the holy ballots of his people, makes final reply.

The liquor institution robs men of the power to distinguish between right and wrong. It excites and maddens the passions. Thus it becomes the real principal in unnumbered acts of violence for which men languish in prison, die by the hangman's noose, or in the electric chair.

The liquor institution robs of reason, perverts judgment and weakens the will. Thus it levies an unspeakable tribute upon the master passion of the race and gives to the trafficker in women and girls his chief weapon. It is the big brother of the brothel, and when daughters are seduced and ruined alcohol is generally partner to the crime.

Scarcely ever is there a rape fiend without a bottle, and Jane Addams endorses the statement that the white slave traffic as an institution could not exist for ten days in this country without the liquor traffic.

The liquor institution makes men and women morally unfit, and thus undermines the whole social order. It blunts first the finer instincts, even as it first destroys the more delicate and last-formed cells of the body. It robs society not generally of the baser but more frequently of the best.

Men who ruled empires and the world have fallen before their drink appetite—Alexander died in a drunken debauch at 33.

Many brave souls who opened the road of freedom for others have not been able to break for themselves the alcohol bondage.

The liquor institution is the enemy of the home, the enemy of the school and the arch foe of the church. It is the moral crime of the centuries, and prohibition is patriotic because it will destroy the great moral despoiler.

THE IMPOVERISHER OF INDUSTRY.

The economic stability of the State is in the hands of toil. The liquor institution is the impoverisher of industry. It impairs the working efficiency of labor; it decreases the purchasing power of the American home to the extent of at least 70 per cent. of the more than two billion dollar annual drink bill of the United States. It robs labor directly of a large proportion of its just

(Continued on Page 14.)

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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To save the trouble of money orders, you may send postal notes, accompanied by name and address, marked for "Grit," c/o Rev. J. Dawson, N.Z. Alliance, 113 Wills-st., Wellington; Mr. H. Righton, Anglican Cathedral, Christchurch; Mr. J. E. Ffrost, Dunedin.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, FEB. 18, 1915.

OUR TIMID GOVERNMENT.

The liquor men of Winnipeg, Canada, made a strong protest against the Provincial Government's Order-in-Council about earlier closing during the war. They sent a big deputation to the Premier, asking to have 8.30 instead of seven made the closing hour for bars in Winnipeg, with seven instead of six for the closing of wholesale houses. They also asked to have permission for outside places to keep open till 10 o'clock each evening, except where mobilisation of troops was going on. To secure these advantages they were willing to have the Government issue instructions that no liquor might be sold to soldiers. The Government, however, was firm. The Order-in-Council stands. Liquor men are requested to close early, till the meeting of the Legislature, when an Act will be passed under which they will be required to do so.

Our Government has every reason for taking similar action, but it develops an extraordinary timidity the moment it is confronted with the liquor trade. Liverpool is suffering just now, the military camp is suffering, many of the young soldiers are suffering damage from which they will never recover, and all because the Government has not the courage to close the bars in Liverpool at 7 p.m. Why this timidity? Is the Government under obligation to the liquor business, or does it fear its political power? It makes me wonder if, after all, we are governed by Liquor and not by Labor.

A Personal Chat with my readers

THE REVENUE QUESTION.

Perhaps no one argument has done more to stop people voting for No-License than the revenue one. This is not because there is any weight in the argument, but rather on account of the general ignorance of the people on the subject of revenue and the persistent and deceptive way in which the liquor people have used this subject. Liquor is the most expensive, degrading, and unworthy way ever adopted by civilised countries to raise money.

The "Sun" says:—"A French Prime Minister once described alcohol as the beast of burden in a Budget. Taxing whisky is an easy way of bringing money into the State Treasury, but there is no economic saving in getting people to spend sixpence on whisky in order that twopence of it may be taken by an exciseman. That is like shelling Louvain to make work for bricklayers."

We have some light on this question in the experience of Russia, who, by absolute Prohibition, stood to lose £90,000,000 a year from the Government monopoly in liquor. That Russia is not likely to suffer financially from its heroic and wise action in the suppressing of the liquor traffic is evidenced in a press despatch from Petrograd on December 8, which said in part:—

"The Minister for Finance, in a memo. accompanying the Budget, states that through the prohibition of the sale of alcoholic liquors in accordance with the will of the Emperor, who is anxious to see his people healthy and sober, the country has been deprived of one of its most important sources of revenue, but he is convinced that, however much that may be felt by the Treasury, the creative power of the sober Russian people applied to the enormous natural riches of the country will enable future Budgets of the Empire to be based on new principles.

"The revenue, which in the first two months of the war showed a considerable decrease, has since displayed a permanent upward tendency, which gave him right to hope that the havoc in the country's economic life due to the war would not be as grave as had been feared."

A further message from Petrograd, dated February 8, says:—

"The Committee of Ways and Means of the Duma has unanimously recommended the Government to declare a monopoly of tea, tobacco, oil, matches, and of insurance of all kinds. The passage of the measure is virtually assured."

It seems to me the attitude of the W.C.T.U. in America is the one we should take here, viz., the strongest possible protest against the further taxation of liquor, since it only increases the brewery profits and gives us revenue at the cost of manhood.

A MATTER OF URGENCY.

I am impressed with the necessity of urging people to religious decision. Good intentions are the commonest and the most dangerous things unless crystallised in a decision of the will. I hope shortly to have a large number of copies of "The Reason Why?" and will be glad to supply them to those who will urge their friends to read it, and to come to some decision about the offer of salvation. The following incident is very much to the point:

A widow who had been defrauded was visited by a great barrister, who offered to take up her case out of friendship for nothing. The widow was, however, afraid of all that litigation might mean, and she declined the kind offer. Later she changed her mind, and wrote to the advocate saying she would be glad of his services. He replied: "When I offered to plead your case, I was an advocate. Since then I have been made a judge, and can no longer plead for you." One day He who is now our Advocate will become our Judge."

OUR BIRTHDAY.

I am afraid Uncle B. and the Editor have mixed things up a bit. "Grit's" birthday is March 28; Uncle B.'s is December 5. It seems to me the very close relationship between these two gentlemen makes it undesirable to have two birthdays, as one would be sure to be better than the other, and this would only provoke jealousy. December 5 is a time of the year when there is so much on hand that it would not be appropriate for a celebration, so Uncle B. will hold his anniversary on March 27, as suggested in the last issue. Will you come to the birthday party? Will you help celebrate the auspicious occasion? Let us all pull together, and make it a great affair. Send along any suggestions, and they will be gladly received. Look out for the programme.

The Editor

The Kitchener Pledge.

A THOUSAND SOLDIERS SIGN THE PLEDGE.

A SCENE OF GREAT ENTHUSIASM.

On Monday, Feb. 8th, a pledge-signing crusade was carried out at the Liverpool camp. His Grace, the Archbishop of Sydney, Colonel Luscombe, and the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond accepted the invitation of the camp commandant, Colonel Humphries, and dined with the officers. Fifteen hundred men were massed in front of an impromptu platform, and another 1000 men crowded round. Colonel Humphries presided, and with the brevity characteristic of a soldier said:—"I have much pleasure in supporting the gentlemen who are here to advocate the Kitchener Pledge. A soldier to be perfectly fit, and to be efficient must keep away from liquor, and he felt sure if they signed the pledge they would in the serious business ahead do honor to themselves and to the Empire." (Applause).

Colonel Luscombe apologised for the absence of the State Commandant, Colonel Wallack, C.B., and said it was essential for a soldier to have all his wits about him if he was to be of any use, and alcohol was notorious for depriving a man in this respect. He strongly urged the men to sign the pledge, adding, "I am not an abstainer myself, but I intend to take this pledge to-night." (Cheers).

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP.

His Grace said:—I am pleased to be here and have the opportunity of saying a few words in favor of the Kitchener Pledge. Some people thought it an interference with their liberty, and he always assured them that he also believed in liberty—the liberty to think for himself; and he wanted them as good soldiers to think it over, for it was a good thing. Some say, why take a pledge? Cannot I give my word and keep it as resolutely as when I sign the pledge? Very likely, but when you have the principle of the Kitchener Pledge to lean on, and have it in black and white, when a comrade asks you to drink, you can say, "I've given my word, I respect my pledge as a soldier." He strongly urged them as a total abstainer to take the pledge. He had found the benefit of it himself. The Japanese have a saying that a man takes a drink, then the drink takes the man. Many a man took the manhood out of himself by drink, and associated with evil women, whom he was afraid were made what they were by men. He remembered many a case whilst acting as chaplain of young men who were absolutely ruined by drink. The great leaders of our country's army and navy were affirming that what the doctors have said is absolutely correct, and he felt that they would do best for the Empire who signed this pledge. (Applause). It is reported from North France that at a grave of 20 British soldiers the Germans had paid a tribute by inscribing it 20 British heroes, and their helmets were placed all around. He would like to think by keeping their bodies clean they would not

be throwing aside their chance of becoming British heroes, and therefore a credit to our glorious nation. (Cheers).

Major Lewis (Salvation Army), representing Colonel Birkenshaw, said the best message he had to give them were the words, "Be strong, quit ye like men" in the great battle of life. There was no room for neutrals on this great question. They must take their stand. He remembered an old Etonian story of a boy who at the dinner of the College refused to drink and turned his glass down. Through the manly action of that boy, to this day no strong liquors were drunk at toasts at Eton. That boy was William Ewart Gladstone. He appealed to them to let their noble impulses prevail. His opinion of drink was not of something he had heard but as a result of personal observation and experience. He hoped to-night they would determine to stand for the best traditions of our country, and avow their principle by signing in their thousands. (Cheers).

COMMON SENSE AND COURAGE.

The Rev. R. B. S. Hammond started off with a story that fairly convulsed the men, who gave him an appreciative hearing. He urged that common sense and courage made a man, and that men who exercised these qualities always turned liquor down. Common sense told a man that the best side of the pub was the outside, and that the best thing to keep in the bottle was the cork. Common sense bid a man take heed of the danger signals that surrounded alcohol. Men like the late Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, and Admiral Jellicoe did not raise a warning voice against alcohol without reason. The world's greatest medical men endorsed this pledge. It might not be easy to take it, or keep it, but anyhow it was a man's job, and required courage and true manliness, and they might emulate the Great Nation to whose help they were going, by standing up for their pledge as did England for the "little piece of paper" our contemptible enemies ignored and tried to trample on.

OUR INDIAN SOLDIERS.

In India there were 75,000 British soldiers, of whom 35,856 were pledged abstainers.

The 2nd Royal Fusiliers had 88.5 per cent. of the number abstainers, and they won the Empire Day Cup, and were second in the Education test.

The Cheshire Regiment had 87.4 per cent. of total abstainers, and they won the educational test, and had the champion hockey team.

The West Riding Regiment had 71.5 per cent. of abstainers, and they came third in the educational test, had the champion Rugby team, and also won the Delhi Durbar endurance test.

The Presbyterian Board of Temperance in

America has issued the following statement:

Death due to alcohol in one year in the United States, and number killed and died of wounds in some wars and great battles:

| | |
|---------------------------|---------|
| Gettysburg | 32,800 |
| Civil War per Year.... | 49,239 |
| Waterloo | 51,000 |
| | |
| Franco-Prussian War | 122,000 |
| | |
| ALCOHOL | 152,781 |

Alcohol is indeed more dangerous than war.

THE APPEAL.

Mr. Hammond closed his address by saying:—"Men, for the sake of the women folk you leave behind, as the best way of comforting them and relieving them of some anxiety, sign the pledge. Men, for the sake of your own efficiency, that you might respond to the strain you will be called to bear, that you might have bodies you can be proud of, sign the pledge. Men, for the sake of the Empire, at whose call you are going so nobly, conserve your means and your manhood by signing the pledge. Men, because no man has ever regretted signing and keeping a pledge, because it is as wise and necessary as the marriage lines you sign or the business contracts you sign, put your name to the Kitchener pledge.

Amidst great applause, men stepped out in hundreds and signed the following card:—

THE KITCHENER PLEDGE.

In order that I may be of the greatest service to my country, and carry out the wishes of the Commander-in-Chief at this time of national peril, I promise until the end of the war to abstain from all intoxicants (unless ordered by a doctor), and encourage others to do the same.

On the other side of the card is printed the following statement:—

TO ALL MEN SERVING THE EMPIRE.

It has been proved by the most careful scientific experiments and completely confirmed by actual experience in athletics and war, as attested by the late Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., K.G., K.P., Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, K.P., G.C.B., and many other army leaders, that alcohol or drink

- (1) Slows the power to see signals.
- (2) Confuses prompt judgment.
- (3) Spoils accurate shooting.
- (4) Hastens fatigue.
- (5) Lessens resistance to diseases and exposure.
- (6) Increases shock from wounds.

We therefore most strongly urge you for your own health and efficiency that at least as long as the war lasts you should become total abstainers. (Signed)

Thomas Barlow, M.D., F.R.S., K.C.V.O., Pres. Coll. Phys., Physician to the King.

Frederick Treves, F.R.C.S., G.C.V.O., Hon. Col. R.A.M.C., T.F., Sergeant-Surgeon to H.M. the King.

G. J. H. Evatt, M.D., C.B., Surgeon-General R.A.M.C.

Victor Horsley, F.R.C.S., F.R.S., Captain R.A.M.C., T.F.

G. Sims Woodhead, M.D., F.R.S., Lt.-Col. R.A.M.C., T.F.

CITY OF CRANIA.

(By HENRY JONES, for "Grit.")

RUTTERS.

Have you ever taken notice of the ruts to be found in some of our country high roads? If you have, you will understand how difficult it is to avoid them when driving. They are deep and wide, as a result of so many wheels being driven along them. Almost every driver makes for the rut, just because somebody else did so before, and it is a moral certainty that somebody else will do so after him. It is true of life. So many people keep in the ruts because it is so much easier than avoiding them. A few weeks ago, on the mountains, I saw some boys placing stones and branches of trees in the ruts along the Bathurst-road. Wondering why they did so, I stood and watched. Presently a motor came spinning along, and just as it neared the stones and branches the driver scowled at them, gave the pilot wheel a turn, and soon brought the car out of the rut, avoided the stones and branches, and then gave the wheel another turn, and settled down once more in the rut. But not before he told the youngsters what he thought of them. When the boys came out from their hiding place I asked them why they placed the stones in the rut. "Oh," said one, with a beaming smile of triumph, "just to see how it upsets them easy-going blokes when they have to get out of the rut. They are rutters, and we like to wake 'em up."

It occurred to me, when I reflected upon this incident, that many a good, well-meaning person is in danger of becoming a rutter. There are many who get into a groove, perhaps a very deep one, and positively refuse to get out of it, because it requires a little exertion to do so. I often think it is a good thing that we have difficulties, sorrow, losses, reverses, disappointments, criticism hurled at us, opposition and censure, because it forces us out of the rut, and compels us to awaken dormant faculties. While we are not always guilty of starting ruts, we certainly are responsible for being in ruts. Parents sometimes have children who are well-behaved, obedient, and docile, and in consequence of this they get into a smooth rut, and travel along happily until an "odd" child finds its way into the family. Then it gets out of the rut, so father and mother are brought up with a sudden jerk.

GRACE AND MURIEL.

The home that is blest with this pair of girls must be prepared to find a good few stones and branches lying about to upset its placidity. This pair has the stamp of originality and versatility on every feature. Grace is determined, persistent, and capable. With gentle treatment she will manifest a strong, influential character, but if force is used she will develop a fighting spirit. The fine, full brow shows she takes notice of things and an intelligent interest in all that transpires around her. The ears standing out from the head is a good sign. She will fight

for life and overcome sickness. She has the signs of temper or spirit, consequently it is best not to rouse her by unreasonable treatment. The eyes and centre of the forehead indicate a splendid memory for what she hears, reads, and sees. History, geography, and mathematics should be her best subjects. She is musical, but more of a teacher in that connection than a player. She is cautious, fond of approbation, independent, and serious-minded, but not given to despondency. It will depend upon her environment whether she will become austere and critical. As a nurse, teacher, or in business she will succeed. Music and painting should be her accomplishments.

Muriel is quite a contrast to Grace, inasmuch as she is more persistent and humor-



GRACE and MURIEL MARION.

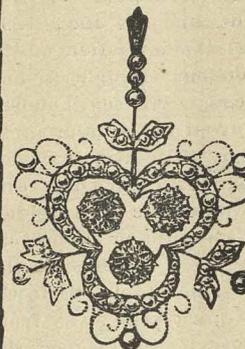
ous. She sees the incongruous and funny side of life. She is decidedly odd and unorthodox. She will question people and institutions irrespective of age or position. Don't imagine this girl can be gulled, because she can't. She is quick to read character and select the persons with whom she will get along best. She has a good degree of language. This will be manifested in gesture, expression, and talkativeness. There will be no finality to her questions; the answer to one will suggest another. It would be just as well for her to study languages. She is imitative and capable of learning elocution. Dancing will come easy to her, and she has the signs of a voice and musical talent. She is self-willed and resourceful, and ought to do well in studies.

W. KERR,

Hall Mark of Value.

542-544 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

Opp. Town Hall.



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

NEW GOODS BY EVERY MAIL.

CALL AND INSPECT OUR STOCK.

Whatever else Muriel will do, she will win her way in life through diplomacy and persistency. The mouth indicates secretiveness of the passive order, so those dealing with her must not conclude that she tells all she knows just because she talks a lot.

She is optimistic and buoyant, and capable of instilling this spirit into others. As a spender she will be hard to beat. Impulse rules her in regard to money, so it would be wise to limit her pocket money.

SAID "I" TO "MYSELF."

When the old craving comes and you begin to sink,

Don't give in!

Quit your reflecting and make an effort to think,

Don't give in!

Your trembling hand will soon come right
When you see yourself in the proper light;
It means a ding-dong mighty hard fight,

But don't give in!

Some of your old chums will give you a prod,
But don't give in!

Friends (?) will pass you in the street with
a stiff nod,

But don't give in!

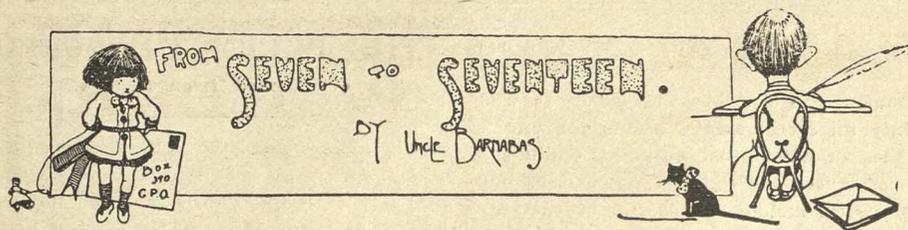
When you look for the sun and see a cloud
As sombre and black as a funeral shroud,
Say with a voice—determined and loud—
I'll not give in!

Some will suspect you and watch every deed,
But don't give in!

If your mind on vengeance is inclined to feed,
Don't give in!

Be cheerful and brave, generous and kind,
The "prods" and the "sneers" with your sin
leave behind;

Play your part manly, and then you'll find
They will give in!



THAT BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Already I have heard of some who are planning to come to the party on March 27. Mr. Jones says he is coming, and that will be fine. I think Mr. Jessop will come and bring his camera, and we will put sand down his back to pay him out for the funny sketches he is sure to make of us. I am thinking of borrowing a "Surry Hills motor" to come in. Do you know what that is like? Well, it is a go-cart. I was also thinking it would be nice if I made the birthday cake myself and gave a prize to anyone who could eat two slices of it. Please tell me what you think would be nice. I think anything is nice if one is in a nice mood, and so we must be sure and get out of our bed on the right side that day. I hope many of the "ancients" will come, the poor grown up ones who are now growing old and withered and past the delightful period of Seven to Seventeen. They can't help it, poor things, and so we will welcome them and console with them, and make them forget all the disabilities of old age by having a good romp. If they creak and groan, and say they are too old, we will remember the lady who, while spending her holidays on a farm, said:—

"Hark! Just hear how those old trees in the orchard moan and groan in the storm, like the crying of a lost soul!"

"Well," rejoined her practical and unromantic companion, "I guess you'd moan and groan, too, if you were as full of green apples as those trees are."

It won't be long before all the present ne's and ni's will pass beyond the stage that runs from "7 to 17," and then it will be their turn to sit and smile while others romp. Please help me plan it all out by suggesting all you think is nice.—Uncle B.

CAN YOU SAY THESE?

A club of grown-ups in London held a contest to see who could write the best "tongue twisters." Here are some of those sent in. Try them and see what they will do to your own tongue:—

A growing gleam growing green.

The bleak breeze blighted the bright blossoms.

Flesh of freshly-fried flying fish.

Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly, silly snakes.

The prize was won by the sender of the following:—

Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig whip.

A COMING ENGINEER.

Cyril Bradshaw, "Conway," Ingram-st., Kensington, 5/1/15, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.—I saw a copy of "Grit" to-day, and the lovely letters in it. And I

would like you to publish mine if you think it fit. I am eleven years old. I am in second class in Sunday School, and fifth class in public school. My favorite subject is arithmetic. I also like reading. I have had some prizes from Sunday school. One "The River in the Forest." It is a very good one. Have you read it, Uncle? Another one is "Lance Henry's Holiday," and I like that one, too. When I grow up I'd like to be an engineer. But I think I shall have to consult Mr. Jones. I belong to St. Martin's Church. Our rector is Rev. Mr. Rook. I wonder do you know him. We had our prizes given out at Sunday school last Sunday. The prizes were all good books. I have two sisters, and I will try and make them write to you. Have you been out Kensington way. It is a lovely spot. When you come out this way, call to the above address, and we will have a cup of tea ready for you. Or rather, my little sister will make it for you. Hope I am good enough to be your nephew. With best wishes and kind regards to you and all your cousins.—Yours sincerely.

(Dear Cyril,—I am glad to hear from you. I think you are wise in planning to see Mr. Jones. It would be fine to be an engineer, and he will be able to tell you if that is the wisest thing for you. Yes. I have been to Kensington, and some time I may pop in and see how your sister makes a cup of tea. I have not read any of those books, but am glad to hear you are a prize winner. Give my love to Mr. Rook. He may not know who I am, but I know him.—Uncle B.)

THE "BOY" OF THE FAMILY.

Ivy Horton, "Sunny View," Marsden Rd., Grenfell, N.S.W. Jany. 10th, 1915, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you'll accept me as a new niece, if you haven't enough already. I was 14 years old on Oct. 10, 1914. We always get "Grit" given to us after our friends have finished with it, and I like it very much. I have been reading the paper for about four years, but I've only screwed up courage to write. I like writing letters, though, so I hope I won't be put on the "scalawag" list.

I have three sisters, but no brothers, and I am called the boy of the family. I love riding, and although I have no horse of my own I can have a ride whenever I like.

We have a tennis court at our place, and we all play tennis. We played tennis on Christmas and New Year's Day. Christmas was a bit too hot to play much, but New Year's Day was lovely, and we played nearly all the afternoon. I think it is grand the way the people fight "John Barleycorn," and I hope he is killed altogether in the end. There are a good many hotels in Grenfell, and there is a new one which has just been

finished. I wish it was something else than a hotel. Don't you, Uncle B?

We have a photo of Uncle B., a postcard with some other men. I wonder if it is Mr. Hammond?

Well, uncle, I am sending a funny story to help try and chase some of the gloom away which is hovering over us like a thunder cloud which is coming nearer and nearer. Well, I will stop this time. With kind regards to all the cousins and yourself. I am your would-be niece.

(Dear Ivy,—I am pleased to have you as a ni., and am glad you like writing. Fancy taking four years to screw up your courage. So you are the "boy" of the family? Does that mean you get into all the mischief, or eat all the cake, or run all the messages, or climb all the trees, or do all the teasing. Please let us know why you are so called? Thank you for the funny story.—Uncle B.)

THE DAUGHTER OF AN AUTHOR.

Isabel, Katoomba, January 14, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I wrote you a letter about two months ago, but as I have seen no reply in "Grit," I began to think that it has been mislead. Anyhow, here we are again. I have been to Manly for two weeks. I came home last Monday. I was lovely in the surf. I went to the Presbyterian garden fete. It was very nice. I am sending you a postcard of an Australian ship and a lion. If you look at the mane of the lion you will notice it has got written on it Canada, India, Australia, New Zealand, Africa, and colonies. Dad has just published a new book named "The Clouds." I hope you and all of my cousins had a happy New Year. We have two dear little kittens. One is named Fluffy and the other one Tim. I might go to Lawson with a young lady staying with us just for the day. It is a beautiful day up here to-day. Well, uncle, I think I will have to say good bye. Much love to you and all of my cousins.

(Dear Isabel,—I think you will find that your letter was in "Grit," but it is easy for the letters to get out of their order when they are not dated, and sometimes it seems a long while before the letter appears in "Grit." I would hold them all back for a while if I thought they would do as you have done—write another one. Thank you for the post card, it is very interesting. I expect you had a lovely time at Manly. I must try and get a copy of "The Clouds." If you take after Dad, you will soon write a story for "Grit."—Uncle B.)

A NI WE ARE PROUD OF.

Vera Marsh, Ipswich Nursery, Thorn St., 16/1/15, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Please don't faint when you get this, as it is about two, three, or four months (I don't know how long, I've lost count) since I wrote last. But, uncle, when you hear my explanation you will not be quite so hard in meting out my punishment, as I am writing at my first opportunity. I became almost sure that I would be the "Queen of the Scalawags." Well, uncle, in my last letter I told you about my medal, and you remarked that you and my

"Grit" cousins would like to read my essay. Well, then, first of all, I hadn't got it, but I wrote straight away to Brisbane for it to the society. It was soon sent on to me, but was told I had to take a copy and return the original. Now, uncle, when you set about to copy 20 pages of "foolscap," it is a great undertaking, and so many wanted a copy that I didn't know where to begin and where to leave off. Anyway, one of our local papers got hold of it and now it is printed. You will see it only came out on the same day as I am writing. I hadn't another written copy, so I had to send you one of the papers, but I'm sure you don't mind. I'm also enclosing a photo of myself, which I hope Mr. Jones won't find too bewildering. By-the-by, uncle, when a cousin asks you about your photo you seem to "shuffle" out of it by asking for his. Now, I think this is unanimous and imperative that Uncle B. should print his own photo. Chorus—"And so say all of us."

I think I told you before that I was a member of the I.O.G.T. Mr. Arthur Toombes was one of our Queensland organizers for the same, before he left for New Zealand.

The Good Templars held a picnic in our garden on New Year's Day. We had a lovely time. I wish Uncle B. could have been there, I'm sure he would have enjoyed himself.

The Juvenile Good Templars are having a concert on Monday night, the 18th, as it is their third anniversary. They are giving half the takings towards the I.O.G.T. Mission fund. I have been the secretary of this Temple for nine successive terms.

I will now bring this long letter to a close, with best wishes. From your sincere niece.

(Dear Vera,—"To know all is to forgive all" is an old saying, and I thought of it as soon as I read your interesting letter. Your article is fine, and I am going to squeeze it into "Grit" as soon as possible. Mr. Jones is most interested in your photo. I am getting quite scared lest some one should call me a scalawag, because I have not produced the "map of my face," but look again at the first sentence of this letter and be patient a while longer. I am delighted to hear of your work in the I.O.G.T.—Uncle B.)

FIVE BIG BROTHERS.

Opal, Chapple St., Broken Hill, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—After a three months' spell I am again writing to you. As you asked me a few questions, I think I had better answer them before I tell you the very little news that I have to tell. I am 15 years old, my birthday being on the 5th of May. As to my brothers writing, well I think you are a little down on your luck, for although I have five, and they are steps and stairs. The youngest is just over 17. I am sorry to say that I have no photo to send to you, and afraid to go to a photographer, for I am thinking I would come out as you said you would—that is, the price of a broken slide upon my head. I have a few snap shots, for face. Did you have a Merry Xmas? I did. All of our family assembled at home, and as they numbered 20 you may guess there was

something doing. New Year's Day was not so pleasant by far. I suppose you have read all about "The Terrible Tragedy." It was certainly an awful affair, and gives one a little idea of what must be going on in the countries where the fighting is. Out of our family only my eldest sister, my brother-in-law and her little family, and my brother were on the train. One of my brothers and I were motoring out with a party to Silverton, and although we were on the road in a level with the railway track and saw the train slow down we heard no shots, nor did we see anything to arouse our curiosity. Perhaps it was the noise of so many machines that drowned the shots, and a hill that we passed a little while later blocked our view. Well, I suppose I must close now. My brothers said last time (in a joke) that I might as well have taken the whole page while I was about it. I am a terror for scribbling or forgetting that there is an end to paper. I remain, your accepted niece.

(Dear Opal,—So you have five big brothers. Well, your luck is in. Brothers are alright if you know how to humor them. I really think you ought to face the camera. You will never be just 15 again, and a permanent record is always interesting. That picnic was a sad affair. They were certainly mad to do such a wanton, cruel, and useless thing. I wonder if you have had any dust storms lately. In your private post script you asked me to put "yes or no" at the end of my letter, so I have done so.—Uncle B.)

TOP MARKS.

Lucy Hawkins, "Wyville," Cooma, 18/1/15, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am really ashamed of myself for not writing to you before, but please forgive me, and if I am on the "scalawag" list please cross me off. It has been very hot here for the last few days. We had three shocks of earthquake in Cooma on Saturday morning last, 16th inst. Dudley is enclosing his first letter to you with this one. We had a special service in our church on Christmas morning, and a united service in the Presbyterian Church on Christmas night. Both were successful. I received highest marks in our Sunday school examination last year. There were eleven sat for it and ten passed. I had a very nice letter from one of my "Grit" cousins (Winnie Stone) to-day. Well, dear uncle, I will have to close now with love to all cousins, and not forgetting yourself. I remain your loving niece.

(Dear Lucy,—Since you came top in the Sunday school examination, I will forgive your long silence. I am so glad Dudley has started to write, and I hope he will keep you all up to the mark in future. I wonder did you feel those earthquake shocks? I am glad to hear of that united service. It is a pity there are not many more such services.—Uncle B.)

THE POLICE CENSURED

(Continued from Page 6.)

Each bottle holds five drinks. The return at sixpence a glass is half a crown a bottle, and now it is one penny short of 3s. English stout costs him 12s. 3d. the dozen, and the return is the same.

But his star robbery is with draught lager. This costs him 1s. 9d. the gallon, so if sold at sixpence a pint it returns 4s. a gallon. If sold at sixpence the half-pint it returns 8s. the gallon. But what it really is sold by is the glass—not the long-sleever, but the saloon-bar glass—and then it goes 20 drinks, or 10s. to the gallon at sixpence a drink, and 11s. 8d. to the gallon at sevenpence a drink.

"There are a few hotels which, defiant of the trade, have refused to ask the sevenpenny rate. As a means of bringing these recalcitrants to heel, the trade has approached the wholesalers, and attempted to get the supplies of the rebels stopped. This action amounts at Common Law to a criminal offence. But that is a side-issue. The features that chiefly concern beer and spirit drinkers are that the pub business was capable of being run at a colossal profit under the old system, and that the pub-keepers have seized on the war to turn their concerns from steadily-paying gold mines into Golcondas. The new move plays suicidally into the hands of the Abolitionists, and it provides another argument in support of the nationalisation of drink."

THE REMEDY.

We cannot expect much from those in authority. They only refer the matter to the local authorities, who, of course, promise to attend to it, and there the matter drops. It remains for the local people to keep the authorities at headquarters well posted, and also to inform the N.S.W. Alliance of what they have done; and constant nagging, eternal vigilance, and accurate information will greatly improve the deplorable conditions to which this article refers.

BUFFALO BILL IS RIGHT.

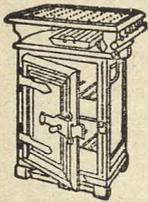
Tells Flying Squadron He is for World-wide Prohibition.

At Oklahoma City the Flying Squadron used the Sells-Floto Circus tent, addressing 7500 people in the afternoon and as many at night. Colonel Cody, "Buffalo Bill," also addressed the meeting on "Peace." He said: "War is almost as cruel and excuseless as rum. I am in favor of world-wide prohibition against both these scourges."

The circus crowd was addressed by Drs. Wilson, Sheridan, and Daniel A. Poling.

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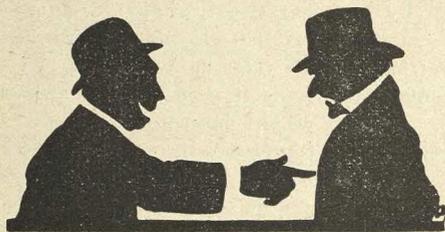
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PROVIDENT FATHER.

Settlement Worker (visiting tenements): "And your father is working now and getting two pounds a week? That's splendid! And how much does he put away every Saturday night, my dear?"

Little Girl: "Never less than three quarts, ma'am!"

* * *

HIS POLITENESS EXPLAINED.

"It was mighty nice of you to give up your seat to that stout old lady, Mr. Blinks. It is pleasant to see that there are still some polite men left in the world."

"Sorry, Mrs. Jabbers, but it wasn't politeness at all. The man who sat next to me was quarrelsome because he said I crowded him too much, and all I did was to use that stout old lady as a sort of retort courteous."

* * *

ANOTHER HARD LUCK TALE.

Two gentlemen were talking when a seedy individual came up and spoke to one of them. After he had gone the gentleman said to his friend:

"That's a brother of mine and about the most unfortunate fellow in the world. I have set him up in business three times. The last time, I bought a pork-shop business for him in a place called Barking. After a few weeks he wrote and said the business had all dropped off. Would I come up? I went and the first thing that caught my eye was a placard in the window inviting the public to 'Try Our Barking Sausages.'"

* * *

AGAIN THE TEMPTER.

The sailor had been showing the lady visitor over the ship. In thanking him she said: "I see that by the rules of your ship tips are forbidden."

"Lor' bless yer 'eart, ma'am," replied Jack, "so were the apples in the Garden of Eden."

OF FIRST IMPORTANCE.

The teacher was examining the class in physiology. "Mary, you tell us," she asked, "what is the function of the stomach?"

"The function of the stomach," the little girl answered, "is to hold up the petticoat."

* * *

HARDLY POSSIBLE.

Riding in an omnibus up Regent-street last evening, I heard an old lady annoying the other passengers by her remarks. The conductor remonstrated with her, saying, "Ma'am, remember you are in a public vehicle, and behave as such."

* * *

EXPERTS ONLY.

Marie: "At the place where I was spending my vacation this summer, a fresh young farmer tried to kiss me. He told me he'd never kissed a girl in his life."

Ethel: "What did you say to him?"

Marie: "I told him that I was no agricultural experiment station."

* * *

OUTCLASSED.

"My dear," said the proud father. "I cannot understand your objection to young Prudely as a suitor for your hand. I am sure that he is a model young man."

"There is no question about his being a model," replied the bewitching beauty; "but, father, dear, the trouble is that he is a 1912 model."

DENTAL CARE.

Every patient gets the same degree of painstaking care and attention in my surgery. I am very gentle with old people and nervous folk, and exercise every consideration for their feelings. You have nothing whatever to fear when you come to me for an extraction or a filling. My special anaesthetic acts successfully in every instance. The pain is completely killed and in no case does the anaesthetic act upon the heart. Let the tooth be ever so abscessed, I can extract it perfectly without causing you even the slightest twinge of pain or leaving any disagreeable after-effect.

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

My fees are:—

Perfectly Painless Extractions, from 2/-
Painless Fillings, from 5/-

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

DENTIST REANEY

The No-Humbug Dentist,

Opp. Grace Bros. Hours: 9 to 6 Daily.

And at 8 OXFORD-STREET, CITY.

TO PAY THE RENT.

The neighborhood of Toxteth Park, Liverpool, has decided drawbacks, from the point of view at least of some of the landlords of the cheaper property. It is said that an agent, on making the usual Monday morning call for rent at one house, was offered 1s. 6d. The rent was already in arrears. He showed his discontent. "Look 'ere, mister; you ought to be jolly thankful you've got this. If my old man hadn't sold the back door you'd have got nothing."

DON'T BE ONE-EYED

READ

THE WORKER

IT GIVES ALL THE POLITICAL NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ITS CARTOONS SIZE UP THE SITUATION.

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THE CHALLENGE OF PATRIOTISM.

(Continued from Page 7.)

share in industrial profits, for it gives to labor less than 90dol. for every one million dollars of capital invested, while the average for all other industries is 500dol. for every one million dollars of capital invested. It makes for cheap labor, for it is responsible for thousands of women who stand in the burden-bearing places of men, and it is the beggetter of child slavery.

The liquor traffic is an unfair business competitor, for it deals with a habit-forming drug that drives its victims to spend all of their substance for that which satisfies not, for that which leaves the consumer in an infinitely worse state than he was before. It impoverishes society.

The liquor traffic is the recipient of unfair and exorbitant profits and all of its financial returns are at the expense of the legitimate industries of the community. Liquor money is generally bread money, shoe money, and money that ought to be spent for clothing, money that would naturally have gone to buy the necessities and comforts of life.

Release the drink bill of the United States and it will immediately begin to do three things: To supply the saloons' victims with the necessities and comforts of life, to up-build and strengthen the honest industries that create for society necessities and comforts, and to return to the laborer a larger share of the earnings of his toil.

The liquor institution is the father of two-thirds of the unpaid bills that merchants mark off at the close of every year and the chief reason why children are hungry and scantily clad. The only thing that a drink of whisky ever suggests is another drink of whisky.

Whisky never suggested to a drunkard that he buy shoes for his children or furniture for his house, but it has suggested to creatures once men that they take the shoes from the feet of their babies, the furniture from their scantily-supplied houses to buy more whisky. Society, if it is not to be impoverished, must receive an honest return for an honest investment. This is the sound law of the finished product by which we judge every honest business of the community.

The saloon is an industrial parasite feeding off society and returning to society no good thing.

"IT IS NOT A BUSINESS; IT IS A CRIME."

The revenue the liquor institution promises the State is not one thirty-fifth of that which it steals from the State, and all the little it seems to give is quickly devoured by its maimed and impoverished, its imbecile, and criminal. The financial drain of the liquor institution upon the Government has not yet been computed.

Prohibition is patriotic because it is the proved friend of labor and capital, and be-

cause it makes society industrially consistent by applying to the liquor institution the sound economic laws of wealth and waste, business and crime that are everywhere applied to all other institutions of the State. Prohibition is patriotic because it strikes a tremendous blow against industrial incompetency, because it destroys society's great industrial impoverisher.

THE CORRUPTER OF POLITICS.

That which makes for the physical, moral, and industrial incompetency of citizens makes for the corruption of politics and for bad government. The liquor institution is, therefore, the most dangerous, the supreme corrupter of government, for it, more than any other institution, makes for physical, industrial, and moral incompetency. It goes without argument that other things being equal a man physically weak cannot serve the State as well as a physically strong man. Ignorance, demoralising life, poverty, immorality, and irreligion are the most insidious foes of good government.

The liquor institution thrusts the State to its very vitals when it tampers with the electorate. And in the hollow of the liquor hand is the corrupted and corruptible vote of this Republic. The liquor traffic not only corrupts the voter, but, having corrupted him, holds him for barter. Whenever great interests desire to secure friendly legislation at the expense of the people they form at once a thieving partnership with the saloon.

The destiny of this Republic, the perpetuity of every worthy institution of our past and our future greatness rest upon the political system handed down to us from the fathers, a system changed from time to time to meet the requirements of larger freedom and advancing truth, but a system always lofty in theory and benign in practice. For this system we are now responsible.

The liquor traffic in all the years of its political power has never made an honest vote for a worthy cause.

To-day it stands convicted in every great city of the nation of unnumbered political frauds and as the corrupter and would-be destroyer of our whole plan of government.

It respects no law that stands between it and financial gain; it is the red-mawed anarchist of them all.

The supreme arraignment that I bring in patriotism against the saloon, I bring in its own declaration, "Prohibition does not prohibit." Who wants prohibition to fail? Who is directly responsible in every instance when prohibition laws are violated? How long will we tolerate in the State this bloody-handed defier of order?

I fear no yellow peril to-day, I fear no foe that may embark from a foreign shore to do us hurt; I fear this foe within! This shackler of bodies, this impoverisher of industry, this moral despoiler, this corrupter of government.

Give America clear minds, strong bodies, and clean souls and she will meet and solve every problem of her present and future as she has met successfully the great problems

of her glorious past. But American needs every man at his best to-day!

Prohibition is patriotic because it makes for a sober, industrious, prosperous citizenship, an intelligent, educated electorate; because it unhands the chief corrupter of politics, because it removes the progenitor of the political incompetent.

The liquor traffic is an unmitigated evil and as such must be destroyed. We declare for National Constitutional Prohibition entrusted to a political administration outspokenly committed to the amendment and to the statutory legislation that must everywhere be enacted and enforced to make prohibition effective.

WHY NATIONAL CONSTITUTIONAL PROHIBITION?

Why National Constitutional Prohibition? Because the national character of the liquor traffic is fixed—this the Webb law has established, recognising as it does the necessity for national action against the violators of State prohibitory laws.

To the contention that we seek to crowd the organic law of the land with statutory legislation, we reply that the status of other questions less comprehensive and vital than this question is established in the Constitution, that a question as all-inclusive and vast as this liquor question has no other final resting place, and that we would fix prohibition forever where it shall not be moved.

National Prohibition will confirm the right of the State to deal with the liquor problem within its own borders without the handicap of national tax interference. It will stop forever the nullification of State temperance and prohibitory laws by the Federal Government. The spectacle of the Federal Government continuing to levy tribute upon that which the State has outlawed is a national shame.

UNCLE SAM A LIQUOR-SELLER!

To-day we face the distressing fact that the mythical Uncle Sam is a Milwaukee brewer, a Peoria distiller, a corpulent and white-aproned Chicago, Cincinnati, New York saloonkeeper, a seller of whisky to brothels and minors and habitual drunkards, a manufacturer of physical, industrial, moral, and political incompetents. In the presence of this white ribbon army of mothers and wives and sisters and in the city of Henry Grady we declare that this country which went into the liquor business shall go out of the liquor business. We further declare that this Republic shall publish to the world in its organic law, there to remain until "the leaves of the judgment book unfold," its dissolution of partnership with John Barleycorn and its political redemption from the crime of the licensed saloon. Only thus can atonement be made for the blood money the unspeakable license system has wrung from the bodies and souls of our people.

The question is not, can men be made good by law, but shall the law be made good.

The question is not will prohibition prohibit, but shall this Government assume a proper attitude upon the issue that in its

physical, industrial, moral and political phases is unspeakably greater and more immediately vital than any other question now before the electorate.

And these are days of triumph—days that forecast the dawning of the day of final victory. When we awoke from slumber on the 3rd of November this year we beheld a shining way of Prohibition light stretching for three thousand miles across the continent—from the Atlantic Ocean through the Old Dominion, through West Virginia and Tennessee, through Mississippi and Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, and Oregon and across San Bernardino county to California. There on the lesser hills of the San Bernardino mountains within 50 miles of the Pacific Ocean floats the banner of National Prohibition. And next year we will complete our journey to the sea by way of Utah and Idaho, through Oregon.

Lift the shout until it trembles the earth and crumbles the last rum battlement, "A Saloonless Nation by 1920—the three hundredth year from the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth."

But let us not forget that government is not by law alone, that statutory legislation and constitutional amendments are helpless in the hands of unfriendly and indifferent political administrations. Prohibitory law is mandatory law, and mandatory law is a tool, not an automatic machine. A tool must be used. An axe calls for a man to wield it. Prohibition demands an administration that will enforce it.

Government is not by law alone, for government by law alone is anarchy. Government is not by administration alone, for government by administration alone is tyranny. Worthy government is by law and administration.

Through a series of bitter defeats, having been often deceived, we have come to the place of political wisdom, and to-day, as never before in the history of the temperance reform, the uniting prohibitionists of the country are commanding that our laws shall declare prohibition and our political parties and public officers shall be held responsible for the enforcing of prohibition.

THE CHALLENGE OF PATRIOTISM.

This is the challenge of patriotism—America needs every man at his best, and it is written in the plan of God for the ages that American shall not fail.

Are the progress armies of the great Republic less patriotic than the armies of Europe? The armies of Europe have banished intoxicants.

Is America less patriotic than China? China has banished opium.

Is America less patriotic than Russia? Russia has banished vodka.

Is America less patriotic than France? France has banished absinthe.

THE PATRIOTISM OF THE UNITED STATES WILL BANISH THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

This father of crooked and imbecile children, this procurer of vice districts, this re-

sourceful enemy of the home, of the school and of the church, this corrupter of men and of institutions, this "great destroyer" that has ridden far and ridden long is riding now to a fatal fall.

Shall the property cries of those who have coined into money and builded into houses the hearts of widows and orphans and the souls of drunkards deter the nation that from the North and from the South poured its treasure and its sons into the furnace of fratricidal strife that a single torch of truth might be set aflame?

No! This nation shall not be deterred. And there shall be no compensation. Rather, if the liquor institution continues to retard justice by corrupting the electorate while it impoverishes the children of the State, let there be confiscation!

Shall the cry of personal liberty turn aside the marching legions that have seen the white faces of their sisters peering from the barred windows of alcohol-fed brothels, that have looked upon the rum-shackled bodies of their brothers? Shall that perfidious cry delay the sons of sires who counted no liberty dear enough to hold, who gave up all when "suppliant freedom called," and "the embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard around the world."

No! We shall not be turned aside! We shall not delay. Personal liberty shall be subordinate to public weal.

"Shall we hold the gift too precious or the price too great to pay

When the demon of the ages, reeking-mawed disputes the way?"

No! Ten thousand times, No!

There is no agency on earth or in hell strong enough to deliver the liquor institution from its just doom. The only power that could strike the fast-descending sword of retribution from the avenging hand of this Republic is the power of Almighty God. That power is on the other side!—"Union Signal."

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "GRIT."

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- Better Quality, with Bib. Usual, 1/9; SPECIAL, 1/4 1/2.
- LADIES' BLACK SATEEN APRONS, without Bib. Usual, 10 1/2d.; SALE, 7 1/2d.
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