

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.

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Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

DYING FROM THE TOP.

Total Abstinence and Long Life.

THE VITALITY OF NATIONS IS BEING SAPPED BY ALCOHOL.

It is not mere accident that the nation whose favorite drink is buttermilk stands at the head, while the nation which of all these countries is most given to beer-drinking is the lowest in the group.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, of the well-known Battle Creek Sanatorium in America, certifies to the following figures:—

The proportion who live to pass the 100 year mark—

BULGARIA	-	-	-	1 in every 1000
UNITED STATES	-	-	-	1 in every 25,000
SPAIN	-	-	-	1 in every 44,000
FRANCE	-	-	-	1 in every 190,000
ENGLAND	-	-	-	1 in every 200,000
GERMANY	-	-	-	1 in every 700,000

Banish Alcohol and Live Long and Die Happy.

(See pages 6 and 7)

SILVESTER BROS., The Strand.

CHOICE SANDWICHES FOR LUNCH.

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TRY YORKSHIRE SAUSAGE FOR LUNCH.

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A FALLACY.

THE THEORY THAT ALCOHOL WARMS.

In that interesting scientific magazine, "Life and Health," there was recently an article written by A. B. Olsen, M.D., D.P.H., in which he discussed the effect of alcoholic indulgence by persons who were exposed to low temperatures, insufficiently clad, or in any way so situated as to be affected by cool or cold weather. His article explains in detail the physiological effects of lessened temperature, outside the body, and goes on to discuss the sensations and effects following alcoholic indulgence under such circumstances. In the latter connection he says:—

A COMMON FALLACY.

One of the most persistent and pernicious fallacies concerning alcohol is the belief that by taking it in one form or another the temperature of the body is raised and animal warmth increased. The traveller coming home on a cold night is often tempted to step into the railway refreshment room and have a glass of whiskey or brandy. The doctor who is called out on a cold, stormy night, is likewise tempted to fortify himself against the cold, as he erroneously thinks, by a dram of whiskey. Many men, and women, too, think they can shield themselves against cold and exposure by taking a dose of brandy.

Now, what is the real explanation of this; unfortunately, most common practice? Surely there must be at least a feeling of warmth and some comforting effect upon the body. This is true, for there is a distinct glow of the skin. Whiskey, brandy, or any other spirituous liquor exerts a paralysing influence upon the controlling heat centres of the brain, which leads to an enlargement of the blood-vessels of the skin, bringing more blood to the surface, and with it additional warmth, which at once proves comforting and agreeable, but at the same time hastens the loss of valuable heat. But this is a serious interference with nature, for the comforting warmth of the skin is gained at the expense of the vital internal organs, which are thus defrauded of their proper blood supply, and therewith suffer loss of heat, which may lead to grave consequences. This indicates very clearly the deceptive influence which alcohol possesses. Nature has provided us with nerves of temperature in the skin so that we can recognise instantly whether the hand is warm or cold; but we do not have nerves of temperature in the heart, liver, lungs, and kidneys. There-

fore, the taking of alcohol in any form for the purpose of withstanding cold means a serious risk of contracting a chill on the lungs, bringing bronchitis, or pneumonia, a chill on the liver, or some other internal organ.

At the very time when, on account of exposure to cold, the heat of the body should be conserved and protected from unnecessary loss, then the ignorant victim of drink imbibes alcohol which poisons the nerve-centres, allowing the blood-vessels to open, precious heat to escape, endangering both health and life.

PROFESSOR WOODHEAD'S EXPERIMENTS.

Prof. G. Sims Woodhead, of Cambridge University, recently carried out some most interesting and important experiments with regard to the loss of heat produced by the use of alcohol. He showed that as small a quantity as "about half an ounce of pure ethyl alcohol (equal to about one ounce—two tablespoonfuls of brandy) in a tumbler of cold water," when sipped slowly, produces almost immediately "a sense of warmth and glow, both in the stomach and in the skin, the latter soon becoming more moist. The face feels a little flushed." Professor Woodhead goes on to say that, according to the "British Journal of Inebriety," "from my general sensation I was satisfied that both external and internal temperatures had risen considerably. I was very tired, however, and within a few minutes I fell asleep. On awakening in the morning, I was not surprised to find that, owing apparently to the increased flow of blood through the capillary vessels of the skin (which thereby becomes a better conductor of heat) and the increased activity of the cutaneous glands, there had been a temporary, but marked, rise of temperature recorded by the surface thermometer, a rise which had continued for one and one-half hours, and was then followed by a fall. On developing the record given by the internal thermometer, I found that my sensations had misled me, and that, instead of a rise, there had been a distinct initial fall which, as regards time, corresponded very closely with the surface rise."

It is not necessary to add anything to this clear, scientific testimony concerning the true effect of alcohol upon the body temperature. It teaches us the important lesson

that we cannot rely altogether upon the feelings when it comes to the temperature of the internal organs.

THE TESTIMONY OF ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

On this point concerning the influence of alcohol upon animal temperature, the testimony of Arctic explorers is valuable. In his "Voyage to the Arctic Regions," Sir J. Ross says: "I was twenty years older than any of the officers or crew, yet I could stand the cold better than any of them, who all made use of tobacco and spirits. I entirely abstained from them. The most irresistible proof of the value of abstinence was when we abandoned our ship and we were obliged to leave behind us all our wine and spirits. It was remarkable to observe how much stronger and more able the men were to do their work when they had nothing but water to drink."

Another arctic explorer, Dr. John Rae, makes the following statement: "The greater the cold, the more injurious is the use of alcohol."

Dr. Hansen writes: "My experience leads me to take a decided stand against the use of stimulants and narcotics of all kinds. . . . It is often supposed that, even although spirits are not intended for daily use, they ought to be taken on an expedition for medical purposes. I would readily acknowledge this if any one would show me a single case in which such a remedy is necessary; but till this is done, I shall maintain that the best course is to banish alcoholic drinks from the list of necessities for an arctic expedition."

The following brief paragraph from "Alcohol and the Human Body," by Sir Victor Horsley and Dr. Mary D. Sturge, is also to the point: "Alcohol is undoubtedly often taken merely in order that a feeling of warmth may be experienced. For example, the cabman drinks that he may 'feel' warm, although in a short time, having lost heat by taking alcohol, he again feels cold and shivers. He drinks once more—each time driving the blood to the surface and parting with valuable heat that ought to have been stored all the time in the centre of his body."

ALCOHOL AS A SOURCE OF HEAT.

The truth is that alcohol is not a real source of heat in the true sense, for the small amount of heat that the body may derive from alcohol is more than wasted through the increased loss through the skin, caused by the poisoning influence of the drug.

In his text-book on physiology, Professor Schafer makes the following statement: "It cannot, in fact, be doubted that any small production of energy resulting from the oxidation of alcohol is more than counterbalanced by its deleterious influence as a drug upon the tissue elements, and especially upon those of the nervous system."

This is the teaching of science, and we think we have made it perfectly clear to any one that there is really no excuse whatever

(Continued on Page 4.)

"POP."

By ALICE HEGAN RICE, in "American Magazine."

(Continued from last issue.)

When the work was finished and the unconscious patient was wheeled down to her ward, Pop still kept his place beside her. With his hand on her pulse he watched her breathing, watched the first faint quivering of her lids, the restlessness that grew into pain and later into agony. Hour after hour he sat there and passed with her through that crucifixion that follows some capital operations.

On his refusal at luncheon time to leave the bedside Miss Fletcher ignored the rules and sent him a tray; but when night came and he still refused to go, she became impatient.

"You can't stay in here to-night, Mr. Hawkins," she said firmly. "I have asked one of the orderlies, who lives nearby, to take you home with him. We can send for you if there is any change. I must insist that you go now."

"Ain't I made it clear from the start," cried Pop angrily, "thet I ain't a-goin' to be druv out? You-uns bin call me muley-headed or whutever you've a mind to. Sal's always stood by me, and by gracious, I'm a-goin' to stand by Sal!"

His raised voice roused the patient, and a feeble summons brought Miss Fletcher to the bedside.

"Say," plead the girl faintly, "don't rile Pop. He's the—fightenestman—in—Breathitt—when his blood's—up."

"All right, dear," said Miss Fletcher, with a soothing hand on the hot brow; "he shall do as he likes."

During that long night the girl passed from one paroxysm of pain to another with brief intervals of drug-induced sleep. During the quiet moments the nurse snatched what rest she could; but old Jeb Hawkins stuck to his post in the straight-backed chair, never nodding, never relaxing the vigilance of his watch. For Pop was doing sentry duty, much as he had done it in the old days of the Civil War, when he had answered Lincoln's first call for volunteers and given his left arm for his country.

But the enemy to-night was mysterious, crafty, one that might come in the twinkling of an eye, and a sentry at seventy is not what he was at twenty-two. When the doctor arrived in the morning he found the old man haggard with fatigue.

"This don't do, Mr. Hawkins," he said kindly, "you must get some rest."

"Be she goin' to die?" Pop demanded, steadying himself by a chair.

"It is too soon to tell," the doctor said evasively; "but I'll say this much, her pulse is better than I expected. Now, go get some sleep."

* * *

Half an hour later a strange rumbling sound puzzled the nurses in Ward B. It came at regular intervals, rising from a monotonous growl to a staccato, then dying

away in a plaintive diminuendo. It was not until one of the nurses needed clean sheets that the mystery was explained. On the floor of the linen closet, stretched on his back with his carpet sack under his head and his empty sleeve across his chest, lay Pop!

From that time on the old mountaineer became a daily problem to Ward B. It is true, he agreed in time to go home at night with the orderly; but by six in the morning he was sitting on the steps, impatiently awaiting admission to the hospital. The linen closet was still regarded by him as his private apartment, to which he repaired at such times as he could not stay in Sally's room, and refreshed himself with the luncheon he brought along each day.

During the first week, when the girl's life hung in the balance, he was granted privileges which he afterward refused to give up. The hospital confines, after the freedom of the hills, chafed him sorely. As the days grew warmer he discarded his coat, collar, and at times his shoes.

"I 'low I'm goin' to tek Sal home next week!" became his daily threat.

But the days and weeks slipped by, and still the girl lay with a low, consuming fever, and still Pop watched by her side, showing her no affection by word or gesture but serving her and anticipating her every want with a thoroughness that left little for the nurses to do.

* * *

In some way Miss Fletcher had gained his confidence. To her he intrusted the bills which he ripped from his coat at the end of each week with the instruction that she "pay off them boys down in the office fa'r an' squar", but not to 'low 'em to cheat her." It may have been her growing interest in the invalid that won his favor, for she came in often to chat awhile with Sally and sometimes brough up a handful of flowers to help brighten the severe simplicity of the sick room.

"She's getting better," she said one morning as she held the girl's big bony hand and looked down at the thin bright face in its frame of shining hair. "We'll have her sitting up now before long."

Pop's whole aspect brightened.

"Ef Sal onct begins to git well, can't none of 'em beat her," he said proudly.

"Have you any other children?" Miss Fletcher asked.

"Lord, yes," said Pop, "heaps of 'em. Thar's Ted an' Larkin, an' Gus,—they wuz all kilt in feud fights. An' Burt an' Jim,—they're in jail in Jackson fer moonshinin'. Four more died when they wuz babies. An' they ain't nary a one at home now but jes' Sal."

"How old is she,"

"Seventeen er eighteen, mebbe."

"And she tells me she has never been to school."



James Cook Ltd.

Baker,

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Tel.: Pad. 111.

TRY OUR STEAM-MADE BREAD.

"Thar warn't no needcessity," said Pop complacently, taking a long twist of tobacco from his pocket. "Sal don't need no larnin'. She's pearter then most gals thet's got book sense. You show me ary one of these gals round here thet kin spin an' weave the cloth to mek ther own dresses, thet kin mold candles, an' mek soap an' hoe terbaccy, an' handle a rifle good ez a man."

"But, Mr. Hawkins," insisted Miss Fletcher, "there are better things than those for us to learn. Haven't you ever felt the need of an education yourself?"

Pop looked at her suspiciously: "Look a-here, young woman. I'm nigh on to seventy. I never hed a doctor but onct in my life, an' then he chopped my arm off when it might hev got well whar it wuz. I kin plow, an' fell trees, an' haul wood. Thar ain't a log-rollin' ner a house-raisin' in our neck of the woods thet Jeb Hawkins ain't sent fer. I kin h'ist a barrel with the best of 'em, and shake up Ole Dan Tucker ez peart ez the next one. Now how about yer scholars? This here horspittle is full of 'em. Pale-faced, spindly-legged, nerve-jerk-ing young fellows thet has spent ther fust twenty years gittin' larnin', an' ther next twenty gittin' over hit. Me an' Sal will keep to the open!"

* * *

But Sally was not so confident. As her strength began to return she took a growing interest in all that went on around her, asking eager, intelligent questions and noting with wistful curiosity the speech and manners of the nurses who served her. She was a raw recruit from Nature, unsophisticated, illiterate. Under a bondage of poverty and drudgery she had led her starved life in the mountain fastnesses; but now she had opened her eyes on a new and unexpected world.

"How do you go about gittin' a larnin'?" she ventured at last to ask one of the friendly nurses. "Can't you fetch me up some of them thar picter books?"

For hours after this she pored over her new treasures, until one day Miss Fletcher brought her a primer, and the seventeen-year-old girl grappled for the first time with the alphabet. After that she was loath to have the book out of her hand, going painfully and slowly over the lessons, mastering each in turn with patient perseverance.

Pop viewed this proceeding with disfavor. He seemed to sense the entering wedge that was to separate her from him. His pride in her accomplishment was overshadowed by his jealousy, and when she was able to read a whole page and attempted to explain the intricate process to him, he was distinctly cast down. He left the hospital that after-

(Continued on Page 4.)

BUY GRIFFITHS' TEAS

New South Wales Alliance.

STATE COUNCIL.

The first meeting this year of the State Council was not an exhilarating meeting; out of 110 members, 19 were present.

Mr. W. Lawson Dash is about to leave for England on a year's trip. The Council placed on record their appreciation of his many services and frequent generosity.

Rev. E. L. Slade Mallen has gone to Gloucester, and this necessitates his resignation from the Council. We shall miss this enthusiast, but it will greatly strengthen our hands to have our friend in the electorate that is sure to be the first to go "dry" in N.S.W.

It was decided to make a strong appeal to the Government to close the bars altogether on Good Friday and Christmas Day.

The financial position, of course, does not worry any one. Our overdraft is only £362, and the interest on this makes quite a decent sum.

Our President, the Venerable Archdeacon Boyce, has, we believe, left England in the Orsova, and is due here on February 25. We expect to arrange a welcome meeting for him.

Work among the young, as outlined on page 5 of this issue, was discussed and endorsed by the Council.

There are some very vital proposals to alter the constitution of the Alliance, and after much and many discussions they have been sent on to the annual meeting, and should go a long way to make the annual meeting of 1915 memorable.

Mr. Marion is having a great time in South Australia, and is proving himself one of the most useful temperance men in the Southern Hemisphere.

OUR TROOPS.

An official memorandum, giving the duties of a soldier and some good advice, has just been issued, among other excellent things, it says:—

"(1) Every man in the Australian Imperial Expeditionary Forces should recollect that it is his duty to uphold by his own individual good conduct and soldierly bearing, both on and off duty, the honor, character, and reputation of the regiment to which he belongs, and resolve by obedient, loyal, and soldier-like behaviour never to bring discredit on it."

(The young man who insisted on smoking a cigarette in a non-smoker and puffing the smoke in a lady's face last Wednesday morning evidently had not seen the memorandum.)

"(3) No individual can separate his own military character from that of his regiment; he will either rise or fall with it, and as in every large body there will be some who will reflect discredit on it, it behoves the well-conducted portion to watch over them, and not allow the viciousness of a few to bring censure and trouble to all, so no soldier will consider any measure a hardship that really tends to the good of the service.

"(8) Every soldier will soon observe that a slovenly and disorderly man is always in trouble, and that drunkenness brings more to disgrace and the grave than anything in the service.

"(9) When a man finds himself such a slave to drink that he cannot resist the temptation he should not attempt to offer his services unless he can thoroughly make up his mind to take the pledge. This has saved many men from ruin; but he should bear in mind that if after a lapse of time, thinking himself cured, he relinquishes or breaks his pledge, and allows one drop of liquor to pass his lips, the chances are a hundred to one that his old vice will return stronger than ever, and ruin will be the result."

THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

for the claim that alcohol either adds to the warmth of the body or protects any one against cold. The real source of heat is found in the food we take, which serves as fuel for the body and provides us not only with the necessary warmth for the maintenance of health and life, but also with energy with which to accomplish the daily duties.

"POP"

(Continued from Page 3.)

noon for the first time, and was gone until dusk. When he returned he carried a bunch of faded wild flowers that he had tramped two miles in the country to get for his girl.

May dragged into June, and still they were kept at the hospital. The old man became as restless as a caged animal; he paced the corridors for hours at a time and his eyes grew furtive and defiant. He, who had lived out of sight of the smoke from his nearest neighbors' chimneys, who had spent his life in the vast, still solitudes of the hills, was incredibly lonely here among his fellow men.

"If Pop has to stay here much longer, I'm afraid he'll smash the furniture," said the night nurse who, like everybody else in the ward, had grown interested in the old man. "He packs his things every morning before the doctor comes, only to unpack them after he leaves."

(To be continued.)

If you like this paper be sure not to miss next week's issue. It will be full of good things.

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.

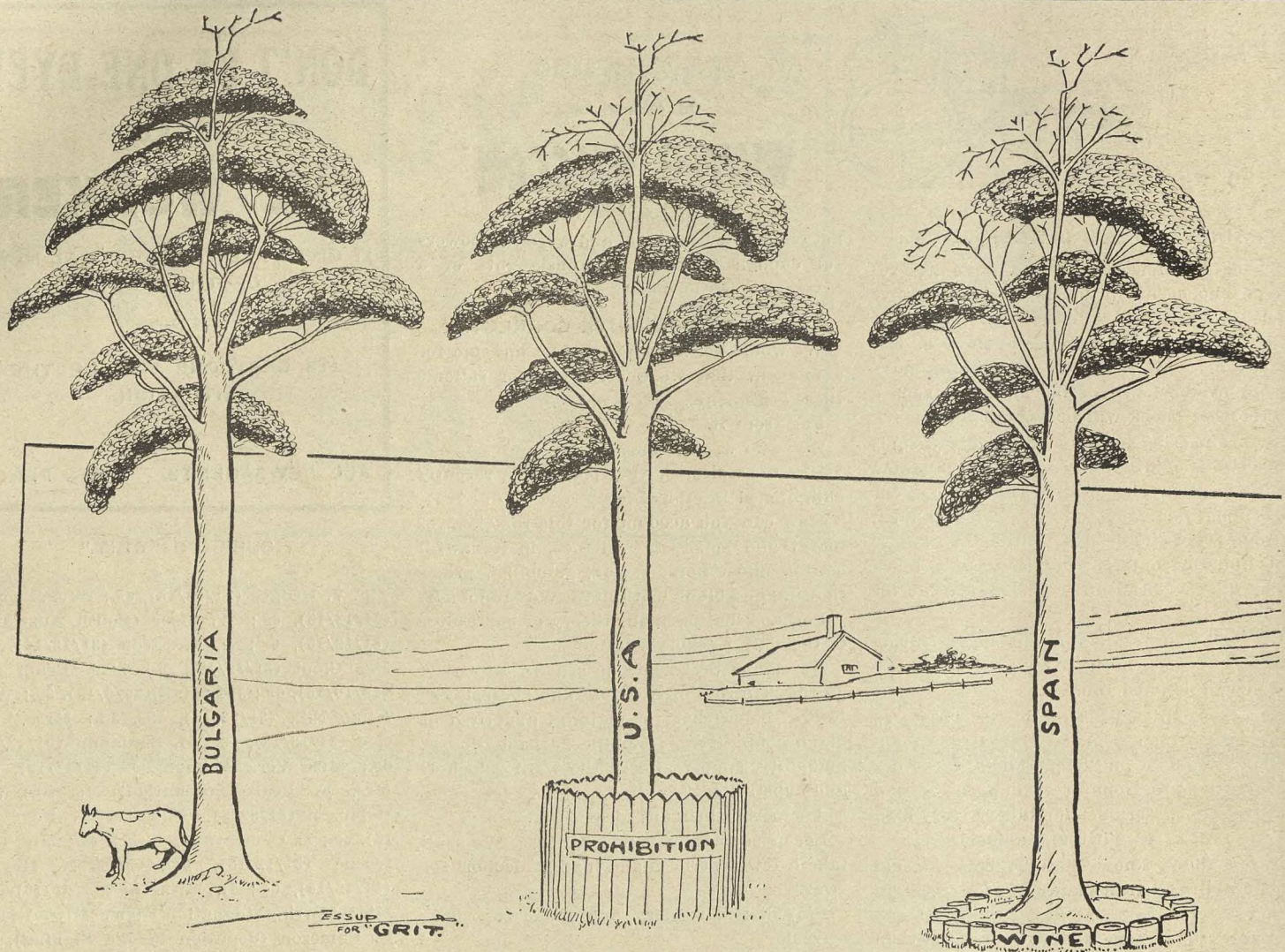
My fees are:—

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-Humbag Dentist,
Opp. Grace Bros. Hours: 9 to 6 Daily.
And at 8 OXFORD-STREET, CITY.



DYING FROM THE TOP.

See front page.

A New Movement.

TEMPERANCE WORK AMONGST THE YOUNG.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S TEMPERANCE LEAGUE OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE NEED.

Notwithstanding all the agitation against the liquor traffic during recent years, there yet remains an appalling ignorance regarding the devastating effects of alcoholic liquors. The licensed bar, with all its insidious attractions and attendant evils, is still tolerated by the public, and every year hundreds of young men and women are added to its enormous list of victims.

It is imperative that our children be warned against this terrible evil in our midst in order that they may be saved from its seductive influence, and also that they be educated in Temperance principles so that, as they grow older, they may be ready to co-operate with us in banishing this nefarious traffic.

THE PROPOSAL.

There are 725,000 persons in New South Wales under the age of twenty-one. This represents 44 per cent. of our total population.

It is proposed to initiate at once a movement that will have for its sole object the stimulating of Temperance teaching and advancement of Temperance principles amongst this vast number of young people.

METHODS OF WORK.

1. Temperance instruction in the public schools; 205,000 children may thus be reached. Efforts will also be made to introduce similar teaching in the private schools, with their 59,000 scholars.

2. The formation of Young People's Temperance Societies, Juvenile Temperance Lodges, Bands of Hope, Bands of Courage, etc. Also the strengthening and encouragement of existing Juvenile Temperance Societies.

3. Quarterly Temperance lessons in the Sunday-schools.

4. The encouragement of Temperance teaching and advocacy of Temperance principles in all Young People's Societies, Christian Endeavor Societies, Girls' Guilds,

Boys' Brigades, Boy Scouts, Citizen Defence Forces, etc.

5. A great pledge-signing crusade, in which everybody may take part.

6. Children's entertainments, popular lectures (illustrated with diagrams, charts, and experiments), lantern meetings (indoor and outdoor), united gatherings, demonstrations, processions, children's displays, exhibitions, essays (with prizes), debates, etc.

7. Instruction classes for workers, workers' conferences, etc.

8. Arrange with picture shows for periodical displays of selected Temperance films, special matinee picture entertainments for children, etc.

9. A large staff of honorary workers, including superintendents, lecturers, musical directors, etc.

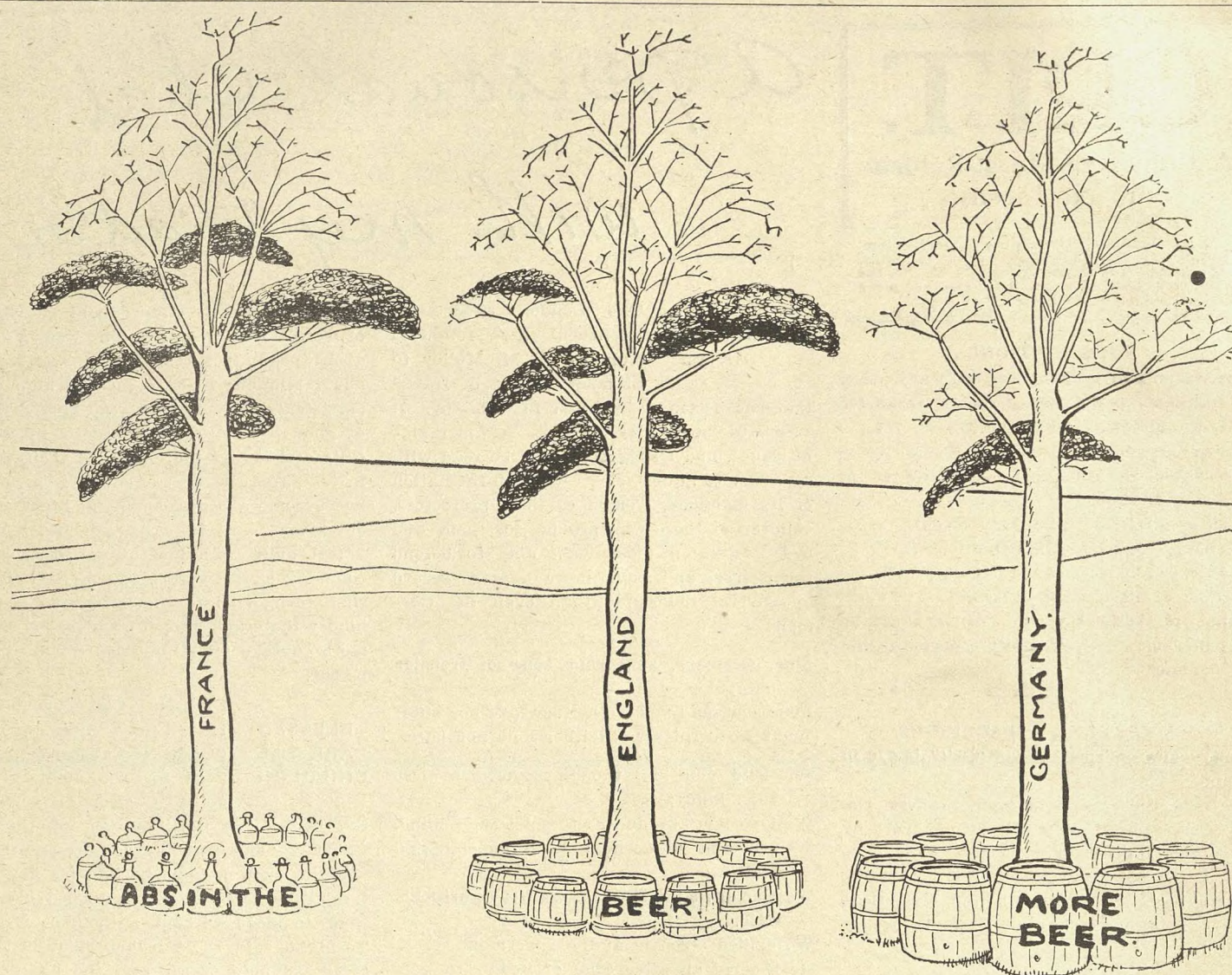
10. A plentiful supply of literature—(a) For children and young people of varying ages; (b) for ministers and Temperance workers and teachers.

MANAGEMENT.

Organizing secretary, to devote his whole time to the work.

Representative executive committee, with usual officers.

(Continued on Page 14.)



DYING FROM THE TOP.

See front page.

Bishop of Bathurst and the Liquor Traffic.

THE BISHOP HAS THE COURAGE OF HIS CONVICTIONS

As an attempt was made in the recent Melbourne Synod to controvert the statements of Rev. G. E. Lamble and Rev. C. Crotty regarding Bishop Long's attitude with respect to Temperance Reform, the Rev. C. Crotty wrote to the Bishop asking for the favor of a statement of his position of this important subject. Bishop Long kindly wrote as follows, and the letter is published in the "Church of England Messenger" with his permission:—

In reply to your question as to my attitude to the matter of Liquor Trade Reform, I can but briefly indicate what are my views:

In the first place I am resolutely in favor of "reform" by whatever means are practicable to end the present iniquitous system. That I feel, should be one's fundamental position.

Next we have to consider "practicable means."

For years I have been greatly impressed by the arguments of the advocates of "disinterested management," and I believe that if it were possible to have a scheme whereby

the incentive of private and semi-private profit could be totally eliminated a great advance would be made.

But just here I find all the aspirations in this direction condemned to futility, now and in futurity. If I am to fight the evils of the liquor traffic as legislatively entrenched, I must use effective ammunition. The "Rown-tree-Sherwell" gun only fires blank cartridges in Australia. It is not practical politics.

Therefore I ask, Does not loyalty to my fundamental principle of "reform" compel me to abandon an individual and idealistic preference for one means, and to adopt another means which promises greater efficiency?

Certainly, in New South Wales, I must be for the traffic or against it, and by legislative compulsion that means vote either for continuance or no-license. (Reduction is an unsatisfactory compromise.)

Then there are additional considerations which compel me to vote no-license. I believe it is impossible for anyone to have travelled, as I have and where I have, dur-

in the past few years without being roused to a passionate indignation against the traffic as it is conducted at present. It is one thing to enter into dialectic combat in an academic debate in Synod, it is another thing to be continually in contact with the raw and horrid facts as they are. It is too appalling to contemplate the State allowing this traffic to continue to prey upon the lives of men, women and children as it now does.

I will not attempt to illustrate what I mean, but just give one instance of how personal contact changes one's view-point. When I asked one of my clergy how he came to be keen on "no-license," his answer was, that after having worked with me in one mission in a parish, it was impossible to be otherwise. He was struck by the fact that almost all the sin and misery that came to the surface at that time had its origin in drink. Experience in many parts only fortifies one's relentless hatred of the whole thing. Further, one is impressed more and more by the irrefutable evidence in favor of the practice of prohibition. I believe I was for many years unconsciously prejudiced against this evidence. The more I read and

(Continued on Page 13.)

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.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue, the paper being posted for 52 weeks for 6/-; outside the Commonwealth, 7/6.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, FEB. 11, 1914.

Mr. E. E. Lamb, of Lexington, U.S.A., writes in the "Richmond Virginian" the following timely and unanswerable statements:—

If my school teacher, after teaching my children, should, for a consideration, tell my children where they can get a certain brand of whisky, and at the same time dilate upon the supposed virtues of said whisky, and, if I do not wish my children to drink whisky, would I be justified in discharging my teacher?

If my children attend church, where the preacher tells his hearers where they can get the best whisky for the least money, am I justified in the radical step of taking my children to some other church to worship?

If my newspaper persists in flaunting several columns of liquor ads. in the face of my boys, and if I do not want my boys to drink whisky, shall I stop the paper from coming to my home just as I would stop a whisky drummer from coming to my home?

Every man who takes a paper that advertises whisky is helping to sell whisky.

If it is wrong to sell whisky then he who helps to sell whisky does wrong.

What are you going to do about it?

A Personal Chat with my readers

The London "Spectator" publishes the following reply by A. M. Mulley to Lissaner's "Song of Hate,"

that has become so popular in Germany. It seems to me it may be given a wider significance, and I suggest that it be read with reference to liquor-sellers who rob the nation of its manhood, women of their protectors, children of those who provide for them, and ever fasten on those least able to defend themselves, and have more ghastly record by several thousands than even the Germans—

Sing, Germans, sing your song of frenzied hate;

Your song and you we neither love nor hate; What we despise we neither love nor hate.

We held you kin, though somewhat "less than kind";

We held you kin, and so to spies were blind. We thought a German kept his plighted troth;

We thought a German's word was worth his oath.

We smiled serenely at the superman, He seemed an after echo of Sedan.

We called you brave; you still can fight—but brave!

Not since your honor's buried in the grave With women, children, age, and wounded brave

Whom e'en the sacred Red Cross could not save.

We know our foe unworthy of our steel; Contempt for Germans—that is what we feel.

Sing, Germans, sing your song of frenzied hate;

"The Day" has dawned, and we with calmness wait;

What we despise we neither love nor hate.

They often say there is no crank CRANKS. so cranky as a Temperance crank. Maybe none have so much reason behind them. It is refreshing to find Paul Curtis Mathews justifying the crank in verse. I feel under a personal obligation to thank him.

The Crank is quite a useful thing,
Transmitting needed power,
It's sturdy arm goes ever on,
Complains not, hour by hour.

The Crank fills needs that naught else does
To move things good or bad,
Depends where placed and where attached
For what results are had.

Plimsoll was a crank about the loading of ships; Henniker Heaton was a crank about penny postage; Moody was a crank about religion; many a medical man was a persistent crank, and we reap great harvests of good to-day quite unmindful of the insults and sneers that retarded their efforts. In fact, there is no single achievement that has become a commonplace of life that was not given to us by a man dubbed a crank. I feel quite ambitious to qualify and become one of the world's cranks—a crank that shall turn evil into good. May we cease to hinder the crank and own up that if we had more courage and endurance we also would be one.

Dr. Henry Clay Turnbull used to tell of a little boy on a trundle bed, having just retired for the night. Before going to sleep he turned in the direction of the large bed on which his father lay, and said, "Father, are you there?" and the answer came back, "Yes, my son." I remember that that boy turned over and went to sleep without a thought of harm. To-night, said Dr. Turnbull, that little boy is an old man of seventy, and every night before going to sleep he looks up into the face of his Heavenly Father and says, "Father, are You there?" and the answer comes back, "Yes, my son," and then he asks in childish faith, "Will you take care of me to-night?" and the answer comes back clear and strong, "Yes, my son." Whom need we fear, if God, our Father, be with us? No; we may lie down and sleep in peace; the Lord God maketh us to sleep in security. Blessed be God for the child-prayer and the child-faith!

The war clouds and the riot of barbarism are filling the hearts of many with fear and with questions. It is all right; "underneath are the everlasting arms," and "Our Father" still lives and loves and reigns, and will never forsake us in this life's greatest storm.

The Editor

Dr. Lyman Abbott, the anti-suffragist, said, at an anti-suffrage tea in New York:—"They call woman the weaker sex. Yet I have known more than one woman to bend a man's will during his life and break it after his death."

The Story of "Grit."

CAN WE WIN WITHOUT A PAPER?

By THE EDITOR.

There is no doubt that the liquor traffic is secure behind the ramparts of ignorance, money, and appetite, and when a fight is on to reduce their opportunities to dispense poison they may put their trust in fists but never in facts. The temperance reformers, on the other hand, rely on education, reason, and religion, and we are reconciled to the fact that "great ideas travel slowly and for a time noiselessly, as the gods whose feet were shod with wool." In the bloodless revolution that shall usher in the reign of sobriety it will be found that the influence of literature, falling softly like the snow, has been beyond reckoning. The teaching of the young, the effect of high example, the gentle and persistent force of the printed Word, these are the powers that tell.

A DISCOURAGING START.

Some months prior to the first No-License poll in 1907 four of us sat down to discuss how best we could use £100 in the interest of No-License, and it was decided to start a temperance paper, and limit it to sixteen issues before the poll. This decision was come to in full view of the tombstones that marked the early death of many similar ventures. No one would put money into such foolishness; no one would advertise in such a medium; and the one thing that seemed beyond dispute was that very few would subscribe to such a paper, and fewer still pay for it. In the still hours of the morning it came home forcibly to me that if ever the paper eventuated it would require a good deal of grit on the part of those behind it, hence the name that so aptly describes this journal. The poll was taken, the paper had served its purpose, but it refused to die; with vimful grit it clamored for life. There was no money, and those who had helped were now, for various reasons, unable to do so any longer. Then "Grit" had all the ailments common to babies. It had financial croup, a bad attack of amateuritis, it was stung by the "jealousnake," it got a black eye from a friend when innocently playing in their backyard, an attack of high fever and nerve prostration was followed by a serious attack of subscribers' atrophy. This almost incurable disease has, we fear, permanently crippled us, but did not place us hors-de-combat. The baby survived all this, and much more, and in a few weeks will have completed its eighth year, and celebrates its ninth birthday on March 28 next. During this period over two million copies of "Grit" have been issued—more than the combined issue of all the temperance papers in the Commonwealth during the same period.

THREATENED CURVATURE OF THE SPINE.

The advertisements are the backbone of a paper, and owing to several serious falls in this respect the "Grit" baby was threat-

ened with curvature of the spine, and required long and patient nursing. There are 25 advertisers in "Grit," and the liquor paper in the issue before me contains exactly 250 advertisements. Why do we not do better? Three times we have had advertisers who have paid us to let them break their contracts and take their advertisement out of the paper. They frankly stated it paid them better to do so, owing to loss of orders through liquor influence while their advertisement appeared in "Grit." Numbers of prominent No-License people refuse to advertise, their sympathy not carrying them so far as to risk a few shillings in this way. Then, being a moral reform paper, we have refused some very paying propositions, because we did not like the style of advertisement, it being out of harmony with the policy of the paper. Last of all, the charge is constantly made against the temperance people that they are not loyal to one another, and that they do not help those who help them. If even a few hundred of our readers placed orders with our advertisers it would make all the difference, and save the situation. Those who have mentioned "Grit," and ordered from our advertisers, have done more to help us than perhaps they guess.

OUR "IMPOSSIBLE" FRIENDS.

It goes without saying that as certainly as we have had real and generous help, so have we had many and most encouraging friends, but there are three types that are quite "impossible," and often threaten to swamp "Grit" altogether. We have had over 1000 subscribers who have taken "Grit," confessed to like it, and are moving, or take too many papers, or are cutting down expenses, and so we lose them. We have good souls who take the paper but never read it, they are so convinced that they don't need to read, or they are willing to pay or owe a few shillings and don't bother about the progress, the facts, and the needs of this reform.

We have warm-hearted folk who most cheerfully owe two or three years' subscription, and pay up with a smile and a thousand apologies. Three or four hundred of them make a sum that represents our overdraft, and we are paying 6 per cent. interest on what our friends owe us.

However, we are thankful our grapes are not all pips and skins. The great bulk of our readers are better than those who support any other paper in the world. A few years ago we had £230 stolen from us, and it was all spent before we found the criminal, and then, instead of putting him in jail, we got him a job where he could not steal, and helped his wife over her bad time. We certainly have had some experience and made some friends. What more does a man want?

WE CAN'T DO WITHOUT "GRIT."

The Canadian temperance paper has increased its circulation from about 3000 to 25,000 in twelve years, and there has been a corresponding increase in "dry" territory. There is no place that has ever won prohibition that has not sown the whole area knee deep in literature. Nowhere else can you get the facts that "Grit" is full of, and by no other way can we get Prohibition or No-License than by a vigorous increase in the output of "Grit."

ANSWER THIS QUESTION.

IF EVERYONE TREATED "GRIT" AS YOU DO, WHAT WOULD THE RESULT BE?

At present we are not concerned about the other fellow. We are after you. Are you the only one of your kind in the whole of your neighborhood? If not, why can't you get the others like yourself to take "Grit"?

OUR BIRTHDAY.

At nine a birthday is a great event; at forty-nine it is a calamity. At nine we receive presents, and love high jinks; at forty-nine we give presents, and are bored. What do you think of doing on March 28 next?

If a thousand of the subscribers of "Grit" sent in their subscription it would make a great birthday party. If a few hundred sent kindly letters of congratulation it would help things along. If in the inner circle of enthusiasts, those who know how indispensable a paper is to the cause they love, if they sent a gift, why that would crown the day with undiluted happiness.

Since the 28th is a Sunday, it would be fine if Uncle B. would have a picnic on Saturday the 27th, and give every Ne' and Ni' his photo, sending to those who could not come. That would be something like. He and I must have a talk with ourselves about it. What do you think? Suppose the Ne's and Ni's get busy, and send the names of fifty new subscribers as a birthday present; or if you get one new subscriber each you could make the total 250. That would most certainly warrant a copy of the "map of his face."

GOING SOME.

The auto travelled with a whirl
Along the pave;
He turned and asked the pretty girl
If she were brave.
She gulped a pint of dust—or less;
She sneezed a bit;
And then she gayly answered, "Yes,
I'm full of grit."

* * *

The man who comes nearest to being knocked down with a feather is the one who gets a bill for his wife's new willow plume.

CITY OF CRANIA.

(By HENRY JONES, for "Grit.")

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MARVELLOUS MOULDER.

The Instructor, to whom Gall listened, set down the photo of the promising young Australian, and thus took up two other photos, and explained he would point out the differences in shape and quality of their brains, so as to prove conclusively that phrenology and physiognomy were exact sciences, regulated by rules as rigid as any other physical science. He further remarked that although many books had been written on "character building," these did not teach people to understand or read individual characters, hence the importance of the discoveries that Gall had made. The mind moulds the head and face, and even the body. Take, for instance, the photo of

MYRTLE LUXTON.

The head is full in the frontal lobes, giving the appearance of a high, wide forehead. It



MYRTLE LUXTON.

is full in the centre and at the corners of the eyebrow. Secondly, the nose is undeveloped, short, and broad at the base. The cheeks are full, chin weak, and neck short and thick. In the first place, this girl is ruled by her imagination. She is impulsive, reflective, but not thoughtful, and apt to be governed by what she reads and hears than by what she really thinks. She has a good natural memory, as indicated by the full-centred forehead, and with proper education ought to show off as a scholar. The chin shows she is fastidious and lacks stability; for further evidence note her short thumb. When roused or opposed she will use extravagant statements. The broad, short nails show criticism and opposition. The full cheeks indicate good digestion, while the

gradual widening of the head from the corners of the eyes to the tip of the ears show appetite. The height of the top-back head and long top lip indicate firmness amounting to stubbornness when roused. The width between the eyes shows a remarkable memory for faces, the faculty to learn to spell well, and an appreciation of symmetry. The arching of the outer angles of the eyebrows shows ability for arithmetic and system. Under proper training this girl will succeed in a trade requiring skill in calculation, measurement, and designing. Scientific dressmaking, cooking, millinery, and nursing would suit her. The width of the top front head indicates imagination, love of the big, vast, and magnificent. Mountain scenery will appeal to her. By reason of the organs situated across the brow being moderately developed she will be inclined to neglect detail and reflect too long, so it is essential that she should avoid being alone when troubled or worried, because she is apt to magnify trouble and become despondent.

There are possibilities in this character, and the more writing she does and serious conversations she engages in the more certain she will be in showing off to advantage. The hands and general build are opposed to success in music as a profession, but her imagination might lead her to spend time and money in this direction. If she keeps to the paths where practical common sense is required she will do best.

A SPLENDID CONTRAST.

Continuing his remarks, the Instructor held up the photo of

EDITH WATERS,

and asked those present to note the decidedly marked contrast it was to the last one. In the first place, this girl is finely organized, well knit, and all features run to sharpness. The head gradually rises from the forehead to the crown. The neck is shorter and thinner, while the mouth is more closely set and the thumb longer. This girl is apt to feel criticism very keenly and censure very severely. She needs special training. The high back head indicates dignity, self-reliance and spirit. At all times she will stand up for her opinions, and those who have charge of her should respect them, because she is honest, prudent, and endowed with a high sense of moral worth. Her eyes speak. They indicate keen penetration, definite perception, and a good sense of proportion. In school she will be attentive, anxious to learn and capable of winning her way to a foremost position on "scholarships." The face is oval in shape and indicates a student. The forehead is more broad than high, indicating splendid memory, a good sense of time and tune, and ability to deal with figures. The wings of the nostrils indicate initiation and mimicry, so it would be an easy matter for her to learn to recite, but the combination of other qualities is opposed to successful acting.

DANGER SIGNALS.

The short thin neck, sloping shoulders and small nostrils tell of moderate lung power. Not that her lungs are affected (diseased), but are in need of exercise. She must be taught deep breathing, bending exercises and to select her diet. The danger signals should be heeded by teacher and parent. She is highly strung, intense in thought and feelings, and apt to suffer in consequence. Regular hours for study, recreation and rest should be insisted upon. The lips and chin indicate love of animals. She must be taught that animals and pets are not meant to be nursed (there are plenty of children), but admired. God's sunshine and fresh air should be taken advantage of by this girl; if she does so there is every chance of her succeeding either as a kindergarten teacher, at music, color work, and shorthand writing. As an "accomplishment" she should learn elocution, music (vocal and instrumental).

When Gall was informed by the Instructor that the two photos presented a contrast

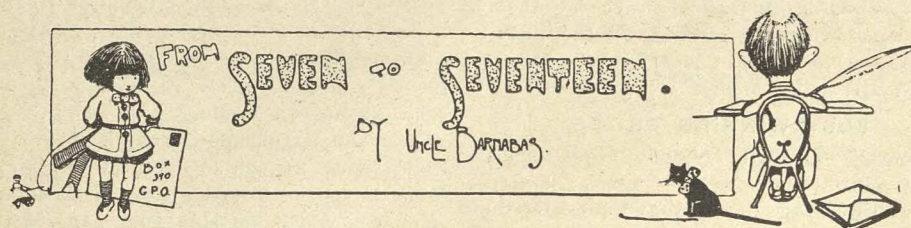


EDITH WATERS.

in health conditions, Gall immediately requested him to explain them, which he did as follows:—

"In Miss (No. 1)—The cheeks are full, showing good digestion, while the chin being small showed tendency to poor circulation, hence the extreme necessity for avoiding all condiment, highly seasoned foods, liquid with meals, red flesh, and the wisdom of plenty of exercise in the sunshine.

In Miss (No. 2)—The short thin neck shows rather weak muscular system, the features being sharp, too much activity and a predisposition to excitability. The narrow nostrils show poor breathing power and the pear-shaped face moderate digestion. Nerves are her danger. She should exercise in the shade and rest in the sunshine. Milk food, white flesh, and fruit may be taken in large quantities, but no sweets or ices.



A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Do you love a birthday party? Of course you do, and an Uncle B. birthday party would be perfectly lovely. Well, on March 28, 1915, Uncle B. will commence his ninth year of life, and we ought to have some kind of high-jinks to celebrate such an auspicious occasion. All in favor say Yes! Steady please, that shout nearly broke my tympanum and seriously strained my membranous labyrinth. Now, the first thing to do is to read Page nine in this issue, and the next thing to do is to write a wee note and accept the invitation to the birthday party to be held on March 27. All the details as to where, what time, etc., etc., will come later. Oh, it will be fun. I will wear a mask all day, then you will be sure to know who I am. If three or four nice gentlemen with a bald spot are present, how will you decide which of them is me? Shall I wear a blue ribbon in my hair, or a red shoe lace? Will we go to Parsley Bay or to La Perouse. Oh, dear me, I am growing quite excited. Why will the picnic party be called a swarm? Because it will consist of Uncle B. and all the little Bees. Did you ever hear of Mr. Burbank, the wonderful man who is always growing fresh kinds of fruits and plants? Well, he has a prickly pear without any prickles, and I am just as happy as he is because I have lots of Little Bees without any stings. It will be a great big smile day, and we will have a great big photographer there, and if he does not take a good picture of us all we will duck him, so he had better look out.

Start practising smiling, so that you will not fail on the 27th to smile all the time.—Uncle B.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS.

Warmest greetings on your birthday; may it be a happy day, and may you have many, many more.

Frank Costello, 1st; Lucy Hawkins, 4th; Ronald Sharpe, 7th; A. Wheen, 9th; Gladys Noble, 10th; Isabel Phillips, 11th; Millie Yates, 13th; Bernard Missen, 13th; Vera Yates, 14th; Lionel Swain, Iris Missen, Stella Twemlow, 17th; Bonny Edwards, 18th; Vera Chapman, Sheela Rainsford, 24th.

If I have left anyone out, please forgive me, and let me know.—Uncle B.

FOLLOWING A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Annie Stark, Griffith, via Willbriggie, Jan. 8, 1915, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It won't do to start 1915 with becoming a scallywag, will it? So I am sending along a letter now to escape that fate. First of all, thank you very much for accepting me as a niece. Can you tell me

how many new cousins I have? One of them, Doris Barnes, I already know, as we were in the same class for a while at Leichhardt school. It was partly because I saw her letter in "Grit" that I decided to join.

I promised to tell you something about the "irrigation area" didn't I? Well, it was rather a rash promise, as I afterwards discovered, and I rather regretted having made it because there is such a lot to say about it that I hardly know how or where to begin.

The whole area is divided into two parts, and there are thirty miles of what is called "dry area" between. A large channel runs along the side of the road, and at the entrance to every farm there is a large black wheel which, when the water rises high enough, turns slowly round, and with every turn a certain amount of water enters the farm. Here there are channels also, but very much smaller, and along these the water finds its way, gradually rising till it reaches the top. Then the bank is opened up, and the water runs on to the patch of wheat, maize, vegetables, or whatever is planted there, and is kept running till the whole patch is watered. The channels look very pretty when full of water, especially in the moonlight—but I've a horror of channels, and I'll tell you why. When I first arrived on the area—some time after the others—I thought I would like to learn riding like all other country folk. They told me the pony was very quiet, and to make it go wherever I wanted it to. That's all very fine; but directly I got on to the road I found the pony was anything but obedient. She walked along a few steps very reluctantly, and then suddenly discovered—much to my dismay—that she would like a drink. I pulled and tugged at the bridle, but all in vain. That horse wanted water, and into the channel we went. Not right in, but just far enough down the bank to tip me forward onto her neck. When at last we emerged from the water the pony seemed greatly refreshed, and set off home at a gallop. How I managed to keep my balance is a mystery to me, but that's my first ride—and my last until I can find a beast that won't take advantage of a beginner.

Well, Uncle, I have written a much longer letter than I intended, and will stop now, as I don't want too much of "Grit's" valuable space to be taken up by your loving niece.

(Dear Annie,—I am pleased to find you were influenced by the good example of Doris, and I hope someone will now follow your good example and tell us as you have done something interesting about their neighborhood. I thank you for your description of the irrigation of the farms. I did smile at your experience on the pony, but I

knew of a worse one. A girl went out for her first ride, and she was a member of the Band of Hope, but the pony stopped in front of the pub and would not budge an inch until she got off and led it home. So you see your pony was at least a temperance one.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NI.

Trixie Oates, "Warrendine House," Warrendine, Orange, Jan. 9th, 1915, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Have you enough room for a new niece, because if you have I would very much like to be one. I am eight years old, and I go to the public school of Orange, and am in second class. This year I came top of my class and got a nice book for a prize. I also got two prizes at Sunday school. A first prize and a special one. I saw my sister Phyllis letter in this week's "Grit." I have four sisters and two brothers. I am the fourth girl. My little brother and Allen has a dear little lamb called Billy Barlow, of which we are all very fond. We also have a new pony called Taffy. There are still holidays, and we are having a good time, and often go out with Dad in the car. Hoping I have not taken up too much of your time.—I remain, your loving ni.

(Dear Trixie,—You are welcome as a ni, and we are proud to have another winner of prizes writing to "Grit." When is your birthday? Have you ever been to the Canoblas? What do you think is the nicest thing about Orange?—Uncle B.)

SLIPPERY, BUT CAUGHT.

Hazel Hullett, 112 Patterson-road, Hastings, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I have noticed by the letters in "Grit" that you keep a black list, on which you put the names of lazy writers to "Grit," and as I do not feel anxious to have my name on it, I will write while I feel inclined. Mother was in Christchurch over the New Year, so as there was only three of us at home, we went to my sister's place for Christmas day. On Christmas night my friend came down to stay with me for a fortnight, and we had a very good time after that. We went into the "Mardi Gras" at Napier, but it was terribly dry, and we were very glad to get home again. I am staying down at my friend's place now, and since I have been here I have had a very enjoyable time. Their house is situated about two miles out of Hastings at a place called Longlands. We went out for a ride on the horse the other night, and it was simply lovely. Yesterday afternoon we went out cycling, but the wind was so strong that we had to get off and walk. There is a creek down in the paddock below the house, and the Maoris caught two huge eels, weighing 28lbs., and one was five feet long. My birthday is on the 10th of October, but I don't know about my brothers and sisters writing, as Doris is only seven, and Eric is only four years old. My brother, being 19, thinks himself too old to write, and I am the only one left, my other sister being away in her own home. Well, Uncle, if I don't stop

now you will be thinking I want to take up all "Grit," so I will close now, with love to all the "Grit" writers and yourself, I remain, your loving niece.

(Dear Hazel,—So you are the only one in the family I can look to for a letter. Well, I don't mind, because I can see you are going to be one of my best ni's, and your letter is most interesting. When I read about the 5ft. eel, I thought to myself it must have taken some pulling to get him out, then how slippery and strong he must have been, but they got him. And the liquor traffick, in spite of its strength and slipperiness, will be caught and killed before long.—Uncle B.)

AT LAST.

Ada Henningham, "Grayleigh," Boronia-st., Kensington, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It has been in my mind to write to you for years, but never have done so. I am writing to ask you will you have me for a niece? I was 15 years old last Sunday. I go to the Methodist Sunday school, and week days I go to the Technical College for dressmaking. I live with my auntie and uncle. They have been getting the paper all last year and even before that.

I have been waiting to see a photo. of you for ever so long. I know some of your nieces real well. I used to go to school with Maggie Watt. Must close now, hoping to be accepted as a niece, I remain your would-be niece.

(Dear Ada,—At last you have written. I am pleased to have you as a ni. Now what about a photo? I hope your birthday was happily remembered on January 24? Tell us something about the Technical College—who goes, how many, what do they learn, do you like it, and anything else you can think of.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NE.

Stanley Fortescue, 91 Glebe Road, Glebe, 29/1/15, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have been interested in Page 11 of "Grit" for some time, and would be very pleased if you would accept me as a nephew. I am very fond of surfing, and go to Coogee every Saturday. On Anniversary day we went to Maroubra Bay, and had a most enjoyable time notwithstanding the dreadful heat. You can imagine how we enjoyed our dip. I was indeed thankful when in the afternoon a strong southerly wind sprang up. There were some men in a sailing boat out a long distance who had to make for the shore. How the wind blew them along. It simply hurled them on to the beach. My word they must have had a shaking, and I really think that it was only through God's care that no one was injured. I am sending a photo of my brother and myself to the City of Crania, which my eldest brother took with his new Camera. I will now close, hoping you will accept as a ne.—I remain, yours sincerely.

(Dear Stanley,—Thank you for your letter, and your photo. Mr. Jones will deal with you before long. You must have felt a bit excited, seeing that boat hurled along like that. I quite agree with you the Hand of our Merciful God undoubtedly protected

them. Your brother must have had some experience with his camera, as the photos are A1. Write again soon. What about March 27th?—Uncle B.)

BUSY WINNING PRIZES.

Olive Orton Miller, "Dundonald," 37 Bright-street, Marrickville, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I know that I am a terrible girl for not writing, and deserve to go on the scallawag list; but if you will forgive me once more I will try and write oftener. There are a lot of things to tell you and my cousins, and I would have written sooner only I have not had much time to write. I have been working hard at school and before the exam. there I went in for the S.S. exam., in which I got top of my division—97 out of 100. Do you think that that was good? The prize was 10s. to spend in books. I got the December examination at day school. I also got a prize for collecting for the mission. I collected £10/4/7 for the year 1914. The prize for that was 10/- in books. Auntie dreamt that she turned the kitchen dresser into a bookcase for me, and she forgot to take the wire out of the sides. My little puppy is up at the veterinary surgeon's. He has been up there for another fortnight. Auntie and I are going up to Leura on Saturday for a fortnight, and Grandma is going up to Gordon. I am very fond of books by Evelyn Everett Green and Mary Grant Bruce. I have got many books by both authors, among which are "Mates at Billabong" and "Norah of Billabong." I remain, your loving niece.

P.S.—What is the difference between dead soldiers and repaired garments?—Answer: The former are dead men, the latter are mended.

(Dear Olive,—You are forgiven, and your letter is very welcome, and we all congratulate you on the prizes you won. You did splendidly. That is a good riddle. I had not heard it before. What do you think about the Uncle B. birthday party? You will soon want a bookcase all to yourself, won't you?—Uncle B.)

UP THE MOUNTAINS.

Maggie Watt, Torwood, Buffalo Road, Ryde, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have been thinking I had better write to you to keep myself free from your dreadful black list. I think you will forgive me when I tell you I have been up at Blackheath for three weeks. We had a lovely time, and did not like to leave there. We went to nearly all the sights that were to be seen, but I liked Wentworth Falls and the Valley of the Waters best. The very night we got there we went out to see Govett's Leap by moonlight. Of course the moon did not rise till late, as my brother wanted to take a photo of it. I took several photos while we were up there. Thank you

very much for the half-crown for the joke prize, and also for my birthday wishes. I had my birthday up at Blackheath. I received a lot of lovely presents and cards. How about you sending your photo to Mr. Jones, and let us know what he has to say about you? If you are too shy, or do not want to betray yourself to your nieces and nephews, you could sign your name with a nom-de-plume. I suppose that photo of yourself for Page Double-one is coming like next Christmas.—I remain, your loving niece.

(Dear Maggie,—Thank you for your interesting letter. If the photos are good, please send me one. I really think we are drawing near the time, when my photo in all its glory will appear before you all. So live on in hope.—Uncle B.)

OUR BAND NE.

William Hunt, Byron Bay, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It was very quiet up here on Christmas. You could see the war had made a change. On Christmas we went to Brunswick Heads and spent the day mostly in the water. I don't suppose you can walk a few yards and run into the sea down there, but I suppose you go to Manly. It was a pity the Kaiser didn't swallow the sixpence in his plum pudding on Christmas and choke himself. I went up to the Presbyterian Church on Sunday night, and heard Rev. Paton from Scotland preaching, and he is the best preacher I have heard. He gives a very interesting sermon. He is preaching every night this week. There were a good few people down here on New Year's Day. I hung up the chaff bag and got a pair of stockings in it. Santa must have thought I had none, as I hung up the chaff bag. The stationmaster lost his only son on Saturday night. He was only eight years old, and died from consumption. He had been ailing for about six months. He used to be such a bright little boy, and a favorite with everyone. One thing I notice in "Fairplay" is that they never have pictures in it throwing off at No License. That's because they can't throw off at us as we can at them—is that right? I am enclosing a photo. of our band. The one I have marked is myself. There were four or five away when this was taken. We haven't got any German band here. I hope you had a good Christmas. Well, Uncle, I will close now, with love to all ne's and ni's, not forgetting yourself.—Your nephew.

(Dear Will,—So you are in a band? I think you are the only one of my ne's in a band. I hope you go a long way into the bush to practice. A chap has a cornet near my place, and when he is practising I am sometimes feeling like choking him. Other times it sounds as if someone was choking him. Thanking you for the photo. You are quite right about "Fairplay."—Uncle B.)

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Have Faith in God.

By THE PARSON.

We find that it is a common experience to doubt where we do not understand, and to blame when we ought to wait. I refer particularly to our attitude towards God. The famous American preacher, Sam Jones, has blazened across his great auditorium, "Withhold your verdict until all the evidence is in." We might write that on the front page of our Bibles and remember it with profit. I like the prayer of the man who said: "Lord grant me such a humble spirit that I may ever count myself too insignificant to question your plans, too reasonable to dare to doubt that Thou are doing the best that can be done and too loyal to ever suspect Thee of partiality."

We do not understand a mother's love—wireless telegraphy, digestion, and a thousand other things, but we do not necessarily doubt them. Let us have faith in God.

We do not blame our loved ones when a letter fails to come; we may blame the post-office, but love finds many excuses and always bids us wait, so let us have faith in God.

TEMPTATION IS NEVER UNBEARABLE.

We at times think God is hard on us, tries us too severely, or permits too great a strain of temptation.

Temptation is never unbearable. Have you ever noticed those trucks on the railway? You see on one truck 5-3-0. What do the figures mean? They represent what is called the "load limit" of the truck. That truck can only carry five tons three hundredweight, and it is dangerous to impose upon it any heavier weight. Every man has a "load limit," and He who permits the temptation will also regulate it.

You may notice the Plimsol mark on ships; this is the "load limit" to protect the lives of those travelling by water. Surely you do not suppose man is more humane than God? Surely if men have a load limit for trucks and ships to protect property and life, much more may we have faith in God that He has fixed the "load limit" of the soul. There is a way of escape always. May be many of us are like a bird in a room; it flies round and round, passing the open door and the open window, until it falls exhausted, but there is a way of escape. Have faith in God. The devil may wall us in, but he can't roof us in.

MISFORTUNE IS NOT ALWAYS UNKIND.

We, I fear, hardly believe that "God doth not willingly afflict the children of men." The Psalmist says, "Before I was afflicted I went astray." The prodigal surely was thankful for his misfortunes that brought him among the pigs, for it was then he came to himself and found a new appreciation of his home. Life is so full of such similar experiences that one hardly needs to do more than call on you to find an incident or two in your own life that will convince you that the thing we resent at the time we very frequently are most grateful for later.

God is too wise to err, too good to be unkind,

and we may well have faith in Him and trust Him where we cannot understand and be patient when the end seems a long way off, and Job's experience will be ours.

DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCE.

Some of us accept the providences of God with a bad grace and in the end feel like the young lady in the following incident:—

One day a beautiful young girl rustled into an old-fashioned horse-car. Her dress, of pure white serge, was fresh from the dress-maker's, and looked beautiful and dainty. Her little gloved hand held a parasol, tied with a knot of yellow ribbon. It made you think of a great white lily with a golden centre. The car was crowded, and among the passengers were some sewerage workmen.

"I think it is dreadful," she scornfully whispered to her companion. "Why don't the company refuse to let such men on the cars? of if they must ride, I should think they could stand on the platform. He will ruin my dress if I touch him. Just see how he stares at me."

And so he did, his eyes glistening and softening as they fell on the girl's fair beauty; and then he arose, and, leaning forward to catch the strap, fairly bent over her. The girl grew restive. She was very, very scornful, and turned up her nose as he arose.

"I am sure he is very impertinent," she said, with added scorn, and when the conductor came she motioned him. "Won't you make this man move?" she said.

"Move up!" ordered the conductor. The words were said in a quick, sharp, scornful tone. "Yes," the man answered; "but see the oil! Lady, see!"

The lady looked up, and there saw the oil lamp had sprung a leak, and would have dripped all over her had not this man seen it, and, stretching out his arms above her, formed an umbrella, which had perfectly protected her beautiful dress and hat.

A guilty blush came into her face as she bowed her thanks to him, and murmured to her friend, "It makes me ashamed to think while I was scorning him, and he knew it, he should have taken such pains for me. It's a lesson I will not soon forget, that this poor laborer has a better soul than I have. I'll never again be scornful to anyone."

How often have we resented God's protection? Surely it is only the very thoughtless who have no faith in God.

BISHOP OF BATHURST AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

(Continued from Page 7.)

enquire the more overwhelming I find it to be.

I will give you evidence on a small scale. In four instances friends of mine living in the country have brought up the freehold of hotels and then forfeited the license and

turned them into employees' houses. This they have done at financial loss, of course. Yet in every instance they assure me that it was as good an investment as ever they made. Why? Because they privately instituted a system of "no-license" in an area covered by many square miles. Their workmen remained sober and industrious, and the district was cleared of the bad influences that infested it.

Only recently I was on a far-back station where the owner was bemoaning to me the fact that a license had been granted to a house within six miles of his homestead. The result was that his men were having continual drinking bouts; that he could not keep them on the place at night; that married men whom he had had for years in his employ and were decent, kindly fellows, fond of the missus and the kiddies, before long became wasters and brought misery on their homes. The sort of men who vouch for these experiments are those who, in a Melbourne Synod, would be strong in support of vested rights, etc. Since this sort of thing invariably happens upon the appearance of a "pub" in outback parts and disappears upon their disappearance, it, to my mind, suggests a crucial test of the two systems.

Add to these small area tests the facts that once a province or State tries abolition, it never exhibits a tendency to go back to the old order. The enormous gains of the prohibition party, in the recent American polls, is further evidence of the advancing conviction that abolition experiments have justified themselves. Further, one cannot help asking, "If enforced abstinence from absinthe is good for the French when they are a nation-in-arms, why should it not be equally good when they are a nation-at-industry?" Then, again, reliable press reports from Petrograd state: "The results (of prohibition) exceeded the expectations of the most ardent temperance advocates. There was an instantaneous decrease in crime, and the dissatisfaction among the spirit consumers quickly died out."

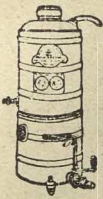
The London "Morning Post" is staunchly conservative of vested interests, but it prints this testimony from its representative at Petrograd: "The effects of the enforced sobriety throughout Russia have proved to the population how beneficial the Government measures have been. Village women are openly saying that heaven has come upon earth, and this in the midst of the most bloody war ever known in history."

It is significant that the Tsar's ukase prohibits the sale "for ever," not only for the term of the war.

We have been told ad nauseum that we cannot make men sober by Act of Parliament. A pinch of practice exposes these pinchbeck phrases. The real fact is that we have been making men drunkards by Act of Parliament.

Reform we must have, and for my part I will support any honest scheme of reform, but I am becoming more and more convinced that we had better attack the roots as well as the branches.—Yours sincerely,

G. M. BATHURST.



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

Those who can't take it cold, must do one of two things to get the necessary warm bath—either boil a pot or instal a good bath heater. Think before doing the latter, as there are many heaters that give trouble.

The Fletcher-Russell doesn't. It heats one to four gallons of water in a minute, to from 60 to 105 degrees with a minimum use of gas. It is the quickest, safest, and most economical.

Safe and sure, no trouble, gas doesn't go through the water. Ask us all about it, and see it working at our warehouse or

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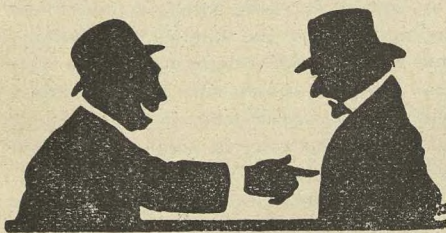
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A MODERN INVENTION.

A New Yorker was spending a night at an "hotel" in a Southern town, and when going to his room for the night he told the colored porter that he wanted to be called early in the morning. The porter replied: "Say, boss, I reckon yo' ain't familiar with these heah modern inventions. When yo' wants to be called in de mawnin', all yo' has to do is jest to press de button at the head of yo' bed. Den we comes up and calls yo'."

IDENTIFYING HIMSELF.

"What are you, anyway" contemptuously inquired Mrs. Peck during the quarrel. "a man or a mouse?"

"A man," answered Henry Peck, bitterly. "If I were a mouse I'd have you up on that table right now, yelling for help."

OVERDOING IT.

Messrs. Doolan and Rafferty were examining a fine public building with much interest.

"Doolan," said Rafferty, pointing to an inscription cut in a huge stone, "phwat does thim litters, 'MDCCCXCVII,' mane?"

"Thot," replied Mr. Doolan, "manes eighteen hoonderd an' noinety-sivin."

"Doolan," said Mr. Rafferty, after a thoughtful pause, "don't yez t'ink they're overdoin' this shpellin' reform a bit?"

SHE WANTED TO KNOW.

A handsome young man had just arrived at one of the fashionable hotels in the White Mountains. Late in the afternoon, while he was sitting alone on the verandah, a very charming young woman and her five-year-old son came out. The little chap at once made friends with the new arrival.

After a few moments he asked, "What is your name?" When this information had been advanced, he added, "Are you married?"

"No, I am not married," replied the young man, with a smile.

The little fellow paused thoughtfully for a moment, then, turning to his mother, said: "What else was it, mother, you wanted me to ask him?"

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

"Come on Bobby, let's play house," suggested four-year-old Betty to her twin.

"All right," he agreed, "you get the broom and be the mother, and I'll get the newspaper and be the father."

MRS. SMITH'S LUCK.

"Mrs. Smith invariably has abominable weather for her afternoon teas, hasn't she?" said a woman to a man guest.

"Yes," said the man as he reached for his hat and stick, "she never pours but it rains."

The mother of a baby girl, herself named Rachel, told her husband that she was tired of the good old names borne by most of the feminine members of the family, and she would like to give the little girl a name entirely different. She wrote on a slip of paper, "Eugenie," and asked her husband if he didn't think that was a pretty one.

The father studied the name for a moment and then said:

"Vell, call her Yousheenie, but I don't see vat you gain by it."

A NEW MOVEMENT

(Continued from Page 6.)

Societies and Lodges to be under management of local superintendent and of own church or order.

Later, a representative council, with executive and sub-committees, embracing the whole movement.

FINANCES.

The expenses will include the salary of organizing secretary, literature, meetings, lanterns, picture films, and the ordinary incidental expenses.

These to be defrayed (primarily) by donations from persons interested, subsidies from Temperance organizations, collections at meetings, and later by contributions from the societies formed and by bazaars and special efforts of the young people themselves.

APPEAL.

Our appeal is to YOU.

Will you help to save Young Australia from the drink peril by contributing liberally to this new movement?

"Inasmuch as yet have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto Me."

Please send your promise of help or your criticism to Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, Box 390, or Mr. G. E. Bodley, 264 Pitt-street, Sydney.

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Any Order Executed from measures left
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ESTABLISHED 1887.

"SAFETY FIRST."**A MINUTE TO WAIT? READ THIS!**

One of the best places on earth to get a thing read that you want people to read carefully and over and over is the railway station. It is here that men and women stand around in impatience, doing the most boresome task on earth—waiting; and with nothing to read usually but a lot of fly-specked advertisements and notices.

We, therefore, offer to railroad companies the following material, which, if they will have it printed in large type and tacked up in their waiting-rooms, will do some good and not be unprofitable:—

CUT OUT THE BOOZE.

This is not a temperance oration. It is a little horse sense.

You are waiting for a train. When you take your seat in the car you will be riding behind an engine as strong as forty giants.

How would you feel if you knew that the engineer in the locomotive was DRUNK? You would be at the mercy of a CRAZY MAN.

This railroad is, therefore, very strict in demanding absolute sobriety of its workers.

But did you ever think that not only on the railway, but anywhere else also, your life would be in peril of an alcohol maniac?

Your cab driver, chauffeur, street car motorman, elevator boy hold your life in their hands.

Anybody can buy a revolver, and a drink-crazed man can reel out of a saloon and kill you, your wife or your child. Then what good will his maudlin excuse do you that he didn't realise what he was doing?

Our civilisation grows more complex every day. Life, health, and property are at the mercy of any moral pervert.

THE TIME HAS COME.

Don't you think it is about time you began, by influence and example, to decrease the number of insane alcoholics?

We do not ask you to be a prohibitionist or teetotaler. We have no desire to dictate your personal habits or your political opinions.

But there is no harm in asking you to THINK.

Thousands of lives are lost, millions of dollars' worth of property destroyed, thousands of bodies are mangled every year because alcoholic drinks can be bought freely by any loafer.

To many people these drinks are a comfort and cheer perhaps; but to many others they are poison, and make them irresponsible maniacs.

THINK!

Prohibition may not be practical. Regulation may be imperfect. But cannot the people think of some way to protect their lives from that which makes madmen?

THINK!

We are wholly selfish in putting up this placard. We are looking after our own interests. We have many miles of property

exposed to the malice of granks and criminals. We are concerned for ourselves.

THINK! Should not you look out for your own interests?—"Hearst's Magazine."

ELIMINATE RUM FOR SAFETY, EMPLOYERS OF 1,000,000 DEMAND.

The national council for industrial safety, in its third annual session, with 1000 delegates present, representing companies, employing more than 1,000,000 employees, adopted without a dissenting voice the following resolution:

"Whereas, it is recognised that the drinking of alcoholic stimulants is productive of a heavy percentage of accidents and of diseases affecting the safety and efficiency of workmen; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the national safety council place itself on record as being in favor of eliminating the use of intoxicants in the industries of the nation."

Sixty per cent. of the industrial accidents in the United States are charged to liquor, R. L. Palmer, chief inspector of the Pennsylvania department of labor and industry, told delegates.

"It will not be long," the speaker said, "before the saloon will be as much separated from the industrial plant as it is now from the church. As a matter of business, we will have to furnish workmen better entertainment than saloons do. We also will have to pay in cash, to prevent men from going to saloons to convert their cheques into currency."

E. K. Prichett, representing a manufacturing concern of Grand Rapids, Mich., asserted that after employees had been forbidden to use alcoholic beverages arrangements were made for milk waggons to call at the factory at a certain hour every morning."

"We then permitted the men to stop work and go out and buy fresh bottles of milk." Mr. Prichett said. "We found this arrangement virtually has solved the drinking problem."

SELLS-FLOTO CIRCUS MANAGER SAYS PROHIBITION PAYS THEM.**Better Crowds in a Dry Town Every Time So He Gives His Tent to Prohibition Speakers.**

At one place during the campaign, speakers of the Flying Squadron were invited to make use of the Sells-Floto Circus tent for an afternoon address.

"Isn't this a queer combination," one man asked the manager, "a circus and a prohibition mass-meeting all in one?"

"No, it isn't a queer combination, it is a natural combination," was the reply. "When men spend their money for booze they can't take their families to the circus. We have bigger crowds, and better, cleaner crowds in a dry town every time, and we're for prohibition."

WINNS' Big Summer Sale IS ON.

EXHIBITING UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE BARGAINS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

IN MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR YOU EFFECT A CERTAIN SAVING.

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

33 Only MEN'S SERVICEABLE DARK GREY TWEED SUITS: Coats are made with plain back, medium opening lapels, and shoulders are firmly padded. The reason we offer these at so low a price is that being made up without vents, they are not quite so saleable; therefore we offer them at the exceedingly low Price, 13/11; sizes 3 to 6. USUAL PRICE, 17/6 to 19/6.

MEN'S DARK GREY STRIPED COTTON TWEED TROUSERS, sizes 3 to 7. Usual Value, 3/11. SALE PRICE, 3/6.

YOUTHS' DARK GREY TWEED SAC SUITS: Coats are made with Vent Backs, medium opening lapels, with three-button fronts, and firmly padded; sizes 12 to 2½. Usual Value, 18/6. SPECIAL SALE PRICE, 14/11.

BOYS' SERGE RUGBY SUITS. These suits are made from a hard-wearing woollen serge; the Coats are made with plain backs and medium opening lapels; Knickers strongly lined; sizes 10 to 13. Usual Value, 15/6. SPECIAL SALE PRICE, 9/11.

BOYS' WASHING TUNIC SUITS, made button to neck, with Peter Pan collar, in colorings of Blue or Brown, with neat stripes; sizes 1 to 4. Usual Value, 3/11. SALE PRICE, 2/6.

BOYS' DARK GREY STRIPED COTTON TWEED COTSWOLD SUITS; Knickers strongly lined; sizes 4 to 12. Usual Price, 9/6. SALE PRICE, 7/6.

BOYS' DARK GREY STRIPED COTTON TWEED KNICKERS; extra strong lined; sizes 3 to 13. Usual Value, 2/6. SALE PRICE, 1/6.

MERCERY SPECIALS FOR MEN AND BOYS' AT WINNS' SALE.

MEN'S FASHION SHIRTS, with stiff cuffs and neckband. The materials are fast washing, white ground cambrics and zephyrs, with Green and Helio. stripes, sizes 14 to 17. Usual Value, 2/11 and 3/6; SPECIAL SALE PRICE, 1/11.

MEN'S STRONG HEAVY-WEIGHT HARVARD WORKING SHIRTS, in a roomy cut, and strongly sewn. Usual Value, 1/11. SALE PRICE, 1/8½.

MEN'S BLACK MERCERISED WORKING SHIRTS, fast washing, and well made; sizes 14 to 16½. Usual Value, 2/6; SPECIAL SALE PRICE, 1/11.

MEN'S WHITE TWILL MERCERISED TENNIS SHIRTS. SPECIAL VALUE, 1/6; worth 1/11.

MEN'S STRIPED FLANNELETTE PYJAMA SUITS, in colorings of Blue or Green. Usual Value, 3/11; SPECIAL SALE PRICE, 2/11.

MEN'S JAP. CREPE PYJAMA SUITS, white ground, with Helio., Grey, or Black Stripes. Usual Value, 5/11. SPECIAL SALE PRICE, 3/11.

MEN'S WHITE COTTON UNDERSHIRTS, half sleeves. Usual Value, 1/6. SALE PRICE, 10½d.

BOYS' STRIPED HARVARD SHIRTS, sizes 12 to 14. Usual Value, 1/6; SPECIAL SALE PRICE, 1/-.

BOYS' BLACK ALL-WOOL CASHMERE ¾-HOSE, with fancy colored turnover double tops, to fit sizes 10 to 1 boot. Usual value, 1/3 and 1/6. SALE PRICE, 1/-.

BOYS' ALL-WOOL RIBBED GOLF HOSE, in Black and Heather, with fancy colored turnover double tops, to fit sizes 10 to 6 boot. Usual Value, 1/11 to 2/6; SPECIAL SALE PRICE, 1/6.

MEN'S HEMMED CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS. Usual Value, 3d. each; SALE PRICE, 6 for 1/-.

CHILDREN'S WHITE DRILL or PIQUE WASHING PETER PAN HATS, with Patriotic Badge attached. Usual Value, 1/-; SALE PRICE, 7½d.

BOYS' WHITE DRILL FLAT LEAF WASHING HATS, with Patriotic Badge. Usual Value, 1/-; SALE, 6d.

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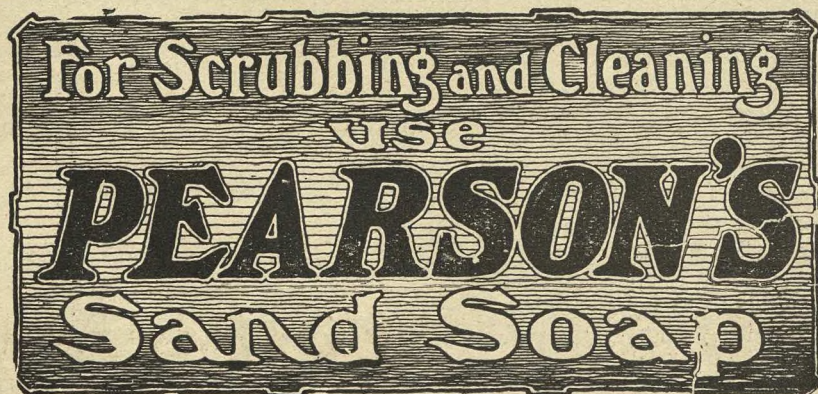
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