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Grit.

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1914.

FATHER TIME:—"Keep on! You are young and this is but a milestone. At each succeeding stone you will find that burden growing lighter."

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Sir Thomas Clouston on Alcohol.

NORMAN KERR MEMORIAL LECTURE.

Under the auspices of the Society for the Study of Inebriety, the fifth Norman Kerr Lecture was delivered in the hall of the Royal College of Physicians, Queen Street, Edinburgh, in November last. The lecturer was Sir Thomas Clouston, M.D., LL.D., and his subject was "The Psychological and Clinical Aspects of the Study of Inebriety." Dr. Leslie Mackenzie, in the absence of Dr. Mary Scharlieb, the president of the society, presided over a large and representative attendance.

USED BY GREAT MEN.

Sir Thomas Clouston said that in tackling the psychology of alcohol, one of the first questions that occurred to a medico-psychologist was a historical one—what had been the effect of alcohol on the brains, mind, and conduct of the men who in their lives had exhibited the supreme qualities of human nature? Though this particular point had not come out in all the biographies of such men, profuse as had been the details related in their lives, yet they knew enough to form reasonably correct conclusions in the case of some of them. Taking Alexander the Great, Socrates, Moses, Solon, Julius Caesar, St. Paul, Mahomet, Francis Bacon, Shakespeare, Goethe, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Darwin—those men being of different races, living in different ages of the world, all strongly influencing its history, and certainly representing the best that evolution had been able to do for men. Alcohol was known to all of them, and was in common use in their times. None of them except Mahomet abstained from its use, and none but he laid down any definite rules against it. St. Paul included drunkenness among his seventeen deadly "works of the flesh," which debarred men from the Kingdom of Heaven, but he enjoined its medical use to Timothy. Even Jesus Christ converted water into wine in order to add to the happiness of a small company of Jews, in accordance with a social custom of the time. He seems to have used wine in His daily life, for He said at the Last Supper: "I will not drink henceforth of the fruit of the vine."

ITS INFLUENCE ON POETIC FIRE.

They could not say that much guidance could be obtained from any of those men in regard to the moderate use of alcohol. Solomon certainly spoke with two voices in regard to it. There was no reason whatever to suppose that Homer, Goethe, or Shakes-

peare were in the least aided in their greatest efforts by the physical stimulus of wine. It would be unimaginable that Milton's poetry or prose owed anything to it. Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning were not helped in any way by its stimulus. Sir Walter Scott owed nothing to it. But given a certain quality of brain, with keen imagination and high artistic faculty, it needed great audacity to contradict the experience of Burns, Edgar Poe, Swinburne, and Omar Khayyam, as to the stimulating effects of alcohol on poetic fire and conscious happiness.

IGNORANCE OF THE PUBLIC.

The psychological examination of the effects of alcohol, he said, tended to affect the emotional and the volitional faculties more than the intellectual faculties. The habitual use of alcohol in any degree over the strictest moderation, in his opinion and experience, certainly tended to bring on the signs of old age before their time. His studies and experience of the psychology and social effects of alcohol, and of the clinical symptoms it produces, had led him to one conclusion which he could not sufficiently accentuate. It was this, that there was an extraordinary want of knowledge among the public, and especially among young men of all classes, as to its real effects. There was a lack of that effective realisation as to its risks which would make men careful about it, and thoughtful as to its use in their daily lives.

RICH AND POOR AS DRINKERS.

During the five years, 1903-1907, he had 1998 patients altogether sent to Edinburgh Royal Asylum, of whom 313 were alcoholic, being about 15 per cent. of the whole number admitted. There were 589 of those patients paid for out of their own means or by their relations—that is, they were of a better social class, while the 1409 remaining were rate-paid, or of a lower social class, many of them being of the lowest. Among the private patients, only 59, or only 10 per cent. were alcoholics; while among the 1409 rate-paid cases there were 254, or 18 per cent. This showed pretty clearly the effect of better social conditions in lessening excessive drinking among them, or, at all events, that hurtful drinking was more common among the poor than the rich. A certain poorness of brain quality was largely the cause both of the poverty and of the excessive drinking in many of the cases.

PRACTICAL CONCLUSIONS.

From psychological and clinical facts about alcohol he arrived at the following conclusions: The action of moderate quantities of alcohol on mind differed in different individuals; anything approaching excess was always deteriorating and dangerous to mind and body; its chief action was always on the higher and more regulative of the mental faculties; it affected the finer muscular co-ordination even in moderate doses; some qualities of brain were much more susceptible to its influence than others; its pleasant personal and social effects could only be safely obtained in fully developed, healthy men with a reasonably good nervous heredity, and taken in strict moderation; its dangers should be made known to every citizen early in life; to the female sex it was especially dangerous; the period of adolescence was by far the most dangerous time of life in regard to alcohol, and therefore it should not be used then at all; a nervous constitution of brain and a bad nervous heredity implied a special susceptibility to its evil effects; scientific facts would point to complete abstinence from it by persons with this constitution; mental disease and defect would be diminished if alcoholic excess did not exist.

NEW LEGISLATION REQUIRED.

Alcohol in excess predisposed to and caused many forms of bodily disease, and reduced the chances of recovery in all bodily diseases. Certain of its bad effects on the brain were probably harmful to descendants. Scientific facts pointed to a great diminution of alcoholic mischief if no alcoholic drinks containing more than 18 per cent. of absolute alcohol were used except for medical purposes. New legislation was needed for those who labored under the disease of an uncontrollable craving for alcohol, and also to diminish temptations to its use.

EXCESSIVE USE DIMINISHING.

The most hopeful fact in regard to alcohol was that its excessive use had undoubtedly diminished in the last hundred years among the evolved, the educated, the reasonable, the well-off, and the self-respecting part of the community in all civilised countries. The increase of knowledge and of self-control, the lifting up socially of the poorer, the rationalising of their city life and conditions, the gratification of human nature's craving for happiness by the provision of healthy modes of life, amusements, good and abundant food, the practice of the rules of a scientific sociology, the wider knowledge of the dangers of alcohol, the efforts of our clergy, social workers, medical officers of health, and school medical officers, the segregation of the irremediable drunkards, and the diminution of bad nervous forms of heredity through the practice of eugenic laws, would no doubt help materially to bring in the era of a sober people.

On the motion of the Master of Polwarth, seconded by Sir Alexander Simpson, a vote of thanks was accorded the lecturer.—"Alliance News."

THE LAST DRINK.

FRANK KAVANAUGH, Moberly, Mo.

I had worked third shift at Colfax less than three months, but during that time I had become quite a society man. I was invited out practically every night, and when I wasn't I had calls to make, which usually kept me up until nearly midnight, at which time I relieved Collins.

After the party or dance was over and we—I mean the young fellows of the little town—had accompanied our girls home, it was our habit to meet in Feland's saloon, where we would talk and drink until nearly midnight, with the result that I often went on duty pretty well jingled. I wouldn't be drunk, understand, but in that state where things looked queer and unnatural to me; the rough edges were filed off the corners of life, as it were, by the effects of the liquor.

One night, early in the winter, I took a girl home from a dance, and, on my way to the depot, stepped in, as usual, at Feland's, where the gang "set 'em up" around. There were seven of us. That meant that within half an hour I had taken seven drinks. No wonder strange things happened that night. I was the receptacle for enough alcohol to make a porterhouse steak disintegrate. Instead of cutting my stomach into pieces it went to my brain. After the seventh drink, the others left the saloon, but as it was not quite midnight I stayed for another drink and a chat with the bartender.

"This one's on me," he said in a sudden fit of generosity, and as I nodded he began to mix the cocktails. "I'm sure the road's got a good fellow on after midnight now," he continued. "The last good fellow here was Caskey. Brown, the man before you came, was sure a self-centered guy. Why, he wasn't in our place once all the time he was here. Caskey was sure a good fellow, though."

"They promoted Brown, didn't they?" I asked as I dreamily watched him pour the cocktails into the tall-stemmed glasses.

"Yes; he went up to the headquarters office," said the bartender. "Here's how." And we drank.

"What became of Caskey?" I asked.

"Oh, he's out in Utah now. They canned him off this road for coming over here to get a drink and forgetting to stop a train he had orders for. The freight he let pass met a passenger train about five miles above here, but they saw each other in time to stop, and so nobody was hurt. But Caskey was a good fellow, all right."

I took my last drink for the night and walked over to the depot. Old Collins was putting on his coat and gathering up his lunch basket and coffee pot. He made his coffee on the office stove, for he was a sober old fellow and wouldn't drink anything stronger than the Java.

"Feel all right, sonny?" he asked, as I looked over the thirty-one clips to see if he had any orders on hand to sign for.

"Sure," I answered. "Why?"

"If I were you, my boy, I'd cut out Feland's. More than one good man has gone the boomer route by dabbling with the stuff he hands out."

I became angry. "Why, you old home-guard," I exclaimed, "if you don't report me, no one will ever know whether I go there or not."

The old man made a grimace, as if controlling himself. "They knew all about Caskey, and I'm sure he was never reported from here."

"But Caskey let a train get by him. Catch me doing anything like that!" And I smiled in a very superior way as the old man turned and walked out.

The big, fat stove was red hot, and I soon became warm and sleepy. Nothing was doing on the wires except a car report from a station some 50 miles down the line. I leaned back comfortably and listened to the report, but suddenly it stopped. The lights grew dim and I could see them only through a haze. The liquor had reached my brain. I was brought to my senses by the sound of my call coming impatiently on the wire. The operator at the other end was signing "DS," and I knew from that it was the dispatcher, and by the way he handled the key that he had been calling for some time.

"OS extra south," he said when I answered. Which meant that he wanted a report on when they had arrived and left my station.

"No OS," I answered. I figured that if a train had passed I surely would have heard it, even if I were taking a catnap.

Then he sent an order: "No. 98, engines 1240 and 1008 will meet extra '553' at Colfax."

"Sure the '553' hasn't passed?" he asked again.

"Sure," I answered.

"Should have passed 30 minutes ago," he said, and closed his key.

Until then I had not thought to look at the clock. I glanced up. The hands pointed to 2.30. I had been asleep more than two hours, and perhaps, after all, the extra had passed. And if it had—well, they would need a wrecker, some doctors and nurses, and a few coffins, that was all. I would probably follow Caskey, if they didn't soak me for murder.

I stepped out on the platform and glanced up at my semaphore in doing so. It was down, showing white! I was sure I had left it red when I took the office over from Collins. I had no recollection of turning it since that time. I looked down the rails. A sheet of frost covered them. I made a mark on the nearest one with my thumb and watched to see how long it would take the frost to obliterate the imprint. By that means I wished to assure myself that a train couldn't have passed within the last thirty minutes without showing a mark on the rails. I watched that mark for some minutes, and it appeared as plain as when I made it. My

heart grew lighter. Then I glanced up in the direction of town and back at the rail. The mark was gone! As long as I kept my eyes on the spot the change had not been appreciable, but it disappeared the instant I had glanced away.

I heard another call from "DS," and went in and answered.

"Nothing from '553' yet?"

"Nothing," I answered. "What is it?"

"Theatrical special. Craig pulling it. Should have been there an hour ago."

My hair began to rise. I was perfectly sober now, and suffering. For Craig had been the man who found me, a disheartened kid, less than four months before, loafing around the dispatcher's office, waiting for something to turn up. My money was gone. I was hungry. The big fellow took pity on me and asked me to his home, where I stayed several weeks, during which time he had introduced me to the men in the general office, to the trainmaster, and had been instrumental in getting me the job I was holding. For he was a man the officials knew and valued, and so a friend of his landed a job much easier than the unknown little tramp. His wife had treated me as she would have treated a son; I had played hours at a time with the baby; had made myself perfectly at home, in fact. And it was such a home as I appreciated, for I was but a boy. And now I was Craig's murderer! Above the anguish at the thought I remembered something I had forgotten for a long time—that when I was sent to Colfax Craig loaned me ten dollars, to "start on," as he had put it. I had neglected to repay it, for Feland's bill was rather large every payday and other expenses ran high in the social circle I was in. How small I felt myself at the recollection of the debt!

I knew what it would mean if he hit No. "98." That was the fast meat train starting each night from a great packing centre at the other end of the division. It made passenger time. From the starting point to my station the road followed the river, a course of cuts and curves. The men who pulled the "98" were not molly-coddles. A man who knew fear would have lasted about one run. They had to be men with good red blood in their veins—and plenty of it—to rattle ahead of 40 refrigerator cars around the bluffs and curves on that run. They made the time, but in doing so looked Death in the face and bluffed him every foot of the way. And I had put Craig and his big passenger engine against the two moguls on one of those curves. I had sent him to eternity and made his wife a widow and his baby an orphan.

I must have aged twenty years in ten minutes. I felt the hangman's noose around my neck; I heard the boys on the road mention my name with an oath and a sneer; I felt the sharp cut of the glances flashed at me from the eyes of the people who had been my friends—the rough, kind-hearted men who would burst noisily into the office when my signal stopped them and pass a joke while

(Continued on Page 10.)

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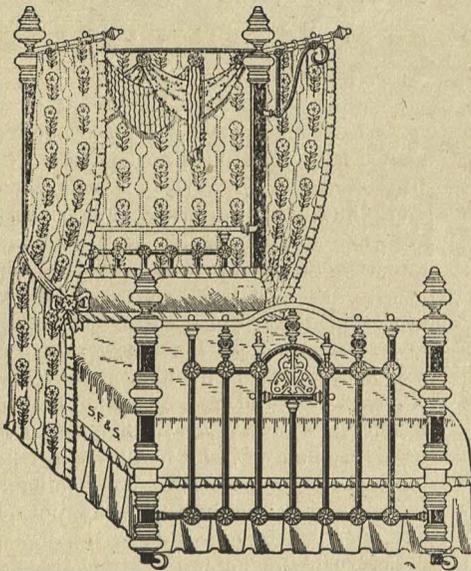
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PLEDGE SIGNING.

By W. D. B. CREAGH.

One often hears this enquiry, is the pledge-signing any good? Undoubtedly it is, notwithstanding that it has its failures, like everything else; I have had the pleasure of meeting men and feeling their handshake who have signed the pledge. Hearing of their success brings a joy to my heart; they have made good, and in their case the pledge was a success.

One of the pleasures of my trip to Cawley deviation camp was to see pinned up in the tents of three men our pledge card. I had tea with one of them, and I can still feel his hand grip and hear his promise to stand true to the pledge.

I am often stopped in the city by men who have made good, have regained lost billets, and better still, regained lost manhood. There is only one answer as far as they are concerned; the pledge has meant something to them.

The pledge-signing at the Central Police Court is a good thing for this reason: It gives a man or woman a chance in a business-like way to declare against the thing that has brought them into trouble, the larger number are first offenders, a good number on

appearance are respectable people, and they must feel their position behind the prison bars, especially when they are rubbing shoulders with others who have been drinking for a long time, some of them in an awful condition, and it cannot fail to make them think, and I feel sure is a great factor in many taking the pledge.

If Mr. "Snowy" Baker finds it necessary for the boxers to pledge themselves to go into strict training and to weigh in at a certain weight at a certain time for a fight at the Stadium, how much more necessary is it for men to pledge themselves to fight this curse; if any mean to do this, and I am certain that many do, then the pledge is a good thing to take, it looks like business.

When a man goes down to drink he often looks back on his life; if there has been no effort made to stop him drinking, then he has a just complaint to make. No man who passes through the Central Police Court can say that he was not given a chance to declare against the drink and urged to abstain from it. That is one of the reasons why I think the pledge-signing is a good thing.

This week's totals:—

Men convicted	137
Women convicted	33
Total	170
Pledges taken	24

This total includes two women who had families, one two, the other four children. One can only echo this wish, God help the children and save the mothers.

One poor fellow had lost his hat and boots, but for the mission he would have had to walk about the city without them; boots were provided and a hat found.

Clothes, boots, and hats are urgently needed if a good chance is to be given to men to make a fresh start in life.

The undermentioned firms have helped by giving cast-off boots, hats, etc.:—David Jones, Farmer's, Lowe's, Palmer's, Quinn's, Chalmer's, Callaghan's, Talbret's, Rigney Shoe Co., Peape's Ltd., Hordern Bros. Others have sent parcels of clothes, etc. Many thanks for same.

The following donations have been gratefully received:—Mrs. Stephenson, 5s.; Miss Price, £12; Mr. Doe, £1; Mr. Bohn, 10s.; Mr. Harrup, £1; L.G.D., 10s.; Miss Watt, 5s.; F.M., £1; Mrs. Harper, £2; Mr. Joseph Horne, £5 5s.; Bery King, 12s.

ROYAL ABSTAINERS.

During the recent visit of the King and Queen to Liverpool the following highly interesting memorial was sent to the Queen, who caused the subjoined reply to be sent:—"To Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Mary.

"May it please Your Most Gracious Majesty to accept from the members of the B.W.T.A. in Liverpool, Bootle and Wirral (numbering over 6000) their heartfelt appreciation of the principle which has prompted Your Majesty to train the Royal children in the practice of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors.

"For the sympathy and support given by Your Majesty to the Temperance movement in our beloved country, and, above all, for the example and influence which are so helpful to all good causes, we tender our sincere thanks.—We are, your most loyal and respectful subjects. Signed on behalf of the Liverpool District Union, Bessie Shilston Wathins, Hannah Lloy-Roberts."

The following reply was received:—

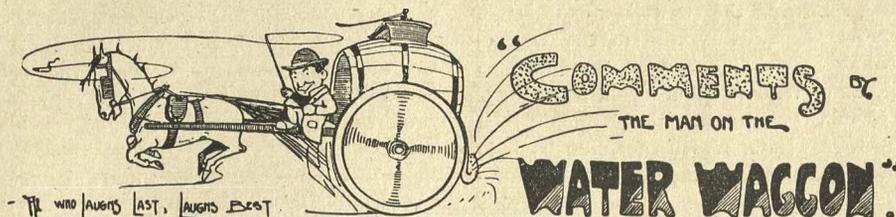
Buckingham Palace, July 10, 1913.

"Madam,—I am commanded by the Queen to request you to be good enough to convey to the members of the British Women's Temperance Association in Liverpool, Bootle and Wirral, an expression of Her Majesty's warm thanks for their kind message, which the Queen much appreciates.—I am, yours faithfully, E. W. Wallington, Private Secretary."
—"The Lincoln Visitor."

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Insist on BURNET'S 1d. JELLIES, because they are made out of the purest ingredients. BURNET'S 1d. JELLIES are crystal clear, and delightfully flavored. Don't take the cheap and nasty kind, but insist on BURNET'S 1d. JELLIES. The cherry flavor is a rich red in color.

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ENTER 1914.

When your eye scans this page, reader, we shall have entered upon another year, and without using any platitudes or making reference to "new leaves," etc., yet the "Waggoner" must needs remind you that fresh time means free opportunities, and here is a chance for the good workers to do better and the lazy ones to wake and catch up a little. Whilst we did not do too badly this last twelve months, we have nothing at all to throw bouquets at ourselves about, and—well, we are out now on another three years' cruise. Is it to be a more fruitful one? That is the question.

The real workers in our cause never worked harder than in 1913. Their spurt at the finish was a mighty one—why did we not impress the general public more?

For, good friends and fellow-templars, if we are to get in good work next election we must aim to shut up some hotels where they are plentiful, and hurl our battalions into battle where they are most needed. At present we certainly act as would an army a million strong that stretched across the country and blazed away whether the enemy were there or not. Some part of this army undoubtedly meets the foe concentrated and active, and—gets blown to pieces. The other part wins where it meets little opposition and mere parcels of skirmishers.

We win by thousands in suburbs where there are two hotels and a wineshop. We manage to exterminate the wineshop. Where there are 40 hotels and 20 wineshops we are annihilated.

"Why then," the "Waggoner" asks, "do we not drag all our workers to the firing line?" They can vote in their suburbs surely and "work" in the concentrated areas held by the liquor people. We have made an awful mistake in tactics. Good local men have, for instance, been firing loads of ammunition in the shape of energy and oratory at the voters of Mosman, where at most there are two hotels, and the same men, working half the time in other areas, would do twice as much good.

Here then, it seems, is the first point to discuss in 1914—the concentration of our energies upon the citadels held by the enemy. We must educate those voters—untiringly, perseveringly, steadily, right through the next three years—pour literature into the

areas, establish Temperance Societies and Bands of Hope, hold mid-day meetings, and otherwise work to accomplish our objects.

A CHANCE FOR THE TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

It would seem to us that here is a fine field for experiments by the Total Abstinence Society. Any prejudices raised by the names of older organizations would not react against the T.A.S. The idea would be to secure a band of adherents fighting in a pledge crusade without necessarily identifying themselves with any church or other body. A local secretary and a small local committee is all that would be needed to secure the help needed to assist the general organization. As a matter of fact, a big committee almost invariably spoils any society.

The T.A.S. workers would, of course, work in with the Alliance workers in preparation for an election, but the former should be working steadily throughout the year.

Now for a brief sketch as to what such a body could do in, say, a suburb like Surry Hills, with a big majority vote for continuance—

(a) The basis of all good work had best be built by securing the help of the churches, and a report on their temperance organization would first be needed to secure workers in the pledge crusade.

(b) It would be the business of the T.A.S. committee to interest churches who appeared apathetic, and secure at all costs the use of their organization.

(c) It would be their business to try and secure permission for a temperance talk in the factories of the district at least once in every six weeks.

(d) It would be their business to receive reports from the missionaries at the police courts of persons signing the pledge there, and follow them up in their homes. This the police court missionary cannot do thoroughly—he is too busy.

(e) They could also urge pastors and Sunday-school superintendents to allow them to address their schools once quarterly.

(f) At these meetings they could urge teachers, preachers, and scholars alike to send to them the names of young men to whom the signing of a pledge is becoming a necessary help.

(g) Above all, they must seek to secure

patrons from non-church-goers, and have the sense to ask them for one thing (the pledge-signing) without criticising or discussing religious matters. That is to say, we must get after everyone, and seek the signature of the man in the street as a common-sense rational action—let him know the Total Abstinence Society knows no creed in particular—it welcomes the racecourse tout as heartily as the church-goer.

(h) The use of all our literature and plentiful doses of "Grit" would, it goes without saying, be our final prescription—the value of such has been abundantly proven.

These suggestions may seem to lack originality—probably they do—but the writer wishes to show that half-a-dozen live men in the suburbs as secretaries of branches of the T.A.S. would make a lot of difference and do a fine work. They can be found—they are about. Such must be triers and steady goers—(no comets need apply)—but when the next election comes round their work will tell, their classified information be invaluable.

Perhaps this germ idea will be taken up and bear fruit. So hopes the Man on the Water Waggon.

A Happy and Useful New Year to all.

FOOLING THE PUBLIC.

A great American once said that you can fool all the public some of the time, some of the public all the time, but you can't fool all the public all the time. "Tatt's" appear to be running this pretty close. The economic folly of the sweep business, from the public point of view, is as plain as the side of a jail. A sweepstake of 100,000 tickets at 5s. each (or, with expenses added, 6s. each) costs the populace £30,000. The deductions—which include the Adams firm's commission; the Tasmanian Government's tax on the prize money; stamp duty, agents' charges and postage—come to £8652; or in other figures, 28½ per cent. of the total amount subscribed. That leaves £21,375 for the prize winners. Assuming that 50 of these consultations are held every year—which is a moderate estimate—we find that a fool public contributes £1,500,000 per annum, of which £431,250 goes into the bank accounts of a number of total strangers for the privilege of having a cut at the balance, by way of prize money.



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* * *

DRUNKEN BRAWL.

The inquiry was concluded on December 19 into the circumstances of the death of Edward Ellis, who met with injuries at Kyabram Railway Station on the night of December 1. Deceased was a carpenter employed by the Railway Department, and with another carpenter, Charles Envall, he occupied a sleeping car near the station. The two returned to the van on the night in question and at about midnight Envall called at the house of Dr. Harcourt, and asked him to go and see his mate, as he had hurt himself. The doctor found that the man's spine was broken. Ellis was removed to a private hospital, and died the following day.

The jury found that the injuries were caused by Envall in a quarrel, and expressed the opinion that both men were under the influence of liquor.

Envall was committed for trial on a charge of manslaughter.—"Sydney Morning Herald," 19/12/'13.

* * *

DRUNKEN POLICEMAN.

Last Saturday night Constable Patrick Grace created a sensation at Hindmarsh, a suburb of Adelaide, South Australia, by bringing into the lockup one after another three thoroughly respectable citizens, against whom he laid charges of drunkenness, although it was apparent that they were perfectly sober. Two of his victims were allowed to go immediately, but another was placed temporarily in a cell. Eventually the sergeant in charge suspended Grace, whose conduct was made the subject of a departmental inquiry. To-day the Chief Secretary stated that the evidence showed that the policeman was not in a fit condition to be on duty, and he had been permitted to resign from the police force. Grace served five years in the Irish constabulary.—"Morning Herald," 19/12/'13.

* * *

BRUTAL ATTACK ON CONSTABLE.

Constable Walsh was the victim of a brutal attack at Granville last night, and as a result two men have been arrested. Walsh was doing street duty, when he heard some one shout out: "Come quickly!" followed by groans, which seemed to indicate that a person was in distress in the back yard of an hotel. He rushed into the yard, which was in total darkness, and received a smashing blow on the jaw, which knocked him down. Recovering himself quickly, the constable attempted to close with his assailant, but was kicked violently on the knee, and temporarily

incapacitated. A man thereupon ran out of the yard, and Walsh went in pursuit as best he could, following the fugitive up the street and across the railway line to the station. The runaway was blocked at the platform barrier, and Walsh secured him without much trouble. Slipping the handcuffs on the captive's wrists, Walsh took him back to the hotel, and there arrested a second man.—"Sun," 19/12/'13.

* * *

FEMALE CRIMINAL'S LAPSE.

Kate Porter, aged 36, a well-known criminal, pleaded guilty at the Central Police Court on December 15 to stealing a gold ring and £1 8s. in money, the property of Mrs. Amy Miller, and £6, the property of Mrs. Margaret Bell.

Porter was living in the same boarding-house, at 90 City-road, as the two women who were robbed, and when taxed with the theft admitted it, and offered to make restitution.

The accused wept while her solicitor pointed out that she had been trying in late years to lead a better life, and her latest lapse was due to drink. She had also had trouble with her husband, from whom she was obtaining a divorce, having already secured a decree nisi.

Mr. Willard, secretary of the Prisoners' Aid Society, said that the woman had been under his observation since February, 1911. She had been in service, and put money in the bank. The reports concerning her were good.

The magistrate, Mr. King, said that the woman had apparently been making an effort to turn over a new leaf. In the circumstances he would be lenient, and inflict fines aggregating £18. The alternative was seven months' jail.—"The Sun."

* * *

PUBLICAN FINED.

Albert Read, formerly a policeman, was charged at the Glebe Police Court on Dec. 19 with that a man, William Norris, was found on the premises of the Kauri Hotel, Glebe, of which Read is the licensee, at 4.30 p.m. on December 6, Election Day, a time when the hotel should not have been open for the sale of liquor. It was alleged that Norris was not there for a lawful purpose.

The defendant was fined £2, with 6s. costs, in default a week's jail.

* * *

DIVORCED FOR DRUNKENNESS.

James O'Keefe petitioned Mr. Justice Gordon, in the Divorce Court to-day, to dissolve his marriage with Elizabeth O'Keefe (formerly Phegan), on the ground that she was an habitual drunkard, and had habitually neglected her domestic duties.

Petitioner said that he had followed, amongst other occupations that of a care-

taker. He first discovered his wife's drinking habits when he was a caretaker at Circular Quay. He then saw bottles in different drawers of the house. He remonstrated with her, but without success. Leaving Circular Quay they went to Chippendale. Her drinking habits became worse, and she pawned everything she could get her hands on. Her domestic duties were absolutely neglected. Her craving for drink became so bad at Chippendale that when the baker would bring the daily bread the respondent would take it out of the house and sell it for drink.

His Honor made a decree nisi, and ordered it returnable in six months.—"Sun," 19/12/'13.

* * *

ADULTERATED LIQUOR.

Hotelkeepers Fined.

A number of hotelkeepers were prosecuted at the Glebe Police Court on December 19 for selling adulterated liquor.

Bridget Lenihan, licensee of the Baden Powell Hotel, George-street, Camperdown, was charged with selling adulterated brandy. A fine of £5, with 6s. costs, in default a month's jail, was inflicted.

Archibald Marshall, of May's Family Hotel, Mount Vernon-street, Glebe, was charged with selling adulterated rum, which contained 15.7 added water.

Mr. Love, S.M.: Have you any explanation? If a man buys six penn'orth of rum he doesn't want 15 per cent. of it to be water. I inflict a fine of £10, with 6s. costs, in default two months' jail.

George Allen, who keeps the Governor Bourke Hotel, Camperdown, was charged with selling rum containing 2.6 per cent. added water. He was ordered to pay a fine of £3, with 6s. costs, in default 21 days' imprisonment.

* * *

A YOUNG WOMAN POISONED.

On December 18 Mrs. Maud Neave, 25, of 55 High Holborn-street, Surry Hills, was taken by the Civil Ambulance from an Elizabeth-street hotel, suffering from the effects of a poisonous solution. She was admitted at Sydney Hospital.—"Sydney Morning Herald."

* * *

GUILTY OF UNLAWFUL ASSAULT.

Owen Hegarty was charged with having maliciously shot at Glenlivet Ackerman, with intent to do him grievous bodily harm, at Sydney, on November 13. There was a second count of having unlawfully assaulted Ackerman.

Hegarty pleaded not guilty, and conducted his own defence.

Hegarty, in his defence, said that he was throwing stones, with four others, at a cockatoo, which was on the top of a building, all of the men being intoxicated, when Ackerman spoke to him, and he pointed his revolver, which was unloaded, at him. One of his mates fired two shots at the bird.

The accused was acquitted on the charge of maliciously shooting, but was found guilty of the charge of unlawful assault. He was remanded for sentence.—"Herald," 13/12/'13.

Temperance Legislation and the Liberty of the Subject.

By the late PROFESSOR T. H. GREEN, M.A. Oxford.

I want to speak of the principles on which some of us hold that, in the matter of intoxicating drinks, a further limitation of freedom of contract is needed in the interest of general freedom. I say a further limitation, because there is no such thing as a free sale of these drinks at present. Men are not at liberty to buy and sell them when they will, where they will, and as they will. But our present licensing system, while it creates a class of monopolists especially interested in resisting any effectual restraint of the liquor traffic, does little to lessen the facilities for obtaining strong drink. Indeed, the principle upon which licenses have been generally given has been avowedly to make it easy to get drink. The restriction of the hours of sale is no doubt a real check so far as it goes, but it remains the case that everyone who has a weakness for drink has the temptation staring him in the face during all hours but those when he ought to be in bed. The effect of the present system, in short, is to prevent the drink shops from coming unpleasantly near the houses of well-to-do people, and to crowd them upon the quarters occupied by the poorer classes, who have practically no power of keeping the nuisance from them. Now it is clear that the only remedy which the law can afford for this state of things must take the form either of more stringent rules of licensing, or of a power entrusted to the householders in each district of excluding the sale of intoxicants altogether from among them.

I do not propose to discuss the comparative merits of these methods of procedure. One does not exclude the other. They may very well be combined. One may be best suited for one kind of population, the other for another kind. But either, to be effectual, must involve a large interference with the liberty of the individual to do as he likes in the matter of buying and selling alcohol. It is the justifiability of that interference that I wish briefly to consider.

We justify it on the simple ground of the recognised right on the part of society to prevent men from doing as they like, if in the exercise of their peculiar tastes, in doing as they like, they create a social nuisance. There is no right to freedom in the purchase and sale of a particular commodity, if the general result of allowing such freedom is to detract from freedom in the higher sense—from the general power of men to make the best of themselves. Now, with anyone who looks calmly at the facts there can be no doubt that the present habits of drinking in England do lay a heavy burden on the free development of man's powers for social good—

a heavier burden probably than arises from all other preventable causes put together. It used to be the fashion to look upon drunkenness as a vice which was the concern only of the person who fell into it, so long as it did not lead him to commit an assault on his neighbors. No thoughtful man any longer looks on it in this way. We know that, however decently carried on, the excessive drinking of one man means an injury to others in health, purse, and capability, to which no limits can be placed. Drunkenness in the head of a family means, as a rule, the impoverishment and degradation of all members of the family; and the presence of a drink shop at the corner of a street means, as a rule, the drunkenness of a certain number of heads of families in that street. Remove the drink shops and, as the experience of many happy communities sufficiently shows, you almost, perhaps in time altogether, remove the drunkenness. Here, then, is a wide-spreading social evil, of which society may, if it will, by a restraining law, to a great extent, rid itself, to the infinite enhancement of the positive freedom enjoyed by its members. All that is required for the attainment of so blessed a result is so much effort and self-sacrifice on the part of the majority of citizens as is necessary for the enactment and enforcement of the restraining law. The majority of citizens may still be far from prepared for such an effort. That is a point on which I express no opinion. To attempt a restraining law in advance of the social sentiment necessary to give real effect to it, is always a mistake. But to argue that an effectual law in restraint of the drink traffic would be a wrongful interference with individual liberty, is to ignore the essential condition under which alone every particular liberty can rightly be allowed to the individual—the condition, namely, that the allowance of that liberty is not, as a rule, and on the whole, an impediment to social good.

The more reasonable opponents of the restraint for which I plead, would probably argue not so much that it was necessarily wrong in principle, as that it was one of those short cuts to a good end which ultimately defeat their own object. They would take the same line that has been taken by the opponents of state-interference in all its forms. "Leave the people to themselves," they would say. As their standard of self-respect rises, as they become better housed and better educated, they will gradually shake off the evil habit. The cure so effected may not be so rapid as that brought by a repressive law, but it will be more lasting. Better that it should come more slowly through the

spontaneous action of individuals, than more quickly through compulsion."

But here again we reply that it is dangerous to wait. The slower remedy might be preferable if we were sure that it was a remedy at all, but we have no such assurance. There is strong reason to think the contrary. Every year that the evil is left to itself it becomes greater. The vested interest in the encouragement of the vice becomes larger, and the persons affected by it more numerous. If any abatement of it has already taken place, we may fairly argue that this is because it has not been altogether left to itself; for the licensing law, as it is, is much more stringent and more stringently administered than it was ten years ago. A drunken population naturally perpetuates and increases itself. Many families, it is true, keep emerging from the conditions which render them specially liable to the evil habit, but on the other hand descent through drunkenness from respectability to squalor is constantly going on. The families of drunkards do not seem to be smaller than those of sober men, though they are shorter-lived; and that the children of a drunkard should escape from drunkenness is what we call almost a miracle. Better education, better housing, more healthy rules of labor, no doubt lessen the temptations to drink for those who have the benefit of these advantages, but meanwhile drunkenness is constantly recruiting the ranks of those who cannot be really educated, who will not be better housed, who make their employments dangerous and unhealthy. An effectual liquor law in short is the necessary complement of our Factory Acts, our Education Acts, our Public Health Acts. Without it the full measure of their usefulness will never be attained. They were all opposed in their turn by the same arguments that are now used against a restraint of the facilities for drinking. Sometimes it was the dilatory plea that the better nature of man would in time assert itself, and that meanwhile it would be lowered by compulsion. Happily a sense of the facts and necessities of the case got the better of the delusive cry of liberty. Act after Act was passed preventing master and workman, parent and child, housebuilder and householder, from doing as they pleased, with the result of a great addition to the real freedom of society. The spirit of self-reliance and independence was not weakened by those acts. Rather it received a new development. The dead weight of ignorance and unhealthy surroundings with which it would otherwise have had to struggle, being partially removed by law, it was more free to exert itself for higher objects. When we ask for a stringent liquor-law, which should even go to the length of allowing the householders of a district to exclude the drink traffic altogether, we are only asking for a continuation of the

(Continued on Page 10.)

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A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1914.

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The Case for No-License

IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

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Over twenty pages of the 100 are given to interesting illustrations of the splendid success of No-License in Canada, the United States, and New Zealand. The exaggerations and boogies put forth by License advocates in the last campaign here are exposed.

It is as a handbook to the No-License controversy in this State, and is right up-to-date. Speakers, writers, and other helpers in the great cause will find it invaluable.

A Personal Chat with my readers

THE NEW YEAR.

When a second edition of a book is called for, the author gladly avails himself of the opportunity to correct errors, add footnotes, maybe add a chapter or drop one, and issues it as "a new and revised edition." I wish my readers "a new and revised edition" of 1913 in the coming year. I find it is a tiresome, difficult and somewhat humiliating business getting out a new edition of 1914. Some Yankee has said: "I always allow one mistake, the only unpardonable thing is to make the same mistake twice." It surely will be our own fault if we make the mistakes of 1913 again in 1914 and suffer more for the second mistake than for the first.

I wish you all a happy New Year. I pray you all may have good success in your honest effort at revising the past. Let your motto be, "More work and better."

A CONTRIBUTING AGENT.

A writer in an interesting article on immigration in the "Daily Telegraph" a week ago, said:—

"An emigration agent of the Midlands, who does a substantial business, assures me that Australia is under a considerable debt of gratitude to English stepmothers. Having made a close study of the causes of emigration for some years, he declares that the stepmother is an easy first. If he hears that a widower with a family has taken a second wife, he looks forward with confidence to inquiries about Australia or Canada. In fact, he insists that the unhappy home is responsible for more emigration than anything else, and says that drunkenness on the part of parents comes a close second to the stepmother in building up the Empire abroad. If this conclusion is correct it would seem that there must be more unhappy homes in England than in any other country in the world, with the exception, possibly, of Ireland, where we know that sheer starvation has been the greatest influence of emigration."

This is evidence of home drinking and the influence of drink on the home life under license. Surely those who are driven from the old land by drink will help us fight the curse in their new country?

DANGERS. AND PLEASURES.

The London "Times" of November 7 last says:—
"Sir Thomas Clouston, delivering the Norman Kerr Memorial Lecture in Edinburgh on Monday, dealt with "The Clinical Aspects of the Study of Inebriety." He said the danger of alcohol should be made known to every citizen early in life, for its pleasant personal and social

effects could only be safely obtained in fully-developed, healthy men—to the female sex it was specially dangerous—with a reasonably good nervous heredity, and taken in strict moderation. Alcohol should not be used at all during adolescence, which was by far the most dangerous time of life in regard to it. Scientific facts suggested the necessity of complete abstinence from alcohol of persons with a nervous constitution of brain or a bad nervous heredity. He believed that mental disease and defect would be diminished if excess in alcohol did not exist, for it predisposed to and caused many forms of bodily and mental disease, and reduced the chances of recovery. The most hopeful factor in the situation was that the excessive use of alcohol had undoubtedly diminished in the last 100 years among the educated and self-respecting parts of the community in all civilised countries."

The great need of the day is to educate. Will you take some hand in making known the facts about alcohol?

CONVINCING EVIDENCES OF PROGRESS.

Mrs. Harrison Lee-Cowie, sending Christmas greetings to the readers of "Grit," says:—

"Invercargill, on December 10, 1913, had the greatest agricultural show in its history. More entries, more people, more money; it is evident No-License is no kill joy. Each of the four leading drapery places are enlarging their premises. Lewis alone is spending £10,000 on his enlargement. People buy drapery when they cease to buy beer. The High School is to build a hostel in 1914 costing £4000. We can educate our children better and accommodate them better when drink is voted out."

May 1914 see New Zealand absolutely freed from the curse of liquor.

The Editor

IF—

If a Hottentot taught a Hottentot tot
To talk ere the tot could totter,
Ought the Hottentot tot
To be taught to say "aught"
Or "naught," or what ought to be taught
her?

If to hoot and toot a Hottentot tot
Be taught by a Hottentot tooter,
Should the tooter get hot if the Hottentot tot
Hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?

The No-License Vote.

A BIG VOTE WHEREVER EDUCATIONAL WORK WAS DONE.

The No-License returns are not yet quite complete. The following table shows the No-License vote in each of the three elections. Owing to the merging of some of the electorates and the altered boundaries of others a comparison is sometimes impossible.

	Con.	Red.	No-L.
Albury	4824	623	1765
Alexandria	3653	305	1488
Allowrie	4245	261	3366
Annandale	4799	654	3127
Armidale	3715	595	2261
Ashburnham	4673	313	2644
Ashfield	3418	397	4703
Balmain	4240	621	2781
Bathurst	3941	355	3018
Bega	4177	419	2256
Belmore	4753	565	1498
Bingara	3474	652	2080
Bondi	4583	875	2755
Botany	4577	323	2575
Burrangong	4010	317	2972
Burwood	3125	600	4590
Byron	3624	253	2826
Camden	4098	422	2615
Camperdown	4655	582	2071
Canterbury	5384	538	4995
Castlereagh	4531	595	1523
Cessnock	3617	178	2700
Clarence	3362	139	2434
Cobar	—	—	—
Cootamundra	5302	436	3032
Corowa	3964	1050	1453
Darling Harbor	3905	450	1174
Darlinghurst	4506	1317	1600
Drummoyne	4309	615	3906
Dulwich Hill	3746	506	4544
Durham	3656	464	2747
Enmore	4747	636	3479
Glebe	5880	709	2409
Gloucester	2731	115	4101
Gordon	3741	456	4990
Gough	5094	330	2463
Goulburn	3974	121	4202
Granville	5363	434	4939
Gwydir	4283	493	1837
Hartley	4164	232	3952
Hastings and McLeay	4707	320	3488
Hawkesbury	3749	394	2381
Hurstville	4950	587	4487
Kahibah	3867	583	2253
King	4063	798	1349
Lachlan	—	—	—
Leichhardt	4617	514	3302
Lismore	3607	214	3782
Liverpool Plains	—	—	—
Lyndhurst	4649	381	2945
Macquarie	5138	390	2330
Maitland	4654	487	2805
Marrickville	4607	381	2851
Middle Harbor	4853	753	2968
Monaro	4125	350	2126
Mosman	4316	647	3812
Mudgee	4639	685	2228
Murray	3247	717	1185
Murrumbidgee	4683	491	2391
Namoi	4211	395	1193
Newcastle	4727	642	2581
Newtown	4176	533	2087
Orange	4255	371	3627
Paddington	5046	919	2186
Parramatta	4546	548	3826
Petersham	2314	147	2975
Phillip	4132	404	1039
Raleigh	4125	289	3163
Randwick	4368	609	2725
Redfern	4529	535	1915
Rozelle	4085	375	2241
Ryde	4039	412	5013
Singleton	4065	475	1714
St. George	4366	391	4832

St. Leonards	3916	966	2458
Sturt	3864	73	2503
Surry Hills	4682	733	1661
Tamworth	—	—	—
Tenterfield	2291	47	1908
Upper Hunter	4732	1045	1933
Wagga Wagga	5043	641	1839
Wallsend	4063	239	2506
Waverley	4612	970	2978
Wickham	4328	418	3158
Wollondilly	3233	358	2638
Willyama	2785	143	2081
Willoughby	4482	661	3512
Wollongong	4125	226	2962
Woollahra	4604	1121	2118
Yass	5302	445	2986

NO-LICENSE VOTE.

	1907.	1910.	1913.
Albury	1741	1723	1765
Alexandria	2100	1695	1483
Allowrie	1672	2482	3366
Annandale	2703	3492	3127
Armidale	1550	2346	2261
Ashburnham	2275	1986	2444
Ashfield	2885	4534	4703
Balmain	2042	2391	2781
Bathurst	2355	2169	3018
Bega	2001	2103	2256
Belmore	884	927	1498
Bingara	1919	2084	2080
Bondi	—	—	2755
Botany	2066	2296	2575
Burrangong	2238	2680	2972
Burwood	3242	4443	4590
Byron	—	—	2826
Camden	1791	1889	2615
Camperdown	2044	2082	2071
Canterbury	3653	4986	4995
Castlereagh	1373	1451	1528
Cessnock	—	—	2700
Clarence	1182	1766	2434
Cobar	510	406	—
Cootamundra	1991	2552	3032
Corowa	928	1514	1453
Darling Harbor	877	801	1174
Darlinghurst	861	1405	1600
Drummoyne	—	—	3906
Dulwich Hill	—	—	4544
Durham	2042	2415	2747
Enmore	—	—	3479
Glebe	1606	2224	2489
Gloucester	3125	3725	4080
Gordon	3537	4737	4990
Gough	2098	2493	2463
Goulburn	2428	2915	4202
Granville	2371	3523	4939
Gwydir	1118	1332	1837
Hartley	2244	3379	3952
Hastings and McLeay	2575	2550	3488
Hawkesbury	2035	2130	2381
Hurstville	—	—	4487
Kahibah	1647	2004	2253
King	905	1158	1349
Lachlan	1620	2290	—
Leichhardt	3052	3923	3302
Lismore	—	—	3782
Liverpool Plains	1087	1974	—
Lyndhurst	2268	1831	2945
Macquarie	2826	2130	2330
Maitland	1872	2101	2805
Marrickville	2604	3831	2851
Middle Harbor	3218	4499	2968
Monaro	1072	1261	2126
Mosman	—	—	3812
Mudgee	1224	1828	2228
Murray	751	383	1185
Murrumbidgee	2224	2455	2391
Namoi	1229	1126	1193
Newcastle	2049	1952	2581
Newtown	2348	2532	2087

Orange	2838	2522	3627
Paddington	1307	1984	2186
Parramatta	2866	3045	3826
Petersham	2954	3774	2975
Phillip	1341	1049	1089
Raleigh	1917	2728	2603
Randwick	1544	3047	2725
Redfern	1698	1615	1915
Rozelle	2222	2332	2241
Ryde	—	—	5019
Singleton	1206	1324	1714
St. George	3214	5071	4832
St. Leonards	1867	2243	2458
Sturt	2379	2831	2503
Surry Hills	1341	1374	1661
Tamworth	1480	2314	—
Tenterfield	2468	2947	1908
Upper Hunter	1286	1640	1933
Wagga Wagga	—	—	1339
Wallsend	—	—	2506
Waverley	2495	3737	2973
Wickham	2858	2476	3158
Wollondilly	1939	2115	2688
Willyama	—	—	2081
Willoughby	—	—	3562
Wollongong	2352	2724	2362
Woollahra	1242	1796	2113
Yass	1668	1830	2986

ELECTORATES THAT HAVE BEEN MERGED INTO OTHERS.

	1907.	1910.	1913.
Belubula	1578	2283	—
Broken Hill	2373	2428	—
Clyde	1248	1536	—
Deniliquin	1131	1213	—
Darling	706	385	—
Lane Cove	2628	3575	—
Northumberland	2431	3628	—
Pymont	923	772	—
Queanbeyan	1443	1628	—
Richmond	2946	2995	—
Rous	3724	4006	—
Sherbrooke	2549	3166	—
Waratah	2017	2113	—
Wynyard	2151	1738	—

To the Editor "Grit."

Sir,—The No-License vote (so far) shows an increase—a satisfactory one—and though not going as far as many well-wishers of the State desire, still it is a marked advance. What are the reasons of the improvement?—

1. Increased publicity.
 2. A growing knowledge of the evils of the traffic.
 3. A desire to improve the social conditions of society.
 4. The facts about No-License in New Zealand.
- What has militated against the entire success of the movement?—
1. The three-fifths majority.
 2. The extravagant, incorrect, and misleading statements of the liquor traffic regarding the loss to revenue (the economic appeals most strongly to those who look superficially at the question).
 3. The lavish expenditure by the liquor trade in all directions in defence of their trade.
 4. An absence of knowledge on the question by many who voted for continuance.

I am fully seized with the very powerful work done by the Alliance and by "Grit," and you will probably agree with me that where these notable agencies have been at work favorable results have followed.

The cry should be Educate! Educate!

and to do this requires means, facilities, and a medium. The latter two are at your command; the former is required.

How is this to be met? Surely there should be little difficulty in providing £1000 per year for the next three years for the education of the people on this vital question. Two hundred subscribers at £5 per annum would do the business. I will make one of the number to start with, and will guarantee at least two more.

I therefore suggest a fund be opened forthwith for the free distribution of "Grit," and that the matter have as much publicity in your powerful and popular No-License journal as possible.

Wherever "Grit" circulates temperance opinion improves, and this is eloquently substantiated by a reference to the returns of the poll.—Yours respectfully,

G.G.

The Last Drink

(Continued from Page 3.)

waiting to get "complete" on their orders. But, worst of all, I could see the horror of the look in the eyes of Craig's wife, when she learned that the man her husband had done so much for had sent him to a death among a lot of flying steel and scalding steam. For I knew that if the trains went together he would die on his seat. He was no quitter; the yellow streak had been left out when he was made. He would stay with the "553" as long as there was a chance of saving the passengers behind him. I did not give a thought to the people he was pulling. They were something intangible, unknown. I had not the fine sense of obligation due to patrons of the road that an engineer has.

I had no gun. I was sorry I had made it a practice never to carry one. Death by my own hand was preferable to the agony I was suffering. My mind went over the past hard, love-hungry life. Since the time I had left the orphan asylum I had known no home; enjoyed none of the inside pleasures of home life except those few weeks at Craig's. All the pent-up love of a homeless boy had gone out to Craig, his wife and the baby—and the baby had been very demonstrative in returning that love. I seemed to feel his soft little arms around my neck. Ugh! I spat in disgust. I was a brute; an imbecile; a thing unclean. I was not fit to be eaten by buzzards. To have traded the love of even a dog for a bartender's appellation of "good fellow" would have been bad enough, but to trade the love of a child for such a name was a sacrilege. The baby would hate my name when he grew up to realise the enormity of the crime I had committed; when he grew to know that I had made him fatherless.

Ten minutes more of such thoughts would have driven me crazy. I have been told since that great mental anguish will cause brain lesion as surely as will a blow on the head with an iron bar. I believe it. But

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I saved my mind. I called up the dispatcher and confessed:—

"Better order out the wrecker," I told him. "I've been asleep. They've met by this time somewhere up the river. I'll go for Collins or the day man and get one of them to work the remainder of my shift. And I'll be here when you send the officers of the law for me."

"'Bust' that order," came the reply. "There is no extra '553.' Craig is at home, I suppose. If you had been older we'd have fired you some time ago, but I wanted to give you a chance to straighten up, because I think you have good stuff in you. Cut out Feland's. Do that or get off the road. You can give '98' a clear board; there's nothing against her to-night."

"I asked Collins to stay around," he added, "and to turn your semaphore white in case you went to sleep. I think this scare will be a lesson to you."

Just then Collins stepped in. I had my head on the telegraph desk and was crying. The reaction had been too great for me. He said nothing and went out again, closing the door softly behind him.

After that night I did not stop at Feland's saloon on my way to work. I have seen the swinging doors of many a saloon since then, but always from the outside. I'll have to confess that I cried again that night. After the head end of "98" shot by that morning, the smokestacks of both engines spitting sparks into the frosty air, I thought of the cheery greeting I had heard yelled from both cabs, and how I might have sent those friends of mine to death. I forgot I was a "good fellow"; a cog in the wheel of a great railroad system; a man. I went into the office and cried as a two-year-old does after smashing his finger.

Some two years or more after that night I followed Brown up to a better position. But long before promotion came I had ceased to be a "good fellow" in the bartender's estimation.—"Union Signal."

Temperance Legislation

(Continued from Page 7.)

same work—a continuation necessary to its complete success. It is a poor sophistry to tell us that it is moral cowardice to seek to remove by law a temptation which every one ought to be able to resist for himself. It is not the part of a considerate self-reliance to remain in presence of a temptation. When all temptations are removed which law can remove there will still be room enough—nay much more room—for the play of our moral energies. The temptation to excessive drinking is one which upon sufficient evidence

we hold that the law can at least greatly diminish. If it can, it ought to do so. This then . . . is the next great conquest which our democracy, on behalf of its own true freedom, has to make. The danger of legislation, either in the interests of a privileged class or for the promotion of particular religious opinions, we may fairly assume to be over. The popular jealousy of law, once justifiable enough, is therefore out of date. The citizens of England now make its law. We ask them by law to put a restraint on themselves in the matter of strong drink. We ask them further to limit—or even altogether to give up—the not very precious liberty of buying and selling alcohol, in order that they may become more free to exercise the faculties and improve the talents which God has given them.—"Alliance News."

"IF."

If you and I, and a few more like us,
Could make this old world over again,
Altering some of the things that strike us
As somewhat wrong in our fellow-men;
We'd reconstruct each separate nation—
With all their foibles making free,
Dabbling in amateur re-creation,
And—what an odd world this world would
be!

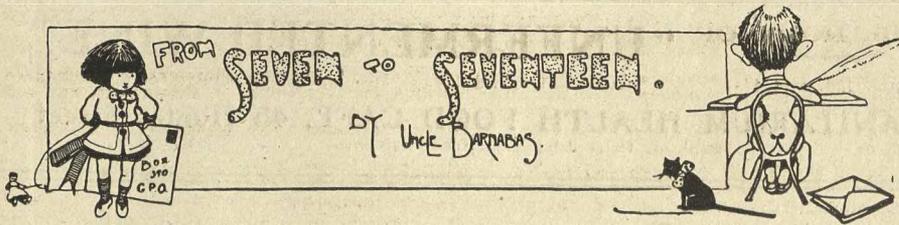
If you and I, and a few more like us,
Would turn within that piercing gaze,
Possibly several facts might strike us
As somewhat less than worthy of praise;
If each of us to himself were sternest,
Nursing his weakness less tenderly,
Taking himself and his life in earnest,
What a jolly old world this world might be!
—Alice D. Braham.

It is a great thing for the voter to make his protest against the liquor traffic in the prayer-meeting or by his manner of life, but if he would really tell the Government, as well as the Lord and the people, that he wants the saloon closed, there is but one method by which his opinion can declare method by which his opinion can be recognised, but just one law under which his opinion can declare itself, and his conviction make itself felt, and that law and method are fulfilled when he drops into a box a ballot that calls for prohibition.—Frances Willard

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THE NEW YEAR.

New Years are not happy by accident; they come like crops do, as the result of thought, effort, and patience. Have you planned for a Happy New Year? If not, you had better begin. It will take more planning to make a Happy New Year than it does to make an old dress into a new one. The things to be left out are as important as the things you are to put in. I wonder will any of my Ne's and Ni's give me a recipe for a Happy New Year? Please try and send it as quickly as possible. I once heard of a lazy man who tried to grow potatoes in a very dry place, and he planted a row of onions between each row of potatoes, thinking the onions would bring tears to the eyes of the potatoes, and so keep the ground moist! But he found that nothing can take the place of hard work on a farm or anywhere else, and that no ground or climate is so good that hard work is not necessary. So a Happy New Year, like a farm, depends largely on hard work. But you must tell me all about it, and so please write at once.

UNCLE B.

"A LITTLE HONEY."

"Take . . . a little honey."—Gen. xliii. 11.

This word was spoken by an old man to his sons when they were setting out upon a long journey. Those stalwart sons of Jacob were going down to Egypt. They would travel for days and weeks together—all the weary way across the desert to Egypt. And the old man said to them, "Now you will take a great many things with you, but remember this—take a little honey."

It is good advice for people who are going to travel. If you want to get your friendship and your temper tested, just travel together. I know what it means, for I have travelled for three months with friends of mine—day and night, by land and sea, for so long. There are difficulties and discomforts; people have different tastes, and they want to go to different places and see different things; it is not easy always to keep things sweet. So this is good advice before you travel—"take a little honey."

But Jacob was thinking of what would happen when they arrived in Egypt. They had been there before, and they had told Jacob about the Governor, the lord of the land, who was so harsh and severe. And Jacob said, "When you come again into the presence of the great man, in the present you make, with all the other things you offer, take a little honey with you."

I do not know whether the sons of Jacob saw this meaning in it, but we may. For Jacob was a wise man; he knew how to man-

age men, and he said, "When you come to the governor and ask for corn, and an open market, don't be hard and cold and defiant and distant and proud; be kind and conciliatory; take gentle words, soft words; see that you approach him so as to win his favor—take a little honey with you."

Yes, it is a good bit of advice—if you want anything. I don't think I need to tell the children this. You come to your father at night, and you are very, very good; your father is a wise man, and he says, "What's this? What is it that you're wanting now?"

But really if you want anything from anybody—if you want the best teaching from your teacher, if you want the best friendship from your friend, if you want the best that anybody has to give you, you must be frank, and kindly, and considerate. If you are cold and proud and distant and hard, you get nothing. You must win your way. Take a little honey.

What is the honey? It is good temper. You say that somebody has a sweet temper, and somebody else has a sour temper. It means good words, kind words, the soft answer. You know the difference this makes. It just means Love. Patience and sympathy and gentleness, all that is humble, thoughtful, generous, self-forgetful, all these are included in love. Read the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. See how love is the greatest thing in the world, and the sweetest thing in the world. The honey of life is love. Then take a little honey with you.

Thackeray says, "Life is like a mirror; if you frown at all, it frowns back; if you smile, it returns the greeting." I think the children may understand this. "Like a mirror"—you know what happens when you go up to a mirror. If you want to see a smiling face, you must take the smiles with you. If you go up to it with your brows knit, it is the same unhappy face that looks out upon you. You get from the mirror just what you bring to it.

Thackeray says that life is like this. He means that if you go to your lessons singing and smiling, your lessons are ever so much easier. If you go to your lessons grumbling like a slave, your lessons are all the harder. Even when you go to your play—if you meet your companions in a happy temper, what a grand time you have! But if you go to your games cross and sour, even the play has no pleasure in it, and everything seems to go wrong. You will find how true it is tomorrow morning. Go out in a happy temper, and the whole day is brighter. Begin with a bad temper, and the whole day is spoilt.

You will remember this, and perhaps there are some others who will remember this, too; and when boys and girls begin to be not sweet but sour, there are fathers and mothers

who will look round the table and say, "Where's the honey? I'll take a little honey, please."—Rev. James Rutherford, B.D., of Scotland.

A NEW NI.

Miriam Williams, Oberon, December 4, 1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I would become one of your ni's if you will please let me. I am nine years of age, and like to read the letters that your ne's and ni's send to you. My father has a pony called Queenie, and she goes very fast. The other day my brother Harold left her tied up in the breadcart and she broke away, but I think something must have frightened her, because she is not naughty, and would not do it out of spite. I go to the Methodist Sunday School. I also go to the Band of Hope, and to the children's choir. The children's choir always sings at the Band of Hope, and at the next one we are going to do the Rainbow Drill. I remain yours truly.

(Dear Miriam,—You are very welcome as a new ni, and I hope you will write often. Horses, I think will always do what you I am sure Queenie must have had a fright. want them to do, only their trouble is to know what you want them to do. Write and tell us what an evening at your Band of Hope is like.—Uncle B.)

NOT FOND OF SCHOOL.

M. Roddan, Astolat, Murray-st., Cooma, 30/11/13, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am no doubt a scallawag. I am in upper second now. I think we are going to be put up after Christmas into third. I don't like school either. We are having a school fair next Friday. I hope it is a success, because we want new books in our library at school. I have read nearly all the books in it. I have read "Mother's Little Girl," "The Twins," "A Bright Little Pair," "The Travels of Fuzz and Buss," "The Doctor's Lass," "The Rambles of Three Children." I must close now. With love to all, I remain, yours truly.

(My Dear Ni,—So you don't like school? Why, it is the loveliest time of your life. Don't you find it fun finding out about things? And then there is no place like the playground for fun. Do you know there are no friends all through life so nice, and so confiding as our school day friends. I am always sorry when my ne's and ni's do not have a good time at school.—Uncle B.)

THE "FAIRPLAY" SHEEP.

Mary Baily, Kerringle, Mullaley, 2/12/13, Dear Uncle B.,—It seems a long time ago writes:—

since I wrote last. We are nearly finished harvesting here. The crop is turning fairly good. Thanks for letting me know the price of the bound copies of "Grit." I got one, I also have one for the year before. They are very interesting to read now. I went the second and third days of the Gunnedah show, and had a good time. There were a lot of exhibits. My brother George had some wheat in and got second prize. One of my

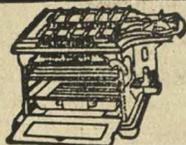
cousins got first prize for a pound cake. The ring events were very slow. There were a lot of horses and cattle there. The horses looked very nice when they were in the ring. I think my special reason for christening that sheep "Fairplay" was that he was a very little fellow when I first got him, and as "Fairplay" is mostly drawn as little dog in "Grit" and he was so small I thought it would be a good name for him, and he is as white as any other sheep. I am sending the answer to cousin Enid's puzzle which was in "Grit" the other week. Answer: The two sheep were looking into each other's faces. I wonder if any of my cousins know this puzzle. A hundred sheep, a dog, a horse, and a man. How many feet were there? Mum wants to know what has become of Mr. Bruntnell, as he keeps very quiet now. We never see anything about him in any of the papers. We have a lot of little turkeys now. It is very hot and dry here. There are a lot of bush fires about, and they make the wind hot. Enclosed find P.C. I can't think of anything else now, so I will close with love to my "cousins" and yourself.—From your loving niece.

(Dear Mary,—So glad to hear from you, and to receive the photo. I like to have the photos, even when I am not able to reproduce them in "Grit." I am amused to hear why you called that sheep "Fairplay." We always represent that paper as something small, because its own silly arguments make it look so small.—Uncle B.)

THE DRUNKARD AND THE MONKEYS.

A rich drunkard kept two monkeys for his sport. One day he looked into his dining-room, where he and his guests had left some wine. The two animals had mounted the table, and were helping themselves to the wine, jabbering and gesticulating in imitation of their master and his guests.

In a little time they exhibited all the appearance of drunken men. First they were merry and jumped about, but soon they got to fighting on the floor and tearing out one another's hair. The drunkard stood in amazement. "What!" he exclaimed, "is this a picture of myself? Do the brutes rebuke me?" The incident so impressed him that he resolved he would never taste another drop. And from that day he was a sober man.



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First Australasian Temperance Conference.

This is the day of conferences, and both in the religious and the commercial world men and women, drawn from points widely apart, meet together to discuss matters of common interest. The Australasian conferences of the Women's Christian Temperance Union have considered a wide range of subjects, including religion and reform, but so far no Australian conference representative of all the States has met to consider the question of temperance alone in its various aspects. Such a gathering is to take place in Adelaide next March, from the 21st to 27th. The reason for the selection of Adelaide is that the proposal to hold an Interstate conference was first made by the S.A. Temperance Alliance. Such a satisfactory response was made that the Alliance has issued invitations to the various Alliances and State organisations of the temperance bodies of Australia and New Zealand, and the gratifying list of acceptances up to date practically ensures the success of the gathering. All the General Secretaries of Alliances will be delegates, with the exception of Tasmania and New Zealand, and the former may be represented. Then such leaders in the cause as Archdeacon Boyce, Messrs. John Vale and S. Mauger, and Representative Finlayson, with other well known and highly esteemed temperance workers have been appointed delegates. Various organisations from which no nominations of delegates have yet been received have intimated their intention of sending forward their names at a later date. A programme committee has been at work preparing the agenda, and amongst the topics set down for discussion are the following: Juvenile temperance training in various departments; scientific temperance teaching; the individual temperance pledge; licensing legislation—existing and required; State and local option; the democratic majority; early closing of liquor bars; licensing benches; the church and the liquor traffic; and the attitude of the temperance party to political parties and

candidates. It is proposed to devote the last two sessions of the conference to discussing organisation, and on one morning it is intended to have a meeting for ministers only, of which Archdeacon Boyce and Rev. Frank Lade, M.A., will be asked to take charge. Adelaide temperance people offer hospitality to their Interstate visitors, and it is hoped that not only will the conference be most useful to the temperance cause, but that opportunities will be afforded to the visitors to see some of the beauty spots in and around the city.

ABSTINENCE AND COLLEGE MEN.

In a leading editorial the "Cornell Daily Sun," a student publication, takes strong ground in favor of total abstinence among college men. It says:—"Drinking will not profit a man in the great mass of university activities. Of course, it is almost a requirement for two or three clubs whose influence on their members is of questionable value, and it may be an aid in the rather turbid game of class politics. But for ninety-nine men out of a hundred it is a good thing to leave alone. Drinking is on the decrease at Cornell—which is a significant argument against it. According to a well-known professor, a graduate himself and a man who keeps informed on undergraduate matters, there is only one-quarter of the drinking among Cornellians now that there was ten years ago. That is encouraging, but there is still too much."

SECRET OF OLD AGE.

One day a clergyman was calling upon a dear old lady, one of the "pillars" of the church to which they both belonged. As he thought of her long and useful life, and looked upon her sweet, placid countenance, bearing but few tokens of her ninety-two years of earthly pilgrimage, he was moved to ask her: "My dear Mrs. S—, what has been the chief source of your strength and sustenance during all these years? What has appealed to you as the real basis of your unusual vigor of mind and body, and has been to you an unflinching comfort through joy and sorrow? Tell me, that I may pass the secret on to others, and, if possible, profit by it myself."

The old lady thought a moment, and then, lifting her eyes, dim with age, yet kindling with sweet memories of the past, answered briefly: "Victuals."

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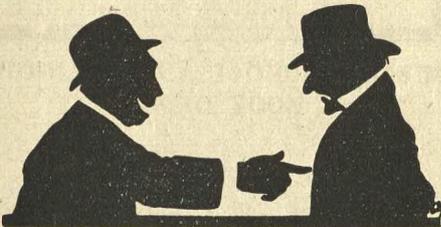
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THAT MADE THE DIFFERENCE.

She: "No, George, I am afraid I cannot marry you. I want a man who possesses a noble ambition; whose heart is set on attaining some high and worthy object."

He: "Well, don't I want you?"

She: "Oh, George! I am yours!"

* * *

PERHAPS.

"Ah," sighed the boarder who was given to rhapsodies, as they sat down to the Christmas dinner, "if we could only have one of those turkeys that we used to raise on the farm when I was a boy!"

"Oh, well," said the pessimistic boarder, "perhaps it is one. You never can tell."

* * *

HOW TO TELL.

Before the guests had arrived for the Christmas party the girls had congregated in the lower hall, conversing on topics nearest their hearts.

"Oh, girls!" said Dolly; "I know a new charm to tell when any one loves you."

"What is it?" queried the chorus.

"You take five or six chestnuts, name each after some one you know, and then put them on the stove. The first one that pops is the one that loves you."

"H'm!" said the beautiful young blonde, toying with a new diamond ring; "I know a much better way than that."

"What?"

"Select one man, place him on a sofa in the parlor and sit close to him, with a dim light. If he doesn't pop it's time to change the man on the sofa."

WHAT HE NEEDED.

A girl was complaining to her chum just before Christmas of the way her "young man" was treating her.

"Speaking of Christmas presents, why don't you give him the mitten?" the friend asked.

"It isn't a mitten he needs, it's a pair of socks; he's got cold feet."

* * *

BREAKING RED TAPE.

He was a postmaster, and rats in his office were playing havoc with the mails, so he wrote to his chief, and his chief wrote to his chief, and so the matter went on, till about six months later, when he was older and greyer, he received official permission to keep a couple of cats and provide for their cost in milk. For a month all went well, and then he was compelled to forward to headquarters this ominous message:—

"I have the honor to inform you that the senior cat is absent without leave. What shall I do?"

The rats were busy again, and it was impossible to wait another six months for official directions, so he took the matter into his own hands, and a week later wrote:—

"Re absent cat. I have promoted the junior cat, and have taken into Government service a probationary cat on full rations."



AFTER THE BAWL IS OVER.

A professional moral mentor had been making a nuisance of himself on shipboard, and most of the passengers, particularly the men, were very tired of him. At length he one day came upon two of the men playing a quiet game of cards in the smoking saloon, and noticed that they were keeping a tally in money. "Why, gentlemen," he said, "I should think you could get just as much enjoyment out of playing without the lucre." "And still better," one of the players returned, "without the looker-on." And the game proceeded once again strictly between two.

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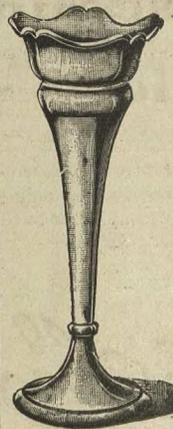
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Dr. ALLAN HOBEN, University of Chicago.

One of the most serious utterances of Jesus was his warning against causing any little one to stumble. His was the supreme appreciation of childhood—he made the treatment of little children the test of discipleship. And one cannot but feel that the true measure of discipleship, and of civilisation itself, remains the same to-day.

None of His followers will deliberately endanger the morality of children, least of all the women of the Christian church. But so powerful are custom and the habit of the age that many a woman may be contributing to delinquency without knowing it. For example, the street dress of the modish church women of to-day is such as to arrest the attention of the adolescent boys in a way that is far from helpful. To an age in which storm and stress and emotional instability are at their worst, and when in city conditions the youth must make a great fight for self-mastery, the very suggestions of the clinging modern garb works no small amount of evil. It is to be regretted that good women are so ignorant of the psychology of the opposite sex, and that they so helplessly yield to the tyrants of fashion who have, to put it mildly, succeeded in directing attention away from the face which conveys the higher values of personality and character. The degree in which women consent to advertise their form is the degree in which they threaten the pure-mindedness of our older boys.

Moreover, the example set to girls by women who dress in the extremes of style is far from good. Whether reckoned in terms of modesty or considered on the basis of living within one's means, many a church woman is not dealing fairly by her younger sister. Think of the girl, living on a small income, who knows intuitively that attractiveness spells destiny and who is led to believe that attractiveness is based essentially on the outfits which she sees in church, on the street, and before the counter! It is an unusual girl who does not conclude that she must have such things! That is what she gathers from the example of many a good woman. Otherwise, the romance of her life, the prowess which belongs to those who are loved, may be missed. She may be partly wrong; but, as she sees it, to be well dressed and up to the fashion of the minute is an essential part of the game.

By the practice of Christian charity in dress and public deportment, the church women of this country could assuage half the bitterness and prevent in some degree the delinquency of our most sorely-tempted girls—and this without a single concession to ugliness or a suspicion of neglecting that fine self-respect which resides in proper care for one's personal appearance.

In quite another way some good people

offend by being over-righteous. They establish a great gulf; they estrange those who have offended in some minor way; they give them no choice but to gravitate still further downward. Here is a good mother who discovers for the first time that her boy has been smoking cigarettes. She is shocked, heart-broken, almost hysterical. It makes no difference that practically every boy has at sometime made this experiment. Her very grief and concern for the boy assure him that he now belongs among the toughs—that he is no fit associate for good people, church people and the like. None of the fifty good reasons which might be calmly and kindly brought against the habit is used. Mutual confidence, which is the mainstay of a boy's morality, is probably swept away by this landslide of righteousness, and an opportunity to strengthen the rational grounding of morality is lost. The boy emerges from this experience with the feeling of an alien or an outcast—the very worst sentiment that a boy can cherish.

Finally, practically every church woman presides over a home—the best social centre on earth. She knows that there are scores of homeless young men and women in the community and many more whose homes are sadly inadequate. She subscribes to social work, appoints committees, talks about shop girls and social problems, but for the most part never thinks of making a concrete, though modest, use of the greatest agency of all in protecting the endangered young life of the community. Many of our young people who go wrong do so simply because the only places open for social recreation and the only friendships proffered are of the wrong sort. What could not be done in the prevention of delinquency if every church woman in America would resolve to make Christian use of her home and would with wisdom, tact, and frank friendship open this blessed haven to those who are driven about, lonely and tempted, confused and often baffled in the whirl of city life? Every woman knows such young people, and can know many more.

I was a stranger and ye took me in.

And he said also to him that had bidden him, "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy brethren nor thy kinsmen nor thy rich neighbors, lest haply they also bid thee again and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, bid the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed because they have not wherewith to recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed in the resurrection of the just."—Deaconess Advocate."

ALCOHOLIC DRINKS ARE POISONS OF THE BRAIN.

If we would move the world aright, physically speaking, our mental Archimedean levers should be free from alcoholic deterioration and other drug addiction consequences. Psychic brain cells, bathed in toxined blood, do not give such safety and logical surety to the movements of the intimately related mind as the clear and normally nutritious potent blood stream does, or may, and alcohol drinks, viewed with true chemically illumined vision, are poisons of the brain and perverters of mental action. Hence this matter becomes a subject of supreme importance in the study of patriotic eugenics wherein the race, as well as individuals, rises or falls through right or wrong care of the brain of man.—Professor Charles H. Hughes, M.D.

The "alcoholic motive" is what Professor Patrick of the University of Iowa in a magazine article tells readers that he is in search of. He means that he wants to know why men drink intoxicating liquor. The professor's inquiry is an agreeable sign of one thing at least—that science to-day has decided that drinking is not a normal and rational habit for men. It is something for which a reason has to be sought in the unreasonable. But it seems to us that Professor Patrick, after the manner of many scientific men, makes with all his profound air of investigation very much of a mystery out of what an ordinary onlooker would think quite simple. Young men drink because other men do. In the start of it, this is the most imitative of all vices—least promoted by inner impulses. Afterward men drink because alcohol has produced a diseased and unnatural appetite. Isn't that the whole of the "alcoholic motive?"—"The Continent."

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