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A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VIII. No. 45. Price One Penny. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1915.

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



THE EXTRA COST HITS THE DEFENCELESS.

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THE OLD GAME ABANDONED.

SOCIAL DRINKING AS SEEN BY A JOURNALIST WHO KNOWS.

"The Old Game, and How to Beat it with Water," is the title of an article by Samuel G. Blythe which appeared recently in the American "Saturday Evening Post." In this interesting story the writer tells of his own experience, both as a drinker and as an abstainer, and the conclusions he draws leave no doubt in the mind of the reader as to where Samuel G. Blythe stands on this question, as far as his personal habits are concerned. His closing paragraphs are especially interesting, and read as follows:—

Now then we come to the real question, which is, with our society organised as it is, with men such as they are, with conditions that surround life as it is organised, with things as they stand to-day—is it worth while to drink moderately, or is it not? The answer, based solely on my own experience, is that it is not. Looking at the matter from all its angles I am convinced that the best thing I ever did for myself was to quit drinking. I will go further than that and say it is my unalterable conviction that alcohol, in any form, as a beverage never did anything for any man that he would not have been better without.

I can now sit back and contrast the old game with the new. The comparisons fall under two general heads—physical and mental. The physical gain is so obvious that even those who have not experienced it admit it, and those who have experienced it comment on it as some miracle of health that has been attained. Any man—I do not care who he is—who was the sort of drinker I was, who will stop drinking long enough to get cooled out will feel so much better in every way that he will be hard put to it to give a reason for ever beginning again.

Take my own case: I was fat, wheezy, uric-acid, gouty, rheumatic—not originally bad, but symptomatically inferior. I was never quite normal—no man is normal who has a few drinks each day though most men boast they were never under the influence of liquor in their lives, and all that sort of tommyrot—and never quite up to the mark.

Now I weigh one hundred and eight-five pounds, which is my normal weight, for that is what I weighed when I was twenty-one; and I have not varied five pounds in more than two years. I used to weigh two hundred and fifty, which was the result of our friend Pilsner beer and his accomplices. All the gouty, rheumatic, wheezy symptoms are gone. If there is anything the matter with me the best doctors in these United States cannot discover what it is. My eye is clear, instead of somewhat bleary. I have dropped off every physical burden and infirmity I had. I have no fear of heart, kidneys, or of any other organ. I have no pains, no aches, and no head in the morning. I sleep as a well man should sleep, and I eat as a well man should eat. I am forty-five years old, and I feel as if I were twenty—and I am, to all intents and purposes, physically.

So much for that side of it. Mentally I have a clearer, saner, wider view of life. I am afflicted by none of the desultoriness superinduced by alcohol. I do not need a bracer to get me going or a hooker to keep me under way. I find, now that I know the other side of it, that the chief mental effect of alcohol, taken as I took it, is to induce a certain scattering casualness of mind. Also, it induces a lack of definiteness of view and a notable failure of intensive effort. A man evades and scatters and exaggerates and makes loose statements when he drinks.

ALCOHOL AND THE TOLL IT TAKES.

And let me say another thing: One of the reasons I quit was because I noticed I was going to funerals oftener than usual—funerals of friends who had been living the same sort of lives for theirs as I had been living for mine. They began dropping off with Bright's disease and other affections superinduced by alcohol; and I took stock of that feature of it rather earnestly. The funerals have not stopped. They have been more frequent in the past three years than in the three years preceding—all good fellows, happy, convivial souls, but now dead. Some of them thought that I was foolish to quit too!

And there are a few cases of hardening arteries I know about, and a considerable amount of gout and rheumatism, and some other ills, among the gay boys who japed at me for quitting. Gruesome, is it not? And God forbid that I should cast up! But if you quit it in time there will be no production of albumen and sugar, no high blood pressure, no swollen big toes and stiffened joints.

If health is a desideratum, one way to attain a lot of it is to cut out the booze. The old game makes for fun, but it takes toll—and never fails!

I have tried it both ways. I can see how a man who never took any liquor cannot understand much of what I have written, and I can see how a man who has the same sort of habits I had can think me absurd in my conclusions; but a man who has played both ends of it certainly has some qualifications as a judge. And, as I stated, I have set down here only my own personal ideas on the subject.

As I look at it there is no argument. The man who does not drink has all the better of the game.

ALCOHOL AND WEAK HEARTS: AN ILLUSION.

In the last of a series, No. 10, of "Straight Talks by a Doctor," which are appearing in the "Sunday Chronicle," the subject being "Weak Hearts," a grave warning is given as to the use of a stimulant, "the one thing to avoid." This physician says: "There is a very serious danger ahead of all people who have these 'weak hearts.' There is a very strong temptation to take a stimulant on these occasions—something short and powerful. Resist it with all your might, for that line of treatment is fatal. You know that brandy is a rapid and powerful stimulant for the heart, and you are tempted to fly to a dose of it. You will regret it if you do. It may flog the heart into increased vigor, and it may give you the Dutch courage you so terribly need, but it is the worst possible way of dealing with the case. You will fly to it on every occasion when the heart 'goes wrong'; you will need a little more to pull you round every time, and you will end by taking it at other times when the heart is not failing you. In fact, many spirit-drinkers have begun by taking 'just a drop' for a 'weak' heart. And for that reason, amongst others, one wishes the phrase had never been invented. It is such a convenient excuse for a nip. Doctors do not recognise such a condition; a heart is either diseased or sound, not 'weak'; there is no half-way house, and the implanting of the idea that a man's heart is not wrong is just the very thing to make it weak. In fact, these weak-hearted ones generally live to a ripe old age."

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ESTABLISHED 1887.

"POP."

By ALICE HEGAN RICE, in "American Magazine."

The high, dark corridor in the big Baltimore hospital was still and deserted save for a nurse who sat at a flat-topped desk under a green lamp mechanically transferring figures from one chart to another. It was the period of quiet that usually precedes the first restless stirring of the sick at the breaking of dawn. The silence was intense as only a silence can be that waits momentarily for an interrupting sound.

Suddenly it came in a prolonged, imperative ring of the telephone bell. So insistent was the call that the nurse's hand closed over the transmitter long before the burr ceased. The office was notifying Ward B that an emergency case had been brought in and an immediate operation was necessary.

With prompt efficiency the well-ordered machinery for saving human life was put in motion. Soft-footed nurses moved quickly about, making necessary arrangements. A trim, comely woman, straight of feature and clear of eye, gave directions in low decisive tones. When the telephone rang the second time she answered it.

"Yes, office," she said, "this is Miss Fletcher. They are not going to operate? Think it too late? I see. Very well. Send the patient up to No. 16. Everything is ready."

Even as she spoke the complaining creak of the elevator could be heard, and presently two orderlies appeared at the end of the corridor bearing a stretcher.

Beside it, with head erect and jaw set, strode a strangely commanding figure. Six feet two he loomed in the shadows, a gaunt, raw-boned old mountaineer. On his head was a tall, wide-brimmed hat and in his right hand he carried a bulky carpet sack. The left sleeve of his long-tailed coat hung empty to the elbow. The massive head with its white flowing beard and hawk-like face, the beaked nose and fierce, deep-set eyes, might have served as a model for Michael Angelo when he modelled his immortal Moses.

As the orderlies passed through the door of No. 16 and lowered the stretcher, the old man put down his carpet sack and grimly watched the nurse uncover the patient. Under the worn homespun coverlet, stained with the dull dyes of barks and berries, lay the emaciated figure, just as it had been brought into the hospital. One long coarse garment covered it, and the bare feet with their prominent ankle bones, and the large work-hardened hands might have belonged to either a boy or a girl.

"Take that thar head wrappin' off!" ordered the old man peremptorily.

A nurse carefully unwound the rough woollen scarf and as she did so a mass of red hair fell across the pillow, hair that in spite of its matted disorder, showed flashes of gleaming gold.

"We'll get her on the bed," a night nurse

said to an assistant. "Put your arm under her knees. Don't jar the stretcher!"

Before the novice could obey another and a stronger arm was thrust forward.

"Stand back, thar, some of you-uns," commanded a loud voice, "I'll help move Sal myself."

In vain were protests from nurses and orderlies alike, the old mountaineer seemed bent on making good use of his one arm and with quick dexterity helped to lift her on the bed.

"Now, whar's the doctor?" he demanded, standing with feet far apart and head thrown back.

The doctor was at the desk in the corridor, speaking to Miss Fletcher in an undertone:

"We only made a superficial examination down-stairs," he was saying, "but it is evidently a ruptured appendix. If she's living in a couple of hours I may be able to operate. But it's ten to one she dies on the table."

"Who are they, and where did they come from?" Miss Fletcher asked curiously.

"Their name is Hawkins, and they are from somewhere in the Kentucky mountains. Think of his starting with her in that condition! He can't read or write, it's the first time he has ever been in a city. I am afraid he's going to prove troublesome. You'd better get him out of there as soon as possible."

But anyone, however mighty in authority, who proposed to move Jeb Hawkins when he did not choose to be moved reckoned unknowingly. All tactics were exhausted from suggestion to positive command, and the rules of the hospital were quoted in vain.

In the remote regions where Jeb lived there were no laws to break. Every man's home was his stronghold, to be protected at the point of a pistol. He was one of the three million people of good Anglo-Saxon stock who had been stranded in the highlands when the Cumberland Mountains dammed the stream of humanity that swept westward through the level wilderness. Development had been arrested so long in Jeb and his ancestors that the outside world, its interests and its mode of living, was a matter of supreme and profound indifference. A sudden and unprecedented emergency had driven him to the "Settlements." His girl had developed an ailment that baffled the skill of the herb doctors; so, following one bit of advice after another, he had finally landed in Baltimore. And now that the terrible journey was ended and Sal was in the hands of the doctor who was to work the cure, the wholly preposterous request was made of him that he abandon her to her fate!

With dogged determination he sat beside the bed, and chewed silently and stolidly through the argument.

"You gals mought ez well save yer wind," he announced at last. "Ef Sal stays, I stay. Ef I go, Sal goes. We ain't axin' favors of nobody."

He was so much in the way during the necessary preparations for the possible operation that finally Miss Fletcher was appealed to. She was a woman accustomed to giving orders and to having them obeyed; but she was also a woman of tact. Ten minutes of valuable time were spent in propitiating the old man before she suggested that he come with her into the corridor while the nurses straightened the room. A few minutes later she returned, smiling:

"I've corralled him in the linen closet," she whispered; "he is unpacking his carpet sack as if he meant to take up his abode with us."

"I am afraid," said the special nurse, glancing toward the bed, "he won't have long to stay. How do you suppose he ever got her here?"

"I asked him. He said he drove her for three days in an ox-cart along the creek bottom until they got to Jackson. Then he told his ticket agent to send them to the best hospital the train ran to. Neither of them had ever seen a train before. It's a miracle she's lived this long."

"Does he realise her condition?"

"I don't know. I suppose I ought to tell him that the end may come at any time."

But telling him was not an easy matter as Miss Fletcher found when she joined him later in the linen closet. He was busy spreading his varied possessions along the shelves on top of the piles of immaculate linen, stopping now and then to refresh himself with a bite of salt pork and some corn pone that had been packed for days along with Sally's shoes and sun-bonnet and his own scanty wardrobe.

"I suppose you know," Miss Fletcher began gently, trying not to show her chagrin at the state of the room, "that your daughter is in a very serious condition."

He looked at her sharply. "Shucks! Sal'll pull through," he said with mingled defiance and alarm. "You ain't saw her afore in one of them spells. Besides, hit meks a difference when a gal's paw and grandpaw was feud-followers. A feud-follower teks more killin' than ordinary folks. Her maw was subjec' to cramp colic afore her."

"But this isn't cramp colic," Miss Fletcher urged, "it's her appendix, and it wasn't taken in time."

"Well, ain't they goin' to draw it?" he asked irritably. "Ain't that whut we're here fer?"

"Yes; but you don't understand. The doctor may decide not to operate."

The old man's face wore a puzzled look, then his lips hardened:

"Mebbe hit's the money thet's a-worryin' him. You go tell him that Jeb Hawkins pays ez he goes! I got pension money sewed in my coat from the hem clean up to the collar. I hain't askin' none of you to cure my gal fer nothin'!"

(Continued on page 14.)

BUY GRIFFITHS' TEAS

New South Wales Alliance.

NOTES BY THE GENERAL SECRETARY.

EARLY CLOSING FIGHT IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Mr. Marion, writing from Moonta, South Australia, on January 25, says:—

No one can claim to have travelled until they have been to Moonta. I am here today. This place is called by local residents "The End of the Terminus," and, judging from all accounts, the Temperance sentiment is so strong that if the whole issue rested with Moonta it would be "the end of the terminus" for Bung.

After two nights in the train I reached Adelaide last Friday, and in the afternoon met the Campaign Committee. There is already considerable activity, and an extensive organization is being planned. I am stationed at headquarters, and have heaped upon me a multiplicity of duties of an important character, so in addition to the open-air campaign I will be fully occupied in publicity and organizing work.

THE PRESS.

I was most favorably impressed by the attitude of the Adelaide papers. It stands

out in delightful contrast to liquor-dominated journals of New Zealand. I had scarcely arrived in the city before a reporter from the "Advertiser" called to interview me, and gave a column of impressions on various topics. This paper is the largest in the State, with a 50,000 circulation. The reporter wanted to know what we were doing in New South Wales, and my opinion on Captain Bean's account of the Australian "wasters." To the latter question I replied that it was very easy to condemn the men, but that they were the product of our licensing system, for which the people of Australia were responsible.

The "Advertiser," coincidental with the interview, published a fine leading article. Among other striking things the editorial says: "The truth is that alcoholic beverages are, taking the most favorable view, mere luxuries, while it is notorious that if too freely indulged in they are actively mischievous, and their abuse is responsible, according to the highest authorities for an immense amount of poverty, vice, and crime."

Further, the article says: "Why, it may be fairly asked, should the establishments which supply the necessities not only have an irrational discrimination made against them as regards the hours of business, but be called upon to endure the spectacle of their customers' money being freely spent on needless indulgences, with the result in too many instances that their own trade is injured and debts owing to them are left unpaid?"

MEN AND WOMEN IN THE FIGHT.

Amongst fellow-campaigners I have already met are Mrs. Helen Barton and Rev. C. E. Shafer. Mrs. Barton has just spent a fortnight in quarantine. Her opening meetings have been highly successful, especially one held amongst the wharf laborers at Port Adelaide.

Mr. Schafer, whom Sydney friends will remember as "The Fighting Parson," is as full of fight as ever, and is devoting four nights a week to platform work. Fifty speakers are being placed in the field, and this, coupled with a big poster campaign and detailed organization, will stir the southern State to its depths. One notices already an intensified interest in the struggle.

AT WALLAROO, KADINA, AND MOONTA.

I have spent my first week-end at these centres. On Saturday night the open-air meeting at Wallaroo was great. I was asked to define a "Wowser." I admitted I did not know, but could safely say there were none in the rejects that were sent back from Egypt.

All the ministers here speak of the fine moral tone of the district. The centres mentioned aggregate about 18,000 people, relying upon the copper mines, smelting works, and the outside farming industry. At Kadina on Sunday night I spoke from the Rotunda in the Park, lit up with electricity. There must have been fully 1000 people present. All the ministers in Kadina, including the Roman Catholic priest, are out for 6 o'clock closing. At these centres, largely composed of Cornish and Welsh folk, my reception was

(Continued on Page 13.)

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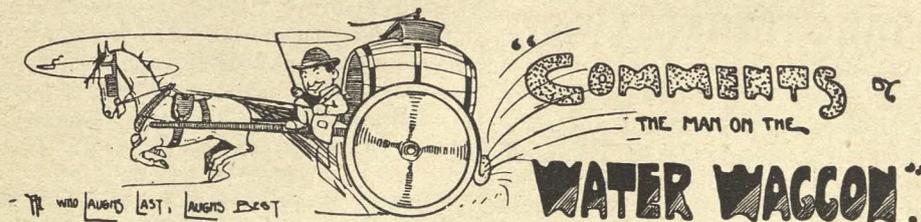
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THE POOR PUBLICAN IN HIS DILEMMA.

The poor publican is in a bad way—dejected and depressed—he knoweth not which course to take or whether to please the Brewer—that hard man of Hebrew origin (mostly)—or the working man who loves his “pint.”

All the trouble has arisen from the war—and the consequent necessity of raising more revenue.

The duty on spirits having been raised, a nasty problem has arisen as to who shall pay the “extras.”

The Brewer says he “will NOT.” Patriotic soul-lover of liberty and Godfather of the “great” (?) Liberty League confederation—he naturally feels a contempt for German “kultur,” and sends in his cheque (with full instructions to have the fact published) to the Patriotic Fund. Noble soul!

Then comes the harder task.

Who will absorb the war duties?

The “Brewer” please, gasps the public—noble fellow—appeal to him—he will pay his share.

Ha! ha! ha! The “publican” knows the brewer better than the “public.” The mere mention of “duty” leaves the Brewer “cold” as in iceberg. He pay the duty—not he! Why should he?

Does he divide up £50,000 annually? Certainly—why shouldn’t he? But divide up the war tax and pay a little less dividend? Are you mad, Sir?

The children of Israel would sweep the Legislature out of their seats with protests, etc., were such an enormity even suggested.

What presumption?

The publican—let him do as he is told and pass on the duty. Let him charge 4d. for a “pint” instead of 3d.

The consumer of beer (says the Brewer, and he ought to know) is a man with a thirst and he is sure to slacken it.

He’ll find the extra penny. Trust him to do so.

With this cheerful consolation doth the Brewer leave the hotelkeeper to attend to his own troubles and argue the question out with the different carters, plasterers, wharf-laborers, and others who frequent his parlors. These latter gentlemen have a grip of our language that would have amazed Dr. Johnson and the art of converting them in an argument was lost to the human race somewhere about the time of Confucius.

So the poor publican tears his hair and waxes sadder every day, and in his heart of hearts condemns the Legislature, and the brewer, and the whole subject to everlasting perdition.

ONE BRIGHT SPOT.

Such an awful story of woe should, like the “blackest cloud” have a little silver lining. So it has.

The “unionist,” hit hard by the publican, thought at once of the only weapon of defence he has the least respect for.

When any calamity befalls him, such as the sacking of his “mate,” or the death of his ma-in-law, by instinct he rushes to STRIKE. Therefore, did the Brewer think to charge him 4d. for a threepenny drink—why, he’ll show him something—he’d strike!

So the unionist struck, and in some parts where the publican held out (in most cases he surrendered instanter), the strike is still on.

Humorous indeed has been the result in many homes. In one case the housewife sent for the doctor when Bill turned up sober on pay night. She feared the worst. The family pup didn’t know his master, having prepared himself for the weekly kick—which never came. The wife says she will have her own home soon if the strike lasts—which it won’t. Would that it would! What temporary happiness has it not already afforded many homes—what joy to mother and little ones. Ah! the pathos of it. Bill wouldn’t be a bad fellow at all without the beer—he works hard all day in the dim light of the mine to throw his money to the publican at the week end.

Did he have a chance to shake off his chains he would be the making of a fine father and a good citizen—BUT, the “pubs” must live and the Brewers make “divs”—and Bill—he must go to despair and destruction for them.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MAINE.

William T. Foster, President of Reed College, Portland, Oregon, and of the Oregon Social Hygiene Society, says:—

My personal observation of the working of the prohibition law in the state of Maine extends over a period of twenty years. I have visited Maine at least once every year during that period and for seven of those years I was a resident and citizen of Maine.

During that period I have lived in three other States, and I have visited nearly all the large cities in all the States. Everywhere I have learned what I could concern-

ing various methods of regulating the liquor traffic.

Through this varied experience, the conviction has been forced upon me that the absolute prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors is the only policy which the liquor interests regard as seriously damaging to the traffic and the only policy which greatly aids the cause of temperance.

After seven years of residence in Maine under the prohibitory law and seven years of residence in States under local option, I am convinced that my children, and other people’s children for whom I may be responsible in school and college, are far better protected from the evils of the liquor traffic in prohibition Maine than in any local option State in which I have lived or visited. As far as the dangers of the liquor traffic are concerned, I would rather have my children brought up in prohibition Maine than in any State which forms a partnership with saloons by accepting a part of the profits.

What I say applies to Maine as it used to be. Even though the prohibition of the sale of liquor did not prevent the sale of liquor any more than the prohibition of the illicit practice of medicine wholly prevented such practice, or the prohibition of robbery entirely eliminated robbers, I would favor it.

But Maine to-day for one potent reason is able to enforce the prohibitory law as never before. That reason is the Webb law, a Federal regulation which now protects Maine in a degree never before known, from the onslaughts of dealers in adjacent local-option territory.

Every argument that I have read purporting to show the failure of the prohibitory law in Maine applies to conditions before this law went into effect. Then express companies operated in Maine for the sole purpose of selling liquor. They brought it into the State from Portsmouth and Boston and Chicago, labelled “breakfast food,” “Ivory soap,” and even “dry goods.” No law could reach the traffic. NOW such goods can be seized in transit at any station or any platform, from any car or delivery waggon, and destroyed. Every State is, therefore, now far better prepared to enforce prohibition than Maine was in the period referred to by all the anti-prohibition arguments I have read.

I do not maintain that the prohibitory law in Maine even now completely stops the sale of liquor. What I do maintain, after years of experience in various States, is, first, that Maine formerly controlled the traffic better than local-option States, and that now prohibition in Maine, aided by new Federal laws, is more effective than ever before.—“Union Signal.”

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The Worker Who Drinks Must Go.

(By JENE and WILLARD PRICE.)

Emperors, business men, social reformers are all agreed upon one thing: alcoholic drinks work positive harm. A single glass of beer lowers a man's efficiency seven per cent. Imagine, then, what a strong wine, gin, or whisky will do. The up-to-date employer will not keep men who drink even "in moderation"; the Secretary of the Navy will not allow them or our warships; every commander in the field to-day in Europe is leading a sober army. Everywhere the brains of the world recognise that alcoholic liquors weaken both muscle and mind power.—The Editor, "Technical World Magazine."

At a blow the autocrat of all the Russias, Czar Nicholas, has liberated one hundred fifty million people. He has done for his people what the free-born American citizens have been unable to do for themselves. It is a new freedom that has come to Russia—a kind of freedom that the world has never before seen: the Czar's edict has liberated his subjects from the oppression of alcohol.

As by magic, drunkenness has vanished from the empire, and the one billion dollars annually spent for intoxicating drinks will be diverted to other purposes. It has been a comparatively easy thing for Russia to do this, because the manufacture of strong liquors is a Government monopoly. For many years our national Government has been assailed by the friends of prohibition for its attitude on the liquor question. They have, first of all, demanded that the Government cease levying revenue on intoxicating liquors, and secondly, that the manufacture and sale of such liquors be stopped within the boundaries of the United States; but little progress seems to have been made in this direction.

THE DECIDING FACTOR.

If America becomes liquor-free in the next generation—as some industrial leaders predict—it will probably be because of the drastic action of our industries, which cannot stand by and see large possible profits swallowed up by alcoholism.

Of course we all know that railroads have long maintained strict rules in regard to drinking among employees; but do we know that within the last few years practically every great industry in the country has established similar rules?

Drinking will now spell prompt dismissal for you if you are an employee of the Hershey Chocolate Company, International Harvester Company, Sherwin-Williams Company, Sheffield Car Works, United States Steel Corporation, Western Electric Company, Pullman Company, Edison Company, Western Union, Interborough Company, Standard Oil Company, or any one of a thousand other American firms of the first rank.

Sears, Roebuck and Company forbid employees entering a saloon at any hour of the day within a mile of their plant in any direction.

Dalzell Brothers Company declare that "as the State insurance rate is affected by the

number of accidents, we are determined not to place ourselves liable to an increased rate"—and they accordingly rule that promotions shall go to total abstainers only.

Thick and fast, during the present year industries have been lining up in the efficiency campaign against the common enemy "booze."

On March 27, 1914, a sweeping order was issued by the United States Steel Mills, covering the entire Mahoning Valley, to the effect that hereafter all promotions would be made only from the ranks of those who do not indulge in the use of intoxicating drinks.

Last spring a local-option election was held in the "dry town" of Three Rivers, Michigan. The big industry of the town is the Sheffield Car Works. The management of these works issued a circular letter to the many thousand workmen advising them that if they signed wet petitions they would by that act be placing themselves in opposition to the interests of the company.

Yes, and only a few months ago the great steel works at Homestead, Pennsylvania, employing twelve thousand men, decreed that not only would drinking be prohibited during working hours, but that even the slightest intemperance while off duty would be cause for immediate discharge.

Recently the Philadelphia Quartz Company conducted a pledge campaign among its employees. The men were offered a ten per cent. increase if they would pledge themselves not to use liquor nor to frequent places where it was sold or used. Practically all of the men made the promise.

This magazine could be crammed to the covers with similar instances of the strong front industry has assumed against alcohol during the last two years.

The sentiment of the executives of industry is pretty well summed up in the pointed statement of Andrew Carnegie:

"There is no use wasting time on any young man who drinks liquor, no matter how exceptional his talents."

And note this: C. L. Close, manager of the famous Bureau of Safety of the United States Steel Corporation, a man who knows the social side of industry as few men do, declares his opinion that in ten years, through the combined effort of American industries, the manufacture and sale of liquors will be at an end in the United States.

What does it all mean? Have our industrial leaders been caught up in the swirl of religious revival? Has a moral renaissance begun to climb up through the hearts of our captains of industry?

Not a bit of it! They are as disinterestedly interested in the almighty dollar as they ever were, but their eyes have been opened. They see dollars, thousands, millions of them, slipping away, and they are going to stop the leak or know the reason why.

STOP THE LEAK.

And here is the leak—exposed unmistakably by the laboratory experiments of Dr. Emil Kraepelin of the University of Munich.

With the ergograph, a little instrument for measuring the weight-lifting strength of workers, Dr. Kraepelin found that on days when the alcoholic equivalent of a good glass of Bordeaux was taken, the amount of work done by the subjects was decreased by from seven to nine per cent.

A number of accountants were given daily, in divided doses, the equivalent of three and a half cups of claret. After two weeks of this study, moderate alcoholic allowance, their average ability to add one-figure columns had decreased fifteen and three-tenths per cent.

Four typesetters, each drinking daily three-quarters of a tumbler of Greek wine (eighteen per cent. alcohol) lost an average of nine and six-tenths per cent. in efficiency by the end of one week.

In co-ordination tests, where the subject was required to snap down a telegraphic flash of a light or sound of a gong, the rapidity of the co-ordinating responses was decreased by liquor from six to eight and three-tenths per cent.

Tests by other scientists tell the same story.

Professor Durig, an expert mountain climber, found that on days when he took two glasses of beer, his instruments showed that he expended fifteen per cent. more energy than on the days when he did not drink, and that it took him twenty-one and seven-tenths per cent. longer to reach the top of a mountain.

ALCOHOL AND SHOOTING.

In many industries, employees do but a single small piece of work, repeating the same motions, using the same muscles over and over all day long. Tests of Swedish marksmanship illustrated the effects of alcohol upon endurance in such repetition work. Upon the alcoholic days the soldiers averaged only three hits out of thirty shots, while on their abstinent days they averaged twenty-three to twenty-six hits out of thirty. It is significant that they thought they were shooting better after they drank!

Lord Kitchener pleaded with the friends of the British recruits as they started for the front, not to "treat" them to liquor. With the declaration of hostilities, Czar Nicholas issued his now famous ukase which ended once and for all the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquor by the Russian Government. Writes Professor Thomas C. Hall, of

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the Union Theological Seminary, who was appointed Roosevelt Professor at the University of Berlin for the year 1915-16: "With the first proclamation of war all drinking in the German army was ordered stopped at once." Assuredly, the war lords have discovered that an efficient army is a sober one.

If an office worker takes only so much as one glass of beer daily, he decreases his efficiency seven per cent., according to experiments of Bergman, Kraepelin, Mayer, and Kinz.

The drinking man cannot stand heat or cold as well, remember as well, smell as well, see or hear as well as the non-drinking man. Such is the finding of experiments performed by Professor Kraepelin, Professor Frolich, Dr. Ridge of England, and Professor Vogt of the University of Christiania.

So much for the verdict of the laboratory. Now, what has been the actual experience of industries? Have they noticed any practical, workaday difference in the efficiency of alcoholic and non-alcoholic workmen?

Here is one instance. The manager of a copper mine at Knockmahom, Germany, was convinced that his output would increase if his men quit drinking. He induced one thousand of them to take the pledge. He was delighted to find, after two years, that their productive efficiency had increased nearly twenty-five thousand dollars annually.

Coming nearer home: President Wilborn of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company makes this striking statement in regard to the closing of saloons in the Colorado mining districts:

"With the advent of the Federal troops all saloons in the coal-mining districts were closed and, as a result, the efficiency of the workmen has greatly improved, the average production of coal per man increasing about ten per cent.

"The production at this company's mines in the southern district of Colorado for the first eighteen days of April averaged 5.85 tons per day for each miner at work. That was before the Federal troops closed the saloons. For the first eighteen days of June—with all saloons closed—each man produced 6.52 tons, which meant an average increase in wages of more than eleven per cent. per man.

"This has confirmed the view long held by us, that if saloons and drinking could be eliminated from the coal districts not only the miners but the companies would be greatly benefited.

"What I have said applies specifically to the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, but I think, in a general way, it is true of the coal-mining industry in the State."

Spoiled work is no small part of the loss which drink lays upon industry. A workman in one of the Coatesville Steel Mills declares that when the saloons were open it was not unusual for twenty to forty tons of steel to be spoiled in the rolling following pay days. Thus the earnings of every tonnage man in the mill were reduced because of the half-drunken condition of some of the men. "But with the closing of the saloons," he adds, "that's all history now."

SHORTER HOURS.

There is evidence that a shorter working day, permitting workers to stop before the physical limit of fatigue has been reached, results in a falling off of the desire to indulge in intoxicants.

Boyd Fisher, vice-president of a club of Detroit executives, says:

"A good many Detroit employers are wise enough to see that in a large number of cases excessive drinking is a direct result of too long hours at monotonous work. Where ever they have shortened the working hours, they have minimized drinking and secured a compensating increase in output."

The Burroughs Adding Machine Company is a case in point. This firm shortened the working day from nine and one-half hours to eight hours. A noticeable decrease in drinking followed, and a slight increase in the output per man.

A thorn in the side of industry has been the proverbially meagre output of Monday. Industrialists are now discovering that if there is no drinking on Saturday and Sunday, there is no falling off of output on Monday.

"Blue Monday in the industries of Kokomo is a thing of the past," says J. E. Frederick of the Kokomo Steel and Iron Company. Kokomo, Indiana, is a city without saloons. "On Monday our factories are able to secure the same output as on any other day of the week. This was not the case when saloons were running."

"Monday has stepped up with the other days of the week," says a manufacturer in Buckhannon, West Virginia. "Manufacturers have no off days now in Kansas," says the Thomas Page Milling Company of North Topeka. "The men are just as fresh at the beginning of the week as at the close."

So it goes. From fifty different angles, industry is to-day looking critically and cynically at the results of alcohol.

Do you wonder, then, that most of the money for the campaign which made West Virginia dry was contributed by labor-employing industries in the State. West Virginia abounds in coal, lumber, oil, and gas industries. These were, almost to a unit, active workers for State-wide prohibition.

Judge J. C. McWhorter, who had charge of the campaign, says: "While I was helping to raise funds for our constitutional prohibition campaign, a brewer from another State, who had no liquor business in West Virginia, but who had thousands of dollars invested in certain other industries in the State, sent me his cheque for two hundred fifty dollars to help make West Virginia dry, because he knew what liquor was doing to his men and his business."

PROOF FROM THE PANAMA.

What the industries within the nation have learned, the nation itself is learning. Abstinence is becoming the enforced rule of national engineering projects. The way Colonel Gorgas obtained increased efficiency by reducing alcoholism among his canal builders is interesting in this connection.

He writes, in a paper published in the

Journal of the American Medical Association, June 13:

"On the Isthmus we had our laboring force located on the line of the Canal about fifty miles in extent. In this distance we had about twenty towns. At first we allowed as many liquor establishments as chose to pay the high license, twelve hundred dollars per year. As time went on, we gradually abolished saloons in town after town, until, last year, liquor-selling was finally abolished in all the zone.

"The two Panama towns of Colon and Panama, at the northern and southern ends of the canal, are not under the jurisdiction of the commission as far as regards liquor selling. There is no restriction on an employee going to these towns and getting liquor when he wishes and bringing it into the zone to his own home. The only prohibition is that it must not be sold in the zone; but to get liquor he has to make a longer or shorter railroad trip and go to considerable effort. Our experience has shown that there are a considerable number of men who do not care enough for liquor to make the effort, and therefore do without.

"The efficiency of our working force has increased so much that generally the men in charge of the laborers in the different districts have asked to have their districts included within the prohibition area."

Another big national business, known as the American Navy, has also learned the alcoholism-efficiency lesson. On July 1, 1914, the order went into effect prohibiting the introduction of intoxicating beverages into the ships of the navy, the naval stations, and all points under the jurisdiction of the navy.

It is not commonly known that one of the chief considerations which startled Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels into this action was the fact, revealed by the medical inspector of the United States Navy, that there were nearly ten times as many admissions to the hospital for alcoholism in the American Navy as in the British Navy, and nearly fifty times as many as in the German Navy! If alcohol was sending so many men to the hospital, it was undoubtedly rendering inefficient a still larger number of men who did not get as far as the hospital. Alcohol, in the name of efficiency, was banned.

Four years ago, long before this action was considered, Germany's far-seeing Kaiser, in a great speech to his naval cadets, urged them to form total-abstinence societies as the British had done.

"Naval service demands a height of effort which it is hardly possible to surpass," said the Kaiser. "It is necessary that you be able to endure continued heavy strain without exhaustion in order to be fresh for emergencies.

"In the next great war nerve power will decide the victory. Victory will lie with the nation that uses the smallest amount of alcohol."

(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.

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Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

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

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, FEB. 4, 1914.

A LONELY MAN. I received the following letter the other day, and as the writer has not done me the honor of making himself

known to me, I am not able to help him as much as I would like. His letter, however, served a good purpose, because it made me look at every stranger with a new interest, and treat him with extra kindness in case he was a "lonely man." He said:—

"I heard you at your meeting last night tell us God loved us. I used to believe it, but during the last six months have begun to doubt it. I cannot even pray now. I have lost all my faith, and having left my dear ones in the old country, with no hope of ever seeing them again, I am indeed a lonely man. Everything since leaving home has gone dead set against me. I have taken it to Him, but when I ask for bread He gives me a stone. Why, for nearly fourteen years I have lived a clean, sober life (by the grace of God), but now in my most greatest need He has forgotten me. Will you, a man of God, please pray for me that the joy of salvation may be restored, and that He may lift the clouds that hangs so heavy around me.—Bery sincerely yours.

"A LONELY MAN."

It seems to me the "lonely man" made the very common mistake of letting things get

A Personal Chat with my readers

out of proportion. Why should six months of spiritual darkness be allowed to overshadow 14 years of definite spiritual help and blessing? When our boys in Egypt do not get a letter they do not jump to the conclusion that mother or some one else's sister has forgotten them. Why, they just blame the post office, or the officials, but never those who love them. It is absolute folly to think God forgets us, even though we all think so at times. My object in printing this letter is to awaken my readers to be on the alert for such lonely folk, and to stir us to be a little more generous with our friendship and our prayers.

The following lines by L. E. Thayer were in "Grit" some years ago, but a constant reader has sent them to me and suggested they are worth re-inserting. I agree.

KEEP YOUR "GRIT." Hang on! Hang on! No matter what they say.

Push on! Push on! Things will come your way.

Sitting down and whining never helps a bit; Best way to get there is by keeping up your "Grit."

Don't give up hoping when the ship goes down;

Grab a spar or something—just refuse to drown.

Don't think you're dying just because you're hit.

Smile in face of danger and hang to your "Grit."

Folks die too easy—they sort of fade away; Make a little error, and give up in dismay. Kind of man that's needed is the man of ready wit,

To laugh at pain and trouble and keep his "Grit."

WORKING IN PAIRS. Two boys of my acquaintance one morning took a walk with a naturalist.

"Do you notice anything peculiar in the movement of those wasps?" he asked, as he pointed to a puddle in the middle of the road.

"Nothing, except they seem to come and go," replied one of the boys.

The other was less prompt in his reply, but he had observed to some purpose.

"I notice they fly away in pairs," he said. "One has a little pellet of mud, the other nothing. Are there drones among wasps, as among bees?"

"Both were alike busy, and each went away with a burden," replied the naturalist. "The one you thought a 'do-nothing' had a mouthful of water. They reach their nest

together; the one deposits his pellet of mud, and the other ejects the water upon it, which makes it of the consistency of mortar. Then they paddle it upon the nest, and fly away for more materials."

You see, one boy observed a little, and the other a good deal more, while the naturalist had something to tell them that surprised them very much.

The one that carried water did not carry mud, nor did the one that carried mud have to carry water. Most of the strain of life and many of the mistakes we make arise from our not just doing our own part. We are not meant to carry both mud and water any more than the wasps are, but each of us has a definite work to do, and the secret of happiness is in knowing what it is and doing it cheerfully.

VERY DISAPPOINTING. It has been brought under the notice of the Minister for Mines by the board for appointing examiners that

the average of passes throughout the year at the examinations under the Coal Mines Regulation Act for certificates of competency as colliery manager, under-manager, deputy, and mine electrician, is less than 50 per cent., and that this low percentage is not due to the unreasonably high standard of the examination nor to the lack of educational facilities provided by the Government, but is entirely due to the lack of application on the part of the candidates, particularly in the case of those qualifying for certificates as colliery manager and under-manager. The passes for colliery manager for the year average 7 per cent., and for under-manager 42 per cent.

The Minister for Mines expresses a hope that candidates will in future show more diligence and aptitude, as all the educational facilities required are at their disposal.

It may easily be argued that the more you do for people the less they do for themselves, and also the fact just mentioned will bear out those who hold that what costs nothing is never highly prized. The Minister for Mines is face to face with a fact that is being realised in every department of life, viz., that better results do not always come from better opportunities. At great cost the Government provide unusual facilities, and they not only receive no thanks, but they get decidedly discouraging results. I fear this is to be the result of many an advanced socialistic effort.

The Editor

The Fatal Cigarette.

A STAGGERING RECORD OF GROWTH.

By THE PARSON.

Recently in the Federal House of Representatives Mr. W. F. Finlayson asked the Minister for Customs (Mr. Tudor) the following questions:—

1. how many cigarettes were (a) imported into Australia; (b) manufactured in Australia during the period July 1, 1913, to June 30, 1914?

2. What was the amount of Customs and Excise duty collected?

3. Are both imported and locally manufactured cigarettes periodically submitted for analytical examination?

4. Will the Minister state results of any recent analysis?

5. Is it correct that rum is regularly used in the manufacture of cigarettes?

6. Can the Minister say how much alcohol was so used by Australian manufacturers of cigarettes during the period named?

The information was not then available, but has now been obtained. It is as follows:—

1. The figures are not available for financial years. The figures for the calendar years 1909-1913 are:—

IMPORTS AND PRODUCTION.

Year.	Imported.	No.
	lbs.	(estimated).
1909	110,605	44,242,000
1910	114,851	45,940,400
1911	130,925	52,370,000
1912	147,365	58,946,000
1913	167,026	66,810,400

MANUFACTURED IN AUSTRALIA.

Year.	lbs.	No.
1909	1,623,670	710,427,674
1910	1,862,178	814,681,334
1911	2,163,729	950,035,233
1912	2,605,840	1,143,814,856
1913	2,767,550	1,211,610,229

2. GROSS AMOUNT OF DUTY PAID.

Year.	Import Duty.	Excise Duty.
	£	£
1909	35,265	238,476
1910	37,462	275,331
1911	41,378	320,332
1912	47,305	382,243
1913	52,628	419,282

3 and 4. Cigars and cigarettes are not periodically submitted to analytical examination. The manufacture of the Australian article is carried on under Excise supervision.

5 and 6. Rum and other spirits are used in the manufacture of cigarettes in New South Wales and Victoria. In New South Wales 2706 liquid gallons of rum and 467 liquid gallons of imitation brandy were so used during the year 1913. In Victoria 177 proof gallons of whisky were used during the same period. The rum or other alcohol used in the manufacture of cigarettes is eliminated during the process of manufacture. The finished product would not contain alcohol.

Both the quantity and the growth are very startling, but what of the results?

AS BAD AS OPIUM.

Dr. C. A. Clinton, of the San Francisco Board of Education, has made a special study of the effects of cigarette smoking among the public school children of that city, and this is what he says about it:—

"A good deal has been said about the evil of cigarette smoking, but half the truth has never been told. I have watched this thing for a long time, and I calmly and deliberately say that I believe cigarette smoking is as bad a habit as opium smoking. I am talking now of boys.

"A cigarette fiend will lie and steal, just as a morphine or opium fiend will lie and steal. Cigarette smoking blunts the whole moral nature. It has an appalling effect upon the system. It first stimulates then stupefies, the nerves. It sends boys into consumption. It gives them enlargement of the heart, and sends them to the insane asylum. I am physician to several boys' schools, and I am often called in to prescribe for palpitation of the heart. In nine cases out of ten it is caused by the cigarette habit. Every physician knows the cigarette heart. I have seen bright boys turned into dunces and straightforward, honest boys turned into miserable cowards, by cigarette smoking. I am not exaggerating. I am speaking the truth—the truth that every physician and nearly every teacher knows."

A GREAT SPORT HITS OUT.

Mr. Connie Mack, manager of the Philadelphia Baseball Club of the American League, which holds the world's championship of 1910, 1911, 1913, and the American League pennants of 1902, 1905, says of the tobacco habit:

"There is very little cigarette smoking among our baseball boys. We do everything in our power to discourage the use of cigarettes, knowing the great harm that they have done to those who have been in the habit of using them. We find that those players who smoke never amount to a great deal in the profession, and I would say that this goes for all professions. It is my candid opinion, and I have watched very closely the last twelve years or more, that boys at the age of ten to fifteen who have continued smoking cigarettes do not as a rule amount to anything. They are unfitted in every way for any kind of work where brains are needed. Players, for instance, who should otherwise continued in the game until they were at the age of thirty or thirty-five, have had to be let out years before their time, as the poison of cigarettes getting into their system has unnerved and weakened them so that they were utterly unfit for the duty they had to perform.

"No boy or man can expect to succeed in this world to a high position and continue the use of cigarettes.

"After all, it is only a habit, and every one should have will power enough to overcome

such a habit. There are many other ways that one can enjoy oneself without the ruination of health, and this cannot be done if cigarette smoking is continued."

Governor Tener, of Pennsylvania, now president of the National League, said of Mr. Mack and his world-champion club:

"His success is largely due to the fact that he can put in the field a team of nine men who have not tasted liquor. Of that wonderful infield of his, none ever tasted liquor, and but one ever uses tobacco. Connie Mack's success is substantial; every move he makes is with a definite purpose."

THE HOPELESS HANDICAP.

Mr. C. W. Baines, in the Philadelphia "Sunday School Times," says:—

"It is a mistake to think the cigarette only harms boys."

He cites from the records of Harvard University the fact that "for fifty years not one tobacco user has stood at the head of his class, although five out of six (83 per cent.) Harvard students use the weed." On the whole, according to the writer, cigarettes hurt in some way "every one who smokes them," and he is dismayed to find the habit on the increase, as one may judge from the Government report which shows that in 1913 "we consumed the amazing number of 14,530,486,200" cigarettes, "an increase of 2,186,633,708 over the previous 'banner cigarette year.'"

Dr. Dennis, of Cornell Medical School, says: "The tendency to beer-drinking is greatly strengthened by cigarette-smoking, because this habit becomes almost constant, causing a dryness of the throat and fauces, and hence irritating the throat."

PARENTS, TEACHERS AND OTHERS.

Surely it is not unreasonable to ask parents, teachers and others to wake up and enter their protest. I would suggest a good hiding for the small boy under 14 who smokes a cigarette. It is many years since it was tried on me, and it greatly assisted me to remember what was said on that occasion. After fourteen it is wiser to reason with the boy and adopt some simple experiment to prove the harm the habit is doing him; show he is growing short-winded, make him blow a few mouthfuls of smoke through a clean handkerchief and point out the stain it makes and convince him that the stain is on his lungs if he swallows the smoke. Grown-up men who smoke cigarettes are best appealed to on the ground that their example is fatal to boys, and though few men can give it up—mark my words, I say, can give it up—fewer still of them will even care to give it up; such is its power and demoralising effect.

As for women who smoke cigarettes, you can't smack them, or reason with them, or appeal to them; they must just be left alone and classed among the freaks that unfortunately are a growing quantity in our effete civilisation. Don't wait for others to act, just start on the next victim of the cigarette and keep right on making the facts known.

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GENERAL CLEARANCE OF LADIES' ROBES AT BARGAIN PRICES.

LADIES' USEFUL LINENE ROBES, fastening down front, bodice made in the American style, roll collar, skirt with fold down centre front. In Cream, Grey, Tussock, and Navy. Waist 24 to 28 in.; length 39 to 42 in. Usual Price, 2/11. SALE PRICE, 2/6.

LADIES' NEAT LINENE ROBES, fastening down front, bodice with Raglan sleeve and turn-down collar, skirt with fold down centre front, in Grey, Tussock, Brown, V. Rose, and Butcher. Length 39 to 42 in.; Rose, and Butcher. Waist, 24 to 27 in.; Length, 39 to 42 in. Usual Price, 5/11. SALE PRICE, 3/11.

LADIES' ONE-PIECE ROBES, in Butcher, Navy, Black, Spot, or Striped Cambric, Raglan bodice fastening at front, turn-down collar and long sleeves, fold down centre front of skirt. Length, 39 to 41 in.; waist, 24 to 27 in. Usual Price, 5/11. SALE PRICE, 3/11.

PRINT ROBES, fastening at front with new vest effect. Collar and cuffs of Plain Zephyr. Belt of Zephyr at waist. Length, 39 to 41 in.; waist, 24 to 29 in. Usual Price, 6/11. SALE PRICE, 4/11.

LADIES' LIGHT GROUND STRIPED CREPE ROBES, fastening at front, American yoked bodice, roll collar and turn-back cuffs. Fold at front of skirt. In Blue, Brown, Helio., and Black Striped. Length, 39 to 41 in. Waist, 24 to 29 in. Usual Price, 7/11. SALE PRICE, 4/11.

SMART ONE-PIECE ROBES, in Pink, Sky, Tussock, and Grey Stripe Bedford Cord, fastening at front, collar and cuffs of White Pique, skirt with fold down centre front. Belt of Pique at waist. Length, 39 to 42 in.; waist, 24 to 29 in. Usual Price, 10/11. SALE PRICE, 5/11.

SERVICEABLE WHITE LINEN ROBES, Magyar bodice, finished Peter Pan collar and buttoned with fold down centre front of skirt. Length, 40 to 42 in.; waist, 24 to 29 in. Usual Price, 6/11. SALE PRICE, 3/11.

NEAT ONE-PIECE ROBES, in White Pique, Magyar bodice, finished with colored pipings and buttons, ¾-sleeves, skirt with fold down centre front. Length, 40 and 42 in.; waist, 25 and 27 in. Usual Price, 8/11. SALE PRICE, 3/11.

LADIES' USEFUL WHITE MUSLIN ROBES, daintily trimmed muslin insertion, either high or turn-down collar, ¾-sleeves, skirt trimmed to match. Length, 40 to 42 in.; waist, 23 to 28 in. Usual Price, 8/11 and 10/6. SALE PRICE, 4/11.

LADIES' FASHIONABLE FLORAL VOILE ROBES, fastening down front, bodice made in the Raglan style, turn-down collar and cuffs, skirt finished with small frill of self. Length, 39 to 42 in.; waist, 24 to 27 in. Usual Value, 11/9. SALE PRICE, 8/11.

SEE THE BLOUSE BARGAINS AT THE SALE.

LADIES SERVICEABLE TUSSORE SILK BLOUSES, fastening down front, with small revers of self, Raglan sleeve, turn-back collar and cuffs. Usual Value, 7/6. SALE PRICE, 4/6.

LADIES' Useful WHITE SILK BLOUSES, Magyar style, fastening at front, ¾-sleeves, turn-down collar and cuffs. Usual Value, 5/11. SALE PRICE, 4/6.

Ladies' Useful Butcher, Fawn, Navy, and Brown LINENE BLOUSES, Magyar style, fastening at front, ¾-sleeve, turn-down collar and cuffs. Usual Value, 1/11. SALE PRICE, 1/3.

FASHIONABLE FLORAL CREPE BLOUSES, fastening at front, in the Raglan style, long sleeves, turn-down collar. Usual Value, 2/6. SALE PRICE, 1/11.

NEAT PLAIN WHITE MUSLIN BLOUSES, fastening at front, Raglan sleeves, turn-back collar and cuffs. Usual Value, 2/9. SALE PRICE, 1/11.

CHILDREN'S AND MAIDS' DRESSES CHEAP.

CHILDREN'S USEFUL NAVY PRINT KIMONA FROCKS, square necks and half sleeves, finished with white pipings. Sizes, 18 and 20 inches. Usual Value, 1/3. SALE PRICE, 9½d.

CHILDREN'S USEFUL KIMONO FROCKS, in white, sky, saxe, and v. rose, tussock, Grey, brown, and navy Linene, with contrast facings and belts. Sizes, 18 to 22 in. Usual Value, 1/9. SALE PRICE, 1/3.

CHILDREN'S DAINTY AMERICAN FROCKS, in Plain Print Magyar Tops, with check strappings and pipings, kilted skirt, in dark V. Rose only. Sizes, 18 and 21 in. Usual Value, 2/9. SALE PRICE, 2/3. 23 and 26 in. Usual Value, 2/11 and 3/3. SALE PRICE, 2/6.

MAIDS' NEAT FOULARD ROBES, small circular yoke and cuffs, white neck, finished with black pipings, skirt finished with fold of self. Length from neck to hem, 36, 39, 42, 45 inches. Usual Value, 5/6 and 6/6. SALE PRICES—36 and 39 in., 3/11; 42 and 45 in., 4/6.

MAIDS' DAINTY WHITE MUSLIN ROBES, trimmed in various styles, with Muslin Insertion round neck, and ¾ sleeves. Length from neck to hem, 36 and 39 in. Usual Price, 6/6. SALE PRICE, 4/6; 43 and 45 inch, Usual Price, 7/6. SALE PRICE, 5/6.

STOCK UP IN LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING AT BARGAIN PRICES.

LADIES' CALICO NIGHTS, with turn-down collar, trimmed barmen lace. Usual, 2/3. SALE, 1/11.

LADIES' LONGCLOTH NIGHTS, with square neck, trimmed embroidered Muslin and imitation Torchon Insertion, neck and sleeves finished with Muslin embroidery. Usual, 4/3. SALE, 3/9.

LADIES' CAMISOLES, trimmed with embroidery and insertion and Barmen lace. Usual, 1/- . SALE, 9½d.

LADIES' CAMISOLES, trimmed Val. Lace and Insertion. Usual, 2/6. SALE, 1/9.

LADIES' CAMISOLES, with embroidered Muslin fronts, no sleeves, very prettily trimmed and extra good quality. Usual, 3/11 to 4/11. SALE PRICE, 2/11.

LADIES' LONGCLOTH KNICKERS, trimmed embroidered Muslin Insertion and edging, open or closed. Usual, 1/11. SALE, 1/7½.

LADIES' CALICO COMBINATIONS, trimmed frills open. Usual 2/3. SALE, 1/9.

LADIES' WHITE UNDERSKIRTS, flounce trimmed with American lace. Usual, 1/9. SPECIAL, 1/4½.

LADIES' MOIRE UNDERSKIRTS, with frill, in Red, Navy, Black, Sky, Grey, and Peacock. SALE, 1/6.

LADIES' BLACK SATEEN UNDERSKIRTS, with frill and pin tucks. Usual, 3/11. SALE, 2/11.

LADIES' LINENE BLOOMERS, in Navy, Brown, Grey, and Cream. Usual, 1/11. SALE, 1/-.

LADIES' WHITE APRONS, with bib. Usual, 1/- . SALE, 10½d.

Better quality, without bib. Usual, 1/9. SPECIAL, 1/4½.

LADIES' BLACK SATEEN APRONS, without bib. Usual, 10½d. SALE, 7½d.

Better quality, without bib. Usual, 1/9. SALE, 1/4½.

LADIES' NAVY FIGURED PRINT OVERALLS. Usual, 1/11. SALE, 1/7½.

LADIES' COTTON VESTS, short sleeves and sleeveless. Usual, 8½d. SALE, 7½d.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS.

26in. BRITISH CREPE, Tussock shade only. Usual Price, 5¾d. SALE PRICE, 3d. yard.

41in. CREPE, just a nice texture for present wear, shades Dark Brown and Lime. Usual Value, 11½d. SALE, 4¾d.

41in. CREPE, shades Cream, Tussock, Salmon, Dark Grey, Saxe, Tan, Pale Grey, Brown, V. Rose, Marone, and Navy. Usual Value, 11½d. SALE, 6¾d.

28in. FOULARD, with bright silky finish. Shades, Grey, Mauve, Resida, Navy, Sky, Light and Dark Saxe, Cream, Tussock, or White Grounds, with neat black spots, or the usual neat Foulard designs. Usual Price, 10¾d. SALE PRICE, 6¾d.

34in. WASHING LINENE, just a little overstocked in Tussock shade. Usual Price, 4¾d. SALE PRICE, 3d. per yard, or 2/11 dozen.

38in. HAIRCORD POPLINETTE, a material not so heavy as the usual Poplin, with a faint haircord effect, shades V. Rose, Saxe, Sky, Cream, Brown, Pink, Tussock, Ivory or Tan. Usual Price, 10½d. SALE PRICE, 6¾d.

30in. POTTERS' BEST QUALITY CAMBRIC.—We consider this line to be one of the Plums of this Sale. White Grounds with neat small, broken checks, most suitable for children or adults. Shades, Navy, Black, Red, Pink, Saxe, Brown, also Cream Grounds with Helio., Sky, Black or Navy spots. Usual Value of this Cloth, 7½d. JUST HALF-PRICE, 3¾d.

SPECIAL SILK SNAPS AT THE SALE.

27in WHITE JAP. SILK (Heavyweight) is excellent Value at 1/11. SPECIAL SALE PRICE, 1/6½.

34in. TUSSORE SILK.—This is wonderful value, and is used extensively for children's wear, Ladies' Dresses and Costumes, men's shirts and pyjamas, also underwear. Note the width. SALE PRICE, 11½d. yd.

40in. SILK CREPE, a magnificent range of colors, suitable for street or evening wear, as V. Rose, Salmon, Nattier, Saxe, Sky, Tan, Maize, Brown, Cream, Tango, Brick Red, Pink, Deep Cream, Apricot, White and Black. Usual Value, 2/11. SALE PRICE, 1/11.

40in. PALETTE SILKS.—A splendid range of evening wear shades, as Lime, Cardinal, Tan, Brown, Tango, V. Rose, Orange, Buttercup. Usual Prices, 3/6, 3/11, and 4/3. SALE ALL ONE PRICE, 2/11 yd.

Lot 1.—21in. CORDED BENGALINE SILK, shades Gold, Tan, Saxe, Terra Cotta, Buttercup, Light Mid, and Dark V. Rose. Usual Value, 2/6. SALE, 1/4.

Lot 2.—20in. MOIRE SILK, with broad stripe in same color, a beautiful Silk for Millinery, Costume Linings, or trimmings. Shades, Navy, Dark Saxe, Light Saxe, V. Rose, Dark Salmon, and Tan. Usual Value, 1/11. SALE, 1/4.

Lot 3.—18in. Silk Ottoman.—This is an excellent Silk for trimming or millinery, having a nice broad cord, and very firm in texture. All beautiful shades, as V. Rose, Tan, Brown, Nattier, Apricot, and Dark Salmon. Usual Value, 2/11. SALE PRICE, 1/4.

SALE BARGAINS IN CHILDREN'S AND INFANTS' WEAR.

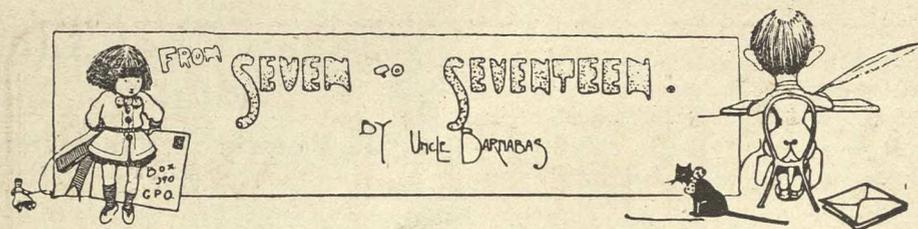
A Great Bargain in CHILDREN'S CREPE ROMPERS, four sizes, 18, 20, 22, and 24 inches, in Tuscan, Saxe, Navy, White, and Light Brown, piped colored edge. Usual Price, 2/11. SALE PRICE, 1/11.

CHILDREN'S MADAPOLAM KNICKERS. Very fine in quality, trimmed embroidered frill. Sizes, 1 to 6. Usual Price, 1/6. SALE PRICE, 1/-.

CALICO TRUNK KNICKERS. Usual, 1/- . SALE, 6½d.

WE PAY FREIGHT TO THE COUNTRY ON ALL DRAPERY ORDERS TO THE VALUE OF £1 AND OVER.

WINNS' LTD., 18 to 28 Oxford Street (only) SYDNEY.



NO SINGING WITHOUT PRACTICE.

We are all familiar with rehearsals and choir practices, and we have also witnessed many a break down in a performance because of insufficient practice, and so I do not need to explain what I mean when I say, "No singing without practice." Beryl Anderson sent me these lines, and there is something for all of us to learn from them, so I am printing them, though I do not know who wrote them:—

Our lives are songs; God writes the words,
And we set them to music at leisure;
And the song is sad, or the song is glad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.

We must write the song, whatever the words,
Whatever its rhyme or metre,

And if it is sad, we must make it glad;
And if sweet, we must make it sweeter.

No one loves practicing, at least I do not know any one who really loves it, and yet we must practise much before we can do things well. Now our life is like a song. It may be rendered in different keys; it may have difficult as well as an easy "setting." It will be possible to introduce variations, and some even make a parody of their life, but one thing is certain. My life, like my singing, can never be pleasing to others unless I practice. Now all practise depends on some one guiding and pointing out our mistakes, and then we practise the difficult parts until we can smile where we used to frown, be patient where we used to sulk, be active where we used to be lazy, and grateful where we used to be forgetful. Our lives are not beautiful by accident, but by practise, and a spoilt life is our own fault every time.—Uncle B.

MEETING UNCLE B.

Arthur Day, Milford-st., St. Albans, Dec. 30, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose you will be thinking I am never, never going to write to you again, and when you come round again on your triennial holiday you will tell me I have a bad reputation for letter writing; but you will have to keep that to yourself and let out else there will be a row in the camp. But never mind, "better late than never," as a proverb says.

I suppose you have nearly forgotten the meeting at East Oxford. It was a grand meeting. Although it was a stormy night about a hundred people came to hear our brave fighter of the liquor-traffic. When he told the residents up at East Oxford his funny little stories I thought they would have gone into convulsions. As I was up at East Oxford for a few days so I had the pleasure of hearing Uncle B. I was hoping

Uncle B. would be going back to Christchurch by the morning's train, but he was in a hurry, and had come up by motor and was going back the same night. I asked the people who I was staying with if I could go back to Christchurch with Uncle B., but they said I would disturb the family when I arrived home at about one o'clock in the morning; but never mind, Uncle B. and I had a good yarn before I went home that night. After he had finished talking to the people he went and had some supper, as he was very hungry from having such a long motor journey. I am sure, and felt like eating a sheep. I left him eating all the nice things on the table, and having a good tuck in. I better stop now, as I will be spoiling Uncle B.'s reputation.

I actually won a prize at school for being third in the class and second in homework. The prize giving was on Wednesday, and there were a good number of parents and friends to watch the proceeding. The sixth standard boys who are leaving school presented our headmaster (Mr. Irvine) two works of Kipling's. Before the prize giving different songs were sung by the classes of the school, so we had quite a musical programme, and after that Rev. Hamilton delivered a speech to us about duty and discipline before the prizes were given out to the scholars who had won a prize.

Father and I are going to walk to Cooper's Knob to-morrow, and I hope it will be a fine day. We will be able to have lunch at Kennedy's Bush, and after we have had our repast we will proceed to our destination.

Have you recovered from the election yet. It was disgusting, wasn't it, as far as the prohibition vote went after all the work we had done in our league rooms in Worcester-st? We were always working to about eleven o'clock every night the week before the election sending out literature for the prohibition party, and yet we never obtained any reward for it except a set back. We have gone backward instead of forward; but if we work on with a light heart our reward will sooner or later come and we will be able to shut all the bars up in New Zealand, and then we will have a clean and delightful country.

As it is getting late now, and I am very tired from walking to Cooper's Knob I think you will excuse me bringing this letter to a close. We all wish you a Happy New Year and we were all sorry that you could not stay longer in Christchurch.

With love to all cousins and yourself.—I remain, your loving nephew.

(Dear Arthur,—You have quite given me away and spoiled my reputation, and if I had you in East Oxford on the quilt I would put some snow down your back, just to

straighten you out. Don't speak of a set back. Every election is like an examination, and the result depends on the amount of education. We had only a short time, and tried to "cram" but it was not a success. It seldom is, but we will pass with flying colors next time if we spend the next few years learning the facts. Fifty thousand "Grit" a week in N.Z. would settle the question. Let us all try for a few more readers for "Grit."—Uncle B.)

OH, FOR COURAGE.

Ellie Mead, Hurstville, 4th January, 1915, writes:—

Dear Uncle,—I thought I would write once more before I am included in the permanent "scalawag" list (meaning the 18 to 80 list). Holidays are over, and once again we settle to work. I enjoyed myself thoroughly, so hope everyone else did. I am sending a small photo, so hope Mr. Jones will read my face, and then I'll be able to tell you if we can't hide anything from him. I often look in the door that has "Grit" on the side of it, and wish I could pluck up courage to go in and find out for myself what that wonderful Uncle B. is like, but of course no one there would give you any satisfaction. I will close, wishing you, Auntie B., and all the other relations, a very Happy New Year. I hope you will think I've made a good start for 1915. With love from your niece.

(Dear Ellie,—I am sorry you are lacking in courage. See if you can't make a big effort and slip down the stairs, and I will rush out and pick you up, and finding you are not seriously hurt I will promptly prescribe an ice cream, and we will enjoy it together. We are most anxious to give every satisfaction at the "Grit" office, so please don't judge us too hastily.—Uncle B.)

A DIG IN THE RIBS.

Essie Stanmore, Auburn, N.S.W., 4/1/15, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Just a short letter to keep me off the scalawag list. But, Uncle, you will forgive me, won't you? I like reading the New Zealand letters. I would like to tell you a lot, but will just write a short letter. But, uncle, has Linda sent you a letter lately, if not I will have to dig her in the ribs, won't I? Sending all my love to cousins. With love.

(Dear Essie,—I smiled at your letter and said to myself I would like to be there when she digs Linda in the ribs, but don't wait just do it at once, or she will be on the scalawag list. I hope you had a lovely Christmas, and will write a longer letter next time.—Uncle B.)

A "GRIT" BOOSTER.

Kathleen Bradshaw, Conway, Ingram-st., Kensington, Jan. 5, 1915, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I saw a copy of "Grit" the other day, and what a lovely paper it is. Had I seen it before I would have written sooner. In fact, if I had seen it in England I would have written from there. I am 13 years of age. My birthday is September 8. I go to St. Martin's Church and Sunday school. Our minister is Mr. Rook, and is real good. Last

Sunday, Jan. 3, a special service for peace, and we had a good attendance all through. I have been living in Kensington two years. How is it, I wonder, I never saw "Grit" before. I am sure, Uncle, it won't be two years again, and every copy I get I will show it to my friends. I have a brother and sister, three altogether. My brother is eleven, and my sister is four. My brother is going to write to you. I will try and get more Ne's and Ni's for you at Kensington. But how is it you haven't had them before? I wish I had seen "Grit" before. We came from England two years ago, and fancy I never saw "Grit" before in all my life. I will make sure when this letter comes out to send some copies home. We came from London, where of all places "Grit" ought to be read and Uncle B. known. We lived one time in Kent. I wonder have you been there, Uncle? I wonder do you know Mr. Hammond, Uncle? He has just come back from New Zealand. He is a real bosker. I believe he was King of the Maoris for about six weeks, and we thought he wasn't going to come back. I think if he had been there six weeks longer he would have made New Zealand "dry." Anyway, we are glad to see him back. Please show him this letter to see what he'll say. I suppose he will smile. Please let me know if I am good enough to be your ni., and I will make "Grit" known in Kensington. With heaps of love.

(Dear Kathleen,—You are a very welcome Ni. I wonder do you know what the American word "Booster" means? They use it to describe a person who enthusiastically talks favorably of anything. Such people are scarce; most people when they like a thing just say, "not too bad." I love enthusiastic people, and am so glad you are one, and hope you will not give up when you meet horrid "don't care," "not too bad," "some other time," kind of people. Yes, I know Mr. Hammond very well, and he did smile when he read your letter.—Uncle B.)

A LITTLE HELPER.

Hazel Kingcott, "Kiora," Joseph Street, Rockdale, —anuary 7, 1915, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I would like to be a niece of yours if you will have me. I am twelve years of age. My birthday is on the 29th October. I belong to Bexley Public School; I am in 5 B. Class. I read "Grit" every week, especially page double I. I live three doors away from one of your little nieces, Isabel Stevenson. I enjoy reading "Grit" very much. I am now enjoying my Christmas holidays. We have six weeks' holiday. For Christmas I got a tennis racket and ball, a parlor store, and some other things. In about a fortnight's time I am going away to stay at Manly. I collect for the Sydney City Mission every year (the Surry Hills branch). Isn't the war dreadful?

(Dear Hazel,—I am always anxious to enrol girls like you on the list of my nis. I am so glad you help the City Mission, and hope you won't ever tire of doing so. Will you give my love to Isabel, and tell her I have been looking for a letter from her for

such a very, very long time. I wonder did her Daddy forget to post it? Will you tell me what books you read, have you any pets, and how do you like to spend a holiday.—Uncle B.)

BEING SEVERE WITH UNCLE.

Doreen Benjamin, "Bouralleen," S. Armidale, January, 1915, writes:—

Dearest Uncle,—Not having seen my letter in "Grit" which I wrote some time ago, I have decided to write again. The holidays are nearly over. We had five weeks in all. Did you receive the goods I sent for "Grit" stall. It has been quite wintry up here for the last week or so. Now, Uncle dear, we must be severe with you and ask you politely to put your photo in "Grit" on page eleven. I am sure all your ni and ne and my cousins will agree with me. As you did not put it in for a Christmas surprise, how about it for a New Year surprise? Uncle, dear, do you think me very rude if I ask you when your birthday is so as "we" can send you birthday greeting as you send many of "us." Of course, you hung up your stocking. Did you try and keep awake to see Santa? Have you seen Uncle Ted (Mr. E. Best) in Sydney lately? He generally goes down about Xmas time. I have a City Mission card; I have only 2/- collected. Well, Uncle, I will close now, hoping to see your photo in "Grit," and also my letter. I will close, wishing you success this New Year.—I remain, your affectionate Ni.

(Dear Doreen,—I feel very serious and quiet now that you have spoken severely to me and I will take to heart all you have said and see what I can do about it. Thank you for your parcel; the fact is I was away for some time and got no word of parcels, though I received letters; hence my not thanking you sooner. My birthday is on December 5. I first saw the light on that day in 1907, so that I am seven years old and hurrying on for my 8th birthday next December. I had a hole in my stocking, so I hung up a chaff-bag, and Santa thought I was a horse or more likely a donkey and filled it with chaff, so I am not going to do it again.—Uncle B.)

A YEAR TO KEEP A PROMISE.

Ruby Howarth, Crown Street, Wollongong, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I should like to be one of your nieces very much (that is, if you will let me). I suppose you remember Mr.



James Cook Ltd.
Baker,
32 Victoria St., Paddington
Tel.: Pad. 111.
TRY OUR STEAM-MADE BREAD.

Hughes. When he was in Wollongong a year ago he asked me would I be one of your nieces. I promised him I would, but have forgotten to write. Once I remembered and I started the letter but I never got it finished. I am twelve years old last November. I went for the qualifying examination. I hope I'll get through. Mother gets "Grit" every week. When I read "Grit," page eleven is the first place I open in the book. I should very much like to meet you, but I suppose I shall have to be content with meeting you on paper. I suppose I shall be one of your ni's, because it says in "Grit" from Seven to Seventeen by Uncle Barnabas. I am closing this letter, hoping that I may be a ni.—Yours affectionately. P.S.—Hope you had a merry Xmas and a happy New Year.

(Dear Ruby,—I am glad you believe it is better to be late than not to do a thing at all. Fancy waiting a whole year. You had better look out or Mr. Hughes will be scolding you when he next runs down to Wollongong. I hope you will often write this year and tell us all you can about a coal mine.—Uncle B.)

EDUCATE.

Sydney, January 23, 1915.

(The Editor "Grit.")

Sir,—The committee of the St. Simon's Men's Christian Motherhood, recognising the solid assistance your paper is to them in their work amongst men in Surry Hills, have decided to renew their donation of £5 for the current year, and at the same time to urge upon kindred societies the desirability of utilising your paper as a real live assistant to work amongst men.

Personally I quite agree with you that only by means of education can we hope for solid success in this important part of our work.—I am, etc.,

THE TREASURER.

YOU NEED NOT BE IN THE LEAST NERVOUS ABOUT YOUR TEETH

Never mind how decayed and abscessed the teeth are—my marvellous anaesthetic will completely deaden all sense of pain and discomfort. This system is used by the leading dentists of the world, and is acknowledged to be the safest and most satisfactory.

NO INJECTIONS—!
NO PRICKING OF THE GUMS—!
NO AFFECTED HEART—!
NO NAUSEA—!
NO PAIN!

THIS WAY 2/6 PER TOOTH

DENTIST REANEY,

The No-Humbug Dentist,
REANEY'S CORNER, opp. Grace Bros., Sydney, and 8 OXFORD-ST, SYDNEY.

THE WORKER WHO DRINKS MUST GO

(Continued from Page 6.)

A UNANIMOUS VERDICT.

The verdicts of the laboratory, of industry and of the nation against alcohol are the same. Because it is a breeder of inefficiency, it must go. And, in America at least, the prospect is that it will be driven out by hard-hearted, firm-fisted industry. The great god Industry cares not a rap for the moral or social phases of the drink question although the big men who are his directing forces may be industrially greatly concerned. Alcohol might trample on the garments of morality and social relations until doomsday and it would not worry industry, as such. But when alcohol begins to tease and harass the great god's pet mascot, efficiency—that is quite another matter! Drastic measures must be taken.

Already the American Foundrymen's Association has appointed a well-financed committee to campaign, in every State, for legislation to push back the saloon from the doorways of industrial plants! That will not satisfy industry. At the end of five years, probably, every great business will have united its forces against alcohol, and who knows but that at the end of ten years the prediction of C. L. Close will have been realised and industry will have banished the manufacture and sale of liquor from the United States?

Apparently it does not matter very much whether we want this to happen or not. If industry wants it, it will come to pass. The best thing we can do is to hope that, when that added six billion, saved my efficiency, is divided, we may come in for a share.

N.S.W. ALLIANCE

(Continued from Page 4.)

most cordial. The meetings were excellently arranged, and, in spite of intense heat, everything went along splendidly.

AN APPRECIATION.

The following letter, dated 6/1/15, has been received by the President of the New South Wales Alliance:—

Dear Sir,—On behalf of the Buller No-License League, we tender our sincere thanks and appreciation for the valuable assistance you have rendered us through the services of Mr. James Marion. Mr. Marion's style and effective manner in dealing with every phase of the liquor question at once mark him as a leader. Either in open-air, theatre, or individual effort he gets there, and the good work accomplished will never be forgotten.

You will be pleased to learn that the Buller returns are better than was first indicated, and are as follows:—

Local continuance	2601
No-License	2618
National continuance	2335
Prohibition	2881

The falling off from previous returns is due to the fact that 1000 less votes were recorded.

We wish you every success in New South Wales.

Signed by Jas. Burrows, President; D. T. Gibbard, Secretary.

SOME FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.

I wandered to the grogshop, Tom; I stood beside the bar

And drank a bowl of lemonade and smoked a bad cigar;

The same old kegs and jugs were there, the ones we used to know,

When we were on the round up, Tom; some fifteen years ago.

I asked about our old-time friends, those cherished, sporty men,

And some were in the poorhouse, Tom, and some were in the pen;

And one, the one we liked the best, the hangman laid him low;

The world is much the same, dear Tom, as fifteen years ago.

I asked about the stately chap, that pride marked for its own,

He used to say that he could drink, or let the stuff alone;

He perished of the James H. Jams, out in the cold and snow—

Ah, few survive, who used to booze some fifteen years ago.

New crowds line up against the bar and call for crimson ink;

New hands are trembling as they pour the stuff they shouldn't drink;

But still the same old watchword rings, "This round's on me, you know."

The same old cry of doom we heard some fifteen years ago.

I wandered to the churchyard, Tom, and there I saw the graves

Of those who used to drown themselves in red fermented waves;

And there were women sleeping there where grass and daisies grow,

Who wept and died of broken hearts some fifteen years ago.

And there were graves where children slept, have slept for many a year

Forgetful of the woes that marked their fitful sojourn here;

And 'neath a tall white monument, in death there lieth low,

The man who used to sell the booze, some fifteen years ago.

—St. Louis "Globe-Democrat."

The Inquisitive Boy.—"Dad, how can guns kick when they have no legs?" asked Bertie. "Don't ask absurd questions!" said his father. "Guns haven't any legs, have they, dad?" "Certainly not!" "Well, then, what's the use of their having breeches?"

W. KERR,

Hall Mark of Value.

542-544 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

Opp. Town Hall.



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

NEW GOODS BY EVERY MAIL.

CALL AND INSPECT OUR STOCK.

HIS MISSION.

The clergyman had advertised for a butler, and the next morning after breakfast a well-dressed, clean shaven young man in black was ushered into his study. "Name, please?" asked the clergyman. "Hilary Arbuthnot, sir." "Age?" "Twenty-eight." "What work have you been accustomed to?" "I am a lawyer, sir." The clergyman started. This was odd. However, as he knew many were called in the law, but few chosen. "But," he said, "do you understand the conduct of a household?" "In a general way, yes," murmured the applicant. "Can you carve? Wash glass and silver?" "I—er—think so." The young man seemed embarrassed. He frowned and blushed. Just then the clergyman's wife entered. "Are you married?" was her first question. "That," said the young man, "was what I called to see your husband about, madam. I desire to know if he can make it convenient to officiate at my wedding at noon next Thursday week."

DON'T BE ONE-EYED

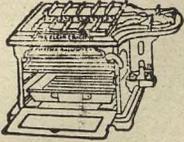
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THE WORKER

IT GIVES ALL THE POLITICAL NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ITS CARTOONS SIZE UP THE SITUATION.

ALL NEWSAGENTS. TWO PENCE.



Have You A Fletcher-Russell Griller?

You needn't worry about lighting the old kitchen stove so early in the morning when you have a splendid little Fletcher-Russell Griller just beside it. Turn on one gas tap and put the kettle over it. Turn on the other, and on goes the pan. Light up the inside, and you can bake some hot scones, or grill anything you fancy.

THIS HANDY LITTLE GRILLER COSTS ONLY 20/-.

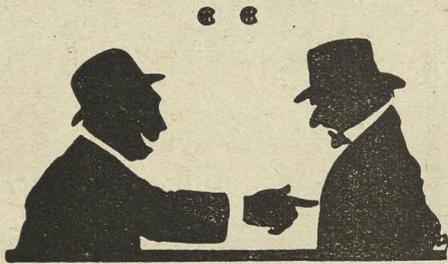
And we have other styles at a few shillings.

JOHN DANKS & SON PROPTY., LTD.

The House for Light and Heat,

324 PITT STREET, NEAR LIVERPOOL STREET, SYDNEY.

This is Where You Laugh.



Do you know a funny story, something which will chase gloom away and make people happy? Send it along to Box 390. There is half-a-crown offering each week for the person who sends in the funniest yarn.

NEWS.

Vicar (to Village Reprobate): "Good morning, Henry! I am pleased that you have turned over a new leaf and that you have begun to attend our temperance mission. I saw you in the hall last night."

Henry: "Oh, is that where I was?"

* * *

PITFALLS OF A FOREIGN TONGUE.

She was a young missionary to China, not yet quite proficient in the language of the country, and was giving a little dinner to some friends. During the course of the meal, she asked the servant to bring in some fruit—at least she thought she did.

He objected; she insisted; he refused; she grew angry. At last he left the room.

Presently he returned, carrying a large platter, which he placed before her with an air of supreme contempt. On it, carefully arranged, were her husband's everyday trousers!

* * *

NATIONAL COMPLICATIONS.

An unfortunate altercation took place at a well-known city cafe at dinner. One of the diners called for Turkey without Greece, and the waitress rather rudely replied: "You must be a German." He said, "No, I'm Hungary." His friend then nudged him, saying: "Be careful, don't Russia, or she won't Servia." The waitress then retired, but returned again immediately, saying, "Do you intend to Roumania." The man replied: "Certainly; I want Samoa." The waitress then became annoyed, and said: "Ring the Belgium and I'll call Nancy; it will cost you a New Guinea."

WHEN "NAGGING" PAYS.

"I hope," said one wife to another, "that you never nag your husband."

"Only when he is beating the rugs," said the second one. "When he is thoroughly irritated he makes a much better job of it."

* * *

"What's that noise?" asked Willie, as the owls began to hoot. "It's a howl," said his English nurse. "Pooh!" cried Willie, "I know that, but what is it that's howling?"—Harper's Bazaar.

* * *

"My dining-room is the hottest place on earth. I wish I knew what to do to cool it." "Did you ever take a friend home to dinner when your wife didn't expect it?"

* * *

Bashful Suitor: "Margaret, for weeks past there's been something trembling on my lips, and—" Pert Maiden: "Yes, I've notice it. Why don't you shave it off?"

* * *

Verbally Correct.—Irate Editor (to reporter).—"What do you mean by writing, 'Among the prettiest girls at the dance was Captain Fitzball?' The Captain is a man. I presume." Reporter.—"Yes, but he was among the prettiest girls there the whole time!"

* * *

A Careful Test.—"Why are you so pensive?" he asked. "I'm not pensive," she replied. "But you haven't said a word for twenty minutes!" "Well, I hadn't anything to say." "Don't you ever say anything when you have nothing to say?" "No." "Will you be my wife?"

* * *

Johnnie.—"Come on, mother; we'll go in the last carriage!" Mother.—"Oh, no, Johnnie; the last carriage is dangerous?" Johnnie.—"Well, why don't they leave it off the train?"

* * *

Hence These Cheers. — "Who are those people who are cheering?" asked the recruit as the soldiers marched to the train. "Those," replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."

* * *

Misinterpreted.—Suffragette—"Oh, if the Lord had only made me a man!" Widow—"Perhaps He has, dear, but you haven't found Him yet."

"POP"

(Continued from Page 3.)

Miss Fletcher laid her hand on his arm. It was a shapely hand as well as a kindly one.

"It isn't a question of money," she said quietly, "it's a question of life or death. There is only a slight chance that your daughter will live through the day."

Someone tapped at the door and Miss Fletcher, after a whispered consultation, turned again to the old man:

"They have decided to take the chance," she said hurriedly. "They are taking her up now. You stay here, and I will let you know as soon as it is over."

"Whar they takin' her at?" he demanded savagely.

"To the operating room."

"You take me thar!"

"But you can't go, Mr. Hawkins. No one but the surgeons and nurses can be with her. Besides, the nurse who was just here said she had regained consciousness, and it might excite her to see you."

She might as well have tried to stop a mountain torrent. He brushed past her and was making his way to the elevator before she had ceased speaking. At the open door of the operating room on the fourth floor he paused. On a long white table lay the patient, a white-clad doctor on either side of her, and a nurse in the background sorting a handful of gleaming instruments. With two strides the old man reached the girl's side:

"Sal!" he said fiercely, bending over her, "air ye wuss?"

Her dazed eyes cleared slightly.

"I dunno, Pop," she murmured feebly.

"Ye ain't fixin' to die, air ye?" he persisted.

"I dunno, Pop."

"Don't you let 'em skeer you," he commanded sternly. "You keep on a-fightin'. Don't you dare give up. Sal, do you hear?"

The girl's wavering consciousness steadied, and for a moment the challenge that the old man flung at death was valiantly answered in her pain-racked eyes.

For an hour and a half the surgeons worked. The case, critical enough at best, was greatly complicated by the long delay. Twice further effort seemed useless, and it was only by the prompt administration of oxygen that the end was averted.

During the nerve-racking suspense of the long operation Pop not only refused to leave the room, he even refused to stand back from the table. With keen, suspicious eyes he followed every movement of the surgeons' hands. Only once did he speak out, and that was in the beginning, to an interne who was administering the anaesthetic:

"Lift that funnel, you squash-headed fool!" he thundered; "don't you see hit's marking of her cheek?"

PASS "GRIT" ON.

"No Room in the Inn."

By the Rev. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.

"There was no room in the inn."—Luke ii. 7.

No room. Crowded out! I am going to take the liberty of using this incident in connection with our Master's birth as a symbol of a very frequent and continued tragedy in our relations with Christ to-day. Our Master is frequently crowded out. He has been excluded from the central place; He has been hustled into the yard; no room has been found for Him in the inn. And I am going, further, to suggest that the only place in which the Lord of Glory can find an inn to-day is in the human soul—the secret, inner room of the personal life. We sometimes sing in that most tender and gracious hymn,

"O make our hearts Thy dwelling place."

Well, He is waiting to do it. He is willing to do it.

O make our hearts Thine inn! But when He moves towards us He frequently finds the inn already thronged and there is no room for Him, and He is relegated to the cold of the outer courts; He is crowded out.

A CATHEDRAL.

In place of the inn in which He could dwell, what do we offer Him? First of all, we build Him stately material temples. We expend boundless treasure upon their erection. Art joins hands with architecture, and the material thing becomes a poem, a dream. Lily work crowns majestic pillars, and subdued lines of exquisite light and tender color add their graces to the finished pile. And when we have got it all ready we turn our eyes toward heaven, and say: "Here is an inn for Thee. O man of Nazareth, King of Glory, here is a house that I have built for Thee." And there comes back the reply: "The Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands," and there comes back the reply: "Where is the place of My rest? saith the Lord. I will dwell in the high and holy place with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." That is to say, He seeks the walled inn of the soul, and we offer Him a manger of stone. He is crowded out. Or, we build Him stately homes of stately ritual. We spend infinite plans upon picturesque ceremonial; we devise reverent and dignified movement; we engage the ministry of ennobling music for the expression of our praise and swing the censer for the expression of our prayers.

Or, perhaps, we are opposed to ritual, and we discard the color and dismiss the glow and we banish the elaborate and the ornate, and we will have no flower, and our ceremony shall be reduced to posture and our music shall be unostentatious and simple; everything shall be plain and prosaic. But whether it be Catholic profusion or Quaker simplicity, bewitchingly pretty or severely plain, a glorious, glittering ritual or a ritual devoid of fascination, we turn to the Lord

and say: "Here is a house that we have built for Thee, O Lord. Take up Thine abode in the dwelling we have provided for Thee," and there comes the reply: "My son, give Me thine heart." He seeks the inn of the soul and we offer Him a ritualistic manger. There is no room in the inn. He is crowded out.

A CREED.

There are people who are busy building our Lord an impressive house of a stately creed. It is solid enough; solid and comprehensive. Every item in the creed is sharp and well-defined and mortised one to another with passionate zeal and intense devotion, and we are proud of its constituents, and our creed is all the more beautiful because it is hallowed with age. The weather stains and centuries only add to its significance and glory, and there our creed stands, venerable, majestic, indestructible, and we say: "Here is a creedal house for Thee, O Lord, and I am jealous for the honor of Thy house. I will contend earnestly for every stone in it. Here is a home, forever, O Lord; a temple of my creating," and I hear Him say, as He said before, when people spoke like that: "When the Son of Man cometh again, shall He find faith?" He does not want our belief. He wants our faith. Belief is attachment to a statement; faith is devotion to a person. Belief is mental assent to a proposition; faith is consent to will, to an authority. Will He find faith? He asks for the inn of personal faith and I offer Him the manger of mental creed. He wants my soul, not my words. He wants the inn of the soul and I offer Him the manger of a big creed, and there is no room in the inn; He is crowded out, and so I say we are very busy offering these substitutes for the dwelling place He seeks, and if these are all the things we offer Him, then we can quietly say as was said before: "The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

THE ROOMS OF THE SOUL.

I want to speak just a word to the younger people. I want to look inside that inn, the inn of the personal soul because it has many, many rooms, housing many varying interests, and it is possible at this Christmas-time we may exclude our Lord after all. Therefore I want you to walk with me through two or three rooms of the soul in which our Lord would like to dwell. Here is the first room—the room of the mind. It is the realm of the understanding. A multitude of thoughts crowd its busy floors day and night. The room of the mind is crowded with thinking. Now listen (I quote from the Word): "God is not in all his thoughts." Crowded out! Now enter into another room, the room of desire, where love lives and sings and reigns, and the room where love droops and sickens and sometimes dies. It is the room where impulse is born, where secret desire moves

shyly and rarely shows her face at the window, the realm of emotions, and the Lord wants a place in the secret chamber of impulse, affection and desire. Is there room for Him? Now take another room, the chamber of imagination, the bright chamber of ideals, visions, fancies and dreams. Prospect window is in this room, and also the radiant window of hope. It is here we look out on the morrow, and it is here we have our wishes and visions, purposes and plans. It is the observatory of the soul, and our Lord delights to be in that chamber of ideal and purpose and vision and dream. Is there room for Him? I beg you come into another of this many-roomed inn. That is the chamber of mirth. It is here that the genius of merriment dwells, and here you will find the bright presence of wit and humor. Here you will hear quip and jest and jolity. It is here that bridal joy is found. Will He turn in here? I warrant He will. Is there room for Him, or is He crowded out?

I come to this further point. Why do we shut Him out? Why don't we take Him into the inn? Well, there are many reasons, but I will select perhaps the three most common. First of all we shut Him out because we should not like Him to see all there is there. Not that He does not see it, but we don't care to consciously meet Him there. It would trouble us. It would disturb us to meet our Lord in any of the rooms I have mentioned. The only way in which some people can find comparative ease is by forgetting Him. But He sometimes does get in for a moment. There is not a man or woman who has not had Him in for a moment. If you have not opened the door, you have heard Him knocking. Some little incident has happened, and suddenly a thought of the Christ has come into one of the chambers of your inn and you have been thrown into confusion. You cannot keep Him away altogether. Many a business man hears the knocking at the funeral of a friend; many a mind looks into the unseen when he stands at the open grave. He hears the knocking. We shut Him out because we do not care to have Him in.

THE TRUE LIFE.

Another reason is that we are so taken up by cares that we are careless about Him. We are so full of worry that we have no time to think about Him. That is what He said: "The cares of this world choke the word." So many cares that there is no room for Christ. So many worries that there is no time to entertain the Lord. And yet His promise is waiting: "Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

Let Him in, then. Let Him into your chamber of mirth and see what He will do. Take Him into your hearts and you will find all through your amusements there will be a wonderful light and depth of joy that will go right into your new year, for in this matter it is possible for us to have Christmas all the year round.—"Christian Age."

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