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**A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.**

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## DEATH OF JUDGE POLLARD.

Judge Pollard of St. Louis, U.S.A., who some years ago boldly adopted a plan of pledge-signing instead of a fine or a few hours in the cell, has recently died at the age of 53 years.

He took an active interest in extending the system throughout the world with the result that the "Pollard Plan" was adopted in many American cities, and by British magistrates.

In Australia it is in active operation in Melbourne and other Victorian cities, and "Grit" readers are acquainted with its successful working in the Sydney Police Court during the past year.



# TEMPERANCE REFORM AND THE IDEAL STATE

TWELFTH LEES AND RAPER MEMORIAL LECTURE.

By Dr. JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A.

(Continued from last Issue.)

## PROTECTING ADOLESCENTS.

(2) But the young life must be protected from peril after it has been trained in the way it should go. To keep the infant outside the public-house is well; but it is better to remove the public-house out of the path of our growing youth. The State is responsible for its adolescents as well as for its children. Let it fail them, and it fails altogether. Doctors, who still have a lingering faith in the possibilities of benefit hidden in alcohol, assert without any hesitation that it is in the period of adolescence that the drink evil does its deadliest work on the vitality of the citizen. That is the formative period. Then the brain grows, appetites master or are mastered, the will power is developed, habits are formed, and the man is made. Between the fifteenth and twenty-fifth year human destiny is settled for 90 per cent. of us. It is agreed by all medical men without exception that even small doses of alcohol are dangerous to adolescents; it is a startling fact that in one hundred cases of confirmed inebriety the addiction to drinking between fifteen and twenty-five years of age.\* That is the "danger period"; and the State ought to show its red light to all on that perilous part of their journey. Our law does forbid to those under fourteen, and spirits to those under sixteen; but it ought to follow the example of our colonies and raise the age in both cases. "The whole of the eight official representatives of the Trade concurred in the unanimous recommendation of the Royal Commission on Licensing of which they were members, that the age for the permissible sale of spirits to minors should be raised from fourteen to sixteen."†

The Government will surely be carrying out the will of the people by ceasing to manufacture inebriates out of its adolescent citizens. This ought to find a place in the next Licensing Bill.

## THE TREATMENT OF INEBRIATES.

(3) Nor will this humanitarian age be content to terminate the obligation of the State with the closing of the period of adolescence; but it will insist that its Government shall watch over those who have been captured by the drink demon in that dangerous time and made his slaves. Dr. Branthwaite, who is H.M. Inspector under the Inebriates Act, and speaks from the experience of a quarter of a century, paints a painful picture of our condition. He says, "The large majority of the population are now moderate drinkers who never get drunk, a fact which is apt to

engender a feeling of over-weening satisfaction until we look below the surface and take note of that army of habitual drunkards who are hidden out of sight in better-class life, or lost in the submerged obscurity of slums, prisons, and workhouses." . . . "I say, unhesitatingly, that, notwithstanding the acknowledged improvement in the drinking habits of the general public, there is no evident decrease in the number of persons who are habitual drunkards, and who, being such, contribute as largely as ever to domestic misery, poverty, lunacy, and crime."\* And another authority, Sir Thomas Clouston, M.D., said only a few days ago, "New legislation is needed for those who labor under the disease of an uncontrollable craving for alcohol and also to diminish temptations to its use." A Government that fights tuberculosis can scarcely justify itself in letting confirmed inebriates loose upon society, whether men or women. To the sanatoria for the consumptive it must add the home for the recovery of those who have fallen under the fearful curse of dipsomania. They can be restored to citizenship. Some of them are being restored. We have no warrant for despair concerning those who have succumbed to the drink disease. What! not of the drink-saturated woman? Is there then a balm in the Gilead of the State that can cure her? There is. She is a lost soul; but she is a soul, and the soul is never beyond the healing energies of God. She has been rescued even when sunk fathoms deep in alcoholism. It is a fact. Unimpeachable records prove it. Seventy-three per cent. of the women (says Lady Henry Somerset) who remained one year at Duxhurst Inebriates' Home were lifted out of the abyss into which they had sunk.† Therefore, our Government should give all inebriates a chance of recovery; and the best possible that can be devised, even for those who may be deemed hopelessly irreformable, watch over and protect them whilst they are in retreats, reformatories, and properly licensed houses, and so remove the natural scandal of habitual drunkenness.

## DECEPTION OF MEDICATED WINES.

(4) Nor will it be possible for Government to ignore the insidious and perilous traffic now carried on in medicated that is highly alcoholised wines. They are a gross deception. They are not what they profess to be, and they are something else they rarely confess. They claim the support of a large sec-

tion of medical opinion, and they have not got it; indeed, they are not only disowned by doctors in their medical journals, but they are condemned and fought against. Sir Thomas Barlow calls on his brethren "to stamp out these medicated wines."‡ Sir James Barr says, "All these medicated wines which are being foisted on the public are an abomination, and do an enormous amount of harm." They purport to be food, and they are not. They do not tell the purchaser that the chief element in them is alcohol, and that according to Professor Sims Woodhead "cocains," one of the most nerve shattering drugs known, is also there. They are offered to delicate women and children as nourishing, and they are destructive. The Government that deals with adulterations of foods ought to lose no time in interfering with so manifest and gross a fraud, so prolific a source of misery, wretchedness and waste to the Commonwealth.

## THE DEMAND FOR LOCAL OPTION.

(5) But the chief thing the Government has to do is to give us with all possible speed the long delayed law of Local Option.

We record with thankfulness the passing of the Scottish Temperance Bill. It does not contain everything reformers wanted. In Great Britain we have to wait a long time for any reform. The weight of centuries of feudalism is upon us. But it is an advance. The principle of Local Option is embodied in our legislation for the first time, and it will never go out again and we trust to our Scottish friends to see that the most is made of it, so that it may become an invulnerable argument for the less favored dwellers in the south. 1920 is a long way off, and alas! it does not become effective till that date. The minority, and not the majority rules, unless it amounts to a certain figure, and therefore the apostles and advocates of Temperance reform will have to work in season and out, feeding the fires of zeal with the fuel of knowledge and sympathy during the intervening six years so that they may make the most of their opportunity.

We, in England and Wales, are also promised a Licensing Bill. The Government is pledged. In 1908 a measure was brought in, only to be flung out by the House of Lords. It is to be brought in again; but surely we shall have something better than what had to be offered, when Bills had to be shaped to suit the will of our autocratic masters, who know so much better than everybody else what the country needs. Why cannot we have Local Option at once? There is no doubt that it is the will of the people. The nation has grown since 1908. Laws do not escape the principle of evolution though the principle works with exceeding slowness in legislation. Municipal and national law ought to follow, and does follow in a properly organized State, the convictions, opinions, and customs of the people for whom they are framed. Within the last few years there has grown up a vast body of opinion against the drink

(Continued on Page 10.)

‡ "Times," August 9, 1913.

\* Sir James Crichton Browne, M.D.

† "A Neglected Phase of Temperance Reform," by Robert B. Batty, in the "Contemporary Review," October, 1913, pp. 548, 549. An article packed with the most authoritative and convincing evidence.

\* Ibid, p. 556.

† "Beauty for Ashes," by Lady Henry Somerset. Published by L. Upcott, Gill and Son.

See also "Out of the Abyss," published by Hodder and Stoughton.

The report of the work amongst the women of the Salvation Army, by Mrs. Bramwell Booth.



# THE CROSSWAYS.

By OWEN OLIVER, in the "Christian Herald."

There are many turnings along the way of life, but none turn back. The path, once chosen, leads us on. Francis Dean took a turning somewhat heedlessly, in the careless days of youth, and he found himself upon a long, unbroken road. Now, after many years, he had come to unposted crossways.

He sat in the armchair in his study, with his head upon his hand. The eyes of his mind followed two tracks in turn. The eyes of his heart followed the green track to the left. The eyes of his soul followed the hilly track to the right. He was a good man upon the whole, and he would not have flinched from the steep road if he had been travelling alone; but there were little feet that followed him. To guide the little feet through pleasant places was his prayer, when he prayed a prayer.

He sat thinking and thinking. The shadows of evening fell unobtrusively round him; unobtrusively darkened, and shut him in. . . . He closed his eyes for a moment, opened them and saw a vague white figure in the unlit room. It bent over his shoulder and touched him arm gently.

"Come, and I will show you the road of life," it said.

Dean rose and took a long step, beyond measure, out of the familiar room. He heard his children laughing downstairs, and "mother" laughing with them. Then the places that he knew passed away, and he stood beside the vague white figure upon a great white road, stretching like a long snake into the darkness. The rest was shadows, with a fresh wind blowing through.

He distinguished dimly two men who halted by the roadside. One was tall and clothed in tattered sheepskins. The other was short and richly clad.

"These," the vague presence said, in its still, sweet voice, "are your companions to the crossways."

"Who are they?" Dean asked. "And who are you?"

But, when he looked round, the presence was gone, and he stood upon the great white road, facing the wind and the two strange men. The moon came out through a hurrying cloud, and shone upon them. Their faces contrasted strangely with their attire, he thought; a knave in furs and a king in sheepskins.

The tall man in the skins stepped forward first and greeted him.

"I hope," he said, in a big, rich voice, "that you may find me a pleasant companion."

He held out a strong right hand and gripped Dean's firmly.

The small man saluted him with a curt nod.

"I hope you'll be some company for me," he observed in a sharp, peevish tone. "This fellow is none."

Dean looked from one to the other of the ill-assorted pair.

"Then why do you travel together?" he asked.

"Heaven knows!" the small man snapped savagely; "or why we travel with you."

"Heaven knows," said the tall man, taking off his cap reverently, "and why we travel with you, friend. It is surely for the best."

The small man eyed Dean up and down. "I hope you've means for the journey," he remarked. "I've only what I want for myself."

"I haven't even that," the tall man confessed; "but what I have you can share."

"Where are we going?" Dean asked.

"To the crossways," both answered. "He and I part there," the tall man added, "and you must choose your companion for the rest of the journey."

Dean bowed and said nothing. His heart warmed to the generous stranger; but his mind told him that the other was the wiser and the more likely to show him the road to prosperity, and he passionately desired to lead the little feet there.

The tall man took the side to the

road. They walked on along the wind-swept wind. There was no need for three to get cold, he said, since he was big enough to keep off the worst of the blast. The small man asked Dean to walk a little behind the other to make a bigger shield, so that none of the chill blast might reach him. He cursed the road.

"It's all up-hill," he declared, and hung on to Dean; but the tall man put his strong hand at Dean's back, and pushed him, as if in helpful jest.

"We shall have an easy time," he prophesied cheerfully, "going down."

Presently they saw a little farm. The small man left them and ran ahead to secure the best room for himself. There was no other to spare, the man of the house said; but one could sleep on the sofa, and one in the barn.

"Excellent!" the tall man cried. "Excellent! The barn will just suit me!" When Dean offered to toss for choice of the sofa, he would not listen to him.

"My dear fellow," he declared, "I like barns."

He invited Dean to share the plain food that he carried and they sat down on a bench and ate. The small man sat by the fire and devoured a rich meal, which he had ordered to be cooked for him. He had money to pay, he stated, shaking a fat purse.

The tall man pressed the best of his fare upon Dean. "It's the great pleasure of travelling," he asserted, "to help a fellow traveller. So you must not deny me."

The small man turned round from the wine which he was holding up to the light.

"If you listen to him," he said, "you'll soon be out at elbows. Look at his sheepskins! A nice fellow to travel with, isn't he? Leave him and come with me to-morrow, and I'll show you places where you can pick up silver! Then you can buy a fur coat like mine."

"I wish I had a coat of that kind," Dean owned.

"Why," cried the tall man cheerfully, "so do I! I've often started saving to buy one, but something always comes along with a better claim on the money. It was nearly enough once, but I had the good luck to meet Brother Tom's widow before I'd spent it."

The small man sneered.

"The hussy wasted the money on finery," he declared.

"Well, well!" the big man apologised. "Fine clothes are a joy to a pretty woman. She was a joy to old Tom. He'd have laughed to see her admiring herself in her new hat and dress!"

The small man sneered again.

"What do you think of him?" he asked

"I think," Dean said, "he is a very good man; but I am afraid he is a little too good for this world."

"My dear friend," the tall man told him, "we aren't responsible for the world, and we are for ourselves."

"Exactly!" the small man retorted. "We are responsible for ourselves. Look at us, Dean! I have a fur coat and a full purse. He has empty pockets and ragged sheepskins."

"I have myself," the tall man said, and for once his voice was stern.

When their meal was over, the short man invited the landlord to play at cards. He asked Dean to join in, and Dean was on the point of consenting when the tall man whispered to him:

"What one wins the other loses," he reminded him. "I will show you a game that's all gain."

He led the way to the kitchen, and they played with the children, who were sitting round the fire, while their mother roasted chestnuts for them. The tall man told them stories and blew wonderful tunes out of a penny whistle. A child sat on each of his knees. Dean nursed a little girl who was like his own. The eldest girl sat beside the tall man and sewed up some of the rents in his sheepskins, and the mother laughed to hear the children laugh. When the little ones had gone to bed, Dean walked out in the moonlight with his new friend and they talked of the stars in the heavens and wondered what lay beyond them. . . . But it was only Dean who wondered. The tall man knew, he declared.

"Beyond the stars," he said, "are other stars; and beyond them more; and beyond and between and everywhere is the Lord God."

He had much learning, Dean found; and was full of the deep thoughts which sometimes flickered unexpected in Dean's own mind.

"They are in your heart as in mine," he declared, "but I, friend, believe them!"

"In a way," Dean owned thoughtfully. "I, too, believe them; but they are out of touch with life, and one must live."

"Also," the tall man reminded him, "one must die. Our great thoughts are in touch with eternity, friend."

(Continued on Page 6.)



# Sound Value

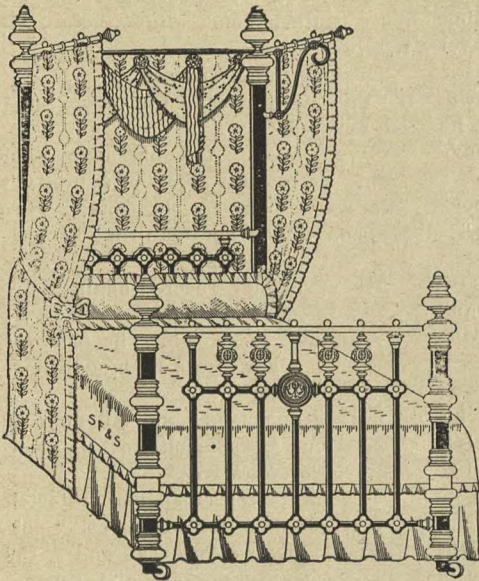
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they would be more reconciled to seeing their boys going away to camp if they knew it was to be a dry camp."

### ARCHBISHOP KELLY ON TEMPERANCE.

In a lenten pastoral the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Sydney asks the question, "How long will our thoroughfares and byways be set thickly with the snares of intemperance?" Just so long as the people vote for the continuance of the same, and Church leaders, like Archbishop Kelly, refuse to use their influence on the side of No-License.

### HOTEL SYDNEY WITHOUT A LIQUOR BAR.

The newly built hotel Sydney, containing 250 rooms, is not to have a liquor bar. The building is so constructed that the street frontages are utilized for retail shops, and as the Liquor Act does not permit any part of a licensed building to be fitted up as a retail store, there is no possible hope of the hotel securing a license. Section 9, clause 4, of the Act is explicit on this point.

On the application for a publican's license for new premises, the applicant shall produce to and deposit with the clerk for the information of the court, plans and sketches of such premises, sufficiently explanatory to show the number and size of the rooms therein, and the court may require the applicant to give any explanation thereof; and if such plans, sketches, or explanations shall show, or otherwise it appears to the court that any portion of such premises, or the building of which, the same forms part, is fitted up or intended to be used as a retail store, it shall not be lawful for the court to grant such application, and if any such premises are used for the business of a retail store after the license has been granted it shall be liable to forfeiture.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

CHAS. C. MIHELL,  
Bible House, 242 Pitt-street, Sydney.

## New South Wales Alliance.

### GRANVILLE'S SECOND INNINGS.

Interest in the Granville contest is being aroused. A start has already been made. All friends of the cause should give time and money to help Granville win No-License.

### HURSTVILLE RECOUNT.

A way out of the difficulty at Hurstville has been found, as the ballot papers that were sealed up with the Parliamentary candidates' returns can now be broken. It is fully expected that the complete recount will give reduction a decided majority.

### TEMPERANCE ALDERMEN.

In the recent municipal elections many prominent temperance men were elected. These include Aldermen Petrie (Willoughby), Clegg (Newtown), Grant (Hurstville), and Membrey (Granville).

### LEGISLATION FOR GREAT BRITAIN.

In reply to Mr. Lief Jones, Mr. Asquith pointed out that it would be impossible to pass a temperance reform bill this session, but that he intended to bring forward legislation within the lifetime of the present Parliament.

### RUSSIA ALERT.

The Czar has dismissed his Premier from office for having insufficiently promoted the cause of temperance. The liveliest interest is being evinced in St. Petersburg in the temperance movement (per press cables).

### TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND THE PRO- LONGATION OF LIFE.

Mr. Lawson Dash, J.P., has secured the insertion of a valuable statement on the above question in the "Daily Telegraph" and "Sun," showing that the death rate of all friendly societies in the State averages 7 per 1000 per annum, whereas the I.O.R. shows only 3.5 per 1000. The treasurer of the I.O.R., Mr. Geo. White, followed this up with a return showing that the funeral fund has been paid out of interest from year to year.

### NEW APPLICATION AT MAYFIELD.

The petition for a new license at Mayfield in the Newcastle district is to go before a court of inquiry. There are already five hotels within a mile radius of the proposed site. A strong opposition will be offered to the granting of any more licenses.

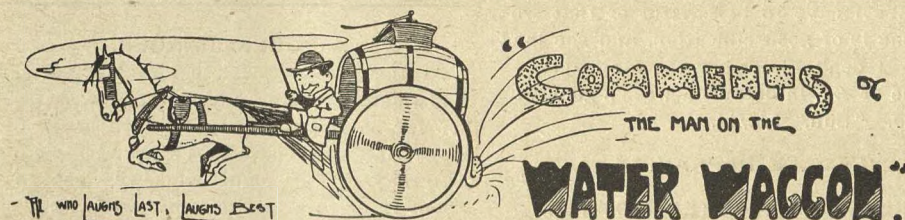
### GENERAL IAN HAMILTON ON DRY CAMPS.

General Ian Hamilton, who is visiting Australia, has been asked his opinion on "Dry Camps." He said: "It is rather premature for me to speak of your camps in Australia for I have seen so little of them. At present they are having a tremendous battle in Canada on this subject. I know it arouses strong opposition, for as far as I am personally concerned I think it is a winning card. The fathers and mothers of the boys have to be reckoned with, and I think



# 6d. BE COLLARED BETTER AT 6d. 6d.

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## THE NATIONAL LIQUOR DEALERS' JOURNAL ON THE TRADE.

We are publishing in extenso the wonderful criticism on the trade issued recently by the above journal. It is most drastic. Listen to a few opening sentences:—

When the people decide that it must go it will be banished.

To us there is the handwriting on the wall, and its interpretation spells doom.

For this the liquor business is to blame.

To perpetuate itself it has formed an alliance with the slums that repels all conscientious and patriotic citizens.

A fine start, friends, and as pointed out in an American journal, a more vigorous attack on the trade could hardly have been written by the most thorough-going temperance reformer.

We hope to delve right into the whole criticism in our next issue, but may be permitted this week to refer to one aspect of the question.

Is it, or is it not, true that "to perpetuate itself the liquor business has formed an alliance with the SLUMS that REPELS all conscientious and patriotic citizens? More true in America. It is true to a great extent of the attitude of the trade in this continent."

An army of satellites follow ever hard on the heels of the liquor fraternity. Useless members of society—often dragged down originally by liquor they remain as hangers-on just where they fell.

Such can always be relied upon at a pinch to do any dirty work necessary—and do it well.

Again. The canvassers employed by the trade at election times are mostly drawn from the lower moral grades of society—bookmakers' clerks, drinkers who are half on the way to become confirmed drunkards, and generally semi-disreputable characters.

The writer knew of one man who boasted he held the blue ribbon for conversions to "continuance." At an early age he had left home and entered into a very unwholesome matrimonial alliance, which soon resolved itself into a riot.

After generally illtreating wife and mother this hero deserted both, and blossomed forth as a full-blown Liberty League canvasser.

A proper man for the position.

Another very prominent figure in the same choice circles left the southern capital simply because he was pushed out of it—the general public wishing to protect the junior females of the city from unwholesome molestation. This man was received with open arms by the Sydney liquor people, and has been a persona grata with them for years, and an indefatigable worker.

Thus does it seem (for we could multiply instances by the hundred) that the primal necessary quality in a successful liquor canvasser, Liberty Leaguer, or organizer is to have had all or most of your finer faculties blunted by vice of some sort. You can then urge your audience to follow you with no sense of the pangs of conscience. The latter useful adjunct you have eradicated years before.

Take the whole liquor party in a body and it represents an army of more or less fast living, drinking, gambling, prize-fight patronising persons. Any oral defence of moral principles would be sure to receive a loud and harsh laugh from ninety-nine per cent. of its members. True, there are exceptions, but they are not frequent. The "trade" has formed, as we are told, an unholy alliance with the lower and baser side of humanity, and has formed this instinctively—like to like and kind to kind.

Whilst we regret this yet we must remember it will be one factor in the undoing and final extinction of the liquor party. The eyes of the public will be opened—such incidents as the faked photographs of bottles in N.Z. will help to open them wider. Then will the pendulum swing round and the trade be swung off the decent citizens' path.

## THE EARTH IS GOING DRY.

It is not often we allow ourselves the pleasure of a quiet half hour with "Fairplay," but having some time to put in on the ferry this week we were anxious to find out

how our old contemporary was doing. How well we remember the stereotyped contributions, the leaders on immigration, etc., all of which were terminated in a pretty little anticlimax—the wowsers were spoiling the chance of the community to become happy and prosperous, or denying the liberty of the subject to fit himself for the reception house. Always the right to "intoxicate" must be defended. Always a kick at the wowsers must ensue.

But lo and behold no kick is coming in this wonderful article on the "earth going dry."

No sense of humor stirred itself in the added brain of the Editor when he started off his weekly edition with this extraordinary article.

What an opening—the earth going DRY.

At least we expected a peroration blaming the whole of the business of the earth's desire to avoid the "wet" upon the temperance workers. Something like this would have sounded well:—"In fact the pleasure of living in this fair world has always been marred by the narrow and bigoted 'wowsers.' Immigration has stopped—for who would dwell in Australia when you cannot even get drunk in this country. And worse still. Scientists now affirm that the whole world will sooner or later, directly or indirectly—caused by the narrowness of those people who advocate temperance—turn itself into a barren, rainless wilderness. Is it hard to trace the cause to the wowsers? No. If the general public would drink heavily they wouldn't work; if they don't work they wouldn't cut down the trees and cultivate the ground; if they didn't fell the trees the rains would be more frequent; therefore the wowsers are killing the country." A true "Fairplay" sample of logic—far more logical indeed than their celebrated Burglar Syllogism.

## WHY.

"Won't you please croak like a frog, Grandfather?" asked Willie.

"Croak like a frog?" asked the bewildered grandfather; "why, little man?"

"Because I heard Daddy say that when you croaked we would get five thousand dollars."

## BRIGHTEN THE HOME——!

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# BURNET'S PENNY JELLIES.



## Under Strict Supervision.

"BY THEIR FRUITS SHALL YE JUDGE THEM."

### The Result of a Vote for Continuance.

#### A WOMAN SHOT.

John Goodridge, 34, was charged with having shot at Mrs. Bolton on December 25, with intent to murder her, but later Mr. Clarke, S.M., altered the charge to the more serious one of wounding with intent to murder.

Mrs. Bolton said she kept residential chambers in Campbell-street, North Sydney. Goodridge took a room at her place, and on Christmas Eve he invited her to his room to have a glass of wine. She went up with all her children. Mrs. Watson and Mr. Bland were there also. After drinking the wine, which was not nice, she felt sick, and went down to her bedroom. She added, "Afterwards this man dared to come to my room and say I had stolen his whisky. I was very angry and said I would get a policeman. He went away and returned a little later. I sat at the side of the bed and disdained to look at him. He must have struck me then."

To Mr. Moseley: Goodridge was drunk that night. He was always kind to witness, and on good terms with the others in the house.

Dr. Erasmus Bligh said he operated upon Mrs. Bolton and found that the bullet had penetrated the skull and brain. There was a large cavity in the skull filled with blood, and brain matter. He could not locate the bullet. He cleaned out the cavity, and eight hours after the operation she recovered consciousness. Her memory for words was defective, but he was inclined to think that she would recover from that.

Goodridge, who said he was not guilty, and reserved his defence, was committed for trial to the next sittings of the Criminal Court, bail in £200 being allowed.—"Sun," 9/2/12.

#### DIRTY HOTEL PREMISES.

William Edward Hartnett, of the Exchange Hotel, Hunter-street West, was at the Summons Court fined £3, with 6s. costs, for failing to keep his licensed premises free from offensive matters on January 22 last. The magistrate (Mr. Adrian) asked for the facts of the case. Sub-Inspector McHardy informed him that the beds and bedding and floors and windows were dirty. The magistrate further asked the sub-inspector how long he thought it was since the bedclothes had been washed, and the reply was that, in the sub-inspector's opinion, it was about six months.—"S.M.H.," 4/2/14.

#### WOMAN OF EDUCATION.

When Rachael Duff appeared at the Central Police Court to-day, charged with using indecent language in Bathurst-street, Sydney, yesterday, she said she had an explanation to make.

"I went with a gentleman to a house in Bathurst-street," she said. "There were 12 men there and two women. The gentleman who keeps the place said I couldn't come in, as there were no other women. And he asked me would I kindly get out. So I went out, and I saw one of the men coming in with a

dozen bottles of beer, and one of the men said, 'We'll have to be careful of that woman; she is of good education, and she isn't drunk.' I don't remember the language."

A fine of £1, in default a week's gaol, was inflicted.—"Sun," 9/2/14.

### FEMALE DEPRAVITY.

#### GIRL RIDICULES HER MOTHER.

Melbourne, 10/2/14.—Standing in the body of the City Court, an elderly woman announced that she was the mother of Mary Lawlor, who, with Margaret Stewart, stood in the dock. The woman said that she could do nothing with her daughter, who drank.

Lawlor, turning to Stewart, and pointing to her mother, burst into loud laughter, and said, "Look at the hat she's wearing."

This caused tears to flow from the old woman, who seemed on the point of utterly breaking down, to the intense amusement of Lawlor, who exclaimed, "Look at her crying; she's 'ticky.'"

Sobbing, the old woman told the court that Lawlor was 17 years of age.

Lawlor: I am over 18. You have said that I am 17 for three years running. You will have me 14 directly.

The two defendants were charged with offensive behavior, and Constable Hayward deposed that at 10.50 p.m. yesterday they were in Lonsdale-street, screaming and using indecent language. They were saying bad things apparently about their respective mothers, and they seemed to be fighting with each other.

Mr. Dwyer, P.M.: Where is Lawlor working?

Lawlor: I am working nowhere.

Sub-inspector Bunker remarked that it might be advisable to prefer a different charge against Lawlor, and Mr. Dwyer suggested that she might be willing to go to a charitable reformatory home.

Lawlor: I am not a Protestant, and I am not going to a Protestant Convent. She declined emphatically to "join the Army."

Lawlor was remanded for one week, and Mr. Dwyer told her mother that the Salvation Army officer, who was present in court, would do everything in her power to give her all information about any charitable reformatory home, whether it was Catholic or Protestant.

Stewart, the other defendant, said that she did no work, and added that she was a married woman separated from her husband, who was in Sydney, and who did not help her.

Mr. Dwyer, to Stewart: You are fined £2, in default 14 days' imprisonment.

Stewart: I won't pay you. I will take it out.

The accused, after they had left the dock, began to make a disturbance, and an order was given to "get them away as soon as possible."—The "Sun."



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### A PUBLIC DANGER.

At the Water Court, before Mr. Barnett, S.M., James Victor Nelson (20), was fined £5 for having furiously driven a horse and sulky in Alfred-street, Circular Quay, on Saturday. Defendant who was going at about 12 or 14 miles an hour, was overtaken at Campbell-street, near the railway station. He was under the influence of drink.

## THE CROSSWAYS

(Continued from Page 3.)

When they returned to the cottage the man of the house was sitting with his face in his hands, and the woman was kneeling beside him weeping. He had lost all his money to the short man at cards, and she said that the children's meat and drink were gambled away.

The tall man gave her the few coins that he had in his pockets, and Dean added some more. He spoke hotly to the short man about it but the short man defended himself plausibly. Nature, he said, played the tune of life, and he only danced. He spoke of "self-preservation" and "survival of the fittest." Existence, he declared, was a game of prey. We lived on the losses of others, and no one complained if we won at "finance" or "trade." Why not at cards? It was better than losing, anyway. "Business is business!"

Dean nodded to that. It was, he admitted, a favorite maxim of his own. "We have much the same ideas," he said, "only you follow them more consistently than I."

"That is because you listen to the other man," the short man said.

The next day their way lay over a great marsh. The short man swore at the swampy places, though he wore great boots that reached his knees. The tall man squeezed the water from his leaky shoes (he had intended buying a new pair with the money he had given at the cottage) and laughed. He scraped the mud from Dean's feet with a little stick.

"Adversity is the best friend," he said gaily. "It gives us friends."

"Money is the best friend," the short man contradicted, and he hired a horse to ride. Some children begged to sit behind him to cross a morass, but he refused. He was in a hurry, as he had profitable business ahead, he said, and "business is business." Children were "outside business," he held.

(To be continued.)

"Everyone has some secret sorrow," said the philosophic friend.

"Yes, even the fattest and jolliest of us has a skeleton in his midst."



# NEW ZEALAND MOVING.

A TARDY RECOGNITION OF THE RIGHT OF THE MAJORITY.

In order that our readers may see what Mr. Massey's intentions are with regard to the proposed amendment of the Licensing Act, we give the Bill as it was circulated among the members prior to the rising of Parliament:—

## LICENSING AMENDMENT.

(A Bill Intituled an Act to Amend the Licensing Act of 1908.)

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of New Zealand in Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

1. This Act may be cited as the Licensing Amendment Act 1913 and shall form part of and be read together with the Licensing Act 1908 (hereinafter referred to as the principal Act).

2. (1) Section seventeen of the Licensing Amendment Act 1910 is hereby amended by omitting the words "three-fifths" and substituting the words "fifty-five per centum."

(2) Section twenty-five of the same Act is hereby amended by omitting the words "three-fifths" and substituting the words "fifty-five per centum."

3. Section thirty-six of the Licensing Amendment Act 1910 is hereby amended by omitting from sub-section one the words "while the bar is open for the sale of liquor" and substituting the words "while the licensed premises are lawfully open for the sale of liquor to the public."

4. The Fourth Schedule to the Licensing Amendment Act 1910 is hereby repealed and the Schedule hereto substituted in lieu thereof.

## SCHEDULE

Voting Paper on Issue of National Prohibition.

I Vote for National Continuance

I Vote for National Prohibition.

Licensing District of—

## DIRECTIONS.

The voter must strike out the proposal for which he does not wish to vote.

If the voter strikes out both or fails to strike out one of the proposals the voting-paper will be void and his vote will not be recorded.

The voting-paper so marked is to be dropped into the separate box prepared for it and not into the same box as that into which he drops his Electoral ballot-paper.

The voter is not allowed to take this voting-paper out of the polling-booth.

We have published the ipsissima verba of the Bill, so that our readers may mark, learn and inwardly digest its contents, and in that way prepare themselves to speak intelligently to all who may make enquiry thereof. Be it observed that the crux of the Bill is to be found in Clause 2, the two sections of which refer to one and the same thing—viz., the issue on National Prohibition. This Bill does not touch the No-License issue in any way; that still remains saddled with the three-fifths handicap. It is on the National

Prohibition issue only that the Bill proposes to reduce the handicap from three-fifths to fifty-five per centum.

Clause 3 of the Bill relates to the employment of barmaids. As is well known, the Licensing Amendment Act, 1910, decreed that only such barmaids as were registered up to a certain date should be employed in licensed houses. As a matter of fact, many unregistered barmaids have been, and still are, employed in such houses, in defiance of the intent of the Act, and the attempt to secure a conviction against the offenders has been foiled by the interpretation put on a certain clause in the Act. It is with a view to remedy that defect that the clause is to be altered as suggested in Mr. Massey's Bill. Even if the Bill passes, it remains to be seen if the legal netting will be sufficiently close to keep out the marvellously insinuating unregistered barmaid.

Clause 4 of the Bill deals with a proposed alteration in the form of the voting-paper on the National Prohibition issue. At the poll of 1911, the issues were put in the following way:—

I Vote against National Prohibition.

I Vote for National Prohibition.

That would seem to be plain enough for the dullest understanding to comprehend. The liquor people, however, professed to discover in the form as thus put a subtle device on the part of the Prohibitionists to entrap the unwary into voting for the opposite of what they wanted to vote for. They solemnly declared that they lost thousands of votes because of the way in which the issues were stated. A more preposterous attempt to minimise the magnificent vote that ought to have wiped the liquor trade out of existence can hardly be imagined. However, as a concession to their demands, Mr. Massey's Bill proposes that the issues shall be stated in the following words:—

I Vote for National Continuance.

I Vote for National Prohibition.

There was really not the slightest need for any change, but we have no objection to offer to the suggested alteration. The order in which the issues are placed will remain as before, so that we can still make the welkin ring with our good old way-cry—

"STRIKE OUT THE TOP LINE!"

We have two regrets with regard to Mr. Massey's Bill. One is, that the No-License issue is not also included in the reduction of the handicap. There is absolutely no justification whatever for making a distinction in this way between the two issues. But our chief regret is that the Bill was not in-



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roduced in time to get it through the last session of Parliament. There is a very strong feeling abroad in the country that the Prohibition Party has been badly treated in the preference shown to Mr. Hunter's Bill for increasing the number of racing-days, while the Bill that was meant to give the barest possible instalment of justice in connection with a great moral reform was shut out. We are left now with the promise that the Bill will be introduced in the next session, and our friends all over the country must make themselves felt in the endeavor to ensure that that promise shall be made good. We cast no doubt whatever on the bona fides of Mr. Massey himself; but members of Parliament have it in their power to accelerate or otherwise the introduction and passing of a measure like the one now proposed. With the Bill now before them, our friends can approach their respective members, and find out what their attitude towards it is. There is a General Election standing out beyond the next Session of Parliament, and a declaration in Mr. Massey's Bill now will furnish some guide as to the course to be pursued when the present member may again become a candidate. Anything less than Mr. Massey's Bill must not be entertained, and care must also be taken to keep the course clear of entangling compromises. A measure of relief is afforded in Mr. Massey's Bill that is well worth striving to win, and we must put our best foot forward in the effort to secure it.—  
"The Vanguard."

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and

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A Journal of Moral Reform  
and No-License.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1914.

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Too many are dying in our land! In 1911 alone the number of the French decreased by 35,000. We had in 1910, 85,000 deaths from tuberculosis. The increase of alcoholism is one of the most active factors in this decrease. "The real foes of the nation are tuberculosis and alcoholism," says M. Mirman, Director of Public Aid and Hygiene. "Alcoholism is perhaps the more dangerous because its influence, while less obvious, increases prodigiously the injurious action of other scourges."

The country is in danger! Enrol yourselves as volunteers in the anti-alcohol societies. Take up the arms which the men of science have forged for us. Proclaim the general mobilisation against this public enemy!—From a billboard poster issued by the French anti-alcohol societies.

# A Personal Chat with my readers

## SPIT ON YOUR HANDS.

The expression is not elegant, but it is vividly expressive to one who has ever seen a workman facing a difficult task. It is what all temperance folk will have to do now that it is certain that there will be another Local Option Poll in the Granville electorate. Reduction was carried at the last poll, but official incompetence has made it impossible to declare the result, certain ballot papers that are not traceable having been wrongly counted. We have now a unique opportunity not of merely making sure of Reduction, but of winning No-License. A hundred pounds spent there now would be a magnificent investment. The moral value of such a victory to the whole of Australia is beyond calculation, and the actual value to Parramatta on the one hand and Ashfield, Burwood, and Petersham on the other, is beyond dispute. Pounds spent now will save tens of pounds later on. It is such a special opportunity and of such unique importance that I hope "Grit" readers will back me in the promise I have made to provide £30 from the "Grit" reading enthusiasts to win No-License in the next few weeks at Granville.

## AN INSPIRATION.

One cannot read the following cable without catching the inspiration to be up and doing:—"New York, January 5.—Miss Fern Hobbs, Private Secretary to the Governor of Oregon, arrived at Copperfield with the Governor's mandate to place the town under martial law, and request the instant retirement of the Mayor and Councillors, owing to their connivance in the violation of the liquor laws, several Councillors being saloon-keepers. Hearing of the threatened action, many citizens armed themselves, intending to resist. They were thunderstruck when a single woman detained. The Mayor and Councillors flatly refused to resign, but Miss Hobbs promptly summoned the State artillery and prison guards under Colonel Lawson, and ordered him to arrest the Mayor and Councillors. The saloons were then raided, and placed under the care of the guards, while the proprietors were ordered to remove their stock to another country, otherwise it would be confiscated." Miss Hobbs had unlimited backing behind her. She knew that help would be forthcoming, and so she struck good and hard. If the temperance leaders were encouraged by financial and moral backing they too would be as effective as Miss Hobbs.

## THE MODERN HIGHWAYMAN.

No one has defended or can defend the bar. Its results are wholly and utterly demoralising. A reference to page 6 of this or any other issue of "Grit" will convince you of this. The liquor interests have tried to force the bar upon people by defying the law, and practically saying, "You must have the bar, either legally or illegally." The most common argument against No-License is "it cannot be enforced." Why? Because there is an organization in this country with unlimited funds at its command that is determined that the law shall be so hampered that it can't be enforced. It exerts tremendous political power. Its influence through the channels of business is enormous. It commands through their depraved appetite the lowest class of men in the community. The liquor organization is the modern Highwayman of the world. It sticks at nothing, and as one prominent Labor leader in our Parliament said lately, "it has had its hands on the neck of the worker far too long." Let us thank God for the chance the Granville poll will give us of aiming an effective blow at this "public poisoner"—this "Modern highwayman."

## A POWERFUL "NOTION."

Dr. Wayland Hoyt related this incident in the "Himelietic Review." One said: "I met a man who asked me where I was going. 'To the prayer-meeting,' I said. 'The Christian religion is a mere notion,' he replied. Said I: 'Stranger, you see that tavern over there? The time was, as everybody in this town knows, that if I had a shilling in my pocket I could not pass that tavern without going and getting a drink. But God had changed my heart, and the Lord Jesus Christ has destroyed my thirst for strong drink. There is my whole week's wages, and I have no temptation to go in there. Stranger, if this is a notion, I want to tell you it is a mighty powerful notion; it is a notion that has put clothes on my children's backs, good food on our table, and has filled my mouth with thanksgiving to God.'

*The Editor*

**HAVE YOU PAID YOUR  
SUB. FOR 1914?**



# The Liberty of the Subject.

A WORKING MAN'S DIALOGUE.

Scene: Street in a Large Town.

Jack: "Halloa, Tom, comin' home from yer favorite resort?"

Tom: "Aye, an' a good night of discussin' we've had; all sorts of subjects on the tapee, and only for one or two fellows who'd had too much, and kept interrupting with ridiculous remarks, it was just a treat."

Jack: "And what were you discussin'?"

Tom: "Well, for one thing, th' landlord asked us if we thought it was right to allow any body of men or individual to deprive us of what we wanted to drink, or to interfere with what he called 'The Liberty of the Subject.'"

Jack: "And of course you settled it that you had a right to drink what you liked?"

Tom: "Certainly. Why, don't you think so, too?"

Jack: "Well, that depends."

Tom: "Depends on what?"

Jack: "Oh, on many things—first on the kind of drink."

Tom: "What a philosopher! Of course, I mean 'booze,' what the teetotallers call 'strong drink,' which Solomon (bless him) said was 'raging'! Surely, you've not joined the teetotallers?"

Jack: "Well, as a matter of fact, I've been a t-t some months now, and since I took that step I've, at any rate, had no reason to regret it. And, what's more, I don't think I ever thought so much about things in my life, public questions and all that, as since I took the pledge."

Tom: "Then you're just the chap to have a go with."

Jack: "It's rather late, I think, to begin talking about such a difficult subject as 'Liberty,' and as you don't seem to be your very soberest in body, whatever you are in the head, I'll tell you what, come to my house—that's it yonder—to-morrow night, and we'll talk the matter over."

Tom: "All right. Done. I've heard so much at 'Th' Poet's Corner' to-night I think I can hold my own—and it'll all be friendly like, you know."

Jack: "Of course. You shall say the best you can, and I'll say the best I can—all to be taken in good part."

Tom: "Then I'll be round early to-morrow night."

Scene: Working Man's Parlor.

Jack: "Just ready, Tom; and have you been thinking to-day about our conversation last night? I see you're as steady as a police-sergeant to-night."

Tom: "Oh, yes! I'm all right—and 'my soul's in arms and eager for the fray,' as they say at the theatre."

Jack: "Sit down then and fire away."

Tom: "Well, they said last night that every man had a right to have a glass of beer whenever he wanted it; that to prevent him from eating and drinking what he liked

was ridiculous, and would deprive him of that liberty which our forefathers had won for us."

Jack: "That was all loudly applauded, I'll warrant?"

Tom: "Of course it was, and ought to be—why, don't you agree with it?"

Jack: "No, I don't, and I'll tell you why. In the first place, if customers only took the 'glass o' beer' the publicans and his supporters are always contending for, most of them would soon have to put up their shutters, and temperance societies soon be without a constitution. If men only drank moderately, how could so many drinking bars be maintained, and where would be the case against the liquor trade? As for men drinking what they like, when they like, that cannot refer to a public place or they must go in for opening at all hours. After eleven o'clock now a man might like as much as he can, no liquor can be had. So you see the liberty of the subject is interfered with

Tom: "Aye, I never thought of that."

Jack: "Now, with regard to a man eating and drinking what he likes, that's all very well if he can do so without endangering person or property. If it could be proved that anything men ate did this, a legitimate crusade might be started against that particular article. But it cannot be proved. Drinking, however, a child knows, damages both persons and property. The persons injured by the drinking habits of the people are legion, and as for the destruction of property, I saw only the other day of the suspension and disgrace of a sea captain, for stranding his vessel, and in consequence losing a valuable cargo of goods, whilst he was drunk."

Tom: "Oh, yes. I didn't see that. I understand. But you don't mean to say that the liberty that Englishmen prize so much is to be given up before the bawling of a few fanatical teetotallers, who, because they don't drink themselves, won't let other folks drink?"

Jack: "I don't think you quite understand the difference between the liberty you ask for and the liberty fought for as we read it in the pages of history. Liberty to do what is right is all very well; and as I think you agreed with me that drinking largely injured both person and property—things which the State above all things exists to preserve—to encourage drinking is not to do what is socially right. As one of our great poets said long ago: 'License they mean, when they say liberty.' One hundred and twenty-five years ago famous French lady, about to be guillotined, cried out, 'Oh liberty! What crimes have been done in thy name.' And that is true at this hour. Under the sacred and magic name of 'Liberty' the liquor-men and liquor-likers fain would but-tress a liberty-destroying business."

Tom: "Why, you don't mean to say that the liquor traffic destroys liberty?"

Jack: "Of course I do. Think of how many scores of thousands of drunkards there are at this moment in this country, men and women, who are absolutely enthralled by their drinking habits, which deprive them altogether, in too many cases, of any liberty of choice whatever in the matter?"

Tom: "Yes, I see. Nothing like that was said by anybody at 'Th' Poet's Corner' last night. They said it was 'robbing a poor man of his beer,' and that a proposal to do anything of the kind was a piece of impudence. Nothing was ever said about the working man robbing his wife and children of food, clothing and proper shelter by drinking more than his 'glass o' beer.' I see now how what they call 'Society' is influenced, and how the question becomes a public one, and not merely a matter for every man's private judgment."

Jack: "Exactly. That's why we consider there is a right to interfere. The common sale of this 'booze' touches society at so many points that the public has a perfect right to show up such a very great nuisance—a degrader and pauperiser of the people—and say whether it shall be continued or not. The fact that some men don't like to be deprived of their drink on any particular day, or altogether in any particular district, is not sufficient excuse for the maintenance of so extensive a social plague. Admit the justice of a Parliamentary Act, whatever it may be, and you don't thereby dispose of the complaints of those whose interests or likings will be more or less affected by it. Laws of any kind injuriously affect or annoy somebody at first; and once you prove that the liquor traffic is a social nuisance the judgment of the private individual must be sunk for the good of the whole community."

Tom: "Then you say that a chap mustn't decide for himself what he shall drink, but it must be left to the majority?"

Jack: "Yes, because, as I said, it is a social and public question, and touches more than the private individual. If the results of the liquor traffic were confined to the publicans and their customers, there would be no ground for interference; but, as such is unfortunately not the case, the attempt to conjure with the word 'liberty,' when a proper remedy is suggested, is only an excuse of those who like liquor, and will have it irrespective of social consequences, or a dodge on the part of an interested few who want to make money out of the vices of the people, and prostitute to their base purpose the grand and sacred name of 'Liberty.'"

Tom: "I begin to understand better. I suppose it is because of 'social necessity' that they interfere at all?"

Jack: "That's it, precisely. How could anybody say to a man you shall not do this and you shall not do that without being able to give very strong reasons indeed for

(Continued on Page 12.)



## Temperance Reform and the Ideal State

(Continued from Page 2.)

trade, and in favor of the government of the traffic by the people. The drift is strong and is increasing; and it will be a further fraud upon the community to refuse to put into the hands of the majority of voters within a very short period the full control of the business in intoxicating liquors. The privileged monopolists have had their day, and ought not to be suffered to exploit the working classes any longer. Nottingham people control the lighting, the locomotion, and the water distribution of the city, and it is of vastly greater moment that you, and the rest of your fellow-citizens in England and Wales, should hold the key to the trade in alcohol.

Think of it! Here is a Government with the full sanction of the State achieving solid and enduring results in its stern fight with fever, enteric, smallpox, and consumption, and yet failing utterly to attack the demonstrated causes of these diseases. Fight results by all means, but in the name of all that is sane why leave untouched the fountain from whence they flow? Get rid of the poisonous fruits with all speed; but common sense bids us cut down the tree on which the fruits grow. The Government knows this as well as we do. Lloyd George says, "If we are going to found the prosperity of the country, its commercial prosperity, its industrial supremacy, upon an impregnable basis, we must cleanse the foundation of the rot of alcohol. If you are going to deal with the problem of unemployment—and any Government must take that into account—you must first of all put an end to the mischievous operations of the great recruiting sergeant of the unemployed army—drink—with its press-gang of public-houses. If you are going to deal with the problem of the housing of the people, what is the good of doing it when you know that as long as drink is allowed a free hand on the hearth the result will be that, although you may convert every slum into a garden city, other garden cities would soon be reduced to slums again. That is why I rejoice that the Government called to power, as I think, to redress long-standing wrongs, to remedy old evils that have festered for generations, has made up its mind to devote the prime of its strength to dealing firmly, dealing thoroughly, and dealing, I hope once for all, with the greatest evil and the greatest wrong of all of them."

Then why not give the people the power at once; not in fifteen years time; not in ten years, not in five; but at most in three. It is our right. It is the application of the principle that the majority must rule. The one best method, so far as human wit and human experience has yet discovered throughout all the ages of solving the problems of a wise and salutary ordering of the State. The minority has had its chance, and ignobly, disastrously failed. The magistrates have not carried out the people's will,

but have taken care of their own security, never licensing houses next door to their own dwellings, though freely elsewhere. It is high time the people had the full mastery of this central element of their social order.

(To be continued.)

### HE MEANT WELL.

"Well," said the old sick aunt despondently, "I shan't be a nuisance to you much longer."

"Oh, don't talk like that, Aunt," said her nephew reassuringly, "you know that you will."

### ONE GOOD FEATURE.

"I am afraid, Madam," said a gentleman who was looking for rooms, "that the house is too near the station to be pleasant."

"It is a little noisy," assented the landlady; "but from the front windows one has a fine view of all the people who miss their trains."

\* \* \*

### CLASSIFYING PAPA.

"So," said Rob, "your engagement to Maud is broken off, is it? Why I thought she just doted on you."

"So she did," answered Tom, "but her father proved to be an antidote."

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Merchant Tailors,

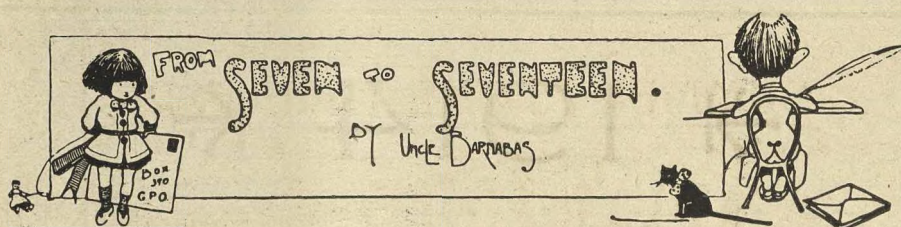
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## The COAT of GOLDEN MAIL.

Being the Adventures of the Beautiful Prince and the Magician.

(By MARY L. MOPPETT.)

(Continued.)

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE.

We left the Prince and the Magician looking at the outside of the Palace. Ah! Here they are!

The Prince is speaking, asking his companion "how they are to reach the entrance," or, rather, one of them, for there are two, one on either side of the dome-shaped superstructure. Each immense, and imposing in their fluted grandeur, vivid in coloring, exquisitely moulded, with a deep cave-like way leading to the auditorium. These, the principal entrances, you may remember, were situated on the top storey, so that all visitors had to "pay their calls" by aeroplane. And that was what was puzzling the Prince. But the Magician took it quite as a matter of course, for he, being so old and wise, was not surprised at anything.

"But where can we get an aeroplane? They are quite novelties in our part of the world!" said the Prince.

"Have you so soon forgotten that I was able to talk to you when you were far and away too big to take notice of me?" replied the Magician. "See, we will share it, you take hold of one receiver, and I will take the other, and as soon as you hear the "band play," throw one leg over the crest of the wave, and ride it like a horse, and as quick as wishing, we shall be there."

And so they were, before the Prince could say as much as "Jack Robinson," or "King Billy!"

There they were, wiping their shoes on the mat, not that the waves were very dirty, but just from force of habit, and there in front of them stretched the deep recess known as the Way-In.

Outside the entrance (about which I forgot to tell you, that it was shaped like an immense shell) they could hear "the band" but faintly, but in here, the noise was quite deafening. And the sudden change from the light outside to the comparative darkness, combined with the alarming amount of noise, was so confusing, that before long the tiny Prince tumbled down, and would have stuck fast in a sticky substance which covered the floor like a carpet, had not the Magician given him a helping hand, and an encouraging smile.

So they went further and further along the way until their progress was stopped by a curtain, which was drawn tightly across the passage effectually barring their onward march.

Drawing his young companion to one side so that he might watch and also be out of harm's way, the Magician told the Prince to take notice of the little black specks in the waves on which they had ridden to the Palace, and, to his surprise, he saw that they were little, bobbing, black heads! And that as each one was stopped in its progress by the curtain, he hammered it, and hammered it again, as though determined to go past it, and further into the Palace.

At every knock there sounded a great commotion on the other side of the curtain, and the violence of the onslaught made it quiver, and the Prince thought that it could not long hold out against the force that was used against it. But just as he thought that it would give way, an army of policemen dressed in grey tightened the ropes, and all was again taut and trim.

"And now," said the Magician, "we cannot go any farther along here, and as we have not time to travel outside and find the other passage, which leads us through the Mill, and was for many years a secret way, but was discovered and made known by a great friend of mine, I will tell you what caused the noise on the other side of the curtain. And some other day will take you in by that way, so that you may see for yourself that what I say is correct."

"You must know that on the other side of this curtain is fastened the end of a big hammer, and when the curtain is hit by these little black heads the hammer begins to hit the anvil and fashion the stirrup and the big ring, and for as long time as the curtain is hit they keep working, and what do you think that they do it for? Just play!"

Yes! If you have been to school and have ever been the top one of a row of boys, I expect you know what I mean when I say they are playing at "Pass it on!" If you don't know now, you will some day!

Well, that is what the Magician told the Prince the machinery at the back of the curtain was doing. But to whom did they pass on the knocks? Why, to the "striped old snail" at the bottom of the row, of course. Any boy knows that!

And what did he do?

Well, that is what I am not going to tell you to-day. But he had his revenge.

### THE COMPETITION.

Dear Young Readers!

(I fancy that is the way to begin, since none but the very young, I have been assured, "would read such a lot of nonsense!")

Those of you who read this "nonsense" and would like to compete for prizes are at liberty to guess what it is all about, and to

send in your guesses to the Editor when the "Coat of Golden Mail" is quite finished. And the three who are adjudged to be the nearest to the correct solution of the mystery will gain prizes. For this is more than an ordinary fairy tale, and underlying all the nonsense are some great truths. So, as each fresh chapter is read, try to find out what it means, and then write down the number of the chapter and your guess as to its meaning like this:—

Chapter 1: "Wings"—Fancy.

Chapter 3: "Sleep"—Childhood.

And so on about all the principal persons and incidents in the chapter.—M.L.M.

### WHAT KIND OF PENNY IS YOURS?

A boy who had a pocketful of coppers dropped one carelessly into the missionary box. He had no thought in his heart about the heathen. Was not his penny light as tin?

Another boy put in a penny, looking around to see if anyone was praising him. His was a brass penny.

A third boy gave a penny, saying to himself, "I suppose I must, because others do." This was an iron penny, the gift of a selfish heart.

As the fourth youth dropped his penny into the box, he shed a tear, and his heart said: "Poor heathen! I am sorry they are so poor and ignorant." This was a silver penny, the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one scholar who gave his saying: "For Thy sake, Lord Jesus. O, that the heathen may hear of Thee, the Saviour of mankind!" That was a golden penny, because it was the gift of faith and love.

Do you give or do you throw away? A man once put a pound in the collection plate in mistake for a shilling, he came to the vestry and asked for nineteen shillings change, but they would not give it to him, so he said, "Oh, never mind, I will get credit for a pound," but the church office bearer replied, "No, you won't, you will only get credit for a shilling, the other nineteen shillings you threw away." It is never a gift until you purpose to give and do it with a good heart.

UNCLE B.

### UNCLE B'S HAT.

Doreen Benjamin, Reservoir Hill, South Armidale, writes:—

Dearest Uncle B.,—

Christmas is coming and the ducks are getting fat,

Please put a penny in Uncle B's hat.

I have written before, but having not seen my letters in "Grit" I have come to the conclusion that they must have gone astray. Lots of people say to me, "My word, you're having a long Christmas holiday this time." But, Uncle B., they do not know I have not been too well owing to the heat, and the doctor has ordered a "stay-away" from school. I notice that we are getting quite a lot of ni's and ne's. Uncle, was the heat



wave very severe down there? It was killing up here. We could hardly sleep up here. The weather has been rather changeable up here. First windy, then hot, then a cold snap (that made you want a fire), and rainy. It is very nice weather. I hope I shall not be on the "scallawag" list. Uncle, I will close now, but not before I wish you the happiest of Christmas and a very jolly New Year.

With fondest love to you, and wishing all my ni's and ne's a happy Christmas and a jolly New Year. Good-bye uncle. With love from your fond ni.

P.S.—What do you think would be a nice name for a little brown calf and a cow the same color. Give me a name, uncle, if you can, please.—D.B.

(Dear Doreen,—I felt like posting you my old hat, and then found it would cost twopence to post, and supposing you only got a penny then I might not get me hat back! I hope your long holiday has done you much good. The heat here was so bad that the hens began to lay hard-boiled eggs. So there—glad you are in Armidale, ain't you? Call the cow Brownie, and the calf you might call Frolic. Write again soon.—Uncle B.)

#### A NEW NI'.

Arthur Chapman, 28 Thompson-street, Darlinghurst, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—My age is 11½ years. I am very fond of reading. Some of my books are "The Meteor Flag of England," "The Cruise of the Gyro Car," and "Gulliver's Travels." I go to Albion-street Superior Public School, at which school I am in fifth-class. My little sister is writing you a letter also, saying she would like to be your niece. Please let me know if I am good enough to be your nephew. I will write you a much longer letter next time.—I remain, your hope-to-be Nephew.

(Dear Arthur,—I am very pleased to have you as a Ne'. When is your birthday? What games do you like best? Where do you go to Sunday-school? I will look out for your next letter.—Uncle B.)

#### TWO ENEMIES.

William Hune, Byron Bay, writes:—

Dear Uncle,—This is my first letter to you, and I am sure you will have me as one of your nephews. I am 15 years of age, and my birthday is on August 4. I am working in the post office here as telegraph messenger. I get "Grit" every week, and I always look forward to it of a Saturday. Byron Bay is a nice place, although it is small. We have a post office, two banks, School of Arts, six stores, six refreshment rooms, three hairdressing shops, two news-agents, four billiard saloons, and two enemies (hotels). I think it would be a lovely idea if you got some badges made, and we could buy them from you. It has been very hot lately. There were an awful lot of people from Lismore to-day. On New Year's Day there were over 6000 people on the beach. Well, Uncle, I will bring my letter to a close. Wishing No-License every success.—From your loving Nephew.



BEGIN THE NEW YEAR WELL  
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(Dear Will,—Your letter was very welcome, and I am struck with the happy way you describe the two pubs. They are indeed enemies, and never so dangerous as when they pretend to be friends. I will be glad to hear from you often. It must have been a great sight to see all these people on the beach.—Uncle B.)

#### THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT

(Continued from Page 9.)

such a course? Well, Temperance men believe that they give the most cogent reasons for closing the drinking houses, and though they think the case against the liquor traffic is good enough to have it swept away altogether, their actual remedy proposed I don't consider an unreasonable one at all."

Tom: "What's that? You don't mean to say that they would close all the public-houses in the country by one Act of Parliament?"

Jack: "There may be some who would do this. But the bulk of them think that the best way of dealing with the traffic is to leave it to the votes of the people in their respective localities, to be expressed directly, yes or no, 'License' or 'No-License,' the majority to decide."

Tom: "Oh, then I would have a vote as well as teetotallers, and I could vote for the 'pubs' if I liked?"

Jack: "Yes, of course, every ratepayer at any rate would have a vote, be he for or against the liquor traffic, and the majority would carry the day."

Tom: "I should have as much of a say in the matter then as the Temperance people?"

Jack: "Certainly. Now what I want to know is, whether to adopt such a plan would seriously be an undue interference with the 'liberty of the subject'? The question of drinking is such a serious social one that it has of necessity become a political one; and the way we have of dealing

with political questions is by majority—not a vote taken direct from the people, I admit. This proposal, however, to let the people themselves say yes or no, instead of doing it through their representatives, is made solely in the interests of fair play and real justice, as being the truest barometer of the actual state of public sentiment on the subject."

Tom: "Well, I confess it seems a reasonable proposal, and, for what I know, it looks like the best way of dealing with the publicans, who all say they exist for their customers and the public convenience. If the public want 'em, they'll keep 'em by voting for 'em, and vice versa. But I don't know so much about the subject as you do. I see only one side of the matter was discussed at 'The Poet's Corner.' I'll certainly think over what you've said (my word, it's getting late), and if I come across a good argument against you, I'll be sure to let you have it. Good night."

Jack: "Good night. One thing more before you put up your umbrella, for I see it's raining. That great philosopher, Thomas Carlyle, a 'writer of books,' as he called himself, talking about the 'free and independent' British toper, said: 'True, from all men thou art emancipated; but from thyself and from the devil? . . . No son of Adam can bid thee come or go; but this absurd pot of heavy-wet, this can and does! Thou art the thrall not of Cedric the Saxon but of thy own brutal appetites and this scoured dish of liquor. And thou pratest of thy "liberty." Thou entire blockhead! Now put that in your pipe and smoke it. That's heavy enough on you.'

Tom: "Very heavy, no mistake. I'd better go and sleep on that."—"Alliance News."

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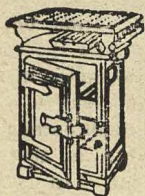
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### THE PARTY THAT WORKED.

Mr. Green: Now I'm going to tell you something, Ethel. Do you know that last night, at your party, your sister promised to marry me? I hope you'll forgive me for taking her away.

Little Ethel: Forgive you, Mr. Green? Of course I will. Why that's what the party was for.

\* \* \*

### IT WAS ALL THE SAME.

Two doctors met one day, and one said to the other: "I hear you operated on Smith yesterday. What did you do that for?"

"Why, for a thousand dollars."

"Yes, I know; but what I mean is, what did Smith have?"

"Why, I've told you twice already—a thousand dollars."

\* \* \*

### IN MANY CASES IT IS.

A young man who was a good investigator, but who seemed to be devoid of common-sense, was under examination in the study of medicine, and was asked: "What should you regard as the most unfailing premonitory sign of death in any serious case?"

The student meditated thoughtfully for a moment, and answered: "The arrival of the attending physician."

\* \* \*

### READY FOR IT.

Outside it was snowing hard and the teacher considered it her duty to warn her charges.

"Boys and girls should be very careful to avoid colds at this time," she said solemnly. "I had a darling little brother only seven years old. One day he went out in the snow with his new sled and caught cold. Pneumonia set in and in three days he was dead."

A hush fell upon the schoolroom; then a youngster in the back row stood up and asked:

"Where's his sled?"

### A PENALTY FOR EVERYTHING.

"Well," declared the man who had been looking over the law, "there seems to be a penalty for everything except stealing a man's daughter."

"Oh," said his friend, "there's a penalty provided for that too."

"What is it?"

"Hard labor for life."

\* \* \*

### A MODEST REQUEST.

"Dear teacher," wrote little Edith's mother, "please excuse Edith for not coming to school yesterday. She fell in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige,

"Her Mother."

\* \* \*

### NOT JOKING.

Johnny was rather apprehensively awaiting his father's return from business. He had a curious little feeling that more would be heard about the broken panes of glass in old Grime's glasshouses.

"Take off your coat, my son, and come along with me," said pa, after he had rested from dinner.

"You're not going to give me a hiding, are you, pa?" inquired young hopeful, with a nervous gulp.

"Didn't I tell you this morning that I would settle with you for your bad behaviour when I came home?" queried father.

"Yes," said Johnny, hopefully; "but I thought you were only joking, like when you told the grocer you would settle with him."

\* \* \*

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# Farewell to Alliance President

ARCHDEACON AND MRS. BOYCE LEAVE FOR ENGLAND.

The President of the Alliance, Archdeacon Boyce, accompanied by Mrs. Boyce, left Sydney last Saturday for a twelve months' holiday to Great Britain. The Archdeacon has made a remarkable recovery from a prolonged illness of two years ago, and stood the strain of the recent contest surprisingly well. However, his health is not as robust as of yore, and it is believed that the complete rest and change of a trip to the homeland will be the means of reinvigorating him, add years to his life, and bring back to our shores the "grand old man of temperance reform" in that state of bodily fitness to enable him to grapple with the problem of alcoholism for years to come.

## GOOD-BYE MEETING.

The meeting of his temperance friends and supporters took place in the Y.W.C.A. Hall on Friday afternoon, and was presided over by Mr. Alexander Gow, J.P., who has for over 30 years been associated with Archdeacon Boyce in Alliance work. Mr. Gow and Mr. Ardill, who was also present, being members of the original committee of the Local Option League before it was designated the New South Wales Alliance.

Afternoon tea was provided, and a flash-light of the company was taken.

## THE ADDRESSES.

Mr. Gow, in opening the proceedings, said that no one was held in higher esteem by the temperance forces of this State than Archdeacon Boyce, and that when he reached the shores of the old land he would be able to say that he represented 291,333 people who had voted for No-License and reduction at the last poll.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond spoke of the unique record of the Archdeacon, who for 22 years had been President of the Alliance. He did not know of any person at the head of temperance organizations throughout the world who enjoyed such a distinction. During the whole of that time he had never failed to keep the temperance question to the front, and he had done it in a sane way. The temperance movement had never had a fair chance. There always was a 30 per cent. clause or a 60 per cent. majority required, but in spite of difficulties much had been accomplished. He believed that the achievements were very much like the iceberg, the larger part of which was beneath the surface.

## ON BEHALF OF THE WOMEN.

Mrs. Mark Blow, president of the W.C.T.U., spoke on behalf of the women, and said that he had ever been a tower of strength to them in their work. The temperance work was harder to-day than in the past, and it required great courage to persevere.

Ald. W. J. Walker referred chiefly to the work done by their president in connection with the removal of slum areas. The arch-

deacon had given valuable evidence before the City Improvement Commission, in this connection. He had mentioned in his evidence three slum areas in particular, and today he had the satisfaction of noting the disappearance of two of them.

## PRESENTATION OF ADDRESS.

Mr. Wm. Winn, in a bright and entertaining way, told the story of how they had disregarded the Archdeacon's request that no presentation be given on the occasion of his departure, but they felt that they could not let their President go without in some way showing their regard for him. On behalf of the temperance friends he presented the Archdeacon with a beautiful illuminated album address.

## THE ARCHDEACON'S REPLY.

The Archdeacon was accorded an ovation on rising to speak, and heartily thanked them all for their kindness. The Mayor of a suburban municipality had said that he was the best abused man in the State, but that was immaterial when a man stood for what he believed to be right. The giant evil of intemperance, with its attendant woes, had been no small matter to handle, but there were triumphs to record. When he went to England 15 years ago, there were not votes for women here. The movement began within the temperance party, and later on broadened out, and was finally persistently pushed till victory came. The sensible women resorted to no window smashing. (Hear, hear.) He had raised the flag of local option when living in the town of Orange, and he thought that his friends would give him credit for keeping it flying. (Applause.) In face of all the powers and activities of the brewers and their immediate friends, the principle had become law. He believed in the necessity and power of a united temperance party, and the Alliance was formed to carry that law by which the people might decide for themselves as to the public-houses. The triumph was in the existing law. He knew it had weaknesses, the details could be easily remedied, but he knew its tremendous strength. When he passed away that great triennial vote of the people would remain, and he ventured to think, in all modesty, would be some memorial of him. (Applause.) He loved to remember the faithful friends and loyal comrades who had fought with him in the Alliance in the long and strenuous campaign by which that law was won. (Applause.) Further, they had now a fairly effective Sunday closing of bars, little children were prohibited from going to them, and the immoral private bars in back rooms had been abolished. Bars were shut on election days, and the riot and disorder so common before had now almost wholly ceased. He had been 43 years in the temperance movement, and could testify to a most beneficial advance and change in the habits of the

people. (Applause.) The drink bill had gone down by 40 per cent., and the convictions in the courts for drunkenness in much the same proportion. Drink was the chief cause of crime. In 1880 the jail entries were 2.32 of the population, while in 1897 they were down to 1.11 per cent. In 1870 the committals to higher courts were 6.3 per cent., and in 1911 1.6 per cent. It was notable that when the jail entries rose by 19 per cent. in 1912, there was a serious rise in the drink bill. Recently there has been a backward tendency through the enlarged spending of the people through the general prosperity, but there was no return to anything near the bad old times. On the whole, he believed the improvement was permanent. (Applause.) He urged them to show the same spirit of enthusiasm during his absence. (Applause.)

## GOOD TEMPLAR NOTES.

On February 16, the D.S. Bro. S. A. Pill and Organizer Piggott journeyed to the Dumbleton District and opened a fine lodge. At the inaugural meeting of the Lodge the Rev. Mr. Richardson occupied the chair. In the course of his address the chairman stated "that he was an old Good Templar, and was formerly connected with the Hamburg Lodge. He believed that the Dumbleton Lodge would prove a success, and a considerable power for good in the district." Notification was made that the next meeting would be held Monday, February 23, when the election and installation of officers would be made.

An interesting function took place at St. Paul's School Room, Redfern, on Thursday last, when the Unity Lodge accorded the Ven. Archdeacon Boyce, a P.G.C.T., a send-off on the eve of his departure for Great Britain. A splendid attendance of the members of the Order were present, including several Grand and District Lodge officers. A presentation on behalf of the Lodge of a pair of binoculars was made to Bro. Boyce by the D.C.T. Bro. Northey. The recipient appropriately responded, and in the course of his response commended the good cause for which the lodge stood to the faithful and zealous care of its members.

It is now obvious, owing to an electoral muddle, that the Local Option vote at Granville will be re-cast; therefore, it is imperative that every available worker in our order should be ready for the No-License battle forthcoming. The D.C., Bro. Piggott, will be pleased to hear from members willing to act as scrutineers or in any other capacity in which they think they can render valuable help to the cause. The Granville poll will undoubtedly give the Temperance principle a splendid opportunity of concentrating all forces on a favorable point. It is for you, brother members, to make the best of this unique opportunity.

Willie: "Pa, what is a free-thinker?"  
Pa: "An unmarried man, my son."



# Something for the Inner Man.

## WHY I ATTEND CHURCH.

By CLAUDE WEAVER.

I go to church because I find peace there; that peace which De Quincey described as a resting from human labors, a Sabbath of repose, a respite granted from the secret burdens of the heart, as if I stood at a distance and aloof from the uproar of life; as if the tumult and fever and strife were suspended; as if there brooded over me a dovelike and halcyon calm.

I go to church because I love the music that I hear there, the mighty roll of the great organ, mingled with the marvellous symphonies of that Divine-stringed instrument, the human voice, untwisting all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony.

I go to church because I delight to hear the teachings of the preacher, whose soul is dedicated to God, whose field is as wide as God's universe, whose theme is the destiny of man, and whose words are the oracles of fate. Marvellous is the spell of the preacher to whom God has given genius and consecration and the power of illustration drawn from the old, sacred, immortal Book, and from the miracles of Nature, no less revealed in the crimson-tipped flower turned up by the ploughshare of Robert Burns upon the soil of Ayr than in the long reaches of the star-girt skies.

I go to church because "the way is dark, and I am far from home," and because the church is the polar star to light my pathway in the rayless night.

I go to church because the church ministers not only to the spiritual but also to the material needs of life, and because it is there that the charities that soothe and heal and bless are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.

I go to church because in that atmosphere vice and crime wither and die.

I go to church because I hear the teachings of the philosophy of Jesus, the incomparable Man; and if you say His teaching is philosophy and not religion, and that He is a man and not a God, then the philosophy of that Man has redeemed the world from savagery, and blessed mankind with Christian civilisation, and, to my mind, it is a thing worth while to hear.

I go to church because I find there consolation and hope; because I see there the dawn and not the sunset; and it is better for man if the hope is baseless and the vision but an elusive phantom, to cherish a dream so glorious and beautiful than to be weighted down and crushed with the quarried mountains of a world without hope and without God.—"Leslie's Weekly."

## PRAYER AND LICENSE.

How can the exponent of liquor license fix his face to offer prayer to God?

How can he even quote the Lord's Prayer from a sincere heart?

How can he say, "Hallowed by Thy name," when he favors the continuance of a business that does more to render that name unhallowable than all other evils combined?

How can he plead, "Thy kingdom come," when his ballot is a practical bid for the continuance of the kingdom of Satan?

How can he pronounce the words, "Thy will be done," when he has done all he can to establish a system which subverts the divine order, and arrays humanity against the benevolent and gracious purposes of the Almighty?

How can he ask, "Give us this day our daily bread," when he has authorised unprincipled men to wrest from the needy, the suffering wives and children of drunkards, the last crusts which would keep them from starving?

How dare he request, "And forgive us our trespass, as we forgive them that trespass against us," when he has gone his political length to keep alive an institution which leads to more trespassing and wrong-doing than any other that subverts the rights of mankind?

How can he muster courage to ask God to "lead him not into temptation in the way of his fellows, or at least has done nothing through the most sacred agency of his citizenship to remove temptations out of the way?

And how can he add, "But deliver us from evil," when his voice and vote counted for the continuance and prosperity of the greatest evil under the sun?

Let men of sense think on these things.

Where is our consistency? What are we thinking about, anyway? Or, are we already helpless in the grip of the enemy?

Have we so far degenerated that the religious spirit of our forefathers has died out of our hearts, or at least is no longer a forceful quantity in the practical conduct of public affairs?

We will not believe it.

The Christian men of this nation could have things pretty much their own way, if

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they only knew, and would make known in a practical manner, what their own way is.

The policy which has so long dominated many Church members—viz., that in politics they have no need of religious convictions or to consult religious sentiments—ought to be annihilated at a stroke, and all Christians of whatever name should be found in solid phalanx against our common enemy.

It is a sin against high heaven to fail to carry our religious convictions into politics.

He that keeps the whole law, and yet offends at one point, is guilty of all.

Men have no more liberty to tolerate a political wrong than any other wrong.

Their political affiliations and actions should be just as unimpeachable as any other affiliations and actions.

They should feel it to be just as serious an offence to keep alive the whisky devil through political agencies as to keep that devil alive through any other agency under their control or support.

What if the liquor traffic were kept alive by the Church direct? Yet if a political union of all Church members and sympathisers could crush that traffic, are we not responsible if we fail to come together?

Every Christian must be governed by his own conscience, but a conscience which will permit its owner to work an evil by his ballot which it would not allow him to work in any other way, needs a vast deal of enlightenment.—"Michigan Christian Advocate."

The difference between Rugby and Association football was being discussed in a barber's shop. Various differences were mentioned, and at last a young man joined in the conversation.

"Now," said he, "I will tell you what the real difference is. When you are playing Rugby, the man who kicks you just leaves you lying; but when you are playing Association, the man who kicks you begs your pardon and then kicks you again." After this no further definitions were attempted.

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