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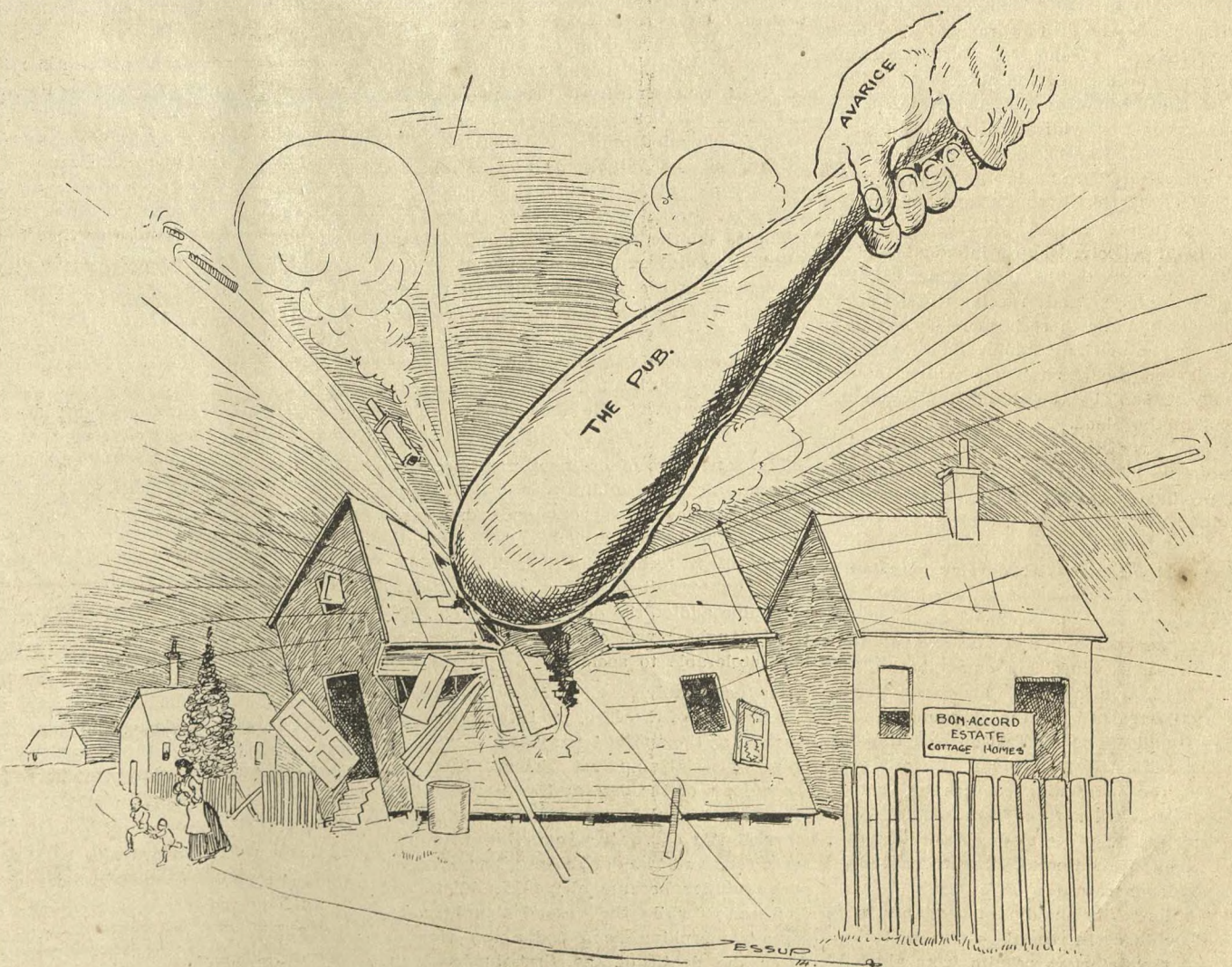


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THE WORKINGMAN'S CLUB.

Did You Vote for its Continuance ?



TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

By L. MERVIN MAUS, M.D. (Colonel, Medical Corps, U.S. Army).

(Extract from "Health Culture" of October, 1913.)

Alcohol should be regarded as the most dangerous narcotic the world has ever known, and its addicts degenerates, the same as those who use morphine or other drugs. Epileptic and feeble minded institutions, insane asylums, prisons and the post-mortem table teach what alcohol is doing for the human race.

There remains no doubt of the result of the "racial poison" on child, man, race or community. Few people understand the effect of alcohol on the family and race. It is a difficult problem to approach on account of its connection with prominent and influential persons who still approve of its use.

The effect of alcohol on the intellectual faculty has been made the subject of study, and we find alcohol even in moderate quantity shortens life, while total abstinence increases it. It is largely responsible for physical degeneracy in the brain, nervous system, heart, arteries, liver, kidneys and digestive system.

The child conceived by an intoxicated parent is never up to the child conceived by sober parentage, and rarely rises above mediocrity. While there is more or less immunity to the alcoholic addict, there is never immunity to the germ plasm which is invariably injured by the slightest dilution of alcohol in the blood.

Diseased and weakened germ cells give rise to defective individuals, while perfect germ cells produce perfect offspring only, where the embryo develops in favorable environment. This fact has been demonstrated with eggs of vertebrates, which develop outside of the body. Fish eggs when exposed even to the fumes of alcohol, produced monsters.

Racial degeneracy has overtaken the American negro since his emancipation in 1863. This is due in part to his change from total abstinence and healthy surroundings as a slave, to alcoholic dissipation and a poor environment as a freed man. Before the Civil War the negro was trustworthy, truthful, and practically free from mental and physical blemish, while to-day a large number of them are immoral, untruthful, indolent and degenerate.

Besides, longevity has diminished, and their criminal tendency increased. German statistics show the defective results from alcohol (beer) among the sons of brewery employees, 76 per cent. were found unfit for military service. Crime and degeneracy among the lower

classes of English people are largely due to the general use of alcohol among both sexes.

The integrity of our nation until now was preserved through the germ plasm of high-minded and intelligent American mothers who rarely indulged in alcoholic beverage. To-day the tendency among young women to the use of cocktails and high balls is the menace of the age, and unless checked will lead to degeneracy as is the case with European countries where alcoholic beverage is in general use.

Following the general use of whisky as a beverage fifty years ago, many families of our country have been eliminated and not infrequently in the second generation. Many of their representatives became drunkards and died childless, or left children cursed with feeble mind, epilepsy, tuberculosis, insanity, or some other form of degeneracy, which rendered fertility impossible.

Study family records that have been gathered on the subject of alcohol, and the thinking world will stand aghast. Among the statistics are many similar to the following: Judge C. and wife, superior people with a family of four sons and three daughters. The Judge was a gentleman of the old South, who took his toddies and occasionally "went on sprees." He died during middle age.

The sons were of ordinary mental calibre, became alcoholic addicts and died young, several of them as pronounced drunkards. One of the boys married and became the father of a feeble-minded child. Two of the daughters died at a young age, one a morphine addict, the other from cancer. The third daughter was erratic, which rendered her intolerable to society.

Another family history: Mrs. J., a beautiful woman of healthy, moral family, was married at the age of twenty to a young man of equal social standing, who drank, as was the custom of the day, and on occasions became as "drunk as a lord." During his married life of twelve years his wife bore three sons and two daughters. The sons and one daughter became alcoholic addicts and died early, while the second daughter became a morphine fiend and a sex violator. After the death of the first husband the widow married again, this time to a total abstainer of excellent character. She again bore five children, three boys and two girls,



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all of whom developed into splendid men and women.

A sober, industrious woman married a man of moral habits and became the mother of three children. After the death of her husband she married a man of intemperate habit and bore three more children, one became a drunkard, one an epileptic, and one a degenerate. She married again after the death of the second husband, this time to a man of fine type, and became the mother of two normal children.

The role that alcohol plays in disease, pauperism, degeneracy and graft makes its control by the State necessary, and in order to save society the saloon must go. To accomplish this reform no candidate for office should be endorsed by the medical profession who had not stated satisfactorily his platform on the three great social evils, prostitution, venereal disease and the saloon.

Total abstinence should become a requirement of every officer within the suffrage of the people. The importance of the duties which lawmakers, judges, State and municipal officers, the army, navy and police are called upon to perform, demands intelligence and efficiency, qualities which are impossible with drinking men. Besides, the alcoholic addict is more liable to lend himself to graft and corruption in office than the total abstainer. The physician who strives for racial perfection must cling to total abstinence, for there can be no compromise on the question of temperance. In order to build up strong, virile people, we must protect the young against the face poison, remembering that the child of to-day is the citizen of to-morrow. The child should be started right in its mother's womb, and that after its birth trained in honesty, temperance and the highest standards of life.

FROM REAL LIFE.

Here is a little story from real life. It is a comparatively mild one, and devoid of the usual harrowing details.

The father of the family in question is an engineer, who earns about 75 or 85 dollars a month when he works. He drinks steadily, however, and finds it impossible to hold a position for any length of time. He lives with his wife and daughter. He has three married sons, drinkers like himself, who contribute nothing to the support of their parents and sister. When out of work these sons and their wives live with their parents. Their daughter adds eight dollars a week to the family income by working in a department store. She might have been earning a little higher wages if her education had not been cut short at the sixth grade. The mother and daughter are refined people and Christians. The daughter is good looking and of much charm of manner. Three or four years ago she met a college student at a church gathering, and in the course of time the two developed a considerable affection for each other. She invited him to dinner one day when, unluckily, the family skeleton was stalking around the house. It was too much for the young man, and there the romance ended.

A couple of years ago the father was coming home one night on the street car, drunk, and in getting off the car he fell to the ground and was unable to rise. A crowd gathered, and a policeman came to the scene and sent in a call for the patrol waggon. The daughter had been at church that evening, and as she came near her home and saw the crowd gathered around, she was moved by the usual curiosity and wished to see what was going on. She was startled to find that her drunken father was the cause of the commotion, and that he was about to be taken to the police station. She pleaded with the policeman to let her take her father home, but to no avail. The officer insisted that, since he had rung up the patrol waggon, he would have to keep the man until the waggon arrived; otherwise it would go against his record at headquarters. She renewed her entreaties, and as a compromise he suggested that she might try to influence the officer in charge of the waggon when he came. And so this high-strung, fine natured girl waited, and furnished a target for the remarks of the crowd until the waggon arrived. Then she had to go all through the process of expostulation again with the other officer, and finally she was allowed to take her drunken father home.

A few months ago the father had been drinking and got into a quarrel with a boy who worked in the same shop, and struck him with an iron bar. Thereupon the employer discharged the engineer, and ever since that time the family has been living upon the eight dollars a week earned by the department store girl. The furniture has been gradually disappearing from the home, and now the vital problem is: How long will the landlord allow the family to occupy the house

before he ejects them for the non-payment of rent?

Sticking to the strictly utilitarian, pleasure pain view of political economy, who will dare to say that on that particular evening when the father fell from the street car his pleasure, the satisfaction of his wants through the use of alcohol, has not been more than out-weighed by the pain; the sense of dissatisfaction and discomfort on the part of the daughter? And who will dare to say that the satisfaction of this family, as a whole, in the course of a year, or in the course of a decade, is as great as it would be if no liquor had been consumed by any of its members?

Nor is this an extreme case of the suffering entailed upon the family of the heavy drinker. Rather is it a typical case. Here is a girl with sensibilities as keen, perhaps, as those of any of her more fortunate neighbors. She has as good a right to respect and love and the good things of life as any one has, and yet they are denied her through no fault of her own. And the shame of it all is that the case is not an extreme one, but rather is typical of the life of the heavy drinker's family. If it departs from the typical at all, it is rather exceptional in that the girl has been able to hold the family together through these years. And yet there are people who will complain loudly when any suggestion is made which leads towards the placing of restrictions upon the liberty of the individual to consult his own judgment in the matter of what and how much he shall drink, forgetting that it is not the individual that is the unit in society, but the family, and that on any rational principle of satisfaction of wants, pleasure and pain should be distributed throughout the family instead of the pleasure being apportioned to one member and the pain to the others. — From "The Political Economy of Alcohol." — Frank O'Hara, Ph.D., in "Catholic World."

IN, BUT NOT AT HOME.

Caller: "Is your husband in, Mrs. Maguire?"
Mrs. Maguire: "Yis, sor."
Caller: "I'd like to see him."
Mrs. Maguire: "Ye can't, sor. He's in for three months."



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THE RISING OF THE TIDE.

The tide is surely rising, though the watchers think it's slow;

It is sweeping round the headlands, o'er the treacherous sands below;

And the slimy slippery rocks are covered with its flow

As it rises sure and steady on the shore.

There are undercurrents working, and the drawback danger fraught,

That are whirling to destruction, all within their maelstrom caught;

But the tide will sweep above all the evil they have wrought

When it rises sure and steady on the shore.

So the temperance tide is rising, let us talk not of Despair.

Hope and courage must sustain us, light is breaking everywhere.

Though the enemy is powerful, we will all his cunning dare

As we watch the waters rising on the shore.

To the cry of helpless children He has built His ramparts strong,

And to take from them their portion was considered not a wrong.

And the wail of women rises as the drunkard sings his song

And defies the swelling wave beats on the shore.

Day by day the truth is gaining, and we know the cause is right—

'Tis for God and home and country that our forces all unite,

For to sweep the deadly traffic from our land so fair and bright

As the tide sweeps every barrier from the shore.

"That's what I call a finished sermon," said a lady to her husband as they wended their way home from church. "Yes," was the reply, "but do you know I thought it never would be."

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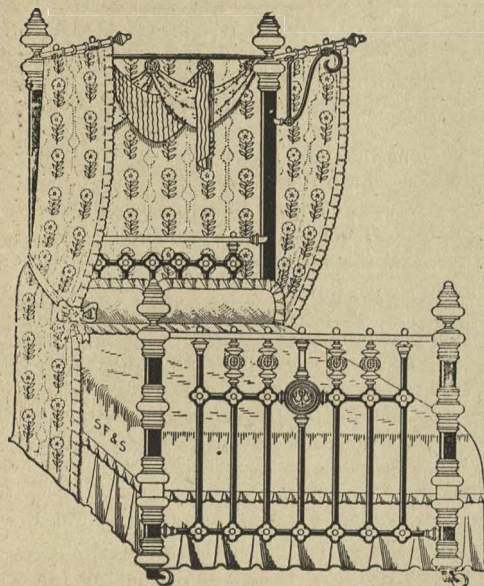
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day following the date of cancellation. The result was a conviction for sly-grog selling and a £30 fine. Against this the ex-publican appealed. The appeal was heard before the Full Court last week. The Chief Justice in giving judgment dismissed the appeal, as the Act he thought was very clear that the decision of the Special Reduction Court was final. Thus one by one the lingering ray of hope that ex-publicans have of getting back their licenses is disappearing.

ANTI-RUM ARMY AT CAPITOL.

National Prohibition Amendment Cheered in Senate.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The largest prohibition demonstration ever held in Washington took place to-day when 1000 women of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and 1000 men of the Anti-Saloon League marched silently in separate divisions to the Capitol. Their ranks were swelled by hundreds of people who joined in the singing of "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "America" on the arrival of the throng at the main entrance.

There on the front steps they were received by Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas and Representative Richmond P. Hobson of Alabama, and presented petitions for a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture or sale of intoxicants in the United States. Speeches were made by leaders of the two prohibition organizations and warm responses came from the two Congressmen.

Senator Sheppard introduced the proposed constitutional amendment in the Senate late in the day. The galleries were only half full, but his address in support of the amendment was punctuated with outbursts of applause which Vice-President Marshall made no effort to stop.

"Prohibition will embrace the whole United States within a comparatively short time," said Senator Sheppard. "The movement is so strong throughout the nation that nothing in the world can prevent its ultimate complete success."

"You tell me," said the judge, "that this is the person who knocked you down with his motor-car. Could you swear to the man." "I did," returned the complainant eagerly, "but he didn't stop to hear me."

New South Wales Alliance.

MEETING OF THE STATE COUNCIL.

The monthly meeting of the State Council was held on Monday last. Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, acting president, occupied the chair.

Mr. James Mathers, General Secretary of the W.A. Alliance, was present and welcomed by the Acting President.

A discussion of some importance took place on the future policy of the Alliance, and it was resolved that the subcommittee previously appointed to present a report be enlarged, and that a special meeting of the State Council be called to deal with the matter on Monday, March 16, at 5 p.m.

HURSTVILLE RECOUNT.

After three months waiting the recount of the votes at Hurstville has been made and completed, the result being that reduction has been carried by a majority of 87 votes. It has transpired that at Lillipilli polling booth 16 more votes for Local Option were found in the box than were cast for the parliamentary candidate. The conduct of the recent elections leave much to be desired.

SPECIAL REDUCTION COURTS.

The special courts that are to carry out the reduction of licenses have commenced sitting, the first business being to prove interest. It was most interesting to see the solicitors for the Sydney brewers producing the deeds of the various hotels in and around Sydney. In the Drummoyne electorate, no

one but the brewers appeared to prove any interest, and yet we are frequently asked "Why don't you go for the brewer?" Eminent counsel has been engaged by the brewing firms to fight for the life of the houses in the districts where reduction has been carried. In this case it will be one brewery fighting the other.

It will be several weeks before the court concludes its work and gives its decision.

SUBSCRIPTIONS DUE.

The financial year of the Alliance will close on March 31st, and all subscribers are earnestly requested to forward their annual subscriptions to the Alliance office during the present month. Any friend desiring to become a member may do so by paying a minimum subscription of 2/6.

A FULL COURT DECISION.

A good deal of speculation has been indulged in in reference to the effect of the altered boundaries and the reduction of licenses. A Taree publican, whose license was cancelled by the Reduction Court, but who held a license for the premises dated to June 30th, took the risk of selling liquor the

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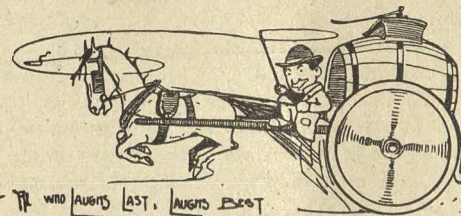
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“COMMENTS OF
THE MAN ON THE
WATER WAGON.”

THE CHURCH AND THE PEOPLE.

Our cartoon depicting the parson in the barrow seemed to arouse the ire of one at least of our readers. We tried to show that the Church wasn't "pushing any." It seems to the Waggoner an indisputable fact. If any one doubts it—well, it is just not a matter to be argued about—let him just drop in on almost any city, suburban, or country church and count up the audience. In a sacred edifice doing duty for 10,000 souls he may find 250. Is that a fair percentage? Allowing for all the fathers absent on holidays, and the mothers busy cooking or watching the kiddies, and placing these "exceptions" at 50 per cent., then writing off 25 per cent. of the flock for sicklisters, then only one in ten of the remainder attends. It's a pretty sick proposition at least to the man who loves souls. A great number of men and women Christians no doubt are perfectly satisfied if the organist performs his "Andante in G" enchantingly, and the choir are in form, and the parson delivers a cheery address, and the attendance—well—is fair—and then, you know you walk home sedately to a nice fat meal—well, what more do you want? Nothing, brethern; we are sure.

But how about the gentleman living in sin in your street, and Mr. — who is now learning to look forward to his extra glass of whisky "after dinner" (in addition to two before), and young — who has forsaken the Bible class and goes to the Sunday excursion to Clontarf. What about these sheep straying from the fold. Yes, yes; but this isn't a nice subject to raise at dinner time Sundays: it is not conducive to good digestion.

Fact is, my brother, you suffer from selfishness. It hurts, doesn't it? Well, are you man enough to bear the truth whether it hurts or not?

Around you lie the worldlings straying into the wilderness—slowly, unheedingly, gracefully sometimes, but surely—and your hand is never stretched out to save.

The glorious organ in your beautifully furnished church soothes your tired nerves each Sabbath as you sit back in your comfortable pew, and the Sabbath desecrators—ah, they are bad, careless people, and deserve all they get. Let them alone.

CAN THE CHURCH REACH THE PEOPLE?

We say, yes it can. But it must throw aside its conservatism, and its false dignity.

If people will not come to us we must, as churchmen, go to them.

Writer attends a large suburban church which in the summer months is as suffocatingly hot as can be imagined. The immense population around it prefer to remain away. Within half a mile is a free open park—an eminently suitable spot for an open-air service. Why not then on summer nights conclude a short service in the church at eight p.m. and follow it up with a service for all in the park?

Yes; take your choir with you. Is it hard to believe that hundreds would attend who never enter our church. The musical service should be well rendered and no make-shift—offer of your best, and great would be the attraction to a mass of people.

Why should our conservative ideas stand in the way of our taking the gospel to the outsider. He would be more likely to sit and listen in the cool evening air to the words of the preacher than visit a strange and sultry church. The latter he feels is not his—but his is the green sward of the park and the fresh air. Have you the courage, gentlemen of the cloth, to thus carry the Cross of Christ into the highways and hedges? We trust so.

MONTANA DAN.

Extract Sydney "Sun," February 3, 1914:
"Montana Dan Sullivan is a staunch teetotaler, never sipped any kind of hard stuff since he was born," said Sugar Flanagan, introducing the American boxer named after his arrival by the R.M.S. Sonoma to-day."

"Sugar Flanagan"—you will henceforth be considered anathema, if you know what that means, by the Brewery Brigade. Montana Dan will be boycotted. Very wroth do the Liberty Leagues and their satellites become when any athlete expresses a definite opinion on the question of alcoholic dangers. Boycott him—put him out of business—cry these "liberty loving lushers"—we will teach him he cannot give candid opinions in this country.

Then they sit down to write on the beauties of Australia, and the general tolerant

attitude of the masses to all recreations, under which heading they range up drunkenness. They bemoan that this beautiful state of affairs is likely to be marred by the "Wowser," who seeks to drag the weary drunkard from his vice. Why, they cry—he will have his liberty taken away—shocking—then they shriek again, "Boycott"—what a sense of humor?

PRIVATIONS IN THE OLD COUNTRY.

We live such a healthy open-air life in our glorious country in the temperate zone, that it is hard to realise what suffering exists in the home land and in Europe to-day. Tempestuous weather and a thermometer far below freezing point combine to make it very hard for the extreme poor to keep body and soul together.

When you add to this combination a slender purse and frequent periods of unemployment—AND—open bars at every turn—the plight of many a housewife can be readily imagined.

Ought we who live under entirely different set of circumstances prove our gratitude by doing something to keep this fair land free from the domination of such vices as lead inevitably to want and wretchedness.

It is in your power to help a little here, reader, and we trust you will ponder over these things and prove a worker and not a talker.

We are handing you out a fine chance now to prove your allegiance to the forces of truth and righteousness—will you take the place it is your privilege to occupy?

"Alcohol is the most subtle, insidious, and evasive kind of poison, and we have got to be on the qui vive on every side to see that it does not get the better of us."—Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart, K.C.V.O., M.D., F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Physicians, and President of the 17th International Congress of Medicine, and Physician Extraordinary to the King; National Temperance Leagues Breakfast to 200 of the Medical Visitors, International Congress, London, August 8th, 1913.

The true test of greatness is not to allow your hat to get too small for you.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

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Bible House, 242 Pitt-street, Sydney.

GRAINUS PORRIDGE FOOD.

Three Ways from Whisky.

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE, in "The American Magazine."

A man wearing an undershirt that had never seen a washtub, and a seatless pair of overalls, skulked into a saloon in a mining town in Arizona and begged for a drink of whisky, early one morning some twenty years ago. The bartender was a yellow-faced half-breed, and as such far below the social status of any white man. Social status was something this white man still retained—and carefully conserved. He took bleary satisfaction in the fact that he was white and that the name of his grandfather was to be found upon the pages of any American history. Even when he begged the half-breed for a drink, he made it clear that the acceptance of it conferred a favor. An hour later this same man was lying face down in the sand under a tree on the outskirts of the town. Going methodically from one saloon to another he had begged enough whisky to get himself helplessly drunk. The half-breed bartender, on the way home, saw the helpless condition of the drunken white man who was socially his superior. He walked over to the prostrate figure and began to kick it. The drunkard, rousing slowly with the vague impression that a herd of mules had stampeded over his body, lifted himself on his hands and stared about uncertainly. He recognised the retreating figure of the bartender. A horrible appreciation of what had happened took possession of his mind. He staggered to his feet with a bellow of rage.

"Did you kick me, barkeep?" he screamed.

"Si, senior," admitted the half-breed, over his shoulder.

Lost for a moment in horror-stricken contemplation of the indignity put upon him, the drunkard tried to stand vigorously erect, but, failing, cast himself upon the ground and rolled about, moaning, and beating the earth in a frenzy of rage and mortification.

From that hour the sot, who for ten years had been a hopeless drunkard, never again touched liquor. When I saw him last, a dozen years ago, he was district attorney of one of the most populous counties in Arizona.

It was the kick that did it! As a general proposition it is always a "kick" that does it.

The man who comes back from the liquor habit without drugs, inwardly gets a moral kick of some sort that rearticulates the bones in his spine. Men get this emotional shock in variously interesting ways.

HOW LONG DO YOU WANT TO BE A DRUNKARD?

Take for instance the case of Henry Allison.

In the beginning he was a clubbishly inclined, money-making young man in New York City who went on sprees for the joke of the thing. Because men were amused at his tipsy antics he fancied occasional drunkenness made him popular. But when a spree cost him the presidency of a bank, and

losing the presidency caused the loss of his investment and that of his friends, he woke up with a jolt, and forswore intoxicants forever. He immediately started business afresh, this time in Chicago, a thousand miles from his convivial reputation, and again succeeded brilliantly; but in the very hour of reaping, his over-fed egotism could not resist the temptation to show Chicago how a New York gentleman gets drunk. The attempt was disastrously successful, resulting in complications that completely stripped Henry of his business. Again he forswore liquor, and this time cursed himself for a fool. He had no liquor habit. He never felt the need of alcohol. It was only that when he took one drink, that drink demanded another, and so on ad inebriatum. He thereupon formulated this axiom: "Take care of the first drink and the drunks will take care of themselves."

Allison did not linger long over his moralising and aphorism-manufacturing. He had rare social gifts, burning enthusiasms, and a positive genius for business promotion. Within three years he had a fortune in his grasp, this time in Texas—but again lost it through overweening egotism in putting on the gloves with that dangerous first drink. After this he began to doubt himself a little, and pointed his course for New England with the idea that he would be safer in a more tightly corseted state of society. Here for a time all was well, and his feet again went dancing up the ladder of success; but—the inevitable! One night at an elaborate dinner of a friend, the olive in a cocktail winked alluringly at Henry and the ladder came down with a crash.

Here, then, was Allison, penniless and a trifle discouraged, and forty years old. He still possessed a good address, good clothes, and business genius unimpaired, but was subject to periodical alcoholic brain storms which invariably robbed him and his wife and daughters of the fruits of all his labors.

And the worst of it was that Henry had no primary appetite for liquor. He was, to quote himself, "just such an egotistical idiot" that once in so often he raised a first glass to his lips, and after that first glass his appetite flared up like a powder train.

To his own way of thinking he was not an alcoholic. He was a fool, and must be cured of his folly or go to the human scrap heap. He thought of consulting an alienist, but his wife suggested instead Dr. Samuel Worcester, Rector of Emmanuel Church in Boston and head of the Emmanuel Movement. Doctor Worcester has been extremely successful in treating men and women with deranged nervous systems or with sick souls.

Allison, having concluded that his soul was sick, or that his mind missed a click here and there, readily consented to go and see Doctor Worcester, conjuring up impressions of a nice, gentle little man with a sympathetic voice who would palaver over him

with minglings of prayer, psychology and admonition.

Instead Allison encountered a florid-faced giant who threw him on the defensive instantly by looking not especially pleased to see him. While Allison stood a trifle disconcerted, the tall man threw a brick by asking bluntly in a by no means conciliatory tone:

"Well, what's the matter with you?"

The question came crashing into Allison's mind like a sash weight through a window; in fact it went smashing right through the floor of his conscious mind down into that subliminal cellar in which was stored up the real truth of his life.

"I am a drunkard," replied Henry, just as bluntly; "that's what's the matter with me."

What that subliminal self had said surprised Henry Allison beyond measure. Although he knew it was the truth the minute he heard it, it was something he had never confessed hitherto, even to himself. At no time had he even suspected that he was a drunkard. Now all at once he knew it.

While Henry was still dazed by this sudden discovery, the imperturbable giant on the other side of the table threw another brick, at the same time driving two steel-blue eyes into Allison's soul until he felt himself squirming like an eel upon a pitchfork.

"How long do you want to be a drunkard?" was the question Doctor Worcester now asked.

Henry leaped to his feet, his whole body shaking. Want to be a drunkard? He did not want to be a drunkard at all. He had never even suspected till this moment that he was a drunkard.

He began walking excitedly up and down the room, his lips pouring out a steady stream of confessions. He almost forgot Doctor Worcester. He was monologuing to himself, piling up instance upon instance, detail upon detail, and all tending to prove to himself that he was a drunkard and that he had been a drunkard for ten years.

Doctor Worcester listened in a bored sort of way till Henry had emptied himself.

"Now," said the doctor of moral medicine, "come here and sit down. After a mental emetic of that sort the way is cleared for something better."

Doctor Worcester's manner had changed completely. He was now all sympathy and understanding.

"Place yourself in a perfectly comfortable position in this easy chair," he said. "I am going to give you a treatment. I am going to relax you perfectly. Please close your eyes."

Doctor Worcester, then speaking in a quiet, easy tone of voice, proceeded to reduce his patient to a state of extreme suggestibility. Henry, soon no more than half conscious of his body, felt as if his members were gently drifting away from him on some mysterious current.

Presently he was just a naked soul poised on a little island of time in the midst of eternity; and he could hear Doctor Worcester talking softly. Like that first ques-

tion, the doctor's communications seemed to filter through into the basement of his mind; but by and by that receptacle was full, and like rising water, words, phrases, ideas began to slop around on the floor of consciousness. Presently Henry felt himself taking hold on some very wonderful thoughts.

"You are a new man now," Doctor Worcester was suggesting. "You will have a new control over your body. You no longer are a drunkard. You do not want to drink. You never will drink again. You have emptied out your old habits. You will put something better, nobler in the place of them.

Allison, in his poised, detached state of mind, found himself accepting these statements as absolute truth. The ideas which they embodied stood up solid and concrete like pillars, and he gripped them about with the arms of his soul.

"You may open your eyes," said Doctor Worcester.

Henry did so, but after the first shock of opening them sat staring speechless into the outer world of reality. He did not wish to move. He was thinking, connecting the new set of ideas with the practical problems of the life he had to live. This process of readjustment proceeded rapidly. He made himself a whole new theory of life in those silent motionless moments.

The minute Henry got his theory on its legs, he stood up.

"Doctor Worcester," he said, "I came into this room a drunkard. I am going out a sober man. I know that I will never drink again. My life is on a new plane."

There were other visits to Doctor Worcester, and other happenings at the first visit not set down here—including a prayer which Henry says was the first real prayer of his life; but he had got his kick. Now his host at dinner parties may put an olive in one glass and a cherry in the other and cocktail liquor in both, and he will look on either indifferently. He says it would be impossible for him to do anything else, that he has developed a new thing in his system—a "spiritual muscle."

Besides which, he is again in business, is making money, and keeping it, or having the fun of spending it himself and upon his own.

AT THE END OF A TRAIL OF EMPTY BOTTLES.

Very different was the experience of a newspaper man, William H. Johnson, who also got a "kick" out of the gutter. But along with Johnson's story goes that of a young Jew named Jacoby. Johnson is an alias, but Jacoby is not. You can find the name of Ernest Jacoby in the city directory of Boston. He is a young business man who carries friendliness as a side line.

He has never been a drinker himself; but the peculiar helplessness of the drunkard has always appealed to him. He spends most of his spare moments, and some that are not to spare, trying to reach and help unfortunates of this class. He has been remarkably successful. His method is—friendliness!

Men who are all but helpless, perhaps utterly so, hear about this young Jew. They

go up in the elevators to his suite in a large building; they clutter up his waiting-rooms with their presence, appearing strangely incongruous amid the streams of arriving and departing customers and salesmen, but always they get a chance to meet Mr. Jacoby. If there is any response in the man he usually brings it out. His patience and perspicacity seldom fail. He has three specifics—hope, work, and friendship.

Out of his activities has grown a club. It is popularly called "The Drunkard's Club," but the members naturally prefer to call it the Jacoby Club. The Emmanuel Church, which shelters and inspires so many good works in Boston, has given this club a home which is open every evening in the week. In it are reading tables, comfortable chairs, books, magazines, and musical instruments. In winter there is a cheery open fire. In summer there are cooling fans and clinking pitchers of ice water.

There are two conditions for membership in the Jacoby Club. First, the man shall actually want to be helped; and, second, he must be willing to help somebody else. The moment a man joins the club he is assigned to the personal oversight of some other member of the club, who thus becomes his stepbrother. In the same way someone else is put under the new member's care. From that moment he has one truly sympathetic friend to hold hands with him through all his struggles, while at the same time his own soul is automatically strengthened because his weakness must be made strength for the friending of another.

The club has its regular meeting on Saturday night. The roll is called, and for every man not answering, inquiry is immediately made of the stepbrother. If Pythias does not know he immediately must get out and hunt up his Damon; but as a matter of fact the club members keep such watchful tab on one another that at the close of the meeting everybody knows the progress of the battle each is making against the mortal enemy of all.

And now we can pick up the trail of empty bottles that leads to Billy Johnson. In the first ten years of his life as a newspaper man he punished liquor with impunity. In the next ten years liquor punished him. He lost one job after another. He inherited considerable property, but drank it down or threw it away in drunken revels. He took the Keeley cure twice. Three times he was confined in various State institutions for dipsomaniacs. He made many new starts. Influential friends helped him with money and opportunities.

On the last of those occasions he went from Boston to New York to accept a lucrative position. He rode in a parlor car, and had plenty of money in his pockets. He was well-dressed. On his arm was an overcoat made by one of the best tailors in Boston.

He left Boston thus accoutred on a Tuesday morning and arrived in New York City in the afternoon in the same approximate condition.

On Wednesday morning about eleven o'clock he sat freezing on a bench in Union

Square. One eye was blackened, his knuckles were skinned, his clothing was muddy and bedraggled, and his hat was gone. He had only a few cents in his pocket, and was without the remotest idea of what had become of his overcoat, his suit case or his money.

The events of the last hour were perfectly clear to him: For about fifty minutes he had been sitting on the bench with his teeth chattering in the January gale. In the ten minutes before that fifty he remembered being kicked out of a barber shop because he had insisted they had given him change for a one-dollar bill instead of a ten. He judged that the ejection had occupied about three minutes, and that he had taken the other seven to make his way to where he now sat, a part of the distance being travelled on hands and knees. Of the time back of this sixty minutes he had no recollection whatever until he came to three o'clock of the previous day, when he took a drink in a saloon not a block from the Grand Central Station—just one drink to celebrate his entry upon a life of prosperity and teetotalism in New York City.

Johnson was long in getting back to Boston; he arrived there a broken man. His home had been sold under a mortgage. His children were scattered in three States. His wife was working as housekeeper for a man who had once been in his employ.

Still Johnson dreamed of reforming. A childish letter from one of his boys inspired him. He talked to his wife; but she, without one word of reproach, confessed her hopelessness. He babbled of rehabilitation to his relatives and such old-time friends as he could meet.

The superintendent of the last institution in which he had been confined reported from the record, not remembering Johnson personally: "A confirmed dipsomaniac—no hope." This letter got into Billy's hands. It made him mad. It was the moral kick! He tore the letter up in his wife's presence, declaring testily:

"I think I have got a little sand left."

For a while he lived precariously, doing odd jobs and drinking freely; but continued to look for steady work. In reality he was looking for someone who would believe in him. At last he heard of Mr. Jacoby and went to see him, standing wistfully before the hand-rail till a tallish young man with a long inquisitive nose, thin flaxen hair, very sharp kindly eyes, and a mouth that smiled easily came out, shook him by the hand and looked into his face in a manner the most engagingly sympathetic that Johnson had ever experienced. Jacoby stood with his arm on Billy's shoulder while he told his story in a low voice and wound up by saying, as he had to his wife, "I think I have a little sand left."

"Sand!" exclaimed Jacoby with enthusiasm. "Why, of course you have, Mr. Johnson! All you want is a job."

"Yes," admitted Johnson, straightening up with the feeling of a conqueror because at last he had got someone to believe in him. "A job is all I need now."

(To be continued.)

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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THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1914.

STATION BOOKKEEPING.

Mr. J. Arthur Turner, F.C.P.A., has a special method of teaching this subject. It is clear, comprehensive, and interesting. If you want to advance rapidly along this line it will pay you to take the M.B.C. course—by attending personally, or by means of the Postal Instruction. Details will be sent if you ask, and also very practical proofs of Mr. Turner's efficiency as a teacher.

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IN HIS RIGHT PLACE.

A painter of the "ultra-impressionist" school is now confined in a lunatic asylum. To all persons who visit his studio he says, "Look here, this is the latest masterpiece of my composition." They look, and see nothing but an expanse of bare canvas. They ask, "What does that represent?" "That? Why, that represents the passage of the Jews through the Red Sea." "Beg pardon, but where is the sea?" "It has been driven back." "And where are the Jews?" "They have crossed over." "And the Egyptians?" "Will be here directly. That's the sort of painting I like—simple, suggestive, and unpretentious."

A Personal Chat with my readers

BROKEN THREADS.

I received from a gentleman in America the other day the following lines. They are so full of suggestion and hope that I pass them on feeling sure very many will appreciate them as I do.

BROKEN THREADS.

A tangled skein of multi colored threads,
Drawn random forth in many a broken line;
Fragments disordered—fit for no design,
Unknitted ends, and rough, dissevered shreds:

So seemeth me are all our Friendships here,
Kind looks—touched hands—a word from heart to heart—

The thread is broken, and we drift apart
To meet no more, who might have grown so dear.

Patience, my Heart! in some less troubled clime

We shall take up the broken ends again,
And in the Country where is no more Time,
Where part no more the Friends who once do meet,

Weave into beauty that entangled skein,
And make the Webb of Friendship all complete.

COMIC PAPERS.

The following interesting letter came in reply to what I said a few weeks ago:—"In your 'chat' of the 5th you rightly condemned, so I think, the reading by our boys and girls of so-called comic papers. You say, 'There is an abundance of wholesome and delightful child literature.' So there is, but can it be bought for a penny or less?

"Frequently, parents allow their children to buy the comic rubbish for the purpose of occupying their time while travelling. Such a paper fills, to some extent, the place in the child life that the daily paper does in the life of the business man, who employs his travelling time in gathering the news from the morning paper.

"It has occurred to me that it would be a good thing if a cheap weekly or monthly pictorial paper were to be published, as an auxiliary to picture and story books (which cost anything from 6d. upwards) entirely in the interests of the children. There would surely be an abundance of healthful matter for such a publication, and the comic element need not be eliminated altogether. My boy is not allowed to have 'Comic Cuts' and the like—at times much to his disappointment. He is well supplied with books, but a penny picture paper has an attraction for him, and the kind which I suggest should

prove to him and many other boys and girls both interesting and profitable."

The "Children's Magazine," edited by Arthur Mee, who brought out that most fascinating series of fortnightly papers now bound in eight volumes and known as the "Children's Encyclopedia," containing over 8000 pictures, is full of delight to children. There is also issued with this magazine an 8-page paper called "The Little Paper." This is free and contains many illustrations. They are full of games, fun, pictures and all that appeals to the child's wonder.

The question is raised as to cost. The magazine contains 100 pages, and about 75 pictures, many of them beautifully colored. "The Little Paper" is free with the magazine, but can be purchased as follows:—

Single copies will be sent to any address for three-halfpence, and six copies will be delivered each month at any address in the world for 4/6 a year. Terms for one month, including delivery, are:—

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100 copies ... 4s.	500 copies 14s.
200 copies ... 7s.	1000 copies 25s.

All orders should be sent to 23 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and made payable to the Amalgamated Press, Limited.

THE GRANVILLE SECOND POLL.

I have received from a lady at Mudgee the sum of 3/- towards the "Grit" organizing fund for Granville. All I want is 300 more readers to do likewise, and do it quickly and I will see that every penny of it tells in this unique opportunity at Granville. While 5000 voted for No-License last time to enable us to gain No-License not less than 4487 must vote, this being 30 per cent. of those on the roll.

The temperance people are unfairly handicapped at every turn, and if the same conditions were imposed in municipal affairs it would be impossible to elect aldermen, borrow money, or carry on any business at all. The people who don't vote in the No-License poll not only disfranchise themselves but they play into the hands of the evil forces at work, and defeat the efforts of the disinterested enthusiasts who seek to better the conditions of life. It is time we began to clamour for the right to put pubs out on the same basis as we put politicians in.

The Editor

Let us all help

Drunkenness with all its attendant evils is increasing and if we are to make any progress against this national scourge we must increase our efforts tenfold.

Have you given any thought to our Education effort?

We need £1000 to send 'Grit' free to thousands of homes. Already £40 has been acknowledged in 'Grit' and in this issue we show an additional £17 making a total of £57.

If you can't give £5 follow the example of "Toiler" and give £1. To be paid quarterly or yearly.

We have always been defeated by ignorance and our only hope of victory is in educating the vast numbers who have no other way of knowing the urgency, value and progress of the anti-alcohol movement except through 'Grit'.

Yours hopefully

Robert B. S. Hammond

EDUCATE.

(To the Editor of "Grit.")

Sir,—I am only a working man, but as you are having a fund for circulating "Grit" freely amongst those who don't know much about temperance and No-License, and knowing how much good the little paper has done me and some of my mates, I send you £1, being as much as I can spare at present, and I will send some more as soon as I can spare it.

I tell you I can give a little away and save a little since I gave up the beer, and I feel that my fellow mates ought to do the same. Send them "Grit" and you'll do good; they will read when they won't go to meetings.

I think some of your friends and supporters with money ought to help, because if they only know the good this educating movement will do you would soon get the £1000.

If I had more to give you would soon have your paper circulating where it is very much

wanted—amongst fellows like myself.—
Yours,

TOILER.

Mr. L. G. Dyson writes: "Re free distribution of 'Grit,' put me down for £5."

Mr. F. Wicks writes: "I will be pleased to contribute £5 towards your fund for educational work. We like 'Grit' and believe it is doing a magnificent work."

W.T.S. writes: "I have a very limited amount to give just now, but am sending a £1. I hope for great things from your campaign to educate."

Mr. Leo. Livingstone writes: "I would like to put my name on your list for £5, as I quite agree with the movement."

EDUCATE.

(To the Editor of "Grit.")

Sir,—I am enclosing cheque for £5, being first year's donation to your "Free Circulation and Education Fund."

The object in view appeals very strongly to

my mind, representing as it does a force that can reach the masses when others fail. I have some considerable experience in Australasia as a member of the fourth estate, and firmly believe in constant publicity by means of the press. As our daily newspapers are so much occupied with matters other than those for which your bright paper stands, there is nothing before us of such solid worth as the proposal to educate and enlighten the people on the great question of **No-License and Moral Reform** by means of "Grit."

I, therefore, venture to affirm the necessity of effort, and a strenuous one in the direction indicated, and the movement must have the success it deserves. It appeals so powerfully to the best instincts of humanitarians that I apprehend no difficulty in the realization of the small sum of \$1000, and I trust to note from week to week a constant flow of promises and subscriptions.
—Yours, etc., HERBERT CLAPHAM.

MILDURA.

NOT A NO-LICENSE TOWN.

Mr. J. G. Barrett, Secretary and Lecturer for the Victorian Alliance, writes as follows: "There are three licensed clubs at Mildura, namely, the Mildura Club, the Working Man's Club, and the Settler's Club. In addition there is a wine license at the Mildura Coffee Palace. There is a fourth club called the Recreation Club, but that is a Temperance Institution. So practically, there are three clubs and one wine license.

Regarding the liquor consumption I do not think that anyone is able to state definitely what it is. It has been estimated at times at a very large amount, but there is no means of knowing except a person joined the whole of the clubs, and through them can obtain the inside information. Some years ago, however, a careful calculation of the per capita consumption was half the average for Victoria. It is more than likely that it is higher now.

Regarding the population. I am taking the Mildura district because these clubs supply not only the town but the district and the population is about 7000.

Regarding Mildura. The following information may be useful to you. When the Chaffey Bros. first started the irrigation settlement they planned that it should be a No-License district, but against the wishes of the people, and through loop holes in the law, clubs were established, and a wine license granted for the place. Mildura has been quoted as being a No-License place, but that is altogether an erroneous statement. It has never been a No-License settlement. The reason why the club is there, as well as clubs in other parts, notably at the State Mining Township at Wonthaggi, where they have earned a notoriety, it is simply through weakness of the law, admitted by the State Government, but at the same time while they have been promising for a long time past to amend the law in relation to clubs they have not done so. There is very little power in the Licensing Act of Victoria in respect to opposition to the clubs. Providing clubs conform to an elaborate set of rules under the Act, licensing clubs practically have no discretionary power, and they must grant them if the rules under the Act are complied with. In a wine license residents can object in open court, they can brief a solicitor, and can send in a petition to the court against the granting of the license. We have been seeking for a long time to obtain this power, but have not yet got it. If we had it, we could successfully oppose many clubs. I venture to say that if it existed that you

would not hear of the many clubs that are in existence at Wonthaggi.

Regarding Mildura, I am bound to say this. Some 10 months ago I was there for a fortnight, and was lecturing the whole of that time, and I only saw during that period one man under the influence of liquor, and that was late at night, nearly midnight, and then it could not be said really that the man was drunk, but he certainly was merry. Notwithstanding, there is a lot of drinking behind doors in these clubs. You have nothing like at Mildura what you have where the open door prevails. I am not saying this as an apology for clubs, only to say that Mil-

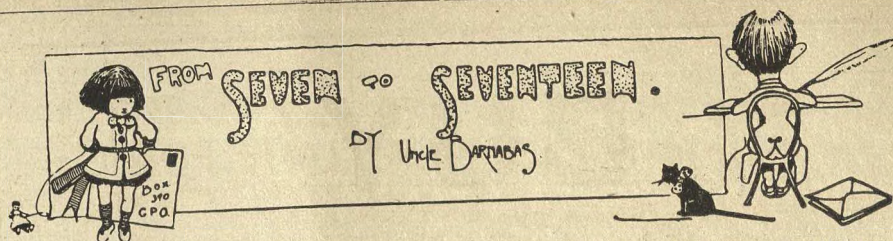
dura (bad as it is), as far as the consumption of liquor is concerned, it is even preferable to the open bar."

MUSIC AS MEDICINE.

A reporter asked Oscar Hammerstein one day if he believed in the new therapeutic idea that music was a medicine. "Believe in it? Of course I do," the impressario replied. "I know at least three operas that are a drug on the market, while as for popular songs, there isn't one of them that doesn't make me ill."

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THE STORY OF A HANDKERCHIEF.

Did you ever know a drunkard to be saved through the caricature of a drunkard? Your mimicry of the staggering step, and the thick tongue, and the disgusting hic-cough, only worse maddens his brain. But if you come to him in kindness and sympathy, then a ray of light will fly across his vision, and it will seem as if a supernatural hand were steadying his staggering gait. A good many years ago there lay in the streets a man dead-drunk, his face exposed to the blistering noonday sun. A Christian woman passed along, looked at him, and said: "Poor fellow." She took her handkerchief and spread it over his face and passed on. The man roused himself up from his debauch, and began to look at the handkerchief, and lo! on it was the name of a highly respectable Christian woman of the city. He went to her; he thanked her for her kindness; and that one little deed saved him for this life, and saved him for the life that is to come.

There is wonderful power in a kind word or a kind deed, and when the late Dr. Talmage told this story of a handkerchief it moved many hundreds to go and do similar deeds of kindness. Do you remember the text in the sixth chapter of St. Luke, verse thirty-five: "He is kind to the unthankful and the evil." That is to be our great example and our great inspiration. To be kind to those who don't deserve it, and to go on being kind is certainly difficult, but it is Christ's way, and therefore, even if it fail, it was the best that could be done. You might find the text about kindness in the last chapter in the Book of Proverbs.

UNCLE B.

NOT SO FAR AWAY.

Edward Butler, Dindierna, Mungindi, 7th January, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Well Uncle B., we have begun another year, and I hope we will be better than last year, and try to do more towards putting down the drink. I wrote a letter to you in last September with a five shillings postal not, of which mother and I sent to you for the special issue of "Grit," and I didn't see my letter in "Grit," or whether it was put in I don't know, or whether I didn't see it. I saw that some of the places got No-License, but Mungindi got a good way off No-License this time. We have had some beautiful rain up here. We had 221 points before Christmas, and on Christmas evening we had 93 points of rain, and since it the grass is looking lovely. The rain is just what our district needed the most, and so we got some.

I saw the story in "Grit" about old Santa

Claus, and I thought it was a good one. Well uncle we are not out in the back blocks as much as you think, because we have a train running within eight miles of us now. The weather is getting nice and hot again. We have had it up to 106 degrees this year. We have some beautiful watermelons nearly ripe now. I will now say good-bye. With love from your fond nephew.

(Dear Edward,—You speak of eight miles as though it was no distance. I suppose you could walk that far? We townies can't walk 800 yards. The trams have spoilt us, and we waste our pennies on the trams, and never use our legs, and by and bye we won't have any to use. Yes; I received the 5/-, and was very grateful for it. You must have missed the copy with your letter in it.—Uncle B.)

A FIRST PRIZE.

May Barnes, Market Square, Wollongong, 6th Feb., 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It's just about time I wrote to you, I think. I went to Dalton for my holidays, and I had a lovely time. We left Wollongong station at 6 a.m. and arrived at Sydney at 8.30 a.m. We then caught the 9.45 a.m. train, and after a long journey we arrived at Gunning. My uncle Tom was at the station to meet us. Then we drove seven miles in the trap to Dalton. The first thing I did when we arrived at "Laurel Cottage" (that is the name of grandmother's house) was to look at the flowers, and then go into the orchard. We had a few showers, but most of the time it was very hot and dry. I went for several nice drives in the sulky. I saw a big snake and an iguana while I was away. We stayed a month and then came home. I am in 5th A class at school. We have a new mistress at day school. Her name is Miss Molster. I like her very much. I went for a cooking exam. before Christmas; the results are not out yet. I won a prize last year for having obtained the highest number of cooking marks for the year out of the Wednesday class. The name of the book is "Pixie O'Shaughnessy." It is a lovely book. Well, dear uncle, I must close now as I have no more news to tell you, and that it is bedtime. I remain your loving niece.

(Dear May,—That was a prize worth getting, and we are all proud of you. You ask Miss Molster is she reads "Grit." I have an idea she does. I have been in Dalton, and think it a nice place for a holiday. I wonder what you can cook? I am a good cook, and don't mind cooking for myself a bit.—Uncle B.)

AUDACIOUS FLIES.

Sheela Rainsford, "Glendalough," Bay Street, Bexley, January 29th, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It is such a long time since I last wrote to you that I suppose I

have been put on the scallawag list ere this, so I am writing now so that I may regain your favor. First of all I must answer your questions by saying that I will be fourteen on the 24th February next. You also asked me to tell you of my trip to England, but I will leave that for another time as I want to tell you how I spent my recent holidays. For the first fortnight I stayed at home, and then on 29th December my mother and I left for Wentworth Falls. It was the first time I had ever been to the mountains, so the scenery was all new to me. We were staying quite near to all the chief sights, so on the first evening of our arrival we walked to the weeping rock and the Wentworth Falls. There had just been a storm, so we saw the falls looking their best. I don't think we ever missed a day without walking to some sight. I "did" the "National Pass" three times, and the "Valley of the Waters" four times. Mother and I both thought that the latter was the prettiest sight in Wentworth Falls. One day we drove to the Leura Falls and came back through Katoomba, but I did not like the scenery at Leura as much as that at Wentworth Falls. We stayed up the mountains for three weeks, and then I spent the remaining weeks at home. What struck me most during my trip to the mountains was the audacity of the flies. These carnivorous creatures used to accompany us, unasked, in all our walks.

We were very busy before the election trying to secure votes for No-License. All of us were at the meeting that night that you spoke, and we also heard you in the open-air. We did love to see and hear you. I wonder did you know that your "ni" was listening to you. Before the election my brother went round pasting up No-License literature. I was so sorry that St. George did not get No-License at the last election, but right must, and surely will, win at length, for "if God be for us who can be against us." I was very glad to see in today's "Grit" a letter from Olive Wells, and I suppose your new little niece will be surprised to hear that I was in her sister Eileen's class during the past year. I will try and persuade her to become a "ni," too. Well, uncle, I must now conclude, wishing "Grit" every success in the coming year. With love to all the cousins and yourself from your loving niece.

(Dear Sheela,—I am really pleased you have written for it is ages since your last letter came. I hope you have a very happy day on the 24th, and may you have very many more. The mountains are nice, but I agree the "audacious fly" needs strong treatment. He is a perfect pest, and is far too indiscriminate for me. I object to his coming to me from the garbage tin, and yet he seems to delight in such doings. Olive will be interested to read what you say. Don't be so long again before you write.—Uncle B.)

A GOOD BIRTHDAY.

Rosa Jamieson, Mount View, West Wyalong, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It seems a long time since I wrote to you as it was before the elec-

tion. I was very pleased that No-License did so well, though it could have been much better. But I do not think the Temperance people were to blame, as they did all they possibly could to open people's eyes. I was 17 years of age on December 6 (election day), and I hoped that there would be "many happy returns" for No-License as well as for me. I received a nice autograph album, a handbag, a dozen handkerchiefs, and a book by Gene-Stratton Porter, entitled "The Harvester." I think I did very well; didn't I, Uncle? "The Harvester" is a beautiful book. I enjoyed reading it very much. I am very pleased that Bella, my sister, has written to you. I did not know she had written until she came home for Christmas. She always stays in town with an aunt and uncle, so we do not have her home to "Mount View" very often. We spent a very quiet, happy Christmas. We had Rev. and Mrs. Smith for Christmas dinner and to spend the afternoon, which we did singing hymns around the organ. On New Year's Eve we all went to a friend's place to see the old year out and the new year in. We had a very nice time playing parlor games and singing songs. It was half-past one when we arrived home after a happy time. It is keeping very dry and hot, and some people are carting water for their stock, as their water supply has run out. We have five large tanks for the stock and three house tanks, so we are well supplied. The crops were very deceiving this year. They had the appearance of being exceptionally good, but when the harvesters commenced it was discovered that many heads of wheat had no grain at all in them, though they looked to be so well filled out. The majority of people were greatly disappointed, as the crops on the whole only averaged four bags to the acre. I will close now. Hoping I have not taken up too much of your valuable space.—Your affectionate Niece.

(Dear Rosa,—It not only seems a long time since you wrote, it is a long time, and I am glad to hear from you. I have not hunted up those copies of "Grit" you want, but will do so first opportunity. I am glad you had such a nice birthday. I agree with you we did all we could, but we are very severely handicapped by the provisions of the Liquor Act, and the fight is never a fair one. But we will win; it is only a matter of time.—Uncle B.)

THE TERRORS OF OLD AGE.

Vera A. Kimberley, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It's a long time since I've written, but I haven't forgotten Uncle and N's and Ne's. I write to Bonny and Milt occasionally. Bon will soon be 17, so "farewell" to the few and far between lively letters. I will be 16 on the 14th of next month. Only another year. It's terrible to be getting old, don't you think? I was so disappointed that Gloucester didn't get No-License, but "wait till next time." It's very dry up here still. We want rain

badly; everything looks so thirsty. The flower garden is almost ruined. Mum is away on holidays at present, so I'm "house-keeper." We had a rather jolly Christmas, but the heat was almost unbearable. I was almost "frizzled" up. Ned and I went to Newcastle on New Year's Day, and enjoyed ourselves immensely. We left home at 7 o'clock and got back at 11 at night, so we were fairly tired, as it was a long day. I haven't any more news.—Best love.

(Dear Vera,—So you will be 16 this month, and ever before you, like a haunting spectre, is the coming of old age. I wonder is your hair showing any signs of going grey or falling out? I find it hard to impress upon you all once a Ne' or a Ni' you are always so, and time does not affect such a relationship. I am glad you write to Bonny and Milt. Keep it up, and also to your Uncle B.)

OH, YOU TEASE!

Dora Howell, Auburn-road, Auburn, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—Can I hear you say "Scallawag!" as you open this letter? At any rate, even if you don't, I plead guilty.

We've been at Auburn quite a while now, and I like it very much. I was exceedingly glad to say farewell to dusty, windy old Waverley.

Haven't we had a few nice warm days lately? But they weren't too bad on the whole.

I spent my holidays (ten days at Christmas) at Beaumont again. We (I took my mate down with me) went down on Boxing Day, arriving at our destination about 5 p.m. My mate was very favorably impressed with country life. It was her first visit to the country, and "green" was no name for her; and with several boisterous boys in the

house, you can imagine some of the teasings she received. We had her out one day looking for a "poly cow with a bump between its horns," so she told us. She explained her strange remark thus: "Well, I knew it was without something, and Les told me it was without a tail." That's a very fair sample of her greenness, but she'll know better on her next trip.

We had a lovely time—walks, drives, rides, dances, etc., and didn't want to come back home again so soon.

I've been very busy ever since I got back, and seem likely to continue so for some time.

I don't know whether "Grit" office was notified of our change of address, but the "Grits" still go to our Waverley address. Would you ask them, please, to make the alteration?

My little "dawg" is still exceedingly ugly, but one can't help loving the wee beastie. I'll get a snapshot of him one of these days, and send it to you.

Everyone is out to-night, and I am having a nice quiet evening with the "dawgs" for company, and it is a glorious night here—in fact, the nights here are always lovely, and night is about the only time I like to walk about (except when I'm in the country). It is so still, beautiful, and peaceful as a rule.

I don't think I've anything more to say now—at least I can't think of anything. With love to all my "cousins" and yourself, I am, your affectionate "niece."

(Dear Dora,—You have been a scallawag for a long time, but oh! what a tease you must be. I pity your chum. Have been waiting for your change of address for ages. I suppose you sent a wireless. Anyhow, I did not get it. Send along a line before Easter, and you will be fully restored.—Uncle B.)

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DRINK UNFERMENTED WINE.

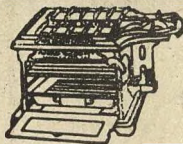
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AN AMERICAN YARN.

"Kansas prohibition whisky," says the Kansas City "Star," "holds the record. A Kansas grasshopper, after a drink of the stuff, kicked a rooster in the face, spat tobacco juice in his eye, and chased him till he hid under a barn. He then caused a tremendous flutter among the chickens, and challenged the poultry owner to come out and fight. He was reduced to order only when Mrs. Grasshopper came on the scene and dragged him home by the hind leg."

* * *

THAT WRETCHED TELEPHONE AGAIN!

An organist had drawn up the order of a Sunday service, and it was in type ready for printing when the death of an important personage made a change necessary. The organist telephoned to the printer and instructed him to change the postlude to "Funeral March by Chopin." This is what he found at the end of the list when he arrived at the church: "A few remarks by Chopin."

* * *

SILENCED BY THE NIGGER.

A woman who travelled a great deal was known as the most inveterate "kicker" a certain American hotel had ever known. One evening after she had been served with desert this lady, who was always complaining, asked the waiter why the dish served her was called "ice-cream pudding." "If you don't like it, ma'am, I'll bring you something else," suggested the polite negro. "Oh, it's very nice," responded the lady. "What I object to is that it should be called ice-cream pudding. It's wrongly named. There should be ice-cream served with it." "Yes, ma'am," replied the waiter, "but that's jes our name for it. Lots o' dishes is named that way. Dey don't bring you a cottage with cottage pudding, you know."

HE LACKED SOME ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Mrs. McCarthy's husband went out in a boat alone. The boat overturned and he was drowned. A friend met her some weeks later. "I hear," said he, "that Pat left you very well off—that he left you £5000." "True," said Mrs. McCarthy, "he did." "How was that?" asked her friend. "Pat couldn't read nor write, could he?" "No," said Mrs. McCarthy, "nor swim."

* * *

WHAT HE WANTED.

"What I want," said the speaker, "is reform. I want police reform, I want social reform, I want temperance reform—I want—I want—"

"What you want," called out a listener at the back of the hall, "what you want is chloroform."

* * *

A JUDGE.

She was an excellent tennis player and could paddle a canoe gracefully, but this was her first attendance at a horse show. "Are you a good judge of horseflesh?" inquired one of her friends. "Oh, I should say not. I never tasted any," she said.

* * *

WASN'T TAKING ANY CHANCE.

Dentist (to old lady who wants her tooth pulled): "Do you want gas, madam?"

Old Lady: "Well, I should say so. I don't propose to stay in the dark with you or any other man."

* * *

Innocent Old Lady (to grocer): "I hear a great deal about this tango tea nowadays. How much is it a pound?"

TAKE AWAY THAT DRAWN HAGGARD LOOK

Missing teeth give the face an emaciated aspect. You maybe have noticed it. The gums shrink, the cheeks become "hollow," and the face ages.

Fill those gaps with new, natural teeth. Replace those lost teeth with a REANEY Upper or Lower Set, and bring back the plumpness of youth. Reaney Sets are really natural in appearance, fit, feel, and use. They never budge when in, and match your own remaining teeth so perfectly that even your nearest and dearest friends are deceived. Why not see me TO-DAY about your teeth?

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TIMELY AID.

An old colored woman came into a Washington real estate office one day and was recognised as a tenant of a small house that had become much enhanced in value by reason of a new union station in that neighborhood.

"Look here, auntie, we are going to raise your rent this month," the agent remarked briskly.

"Deed, an' Ah's glad to hear dat, sah," the old woman replied, ducking her head politely. "Mighty glad, fo' sho', ease Ah des come in hyah terdoy ter tell ye a.l. dat Ah couldn't raise hit dis month."

* * *

"Whut means dis heah p'litical 'conomy?" asked Rastus, who was endeavoring to wade through a paper. "From de way de pol'ticians down ouah wahd is actin," answered Rufus, "I s'spects it means de mos' votes foh de least money."

* * *

Lazy Mike: "What sort o' insect would you like ter be if you 'ad the chance, Billy?"

Sleeky Bill: "Why, one of them rare 'uns what they keeps in alcohol!"

DON'T BE ONE-EYED

READ

THE WORKER

IT GIVES ALL THE POLITICAL NEWS
OF THE WEEK.

ITS CARTOONS SIZE UP THE
SITUATION.

ALL NEWSAGENTS. TWO PENCE.

The Coat of Golden Mail.

MARY L. MOPPETT.

(Continued from Last Issue.)

CHAPTER VI. THE WATCH TOWER.

On leaving the window of the music-room, having gazed their fill, the Prince and the Magician retraced their steps along the secret passage and through the large chamber or hall, which was covered with the magic carpet. This carpet again saved them much trouble by taking them, seemingly, of its own accord to the place where they had previously squeezed themselves through the gap between two of the white pillars.

The Magician's opera glasses enabled them to see much that on their previous visit had been invisible, but there was a bustle about the place which they—or, rather the Prince—had not noticed before. Many vehicles of various styles and shapes, full of supplies, which were being carried to the laboratory to be analysed and sorted out before they were served to the different inmates of the palace, were crowding the entrance.

"Let us stay and look at all this," said the Prince, "for I have never before seen anything like it."

The Magician assented gladly, for it was his special mission to get the Prince interested in all these things. So they stood inside the row of white pillars and watched the busy scene.

Everywhere the grey-coated policemen were regulating the traffic, preventing the carriers and drivers from jostling each other or blocking the continuous stream of supplies, which was of such huge proportions that it could not be stored, even in the great chamber in which they were standing, but must be carried on almost as soon as received at the entrance.

The magic carpet interested the Prince greatly, for it took its share in the great labor involved in the conveyance of so large a quantity of provisions, and worked so smoothly that it seemed almost like a living thing.

When a batch of vehicles arrived at its extremity an army of inspectors appeared, each out of his little sentry box, and looked over and under them, and smelt them, and generally pryed into the secrets of each load. Then, if satisfactory, gave to the driver a ticket to pass on to the policemen, who then took charge of them.

These inspectors were really policemen themselves, only they were what is called "plain-clothes" policemen—i.e., a grade higher than the ordinary "man in blue." They were promoted to their responsible position near the entrance because of their special capabilities for finding out all there was to find out about everything that came under their notice. In fact, they might truthfully have been called inquisitors—they were so very inquisitive.

The policemen had under their control a large number of navvies, who, on account of their great strength, were invaluable in the way of moving the levers and turning the cranks, when the mass of traffic, having passed inspection, was carried automatically by the red carpet and safely landed on the bridge, and engineered along the Twopenny Tube leading to the laboratory.

The Prince could have stayed by the side of this magic carpet for many hours enjoying the varied scene and watching the working of the machinery which could deal with such a lot of business in so smooth a manner.

Turning to the Magician, he expressed his pleasure, and asked "how it was that they did not see anything of this pleasant bustle when passing through that way before?"

"Because this traffic is intermittent," replied the Magician in his stately manner, "and only at stated times does the Monarch allow provisions to be received. That time had not arrived, so there was quiet where now there is so much business going on. We are very privileged persons, you and I, for having a friend at court who procured for me this indulgence from the Sultan, whose rule is absolute. I have his permission to stay as long as I like, and no one dares to eject me however much they would like to do so."

"We will, however, keep out of the way as much as possible, for both carriers and policemen do not care for the presence of strangers. For you must know that this business in which you are so interested is seldom seen by mortal eye, so you are greatly honored."

The Prince bowed his acknowledgment of favors bestowed, then asked: "If they could not go further into the palace and get out by another way, as he would very much like to stay inside, as everything he saw was so novel and interesting."

The Magician thought for a minute, then replied: "That since they had permission from the Sultan to investigate in all directions, he supposed that they would be able to get through, and as the Prince was anxious to see and learn he would do his best to pilot him through that difficult way."

"We must, therefore, get on to the carpet, and when the next lot of vehicles have passed inspection be carried with them to the Bridge, and clamber up into the way to the Windy Caverns. Passing them by, we must float up the Canal to the Watch Tower, which is the next place on our programme to be visited."

So with the next lot of vehicles they were carried safely on to the Bridge, from which they had to spring quickly or they, too,

would have been hurried into the Twopenny Tube, and no one knows what might have happened to them had they once been taken within the walls of the laboratory. Why, they might have been dissected, and everyone knows what an awful thing that would have been to them. Besides, who would have lived to tell this tale had they been treated so?

But they got past that danger safely, and into the passage which led to the Windy Caverns, and thus to the Canal, which wound its tortuous way to the Great Lakes.

Now just here you may wonder that I should tell you of hills and valleys, canals and lakes, and tubes and bridges, when describing to you the inside of a palace, but you must remember that a very extensive palace, such as this one was, covers a large piece of ground, and thus has room for many things to which, for want of space, we are not used in our own dwelling places.

Just when they reached the region of the Great Lakes a great catastrophe occurred. So much water was carried into the canals that they overflowed, and the Magician and the Prince went further than they expected to go. They were caught in the swirl of waters and carried impetuously forward, and had it not been for the Magician's power would have been swept over falls to which, by comparison, the Niagara Falls would be a small matter.

However, the Magician managed the business very well, and then, having previously asked the Prince if he would mind being changed into nothing for a while, smuggled him into a dark chamber, from which, though dark, an extensive view could be obtained through a small window.

Now, though quite invisible to mortal eye, the Prince could see and think and feel, although for convenience sake he was supposed to be just nothing.

The reason for this change was that there was no way from the outside falls to the place from whence the Magician wanted to look at the scenery. "For," as he said to the Prince, "this overflow is a very serious matter, and can only be caused by a strike of the policemen who are stationed in this part of the palace, and whose duty it is to see that the bargemen do their work and that the locks are kept in good order."

"They have evidently gone on strike or else they have been called elsewhere to help to avert some overwhelming calamity."

The Magician, looking through the projecting window—something like the bay window of a cottage, only round instead of almost square—saw a terrible sight, for approaching the palace was an immense crystal tank filled with a foaming, light brown fluid. It was being propelled towards the large hall, which they had so recently quitted, and the Magician feared that if it gained an entrance there it would certainly put a stop to all the traffic, and drown all engaged in the business of transport.

Only the Magician, of course, could understand the seriousness of the situation, for

the Prince had not sufficient wisdom to do so, and he could only hope that the Sultan, who had such absolute power in this palace, would use his authority to prevent the entrance of that which would cause such a disaster.

"There," said he to the Prince, "that is what I feared would happen. The witch is working her magic spells over the palace, and yonder is proof of it."

So saying he showed to the Prince that the tank was being slowly but surely raised to the principal entrance.

"That liquid has come straight from her cauldron," continued he, "and in it are to be found the most loathsome ingredients, and if once it enters and is distributed to the inhabitants of this palace it will cause a most infernal sickness."

"But," replied the Prince, "if the potion is so dangerous will the inquisitors pass it? Will not they who have the power refuse it entrance, or, if an entrance is effected, can they not eject it, as you said they had power to do to the supplies if they were not up to the standard?"

The Prince, you may notice, was beginning to copy the speech of the Magician—in fact, was talking "just like a book."

"True," muttered the Magician, "but what if they have also gone on strike?"

"And," again looking at the approaching danger, continued he, "the peril is greater than I at first thought, for the tank is held up and steered to its destination by the witch's son, who is called Old Harpy, and who will push and push until he gets in, and has no doubt already sent his ambassadors to the Sultan through the Great Shell Gate."

"See, how far his wings spread and what a gloom has spread over everything."

"Ah! what is this?" as a heavy dark curtain suddenly dropped in front of his earnest gaze and thus prevented further comment on the darkness outside.

"The navvies have struck as well as the policemen, so we may as well go as quickly as we can change ourselves into something, however small, so that we may be able to help should there be any need for us to do so."

So the Magic Change was effected, and they steered their way through the Great Lakes down the Canal to the Windy Caverns, then down the Secret Passage to the Bridge, which they reached just in time for further developments.

(To be continued.)

ERRATA.

Chapter II.—Line six should read "Prince" instead of "Princess."

Chapter IV.—Second column, eighteenth line: One line left out after word "grey"—i.e., "brought in a gang of navvies, and"

Chapter IV.—Second column, further on, word "striped" should be "stupid."

M.L.M.

Ever notice how proud the average man is of the things he is going to do?

Something for the Inner Man.

WHAT THE PEW SAYS TO THE PULPIT.

By FRANK CRANE.

From the layman in the pews this silent appeal rises to the minister in the pulpit; he that hath ears to hear let him hear!

What we want from you, sir, is—yourself.

If you preach Christ, it does us no good, unless you preach Him in terms of your own personal life. The historic Christ and the doctrinal and tabulated Christ we, as well as you, can get from books.

We want no words from you except those that are red with your blood.

We do not want the Word, but the Word made Flesh.

We do not want you to arouse our emotions; we want to see you gripped by your own.

We do not want argument; we do not want anything proved to us; for where you lay one doubt you raise twenty.

We do not want information; all its sources are open to us as well as to you. We do not want science, history, or philosophy; we want of you—heart.

Please go through your sermon, before you bring it to us, and cut out every platitude, every fine-sounding phrase. Give us only what you cannot help saying.

We ask you to compete with the novelist in one thing—human interest.

We ask you to compete with the poet in just one thing—vision.

We ask you to compete with the man of science in just one thing—absolute honesty.

We do not so much need your guidance; we need your witness—that shall most truly guide us.

Do not berate us; we know how bad we are. Do not dictate to us; for the soul leaps to truth and not authority.

Do not entertain us. You cannot compete with the actor. Show us what no man can simulate—life in its pure motion.

Speak low. The things you should have to say are secrets. Every man's religion is utterly modest; it is his most shrinking and sensitive vital spot.

Remember that we are interested in the ultimate things—God, love, life, and death. Learn these words of Grigg's: "Our interest everywhere these days is in the distinctively personal. If one can tell openly and clearly the story of his own life, there are many who will find deep interest in this. Literature is becoming more and more autobiographical. It all means the deepening consciousness of the absolute significance of the human soul."

It is not merely "doctrines" we want. It is not theorems and saving formulas. We want doctrines incarnated, theorems shining through souls, formulas that are the aureoles of experience.

We do not want gold any more, but the gold mine; not money, but the bank and mint; not the law, but the Law-giver; not the botany of Christ but Christ Himself; not the sermon, but the human being behind it. We too, "seek not yours, but you!"—Presbyterian.

EVERY DAY.

Remember only times of love and gladness,
Forget the troubles—let them slip away—
Store up the laughter—never mind the sadness

Of every day,

Remember only things of joy and beauty,
Forget the sharp words people sometimes say.

For happy thoughts will help you do your duty

Through every day.

Remember all the mercies God is sending,
For thankfulness will help you love and pray.

And love and prayer will bring a peaceful ending

To every day.

—A.B.

We have all experienced times when hard words came mighty easy.

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