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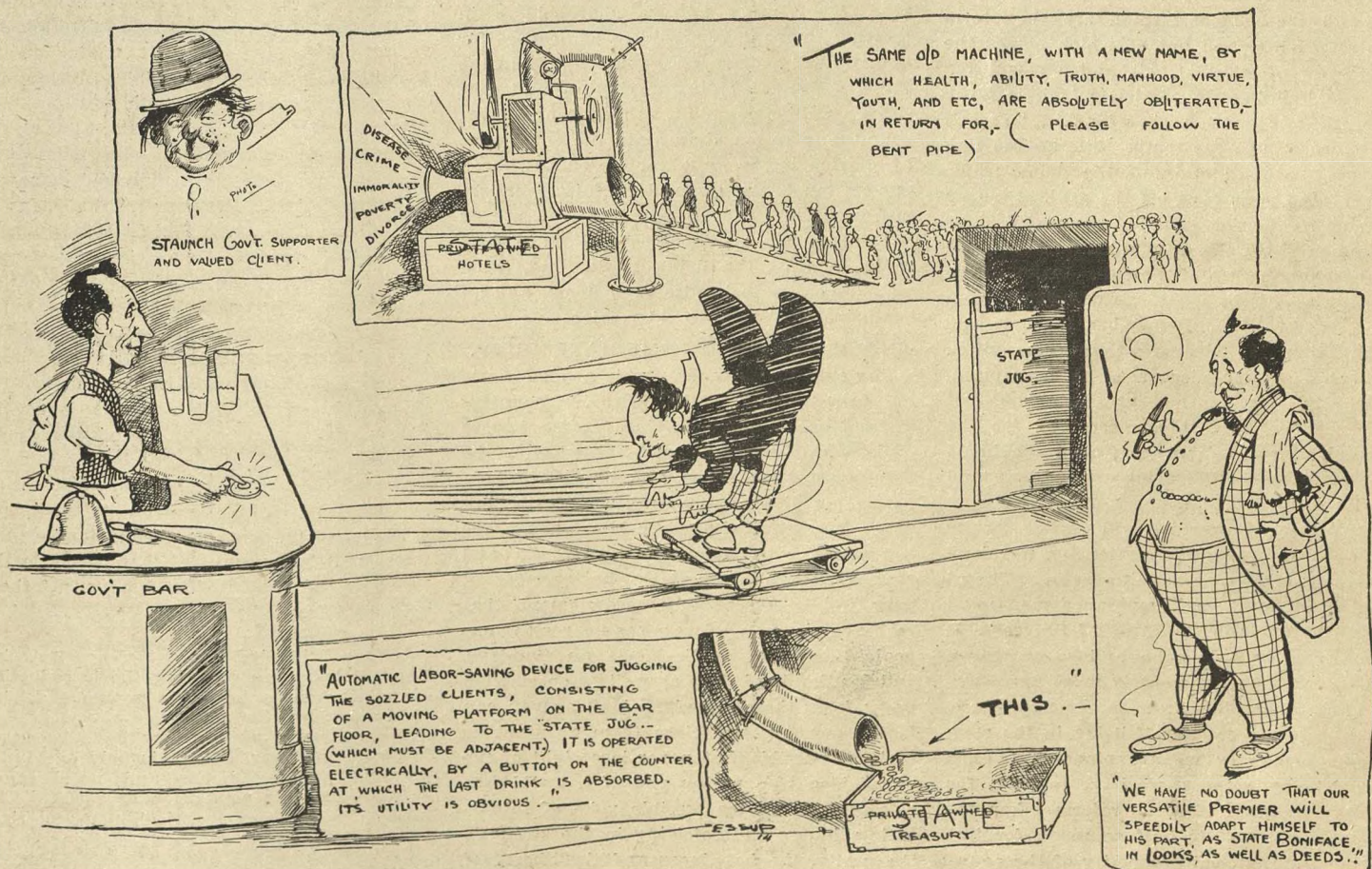
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THE LOGIC OF NATIONALIZATION.

TEMPERANCE REFORM AND THE IDEAL STATE

TWELFTH LEES AND RAPER MEMORIAL LECTURE.

By Dr. JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A.,
(Continued from last Issue.)

VII.

LIFT THE FLAG—AND GET TO THE FRONT.

Meanwhile our work is that of fostering where it exists, and creating where it does not exist, that living mass of conviction, belief and custom, out of which law grows, and in which it finds its sanction. To that we should bring our contribution day by day. All reforms hang on the social forces operating in the direction of each reform. Luther succeeded because he was the incarnation of the revolt of his day against the false, factitious and fictitious church then devastating Europe in the name of religion. Clarkson and Wilberforce would have wrought in vain if Wesley and Carey had not prepared the field for their seed. Lloyd George could not have carried his Old Age Pensions and Insurance Act had not social reformers been socialising the English conscience by their preaching and teaching since 1885. The spirit of one age makes the age that follows. Our fathers, Dr. F. R. Lees and J. H. Raper, and their co-workers have created the spirit of this time, proclaimed these ideas, which are the storm centres of life, and out of which comes the overthrow of what is evil, and a clear area for the building up of that which is good. The great injunction, therefore, is, "Preach the word." Tell the truth. Lift up the flag of the total extinction of the drink trade. Never take your eyes off the goal. Give no quarter to the foe. Do not compromise for a moment with the drinking customs. Make your fellows aware of the evil. Insist on the recognition of the teachings of science from the facts of life. Remember there is one thing that is worse than corruption, and that is acquiescence in corruption. Keep in sight the great saying of Burke, "The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men should do nothing." Leave the drink trade alone and it will "throttle the nation." That is enough. Let it alone. Cowardice will suffice for its triumph. Courage will suffice for its overthrow. It is that we have to secure. Therefore, of all men we Temperance men must get to the front in the army of Progress. It is not vanity; it is calm and sober reason which says, our regiment is more necessary than any other. The front is our right place, and woe to the country if it lag in the rear. By our principles we are pioneers. Lord Morley being witness, we have to lead; for "all the progress of social reform taken together would not do half so much for improving the material prosperity of the country and the well-being of our countrymen as the progress of the Temperance cause." We have to go to the front, and keep in the front, in the glorious company of those who are called to keep the soul of England alive.

A CALL TO THE CHURCHES.

We must persuade the Churches to take a serious view of the responsibilities to the rising generation, to the young people, to posterity and to the legislature. They have not yet risen to the height of their duty. Individual members do much. Our Temperance organizations are active; but the Churches do not concentrate their attacks on this foe as they ought and might. Dr. Gore says the Churches have neglected the "vast class of underfed, under-provided workers without hope or security," . . . "they have almost entirely neglected to thunder at the gates of tyranny." I do not deny it, but I know that Churches are far more awake to the need of justice to the poor wage-earner than they have ever been, and are ceasing to believe in charity as a cure for injustice; still, what I fear is that the Churches are not sufficiently cognisant of the indisputable fact, that whilst poverty makes profit for the drink trade, the drink trade is itself a prolific source of poverty. The fact is, the Church has not got clean hands. Her members must come out of this deplorable business. They must not be shareholders in brewing companies or holders of licenses for the sale of liquors. They must follow in the wake of Frederick N. Charrington, and sacrifice a million pounds if necessary or a five-pound note rather than stain the conscience by sharing in the slaughter of souls. Church papers must not issue doubtful advertisements. If the Church would only march as one great army, without any traitors in their ranks, against the drink trade, that trade would soon go to its deserved doom, and an emancipated nation would rejoice.

INCIDENTAL AND IMMEDIATE DUTY.

The cure of intemperance is a good work, but prevention is better. Provide counter-attractions. Build high-class coffee houses—pleasant, beautiful, well-lighted—for the toilers who have got shorter hours of labor; open free libraries, arrange concerts, but never forget that the public-house is a fierce competitor with your generous efforts, and that it will rob you of the best results of your toil. Accept any arrangement that really carries you a few paces nearer to your goal. Close the public-house on Sundays, and for the day before as well as on election days; keep them closed as long as you can in the morning and close them at night as early as possible, but never lose sight of the grand idea of a nation and of a world free altogether from the terrible yoke of intoxicating liquors and rejoicing in the strength, the purity, the happiness and the liberty of universal sobriety.

Look after your representatives. Keep publicans off the City and Town and Parish Councils; and if you fail in that, never suffer them on Watch Committees. Form your



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own Watch Committees, to resist the granting of new licences, as you have done in West Bridgford;* see that the existing laws are not broken, or if they are bring the criminals to justice. See that your members of Parliament are sound on Local Option. Go forward with all your Total Abstinence and Prohibition work with a mighty faith and a cheerful courage. You fight not only for England and Wales, but for the Empire; for its backward races and for the whole world. Fear not, we are at the threshold of a new and larger world. Never were the omens so favorable. Log after log is being pushed out of the way of the chariot of progress. The walls of tyranny and folly are falling down. An enlightened democracy is coming to its own. The patrons of ascendancy and of privilege and autocracy are passing off the field. Life has no use for them. The reign of the people is at the doors, and under that beneficent regime, amongst other blessings, this is sure to come—one of the greatest and one of the most emancipating of all—the grant to the people of full power over the drink traffic, and then, the vigorous use of that power in the expulsion of that traffic from our fatherland, and from the world.

* West Bridgford has a Defence Association. It has been opposing the introduction of public-houses into this populous suburb of Nottingham for a number of years. As many as seven applications have been refused in one year. There is only one Inn—an old coaching house—and no beer-off licences, for this population of 15,000. The Association is "non-political, non-sectarian, and non-teetotal."

"Do you think a woman should get the wages of a man?"

"It depends on whether she is married to him or not."

THE CROSSWAYS.

By OWEN OLIVER, in the "Christian Herald."

(Continued from Last Issue.)

But the children cried, and Dean stopped to console them.

"I'll carry you over," the tall man offered. "Come along, chicks. We'll play I'm a horse, and you shall ride on my shoulders."

"I'll take two," Dean said quickly, "and you can take two. I—I want them!"

"We feel alike about children," he told his companion afterward, and the tall man nodded.

"The love of children," he said, "is your way to God."

When they had crossed the horrible morass, and kissed the children, and watched them run to their homes, the tall man went back through the mud to carry over an old man and an old woman. Dean did not offer to assist in that, but a pretty lass tripped behind them, and he ploughed back through the swamp to fetch her. She laughed coquettishly while he carried her, and he pinched her rosy cheek when he put her down. He watched her smilingly till she turned and saucily kissed her hand to him.

"I've done my duty," he remarked gaily, as they walked on.

"The pleasant duties generally get done," his companion observed.

"Oh!" Dean said testily, "I don't deny your superiority in sacrifice."

The tall man smiled.

"I make no more sacrifice than you," he declared. "All duties have come to be pleasant to me."

They overtook the short man at an inn. He was merry and jingled his pockets.

"You might have done some profitable business," he told Dean, "if you had hurried on instead of waiting for those tiresome brats. You are a fool!"

"Everybody is a fool over something," Dean remarked. "I was always a fool over children. I don't want to alter that."

"It is better than being a fool over money," the tall man said. "Children can love you, and money can't."

"You," the short man answered, "are a fool over everything. He'll never show you the way to Prosperity, Dean. You must come with me at the crossroads if you want to go there."

"I want to go there," Dean said. It was a place where ways were made easy for little feet, he had heard.

He talked to the small man about Prosperity that evening, while the tall man was mending a door for the landlord, who had given him a bed of straw in an outhouse. Kindness was "a debt of honor," he often observed, and should be repaid at the first chance.

"If you want to get to Prosperity," the short man said, "you must lay up a store of money to help you on the way. You'll soon do it, if you'll leave our friend and follow me. He pours too many scruples into your ears, and you've enough of them already.

You've got to take the world as it is and do as other people do. They look out for their own pockets, and you must look out for yours, 'Do or be done.' That's the practical wisdom. You don't want to take their property, of course, but they're after yours, and offence is the best defence."

"You might take something from an innocent person," Dean protested; but his mentor clapped him on the shoulder.

"You needn't fear that, old man!" he said. "The innocent person never has anything to take. Look at our friend."

"There's a deal in that," Dean agreed. "Of course, if anyone starts out to sell me, I don't mind selling him. Business is business."

He talked more to the short man after that, and even joined in some of his enterprises and received a small share of the spoils. "As much as you are worth to me," the short man said roughly, "and no more. Business is business!" Dean did not like his manners or his methods, but he liked the results, and results are important when they secure an easy road for the little feet that run after you.

"I have given hostages to fortune," he apologised to the tall man, when he was reproached by him for some questionable gain which he had shared with the short man. "You do for your children what you wouldn't do for yourself."

The tall man put his hand on his shoulder.

"Your children," he said, "can do for you what you cannot do for yourself. Their road in life will determine their companions. Would you prefer them to travel with me, or with the other man?"

"If they were his," Dean said, slowly, "he would show them the road to Prosperity."

"And I," the tall man claimed, "would show them the road to heaven."

"I want to show them both," Dean urged. "Is it not possible?"

"It is possible," the grave voice answered. "But suppose they come to a parting of the ways? They will follow their father's example then."

"They will never know about it," Dean cried, quickly. He was thinking of the "business" which he had pondered when he sat in his room.

"They will know you," the tall man assured him. "You will teach as you live."

In such ways Dean's companions talked in turn, as they travelled on. It seemed to him that he agreed with both in part, though at heart he inclined more to the tall man. He

would certainly follow his ideas, he thought, if the world were to make; but it was made, and made a hard world; and you must do as others do, if you would reach Prosperity. Benevolence and self-sacrifice and high principle were good things in moderation; but carried too far they left you a penniless fool; and how was a penniless fool to provide for his children? Surely one might even sacrifice a virtue or two for them! A secret sacrifice that they should never know! "If I travelled alone," he declared, "I should follow the tall man; so far as human nature allows. . . . After all, I would rather travel with both. A man with no vices is only an angel—my tall friend is that, I think. A man with no virtues is a devil. My short friend is not as bad as that. He is very sensible; and he knows how to grow rich. I am neither angel nor devil, but just a man. Perhaps there is a third road that would suit us all!"

He wished that more and more as the journey went on; for the tall man put great thoughts into his mind, and the short man put jingling money into his pocket; and though he spent most of his leisure time with the former, the latter was a good companion when he wanted "a little sport."

But when they came to the parting of the ways there was no middle course. The green track lay to the left, as he had pictured it in his study; a very pleasant road; but, if the children noticed, there were some ugly things to pass; bodies that he must carry them over—"business" that was dirty business, though safe and profitable. That was what he had disliked about the road, when he looked at it in his study.

The track to the right was steep and stony. It would be hard to drag the little ones up the hill; and perhaps their little feet would be hurt. . . .

The tall man and the short man took him one by each hand as he stood hesitating.

"Come!" one said; and the other said, "Come!"

"The way to Prosperity," the short man urged him. "It is just—just a stroke of business. . . . You and I didn't make the commercial world. . . . He's rich and it won't matter to him really. Besides, he's an unscrupulous scamp, and he'd do it to you! It's the custom along the road; just the ordinary course of business. Afterwards you can buy a fine carriage to carry the little ones. They'll never know. Look at the beautiful places along the road; the splendid guest-houses! Music and dancing and dainty things for the children. They all ride further on. Look where the road goes over the hill. Do you see the fine folk in their fine clothing driving along? Your little ones can have their

(Continued on Page 10.)

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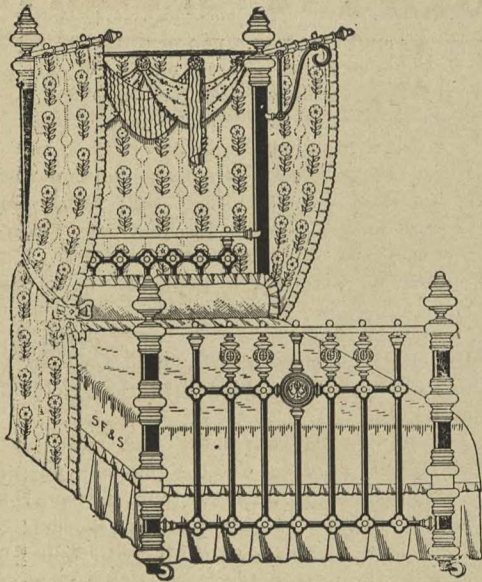
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New South Wales Alliance.

NEW APPLICATIONS FOR LICENSES.

A considerable amount of time and also money has recently been expended in opposing applications for new licenses, and on the whole the opposition has been very successful. At the Penrith Licensing Court on Monday last the second application for an additional license for Leura was before the court. Mr. W. C. Clegg was in attendance and appeared on behalf of objectors. Rev. Bradley, Presbyterian minister of Leura, and Mr. Lawson Dash and Mr. O. A. Piggott were available to give evidence. The applicant's solicitor asked for an adjournment, but not being prepared to grant reasonable costs to the objectors, the Bench dismissed the application.

Within the next few weeks the special court will be sitting to reduce the number of licenses in the Hartley electorate, of which Leura forms a part. The Alliance on investigation is satisfied that many names appearing on the petition in favor of the licenses were not bona fide residents, and in some cases there were duplications.

The opinion of the residents of Leura, and of that part of Katoomba within a mile radius of the proposed hotel site, can be readily gauged by the vote recorded there at the recent local option polls:—

	No-	Cont.	Red.	License.
Katoomba	549	55	700	
Leura	153	30	231	

We sincerely hope that this decisive vote against the liquor traffic will have the ef-

fect of keeping applicants for more licenses out of the field.

THE SQUATTERS' ARMS CASE.

The Licensing Magistrates at Wagga gave an extraordinary decision in granting a license to the Squatters' Arms Hotel at Lower Tarcutta. This place was originally in the Wynyard electorate, but upon the electoral boundaries being altered it forms part of the new Wagga electorate. Counsel for the applicant contended that as reduction had never been carried in the Wagga electorate the area in question was entitled to 49 liquor bars, instead of 46 as at present. On account of reduction three had been closed in that part of Wagga that originally belonged to Wynyard. It was claimed that there were really three vacancies.

One very important matter evidently escaped the notice of the Licensing Magistrates, and that was the fact that in order to meet such contingencies as might arise through alteration of boundaries, the Liquor (Local Option) Amendment Act 1913 was passed. This Act, after setting out that the maximum number of licenses in each electorate shall not exceed the number in existence on January 1, 1906, after subtracting those cancelled by the Special Reduction Court, continues as follows:—"Provided that where a publican's or colonial wine license, or the registration of a club, has after January 1, 1906, been removed from any area, constituting an electorate to any other such area, it

shall, for the purpose of this section, be counted as being in such other area."

This valuable clause seems to clearly indicate that there is no vacancy in the Wagga electorate, as Lower Tarcutta has to really be considered for licensing purposes as part of the old Wynyard electorate. The police are appealing against the decision, and it is only reasonable to suppose that they will succeed.

THE GRANVILLE CONTEST.

The prospects of another fight at Granville have struck the imagination of the Temperance workers in that area, and already there are indications that a magnificent battle for no-license is to be fought. The keynote of the campaign is—organization, and to this end Messrs. O. A. Piggott and R. L. Herps have been appointed as Campaign organizers. The General Secretary of the Alliance has visited Granville, Lidcombe, Auburn, and Guildford, and in each place strong working committees have been formed. The districts are being divided into wards and then into sections.

Mr. Francis Wilson, President of the Burwood League, with the active co-operation of the workers, is looking after Flemington. There are nearly 15,000 voters on the roll, and it will take a lot of organizing work to effectively reach so many people. Volunteers from all parts of the metropolitan area are immediately wanted for the following work:

- (1) To take a section and canvass.
- (2) To act as scrutineers on polling day.
- (3) To assist in open-air meetings.
- (4) To provide motor cars for polling day.
- (5) To assist in financing the campaign.

If any of the first four requests are beyond your powers, we trust that you will be able to help in No. 5, and send a contribution. An educational campaign, in which the speakers' team will take part, is to be started at once at the various centres.

AUSTRALIAN TEMPERANCE CONFERENCE.

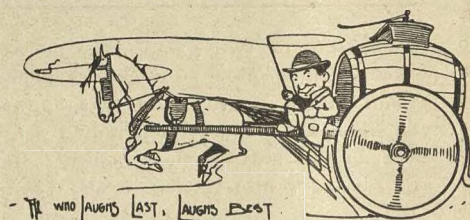
Mr. J. Delehanty, the General Secretary of the South Australian Alliance, reports that everything is shaping well for a successful conference at Adelaide on March 21. Messrs. Gow and Dash are leaving Sydney by the s.s. Wandilla on the 14th. The other delegates will be leaving by express on 18th inst. It is expected that Mr. Wesley Spragge, President of the New Zealand Alliance, will be able to attend some of the sessions, as he is returning from Great Britain to New Zealand via Adelaide about that time.

PRESIDENT OF METHODIST CONFERENCE.

Rev. Frederick Colwell is to be heartily congratulated upon his elevation to the Presidency of the Methodist Conference in this State. Mr. Colwell is a vice-president of the Alliance, and has been a warm friend and supporter of the movement for many years. In Newcastle at the first poll he was practically leader of the movement, reduction being carried in that city by 800 votes. His fresh and breezy addresses on No-License have won for him a warm place in the hearts of the temperance workers of this State.

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**"COMMENTS OF
THE MAN ON THE
WATER WAGON."**

THAT COT!

(Extract from "Fairplay.")

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

The annual collection of the hospital boxes in the various hotels was made during the past week and although hardly as satisfactory as hitherto, will considerably augment the endowment fund of the Licensed Victuallers' Cot in the Children's Hospital. The following were the leading amounts collected. The collectors, especially Mr. Alderdice, deserve special credit for the result achieved:—

C. J. Alderdice, Supreme Court King-street	£4 15 0
R. James, Hotel Victoria, William-street (2 boxes)	3 3 3
J. B. Sutton, American Bar, Castle-reagh-street (3 boxes)	2 11 0
Mrs. Lynch, Ship Hotel, Circular Quay	1 17 5
E. Elliston, Duke of Manchester Hotel, William-street	1 10 0
Hotel Australia, Castlereagh-street ..	1 4 5

Our readers will remember our comments some twelve months ago on the "marvellous generosity of the Liberty-leaguer publican—philanthropist and friend of the poor and needy. One poor little cot the whole crowd of Leaguers promise to support—and they have simply to be dragged up to the scratch each year and then sometimes fall short. How easily are the public gulled. When the publican gives 6d. he advertises it from the housetop, and the man-in-the-street echoes the cry—the generous-hearted hostler.

One little cot beats them all—brewer, publican, liberty leaguer, and all. Fine generous creatures.

"THE WRITING ON THE WALL."

We promised ourselves a further discussion of this pointed criticism by the liquor dealers of the United States upon the methods pursued by themselves, and it is well worth our time and study. Look at this "heading" to the trenchant article brought forth by the "dealers":—

"A truthful statement of how matters stand publicly on the great liquor question—a look at things as they ARE."

For, we are told—

"Partisanship with blinded eyes only leads the way to ruin, and self-deception is the worst of all."

It is plain, therefore, that in the States at least even our opponents are getting tired of

the old well-worn "shibboleths" of the trade—the false cry for "liberty"—the old "Sly-grog increases drunkenness under prohibition" grumble—the desire to cover over the weakness, the very rottenness of the traffic and its by-products.

AN OLD ARGUMENT THROWN OVER.

The "article" then proceeds to throw over an old, useless, and utterly illogical war cry. It says:—

"The most influential argument against prohibition is that it is not effective; that Prohibition doesn't prohibit. This (says the article) is not basic nor moral; the fact of failure to enforce is no argument against even the expediency, much less the moral issue involved."

We on our part have pointed out again and again that were the liquor people satisfied prohibition increased the traffic they would surely vote for prohibition, being as slick a bunch of financiers as one could find. The fact is, even they have tired of stating an illogical and absurd objection when exposed so often as to be nauseating.

"Failure to enforce" does not, of course, touch even the outer circle of the prohibitive principle—that is apparent to the youngest student.

Here follows a most damning indictment of the whole business per se:—

"It deliberately aids the most corrupt political powers, and backs with all its resources the most unworthy men, the most corrupt and recreant officials. It does NOT AID the purification of municipal, state, or national administration. Why?

"Because it has to ask immunity for its own lawlessness."

These statements are very forceful, coming as they do from the "transgressors" themselves.

They admit "The saloons breed lawlessness"—and are therefore condemned by the law.

It is a position the liquor people here have fought hard to escape—it is each year becoming harder to cover up their shame. Temperance workers in Australia may rest assured the wave of condemnation will soon reach our shores from the great awakening

American continent, and we shall come into our own privileges.

LOST THE SIXPENCE, TOO.

Whilst on the subject of what whole-hearted philanthropists the whisky brigade prove themselves to be, one feels tempted to print the following little extract from the "Daily Telegraph." Evidently the PATRONS of the hotelkeeper suffer from their environment.

Here is the story, just as it appeared in the daily paper—otherwise we may be accused of exaggerating the case:—

LOST THE SIXPENCE, TOO.

A witness in a case at the Central Court which concerned the transfer of an hotel, yesterday told an amusing story of how the searchers after the nimble tip were figuratively "smote hip and thigh" by someone in "a party of gentlemen" who were entertained at dinner at a well-known city hotel. "We put a plate on the table," said the witness, into which we thought some of the guests might drop a little on their way out. And so that the gentlemen might also have an idea of what the plate was really for, one of the waiters placed a sixpence of his own on it." "Yes, go on," said the barrister, who had the witness under examination. "Oh, there is nothing more," replied witness sadly, "excepting that after the gentlemen had gone we found nothing—someone had taken the sixpence, too." The unsympathetic in the courtroom, and there were evidently many of them, appeared to enjoy the joke immensely, for the laughter was hearty if not boisterous.

WHY COULDN'T HE GET UP?

The "Homiletic Review" relates a yarn concerning a bishop who was attending an Episcopal convention at Boston. He was a portly man, and during one of the adjournments strolled alone through Boston Common, where, in a quiet spot, he rested on a bench. After a time he tried to rise and failed to do so; again tried, and yet again failed. Then a small girl came along, and observing his difficulty, offered her aid. "Why," said the bishop, "you can't help me; you are too little." "No, I am not," said the girl confidently; "I've helped pa lots of times when he was drunker than you are." The story snaps off right there, the "H.R." failing to show just why the portly bishop could not get up, and, perhaps unintentionally, leaving an opening for a dark suspicion that the little girl's experience had made her no mean judge.

LAMB'S LINOLEUM CREAM.

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"BY THEIR FRUITS SHALL YE JUDGE THEM."

The Result of a Vote for Continuance.

ASSAULTING TWO CONSTABLES.

John Howson (36) pleaded guilty at the Redfern Court to having been drunk and disorderly in Cleveland-street, and was fined 30/-, with the alternative of 10 days' imprisonment. For having assaulted Constable Parmeter, whilst under arrest, by hitting him a blow on the head, and wrestling with him, he was sentenced to one month's imprisonment. He was further charged with having assaulted Constable J. H. Thomas.

Accused said his wife had died that morning, and in remorse he took drink.

He was sentenced to a further term of two months' imprisonment, the Magistrate remarking that he would not give the option of a fine as assaults on policemen were becoming too prevalent, and imprisonment was the only way to put that sort of thing down.

GETTING AT THE CAUSE.

Leslie Edgar Gosney, 24, who had pleaded guilty to two counts of embezzling funds of the Shire of Werribee, Victoria, while acting as collector, was brought up for sentence in the general sessions to-day. It was stated that Gosney was prepared to make restitution out of money under his father's estate.

Judge Eagleson said Gosney would be allowed out on two sureties of £100 each, to be of good behaviour for the rest of his life, to abstain from alcoholic liquors and gambling during his lifetime, and to repay to the shire the whole of the money (about £100) which he had embezzled, within two months. Judge Eagleson cautioned him that if he drank a glass of beer he would be brought up and sentenced to 10 months' imprisonment.

William Thomas Bresman, wharf-laborer, with one prior conviction, was found guilty of assault, occasioning actual bodily harm. He was allowed his liberty on finding a surety of £50 to be of good behaviour and to abstain from intoxicating liquor and gambling for the rest of his life. He was also directed to pay £25 to the Crown towards cost of his trial.—"Herald," 23/2/14.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

The question whether liquor should be introduced into the Marrickville School of Arts is highly important, but there should be no doubt as to the answer. Schools of Arts are institutions which have been endorsed and subsidised by Government for certain definite ends, and no one can set up that the Legislature contemplated the sale or use of liquor as part of the system. There can be no doubt but that if the liquor question had been associated with the School of Arts movement the opposition to it would have been very strong. The point is not whether Schools of Arts would be better if liquor were introduced, but the fact that to do so would involve a breach of trust with the community. If people want liquor they can establish private clubs, but they have no right to commandeer public or semi-public property to that end. Teetotallers

have a right to complain if the encouragement given to Schools of Arts can be transformed in any way into encouragement to the liquor trade. Such a charge involves a serious inroad on the principle that funds intended for the general use of the whole community should not be diverted so as to become the privilege of any one section.—"Evening News," 18/2/14.

ROBBING A DRUNKEN MAN.

At the Quarter Sessions last week Sydney Hatton, a young man, was charged with having, at Sydney, on December 24, attempted to steal from the person of a man unknown.

Mr. J. W. Abigail appeared for the accused, who pleaded not guilty.

The Crown case rested on the evidence of Constable Sadler, who said that he saw the accused put his hand into a drunken man's pocket.

The accused said that he knew the man, with whom he worked at Leura. On the night of December 24 he met the man in Sydney, and they got drunk together, and the man afterwards went to witness's home. When he (Hatton) got up the next morning the man had disappeared, as did also a pair of witness's trousers. Later on he met the man just before Constable Sadler saw them together, and he was looking at the band of the trousers the man wore to see if his (witness's) name was there, when he was arrested.

Three witnesses were called to substantiate Hatton's statement.

The jury, being unable to agree after over six hours' retirement, was locked up for the night.—"Herald," 18/2/14. a

STOLE THE SHIRTS.

George Quinn (31) was charged, at the Glebe Court, with having stolen four shirts, valued at 10s., the property of Grace Brothers, on February 17. Evidence was given by one of the firm's employees that defendant was seen to take the shirts from a table in the shop and put them under his coat. Defendant said he did not remember what he did. He was mad drunk at the time. A fine of £3, in default one month's jail, was imposed.—"Telegraph," 21/2/14.

A JUDGE ON DRINK.

At the Quarter Sessions last week Donald McPherson and Robert Geoghegan, who had been convicted on a charge of being unlawfully in possession of implements of housebreaking, were called up for sentence. Mr. E. R. Abigail, who appeared for the prisoners, said that in the case of Geoghegan he thought that there was not sufficient evidence adduced on which to convict him, but his Honor said that he directed the jury that it could not convict Geoghegan unless he was aware of the possession of the implements by McPherson, and the jury had decided that he did know. In sentencing



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McPherson to two years' hard labor and Geoghegan to one year's imprisonment, his Honor Judge Murray said that he was of the opinion that the latter would not have been in the position he occupied if it had not been for intoxicating liquor.

A DRINK-MADE SAVAGE.

At the Water Police Court, before Mr. Barnett, S.M., yesterday, Oscar Laine, 27, a powerfully-built Finn, was arraigned on four charges, viz., damaging plate-glass windows at 9 and 11 Pitt-street, damaging a coat belonging to Henry Batson, using bad language, and assaulting James Fleming, at No. 4 Police Station. He pleaded guilty.

The evidence was to the effect that Constable Batson went to Rowan's Bond, in Pitt-street, on Saturday, at about 7.15 p.m. Accused was in the yard, and had an iron bar. He smashed two windows of a wine bar. Batson asked him to get out, and he climbed on to a wall, and then on to the roof of a shed. He walked along this to the back yard of 162 George-street. Batson came up to him when he walked into the street, and told him that he would have to go to the station. Accused said, "You can't take me. I will tear you to pieces." He tore Batson's coat in the struggle which ensued, but was finally taken to the station. He was put in a cell with a man named Fleming, and about half an hour later Constable Sheehy heard calls for help. He went to the cell, and saw accused on top of Fleming and trying to bump his head on the floor. He was also biting Fleming on the shoulder. They got him off. Fleming's thumb was bleeding, and his shoulder was teeth-marked. Fleming said that accused bit a piece out of his thumb, bit his shoulder, and savagely gripped him by the throat. Accused had been drinking.

Laine stated that he did not remember any of the occurrences. He had been drinking. It was stated that he had been previously convicted on three charges. On one occasion he bit through a constable's boot.

For damaging the windows Laine was fined 30s., and ordered to pay 30s. damage, or 21 days' hard labor. For damaging the constable's coat he was fined 30s., and ordered to pay 40s. damage, or 21 days' hard labor. For the bad language he was fined 40s., or 21 days' hard labor, and for the assault he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, with hard labor, cumulative on the sentence of 21 days, in default of payment of fines.—"Herald," February 24.

The girl who is to be had for the asking generally spends all her life waiting to be asked.

Two Great Athletes.

CHAMPIONS AND TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

Everybody in Middlesbro' knows Jack Hatfield, and is proud of him, too. That his pride is justifiable is evidenced by the fact that, as an all-round swimmer, Hatfield is to-day the fastest in the world.

On Wednesday, November 12, I had the pleasure for the first time of seeing Jack swim, and it occurred to me that a few particulars with reference to him would be of interest to "Alliance News" readers. These particulars I sought and obtained from his father, Mr. Tom Hatfield, the genial superintendent of the Corporation Baths. It would have been no use attempting to interview Jack. He is much too modest to talk about himself.

J. G. Hatfield was born at Great Ayton on August 14, 1893, so that he is just over 20 years of age. He commenced to swim when he was five years old. Professor Hatfield's expert eye was upon him even then, for though he acknowledges that Jack "was keen and fond of water," he somewhat reluctantly admits that "he didn't frame well." At nine years of age the young swimmer developed the trudgeon stroke, for which he is so worthily famous. Two years later he captured the championship of Middlesbro' (250yds.), and has retained it ever since.

In 1909 he first competed in an English championship but without any success. The following year, although only amongst the thirds in national events, he caused a sensation in the swimmers' camp by winning the Yorkshire quarter-mile in the fastest time the race had ever been swum. In 1911 in national races he was several times placed second, but the following year brought a succession of triumphs, for he carried off the championships at one mile, half-mile, 500yds., quarter-mile, and 220yds. At the Olympic Games at Stockholm he proved that he was the second best swimmer, superior to the Australian, and only slightly inferior to the Canadian marvel, Hodgson. How slight the inferiority was may be judged by the fact that in the 400 metres race Hatfield was beaten only by the fifth of a second. It is significant that later in the year Hatfield broke the 400 metres world's record. In the International squadron race he was the fastest man of any nationality.

This year he has retained all the above-named championships and added the long-distance championship (over five miles in the river Thames) on July 19. He has also this year broken the English records at 440 yards, 500 metres, the world's record at 300 yards, and the English and world's record at 500 yards. By these performances Hatfield claims four of the fastest swims in the world, and it is confidently anticipated that he will improve even upon these wonderful achievements.

So far this stalwart Tee-side has not an-

nexed the 100 yards championship, being beaten by a touch by Harold E. Annison at Brighton. At the gala at which I was present the other Wednesday we saw these two fine swimmers compete over distances of 150 and 200 yards. We were assured the competitors were "all out," and the result was in each case a victory for Hatfield.

A trifle below the average height, Hatfield has magnificent limbs and shoulders, altogether a grand physique. A life abstainer and non-smoker, Jack shows full value for his 20 years. A good-looking lad too, with pleasant face and dark eyes, keen and kindly. Unassuming yet not reserved, courteous yet with an entire absence of "side," he is a prime favorite wherever he goes, and his friendship is valued as much,



J. G. HATFIELD.

probably even more, for his personality as for his prowess.

Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield are both life abstainers, and the former, who has for many years been an Alliance supporter, is much in request as a speaker at religious and temperance gatherings. "As for Jack," says his father, "by his clean living, he preaches a sermon every time he goes into the water."

With regard to alcoholic stimulants in training, Mr. Hatfield is very emphatic as to their non-value. "It doesn't need much argument," he says; "there's Jack's record—it speaks for itself. All the men that I have come across, when training for a special event, will knock off intoxicating drink, and many of them cigarettes too. Well, I go on the simple lines that if it is a good thing for special times, it's a good

thing for ordinary times too. So instead of doing it for three months at a time, we do it for all the twelve. By the way, you may be interested to know that Webster, the back-stroke champion of the world, who was here last week, is a publican, and is also a total abstainer and non-smoker."

The "Daily Sketch" says:—"Hatfield, if he keeps his good health, should be an invaluable member of the 1916 team for Berlin. A conscientious swimmer, possessed of an enthusiastic father, who has taken the greatest pains with him, Hatfield at the moment stands out alone. He is already a great champion, but greater deeds may come from him."

Should this be so, none will rejoice more at his success than those who to-day respect and admire him for his firm adherence to the principles of total abstinence. May health and good fortune attend him—Middlesbro's marvel, Tee-side's pride, England's champion, world's record breaker—John Hatfield.—J.W.B., in "Alliance News."

MR. ROBERT BRIDGE.

Mr. Bridge, of Chorley, a member of the Lancashire Walking Club, was born at Lathom, near Ormskirk, in 1883. He is a teetotaller, and has for the last two years abstained from tobacco. He decided upon this course after coming in third in a two-mile walk. He says he will not use the weed so long as he is an athlete, as he finds that it has a bad effect upon the wind.

Bridge is described by the "Chorley Guardian" as England's greatest amateur walker. He has won more prizes than any other present active walker in the same time. He is the Northern Counties' English Walking Champion. Recently, at Belle Vue, Manchester, he defeated the German champion in the two miles' walk. The same afternoon he won the "Shaw" Shield for 14 miles for the second year in succession. Also the Northern 20 miles' championship by five minutes.

The week following Bridge journeyed to Amsterdam, where he received a hearty welcome. Here he defeated the German champion, the Dutch champion, and the Belgian champion, in two races—two miles and five miles. His victory was applauded by the vast crowd that had assembled to witness the contest. The judges said his walking was the finest they had seen. Bridge has an enormous number of prizes which he has won during the last three years—medals, cups, gold watches and chains, silver tea ware, mahogany clock, bronzes, etc.

He holds the following trophies of the Lancashire Walking Club:—"Shaw Shield," "Haworth Cup," Lancashire Cup, and Seven

(Continued on Page 10.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

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A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1914.

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The great Temperance Convention, under the auspices of the Anti-Saloon League of the United States, which was held at Columbus, Ohio, from November 10 to 13, was a remarkably enthusiastic demonstration, despite the terrific storm preventing thousands from being present who might otherwise have been there. By the new law, which came into operation on November 24th, it is reported that nearly two thousand licensed places will be immediately closed. The new law provides that a saloon license may be suspended and automatically revoked on a second conviction for violation of law. Saloons will not be permitted as near to school-houses as heretofore, and it appears that a real effort to prevent the sale of liquor to minors will be made.

A Personal Chat with my readers

A FEW BOUQUETS. How can you refuse or neglect to pay for a paper like "Grit" when by one mail this week it was described in the following words of appreciation? A business man from New Zealand, paying in advance, says:

"I find 'Grit' a most helpful paper, and should not know how to get on without the anecdotes for platform use. You sometimes beat our N.Z. papers with N.Z. information. Your cartoonist is a treasure, and gets there unfailingly." And yet some of you have not paid for last year's supply of "Grit!"

A gentleman just returned from a trip round the world, and having a large business in one of our best country towns, says: "I am not an abstainer, although I seldom take alcohol. I have two boys who have never touched it, and I am practically teetotal for their sakes. Like many more one sees and dreads the effect of drink, but makes no effort to remedy it. Your little paper is always welcome: it is straight and is not mealeay mouthed. I enclose my cheque."

From Hobart a man writes:—"Grit" is great. We had a 'Grit' evening at our Christian Endeavor meeting the other night, and it went well, and we hope to have another such evening soon. I felt it was up to me to write a word of appreciation." Elsewhere reference is made to the two amounts of £5 promised from business men in the country this week for our education campaign, per medium of "Grit." You will help this scheme immensely by simply paying your sub. in advance.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

Firms do not advertise for the good of their health, or from any philanthropic purposes, It is purely a business proposition. Now the newspapers of the world are entirely financed by the advertisers. Your "Grit" costs more than the penny you pay to have it delivered at your door, and is, therefore, dependent like other papers on the advertising department to pull it through. Temperance folk have a bad name with advertisers. They complain we are not loyal, and do not back those who back us. I do not know that this is true, and perhaps some of the advertisers are unreasonable, but I do know that if only 10 out of every hundred readers of "Grit" took a little trouble to deal with those who advertise with us, that it would be satisfactory to them, and of untold value to us. This is the easiest and most effective way of helping the temperance cause. Will you try this inexpensive method?

THE VALUE OF LAWS.

Speaking at a public meeting held in Kilmarnock last month on the subject of the new Scottish Temperance

Act, Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone, M.P., said some people declined to join the temperance movement openly and publicly, taking refuge in the shallow entrenchment that "people could not be made sober by Act of Parliament." It was quite easy to think of ways by which people could be made intemperate by Act of Parliament. The removal of taxes upon liquor, and allowing liquor to be sold at every house that wanted to sell it would very largely increase intemperance, and he could not see why the reverse process was not equally true. Lord Rowallan, who was present, said that in the fullest sense he was heartily delighted with the Act. It realised all the dreams which were the main purposes of his whole political life.

This news item may be of use among some of your friends.

THE WILY BREWER.

Posing as philanthropists, American brewers have been detected in a strenuous effort to flood the libraries of Kansas State with anti-prohibition literature. Some time ago all the Kansas libraries received an offer from the United Brewers' Association to furnish, free, to all public and school libraries, several works on temperance. The titles in the descriptive pamphlets indicated that the books would be of a scientific nature, and did not reveal that they were intended to combat the prohibition policy of Kansas. Among the books offered were the following:—"True Temperance—dedicated to all who love liberty too well to abuse it;" "Prohibition—relative to good government;" "Alcohol—scientifically considered;" "A Plea for Justice." When the books arrived and were brought out for the use of those inquiring for works on the liquor problem, their exact nature was discovered. Every one contained an attack on prohibition, and especially on the Kansas law. It is said that the express cars are creaking with the load of "temperance literature" going back east.

The Editor

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR
SUB. FOR 1914?

A CRYING SHAME.

THE DOCTOR FAILS TO BACK THE POLICE.

THE PUBLIC NEEDS PROTECTING FROM THE ALCOHOLIC.

There is no disease from which men suffer, so persistent, so demoralising, and so productive of sorrow as alcoholism, and there is no other national scourge so neglected. The "white plague," cancer, syphilis (now referred to as the "red plague"), small-pox, and other lesser ills to which humanity is heir have all been dealt with in a large and serious way, and yet the victims of alcohol are more numerous, more to be pitied, and more difficult to cure, and little or nothing has yet been done for them. The court is being discouraged by the doctors on the one hand and the politicians on the other. The politician has never provided the money for suitable accommodation, and the doctors evidently fail to realise their responsibility in the matter, for they treat either lightly or with levity a condition which has been proved to have more serious results on the offspring and on the community than any other disease.

THE INEBRIATE.

The Inebriate Act of 1912 says: "For the purposes of this Act, 'Inebriate' means a person who habitually uses intoxicating or narcotic drugs to excess." The clause referring to medical certificates says:—"Every medical practitioner who signs any certificate under or for the purpose of this Act shall specify therein the facts upon which he has formed his opinion that the person to whom such certificate relates is an inebriate, and shall distinguish in such certificate facts observed by himself from facts communicated to him by others, and no such order shall be made upon any certificate which purports to be founded only upon facts communicated by others."

The police submit the record of convictions at the court, and the refusal of the doctor to send a certificate can only be interpreted to mean that he has given the case no personal attention. If this is so, he is to blame, and has failed in his duty. If, on the other hand, he has given personal attention and is unable to pronounce as inebriates any of the cases quoted in this article, then he is incompetent.

BAULKED BY THE DOCTOR.

The magistrate who presides over the "drunks" court, Mr. Burton Smith, is fully in sympathy with any effort that can help the unfortunate inebriate, and while always willing to give them every chance, is equally willing to apply a severe measure if there is any reason to believe it will be helpful. Sergeant Mankey, the Police Prosecutor, has wide experience, coupled with remarkable discernment, and while he is as hard as adamant with those who are insincere or merely trying to save their skin, yet he is full of kindly sympathy to such as may possibly be reclaimed. The best efforts of the court at

present are, however, defeated by the doctors' refusal to give a medical certificate, which is necessary before a person can be treated as an inebriate. In the last few days the following cases have been sent up by the court, but nothing could be done with them, owing to the medical certificate not being forthcoming, and so they are at liberty to go pestering the community, killing themselves, and proving a danger to society.

No. 1—A WOMAN.

Convicted in 1913 on 7th, 10th, and 26th February, 5th and 11th August, 30th October, 30th November, and cautioned that if she was before the court again she would be dealt with as an inebriate. On February 12th she was convicted again, but the doctor did not evidently think the record bad enough.

No. 2—A MAN.

Convicted in 1913 on 7th April, 29th May, 9th June, 12th July, 17th November, and in 1914 3rd and 31st January, on February 16th was sent up by the court, but the doctor refused a certificate.

No. 3—A MAN.

This man has already been declared an inebriate, and shows the following court record: September 25th, 1911; in 1912, 30th April, 2nd and 29th October, 20th November, 3rd December; in 1913, 14th August, 29th September, and in 1914, 11th February, and on 14th February was recommended by the court, but refused a doctor's certificate.

No. 4—A MAN.

This man was convicted in 1911 on June 12th, October 19th, and October 20th; in 1912 he was convicted on February 19th and June 29th; in 1913 he was convicted on 7th April, 22nd May, 17th June, 25th August, 20th September, 31st October, 24th November, and 23rd and 27th December; in 1914 he was convicted on February 11th and 17th. He signed the pledge and broke it. He was warned that he would be declared an inebriate. He was remanded for seven days' medical treatment to save him from delirium

tremens, and yet the police are powerless because the doctor refuses a certificate.

THE DAILY RECORD.

	Men.	Women.	Pledges.
Feb. 16	36	9	14
17	30	7	11
18	14	4	3
19	15	5	5
20	27	7	6
21	20	8	11
23	51	8	16
24	10	5	3
25	16	6	7
26	18	10	12

In ten days there were 237 men and 69 women. Of these many were inebriates, and the pledge could not be offered to them because the pledge cannot help a sick man. Some of them frankly confessed they had no intention of swearing off it, but 88 signed the pledge with fair prospects of keeping it. At least 15 per cent. were badly marked with cuts or bruises, and many had lost their hats or damaged their clothing seriously.

If we cannot treat these drunks in a serious and suitable way, a large proportion of them will become a permanent charge on the community. Many of them are a positive menace to all they come in contact with. They are covered with vermin and filthy in the extreme. "Drunks" run in on Saturday remain unwashed till Monday; in fact, the Central Court, with all its immense business, provides no facilities for the police to wash their hands after handling such cases.

PROTECTION FOR THE PUBLIC.

Hardly a tragedy takes place but alcohol is a prime factor. A large number of accidents are undoubtedly the result of judgment perverted by alcohol, and coming down to the daily demand made on us all for a "temporary" loan, we trace the necessity back to "booze." Some complacently argue, "Well, this is the price we pay for the convenience afforded by the open bar, and we cannot grumble," but it is more reasonable to contend that the authorities should see that nothing robs the Inebriate Act of its purpose.

PLEDGE SIGNING AT THE COURT.

We acknowledge with thanks the following donations:—H. D. Hassell, 5/2; G. F. Day, 3/-; G. W. Bolus (Men's Home), 20/-; V. S. Barnett, 3/-.

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THE CROSSWAYS

(Continued from Page 3.)

hearts' desire in Prosperity! Watch the way I go, and follow me!"

He started along the green road, walking stealthily, with outstretched grasping hand, and teeth showing fiercely.

"Friend," the tall man said—and his voice shook—"I must go first. I pray to God that you may follow me. In your inmost heart your best thoughts are as mine. I cannot promise you riches or dainty fare for your little ones along the road; only that love shall ease their way; and that they and their children and their children's children shall grow into good women and men; and at the end—God's guest-house waits along that rough road! I am dearer to you than you know, friend. Heaven grant that your way may be mine."

He wrung Dean's hand heartily. Then he started up the hill to the right, bearing upon his staff heavily. The stones slipped under his tread. They were jagged stones, Dean noticed, and the little feet might be cut; and two gentle feet that walked close to theirs. She would only think of him and the children; but it was a rough road for her!

Dean watched one man and the other, till the shades of the coming night hid them, and then again he found the vague white presence at his side.

"You have travelled awhile with both," it said, "longer than you know, Francis Dean. This is the day when their ways part and never meet again. Choose you one of them."

"For myself—" Dean began; and stopped.

"You and yours, and theirs, and some who are yet to be," the Presence said, "must travel henceforth with one of these companions. Choose between them, Francis Dean!"

Dean turned quickly to the form that loomed so vaguely in the dusk.

"Who are they?" he asked.

"Yourself!" the Presence said; and then it took his arm and drew him a long step beyond measure. He closed his eyes; opened them; found himself back in his study with his head on his hand staring at the two roads. A fur-clad man drove along the wide white way in a gorgeous carriage; a man in ragged sheepskins toiled up the stony lane, leaning wearily upon his staff. Dean made a sound like a sob.

"Such tender little feet!" he said. "O God! Such a hard road!"

The door opened suddenly, and the light of a candle shone in. There was a tempestuous rush of three small children to say their prayers at daddy's knee. "Their road to heaven," the voice of the woman he loved whispered in his ear. He laid his cheek against hers softly; and both cheeks were wet.

"That road!" he cried. "That road!"

Lawyer: The cross-examination did not seem to worry you. Have you had any previous experience.

Client: Six children.

SUMMER IS THE TIME FOR

UNCLE TOBY'S ROLLED OATS

MY UNCLE TOBY'S ROLLED OATS

No Food

So Good

You will stand the hot weather better if you have them every morning for breakfast

TWO GREAT ATHLETES

(Continued from Page 7.)

Miles' Championship. After his triumph on the Continent, where all international competitors were outclassed by him, the tradesmen of Chorley decided to give him a public welcome and to make him a presentation. This took the form of a beautiful dressing-case and a neat attache case.

The business people in the main thoroughfare hung out flags and bunting, and had a carriage ready to ride him triumphantly through the street, accompanied by a band

of music, to the Theatre Royal. Bridge could not understand all this demonstration of enthusiasm. From an athletic point of view Bridge is a very small man indeed, standing only 5ft. 6½in. high, and weighing 8st. 2lb. when in condition. He is of modest demeanor and is held in high esteem in Chorley and district, where he has lived for 15 years. Mr. Bridge is a postman.

Bridge does not hesitate to say that he owes his success to the fact that he is a non-smoker and a life-long abstainer from alcoholic drink.—E.A., in "Beacon Light."

A. & W. MUTCH,

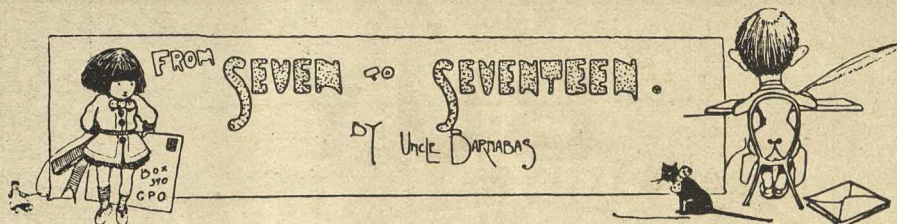
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The COAT of GOLDEN MAIL.

Being the Adventures of the Beautiful Prince and the Magician.

(By MARY L. MOPPETT.)

(Continued.)

CHAPTER V. THE MUSIC ROOM.

Yes! The "Snail's" revenge was sweet! And this is the way he set about it. He took all the knocks in good part, for he knew that it was "all in the game." What is more, he took them all on his head, where knocks always hurt the most.

But we are leaving the Prince and the Magician behind, and finding out things for ourselves, and that will never do, for we shall raise the Magician's ire, and he may punish us by returning to his ancient Palace and so keeping the rest of the adventures of the Prince a profound secret!

We left them retracing their steps along the Grand Way and as its dangerous foothold had proved disastrous to the Prince on the inward journey, his friend gave him an alpenstick as a help to him on the way out. For they had walls to climb, and dangerous flights of steps to ascend, and much to endure, before they could reach the other side of the curtain which had blocked their way and see the big hammer at work.

You will be wondering why the Prince did not use his magic wings instead of plodding along like this. It was because the Magician was an autocrat, which means that he belonged to a family who were renowned for getting their own way "every time," and, as he said "plod along," even the Prince had to do it. And as there really was nothing to hurry about, it did not much matter.

When they came to the Grand Entrance they found that the wind was setting the wrong way for them to use the telegraphone with any degree of comfort, so they had to climb along the side of the wall as best they might. As they were travelling over the spongy way between the ridges which formed little patties along which, being small, they could walk single file, they came repeatedly to some deep holes out of which poured poisonous gas and some very nasty smelling liquid. So the Prince asked the Magician "If he knew what these holes were?"

"Do you remember," said he in reply, "that when we looked at the outside of the Palace we saw a lot of tiny windows dotted all over it? These holes are the windows!"

The Prince did not say anything but thought that this Palace with its windows which were used as drain pipes, and its reception rooms all situated on the top floor, was rather an upside-down sort of place. "But anything for a change," said he to himself.

"You must know," said the Magician, "that to get into the Middle Hall we shall have to go through the Mill, for the Secret Passage, of which I told you can only be gained by that entrance, so pluck up your courage, and do not lose your stick, and remember that whatever disasters may seem to be going to overwhelm you, I am with you, and am able to help you to overcome them. And, you may be sure, that with all my learning I am able to bring you safely through all your difficulties. There is only one thing that you need fear, and that is the power of the witch. But we must hope that she is too busy with other matters to take any notice of us."

(You will notice that the Magician always talked in this rather stately style, in fact, quite, as we should say, "like a book!")

So on they went and now the character of the ground changed and they had to surmount a smooth red hill and then dip down into what seemed to them a deep valley. The atmosphere was so moist and hot here that the Prince found it very trying. Just as bad as we find it to be in the orchid and fern-houses in the Botanic Gardens.

Now, again, they had a steep hill to climb, at the top of which were some white marble-like pillars standing side by side, like the ruins of some ancient temple, but as they found just enough room between these pillars for them to squeeze through, they saved themselves a dangerous climb up their slippery sides.

And now, as they rested for a while, they noticed another set of white pillars attached to the arched fluted roof, and also that this great chamber was covered with a soft red carpet.

Again they started on their travels, crossed the spring which bubbled up and ran along the valley at their feet and got on to the Magic Carpet which, as soon as they reached it, curled itself up, and, of its own accord, brought them close to the end of the Secret Passage, on the journey through which the Prince somewhat recovered himself as the air was purer and not so moist.

So they came in sight of the Big Hammer, and if any of you have ever seen a steam hammer at work fashioning a bowl, or dish, as large as a small cottage, you will know what a wonderful sight it was to the Prince. And to see it working on the anvil and ring and stirrup, and oh! the noise from each in turn as they passed on the hundreds of knocks! He could scarcely take his eyes off the action of the hammer, and when he did so, in order to look for other wonders, met with a great disappointment, for there at the end of the stirrup, and joined to it, was another curtain! The Magician consoled him by saying that he "would let him look through the oval window and with the aid of

his opera glasses he would be able to see in turn the wonders that lay beyond!"

So he saw a large Entrance Hall, "leading," so said his instructor, "to the Maze (which as you all know is a place in which one can easily lose one's self), and also three canals along which the knocks were being floated as fast as possible to the big Snail."

Then the Magician took him to a round window, and lo! inside the Snail's shell was the Music Room!

It was divided into two long rooms, along which one could travel round and round for a long distance, and never so much as find one corner to keep clean. Why? Simply because there were no corners, they had all been cut off, and the place where they should have been nicely rounded off!

These long rooms were nicely padded, so soft and warm, and because the nasty knocks might hurt the coating of the walls they were overlaid with a sticky varnish, which was always wet and very elastic.

But the pianos! Did ever anyone see such a lot! Each one caught hold of one knock only and gave it to the policeman whose business it was to take it to the police station!

In this Music Room you will have noticed that the pianos play the players, but that is just because everything is topsy-turvy and strange to us, though it might not be to the Chinese, for they do things many things just the opposite to what we do, i.e., begin their books at the end, and many things like that.

But I forgot to mention the water-nymphs who took charge of the knocks when they entered the Music Room and piloted them to the piano which would just suit them, and gave to each a voice just long enough to sing one song before they disappeared with the policeman. They were there in crowds, in fact, they took up the entire floor, and as all their efforts in the musical line were crowned with success, there came from those two rooms such harmonious sounds as were never surpassed, not even at a German festival!

Now was not this a first-class revenge? namely, to turn into sweet music all those hard knocks!

(To be Continued.)

BEWILDERING WONDERS OF THE SKY.

There are 18 stars of the first magnitude. These are at least 211,000 times farther away from the earth than is the sun, and their light takes over three years to reach us. There are 55 of the second magnitude, their light taking over six years to reach us; 170 of the third magnitude, their light reaching us in over nine years; 500 of the fourth magnitude, their light taking twelve years to reach us. Stars as distant as those of the sixth magnitude, their light taking 36 years to traverse the intervening space, are visible to the naked eye. Of these there are about 6000. A 9-foot telescope reveals stars of the twelfth magnitude, about 10,000,000 in number. An 18-foot telescope reveals about 43,000,000 stars, including those of the thirteenth magnitude, whose light takes 2700

years to reach us. Each of these stars is thought to be the centre of a solar system like our own. Our own solar system consists of the Sun, the following planets revolving around it: Mercury, nearest the Sun, is 35,000,000 miles distant; Venus, 66,000,000 miles; the Earth, 91,000,000 miles; Mars, 139,000,000 miles; the Asteroids about 266,000,000 miles; Jupiter, nearly 476,000,000 miles; Saturn, 872,000,000 miles; Uranus, 1,754,000 miles; and Neptune, 2,746,000,000 miles from the Sun.

Now, isn't that very wonderful? When you pray to God after looking at the stars you ought to feel reverence, wonder, and awe that the Creator of all the wonders of the Heavens is interested in you and loves you. He is so great we might remember—

"We are coming to a King,
Therefore large petitions must we bring.
For His grace and power are such
That we can never ask too much."

UNCLE B.

RUSSIAN RIDDLES.

Here are some riddles which the boys and girls in Russia puzzle their heads over. See how many of them you can guess without looking at the answers:—

1. I have four legs and feathers, but am neither beast nor bird.
2. There are four brothers under one hat.
3. Four brothers run side by side, but never catch one another.
4. What walks upside down overhead?
5. Who are the two brothers that live on the opposite sides of the road, yet they never see each other?
6. A pack of wolves ran by. One was shot; how many remained?

Answers.—1. A feather bed. 2. Legs of a table. 3. Wheels of a cart. 4. A fly. 5. Your eyes. 6. One—the dead one.

THAT'S THE WAY.

Thordis Ford, "Kellerberrin," Balmoral-street, Wairoa, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I start lessons to-morrow again. I learnt to swim at Austinmer. I have some toy signals in the paddock. The first week of the holidays I read most of my prize, the "Second Royal Prince Reader," and finished it soon after. This verse is in it:—

Just a little every day,

That's the way!

Children learn to read and write

Bit by bit and mite by mite.

Never any one, I say,

Leaps to knowledge and its power;

Slowly, slowly, hour by hour,

That's the way!

Just a little every day.

I like reading very much, and have another Bible, with bigger print a revised version. I did long division last quarter and addition and subtraction of money.—Your loving Nephew.

(Dear Thordis,—It was nice to hear from you again and I am glad you have learned to

swim. When I was at school every boy had to learn. Those lines are very good and I am glad you wrote them for me. I hope all your "cousins" will learn them by heart.—Uncle B.)

* * *

Len Smith, "St. Leonard," Narromine, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I hope I have not kept you too long for a letter. I am so glad you have made me one of your Ne's. Gwen Britten is back home again now, and she liked this place very much. School is great up here, but my dear teacher has been sent to Broken Hill, and we have a new teacher now. She is nice, too. Do you like my writing. My birthday was on Sunday, 25th. I was six. Dear Uncle, I got some nice cards and presents. Good night. I wish you and all a very happy New Year. A big hug and a kiss from my baby brother Jack and me. xx all for yourself. My dad is writing you now.

(Dear Len,—Yours is a splendid letter for a six-year-old, and you must have taken a lot of trouble to write it. I am glad you had a happy birthday. I was so cheered by your dad's lovely letter, and wish there were more dads like him. Give Jack a big hug from me, and tell him to give you one from me.—Uncle B.)

QUITE GOOD ENOUGH.

Vera Irene Chapman, 28 Thompson-street, Darlinghurst, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you please let me be your Ni., that is, if I am good enough. Please let me know if I am? I will just tell you what I like. I am fond of reading, Sunday School, Church-going, Bible reading, and that means that I want to close all the hotels. Please let me know if I am good enough, and I will write you a longer letter next

time. I will tell you about my good parents. I will be ten years old on February 19, and am in upper third in the big-school. I will close now, good-bye for the present.—I remain, yours truly.

(Dear Vera,—I am very pleased to have you as a Ni. You are quite good enough if judged by what you like. I will look forward to your promised letter. I hope you have a very happy birthday on the 19th. Will you tell me how you spent that day?—Uncle B.)

THREEFOLD CONDEMNATION.

Everard Ford, "Kellerberrin," Balmoral-street, Wairoa, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have often been thinking that the no-license cause is sure to win because the liquor people put a brand, XXX, on their bottles, which means that it is three times crossed out; first by God, second by medical men, and third by our votes. Some time ago a wooden church was started in Waitara with free labor and I went and helped. When I went the roof was on, and it is now finished. My brothers and I have had chicken-pox, and that prevented me from having some of my examinations. I often print words on logs and bits of wood with a magnifying glass used as a burning glass. I am having a long holiday at home, and intend to make a garden. As we have not much water I am making a well, for which I have fixed up a crane to haul out the earth. We had some good surfing at Thirroul.—With love, your loving Ne.

(Dear Everard,—I thank you for telling me about the meaning of the beer brand; do you think it nice to have taught me something I did not know? I am sorry to hear you had chicken-pox, and hope it left no ill effects. I think gardening is lovely work, and quite envy you. Please tell me all you are growing.—Uncle B.)

DRINK UNFERMENTED WINE.

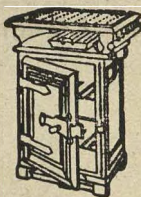
Procure it in bottles or cases from the

VEGETARIAN RESTAURANTS,

283 CLARENCE STREET
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The Gas Stove To Get is the Fletcher-Russell

These are wonderfully handy and economical Stoves, right up to the minute with trouble-saving improvements.

If you once knew the comfort of using one—and the economy—you would never be content to use an ordinary stove a minute longer.

The cooking for a small family can be done for three months for ONE POUND. Why bother with wood and coal fires after that?

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Come in and have it demonstrated, or write for a Catalogue.

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A CHILD'S REASON.

A noted Sunday-school worker, living in Kansas, was once asked to talk to the children of a Sunday-school on the subject of temperance. He is very earnest in the cause and wears a bit of blue ribbon as a badge of his principles. Rising before the school, he pointed to his bit of blue ribbon, and said, "Now, can any of you children give me a reason why I am not a drunkard?" There was no reply for a moment; then a childish little voice in the rear of the room piped out, "'Cause this is a prohibition town."

IN THE INTERIM.

The witness was under cross-examination. "You say you left the city on the 16th?" said the barrister.

"I do," answered the witness firmly.

"And you returned on the 17th?"

"I did."

"Now, what were you doing in the interim?"

The witness colored violently and looked indignant. "I never was in such a place in my life," he said. "Never, emphatically never."

ROYALTY AND A HAY STACK.

An English journal, usually noted for its "loyalty," relates that during army manoeuvres Prince Arthur of Connaught and other officers chose the top of a haystack as a convenient point of vantage. The owner of the stack objected in strong terms. An orderly was despatched to inform him that the party included Prince Arthur, the King's cousin. The farmer was incredulous, but had a doubt. "Anyway," he said, "prince or no prince, they've got to come off my stack." Then, addressing the party, he continued: "Dash it all, from the looks of you, the next thing you'd do with the stack would be to eat it."

EASY TO BELIEVE.

An Irishman knocked at a door one day and asked the lady of the house (who was very ugly) if she could help him, as he was hard up and on the road.

"Indeed, I'll not," she replied; "and if you don't clear off out of this I'll call my husband, who is a policeman, and he'll come and take you."

"I quite believe ye, missis," retorted Pat; "he'd take anything when he took you."

HIS SIMPLE NEED.

To the great god Buddha came the representatives of the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish denominations to pay him homage. Buddha, very flattered, told each of them that if they would express a wish it would be fulfilled. "What do you wish?" he asked the Catholic. The answer was "Glory." "You shall have it," said Buddha, and turning to the Protestant, "What do you wish?" "Money." "You shall have it." "And you?" This to the Jew. "I do not want much," quoth he; "give me the Protestant's address."

THEY WERE FRANK TOO.

The new clergyman and his wife were visiting an outback farm, and the latter wished to compliment Mrs. Farmer.

"How well-behaved your children are," she said.

"Their manners are perfectly lovely," chimed in the clergyman.

The parents acknowledged the compliments with smiles.

Then out spoke little Agnes: "Pa said before you came that if we didn't behave he'd knock our blocks off; didn't you, pa?"

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PROVIDENCE AND THE "CROOK."

As a rule the habitual wrongdoer bears little resentment towards the detective who may have brought him to justice. Neither is he always devoid of a blind belief in the workings of Providence. One known to the police as a "chronic crook" met one of the detectives who had on several occasions had unpleasant business with him. "How are you doing now, Tom?" asked the detective. "Doing!" bitterly exclaimed the crook. "You and your pals have fairly bottled our business!"

"Well, how's the wife?" asked the man from the Yard, whereupon the crook nearly broke down. "The missus," he said, "died a month ago. It was a near thing that the parish didn't have to bury her, but (with a ring of heartfelt gratitude in his voice) Providence was very good, for it sent along a mug in the nick o' time—and I done him for twenty quid. Thank God, we was able to bury poor Liz quite decent-like!"—From London "Licensing World."

Judging by the quality of the product, it is no wonder we get so much free advice.

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.

New
Teeth
for
Three
Guineas

MY THREE-GUINEA SETS NEED NO PATENT SUCTIONS

At the best, a patent Suction is only a poor excuse for a badly-made set of teeth. The plate—ill-fitting and loose—needs some support and so—on goes the "wonderful" suction—!

Reaney Three Guinea Upper or Lower Sets need no patent suction to keep them firm and tight. They fit snugly and well—feel and look natural, and never budge when once in the mouth.

Get a Reaney set—it will make you look years younger.

UPPER OR LOWER SETS..... £3/3/-.

DENTIST REANEY,

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Is Your Opportunity to Save Money.

IT'S KNOWING WHERE TO BUY CHEAPEST and save on your household drapery that gives you the SURPLUS FOR YOUR BANK DEPOSITS.

WINN'S SALE PRICES ARE YOUR SAVING CHANCE.

Read These Values:—

WHITE TWILL SHEETINGS.
54in. WHITE TWILL SHEETING.
Usual, 8½d. yard. SALE, 6¾d.
54in. WHITE TWILL SHEETING.
Usual, 9½d. yard. SALE 8½d.
72in. HEAVY TWILL SHEETING.
Usual, 1/3 yard. SALE, 1/0½.
80in. WHITE, PLAIN, AND TWILL SHEETING.
Usual, 1/3 yard. SALE, 1/1.
80in. WHITE, PLAIN, AND TWILL SHEETING.
Usual, 1/6 yard. SALE, 1/3.

GREY SHEETING.
SPECIAL SALE PRICES TO FORCE A REDUCTION OF OUR TOO HEAVY STOCKS.

54in. PLAIN GREY SHEETING.
Usual, 9½d. yard. SALE, 8½d.
54in. PLAIN GREY SHEETING.
Usual, 10½d. yard. SALE, 9½d.
70-72in. PLAIN GREY SHEETING.
Usual, 11½d. yard. SALE, 10½d.
Full 72in. PLAIN GREY SHEETING.
Usual, 1/3 yard. SALE, 1/1.
BORDERED FLAX ROLLER TOWELLING.
18in. BORDERED FLAX ROLLER TOWELLING.
Usual, 4½d. yard. SALE, 4d.
18in. BORDERED FLAX ROLLER TOWELLING.
Usual, 6d. yard. SALE, 4¾d.
18in. BORDERED FLAX ROLLER TOWELLING.
Usual, 7½d. yard. SALE, 6d.

WHITE AND CREAM DAMASK.
EXTRAORDINARY REDUCTIONS IN ALL DAMASKS.

54in. WHITE DAMASK.
Usual, 11½d. yard. SALE, 9¾d.
54in. WHITE DAMASK.
Usual, 1/3 yard. SALE, 1/1.
58in. CREAM DAMASK.
Usual, 1/- yard. SALE, 10½d.

BARGAINS IN TOWELS, LACE CURTAINS, QUILTS AND ALL HOUSEHOLD DRAPERY WANTS.

TUSSORE SILKS at slaughtered prices.
34in. Tussores Silk, nice even quality, this line speaks for itself. Usually sold at 1/4½. OUR SALE PRICE, 11½d.
34in. Tussores and Nanshan Silks, all well chosen qualities, at very special prices. Usual Prices, 1/6, 1/11, 2/3, 2/11, 3/11. SALE PRICES, 1/4½, 1/7, 1/11, 2/4, 3/6. We specially mention the line reduced from 2/11 to 2/4.

36in. Black Glace. Usual Price, 2/11. SALE, 1/11½.

36in. Black Paillette. Usual Price, 2/11. SALE, 1/11½.

40in. Black Chiffon Taffeta Silk. Usual Price, 3/11. SALE, 2/11½.

40in. Paillette Silk. Usual Price, 3/11. SALE, 2/11½.

36in. Black Cotton Back Satin. Usual Price, 2/6. SALE, 1/11½.

40in. Paillette Silk in Cream, White, Pale Mid and Dark Grey, Sky, Turquoise, Saxe, Marone, Cardinal, Pink, Salmon, V. Rose, Apricot, Brown, Maise, Marone, Navy, and Emerald. Usual Value, 3/6. SALE PRICE, 2/6.

40in. Satin Charmeuse, most suitable for evening wear, in Saxe, Lime, Tan, Brown, Gold, Apricot, Grey, Flame, White, Cream, and Ivory. Usual Price, 2/11. SALE, 2/6.

40in. Chiffon Taffeta Silk, in Silver Grey only. Usual Value, 2/11. SALE, 1/6½.

40in. Mousseline, a very soft texture silk, with nice bright sheen, most suitable for evening wear. Shades: Nattier, Saxe, Navy, Brown, Sky, Pink, Ivory, and Cream. Sold well at 2/9. SALE PRICE, 2/3.

27in. White Japanese Silk, three very special lines, all full 27in. wide, and excellent value at Ordinary Prices as 1/-, 1/6, 1/9. SALE PRICES, 10½d., 1/4, 1/6.

The line at 1/6 SALE PRICE we specially recommend.

27in. White Crepe de Chene, Jap. Silk, a washing Jap Silk, with decided crepe finish. We have done big business with this line at 2/3. SALE PRICE, 1/9.

40in. Silk Crepe, a beautiful bright finished silk, very soft in texture, in shades of Pale Pink, Biscuit, Tussores, Dark Brown, Resida, Light Grey, with faint self stripe. Usual Price, 2/11. SALE PRICE, 1/6½.

36in. Jap. Silk, Heavy Twill finish, in shades of pretty Resida, and Golden Brown, with medium sized white dot. Usual Value, 3/6. SALE, 1/6½.

26in. Crystalline Silk, very bright, soft finish, for either day or evening wear, in Navy, Helio, and Resida. We specially mention the Resida shade as being very pretty. Usual Price, 1/3. SALE, 9½d.

18in. Plain Satins, nice bright finish, most suitable for evening wear, or millinery in Marone, Cardinal, V. Rose, Royal, Cream, Emerald, Nil, Brown, Sky, Cerise, Grey, Myrtle, and Flame. Usual Price, 1/3. SALE, 8¾d.

26in. Navy Ground Cambrics, all neat designs, in spots or sprigs. We recommend this line. Usual Price, 3¾d. SALE PRICE, 3d. yd. 2/11 doz.

27in. Washing Cotton Poplins, a most reliable hard wearing fabric for either children or adults, all excellent shades, as Tan, Saxe, Violet, Lime Brown, Electric, Butcher, Helio, and Deep Sky. Usual Value, 6¾d. SALE PRICE, 4d. yd.; 3/11 doz.

36in. Linene, our leading cut line; having sold thousands of yards at 4¾d., although they are worth 6½d., are now further reduced to 4d. yard; 3/11 doz. All good shades as Saxe, Navy, Brown, Grey, Sky, V. Rose, Mole, Fawn, Tussores, Cream, and Black.

38in. Pique, nice heavy raised cord, in Mole, V. Rose, Tan, Biscuit, Saxe, Lime, Apricot, and Cream. Usual Prices, 11½d. to 1/3. SALE PRICE, 9½d.

36in. Cotton Cashmere at a price unheard of before, in Scarlet, Cardinal, Moss, Royal, Saxe, and Electric. Usual Value, 4¾d. SALE, 3d. yard; 2/11 doz.

40in. Cotton Voile, white grounds, with broad grey stripe; a most effective voile for a washing frock. Usual Price, 1/6. SALE, 9½d.

40in. Ninon Voile, all beautiful shades of Sky, Navy, Grey, Saxe, Nattier, and Brown. Usual Price, 3/3. SALE, 1/11½.

56in. Plain Cotton Voile. This is exceptional value as the width is most unusual, being manufacturers' stock we bought at a very low cost, in shades of Navy, Saxe, and Brown. Usual Price, 1/3. SALE, 9½d.

40in. Cream Wool Sicilian. This we consider our plum line in this department; a nice shade of cream having the appearance of voile, is most suitable for children's wear. Usual Value, 1/3. SALE PRICE, 9½d.

52in. Cream Panama. Note the width of this line. One width would cut a skirt. Usual Price, 2/6. SALE, 1/9.

4 SPECIALS IN OUR WHITE DEPARTMENT.

46in. White Swiss Lawn. Usual Price, 7½d. SALE, 5¾d.

32in. White India Linen. Usual Price, 1/- SALE, 9¾d.

36in. White Bishop's Lawn. Usual Price, 10½d. SALE, 8¾d.

42in. White Dress Linen. Usual Price, 1/9. SALE, 1/4½.

Jap. Crepe Costume lengths, beautifully worked, in self colors or white panels for Blouse, also 4 panels for skirt; the whole being about 7yds. in length by 28in. wide, in beautiful shades of Navy, Fawn, Brown, Lavender, V. Rose, Grey, Amethyst, Sky, White, and Black. Usual Price, 21/- SALE PRICE, 12/9.

A Shipment of 40in. Silk Crepes just to hand. These were ordered to arrive next month.

Well, they're here. Our Sale is on, and we're going to give you a Sale Bargain in the most popular Dress Fabric of the moment.

40in. SILK CREPES, 1/11½.
SEE OUR WINDOW DISPLAY.

These 40in. Silk Crepes have a beautiful Crepe-de-Chene finish, look and wear as well, and are but half, and less than half, the cost of a Crepe-de-Chene the same weight. They are in colors suitable for evening and day wear, and at the price—1/11½ yard—should at least be seen.

Select your shade from the following big color range:—

Black, Ivory, Cream, Cerise, Cardinal, Ruby, Gold, Violet, Marone, Apricot, Champagne, Lime, Fawn, Pale Pink, Mole, Saxe, Nattier, V. Rose, Sky, Grey, Brown.

SPECIAL SALE PRICE, 1/11½ Yd.

Abraham Lincoln and Liquor.

By DUNCAN C. MILNER.

Friends of the liquor traffic have gone to great pains to try to prove that Abraham Lincoln not only was a liquor seller, but was also a drinker and an enemy of prohibition. As to his personal habits, we have not only his own statements and his refusing to furnish liquor when the committee notified him of his nomination, but the testimony of life-long and intimate friends as to his abstinence.

I wrote to John Hay, Lincoln's secretary and biographer, as to the charge that Mr. Lincoln drank, and he replied: "Mr. Lincoln was a man of extremely temperate habits. He made no use of whisky or tobacco during all the years I knew him." The genuineness of this letter was challenged by the liquor league in one of their publications. I have the original in my possession, a copy of which is here shown.

Senator Cullom, who was an intimate friend, says: "Lincoln never drank, smoked, chewed tobacco, or swore."

In an exciting campaign in Atlanta, Georgia, over local option the liquor men in trying to influence the negroes who were then allowed a vote issued a circular picturing Lincoln striking the chains from a slave and printing as Mr. Lincoln's words: "Prohibition will work great injury to the cause of temperance. . . . A prohibitory law strikes a blow at the very principles on which our government was founded." This has been repeated in many campaigns even as late as the past year. I wrote to John G. Nicolay, one of Mr. Lincoln's private secretaries and associated with Mr. Hay in the preparation of his great biography. He replied: "I am satisfied that the question of legal prohibition was never in Lincoln's whole career anywhere an issue on which he expressed an opinion." Mr. Nicolay, who spent years in gathering Mr. Lincoln's papers, speeches, and writings of every kind, also says: "In all this vast collection there is nowhere any speech, letter or document or reported conversation by him on the subject of prohibition." Mr. Lincoln signed the Bill prohibiting the liquor ration in the navy and also an Act of Congress forbidding any person in the District of Columbia "to sell, give or administer to any soldier or volunteer in the service of the United States . . . any spirituous liquor or intoxicating drink."

Mr. Lincoln not only signed the Washingtonian pledge of total abstinence, but he made many many speeches in the campaign called by that name. In his noted speech made on Washington's birthday, 1842, in Second Presbyterian Church of Springfield, Illinois, he remarked: "Whether or not the world would be vastly benefited by a total and final banishment from it of all intoxicating drinks seems to me not an open question."—"The Continent."

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Something for the Inner Man.

A VERY GALLANT GENTLEMAN.

So that's the answer, eh? We're only lumps
Of ordinary chemicals—some salts,
Acids, and gases, accidentally grouped
In cell-formation? There creation halts,
You say, and what comes next is just what comes
When you put this and that and t'other bit
Of inorganic matter in your tube
And watch the mixture swirl and seethe and spit
Till all its atoms find affinities.

That's all, you say? Then life and love and hate,
Courage and hope, and anguish and despair,
The will to strive, the pride of duty done,
The fear of shame that drives the coward to dare
The death he dreads—all these, you say, are one
With your reactions done in Jena glass?

O shrewd philosophers! Your simple plan
To shift the whole responsibility
For all we are and all we hope to be—
How easy! "Here's a compound we call man,
And here's a one called a rock, and here's a cliff.
The rock rolls off the cliff and kills the man;
But can you blame the rock? Nor can you if
The man obeys the natural laws that pull
All of us, always, down and ever down.
For if we sink—'reactions'—that absolves,
And if we rise—'reactions'—nothing more."

Pardon me, gentlemen, but—it's a lie!

"Reactions," eh? Well, what's your formula
For one particular kind—I won't insist.
On proof of every theorem in the list,
But only one—what chemicals combine,
What CO_2 and H_2SO_4 ,
To cause such things as happened yesterday,
To send a very gallant gentleman
Into Antarctic night, to perish there
Alone, not driven nor shamed nor cheered to die,
But fighting, as mankind has always fought,
His baser self, and conquering, as mankind
Down the long years has always conquered self?

What are *your* tests to prove a man's a man?
Which of *your* compounds ever lightly threw
Its life away, as men have always done,
Spurred not by lust nor greed nor hope of fame,
But casting all aside on the bare chance
That it might somehow serve the Greater Good?

Here's a reaction—what's *its* formula?
Produce *that* in your test-tubes if you can!
—Frank Parker Stockbridge, in "Everybody's."

"HEREABOUTS DIED A VERY GALLANT
GENTLEMAN."—Epitaph to Captain Oates in
the Antarctic.

LET US BE KIND.

The way is long and lonely,
And human hearts are asking for this blessing only—

That we be kind.

We cannot know the grief that men may borrow,

We cannot see the souls storm-swept by sorrow,

But love can shine upon the way to-day, to-morrow—

Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;

This is a wealth that has no measure,

This is of heaven and earth the highest treasure—

Let us be kind.

A tender word, a smile of love in meeting,

A song of hope and victory to those entreating,

A glimpse of God and brotherhood while life is fleeting—

Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;

Around the world the tears of time are falling,

And for the loved and lost these human hearts are calling—

Let us be kind.

To age and youth let gracious words be spoken,

Upon the wheel of pain so many weary lives are broken,

We live in vain who give no tender token—

Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;

The sunset tints will soon be in the west,
Too late the flowers are laid then on the quiet breast—

Let us be kind.

And when the angel guides have sought and found us,

Their hand shall link the broken ties of earth that bound us,

And heaven and home shall brighten all around us—

Let us be kind.

NOBILITY OF THE LOWEST LIFE.

How noble the lowest life may become, like some poor rough sea-shell with a gnarled and dimly colored exterior, tossed about in the surge of a stormy sea, or anchored to a rock, but when opened all iridescent with rainbow sheen within, and bearing a pearl of great price! So, to outward seeming, my life may be rough and solitary, and inconspicuous and sad, but, in inner reality, it may have come to Mount Zion, the city of the living God, and have angels for its guardians, and all the firstborn for its brethren and companions.—Alex. Maclaren.

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