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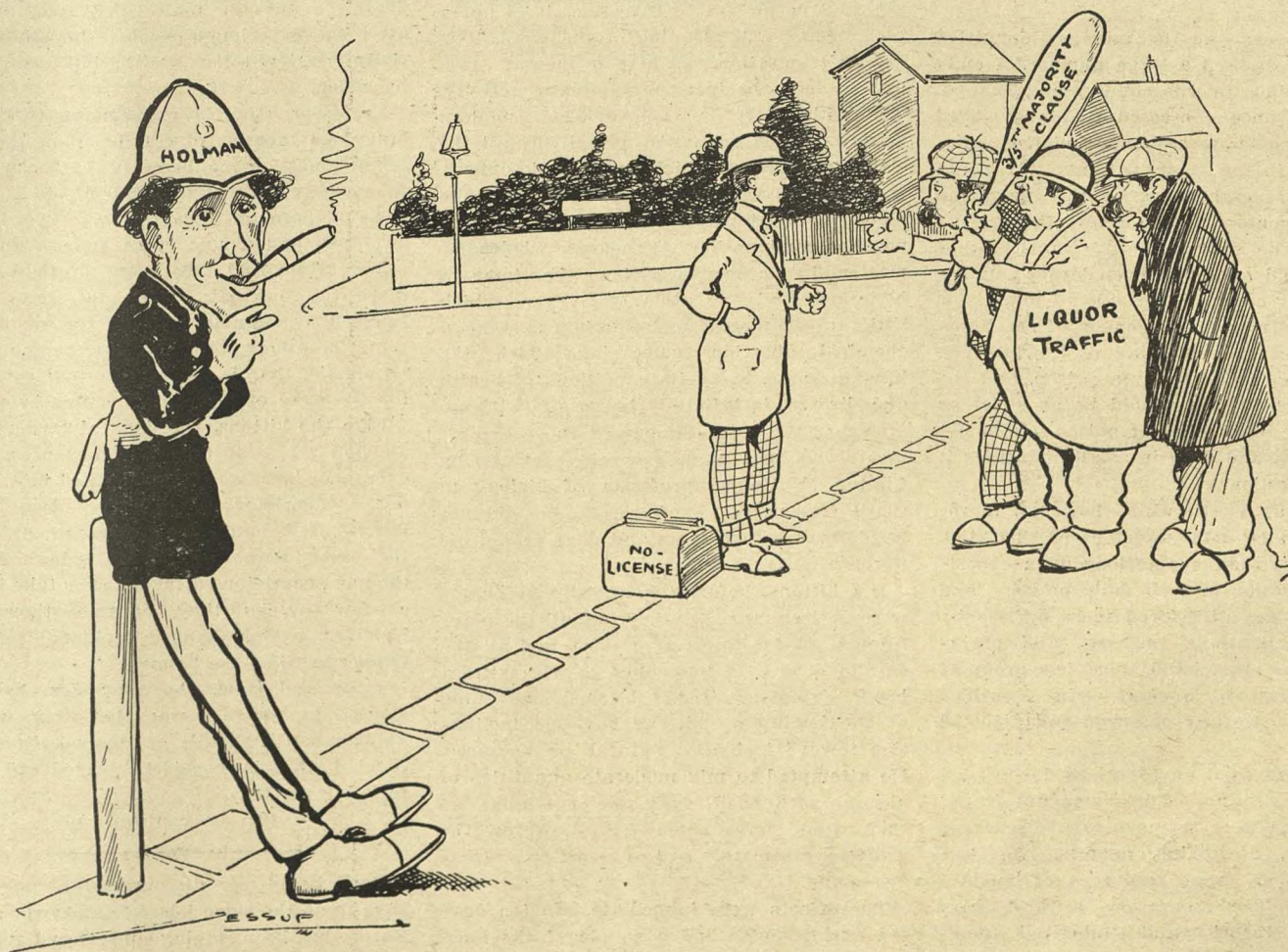
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**HOLMAN:** "As a professing and convinced Democrat, it does me good to see this scrap."





## What Science Says About Alcohol.

By BURTON J. HENDRICK, in "Munsey's Magazine," June, 1914.

In the last few months there has been a revival of interest in a periodically recurring question—the physiological effects of alcohol. At a recent meeting of scientists in Milan, Professor Marchiafava, physician to the Pope, submitted the results of his researches on this subject, all of which showed the degenerating effects of persistent drinking. From the other side, also, comes the news that four kings of Europe—Alfonso, of Spain, Victor Emanuel, of Italy, Ferdinand, of Belgium, and Gustav, of Sweden—have joined the ranks of teetotallers.

Any one who investigates the present attitude of medical men toward the alcohol problem will find marked differences of opinion. If one confines his inquiries to practising physicians, he will discover plenty of authority that is not especially hostile to it.

Several years ago the famous Committee of Fifty questioned a large number of eminent physicians in this country and Europe. Several at once confessed that they used alcohol in moderate amounts and frequently prescribed it for their patients. I could easily fill several pages of this magazine with statements of eminent practising physicians to the same effect. On the other hand, I could quote an even larger number emphatically on the other side. I might, for example, refer to the statement of Sir Frederick Treves, the physician of Edward VII, that "alcohol is distinctly a poison, and the limitation of its use should be as strict as that of any other kind of poison. It is not an appetizer, and even in small quantities it hinders digestion."

It is hardly worth while, however, to rehearse in much detail opinions of this kind. Doctors base their conclusions upon experience, observation in their daily practise, and at the bedside, all colored more or less by personal inclinations, customs, and prejudice. On the other hand, there is a group of silent laboratory workers, who consider nothing but carefully observed and digested facts.

The doctors went on for years dosing sick people with all kinds of nostrums and drugs; the scientists were the men who discovered bacteriology, antitoxins, asepsis, vaccines, and the other great resources of modern medicine. The laboratory workers care nothing for theories and "inherited knowledge"; they submit everything to experimentation, to the test-tubes, and the microscope. The real founder of modern medicine,

Louis Pasteur, was not a medical man at all—and, of course, never had professional relations with a sick man; he was simply a chemist.

"We are pygmies of human helplessness," says Dr. Richard C. Cabot, of Boston, himself an eminent practising physician, "compared with those giants who look beyond and behind the sick patient in the foreground to the tiny glimpse of truth in the far distance, and work toward that distant gleam by faith."

Now the remarkable fact is that, though the doctors may disagree about alcohol as about many other things, the scientists apparently never do. Practically all who have really experimented have rendered the verdict strongly against it. Alcohol, in their view, is not a stimulant, it is not an "appetizer" or an aid to digestion, it is not a food in any real meaning of the word, it is not an inspiration and help to mental work, and it does not increase muscular activity.

In other words, cold-blooded modern science brands as untrue practically all the claims for alcohol which poets, philosophers, convivialists, and even physicians have made since the beginning of civilisation. That peculiar combination of otherwise wholesome matter—two atoms of carbon, six atoms of hydrogen, and one atom of oxygen—which make up the alcohol molecule is a mistake, a chemical abortion, something which the human frame, in all its conditions of health and disease, is infinitely better off without.

One of the most famous of these experiments was that made several years ago by Clinton F. Hodge, professor of biology in Clark University. Professor Hodge did not use human beings—cats and dogs served his purpose quite as well.

His kittens, before the experiment began, were entirely normal; they had all the playfulness, all the interest in mice, and all the fear of dogs that commonly go with kittenhood. Professor Hodge learned one thing at the beginning—kittens have no inclination toward inebriety, natural or acquired. He attempted to mix moderate quantities of alcohol with their daily dietary—milk; as they would have none of it, however, the professor ultimately had to resort to a stomach-pump.

The effects were immediate. In ten days the experimenter had a couple of the most demoralised animals in the world; the most industrious human toper, in his last despairing period, seldom presents so deplorable a

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sight. The sleek and well-nurtured creatures had degenerated into frowzy, blear-eyed monstrosities. Not only had they become exceedingly careless about their personal appearance, but they had practically lost the higher psychical faculties. One could roll a ball in front of them or pull a piece of paper on a string without arousing any inclination to play. They would blink unintelligently at a scampering mouse. A dog could poke his nose into their faces without inspiring even a minute elevation of the feline backbone.

The kittens no longer knew how to purr, and entirely neglected the act of rubbing against their friends. They could not have been less inactive, says the professor, had their cerebral hemispheres been removed with the knife.

After ten days these involuntary inebriates collapsed so completely that the alcohol ration was discontinued, in order to give them a chance to return to normality—to "sober up." But they never again recovered their health; youth, for them, was a lost illusion. The wild oats which the scientist had compelled these kittens to sow spelled death. One—the male—died four months after the experiment began; the other partially recovered her health, but was killed by a dog.

Professor Hodge's experiment with several dogs throws some light upon the disputed question of heredity. These were four cocker spaniels of excellent stock. They were all born on the same day; two, known as Topsy and Topsy, were sisters, and the others, Bum and Nig, were brothers. The more vigorous pair, Topsy and Bum, were selected as suitable subjects for alcoholisation; the others were put aside as "controls"—animals, that is, kept in normal condition for the sake of permitting comparisons.

Like the kittens, the dogs always refused alcohol; by using energetic measures, however, they were soon transformed into abandoned inebriates. Indeed, they were given large doses—much larger in proportion to their size, than any human beings, except the most capricious drinkers, ever take in. In a few weeks they became thoroughly "pickled." And then an epidemic of distemper assailed the kennel.

Topsy and Bum, the alcoholics, had the disease in severe form; the other normal animals had it slightly or escaped altogether. Alcohol, that is, considerably reduced their resisting power.

(To be continued.)

Don't be utterly discouraged because you have to do the same job over and over again. Nature has been staging sunsets and sunrises for some eons now—yet we remark no deterioration in their quality from year to year. —"Collier's."



# The Slum Doctor.

A LITTLE STORY OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

BY DAVID LYALL.

The slum doctor had had a more than usually busy day, and as he kicked off his boots by his own snugger fire at eleven p.m., he took a mental vow that nothing short of an execution would take him out again that night.

He had munched his bread and cheese, washed it down with a cup of black coffee which, had he met elsewhere, he would have instantly condemned, and was carefully preparing his pipe when he heard the surgery bell.

Now, before he had come into his surgery, which was at the back of his ugly little house in the main street of Portisham, he had carefully put out the surgery light and the one in the hall. It would therefore have been perfectly easy for him to pretend that he was out. His housekeeper, who just then was a person who came by the day, an arrangement which answered more successfully than some of the doctor's domestic experiments, had gone at ten; he was therefore quite alone in the house.

For a moment he was firm, but when the bell went a second time he wavered, and the third ring took him to the door. But he showed a forbidding face to the woman on the step, and before she spoke he said grimly:

"I'm not coming out, Mrs. Pratt. Who's ill, and what kind of pill or plaster is wanted now?"

"Oh, I dunno, doctor," said the woman, wringing her hands. "It's our Miss Carrie that's been took queer like. I jes' ran round to tell her I'd got lkey inter the Hindustrial, and when I couldn't mike nobody 'ear I went in. She was lyin' on the floor, where she semed to 'ave fallen in a fit like. I jes' lifted 'er on the sofer; as light as a fever she were, too, pore thing, an' come runnin' fer you."

The doctor told her to run back, and he would probably be there before her. There was no sign of reluctance or wavering about him now. He was a man in a hurry, and he got on his boots and had his bicycle lamp lit inside of five minutes. Five more, scorching down the middle of Portisham High Street, by the side of the tram lines, then a sudden swerve into a little cul-de-sac to the right brought him to his destination.

He was before Mrs. Pratt, whom he had seen laboring along the pavement about half-way, and he leaned his bicycle against the little strip of yard before the narrow door, and opened it easily, as it had been left on the latch.

To his relief and surprise, when he entered the sitting-room, with which he was perfectly familiar, it being his custom to spend a good deal of his scanty leisure in it, he was considerably surprised to behold his patient half sitting up on the shabby old sofa,

looking very white and ghastly, but able to smile faintly.

"Why, doctor," she said in her small, rather breathless voice, which did not rise above a whisper, "wherever did you spring from? I don't remember anything, nor how I got on this sofa. I got up to go and fetch something from the kitchen, and then everything went dark, and when I came to myself I was lying here quite flat, with my feet on a cushion—"

"Good Mrs. Pratt!" murmured the doctor approvingly. "That was why you recovered so quickly. I didn't think she had it in her. But what do you mean by giving a chap this sort of a fright, and why are you not in your Christian bed at midnight instead of prowling about fetching things out of kitchens?"

"I was waiting for Mrs. Pratt," she said, happily. "It is only the heat, doctor. Don't look so concerned. It isn't a matter of much consequence, anyway."

"Is it not, indeed, madam? And who made you the judge, pray?" he asked as he took out his watch and lifted the long, slender, blue-veined hand in his.

It was a well-bred hand, beautifully shaped, tapering at the fingers, though a little work-worn and less smooth than Nature had intended it to be.

She was a small, slender, bird-like person, with the smallest amount of flesh on her bones it is possible to sustain life upon.

Her face was beautiful in its way, though she wore an old-fashioned knob, and her frock of black merino, shiny through much wear, was merely a covering, and could hardly be dignified with the title of a gown.

But that small, insignificant woman was held in sublime reverence by the slum doctor, and by dozens of other persons whom he and she knew intimately, though the fashionable world had no cognisance of them. They had met first at indescribable sick-beds, and very soon Doctor Doonan had learned to call her in his soul, and to others when occasion arose to speak of her as "the angel of mean streets."

"Now, look here, Miss Carrie, are you prepared to listen to me, and more especially to answer me a certain number of questions with as much truth as you can muster?"

She laughed, for she gloried in his masterfulness, and loved him as she might have loved sons of her body had life been generous and kind.

"Yes, sir, every one, please-sir—"

"Well, what have you eaten to-day in the shape of good, nourishing food? I don't want to hear about the slops. I can take them on trust."

She appeared to reflect.

"I had an egg for my tea," she said at last, making a tremendous effort of memory, "and



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I had some fruit and a bit of bread and butter for my lunch."

"And what for supper?"

"Nothing; I didn't feel like it. I had been round dressing poor old Corporal Sharp, don't you know, and I couldn't have eaten after it."

"Not an ounce of meat, nor even a glass of milk, or anything to keep a bird's life in. Oh, Miss Carrie, what am I to do with you?"

"Nothing; I'm quite, quite all right."

"There's Mrs. Pratt at the door. She shall stay here all night."

"Oh, no, doctor, really!" cried Miss Carrie, folding her hands in quite genuine distress. "I couldn't sleep if she were in the house. She is so large and warm, and takes up so much room."

"Then I'll sleep on this sofa, myself," quoth the doctor, "after Mrs. Pratt has put you to bed."

Mrs. Pratt entered breathless at the moment, and looked much relieved and astonished to see Miss Carrie sitting up and taking notice.

The situation was explained to her, and acting on the doctor's instructions, she got Miss Carrie ready for bed, while he foraged in the kitchen for something in the way of food. He could not find much, but brought a posset of sorts to Miss Carrie after she was in bed, and stood over her while she sipped it. Mrs. Pratt, reassured, departed to her own home soon after midnight, heartily approving the doctor's intention to sleep in the sitting-room. He did not go to bed just at once. Miss Carrie begged him to have a smoke first, and to leave the sitting-room door open so that the aroma might ascend to her room. Finally, when he called good-night up the stairs, she asked him to come up. She was sitting up in bed, and her face looked so unearthly in the soft lamplight that Doonan got quite a turn.

"Come and sit down for a minute, doctor. I want to speak to you."

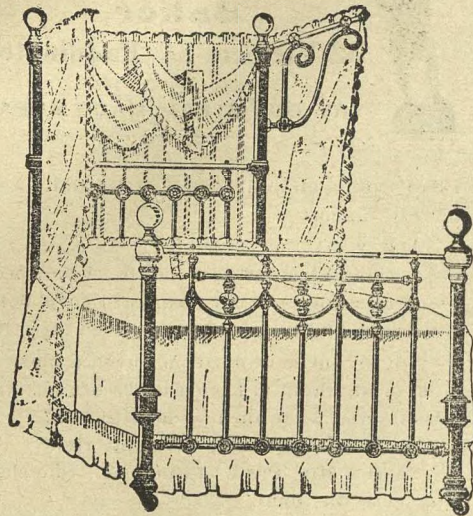
The doctor, highly disapproving, was yet constrained to obey, and presently was in a chair by her bedside. Then he observed by certain signs, notably that she held an old-fashioned, brass-bound workbox in her hands, that she had been up since she was tucked in by the clumsy but willing hands of Mrs. Pratt.

"I won't keep you a minute, doctor. After Mrs. Pratt had gone, and I was thinking things over, I began to think how awkward it would be for everybody if I should really die one night. You see, you wouldn't know exactly what to do."

The slum doctor had no comment to make on this obvious fact.

(Continued on Page 15.)





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## New South Wales Alliance.

### GENERAL SECRETARY'S NORTH COAST TOUR.

Lismore, June 30.

The weather has cleared at last, and the first fruits of a return to normal weather conditions are distinctly encouraging. The week was spent at Alstonville. This is not a very large place, but the response of the community was splendid. At the open air on Saturday the old fallacies were vigorously dealt with. The local folk considered the meeting very lively, but it was really enjoyable. Practically every person in the main street listened for an hour and a half.

On Sunday the day's work commenced with an address to the Methodist Sunday School at 10.15. Thirteen of the senior scholars signed the pledge.

At 11 a.m. I preached in the Anglican Church, the Rev. Shaw conducting the service.

In the evening, after the usual church hour, there was a crowded audience in the Methodist Church.

The final meeting for Alstonville took place in the spacious Agricultural Hall. Mr. Daly, Shire President, occupied the chair. He said he felt it a great honor to preside over such a representative audience. They listened attentively to the address, dealing with Liquor fallacies, and an outline of the Alliance progressive policy for 90 minutes.

In response to an appeal for financial help £15 was speedily realised.

Dr. Tomlins moved the vote of thanks, and

stated that the reference made on the medical aspect were quite true. He had been a fellow student with Sir Victor Horsley, and had had early instruction under Sir Thomas Barlow. The Doctor also mentioned how fallacious was the parrot cry of "personal liberty" raised by those who desired to have their own way. He said that the logical method of dealing with alcoholic liquor was to prohibit its sale.

I left Alstonville at 5 a.m. this morning, and am now in Lismore en route for Nashua, Bangalow, and Newrybar.

I almost forgot to mention that the Rouse Mill meeting was a fine success. The I.O.G.T. has a hall at this place, and a good lodge. The members and others were extremely generous and heartily endorsed the action of the Alliance in fighting for bare majority and other reforms.

### NEW APPLICATIONS.

Although on tour, correspondence comes through, and I regret to say that there is an ever-increasing number of new applications that have to be opposed. The rapid growth of population and the many new townships that are springing up offer a big inducement to would-be publicans, investors, and brewery firms to get in early with an application. On the whole an alertness is being manifested in almost every centre where applications are made.

### MR. MASSEY'S FEARS.

The newspapers to hand tell of the great deputation of our New Zealand comrades to the Premier on the bare majority question. Also of Mr. Massey's fears of the loss of revenue if National Prohibition carriers. It is evident that the Prime Minister of New Zealand is suffering from a defective economic vision, or is looking through the lenses of "political expediency." We can rely upon our No-License opticians in New Zealand to supply Mr. Massey and others with the right kind of material whereby they may adjust their opinions.

I am returning to Sydney in time for the State Council meeting on Monday, July 6. I am assured that there is plenty of work awaiting me at the office. The big bazaar will be claiming our attention, and all friends are urged to be prepared for this special financial effort.

JAMES MARION.

### BILLY SUNDAY SAYS:

"I was reading the other day of the passing of 'Rube' Waddell—only 37 and gone. He was one of the brightest and brainiest men in baseball, but he couldn't beat the booze game. The 'Rube,' Matty, Plank and 'Bugs' Raymond started in baseball at the same time. All were pitchers. Two started on the wrong road and two on the right road. Two are dead, 'Bugs' and 'Rube.' Matty is as good as ever, the king in his line, and when he gets so he can't put anything on the ball he'll go to work training young pitchers at a dazzling salary. Plank, grand old man, is getting along, but he can pitch a great game. He and Matty are honored by men in every walk of life because they followed the right path. 'Rube' and 'Bugs' are dead. Does it pay?"

### WET AND DRY ELECTIONS IN INDIANA.

Elections during the present year in Indiana, seven in number, have resulted in five dry victories and two wet. The dry towns are Bloomington, Greensburg, Lyons, Muncie, and Shoals. Connersville and Richmond went wet, but in the latter city the majority of two years ago was reduced by more than five hundred.

Parson: "I was sorry to hear that you met with an accident. What happened?"

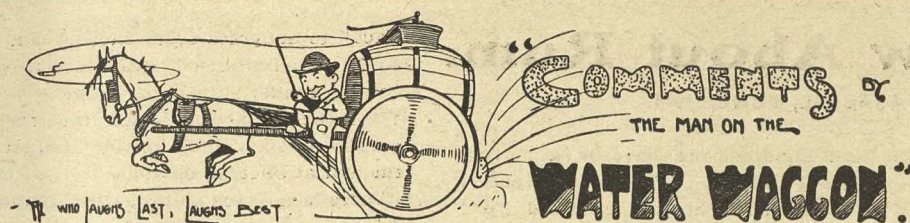
Dissipated Parishioner: "Motor car knocked me down, damaged me right pint-lifter, an' broke three of me hoops!"

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### A SENSIBLE AMERICAN.

A few days ago an American visitor "blew in" right from the mail boat, so to speak, to see "The Waggoner" on business, and very entertaining he proved to be. As the afternoon sped on the writer thought some entertainment due a man who had just come 10,000 miles, and apologising for his inability to ask his guest to swallow a pint of alcohol, just for the fun of the thing invited him to tea. In accepting the man from U.S.A. replied, "I haven't touched spirits for 20 years, and when asked to 'come out for a drink' I always say, 'I don't drink, but will come over and stand by while you do—that is if you particularly want a drink—but hadn't we better just stay here and get through our biz, and save time and your money.'" A real good answer, Mr. Stars and Stripes, and one abounding in the soundest commonsense. Why a man should, in the name of commonsense, pour a concoction of strong alcohol into himself, perhaps early in the day, just for the sake of appearing a "sport," is beyond our comprehension. Americans have seen the fallacy of such proceedings, and from our friend's attitude have developed a fine artistic method of putting the extinguisher on any such proposition.

This man, we would state, in conclusion, didn't hail this port as a temperance advocate, but as the head of a big American house, and he hadn't any idea that "The Waggoner" held any convictions on the subject. 'Twas just a matter of horse sense with him. America is going for prohibition, and it is only a matter of time before she gets it, the opinions of "Fairplay" notwithstanding. When that time comes, too, there will be no hope of the Brewer getting back; results will be too decisive for that. Brewers, sit up and take notice.

### JOE LEVINS ON AUSTRALIA.

Every country on the map is labelled by its visitors in some way or other. Generally it receives at the same time a similar quantity of flattery which levels things up some. The last man to write us up in an extra-

ordinary fashion is Joe Levins, late manager to a fighter called "McGoorty." Levins may be a first class manager, but he certainly doesn't see very straight in other matters. His comments are decidedly amusing.

Here are some excerpts from them. Touching upon boxing he says:—

"Besides the big matches, which are usually held on Saturdays, they have Thursday afternoon matinees. In these matinees they have several boxing exhibitions, and the big boxers who are matched go through their training stunts in the ring. The show winds up with a regular ten-round bout with a decision. The matinees draw great crowds. Thousands of women attend them with their husbands. It seemed funny to us at first to look around the ring and see hundreds of well-dressed women with children in their arms, all as interested as the men. They read about fighters and know all their records. A fighter to them is like a famous actor or singer to women here in America.

"Every man and boy in Australia boxes. At picnics old men often box together. A couple of husky old fellows about 70 meet, and the first thing they say is, 'Let's put on the gloves and box two or three rounds.' Little boys five and six years old know how to put up their hands. The whole country is interested in boxing. Why, Snowy Baker's father, over 70, boxes just like the boys in the family.

"They live healthful lives in Australia. People retire early. The streets of the cities are deserted long before midnight. At 7 in the morning everyone is swimming in the surf. Along the shores they have towers with lookouts who watch for sharks and ring bells to give the alarm when they see a shark's fin coming in from the sea. The ocean is full of sharks. Everyone stays close to shore, and it's impossible to swim out beyond the surf. Sam Langford couldn't be induced to go into the water at all. 'No shark is going to get me,' said Sam.

Then Joe, having unconsciously degraded us by insisting that "thousands" of our women folk attend boxing matches, and that our old men spend their spare time blackening each

other's eyes, deals us out a little real flattery.

"I didn't see any evidences of poverty in Australia. Everyone seemed prosperous. The Australians are good business men, and they do their business on straight, open terms. They trust each other. There's none of the throat-cutting competition we have in New York, Australian business men don't overwork. They take plenty of time for recreation and believe in enjoying life. Even workmen earning ordinary wages slip into their dress clothes for the evening. That's the usual custom, and it looked odd to us at first."

The idea of our workmen slipping into dress clothes for dinner would indeed make a A.W.U. man shake with laughter. Poor old Joe, you have let your imagination run riot, but you are probably no further from the truth than many a supposititious journalist, who tries to write up a country after staying there three weeks. We know of a man who lectures regularly on China after a two days' stay in Shanghai. As a matter of fact "travel" has a peculiar effect upon some people. The intoxication of seeing the other parts of the world causes them to lose their perspective altogether.

They see visions and dream dreams—and generally make fools of themselves.

It needs a trained eye to peck out the salient trait in a foreigner's character—you mustn't think you have "got him" at an afternoon sports meeting.

There is much below the surface, believe me, Mr. Levins.

Another tendency from which we all find it hard to free ourselves is that of attributing to the world at large our own particular traits of character. The gambler thinks every other man a gambler at heart—he will tell you the other fellow "would if he could." The impure man really believes all his fellows to be impure—the narrower the man the more likely he is to suffer from such mental myopia.

Mr. Levins, therefore, is not unique in his opinions, and we can understand he is so fond of his business he thinks even an old man of seventy would fight if he could.

### PROHIBITION GAINS IN MINNESOTA.

Municipal elections in a large majority of Minnesota cities of the fourth class, where the license question was the main issue, resulted in prohibition gains. The most notable victory of the anti-saloon forces was scored in southern and south-western Minnesota, where four leading saloon towns and historic St. Peter where saloons have operated continuously for more than sixty years, were swept into the dry column.

Course, I ain't never had many chances, but I kin notice and I've allus found that the folks that done the smartest was them that worked themselves out of trouble stid of tryin' to talk themselves out.—Lucy Ann Scroogs.

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# What We Know About Rum.

FROM EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, JUNE, 1914.

These letters are selected from the hundreds and hundreds we have been getting in response to our query, "What Do You Know About Rum?" The contest closed April 30th, but the letters below were culled out from the mass already on hand April 10th. They are good letters. Extremely good letters. You will be either pleased or exasperated by them, according to your point of view.

We have dozens more just as good. It is with great difficulty that we decided which ones to print. Very probably we shall continue to print them in each number for several months.

Deciding the prize-winners will take more time. The volume of correspondence is overwhelming. So please be patient.—Sincerely,  
THE EDITORS.

## JOHN BARLEYCORN, ALIAS "JIMMY VALENTINE."

By DR. ROCK SLEYSER, Waupan, Wisconsin.

Using the literal sense of the word, I know the accused only as "Jimmie Valentine." I shall testify against him only under that name. During my experience as a prison physician and as superintendent of a hospital for Criminal Insane, I have known and studied about eighteen hundred criminals.

The evidence I present is taken from the lives of five hundred and ninety-two of these men. This means that in only a third of the cases have I been able to corroborate the prisoner's statement from outside sources or have considered his information sufficiently reliable to accept for statistical purposes.

Here are the figures:

Of this number 217, or 36.8 per cent, were the sons of drunken fathers.  
Of this number 239, or 40.4 per cent, were addicted to the use of alcohol before reaching the age of fifteen.  
Of this number 311, or 52.5 per cent, habitually drank to excess.  
Of this number but 57, or 9.6 per cent., were abstainers.  
Of this number 384, or 64.9 per cent., spent their evenings in saloons, at cheap shows, or on the streets. Of these three attractions the saloon was the best drawing-card.

I have recently reported on a separate study of two hundred and sixty-nine murderers. Let us see just how many of these men were acquainted with the defendant. "Alcohol was used to excess by 41.5 per cent., while but 12.6 per cent. were abstainers. Nearly half were under the influence of alcohol when the crime was committed, and 27.9 per cent had a history of previous arrest for drunkenness."

It would appear to some that John Barleycorn was an accomplice in these crimes! I do not know that he has been punished or even tried for the part he played. Possibly he can find a grain of comfort in my conclusions, for I mean to be fair.

Even the old-school temperance lecturer would be surprised to know the number of men who tell me, "It's the booze that got me." The inexperienced investigator would, after interviewing the population of any prison, conclude that almost all were there as the result of acute alcoholism. He would,

however, be far from the truth—it is not that bad. While it is true that the majority of the crimes of impulse, brutality, and emotion are committed by persons whose brains are alcoholised, it must be remembered that great crimes demanding mental activity, keen perception, skill, knowledge, and cleverness are not perpetrated by alcoholics.

Temporary drunkenness, which inflames the passions, obscures the mental and moral faculties, and destroys the judgment, may transform an honest, peaceable individual into a rowdy, a murderer, or a thief. The prolonged use of alcohol leads to degeneracy and will undo the breeding of centuries and wipe out the inhibitions it has taken centuries of civilisation to build. Excessive indulgence results in lessened earning capacity, a low moral sense, and an appetite for alcohol that must sometimes be satisfied at any cost. It degenerates the normal and makes short work of the subnormal.

But, granting all of this, it is hardly fair to charge all crime to the said Barleycorn. A very near relative of his whom I have just mentioned is at once father, brother, and son. The two go hand in hand. Alcohol and degeneracy are unquestionably the two most important factors in the vice and crime problem. Alcohol leads to degeneracy and degeneracy to alcohol. John Barleycorn is part of a vicious circle!

You ask, "What is the right way to settle it?" The answer is plain. What does society do with any other offender? Lock him up! First, however, it will be necessary to continue and carry on a campaign of education. This series that "Everybody's" has so fearlessly promoted should prove a powerful beginning. Public sentiment, through understanding, must be back of any reform in this direction, lest John Barleycorn be regarded as a martyr.

Show him up!

## ALCOHOL: USE v. ABUSE.

By LOUIS G. COPES, Buffalo, N.Y.

Facts in the abstract, or in the form of statistics, are the least reliable of any weapon with which man might battle with the liquor question. Therefore it follows that noticeable progress will result only when the problem is attacked by some one who has become sufficiently aware of this

"fact" to suppress every fact he can lay his hand to, and who will substitute a comprehensive rendering of the ethics involved. When this is accomplished the fact that there is no such thing as the "Liquor Problem" will at once be obvious.

There is no such thing as the Liquor Problem in the sense that there is no Liquor Problem: There are liquor problems—an entirely different thing; there are countless numbers of them; and each one is isolated and independent of the others. There is no correlation between them. There is nothing that these problems have in common; and therefore there is no common remedy for them. There is no common cure for any two of them.

The man who consummates his ruin to the tune of popping corks is, strictly speaking, simply utilising a disinterested means to an inevitable end. Speaking of the end as inevitable is not fatalism, it is mere logic. That the end is deplorable is no argument to prove that the means is infamous; the infamy lies in the abuse of the means.

And the abuse is inherent in the man, not in the means.

Anything may be the means of a good end, or of an infamous end, according to the circumstances which environ it. The use of a good thing is good; the use of a bad thing is good; but the abuse of anything is bad. And the ill effects of intoxicants are simply the result of "too much of a good thing."

Religion is good, but too much of it is ruinous; vivisection is in itself bad, but practised temperately and intelligently is unquestionably beneficial to man.

It is not more logical to imagine, when a man drinks himself to death, that some "Liquor Problem" has arisen and demands solution than it would be to conceive a "Food" problem when a man dies of gluttony.

It is certainly obvious that there are far more physically deficient persons as a result of pathogenic gormandising than there are inebriates; then why not set up a series of problems and label them "Vices of the Science of Medicine; Wanted, an omnipotent Physician?"

Prohibition is a fallacy. It is an instrument for extirpating an abuse. But the fallacy is made evident when it is observed that Prohibition sets up a standard which requires the use of alcoholic beverages to be accepted as an abuse; which is unjustifiable in any sense. Teetotalism is an arbitrary standard of the individual; there is no code of ethics which demands total abstinence as a mark of perfection. Such a standard is as ridiculous as a moral censorship of tomatoes would be. But if a man gormandised himself sick with tomatoes, this would constitute an intemperance of sufficient magnitude to justify legal interference in his case; it would not justify the prohibition of the sale of tomatoes in the community.

It is said that Liquor ruins homes, lives, souls, health, morals, and what not. There is not a grain of foundation in fact to this



assertion. Liquor does nothing of the sort. What causes all the trouble is the abuse of it. The abuse of Liquor may be, and probably is, the root of practically all of man's iniquity; but the temperate use of it, like the temperate use of all things made to use, is utterly beyond and above censure.

And the extirpation of alcoholic beverages from the face of the earth would achieve nothing but a void which man's ingenuity, by virtue of necessity, would immediately fill with something—probably something worse.

The Liquor Question, along with all the other ethical problems of civilisation, will be solved only when human frailty ceases to exist—not sooner.

It may be critically objected here that I have offered no solution to the problem. But how can a book of riddles be answered in a word, except by destroying the book—and the riddles?

The Liquor Problem is one that does not concern Liquor; it concerns man. It is not solved by destroying Liquor, it can only be solved by destroying MAN himself, for he is the liquor problem.

### ONE—OF MANY.

By J. B. WAUKEGAN, III.

A girl, a schoolhouse, a thirty Seventh Grade pupils. But oh, such a girl!

She was dainty and exquisitely moulded. Twenty-six summers had passed over her and left her laughing and pretty. She loved her pupils and they in turn loved her. She had a voice like the heavenly hills and sang in the church choir. She also attended Civic Meetings and the Women's Club. She was intellectual, up to date, a thoroughly Christian girl of a moderately well-to-do family in Waukegan, Illinois.

And we shall call her Dorothy Brown—just because that is not her real name.

Now Waukegan is a town where Rum flows freely, and the Women's Clubs were fighting straight and hard to have the town go "dry." Dorothy campaigned earnestly with some one hundred other women (though two thousand could easily have turned out).

Well, to make a long story short, the town went "wet."

### II.

A man, a kit of tools, and a plumbing shop. But oh, such a man! Full six feet he measured, clean-cut and muscular; with eyes as blue as the azure sky and a mouth that was broad and thin-lipped. There was an undefinable something about him that subtly attracted one. In the clean-shaven face was the ruddy glow of life and health. And he lived in Waukegan, answering to the name of Tom Smith.

The telephone rang. He answered it. The call had come from the Principal of the McAllister School, where Dorothy Brown taught.

### III.

Tom took his tools, threw them on the wagon and drove out to the South Side. At the door of the school he saw HER—Dorothy.

Tom had lived in Waukegan for thirty-three years and was accounted a good fellow. Those who knew him well said he was an Indian when he was drunk, but they argued that "drink is a good man's failing." Sober, no better man could be found.

He had kept company with little Frances Dooley, who had let him go on account of his weakness for Rum. But that is Ancient History. It happened at least eight years ago, and Frances is single yet.

Dorothy saw Tom, and as her eyes met his she blushed. She turned and went into her class-room.

Later he had occasion to go into that same room, and they passed comment upon the possibility of the town going "dry." He went home thinking of her soft brown eyes.

He went to a "dry" meeting and saw that she took an active part. He became active and they worked together for the abolition of Rum. Before election they were well acquainted and were seen together a great deal. That election went "wet"; and we have had four deaths from Rum this winter.

In her twenty-six years Dorothy had formed quite an elevated idea of masculinity. She had no brothers, and her dreams were idealistic. Tom was all that she desired in a man. He was a teetotaler, a worker, intelligent, and withal handsome.

One of her friends, seeing the way the wind blew, undertook to tell the girl of Tom's drinking and little Frances Dooley.

"Mr. Smith," said Dorothy with dignity that approached indignation, "is a Prohibitionist. He told me so himself."

Her friend closed her mouth, clam-like.

They were married in June.

They had a cosy little cottage on Bluff-street, and a tiny strip of garden. Dorothy was happy, delightfully happy.

Soon Tom was late in coming home from work. He acted queer. They had been married four months, and Rum and he were renewing their friendship. Dorothy had no experience with Rum, and when he acted queer she shut her soulful eyes and waited—just waited.

He came home later and later, and drank more and more. He had less money to bring into the house. The rent on the shop had to be paid. Dorothy knew actual hunger, though she did not tell her parents. She saw the true state of affairs, but she shut her eyes to it, for all her pleadings were vain.

A child was coming to their home, and for a while Tom honestly tried to do better; but Rum beckoned and he followed.

One night he came home to supper beastly drunk. There was no butter in the house and no meat. Dorothy spurred herself to speak. Her voice was low and firm as she said:

"This is a drunkard's fare—dry bread, tea, and potatoes."

"I'll teach you to complain," he snarled thickly. He struck her brutally, and she fled. Then followed weeks of suffering and heartache worse than death.

The apple-blossoms lent their fragrance to the roses, making the air redolent with per-

fume. It was just before twilight. The lake, catching the saffron glow of the sky, gleamed pale gold. The breath of June was over the land, and high up where the blooming apple-trees hung their blossoms, a robin sang an exquisite song.

Dorothy's mother and the doctor were with her. Outside in the little living-room sat her father, thinking of twenty-seven years ago when he had waited for just such an event as this; and now Dorothy, his little girl, who had come crying into life on a June night just like this, was giving to the world a child. Hours it seemed he waited. Then his wife tiptoed out to him and whispered:

"A little girl, Pa."

Tom was not at home. The saloons on Market and Genesee Streets possess a magnetic attraction for most of the males of Waukegan, and Tom was not above his companions.

In the east the yellow sun was smiling radiantly through a curtain of pink and gold. A daring robin hopped on Dorothy's window-sill and chirped a good morning. In the full glare of the pitiless sun she gazed at her baby. It had uttered no sound since its coming save that single first cry. Now she examined it thoroughly.

Her heart recoiled. It was deformed. The little face was wizened and old. The little legs were warped and crooked. The little back was hunched. But the mother heart asserted itself as she folded it to her breast and prayed: "Whom have I to invoke but Thee, O my God, whose own blessed mouth has pronounced: Call upon Me in the day of trouble and I will relieve Thee?"

And then Tom staggered in.

But the mother heart was too full to resent the insults to the little crooked hands and the wizened face. It was her baby, and, God helping her, she would make up to it what it lacked. The soft brown eyes looked down at it; the eyes that only yesterday were pretty eyes and expressive, but to-day held the look that artists hunt for, but that prosaic family doors know too well. They were dark, cryptic, and tender.

Slowly she gained her strength. Always Baby was covered, and no one knew of the horrid little back. She told herself it would be easier to bear if Tom did not drink. But drink he did, and drink and drink. He went from bad to worse. Her life was hell, a living hell.

And then, one cold night last January, when Baby was seven months old and lay in the grip of the fever that had spread over Waukegan, Tom was brought home dead. He had fallen in a drunken stupor and frozen to death.

Then the baby died of fever.

(To be continued.)

The Explorer was going far from his home, Round the South Pole he desired to roam, His wife was packing his traps with tears; But he strove to dispel her doubts and fears; "One thing I am sure I'll not be without, 'Twill enable me coughs and colds to flout, Woods' Peppermint Cure, be sure to pack, I care not what else my outfit may lack."



## New Zealand Notes.

Ashburton gone bung! Town deserted! I pen these notes from the much-maligned town of Ashburton, and if these lines were intended for your contemporary "Fairplay"—that delightfully humorous liquor "sheet"—headings something like the above would adorn their page in 28-point heavy black type. But now to my experiences.

Being desirous of shifting my residence to Ashburton personally or by proxy, we approached the house agents to ascertain what houses were available and at what rental values. From every agent we received the same reply "There is not an empty house in Ashburton."

Subsequently I took an advertisement to the newspaper office, offering to rent a house, any old house. The newspaper man commiserated with me as he informed me that for several years builders could not supply the steady demand for homes, and he named several families staying in hotels (No-License hotels, mind you, Mr. Editor, which are not supposed to exist under No-license conditions) waiting for homes being made available. I told the pressman that I was from Australia, and I had met so many interjectors there who informed me that they had left Ashburton that I felt sure half the population of the town must have left and gone to Australia, leaving behind a deserted "dry" locality. He tersely replied, "Wait and see."

Attended the court the other day. Found it crowded. A notorious sly-grog case was being heard. (No doubt the cables have since told you that such an awful case had eventuated). The police raided a place—a small cottage that sheltered a man, his wife, and eleven children—and found five bottles of whisky. The wife was fined £10, the care of the children worrying the magistrate, or no doubt a much heavier penalty would have been inflicted, and for storing liquor the husband was also fined, five bottles of whisky being found under the floor of the house.

The evidence showed that the defendants had disposed of or used 30 bottles of whisky in five months, and yet some prohibitionists argue that No-License does not mean more whisky than license does. Guess how many bottles of whisky one of the hotels in Ashburton sold in five months before No-License was adopted?

But it may be argued that no matter how small the quantity sold, it is a fact that the

law was broken and that sly-grog selling took place; therefore, say the "wets," No-License produces sly-groggers. But hold. This week in Christchurch, a city with a license system and with its large number of hotels all under strict Government supervision, the following notorious sly-grogging by these supervised (?) and regulated (?) publicans was made public.

Certain publicans were convicted and fined for serving with liquor what the magistrate termed three "brats of boys," who were arrested for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. So license did not guarantee that sly-grog selling to prohibited persons would not take place.

On Sunday evening the police arrested a girl, only 15 years of age, disgustingly drunk, in one of the thoroughfares. Enquiries elicited the fact that two men in a taxi-cab had taken this girl and her girl cousin for a ride in the car. They called at an hotel, and, contrary to law, had been supplied with a bottle of whisky (Sunday trading being illegal here), with which at least one of the girls was made drunk. After returning to the city she was put out of the taxi in a maudlin drunken state. She says she had never tasted liquor before. Without commenting on the fact that in all probability the child's life has been irreparably blighted by the devilish fiends, assisted by the infamous license system that Continuance voters make possible, we have the irrefutable fact that the publican who sold the liquor was a sly-grogger by selling during prohibited hours. The low sly-grogger who sells liquor in a prohibited area is a first cousin to the sly-grogger who sells to prohibited persons and during prohibited hours.

The "Lyttelton Times" is, I believe, second to none of the newspapers in New Zealand in circulation or influence, so it was with surprise I noticed that in to-day's issue (June 19) there is no whisky advertisement, and the only hotel announcement is that a certain hotel is for sale. I do not for a moment presume to know the reason for this, but I was wondering whether the fact that the "Times" is an impartial and candid critic of the liquor trade has ought to do with the paucity of whisky advertisements. This leads one to ask: Are the huge whisky ads, appearing in many papers payment for services received or favors to come? During the last campaign in New South Wales I noticed a wide discrimination in the choice

## This Lovely Vase — 5/-



Think how effectively a few flowers in such a charming Vase would adorn your table.

The pleasing lines and superior quality invariably please.

Splendidly made of good quality Electroplate, and remarkable value at 5/-. Larger, 7/6, 10/-, 12/6.

Ask or Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

We Pay Postage on all Country Orders.

### W. KERR,

Hall Mark of Value,  
542-544 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.  
Opp. Town Hall.

of mediums for certain large liquor advertisements, and one is compelled to believe that the liquor policy so strongly favored by some papers is resultant not so much on the interests or needs of the public as the financial needs of the business managers or proprietors of the paper. Therefore all the more honor to those papers whose policy is not for sale to the highest bidders.

ARTHUR TOOMBES.

## EDUCATE! EDUCATE!

### WARMEST THANKS.

A. D. Judge, 8/9; H. Pinkerton (Tas.), 6/6; Mrs. Jas. Service, 2/-; F. Wicks, £5; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Wilson, 10/-; Mr. Wainwright, 10/-; P. D. Brown, 20/-; Mrs. Hawkins, 3/-; Mrs. F. S. Marshman, 7/4; Miss J. K. Miller, 20/-; C. H. Slater, 4/-; Rev. K. Miller, 14/-; Miss J. Pickup, 4/-; Mrs. M. T. Eaton, 9/3; G. A. Mackay, £5; A Friend, 20/-; W. A. Crawford, 10/-; A. B. Pursell, £1/14/-.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "GRIT."

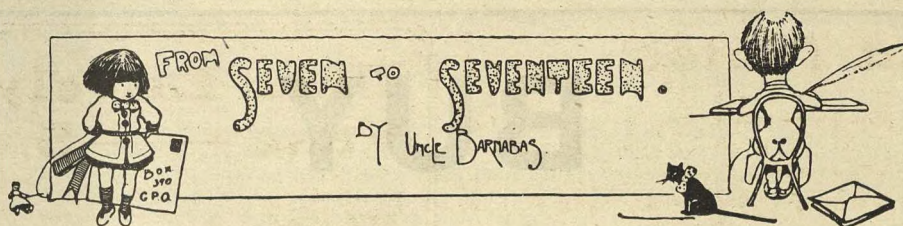
S. C. Eyles (1/3/16), 10s.; F. Watts (31/12/14), 6s.; Rev. H. E. Bellhouse (25/6/15), 6s.; A. Wenburne (31/12/14), 13s.; Mrs. Carpenter (31/12/14), 6s.; W. Nelson (30/6/14), 3s.; (31/12/14), 6s.; Jas. McEwen (25/1/15), 6s.; J. Wilson (30/6/14), 4/6; Miss E. Moore L. A. McKinnon (31/12/14), 6s.; J. W. Denny (31/1/15), 3s.; O. A. Piggott (31/12/14), 6s.; A. A. Marks (31/12/14), 6s.; J. Greenstreet (31/12/14), 6s.; Rev. D. Hunter (31/12/14), 6s.; G. Hewitson (30/6/15), 6s.; Mrs. Nash (30/6/14), 3s.; H. M. Reid (31/12/14), 6s.; Miss M. Winton (31/12/14), 6s.; W. Weaver (31/12/14), 18s.; L. D. Gilpin (18/6/15), 6s.; Mrs. Moffatt (31/12/14), 9/10; H. M. Riley (31/12/14), 6s.; Miss L. Louthean (31/12/14), 6s.; Thos. Armstrong (9/12/13), 6s.; School of Arts (Gunnedah), per Mrs. J. Bailey (31/12/14), 3s.; M. Betts (31/10/15), 20s.; H. A. Brown (20/11/14), 6s.

## A BREAKFAST, DINNER, AND TEA BEVERAGE. FRUCERIA ESSENCE

Superior to Coffee, and does not attack the heart and nerves like Coffee and Tea do.  
MANUFACTURED BY Sample Bottles Posted Free, 3d.

THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD CO. (Vegetarian Cafe),  
45 HUNTER STREET, 283 CLARENCE STREET.





### YOUR MINISTER.

Did you ever hear it said that the history of a clergyman is summed up in three words, First, he is idolised; then criticised; and finally scandalised. I fear there is some truth in it. What do you do for your minister? You can tell him when you are pleased. You can pray for him; you can speak the best thing about him that you know. Of course he has faults, but he is not all faults. He can do some things well, even if there are some things he can't do at all. He always wants to do better than he does, you may be sure of that. He knows when he fails long before any one else knows it, and is sorry beyond words. He needs a little encouragement, even as plants need water. He is often tired, and like other people is easier to provoke when weary. He is worth helping because he has more chance of helping others than anyone else. Did you ever put a flower in your minister's vestry? It would make a lot of difference if you did. Did you ever read these lines before?

We have given our lives to your service, we  
grudge not our souls to the task.  
In return for a lifelong devotion, 'tis a very  
small boon that we ask;  
We plead for the gift of the wealthy; we  
plead for the mite of the poor,  
As a fence to the homes of your chosen from  
the wehr-wolf want at the door.  
We fain would console you in sorrow, we  
fain would rejoice in your mirth,  
But a man cannot give you his highest when  
worn by the worries of earth;  
The message that roused your devotion, the  
sermons your spirits that thrilled,  
Were often times poured in their fulness  
from hearts with anxieties filled.  
It is hard for the mind to be holy when  
bonds of low troubles enmesh.  
Though a minister, dwells in the spirit, he  
still must provide for the flesh;  
We would bring you the light of the Gospel;  
the best from God's treasury give;  
But our Lord when He sent forth His ser-  
vants, ordained that His servants should  
live!  
So we come with our honest petition, we  
yield you the best that we can,  
And we would beseech you remember, a  
minister still is a man.

### BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

Warmest and best wishes for a very  
Happy Birthday to—Lindsay Brown, 1st;  
Lenore Wingfield, 3rd; Margie Macneil, 10th;  
Kathleen Howard, 11th; Maud Andrews,  
14th; Dot Moore, 20th; Maggie Roddan,  
24th; Doris Thompson, 25th; Mabel Muller,  
25th; Amy Cowen, 28th; Ruby Godfrey, 28th;  
Beryl Anderson, 31st.

### A NEW NI.

Iris Paine, Dartbrook-road, Auburn,  
writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am seven years old. Will you allow me to become one of your Ni's. I have one little brother, also a baby brother. He is two years old, and we think he is the most beautiful baby we ever saw. We all sleep out on the verandah and have a cold bath every morning. I go to the Church of England Sunday School twice on Sundays, and the Auburn Superior Public School. Daddy has been getting "Grit" for years, so I think I ought to be one of your little Ni's.

(Dear Iris,—I quite agree with you—you ought to be one of my Ni's, and I am glad you have written and hope you will often do so. I would love to see the baby. You are all very wise to sleep out and enjoy cold baths. When is your birthday? Who is your Sunday School teacher?—Uncle B.)

### A PRIZE WORTH WINNING.

Doris Thompson, Lake Illawarra, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It is such a long time since I wrote to you, but the truth is I haven't had the time. Well, Uncle, we had our religious instructor down to visit us; we were very much pleased to see him and hear from him. Mr. Hughes is his name. We have not received our certificates for our Scripture examination. I am anxious to know, because I won the prize. As I would like to see your photo in "Grit," you ought to have it taken and then you would please all your Ne's. and Ni's. Our inspector came out to examine us the other day, and it was with him that Mr. Hughes came. We got excellent marks for our work and gardens. He said the sight was an ideal one, and that our general cleanliness and attention was very satisfactory. My birthday is on the 25th of July; I will be 14 years old. You put some very nice answers in "Grit." We live close to the Illawarra Lake, and so we can often go for a row with Father, who is a fisherman. I went away for my Easter holidays to Wollongong, and every morning I went to the beach for a walk. I gathered such a lot of very nice shells and pieces of seaweed; I have them all in a box. Our religious instructor is Mr. Mackay. He is a very nice gentleman, and I like him very well. He tells us stories and his work is good. Dear Uncle, this is only a short letter, but I will have to write oftener to let you know about me.—From your loving Ni.

P.S.—I have written you a letter before, and I saw your answer to it in "Grit." Be sure to put your photo in "Grit."

(Dear Doris,—I am proud of you winning the Scripture prize, and I am pleased you intend to write oftener. I know Mr. Hughes, and wish there were a dozen like him. I

hope you have a very happy day on July 25. Will you write and tell me all about that day.—Uncle B.)

### SOMETHING ABOUT FACTORIES.

William Hunt, Byron Bay, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I think it is about time I wrote to you, but better late than never. I will tell you a little about the canning works here. First the cows are sent in by the shareholders, and they each have a brand. They are killed and skinned, and are then weighed; after they are cut up and all the meat is put into a big kind of tank and boiled; then it is taken out and tinned, and afterwards the tins are blued and the labels put on. Every cow is examined by a Government inspector, and all the condemned cattle are made into fertiliser. There is also the creamery and the casein factory here. I cannot tell you anything about the casein factory, as no one is allowed to look through it, as it is a private concern. The casein is made out of butter milk supplied by the creamery. I go up to Confirmation lesson every Wednesday night to the Church of England, as I am going to be confirmed. We are going to have a new organ in our church, and on Monday there is going to be an organ recital with the new organ, and it is going to be played on Monday night by Mr. Massey, who is a great organ player. They have to make a bigger door in the church to get it in. It has been very chilly here lately. Well, Uncle, I must close now, with love to your cousins and yourself.—From your loving Ne.

P.S.—Am enclosing Postcard for Beauty Spot Competition.

(Dear Will,—Thanks for postcard. I am very interested in the factories. How many animals do they can in a week? I wonder do the people milk the cows that they can, and can what they can't? That sounds funny, doesn't it? I never heard of a casein factory before. Will you tell us a little about confirmation; it would interest us all. Who can be confirmed, why they are confirmed, what difference does it make?—Uncle B.)

### FUN ON HORSEBACK.

Ena MacNeil, Narra Allen, Burrow, writes:—

My Dear Uncle B.,—I often see in "Grit" where you ask about the children's ages. Well, I am seven, and my birthday is on the 7th of August, but my sister's is on the 10th of July. We celebrate it then, and after that they say I am eight. Well, the last letter I wrote to you its answer never reached me, but I hope the answer to this gets here. We ride both together, my sister and I, on bareback, and both back to front, and the right way. I wish you could see the grass up here. Uncle Harry says the only trouble now is that there is too much grass; and it is beautiful weather, not too hot nor too cold, and the only thing is that there is a frost. They are crutching up here just now, and they have seven bags of wool to sew up. Jum, that is what I call my sister, but her real name is Christina Mar-



garet, was charged by Uncle Tom's kangaroo dogs; it was before Daddy went away to England, and he said if he had possessed a gun he would have put the dog to death. Much love to you and my cousins.—From your little friend.

(Dear Ena,—I am so sorry you did not receive my answer to your last letter, and hope this one arrives safely. What fun you must have on that poor pony. I hope Jumbo will write again soon. I don't think that doggie meant to hurt her—do you. I hope you will write and tell me about your united birthday. I hope it will be a lovely day for you both.—Uncle B.)

\* \* \*

Eliza Northcott, "Mia Mia," Woodward Avenue, Strathfield, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.—I am writing to you this time because I want to write you the "Story Of My Life." Annie Chapman said she would like to know it. I was very much surprised to see in "Grit" that I am the only English girl out of 230. You wanted to know my age: I am 16 years of age; my birthday was on May 6. I am getting rather old, but I suppose we all have to get old some day. I have had a game of cricket this afternoon, and I won. Well, I suppose I must begin writing my story now. I have just been writing a letter to my sister in England. It is now 8.30 o'clock; I have plenty of time to write my story. I thought I should have to put it aside, but I am very pleased to think I have an hour or more to finish it all to-night. Dear Uncle, I think I will draw my letter to a close now.—From your loving Ni.

P.S.—I should like to know your proper age.

(Dear Eliza,—Thank you very much for the story of your life; it is most interesting. My proper age is shrouded in mystery—while I was present on the occasion of my first birthday I have no recollection of it. If I am as old as I feel, then Methuselah will sometimes have to take a back seat. If I am as old as I look, then I am quite unable to say how old that is, because so many hold quite different opinions. Sad to be so uncertain about such an important thing, isn't it?—Uncle B.)

#### A SPORTING NE.

Athol Williams, Awarua, Pukehou, H.B., June 2, 1914, writes:—

My Dear Uncle B.—We have been having quite nice weather lately, and I have been able to get out a lot more. On Monday I tried to get a few ducks on the lake, but as none were about I had to return home unsuccessful. I would have tried for hawks on the way back, only they were out of range for the shotgun. Mr. Burr was with me, and we had some good fun, arriving home late for lunch. I have to go back to Wanganui to school next Monday. I can't get anything else to stop me from arriving there then. I am afraid I cannot get any more news in

my head at present, so now good-bye, with love from your affectionate nephew.

(Dear Athol,—Do you know a witty Frenchman once said when an Englishman has nothing to do, he says, "Let us go out and kill something." I thought of that when I read your letter. I am glad I am not a duck. So pleased to hear you are fit for school again. I like your jokes, and am always glad to receive them.—Uncle B.)

#### DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCE.

Nettie May Luxton, Oakey Park, Lithgow, June 11, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I suppose you are wondering what has become of me; but the fact of the matter is I have been waiting to get a nice lot of news to tell you. In my last letter I asked if any of my cousins would write to me, and one of your nieces, Doreen Benjamin, wrote to me and asked me to be a fast friend of hers. I was, oh, so glad to get the letter, but I have not had the good manners to answer the girl yet. I am afraid she will be thinking I am an odd kind of girl. I will correspond with Myrtle Luxton as she wishes, because I would be so glad if we were connected in any way. Dear Uncle, I think I will enter in that "Beauty Spot Competition," because I think Lithgow contains some very pretty scenery. That saying of Myrtle Luxton's—"Don't judge a sausage by its overcoat"—is a very true one, because the other day my little sister Meryl was eating a sausage which did not have a very charming appearance, and she did not like having to eat it, but when she got half-way through it, she found that it had a very nice flavor. Well, dear Uncle, as this is all the news I can think of at present, so I will close with fond love and best wishes.—I remain, your loving niece.

P.S.—It was my birthday on the 30th of last month, and I received a lovely big book titled "Melbourne House." No doubt some of my cousins have read it. Expect another

letter soon. I will send you my photo later on if you would like it.

(Dear Nettie,—Thank you very much for your letter. I am glad you are going to write to Doreen and Myrtle. Thank you for proof of that saying about judging. I know "Melbourne House," and think it just fine. Please let me have your photo, also the beauty spot. I hope you had a happy birthday. Have you had any snow yet?—Uncle B.)

#### RIDING TO SCHOOL.

Joyce Eipper, "Waratah," Willow Tree, June 11, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.—I saw my letter in "Grit" the other week. I was going to send you a beauty spot, but I found we hadn't any, but will send you one as soon as I can. We went for a walk this afternoon upon the hills at the back of here, and we had a lovely view of the farms; some of the wheat is up and some is just coming up. Uncle, you ought to see the children who ride to school. Sometimes they come in a crowd and sometimes one by one, but in the afternoon there is about six or more, sometimes all ride off together. Love.

(Dear Joyce,—I am very glad to have another letter from you. I can quite imagine the fun they all have riding to school, and suppose there are times when they can't catch the horses and miss school. I hope you will send me your photo some day.—Uncle B.)

Husband: Did that dress suitcase come?

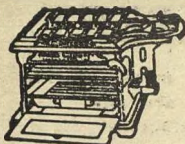
Wife: The one full of dreadful clothes from the office? Yes; and they came just in time to give away to the Missionary Society.

Husband (in a sepulchral voice): It belonged to an Englishman I have invited home for dinner.

(Door-bell rings.)

# BURNET'S PENNY JELLIES.





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### TRANSFERENCE.

"Please, ma'am, can you help a poor man who is out of work?" "I daresay I can find something to do." "Thanks, if you could give me some washing to do, I'll take it home to my wife."

\* \* \*

### EGGS.

When the breed of poultry had been so far improved that a hen would lay an egg stamped with the date, it was thought by many, that no further advance was possible.

This view, however, proved to be erroneous.

For presently there developed the hen which would calmly proceed to lay 1914 eggs in 1913.

"If automobiles, why not eggs?" reasoned the trade, and by that stifled whatever qualms its conscience might raise.

\* \* \*

### WITH CREDIT ONLY.

"Did you occupy your last pulpit with credit?" inquired the church trustee.

"I certainly did," responded the applicant; "there was never any cash connected with it."

## Good Morning? Have You

cleaned your teeth?

And—have you carefully examined them to see if you can detect any signs of decay? The tiniest hole in a tooth is the forerunner of much future trouble if it is neglected. Let ME painlessly, perfectly, and pleasantly fill your decayed teeth or, if necessary, make you a perfect fitting set of Artificial Teeth.

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### LOCATING IT.

"You ought to be contented and not fret for your old home," said the mistress as she looked into the dim eyes of her young Swedish maid. "You are earning good wages, your work is light, every one is kind to you, and you have plenty of friends here."

"Yas'm," said the girl, "but it is not the place where I do be that makes me vera homesick; it is the place where I don't be."

\* \* \*

### INNUENDO.

Congressmen Eugene E. Reed, of New Hampshire, told of the reputation of a party named Abner.

Abner was haled to court to answer to a complaint that grew out of a broken bargain, and among the witnesses called to testify was Hiram Wilkins.

"Mr. Wilkins," said the examining lawyer, "you know the defendant in this case, do you not?"

"Oh yes," answered Hiram, "Knowed him night onter forty years now."

"What is his reputation for veracity?" asked the lawyer. "Is he regarded as a man who never tells the truth?"

"Waal, I can't say that he don't never tell the truth," answered Hiram, "but I do know that if he wanted his hogs ter come ter dinner he'd have ter git somebody else ter call 'em."

\* \* \*

Visitor: "And is it the rheumatics that has got poor Doolan again?"

Mrs. Doolan: "No; he sprained his back, poor dear, trying to throw me out av the windy."

### HUMILIATED.

Sam had worked on the farm for nine years, and until his master took to poultry farming he was quite satisfied with life.

But this poultry business was a bit too much. He had to take the eggs as they were laid and write the date on them with an indelible pencil. And, worse than that, he had also to write on the eggs the breed of the hen that laid them.

So one day he marched up to the farmer.

"I'm about fed up," said he, "and I'm going to leave!"

The farmer was astounded.

"Surely, Sam," said he, "you're not going to leave me after all these years?"

"Yes, but I am!" retorted Sam. "I've done every kind of rotten job on this here farm, but I'd rather starve than go on being private secretary to your old hens!"

\* \* \*

### TOOK IT AT WHAT IT SAID.

Pat was hard at work in the Baldwin Locomotive Works when the foreman on his rounds stopped and eyed him sternly.

"Did yez not receive a letther from me, sayin' yez was foired?" he demanded.

"Oi received a letther," answered Pat calmly. "Th' insoid says Oi was foired, but th' outside says 'Return in 5 days to Baldwin's,' so Oi'm back."

## DON'T BE ONE-EYED

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## The Value of Pledge-Signing Work.

A GLEAM OF HOPE IN A DARK OUTLOOK.

Time: 9.30 a.m., Wednesday, June 20, 1914.

Scene: Central Police Court, Sydney. A frail little woman with a four-months-old baby in her arms stands before the Police Magistrate on a charge of drunkenness.

Police Prosecutor: How do you plead to this charge of being drunk?

The Woman (in a weak voice): Guilty, Sir; but if you will let me off I will sign the pledge and I will try and not drink alcohol any more.

Police Prosecutor to Magistrate: This woman is an inebriate, your Worship; she has been locked up three times in 3½ months; each time she had the baby with her, and it is a wonder she is not charged with a more serious crime. I think she ought to be treated as an inebriate.

Police Magistrate: But what about the baby; I can't send the child to jail. (To Pledge Signing Missioner) Do you think it any use her signing the pledge.

Pledge Signing Missioner: Certainly. It may be more effective than going to jail, and I will promise to keep in touch with this woman and help her all I can.

The little woman was given another chance, and as she signed the pledge with the baby still in her arms, the little mite looked up and smiled. The Missioner thought it a happy omen, and while the woman signed the Pledge the Missioner prayed to God that it might be effective in the life of this woman, if it was only for the child's sake, and he honestly believes that the big policemen standing around said Amen.

The woman waited outside the Court until the Missioner joined her, and together they went to the first refreshment room, and a glass of warm milk was drunk eagerly. This, the Missioner said, was for the child; then a good cup of tea and bread and butter followed. A visit to "Grit" office brought from a parcel (which, by the way, was sent in by some unknown helper) some warm baby clothes and a warm skirt for the mother. And as the mother put some warm booties on the child's feet, tears came into her eyes, and the Missioner feels hopeful that there is still Love and Hope in this mother's heart.

This is not the only case where the baby is locked up with its drunken mother. No woman should be served if she has a child with her, especially a child in arms. The hotel and wine-bar keepers are so low-down and greedy that they will take money from anyone. This can be seen by anyone if they take a trip round the hotels of Sydney.

There is no doubt the world is waking up on this alcohol question. The latest move in Russia, where it has been banished from the Army, is one that all temperance workers will be thankful for. Alcohol has cursed Russia, especially the Army. The writer thinks that it is as bad here in this country. From enquiries made, also from the evidence that has lately been made public, alcohol has got right into the heart and life of at least one disciplined body in New South Wales (the Police force). There is no doubt this is so. Is this the reason that the Royal Commission is needed that we have so much crime, for if alcohol gets into any individual or body of men, they will be less efficient. This applies more especially to bodies who have to see that law and order is carried out.

The Police have too big a job on hand dealing with the crime and violence directly brought about by alcohol, they cannot afford to drink alcohol themselves; and the sooner total abstinence in the Police force is insisted on the better for law and justice. One large brewery has just declared its half-year's dividend; it was enormous, the chartered accountants prepared the statement. There was also another big dividend brought about by the breweries; it was crime, poverty, murder, and suicide. The Police mostly have to prepare this statement. The money dividend is prepared and published with pleasure and pride (by the shareholders of breweries). We never get the full statement of the enormous damage done to the public, but it is enormous. Some day the public will call for a full statement as to this damage done; then will the smile depart from the brewery shareholders' faces as with a howl of rage. The public, who have been debauched and saddened for so long, will destroy this, the greatest of all curses.

### THE NEWS FROM WISCONSIN.

Twenty out of forty cities and villages voting in Wisconsin on April 7 were carried by the dries. This makes the greatest gain in dry territory in the history of Wisconsin. Madison, the capital, went wet by the narrow majority of 67 in a total vote of more than 7000. The dry towns are Fennimore, Fort Atkinson, Darlington, Lavagle, Lime Ridge, Dodgeville, Barleyville, Lancaster, Montford, Rewey, Mazomanie, Black Earth, Chordsville, Blanc, Argyle, Stoughton, Blair, Washburn, Milton Junction, Plymouth and Union Grove.

### INSANITARY IN PROHIBITION STATES.

False and misleading statements as to the percentage of alcoholic insanity in prohibition states, especially in Kansas, are being circulated in campaign territory. The following comparative statistics, published in the March "Kansas Issue," prove conclusively the small proportion of alcoholic insane to be found in the "Sunflower" state:

"According to J. W. Howe, secretary of the State Board of Control of Kansas, only fifteen patients were admitted to the insane asylums of the state to be treated for insanity caused by alcohol during 1913. Six additional cases were due to the combined effect of alcohol, tobacco and drugs. This is a percentage of 2.3 per cent, and is a decrease. In New York 31.4 per cent. of the insane patients are said to have been received into the asylums as a result of using alcohol, and in Massachusetts the percentage is 30.6 per cent.

"The entire number of inmates of the state institutions of Kansas for the insane was 3814, which is about 224 to the hundred thousand of population. In California there are 8505 insane, which is an average of 354 to each hundred thousand of the population.

"Another notable feature of the Kansas report is the fact that only twenty applicants were refused. Many license states are forced to turn away hundreds."

Dr. Hotchkiss of the State Insane Asylum of North Dakota says it has only one insane person to every 700 or 800 of the population, while New York has one to every 250 and Illinois one to every 500 of its population.

### DECEIVED.

Little Willie was left alone with sister's beau.

"Mr. Chumpley," he presently said, "what is a popinjay?"

Sister's beau wrinkled his forehead.

"Wh-why, a popinjay is a-a vain bird."

"Are you a bird, Mr. Chumpley?"

"Certainly not."

"That's funny. Ma said you was a popinjay, and pa said there was no doubt about your bein' a jay, an' sister said there was small hopes of your poppin', an' now you say you ain't a bird at all. That's funny"—  
"Cleveland Plain Dealer."

I worked all day, and earned my pay.  
But had felt like a washed out towel;  
I hacked and coughed, my mates had scoffed  
(And the boss helped the general growl).  
But I came to a stop, just in front of a shop  
Where they sold me a medicine pure.  
I'm no longer sore, and I cough no more  
(It was Woods' Great Peppermint Cure!)



## Have You Met a Soul.

A strange question, and yet legitimate. Have you ever met a soul? Perhaps you are uncertain whether to answer affirmatively or not. We mean, have you ever got on the inside of a heart? With this, our understanding of the question enlarges. We live on the outside of people; we stand in front of their soul's home or sit conveniently near, while they look out and pass the time of day. We mingle in the crowd, we laugh and chat with apparently the greatest familiarity.

"Are you acquainted with such and such a one?" is asked.

"Oh, yes! We became acquainted three years ago," we reply.

"What do you mean by that?"

"We were introduced then," is our answer.

This, with a few after-meetings, constitutes our acquaintance. But may it be stated you have seen the outside only; you are no more acquainted with the furnishings or the inner soul than would you be with the interior decorations of a house before which you stand. How often have you crossed the threshold, stepped in to the inner sanctuary and there sat down with the soul at home? That is a different thing, and enables you to answer the question: "Have you ever met a soul?"

We suppose you have. Everyone should have gained entrance into some soul-home and there been entertained, though, sad to say, there have been those to walk the streets of soul-city from year to year without even

knocking for admission—much less being admitted. How lonely such must be! How desolate their path!

We say that everyone should know the combination to some heart-door; and in turn, hand over the key of his own heart to some kindred spirit. After all, the association of souls is the highest fellowship and most fraught with supreme joy. We are not speaking of the necessity of numerous soul-friends, though that would enhance our happiness. But we do plead for at least one or two soul-confidants at the door of whose heart one need not knock, but "just walk in and make himself at home," between whom no apologies or explanations need pass, against whom no room is ever shut. What is thine is theirs; what is theirs is thine.

Such friendships as these are common in childhood. We each recal some dear chum of early life to and from whom confidences the most sacred flowed with perfect freedom. Heart secrets that no one else should know were held as common property and, though the secrets died in childish hearts long years ago, the effect of that friendship will unconsciously abide.

But when we grew out of the innocence of childhood into the cautious, suspicious period of manhood and womanhood, we made the conditions of entrance to the inner of inners so exacting that very seldom are they complied with, and as a result we are lonely.

The measure of our truest joy is the number of our soul-friends.—"Christian Age."

## THE SLUM DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 3.)

Suddenly, even while her fingers touched tenderly a packet of old letters inside the box, she leaned towards him.

"Doctor, do you think I might go off like that one night? It was so easy, and I'm so afraid of long illness and the kind of suffering you and I know about."

"It might happen, Miss Carrie; and I think it will, for God ought to be kind at the end to such as you."

She nodded brightly, as if some load was lifted from her mind by the words, and presently she was looking at him again.

"When it happens, you will write to the address on this envelope, and he will come for old time's sake, I know, and see to everything. And you will give him this box, and tell him when you are talking about me that I was very happy down here among my poor people."

Once more the doctor could not speak, and as his fingers closed over the envelope they trembled ever so slightly.

"One thing I know you will never tell him, though I hope somebody will," she said, smiling a little wistfully into his kind face, "and that is how good you have been to me.

We have had some great, good times, haven't we, doctor? Never mind; it is all written down somewhere, and one day there will be a big 'thank you' for you and others like you whom the world forgets."

Downstairs a little later the slum doctor remembered to look at the name on the envelope, and it surprised him: Colonel Babcombe, Royal Engineers, Aldershot.

He fell asleep pondering on the mystery of this lonely life, but his dreams were undisturbed, for supreme exhaustion sealed his eyes and brain.

The angel of mean streets slept too, but before the dawn her awakening came—in the palaces of Heaven.

The two men stood together in the narrow room, the tall, lean, brown soldier, who seemed to belong to another social world, and the little, squat, shabby, slum doctor, whose face was so much older than its years.

On the bed lay the slim, small form of the angel of mean streets, with a cross of cheap flowers, bought by the halfpence of many children who had loved her, across her feet.

"Tell me about her," said the soldier briefly, and his voice sounded terse and broken, as if he put some curb on himself.

"There isn't much to tell. She was here

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when I came; that will be eleven years next month. Nobody seemed to know anything about her; she just lived here in this little house, and went in and out among the people. Some of them are rough, and all of them are poor, and she did unheard-of services for them."

"She was a very great lady once," said the soldier quietly, and his lips were working; then, very quietly looking at the majesty on the bed, he corrected himself, "but she is a greater lady now."

"I am not at liberty to tell you her story, doctor. For reasons she would not wish divulged she chose to disappear from the world which once knew her. We must leave it at that. I will make arrangements for her burial, and send you the particulars. She must sleep with her own people in the country. I hope that you will be able to come, for I can gather that here, in this unthinkable place, she was blessed with at least one friend."

He held out his hand, and it was clasped silently. Presently the slum doctor took a little vellum-bound book from the side table, and offered it to the soldier. "It was open on the bed when I found her, marked with the little paper knife just here. I thought you might like to look at what she had been reading. I am not much of a poetry man myself, but this actually seems to describe her."

It was a little volume of poems of Joaquin Miller and these were the lines to which the slum doctor referred:

"Unanchored ships that blow and blow,  
Sail to and fro, and then go down  
In unknown seas that none shall know  
Without one ripple of renown.

"Call these not fools, the test of worth  
Is not the hold you have on earth.

"Lo! there be gentlest souls sea-blown  
That know not any harbor known,  
And it may be the reason is  
They touch on fairer shores than this."

—"British Weekly."

## TWENTY WISCONSIN CITIES GO DRY.

Wisconsin is able to record the greatest inroads yet made in the State by the prohibition forces. Twenty cities have gone dry and present reports indicate that ten localities have remained dry. In Madison, where the battle was intense, the wets won by less than one hundred votes. Cities in the southern tier of counties were found most frequently in the dry column. This was attributed to the Illinois prohibition contest.



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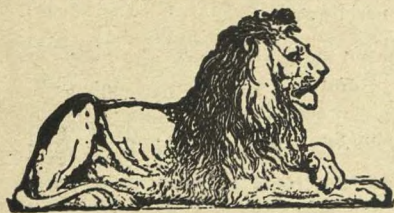
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