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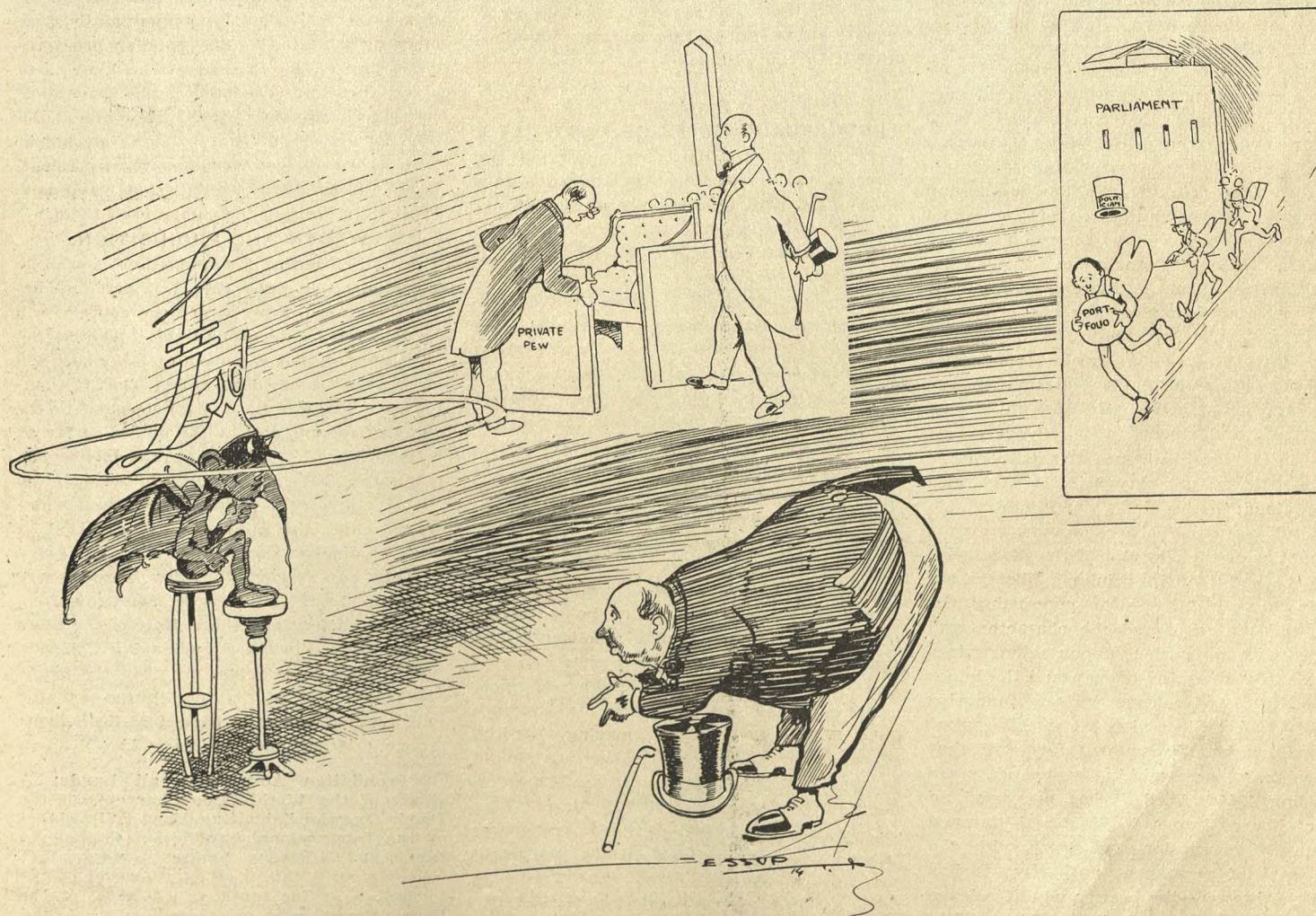


A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

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MODERN WORSHIP.

TEMPERANCE REFORM AND THE IDEAL STATE

TWELFTH LEES AND RAPER MEMORIAL LECTURE.

By Dr. JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A.

(Continued from last Issue.)

A century ago it was perfectly respectable to fall drunk under the dinner table; and men did it not only with rapidity, but also without loss of social prestige. Fifty years afterwards it was still held that alcohol nourished health and imparted energy, and men and women and children drank it as they ate their food. But science has penetrated and transformed the mass of social opinion on drinking to such a degree that drunkenness is regarded as at once a folly and a disgrace, and alcohol is avoided by the wise because it is known to cripple those runners in the race of life who take it. The new ideas have had an ethical effect, and are beneficently changing the habits of this generation.

BRITISH PARLIAMENT AND THE DRINK TRADE.

But how has our British Government acted whilst these changes have been proceeding? What has been its attitude to the combined verdicts of experience and medical science? Professor Seeley asserts that "Government is a half-instinctive product of the efforts of human beings to ward off from themselves certain evils to which they are exposed."* Has the British Parliament, which is the chosen instrument of the State for that very purpose, rendered that necessary service with regard to the drink trade? What I grudge most is the awful and wholesale slaughter the drink traffic has made and still makes of fine ideas and of fine social ideals. That is not to be forgotten or forgiven in this age or any other. This is its most fatal influence. Here is a business which notoriously lowers the moral character wherever it exists, associates "good fellowship" with enervating drinks and social pleasure with practices that strengthen appetite and lessen self-control, poisons life at its springs, and, since

"in the fatal sequence of this world,

An evil thought may soil the children's blood;"

destroys the home, debases woman, corrupts the politics of the city and of the State, misleads the nation in its thinking, fills the atmosphere with false ideas concerning the body and the mind and the character, and carries with a species of contagious virus which stains the mind of man and the honor of the State, and poisons the very fountains of individual, ethic, and political philosophy! What, I ask, has Government done with that particular business within the twenty years preceding 1906? Well, it has converted an annual licence into a freehold and stamped a fount of corruption and death with the fresh seal of permanent authority; it has lifted the brewer—the brewer who if science is to be believed has built up his wealth,

the British peerage; it has joined in misleading the whole nation as to the true status of the trade, and nourished those false habits of thought which regard it as a just part of a progressive civilisation.

What has it done? It has placed itself in definite antagonism to that mighty current of legislative opinion which regards the Government as the State's nurse for the afflicted and the weak, the State's doctor for the diseased, the State's mother and father for the guardianship of the young, and for the comfort of the aged. Legislation tends more and more to the use of the whole powers of the Commonwealth for the advantage of the weak and imperilled; but the British Government not only lagged behind the thought and aspiration of the people, but set itself definitely against both. It has not been abreast of popular knowledge and conviction. It has not shared in the social renaissance of the last thirty years; it has not kept pace with democratic progress. The capital crime of the drink traffic is that it propagates bad and corrupt thinking, and the immeasurable wrong of the Government of this country has been that it has not stopped it.

V.

PROGRESS IN SPITE OF OBSTACLES.

But whilst the British Government was permeating the life of our land with false and unscientific ideas concerning alcohol, and adding to the despotic strength of the monopolists of the beer and wine trade both in Parliament and out, the movement against that trade was marching forward with quickened pace and intenser enthusiasm. The folly of one Government cannot put a spoke in the wheel of the chariot of universal progress. Truth is great and must prevail. Living seed may be buried, but it is not lost. Its harvest is assured though delayed. "Say not in the struggle naught availeth." "The smallest effort is not lost." Temperance is on the march, and cannot be stopped. This great reform is international and world-wide. The nations have arisen and are preparing to put on their beautiful garments. The liquor traffic is found out. The statesmen of the world know that alcoholism is the greatest hindrance to all their efforts to promote the welfare of the people; and more and more they are coming to believe with John Wesley that "it is amazing that the preparing or selling of these poisons should be permitted. I will not say in any Christian country, but in any civilised State." Guy Hayler has just given us a comprehensive account of the wide fields all over the world in which the battle against "the Trade" is being waged with conviction and faith, whether he knows it or not, out of the ruin of the people, to the honors and powers of

energy and hope, and a most cheering measure of success.*

FRANCE AND ALCOHOLISM.

France is thoroughly roused from the stupor of alcoholism. The danger is realised by her leaders, and immediate action is determined. Half a century ago France was a pattern of sobriety; to-day it is the most alcoholised country in Europe, unless we ought to except Russia; but "the Government," says the Premier, "views the situation with alarm; it is terrible, and it is a question of natural interest, for the very life of the nation is at stake." To that the War Minister adds, "We must do anything and everything to snatch the working class from this degradation." The leading scientists, doctors, philosophers, and men of intellect are leagued together to get rid of this fearful scourge of drink, itself the cause of all other scourges.

GERMANY AND TEMPERANCE REFORM.

Germany, too, is contributing a battalion of brave warriors to the army of reform. Its prophets and leaders are lifting up the voice of warning. Its scholars and statesmen are declaring that alcoholism is undermining the economic foundations of Germany's international position by diminishing its efficiency; and its internal development "is being checked by corruption of its youth with alcohol at the most dangerous time in moral growth, while at all other times it undermines the self-control so essential to a society or a nation." The popular beer gardens, praised by Britishers who know little about them, are condemned, and General F. von Bernhardt says, "It is the unmistakable duty of the State first to fight alcoholism with every weapon, if necessary by relentlessly taxing all alcoholic drinks, and next by strictly limiting the right to sell them."

SWEDEN AND PROHIBITION.

As for Sweden, I found when I was in Stockholm that hopes are very high that before many years are passed the country will be cleansed of the drink trade and that not only Sweden, but Denmark and Norway will enjoy the same advantage. The Gothenburg system was no doubt conceived in the spirit of reform, and at the outset so far as I could learn, it was an improvement upon what went before it; but the dissatisfaction with its present working is deep and widespread, and the conviction grows that it must be displaced by prohibition. The greed of gain has corrupted it, law breakers are favored, local authorities are thwarted, morality suffers, and the welfare of the State is imperilled. In the Scandinavian Congress held a little while before my visit, the Prime Minister confessed that prohibition was the only method left of suppressing alcoholism;

(Continued on Page 7.)

*"Prohibition Advance in all Lands; A Study of the World-Wide Character of the Drink Question," by Guy Hayler, President of the International Prohibition Confederation, 133 Salisbury Square, London, E.C. Price 1s. 6d. This book is a marvel of information, a fine repertory of facts for the Prohibitionist, and an exceeding great and precious promise of the final victory of Local Option.

* "Political Science," p. 129.

A Woman's Surrender.

A LITTLE STORY OF HOME LIFE.

By MABEL BURKHOLDER.

When Mr. Nutting made his rather unobtrusive entrance into the house from which so recently had issued the sounds of merriment and feasting, he found his wife alone and sitting sunk in thought in an armchair beside the window. Many mute attestations, the drooping flowers, the scattered cards, the promiscuous array of tea-cups, revealed the fact that she had been entertaining the ladies of her club, and the inevitable reaction of lassitude after the hour of excitement was already upon her.

She scarcely noted the entrance of her husband as he took up a silent position on the hearth-rug. Her eyes were drawn to something far beyond him, and the lines of her mouth were straight and severe. Presently her abstracted glance, coming back to immediate objects, fell on a beautiful cut-glass water-pitcher which occupied the centre of the table. She drew it to her, holding it aslant the rays of the low sun until a thousand diamonds gleamed from its polished edges.

"The last piece! The very last piece I care to have! Was I not fortunate to win it to-day? This is the last meeting of the year, and the next season they are not going to give glass for prizes. James, you are so unreasonable! Can you not say at least that it is beautiful?"

Her husband lifted the heavy thing rather clumsily and set it down again. She bent forward with a little cry of alarm lest he allow it to strike a corner of the table. His thoughts, like hers, were far away.

"Well," she demanded crisply, "what is it?"

"That child next door——"

She brushed her hand across her eyes, as if recollecting something she had hoped to forget.

"Crying yet is it? Do you wish me to interfere? I always have claimed that proximity to houses does not imply that we are to be bothered with all the unpleasant things in the lives of our neighbours."

"There must be something wrong—maybe we ought to do something," he suggested hesitatingly.

"Pooh! It has been screaming for two days. Its mother is sewing on something that has to be out by the end of the week."

James Nutting walked to the window, stuffed his hands into his pockets, and stood staring gloomily into the next garden.

"Listen!" he said.

"I hear it," was her crisp retort.

He turned towards her again and studied the outline of her head and shoulders as it appeared silhouetted against the light of the western sky. She was bending over the costly trifle, turning it this way and that to catch the last ray of light, lips pressed together in painful severity, brow wrinkled, shoulders drooped in an attitude of a woman of sixty rather than thirty-six. And in that

moment of gazing he understood. "I hear it!" Oh, it was true, true. She had heard that cry of distress through all the day, when the merriment ran high, when the jest went round, when the game progressed, when the tea-cups clinked. It was a monotone of pain in her ears. Her heart was silently breaking under it.

"If the child is ill she should get a doctor," Mrs. Nutting raised her head to say.

"Yes," he admitted pacifically.

She came to his side and gazed with a strained expression into the window of the wee house. The mother's place at the sewing machine was vacant, and the cries had subsided to weary moanings. They were more heartrending than the screams of yesterday. They were so like the cries of that other baby—that fragile angel-child—that wee, pale fragment of herself, who had wailed his little life away on his mother's frantically unresponsive breast. From that day, four years ago in the dim and dreary past, to the present, still dim and dreary with unavailing pride and pain, there had been no submission in that proud soul. Love and human kindness she would lavish on none, since she had been denied the right to lavish it on her own child. The citadel of her heart was barred and fortified. To the demands of the outside world, to the softening influences of time, was ever returned the defiant ultimatum: "No surrender!"

The man put out his hand as if to touch her, to draw her near, to comfort her, to tell her that he understood. But she seemed as far from him as if an iceberg floated between them. She never asked for sympathy, and he was afraid to offer it. Sometimes he fancied she was sorry she had quarrelled with the lonely little neighbor-woman over those paltry flowers the chickens had scratched out. But she had quarrelled with most of the neighbors for some reason or other, until they had formed a little circle apart from her and little needing her aid.

"Isn't it a beauty, James?" she said, raising the pitcher from the table. "See, it is an exact match for the goblets. Shall I put them all on the dinner-table to-night?"

Her husband gave an incoherent assent. In his heart he loathed the sparkling glasses. Each piece represented a handful of grey hairs on his wife's brow, and a sour wrinkle about the mouth. Beautiful they were indeed, but he could have ground them one and all beneath his heel, such a complete story did they tell of his wife's round of empty days and her unavailing effort at forgetfulness.

But according to her fancy she decked the table out with the brilliant ware, as if setting a feast for some distinguished guest.

"I often wondered how it would look," she sighed.

"And this is how," he said, indifferently.

Suddenly from the little house in the next

yard sounded a dull thud, as of something falling heavily. Nutting sprang to the door, but his wife was ahead of him in entering the little cottage of their neighbor. In fact, so sure was Nutting that medical skill was required that he paused at the telephone long enough to call up the doctor.

When he entered the cottage he saw that his wife had found the little seamstress in an unconscious state on the floor. A sharp wound, running across her forehead, showed where she had struck the table in her fall.

The arrival of the doctor a few minutes later confirmed their fears that the woman was suffering from no ordinary faint, but that this apparently sudden breakdown was the result of a long strain of overwork and mental anxiety.

In the cradle the baby still cried and kicked lustily. So instead of being ill himself he was just protesting against the unwonted neglect with which he was being treated. Awkwardly Nutting raised him up and dandled him on his knee. The youngster stopped crying and gurgled with delight.

"See how he laughs!" exclaimed the man, carrying him across to where his wife stood in painful uncertainty.

"The darling!" she cried, snatching him up hungrily. Pleased with so much attention the baby clawed at her grey hair.

At that moment the doctor turned his head.

"Come here, please," he said. "She wishes to speak to you."

Mrs. Nutting approached the couch with the baby still clasped in her arms. At sight of it the mother's eyes kindled with a strange new light.

"You are so good—so kind," she whispered, as her fever-bright eyes searched the face bending over her.

The words sounded strange and unfamiliar, yet somehow true. Mrs. Nutting's head was bowed, but her arm tightened around the child, who with utter confidence laid his soft cheek against her neck.

"I am not going to get well."

A swift glance of incredulity passed between Mrs. Nutting and her husband. But when they looked at the doctor there was no hint of denial in his grave face. Too long, too hard had been the unseen struggle. The frail arms, meekly folded, would fight the weary battle no longer.

At least two people in that room felt horribly responsible for the little woman's condition. Other neighbors there were, to be sure, but why seek to lay the blame on those at a distance when they at the next door had been guilty of such criminal negligence?

"Nonsense," exclaimed Mrs. Nutting, briskly. "The neighbors will soon be in and——"

"I do not want the neighbours," whispered the little seamstress. "I want to tell you something first."

The cold fingers gripped the hand that held the baby.

"You are kind and good. Listen to me. Who could deny a dying woman? I want

(Continued on Page 10.)

Sound Value

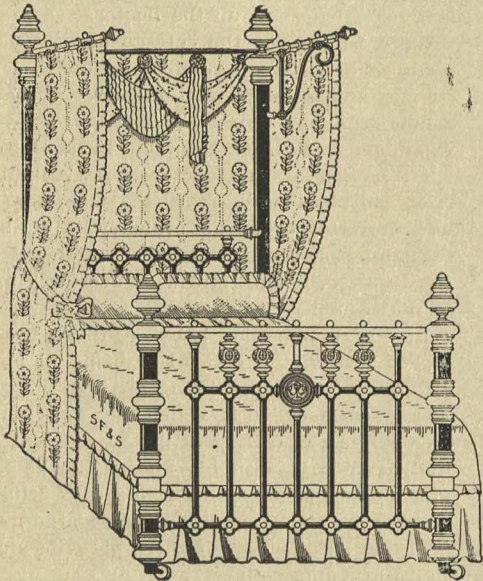
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New South Wales Alliance.

THE GRANVILLE BUNGLER.

It is not yet officially known whether there is to be another contest at Granville or not. The department held an inquiry on 11th inst., and from the evidence given it is clear that gross irregularities existed at Merrylands. The absent votes, eight in number, are claimed to have been counted in the Granville Local Option vote. The ballot papers cannot be identified because they were initialled the same as the ordinary ballot papers, instead of being signed according to the Electoral Act.

The scrutineer for the No-License voters declared that the box was not locked during the progress of the poll, and the officer in charge of the booth said he would not swear that it was locked. On the first count the Reduction majority was 10, but on the recount this was reduced to 3. There were over 400 informal votes cast.

Should another contest be necessary it will cost the Alliance at least £150 to put up a commendable fight. The liquor forces will probably spend ten times that amount, and the State will have to bear the cost of another poll.

HURSTVILLE RECOUNT.

It is anticipated that the difficulty of the Hurstville recount will be got over by the Speaker permitting the seals of the Parliamentary candidates' returns to be broken. If this is done the recount can proceed, and seeing that the majority for reduction now

stands at 60 there is very little doubt but what that issue will be finally carried.

REDUCTION COURTS.

It is promised that at an early date the special reduction courts will sit to determine which licenses shall go in the electorates where reduction has been carried. Hitherto the work of these courts has been anything but satisfactory, for whilst the courts may reduce up to one fourth of the number in an electorate it has invariably effected the least possible reduction. As illustrating this the following table of the reductions affected as a result of the 1910 vote may be of interest:—

		No. that	No.
	Publican's	could have	actually
	Licenses.	been closed.	closed.
Allowrie	24	6	3
Ashfield	5	1	1
Burwood	12	3	2
Canterbury	11	2	1
Gloucester	24	6	4
Gordon	10	2	1
Granville	11	2	1
Goulburn	30	7	4
Lane Cove	8	2	1
Petersham	9	2	1
The Richmond	16	4	4
Sherbrooke	14	3	2
St. George	12	3	2
Waverley	9	2	1
		46	28

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Watchmakers, Jewellers, and Opticians.

This shows that the court could have closed 46 liquor bars, whereas they only closed 28, and by exercising their "discretionary powers" in almost every case on the side of the liquor sellers 18 liquor bars are now open that could have been closed under the reduction vote given.

PETITIONING FOR NEW LICENSES.

Some serious consideration needs to be given to the police methods of verifying petitions presented to the Governor for new licenses. The method of procedure is for the applicant for a new license to secure a petition of a majority of the bona fide residents within a mile radius of the proposed site. The petition is then referred to the police for report, and if the same "say" it is in order, the case goes before a court of inquiry. It is a well known fact that the police do not in many cases verify the signatures. In fact they do not see the people who have signed. And unless this is done in every instance it is impossible to declare the signatures to be bona fide.

MR. W. J. HAWKES.

The many friends of Mr. W. J. Hawkes will rejoice to learn that he has recovered from his prolonged illness and is able to get about again. He still retains an active interest in the anti-liquor fight.

MRS. LEE COWIE.

Mrs. Lee Cowie, who has been appointed as delegate from New Zealand to the Australian Conference in Adelaide, will devote two months to campaign work in South Australia. Mrs. Helen Barton, who was to have spent some time in South Australia, is not now able to fulfil her engagement.

THE POLITICAL LABOR LEAGUE AND PROHIBITION.

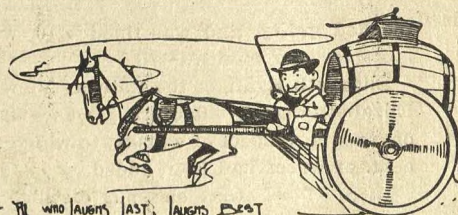
The Federal committee of the P.L.L. has recommended to the Australian P.L.L. that at the next election the following be submitted as a plebiscite: "Are you in favor of the abolition of the importation, manufacture, and distribution of alcoholic beverages?"

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41 & 43 GEORGE STREET WEST (TOOTH'S IS OPPOSITE).



“COMMENTS BY
THE MAN ON THE
WATER WAGON.”

THE CHURCH'S BOUNDEN DUTY.

A case came under our notice last week of the good work of a Roman Catholic priest in this diocese that will bear telling.

Pat had sadly erred, and for many years was wont to come out highly inflated, and perform things that made him a sorry son of Erin, and his wife was a desolate creature. Premises were of no avail, hope seemed futile, and a sicker proposition than Pat in his home has yet to be invented. At last Pat's wife thought to take counsel of the priest, who, when he heard the story, stood not upon the order of his coming. He did not speak a few words of comfort to the wife and counsel her to bear up—and thus in process of years her good example would tell on her husband. Not he. He went straight for the husband, who, we are told, at the end of the interview would have pawned himself for sixpence. Father — had written him down in his own estimation at least 90 per cent. He had signed up good and hard, as they say in the land of go, gold, and graft, and Pat has been suffering the agonies of the sober drunkard for some time and is still sober. Now we are quite aware, gentle readers, that many of you will rush in to prove that the Roman Catholic Church holds a finer rod of discipline over its adherents than any other—also that Pat hasn't yet proved out.

Quite so, but you have missed our point if you do not see that it is the courage to seek out a personal interview with the drunkard—yea, and a decisive interview, too—that is to be admired. The sheep was out on the mountain and the wolf about to devour, and the shepherd grabbed his own with strong, determined hands. There was no time to croon over the straying one and caress him into a false security—he must be roughly impeded if necessary, and at all cost recovered. Do all our ministers act in this forceful manner? They would be much better respected if they did. A false delicacy—not at all scriptural—enfolds them like a wet macintosh on a warm day—and greatly impedes their work. They want to work at a distance—and pray at a distance—and trust that their charge may be changed at heart (that at a distance too for some of them). Whilst of

course this is not true of many hundreds of fine working pastors, it is also only too faithful a picture of a great (perhaps greater) number.

OUR COLLECTION.

The fund we are seeking to raise is mounting slowly—and we ask is it the wish of our readers that its progress should resemble that of the tortoise. It is quite true the latter is a very surefooted beast. We would be willing to be a little less heavy on our feet and run a little faster with our fund.

What is it keeps our would-be donors back?

Simply want of thought and lack of imagination. What the eye doesn't see the heart seldom grieves over (as well as after). Few people have sufficient imagination to feel for the drunkard, his wife and family. Never having been present at the cheerful festival he would term “rolling home to his tea,” they cannot imagine the horrors of it. Never having been present at a Liberty League meeting, they cannot appreciate the absurdities of such gatherings. Never having paid much attention to the entreaties made to them in our little journal, nor tried to ascertain what we are after, nor why we are up against the Liberty Leaguer, they are of course indifferent in the matter.

But should you be so, my friends? Are you living up to your privileges? Do you not see that we wish to get our educative work in at the right opening—with these who need it most.

As they won't buy our advice we are going to make them a present of it.

We want YOU to help. Won't you count it your privilege to do so.

Fund to date: Already acknowledged, £35. Herbert Clapham, £5.

A SHORTAGE OF CURATES.

We learned quite recently from the papers that curates are as scarce in the old country as in Australia. This is not to be wondered at, for there is no chance of living in fair comfort and marrying in the old country, for the younger and less important clergy. Unless possessed of great ability and a good personal income it is almost impossible for the curate to live decently. This is altogether wrong, for the Master Himself laid it down

that the laborer is worthy of his hire. It is quite a common thing to hear men who delight in criticising the cloth complain that a pastor should be paid no salary at all. Let him live like the Apostle, say they. Did the Parson reply, “Right, I will come and lodge with you for a while,” they would sink into their boots with alarm. Should the Parson's name be left out of the subscription list for poor widows they gasp in horror—yet the clergy must not be paid more than an artisan. It is time both church and public awoke to the fact that good men—educated men—must be reasonably recompensed, and that the Church will sorely miss her nobler sons if she starves them out of her fold.

Let us seek to obtain the best we can—broadminded young University men who feel their responsibilities and are captivated by the truth. They must have a reasonable chance of living in some show of comfort and continuing their studies—it is our duty to see they do.

PLEDGE SIGNING CRUSADE

	Men.	Women.	Pledge.
Feb. 6	22	8	3
Feb. 7	21	7	7
Feb. 9	42	3	10
Feb. 10	23	4	9
Feb. 11	21	7	7
Feb. 12	29	5	4
	158	34	40

This week's total convictions is the largest number since the Christmas holiday week. Most of those who signed the pledge were first offenders, in work, well dressed, and were often prompted to sign because of the wretched, filthy condition of some of the other men who had been back time after time. Some of the men and women were in a really terrible condition, and it is a common thing to see all the others, including the police, keeping away from such, but they have to go out into the street, where they become a nuisance to others. While the new Lord Mayor is dealing with the proper cleaning of the city, I hope he will not overlook this important matter.

Some of the victims of drink that are about the city should no more be at large than a plague patient. Some are covered with vermin, a good many in the last stages of consumption. One has only to think for awhile to see the danger. Picture a man covered with vermin and a consumptive going from bar to bar, leaving vermin on the seats and the germs of consumption on the

(Concluded on Page 12.)

GRAINUS PORRIDGE FOOD.

Under Strict Supervision.

"BY THEIR FRUITS SHALL YE JUDGE THEM."

The Result of a Vote for Continuance.

WOMAN BATTERED TO DEATH.

A frightful murder was committed in an upstairs room of 59 Leichhardt-street, Waverley, in the early hours of the morning, when Mrs. Elizabeth Adeline Emma Mullan, aged 37, was savagely attacked while asleep and battered to death. Her husband, James Mullan, attempted suicide by jumping into the water at Wylie's Surf Baths, Clogee, three hours after the tragedy was discovered.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

Mrs. Mullan lived with her husband and five children—two girls and three boys—the eldest of whom is 20. The murdered woman was of a jolly disposition, but her husband, it is stated, drank a good deal, though he was seldom noticed under the influence.

Mullan is not in a fit condition to be questioned, and at present there is no apparent motive for the awful crime. There was no quarrel, and although Mullan had drink last night he was not drunk. It is supposed that Mrs. Mullan was murdered while she slept, otherwise the family would have heard something.—"Sun," 28/1/14.

A ROWDY RUSSIAN.

Full of vodka, or its Australian equivalent, Rudolph Andersen, 33, a Russian, walked into the Circular Quay establishments of Sargeants, Limited, on Thursday night, and, after using bad language, demanded a drink.

On being refused this, he seized the set of Dayton scales, and hurled them to the floor. Consequently he was charged at the Water Police Court this morning with damaging the scales, to the extent of £4 4s. The scales appeared in court, and gave silent but eloquent testimony as to their sufferings.

Through an interpreter, Andersen pleaded guilty, though he said he remembered nothing of the occurrence.

The magistrate, Mr. Clark, fined him 10s. with £4 4s. for the damage done, and £1 1s. interpreter's fees, in default two months' jail. He was allowed a fortnight to pay.—"Evening News," 28/1/14.

MELBOURNE'S INEBRIATES.

For the month of January Melbourne's inebriates at the City Police Court numbered 539. Of these 427 were men and 112 were women. The number of persons represented by the 539 charges was 468.—"Sun," 3/2/14.

HOTEL TRAGEDY IN BRISBANE.

Rudolph Weldon, a resident of Sydney, who has been staying with his son at the Exchange Hotel, Edward-street, Brisbane, to-

day shot Mrs. Fitzroy in the arm at the hotel and then shot himself in the mouth.

It is alleged that he rushed to the door of Mrs. Fitzroy's room in an intoxicated condition. When the door was opened by the maid he fired. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzroy have been friendly to Weldon, who was not in good health. The woman's injury is not serious. Weldon is also likely to recover.

Weldon is said to be a commercial traveller, representing a varnishing firm. He is 53 years of age. This afternoon his condition became critical.—"Sun," 10/2/14.

STRANGER'S TEETH KNOCKED OUT.

William Clead Meredith was standing on the platform at Burwood Railway Station on February 6 when a young man named Stanley Lane came up behind him and struck him a violent blow. The assault was so fierce that Meredith's nose was severely contused and five of his teeth were knocked out. Meredith's pain from the injuries was mingled with astonishment when he realised that his assailant was an utter stranger. Lane was arrested, and the excuse he made for his conduct was that he had been assaulted in an hotel, and thought he was hitting back at the man who had attacked him.

When Lane was charged at Burwood Police Court with assault Meredith stated that he had never had anything to do with the accused, and had never assaulted him.

Accused pleaded guilty to the assault, and the magistrate (Mr. Maitland) inflicted the heavy fine of £10 and £2 2s. costs, or four months' imprisonment.—"Sun," 10/2/14.

PUBLICANS FINED.

Several hotelkeepers were proceeded against at the Redfern Summons Court to-day for selling adulterated spirits.

James Tuite, of the Bow Bells Hotel, Botany-road, Alexandria, was charged with selling brandy which, according to the analyst's report, represented an addition of 8.9 per cent. of water.

Tuite pleaded guilty. He stated that he had run out of draught brandy, and used Hennessy's brandy, after putting some water in it. He was fined £8, with 6s. costs, or 21 days' gaol.

Walter A. Bourke, of the Rose of Denmark Hotel, Pitt-street, Waterloo, was charged with selling rum containing an addition of 12.1 per cent. of water.

Bourke said he broke the rum down. He



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pleaded guilty, and was fined £10, with 6s. costs, or one month's jail.

Elizabeth Ryan, of the Railway View Hotel, Elizabeth-street, Redfern, was similarly charged in respect of whisky, to which 8.9 per cent. of water had been added.

Ryan stated that she put distilled water in the whisky to break it down, and did not know that she had fallen below the standard allowed. A fine of £8, with 6s. costs, was imposed, the option being 21 days' jail.—"Sun," 10/2/14.

RIGHT OF POLICE TO ARREST.

BATHURST, February 11.

A heated exchange occurred at the local police court between Mr. J. McPhillamy, counsel for the defence, and Sergeant Sheehy, who prosecuted in a case in which two young men named Leslie Battenham and George Summers were charged with assaulting, in company, one Rodney Pullbrook.

Mr. McPhillamy strongly resented the action of the police. "I question the right of the police to arrest these men," he said. "I don't think they should place themselves at the beck and call of a man like Pullbrook, who likes his drinks on the nod. Both young men live in the town, and a summons would have the same effect. I ask you to treat the assault as very trivial."

Mr. J. Eviston, J.P.: "But they are charged with assault in company."

Mr. McPhillamy: "But Sergeant Sheehy, as usual, has charged them with the gravest charge possible."

Sergeant Sheehy (warmly): "I have not. I give any man a fair go. But in the case of blackguards I make it as hot as I can. I don't care who they are."

Battenham: "I'm not a blackguard, Mr. Sheehy."

Sergeant Sheehy: "I judge a man by his company." In the course of his address to the Bench, Sergeant Sheehy stated that the accused were knocking about drinking all day, and had been causing a lot of trouble before they were arrested.

Mr. McPhillamy: "There's no evidence as to that."

Sergeant Sheehy: "I can prove what I say. Pullbrook is a highly respectable young man. These men were going round from one hotel to another, and insulting people in the street.

Both accused were convicted and fined.—"Daily Telegraph."

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Temperance Reform and the Ideal State.

(Continued from Page 2.)

and therefore "the whole power of the State must be added to the power of the army of volunteers to bring about what we desire, the great and final liberation of the people." So called Disinterested Management is an illusion and it stands condemned both by science and experiment.

SUCCESS OF PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.

In like manner I might indicate the progress of the prohibition movement in New Zealand and Australia, in Canada, and in the United States as well as upon the Continent of Europe. One instance only I give from the United States: for the "advantage of the federal system of Government is that every State is an experimental station, and proposed reforms may be tried on a small scale and the results watched and tested. Kansas has conducted such an experiment in the laboratory of its social life for a period of thirty-two years—i.e., for the time of a whole generation and amongst a population of 1,600,000 people. The State is divided into one hundred and five counties. Prohibition is the law for all the counties, and Dr. C. M. Sheldon says that in the great majority the law is obeyed and enforced quite as well as the law against theft or the taking of life. All laws are broken sometimes. The law against murder does not completely end it; nor does the law against the sale of liquor absolutely stop every illegal sale; but the sale is illegal; and as the law against murder is not said to be a bad law because it is broken, so the prohibitory law cannot be branded as a failure because it is broken in the same way as other laws. Both are parts of the constitution of Kansas, and are "accepted by the people generally as the settled policy of the State," and so the liquor business is in the same category with other crimes against the State, and the people of Kansas treat a man who engages in it as belonging to the same class in the eyes of the law as a burglar. Thus a new standard of judgment of the drink trade is established, and its ethical effect is as socially salutary as it is decided. The young people asking themselves as they look out on life, "What shall I be?" "What vocation shall I follow?" never admit liquor selling into their plain of life. Public opinion backed by public law pushed it out from amongst the permissible ways of making a living in the same way that it has arson or theft. To them the drink trade is evil from first to last, without a single good thing in its favor; and they grow up to think that it is the business of civilised men and women to take no part in it whatever.

Nor is that all; not only is it banished from the range of possible business, but the experiment has issued in stamping social drinking with discredit. It is under a stigma as slave holding is, or duelling. Alcohol is not a guest at the festive board. Public banquets do not admit it. It is not received at receptions, or if it surreptitiously makes its

appearance at a political banquet, it is to the grave discredit of the parties who introduce it, so that the result is, according to the best witnesses that can be heard, that in this million and a half of people "more men and women can be found who never touch intoxicating liquor than in any other spot on the globe."

Further, the use of alcohol as a medicine is affected by the sway of scientific ideas concerning it. In our own country its place in the pharmacopoeia is increasingly challenged; but in Kansas its use in sickness is distrusted and infrequent. Drug stores do not provide it, and the people of Kansas are in splendid health. This, too, is noteworthy, liquor advertisements do not find their way into the columns of the newspapers, and there are more than eight hundred of them; and not long since one hundred and fifty of the editors gathered together in a convention, not only endorsed the prohibitory law, but without a single protest lifted up their voices in its favor. Indeed, it was by the Press, the churches, and the Temperance organisations that the experiment proved itself to be wise and holy and just and good. But there is another test, and we must not forget it in this money-making and money-hunting age. "Money answereth all things," what then as to money in Kansas? We are all students of political economy now. The question is, does prohibition yield a reduction of taxes, a real increase of personal wealth, an addition to the comforts of existence? Here is answer enough, I think, "The largest per capita wealth," says my friend Dr. Sheldon, "is in Kansas to-day. Kansas contains more people who own their own homes than any other State in the Union; and she has fewer paupers in proportion to her population."* In short, subject it to any test you can prepare of State prosperity, and the facts completely demonstrate the necessity and the wisdom of the total prohibition of the drink trade.† In fact, throughout the civilised world three convictions are growing stronger and stronger under the joint guidance of experience and science—first, that the drink trade is in no sense a necessity of the State‡

* "Alliance News," November 13, 1913.

† Attorney-General Dawson reports:—"Five hundred and sixteen thousand children in the public schools of Kansas never saw an open saloon in the State. More than one-half the country jails are empty. Sixty-five of the one-hundred-and-five counties of the State have no inmates of the State penal institutions. Many counties have not had a jury try a case in ten years. Eighty-seven counties have no insane. Fifty-four counties have no feeble-minded. Ninety-six counties have no inebriates. Twenty-nine counties have not a single inmate of their poor farms. Kansas is the richest State in the Union; its average wealth per capita is 1700 dollars."

Is it any wonder, then, that in Kansas, being the driest dry State, prohibition is stronger than at any time in her history?—"Galena Times."

‡ Dr. Sheldon is the head of the Police Commission of Topeka, and in reply to the enquiry of the "American Advance," "Is the licensed saloon a necessity to a city?" writes, "Topeka, the capital of Kansas, a city of 50,000, has no saloons, and after over thirty years of prohibition would no more go back to saloon rule for the sake of business or

and secondly, that its suppression is one of the first duties of the Government charged with the administration of the affairs of the people, and thirdly, that such Government should place alcohol in the category of poisons and treat it as such, and never as food.

VI.

PROTECTING THE CHILDREN.

But I must return to our own land, face the problems at our own doors, and describe as well as I can the tasks which as a people we have to persuade our Government to undertake in order that we may realise some further approximations of the ideal State.

And first I set down with thankfulness the fact that it is settled amongst us that the "drink houses" are not fit places for children. "That is a precious bit of salvage from the wreck of the Licensing Bill of 1908," and though we are not making of the fragment all we might and ought, yet it is a most important advance. It brands the public-house. It stamps the trade as an injury to the children of the nation. It is a condemnation that the State only inflicts on such trades as the white slave traffic, and the sale of spirits to the natives of our dependencies. It is a prohibitory law. It closes the door of the gin-shop to the presence of the child. I know some publicans are busy circumventing it by putting up children's rooms, as they will all laws, and as indeed all law breakers try to do. But it commits the State to the public registration of the fact that the drink traffic and the drinking customs of society are a distinct menace to the children of the State—i.e., to the most valuable property the Commonwealth owns, to that future nation, which we can only neglect to our injury and undoing. The people that suffers its childhood to be imperilled invites disease and crime, crowds its asylums and prisons, empties its workshops and farms, stifles its healthiest and noblest emotions (for the heart naturally goes out to those who are to travel furthest and see the fuller light), blocks the path of progress, and dooms itself to decay and death.

Children are the chief sufferers from the trade. It makes their homes squalid, robs them of bread and clothing, and, as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children shows, exposes them to tragic cruelty. Since the society was founded, twenty-nine years ago, it has dealt with 758,000 offences

(Continued on Page 10.)

revenue than she would vote for negro slavery. Topeka is a beautiful city, prosperous, and growing every year more so. The prohibitory law is strictly enforced. Even the drug stores are not allowed to sell liquor for medicine. A modern city does not need a saloon for business any more than heaven needs a hell in one corner to make it happier. If there must be a hell anywhere, it can be outside of heaven. Kansas cities believe in prohibition, and say to all other cities, "Come on in! The water's fine!" A writer in another American journal, referring recently to the manner in which prohibition works in Kansas State, says, "Booze is not in the Kansas scheme of things. No one thinks of it. Its presence or absence is not considered by the Kansas mind."

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WAY.

Miss Varney was trying to illustrate to her youthful Sunday-school class the lesson, "Return good for evil." To make it practical she said:

"Now suppose, children, one of your school-mates should strike you, and the next day you should bring him an apple, that would be one way of returning good for evil."

A little girl, sitting in one of the front seats, raised her hand.

"Well, Elizabeth," said the teacher, "what is it?"

"Then," said Elizabeth firmly, "he would strike you again to get another apple."

SMILES AND FROWNS.

As one grows older one is less disturbed by sharp criticism, and in fact looks upon it as inseparable from any effort to do good. I received an application from a Presbyterian clergyman for the original drawing of the cartoon, "Get out and push." A few days after I received an indignant rebuke from a Methodist clergyman for publishing it. An earnest layman thinks it was not without point but unwise to publish it. The picture like the policeman should have no terrors for an innocent person. If all the parsons are pushing then the result is hopelessly disappointing. If they are not all pushing then the cartoon is justified. I comfort myself with the thought that the man who does not make mistakes will not make anything, and so I just go on making my share of mistakes, owning up to them and being always willing to be forgiven.

A REMARKABLE CONFESSION.

The following cable appeared in the daily press of Feb. 10 last: "St. Petersburg, Feb. 9.—The Council of the Empire has accepted the motion of its president, M. Witte, supporting the prohibition of the sale of spirits in refreshment rooms, theatres, music halls, and gardens.

"M. Witte had dramatically appealed to the council to correct his mistakes regarding the liquor laws, recommending the limitation of the spirits monopoly, the surplus revenue therefrom to aid in a crusade against intemperance."

Commenting on this the Melbourne "Southern Cross" says:—Many simple people imagine that if the drink-traffic were "nationalised"—if the State, that is, made itself the universal and sole publican for the community—drunkenness as a vice would disappear, and all its attendant mischiefs, in the shape of wrecked lives and destroyed homes and multiplied crimes, would come to an end: In Western Australia, the State is actually trying—at remote points—the experiment of establishing Government public houses. Russia, however, has nationalised the traffic in intoxicating liquors, and draws an immense revenue from that evil trade; but as a result Russia is becoming the most drunken nation yet known to history. The spread of this vice alarms even the statesmen who profit by it; and, in particular, the Russian Premier, who first adopted this policy. Count Sergius Witte is now an old man, but he was once a great figure amongst European statesmen, and was President of the first Constitutional Ministry formed in Russia. According to the cablegrams, he

made a dramatic appearance before the Council of the Empire, and denounced the fatal policy of which, nearly a generation ago, he was the author. "The aged statesman," according to the cables, "appealed to that body to correct his mistakes regarding the liquor laws. He recommended the limitation of the monopoly in spirits, and urged that the surplus revenue from this source should be devoted to aid in a crusade against drunkenness." It is not often that a statesman in his old age thus publicly confesses, and tries to remedy, the mistaken policy of his earlier days. For nations, as for individuals, of course, moral laws hold good. "Whoso breaketh through a hedge, a serpent shall bite him." If man or nation violates the great laws of righteousness the penalty is sure. And Count Sergius Witte, as his life draws to an end, recognises this, and tries to make the nation he once ruled recognise it, too.

Whether you are a responsive person or not depends as much on your temperament as on your habit of mind. The disposition to be friendly, to like people, and to find out what they are like, tends to make you alert mentally in social intercourse; whereas, if your tendency is to suspect people, to think they are critical of you, or trying to get the better of you, or to make use of you, you are likely to be an unresponsive person. To be sure, unresponsiveness does not always imply the possession of such unfortunate tendencies or traits; sometimes it is due to self-distrust, self-criticism, or self-depreciation. You think that you are really not a very interesting or "exciting" person, and you therefore make yourself less interesting than you are. What you should remember is that the important thing in social intercourse is not to try always to be interesting; it is rather to make the other person feel that he is interesting. Just as soon as you lose self-consciousness, you will become responsive. The mind has to be concerned with something; when it ceases to be employed upon self, it is sure to be occupied with the next object—and that will be the person talking to you.

Cultivating a responsive, friendly disposition, you cultivate alertness and flexibility of mind. Bringing out the best in others, you enlarge your own horizon. And quite apart from the benefits to yourself, if you are responsive to people, you are as useful a person in the world as the man who is inventive or creative.

The Editor

The Writing on the Wall.

THE LIQUOR DEALERS OF THE UNITED STATES READ THEIR DOOM IN THE PRESENT SPIRIT OF THE PEOPLE, AND THEY SAY THAT THERE IS A SPIRIT ABROAD WHICH WILL WORK SHORT SHRIFT ON LIBERTY USED LICENTIOUSLY AND DESTRUCTIVELY AS IN THE LIQUOR TRADE.

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

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

"For this the liquor business is to blame. . . . To perpetuate itself it has formed an alliance with the slums that repel all conscientious and patriotic citizens."

This remarkable prophecy of the downfall of the liquor trade in the United States is actually written by their own trade organ, the "National Liquor Dealers' Journal," and a more vigorous attack on the trade could hardly have been written by the most thorough-going Temperance reformer.

The article from which we quote runs thus:—

THINGS AS THEY ARE.

"A truthful statement of how matters stand publicly on the great liquor question—a look at things as they are," begins the "Liquor Dealers' Journal."

"It is always best for normal people to look at things as they are. Reality may be obscured to the sick or feeble-minded in certain circumstances, but deception is a poor evidence of friendship. Partisanship with blinded eyes only leads the way to ruin, and self-deception is the worst of all.

"Let us look at things as they are, and in the face of the enemy dare to consider and concede their strength. Knowing his plan of battle, we can better arrange our forces for his defeat; rightly estimating his strength, we can better provide to meet it.

"The prohibition fight henceforth will be nation-wide, and contemplates writing into the National Constitution a prohibition of the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic beverages. To accomplish this result will require the ratification of thirty-six out of the forty-eight States in the Union.

HOW IT WILL BE DONE.

"Of these nine are already in line through State prohibition—Maine, Kansas, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Mississippi, Georgia, Tennessee, North Carolina, West Virginia. The last five have been added within a period of six years.

"In addition to these there are eighteen States in which a major part of the people live in territory made dry by local option, in which we may be assured prohibition sentiment predominates.

MUST BE SETTLED BY MORAL STANDARDS.

"If the people in these States who are opposed to the liquor traffic demand it, their Legislatures will undoubtedly ratify a National amendment.

"The most influential argument against prohibition is that it is not effective; that 'Prohibition don't prohibit.'

"This is not basic or moral; the fact of failure to enforce is no argument against even the expediency, much less the moral issue involved.

"Ultimately all questions must be settled by moral standards; only in this way can mankind be saved from self-effacement. The liquor traffic cannot save itself by declaring that government is incapable of coping with the problem it presents; when the people decide that it must go, it will be banished.

"We are not discussing the benefit or justice of prohibition, but its possibility and its probability in present circumstances.

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

WHY IT SPELLS DOOM.

"For this the liquor business is to blame; it seems incapable of learning any lesson of advancement or any motive but profit.

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

"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.

"That this condition is inherently and inevitably necessary we do not believe, but it has come to be a fact, and the public, which is to pass on the matter in its final analysis, believes anything bad that anybody can tell it of the liquor business.

"Why? Let the leaders of the trade answer.

"Other lines of business may be as bad or even worse, but it is not so plainly in evidence.

WHY DO THEY FEAR THE TRIAL?

"The case of the liquor traffic is called for adjudication by the American people, and must be ready for trial.

"Other cases may be called later, but the one before the court cannot be postponed. But, as in the past, the men most concerned are playing for postponement, not for acquittal. Is it because they fear the weakness of their defence that they fear to go for trial?

"There are billions of property involved, and an industry of great employing and tax-paying ability; but when the people decide that the truth is being told about the alcoholic liquor trade, the money value will not count, for conscience aroused puts the value of a man above all other things.

"The writer believes that prohibition is theoretically wrong, but he knows that



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theories, however well substantiated, may be overthrown by conditions, as has often been done in the world's history.

THERE IS A SPIRIT ABROAD.

"In this country we have recently swept aside one of the fundamental theories of the framers of our Constitution in going from representation to direct government; we are on the verge of universal instead of male suffrage, and there is a spirit abroad which reeks little of tradition, of precedent, or vested rights; and on liberty used licentiously and destructively it will work short shrift.

"Prepare the defence, friends; make your case ready for court, the trial cannot be postponed!" concludes the "Liquor Dealers' Journal."

A LEGALISED OUTLAW.

Calling attention to this remarkable article the "Western Christian Advocate" says:—

"When good people, fanatical reformers, and fools in general proclaim in one voice that National prohibition will be carried in this country within the next twenty-five years, we generally think of the worldly-wise man as laughing at the nonsense of it all, and going unheeding about his business. But this liquor question will not be laughed out of court. It must be settled right, and will not be disposed of until it is recognised as a legalised outlaw. It has been declared that when the American people see how the law and even the Constitution is being played with, and their entire sense of right defied and betrayed, they will rise en masse and declare the day of reckoning has come. That day is at hand. If you doubt the editor of this paper and his compatriots, listen to what the "National Liquor Dealers' Journal" had to say recently on this subject."

Some indication of the strong movement in favor of the prohibitory amendments to the
(Continued on Page 12.)

Temperance Reform and the Ideal State

(Continued from Page 7.)

of cruelty, affecting more than 2,000,000 children; and of these 90 per cent. of the offences were due to drink. The nation's children are the nation's opportunity. So long as it has youth it has hope. Whilst the children are about us we cannot despair. The old men will soon pass off the stage. Their work is done. The men of middle age are saddened by failure, crossed by defeat and often slack in effort and resolve. But the children make the world new every morning, and summon us to wise and courageous endeavor in a spirit of buoyant anticipation of the most valuable results. Therefore, the nation must teach its children the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about the drink trade. They must know what alcohol is, whether they know algebra or not. They must understand that intoxicants injure the organs of digestion, poison the blood, damage the brain, unfit for the work of life, destroy character, break up the home, and sap the vitality and energy of the people. State education fails fatally, and even ludicrously, if it does not secure—(1) Teachers scientifically qualified to instruct children in the nature and results of alcohol; (2) insist upon such teaching as part of the curriculum in the same way as arithmetic and history; (3) arrange for it to be given at a fixed time; (4) and with the understanding that the knowledge so acquired shall be taken into account in estimating the pupil's place in the school. Remembering that the battle is so largely one of ideas, that only is the wise State that enlists the children on the side of truth whilst they are children, and prevents the battle going against it by the lack of accurate knowledge.

(To be continued.)

A Woman's Surrender

(Continued from Page 3.)

you to take my baby—oh, do not refuse me! I can't let him go to the orphanage."

Mrs. Nutting's face was ashen. She accepted that trust? What had she in common with children, or with deeds of loving ministry of any sort?

Nutting's heart seemed to have ceased beating. From the irresistible appeal of the dying woman's eyes his wife had turned to him, and a great wonder grew on him as he saw the expression of her face. The woman clutched her hand yet more persistently. Suddenly, with a sob torn from her inmost soul, she nodded her head. It seemed so strangely sweet to be kind again, to be sympathetic, to be motherly, that she must weep and weep. The baby had stormed the citadel of her heart. Armed with the weapons of love he had walked straight into it, and the portals swung open as if to acknowledge him the rightful conquerer. It was an unconditional surrender.

In the morning the baby awoke at a

strange hearth. He was lifted tenderly, hungrily, from his rest; and they laughed—those two lonely folk—to see the little satin rooster-tail curls that his foster-mother brushed up on his brow. He was put into his high-chair and wheeled up to the table still decked out in its brilliant array of silver and glass.

"This is the guest we were looking for last night," said the man.

Just then the baby's fist clawed the cloth and the heavy water-pitcher came down with a crash upon the floor.

"You little rascal!" cried the wife. "I wish—I wish——"

Her husband stooped under the table to gather up the pieces. He lingered for some moments as if dreading to look into his wife's face again. What did she wish? That she could recall her promise of yesterday? That things could lapse into the old routine, with the coldness, the stiffness, the deadness of the past?

"What do you wish?" he ventured, meeting her eyes.

"That he had smashed them all!" she cried vehemently, hastening to plant the kiss of comfort on the baby's ridiculously tearful mouth.—"Christian World."

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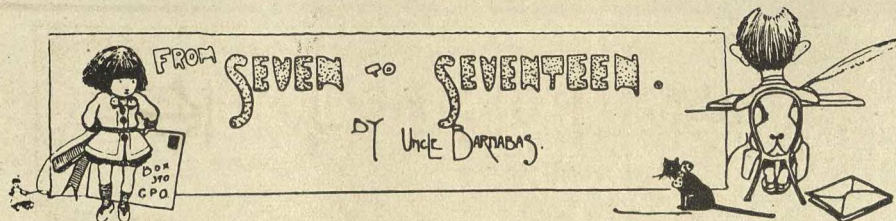
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and

45 HUNTER STREET
(One door Castlereagh-st.)



THE CAMEL'S HUMP.

A writer in "Pearson's Magazine" shows how the various animals "specialise" in their physical structure, or adapt themselves to their own peculiar needs and requirements; as, for example, the giraffe's long neck (that he may browse on tender tops of trees), the African elephant's long tusks, which he uses like crowbars, to loosen the roots of trees, which he is a great adept at uprooting, and many other instances. Here is what he says about the camel's hump;

Most young naturalists, on seeing the skeleton of a camel for the first time, wonder what has become of the hump, for the backbone of the beast is not much more arched than that of a domestic cow. The fact is that the camel's hump consists almost entirely of fat and gristle, and must be regarded as a kind of portable pantry.

Nearly all animals which are subjected to times of famine have a habit of putting by something for a rainy day; and when food is very abundant, very readily lay on fat which can be consumed when further supplies are not obtainable. Thus in the autumn the wild pig, the bear and the dormouse, which in northern regions are compelled to fast during the winter, are clothed and loaded with great quantities of adipose tissue.

The camel's metaphorical "rainy day" generally happens to be due to a total absence of rainfall in the regions he inhabits. Now it would never do for the camel to load himself with an encumbering mass of fat upon his limbs, for his very life is dependent upon his remarkable powers of locomotion. Hence he wisely shows his store of provender in a kind of natural portmanteau which Nature has placed upon his back where it is easily carried without hampering his movements. The camel has been domesticated for so long that the beast as we now find him differs considerably from his wild brethren in the remote deserts of Central Asia. Apparently man has cultivated the "humpiness" of the camel, so as to increase its endurance during the long marches of the caravans from oasis to oasis in desert regions where but few supplies can be found for these "ships of the desert."

It is well known that Eastern merchants or travellers never think of setting forth upon a long expedition unless their camels have large private stores of fat piled above their backbones; and usually, after an arduous desert journey a camel's lump has almost disappeared. Probably we may regard the humps upon the backs of certain cattle found in tropical regions, more especially in India and Central Africa, as due to somewhat similar circumstances.

I wonder if any of my ne's and ni's will begin to pray that they may, like the camel, carry a store of good thoughts and a right

spirit so that in the places and times when it is not easy to be good, and there is no one to encourage them to be brave, they may be able to go on until they come to a friend or a place that is like an oasis from which they may again be heartened up to be brave, strong, and kind.

UNCLE B.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS.

I wish a happy birthday and good and useful year to:—Feb. 1st, Frank Costello; 4th, Lucy Hawkins; 7th, Ronald Sharpe; 9th, A. Wheen; 10th, Gladys Noble; 11th, Isabel Phillips; 13th, Bernard Missen; Millie Yates; 14th, Vera Yates; 17th, Lionel Swain; Iris Missen; Stella Twemlow; 18th, Bonny Edwards. I would dearly like to know what was the nicest part of your birthday.—Uncle B.

NEVER TOO LATE TO HELP.

Ester House, Mt. Keira, 16th Jan., 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am sending this year's contribution for "Grit." It is a long time since I last wrote. I suppose I am amongst the scallawags now, but better late than never. How is the Children's Issue getting on. Am I too late to have a collecting card? If I am not please send one. It is very dry down here. We want rain badly. Lots of people round about are out of water. Well, uncle, I am stuck for something to write, so I suppose I will have to close. Wishing you and all cousins as very Happy and Prosperous New Year.—I remain, your loving niece.

(Dear Esther,—It is never too late to help. Perhaps you have noticed that we are going to raise £1000 in three years for sending out "Grit." I have 200 ne's and ni's. Suppose each of them gave or collected threepence a week. It would mean £130 in a year, and that would be great. It would teach so many and win so many votes, or suppose any ne or ni promised to collect a £1 a year. That would be a great help. I hope many of you will do something.—Uncle B.)

AN INTRODUCTION.

Fred Wearin, "Caluela," Harnett Avenue, Marrickville, 20/1/1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—

I want to ask you if you will have me for a ne. I am twelve years of age, and I go to Marrickville West School. I am now in fifth class. My sister gets "Grit" every week, and I enjoy reading the letters from your ne's and ni's. We have a cow which I have to look after, but my brother milks her. We also have two jackasses and a dog. The jackasses wake us up ever morning early with their laughter. My brother said that

they laugh at some of the jokes that we crack the day before, but whether the jokes are bad or the jackasses have a poor sense of humor he never said. When Marrickville was flooded last year Reg caught a tortoise in the canal, but he died the other day. He used to eat out of our hands. My eldest brother is a cabinet maker. He makes some lovely furniture. He has started on his own now. He has a garden which he looks after in his spare time. I passed by Sunday school examination and my brother gave me two nice books, which he promised me if I passed. When my brother was up country he caught a magpie. My word he was good at catching insects in the garden, but on one of these hot days we have just had he got a sunstroke and died. I forgot to go to the Warren Methodist Church. Well, uncle, I suppose I must close now as you will be getting tired of my letter. I hope you are quite well and will give me an introduction through your page to all the other ne's and ni's.—I remain your affectionate ne.

(Dear Fred,—Please consider yourself introduced to 200 "cousins," most of whom are "scallawags," but very nice ones I may add. I think the jackasses have an attack of the remembers and then laugh. Perhaps that maggie had too many insects and died of overeating. I hope you will often write. Do you collect stamps? When is your birthday? Can you introduce "Grit" to some one now that "Grit" has introduced you to so many.—Uncle B.)

GROWING HIS OWN PEANUTS.

Fred Smith, "Roslyn," Moore Street, Strathfield, 20/1/14, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I would like to become a nephew of yours. I am 13 years old, and attend Burwood Superior Public School. I wrote to you before in October, 1913, and found out that my letter had been lost, so I hope this one will reach Uncle B. in safety. We have a nice garden and I have peanuts growing, as I am very fond of them. We have over 80 tomato plants, and about 200 tomatoes growing. They are getting fewer every day. So hoping you are well and able to carry on this precious work, I remain your nephew-to-be.

(Dear Fred,—You are Fred the Second, as my last new ne was also a Fred. We all envy you growing your own peanuts. Will you tell us how they are grown, and if they grow easily. Be sure and make it plain, and we will all start growing them at once.—Uncle B.)

NEVER AN ANCIENT.

Emma Rankin, Dalburrabin, South Casino, 18/1/14, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—January is slipping by, and as you have said you would like us all to write to you this month, I, for one, will not let it go any further. Thank you very much for your birthday greeting. It is so many weeks ago that maybe you have forgotten, but I have not. I guess I must soon—or even now—be counted among the "ancients," but what matter? It will make no difference to me, and I know you like your ancients to write as often as ever. Our

Christmas this time was much the same as ever—quiet, but pleasant, withal. The shops were all closed for four days, and I think Casino and his wife went away to the sea-side. We had New Year's Day at Byron Bay—we never grow tired of it, for 'tis the sea we want and 'tis lovely there. There was scarcely standing room on the trains, either going or coming. Such a crowd of people I never saw before! But being in a holiday mood everybody seemed to thoroughly enjoy it all. I know we did. Everybody goes to the bay on excursion days, not because it is the nicest seaside town near here (I do not think it is.) but because it is just a straight run in the train from so many different towns, whereas to reach others you have first train, then coach or motor, and you know what that means. Oh! I do wish it would rain here soon, but I guess it will, all in good time. There was such a peculiar storm quite close to us yesterday morning. It came up off the sea coast. I cannot remember having seen one do so before. They generally rise in the west and make towards the sea.

Fancy cousin Myrtle Luxton saying she does not like Charles Dickens' books! I love his works so much that I can never understand why anyone would say that. I have not yet read all his books, but in all I have read the characters are so real that I have grown to love the good ones and hate the bad ones, e.g., Quilp, Pecksniff, Murdstone, as though they were real people, living now. I hope Myrtle does not mind me saying all this just because she happened to say that she does not like Dickens, but I am really sorry for her, for she does not know what she has missed.

This time last year Milcie was up here with us, but to me it seems ever so much longer. I only wish she was up here now, but as Milcie herself tells me, wishes do not carry us far in this world.

I am beginning to wonder why I ever commenced this letter, and I suppose you are, too, uncle. I have not told you one thing which is really interesting, and now I have not even an uninteresting one to tell. I am tired now, and as there is nothing so refreshing as sleep—as the servant girl said when she swallowed an egg-cupful of laudanum—I will say goodnight. Wishing you and all my cousins all that is best and brightest in the present year, I remain, your loving niece.

(Dear Emma,—Believe me you will never be written down as an ancient, but as an evergreen. I would feel really sorry if you thought a matter of months were to stand between you and Page Double-one. I am so pleased you wrote, and hope ere this the rain has refreshed your neighborhood. What of Kathleen?—Uncle B.)

NOT TO-DAY.

Mary had a little lamb,
Observe the tense, we pray,
For with the prices that prevail
It couldn't be to-day.

1914

BEGIN THE NEW YEAR WELL BY USING GRIFFITHS BROS.' TEA

The Writing on the Wall

(Continued from Page 3.)

Federal Constitution is given by the enthusiastic Convention of the Anti-Saloon League recently held in Columbus.

"A call was issued over the signature of almost two hundred men and women of national repute, saying that in their judgment the time had come for the inauguration of a general Temperance educational movement and the launching of a nation-wide campaign by calling together a National Convention of all the Temperance forces of the United States.

"The call carried the signatures of bishops, United States senators, district and State judges, United States congressmen, members of State Legislatures, governors and ex-governors, National and State leaders of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, ministers and college presidents and professors, manufacturers, merchants, and lawyers of national note. No such an appeal and prophecy had ever been presented to the Christian Temperance societies of the United States. It was explicitly stated that the final intent of this call was to secure through the National Convention to be held a definite commitment to the one work of a prohibitory amendment to the Federal Constitution which would for ever destroy the drink traffic in these United States of America.

"The people came. It was a big convention, Memorial Hall, Columbus, with a seating capacity of three thousand people, was filled morning, afternoon, and night for three days and four nights. As a national gathering it has never been equalled in the personnel of its speakers and its delegates. They were of the cream of American citizenship, gathered from all Christian bodies."—"Public Opinion," Dec. 12.

Pledge-Signing Crusade

(Continued from Page 5.)

drinking vessels. It is high time a doctor was in attendance at the police court every morning. Opportunities for a man (when he is cornered) to have a bath and if possible a general clean-up should be provided. It is not right for some men to be at large in a community, but some provision should be made whereby these men and women should be given a fair chance. Thank God the chance to sign the pledge is now given to men at the Central Police Court. Some of the men and women are only just starting out in life, and what they see of their fellow drunks makes many a man sign the pledge. Help was given to many men, some found work by being made look clean and tidy. Others were sent to the Board of Health, and the men's home was always full. It is much too small. God grant it will soon be big enough to give a chance to all the men who need help and are willing to make a fresh start in life.

Financial help, left-off clothing, boots, etc., will be welcomed at this time. If you have a spare coat behind the office door—in fact, if you have any spare clothes anywhere that you can really do without, wrap them up and direct them to Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, 33 Park-street, City, and of course if there is any freight charge, pay it at your end. This will give many a man and woman a chance.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

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

BRIGHTEN THE HOME

The Home can be considerably brightened by decorating. Our new shipment of Wallpapers and High Art Friezes in modern Designs and Colorings are furnishings in themselves, and are worthy of inspection.
We also stock Oils and Colors, Varnishes, Polished Plate and Sheet Glass, and all Painting Materials at Lowest Prices.

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Have you a Bath Heater?

Robust people love the cold plunge or shower on frosty mornings, but medical men forbid other folks to likewise indulge.

Those who can't take it cold, must do one of two things to get the necessary warm bath—either boil a pot or instal a good bath heater. Think before doing the latter, as there are many heaters that give trouble. The Fletcher-Russell doesn't. It heats one to four gallons of water in a minute, to from 60 to 105 degrees with a minimum use of gas. It is the quickest, safest, and most economical.

Safe and sure, no trouble, gas doesn't go through the water. Ask us all about it, and see it working at our warehouse or

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THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF MUSIC.

He was a lover of music, who had just been to hear Puccini's "Madam Butterfly," and he was expatiating upon its beauties to an unresponsive friend whom he observed to yawn. The music lover was hurt. "Look here, John," he protested, "don't you think that music is of some practical benefit in life?"

"Oh, yes," said the unresponsive one; "why, judging from the portraits I have seen of eminent musicians, especially pianists, I should say that music is great to keep the hair from falling out."

PRECOCIOUS BABY.

A University professor, who has greatly endeared himself to his students on account of his kind-heartedness, has one particular failing—that of absent-mindedness.

He visited his married nephew a few days ago and had listened to the young wife's praise of her firstborn.

The gentleman felt that he must say something to give the impression that he was interested.

"Can the dear little fellow walk?" he inquired, quietly.

"Walk?" shouted the mother. "Why, he has been walking for five months!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the professor, lapsing again into abstraction. "What a long way he must have got!"

ABOUT WHAT THEY'RE LIKE.

"I fancy last night finished my reputation," said young Harold as his friend looked him up the night after the ball.

"Finished you?" asked the friend.

"Yes, my drunken condition at the ball."

"Why, not at all, man. Haven't you seen this morning's papers? You're the social hero; everybody thinks you have invented a new dance."

HIS RECOMMENDATION.

Mr. Barnes, an exceedingly conscientious man, was obliged to dismiss a gardener whom he had employed for years but whom he had found to be dishonest.

"You know, sir," said the man, "that I have a wife and family, and I wish you could see your way clear to give me a 'character,' sir."

Mr. Barnes felt sorry for the man, and finally, after considerable deliberation, gave him the following "character":

"I hereby certify that Thomas Williamson has been in my employ as a gardener for twelve years, and during that time he has got more out of my garden than any other man I ever employed."

WHAT WAS IN IT.

"So you attend Sunday-school regularly, do you?" inquired the new minister who was calling on little Nellie's mother. "Then you must know a great deal about the Bible. Can you tell me something that's in the Bible here?"

"Yeth, thir," said Nellie. "Thither hath thome dried leaveth in it, a pieth of Aunt Janeth wedding dreth, a pieth of my dreth when I wath a baby, thome hair, and Thither's fellow'th picture."

NEVER MET.

It was a very clever girl who recently wrote this:

I cannot praise our Rector's eyes;

I never saw his glance divine;

He always shuts them when he prays,

And when he preaches he shuts mine.

THERE'S NO "HOPE-IT-WON'T-HURT" ABOUT A REANEY EXTRACTION.

Sit down in my chair with absolute confidence. You can stake every cent you have that I am NOT going to hurt you. You know that behind every move I make—every detail of the operation is the concentrated skill and science derived from a lifetime study of practical, painless Dentistry. My system is different—it is unique. And—it has my personal CASH backing that you will not feel even the least twinge of pain. Will you see me about that tooth—?

DENTIST REANEY,

"Expert in Difficult Extractions,"

Personally at CITY ROAD (opp. Grace Bros.)

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PITTS

Punctuality. Quik Despatch.

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WHAT SHE THOUGHT ABOUT THEM.

"Do you darn your husband's socks?" asked Mrs. Higgins of Mrs. Smith.

"Darn them?" echoed Mrs. Smith. "My dear, I use a stronger word than that."

TRUE OF MANY.

"Can you direct me to the best hotel in this town?" asked the stranger who, after sadly watching the train depart, had set his satchel upon the station platform.

"I can," replied the man who was waiting for a train going the other way, "but I hate to do it."

"Why?"

"Because you will think, after you've seen it, that I'm a liar."

THE LAST THING.

"Fancy old Bill, of all people, going into the gunpowder shed with a lighted candle!" remarked the proprietor of an explosive factory to his foreman. "I should have thought that would be the last thing he'd do."

"Which, properly speakin', it were, sir!" responded the foreman.

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.

WINNS' BIG HALF-YEARLY SALE COMMENCED THURSDAY, FEB. 12

NO TWO BITES AT THE PROVERBIAL CHERRY—THE GOODS MUST GO.

Sensational Sale Reductions.

MARK THIS EVENT AS A MEMORABLE BARGAIN FAIR.

WRITE FOR OUR SALE CATALOGUE. THE PRICE LIST OF SALE BARGAINS.

Bargains in Manchester Goods and Household Drapery.

36in. White Calico. Usual, 3/11 doz. SALE, 3d. yd., 2/11 doz.
36in. Madapolam. Usual, 4½d. SALE, 4d., 3/11 doz.
27in. Grey Calico. Usual, 3/9 doz. SALE, 3½d. yd., 3/3 doz.
54in. White Twill Sheeting. Usual, 8½d. yd. SALE, 6¾d. yd.
72in. White Twill Sheeting. Usual, 10½d. yd. SALE, 9½d. yd.
80in. White Twill Sheeting. Usual, 1/3 yd. SALE, 1/- yd.
54in. Plain White Sheeting. Usual, 10½d. yd. SALE, 9½d. yd.
72in. Plain White Sheeting. Usual, 1/1½ yd. SALE, 10½d. yd.
80in. White Plain Sheeting. Usual, 1/1½ yd. SALE, 1/- yd.
Winns' Wonderful White Turkish Towels, size 26 x 60 inches. 1/- each. Worth 1/6.
2¾yd. White Nottingham Lace Curtains. Usual, 2/11. SALE, 1/11 pair.
3¾yd. White Nottingham Lace Curtains. Usual, 6/11 pair. SALE, 5/11 pair.
27in. Plain Tea Towelling. Usual, 5½d. SALE, 4¾d. yd.
45in. White Damask. Usual 11½d. yd. SALE, 9¾d. yd.
48in. Cream Damask. Usual, 9¾d. yd. SALE, 7¾d. yd.
Colored Bordered Fringed Damask Runners, size 13 x 45in. Usual 5½d. each. SALE, 3½d. each.
Point Lace Tray Cloths, size 24 x 24in. Usual, 1/3. SALE, 1/- each.
27in. Floral Art Muslins. Usual, 2¾yd. SALE, 1/11 doz.
48in. Flette Tablings in red and Black, also Green and Black. Usual, 9½d. yd. SALE, 6¾ yd.

Bargains in Ladies' Underclothing.

Ladies' Calico Nights, trimmed frills and feather stitch braid. Usual, 2/6. SALE, 1/11.
Ladies' American Woven Knickers, edged with lace. Usual, 1/11. SALE, 1/-.
Ladies' Calico Knickers, trimmed frills. Usual, 1/3. SALE, 1/1½.
Similar Style (closed). Usual, 1/4½. SALE, 1/3.
Ladies' Calico Camisoles, trimmed Muslin Embroidery, Insertion, and Barmen edging. Usual, 1/- SALE, 9½d.
Ladies' Calico Camisoles, trimmed imitation Torchon Lace and Insertion Pin Tucks. Usual, 1/9. SALE, 1/3.
White Under Skirts with Muslin Flounce, trimmed one row American insertion edged with American lace. Usual, 2/6. SALE, 2/3.
Similar style, better quality. Usual, 2/11. SALE, 2/6.
Ladies' Moire Underskirts, in Brown, Green, Red, Pink, Violet. Usual, 2/11. SALE, 2/6.
Ladies' White Aprons with Bib. Extra good quality. Usual, 1/6. SALE, 1/4½.
Ladies' Ribbed Cotton Vests, short sleeves. Usual, 7½d. SALE, 6d.

Bargains in Ladies and Children's Apparel.

Ladies' Serviceable Light Ground Striped Cambric Blouse and Skirt Costumes, Shirt Blouse, neatly tucked, high collar, long sleeves. Usual, 3/6 and 3/11. SALE, 2/6.
Serviceable Butcher or Navy Fancy Print Robes, Magyar Bodice, centre front, cuffs and collar of Cambric Insertion, skirt panel front. Length, 39 and 40in. only. Waist, 28 to 32in. only. Usual, 3/11. SALE, 2/11.
Similar Style in Cream or White Plain Linene. Length, 40 to 42in. Waist, 25 to 27in. Usual, 3/11. SALE, 2/11.
Neat Linene Robes, Magyar Bodice, centre front, round neck, and cuffs neatly braided, ½ sleeves, skirt panel front, in colorings of Navy, Mole, Tussore, and Electric. Length, 38 to 41in. Waist, 24 to 26in. Usual, 8/11. SALE, 3/11.
Ladies' Tussore Linene Robes, Magyar Bodice, revers of self neatly braided, high collar, and ¾ sleeves, centre panel of skirt braided to match. Length, 37 and 38in. only. Waist, 26 to 29in. Usual, 9/6. SALE, 5/11.

Serviceable Tussore Silk Robes, bodice with imitation revers and buttons, ¾ inlet sleeve, imitation Peter Pan Collar and Cuffs, four-piece skirt, with fold back and front. Length, 40 to 43in. Waist, 26, 28, 29, and 30in. Worth 12/11. SALE, 8/11.
Ladies' Useful White Muslin Blouses, fastening at back, front neatly tucked, and trimmed muslin insertion, high tucked collar and cuffs. Worth 1/6. SALE, 1/-.
Ladies' Neat White Muslin Skirts, finished with sets of pin tucks at foot. Length, 40 to 43in. Waist, 24 to 27in. only. Usual, 1/11. SALE, 1/-.
Ladies' Fashionable Black Sicilian four-piece Skirts, ordinary waist, fold down front. Length, 36 to 43in. Waist, 22 to 27in. only. Worth 3/11. SALE, 2/6.
Children's Useful American Tunics in Navy, Saxe or Brown Linene; also Grey or Pink Striped Print, neck and sleeves finished with strappings of Foulard. Sizes, 18, 20, 22, and 24in. Usual, 1/6 and 1/9. SALE, 1/-.
Children's Serviceable Navy or Butcher Spot or Floral Print Frocks, smocked at yoke, finished with Peter Pan collar. Sizes, 18, 20, 22in. Usual, 1/6 and 1/9. SALE, 1/4½.
Children's Useful Crepe Frocks, fastening down side with white crepe collar, cuffs and belt, in colorings of sky, pink, helio, grey, tussore and Saxe.

Sizes	18in.	20in.	22in.	24in.
Usual	3/3	3/6	3/9	3/11
SALE	2/3	2/6	2/6	2/6

Children's White Muslin Frocks, made with yoke and gathered to band at waist, small Peter Pan collar of muslin insertion. Sizes 18, 20, and 22in. Usual, 2/6. SALE, 1/11.

Bargains in Dress Goods.

40in. All-Wool Panama Hopsac. This is very good value, and most useful for Children's wear or Adults. Shades, V. Rose, Dark Royal, Brown, Saxe, Prune, Amethyst, Sky, Maroon, Nattier. Usual Price, 1/9. SALE PRICE, 1/3.
28in. FOULARD LAWN, very soft in texture, a most useful and effective Washing Material, in shades of Helio, Mauve, Grey, Biscuit, Light Navy, and Saxe, with small Black Dot within a neat White Scroll. Usual Value, 8½d. SALE PRICE, 4d.
26in. Navy Ground Cambrics, all neat Designs in Spots or Sprigs. We recommend this line. Usual Price, 3¾d. SALE PRICE, 3d. yard; 2/11 doz.
26in. Check Zephyr, in Pink, Sky, and Green, with neat small checks. Usual Price, 4½d. SALE, 3d. yd.; 2/11 doz.
35in. 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, Tussore, Cream and Black.
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.
38in. Cotton Tweeds, in Reseda, Navy, Red, Brown, Helio, Grey, Tan, Saxe, Myrtle, and Moss, with Broad Stripe in two-toned effect. Our Usual Price, 6½d. SALE PRICE, 3¾d.
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.

Bargains in Silks.

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.
27in. White Japanese Silk, 3 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.
40in. Silk Crepe, a beautiful bright finished Silk, very soft in texture, in shades of Pale Pink, Biscuit, Tussore, Dark Brown, Reseda, Light Grey, with faint self stripe. Usual Price, 2/11. SALE PRICE, 1/6½.

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.

19in. Striped Satin, Brown with Gold Stripe, Green and Gold Brown and Sky, and Reseda and White Stripes; most suitable for Costume Linings. Usual Price, 1/6. SALE PRICE, 9½d.

21in. White Satin, with Black Stripe about ¼ inch wide and ¼ inch apart; smart for trimmings or millinery. Usual Price, 1/11. SALE PRICE, 1/-.

Tussore Silks at Slaughtered Prices.—34in. Tussore Silk, nice even quality; this line speaks for itself. Usually sold at 1/4½. Our SALE PRICE, 11½d.

34in. Tussore 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.

Bargains in Hose and Gloves.

A Wonderful Bargain in Lace Ankle Lisle Hose.—140 doz. of Lace Ankle Lisle Hose, Gauze effect; nice open designs in Nattier, Saxe, Cerise and Plain Grey, with Sky, Helio, and Cream Spots. Also Plain Saxe Lisle Hose with Self Clox. Worth 1/6 pair. ALL ONE PRICE, 4¾d.

A Bargain in Women's Black Fine Gauze Lisle Hose, Spliced heel and toe. Worth 1/3. SALE, 9¾d. pair.

KID GLOVES, 2-Dome, in Beaver, Pastelle, White. Usual Value, 2/3 pair. SALE PRICE, 1/6 pair.

White Kid Gloves, 8-button length. Usual Price, 3/6 pair. SALE PRICE, 2/11½ pair.

Elbow-Length Lisle Gloves, in Black, White, Beaver, Grey. Usual Value, 9d. pair. SALE PRICE, 6¾d.

Special Line of Short Lisle Gloves, 3-Button, in Amethyst, Vieux Rose, Green, Wine. Usual Price, 9½d. pair. SALE PRICE, 3d.

10-Button Length Kid Gloves, in Beaver, Pastelle, Light and Dark Grey, size 5¾, 6, 6½, 6¾. Usual Price, 3/11 pair. SALE PRICE, 2/11½.

Special Value in Dent's Black Kid Gloves, good quality, elbow length. Usual Price, 6/6 pair. SALE PRICE, 5/11 pair.

Unusually Big Bargains in Embroideries and Skirtings.

Cambric Edging, 1½in. wide, work 2in. SALE PRICE, 1d. yard.

Cambric Edging, 3in. wide, work 1½in. Usual Value, 2d. SALE PRICE, 1/7½ doz.

A Special Line of Cambric Edging, 5in. wide, work 2½in. Usual Value, 3d. SALE Price, 1/11 doz.

Cambric Edging, 6in. wide, work 3½in. Usual Value, 3½d. SALE PRICE, 2/11 doz.

Muslin Edging, 3in. wide, work 1½in. Usual Value, 4½d. SALE PRICE, 3½d.

Cambric Edging, 9in. wide, work 4½in. Usual Value, 4¾d. SALE PRICE, 3¾d.

Cambric Insertion, 4in. wide, work 3in. Usual Value, 2½d. SALE PRICE, 1/4½ doz.

Cambric Insertion, 4in. wide, work 4½in. Usual Value, 4¾d. SALE PRICE, 3d. yard.

Cambric Flouncing, 16in. wide, work 8in. Usual Value, 8¾d. SALE PRICE, 6d. yard.

Cambric Camisole Embroidery, 18in. wide, work 8in., with beading at top and waist. Usual Value, 1/4½. SALE PRICE, 1/- yd.

Muslin Flouncing, 27in. wide, work 10in. Usual Value, 1/- SALE PRICE, 8¾d.

Hemstitched Muslin Flouncing, 27in. wide, work 16in. Usual Value, 1/2. SALE PRICE, 10¾d.

Muslin and Cambric Skirting, with hem and fancy edge, 44in. wide, work 20in. Usual value, 1/4½. SALE PRICE, 10½d.

Cambric Skirting, 44in. wide, work 22in. Usual Value, 1/6. SALE PRICE, 1/-.

Cambric Allover, 18in. wide. Usual Value, 9½d. SALE PRICE, 6d. yard.

Muslin Allover, 23in. wide, in dainty designs. Usual Value, 10½d. SALE, 8¾d.

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Something for the Inner Man.

UNFAIR REGRET.

The two women had met by the accident of travel; and during the three days that the Overland Limited sped across half the continent, they were thrown into unusual intimacies by mutual understanding and sympathy. "Do you know," said the young woman with dark, troubled eyes, "one thing that happened five years ago has haunted me ever since. Sometimes my remorse is so great that I feel that I can't stand it."

The older woman looked questioningly at her travelling companion; the tender sympathy in her face invited confidence.

"I loved my mother," went on the young woman, "more than the whole world besides. One evening, just before she started on a visit to my aunt's, she asked me to sing for her. I had had a hard day; I had made a wretched failure of my singing lesson; I was nervous and out of sorts, and I refused my mother's request, ungraciously, without explanation."

The young woman paused. Tears glistened in her eyes, and she bit her lip. "I never saw her again—alive. Her illness was so sudden. If I could only have asked her to forgive me, I should not suffer so."

"My dear," said the older woman, "you are unjust to your mother."

The other turned a surprised face to her.

"By your unreasoning grief you say, 'I offended my mother, and she will forever and ever be angry with me, because I had no chance to ask her pardon.' Why, child, don't you know your mother loved you, and understood you, and forgave you, even before you thought of asking it?"

"Even ordinary, every-day friends whom we love and who love us do not get mortally offended every time we are cross or ungracious. They understand our whims, and make allowance for our vexations. If they know we love them, that covers it all."

"Would you want your mother to go through eternity grieving because she had in a moment of exasperation spoken sharply, and had no opportunity to ask your forgiveness? Do you think she would want you to punish yourself for a lifetime because of a tired moment's ungraciousness?"

"It was your love for your mother and your mother's love for you running through all the years that counted. She remembers that, and wants you to remember it; it blots out all the little frets and annoyances and mistakes—that last one with all the rest. Your mother is still your mother, and not your accuser."

The younger woman looked up at her companion, and there was a dawning glimpse of understanding and relief in her eyes.

WHAT IS YOUR JERUSALEM?

"Behold we go up to Jerusalem." How often Jesus reminded His disciples of that during those last weeks of His ministry! It was the city of His crowning humiliation—Judas was there, Gethsemane was near at

hand. Calvary and its cross were just outside the city walls—but we can see now that Jerusalem was the goal of the Master's life from the very first.

Phillips Brooks has somewhere said that "every true life has its Jerusalem to which it is always going up." That is a most suggestive thought, when once we take it to heart. The place we want to reach by and by determines the direction we take, and the strength of our purpose to get there determines how fast we travel and how hard we work. Indeed, our study of the greatest lives the world has ever known would almost convince us that two-thirds of the hardest battle for success is won, when the young aspirant decides what he will do, and clings to his decision through thick and thin.

What is your Jerusalem? That is an important question, and nobody else can answer it for any one of us. Let us, each one of us, answer it for ourselves before we go a step farther.

EDUCATE! EDUCATE!

(The Editor "Grit.")

Sir,—I am in sympathy with the remarks of Mr. Palmer in your issue of the 12th inst.

The "old fashioned" way is good and bears fruit, but I wish to point out the fact that it does not apply to all circumstances, as special districts require special means. For example, in the congested areas of Sydney, take for instance those of Surry Hills, Woolloomooloo, Belmore, etc., where public houses simply swarm, and are far above the ordinary ratio of the population, it is absolutely impossible to get at the individual by means of public meetings, lectures, etc. He will not attend—they are "not for him," so he says. From actual personal experience I have found the only way to interest him is to give him a continual supply of bright, educating literature bearing upon the subject. "Grit" is welcome, read, and my experience proves that this "silent witness and advocate" has caused many to "think," then to vote and act in the right direction.

Some little free distribution work in this respect was done by the St. Simon's Men's Christian Brotherhood prior to the last election with good results. (See returns).

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My belief is that if we keep pegging away in this direction much solid good will result. I feel so strongly on this point that I urged all who have the welfare of their fellow creatures at heart to give their assistance, and so make a big thing of this during the next three years.

We must, however, begin now. If the people will not come to us we must take a lesson from our political friends, throw off our lethargy, and go to them. Provide the funds and the work will be done and good results will follow. We have everything that is good, noble, and right on our side, but, alas! are cramped for the needful funds.

Surely a minimum of £1000 per annum is not much to ask for when the moral education and improvement of the people is the object.

Do it now, and begin active operations at once.—Yours faithfully,

G.G.

GOOD TEMPLAR NOTES.

The "Joy of Redfern" Temple held its 17th annual picnic on Wednesday, February 12th, at Coogee Bay. There was a large attendance of both juveniles and adults, including visitors from the country. A most enjoyable time was spent.

The Metropolitan District Lodge executive are making an appeal to members to awaken interest in districts where no lodges exist. The D.C.T., Bro. S. G. Northey, and D.S., Bro. S. A. Pill, are giving a good deal of time and effort to place the order in a strong position, and to extend its membership.

The Unity Lodge are arranging a send-off to Rev. Bro. F. B. Boyce, P.G.C.T., who is shortly leaving for England on a health trip.

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