

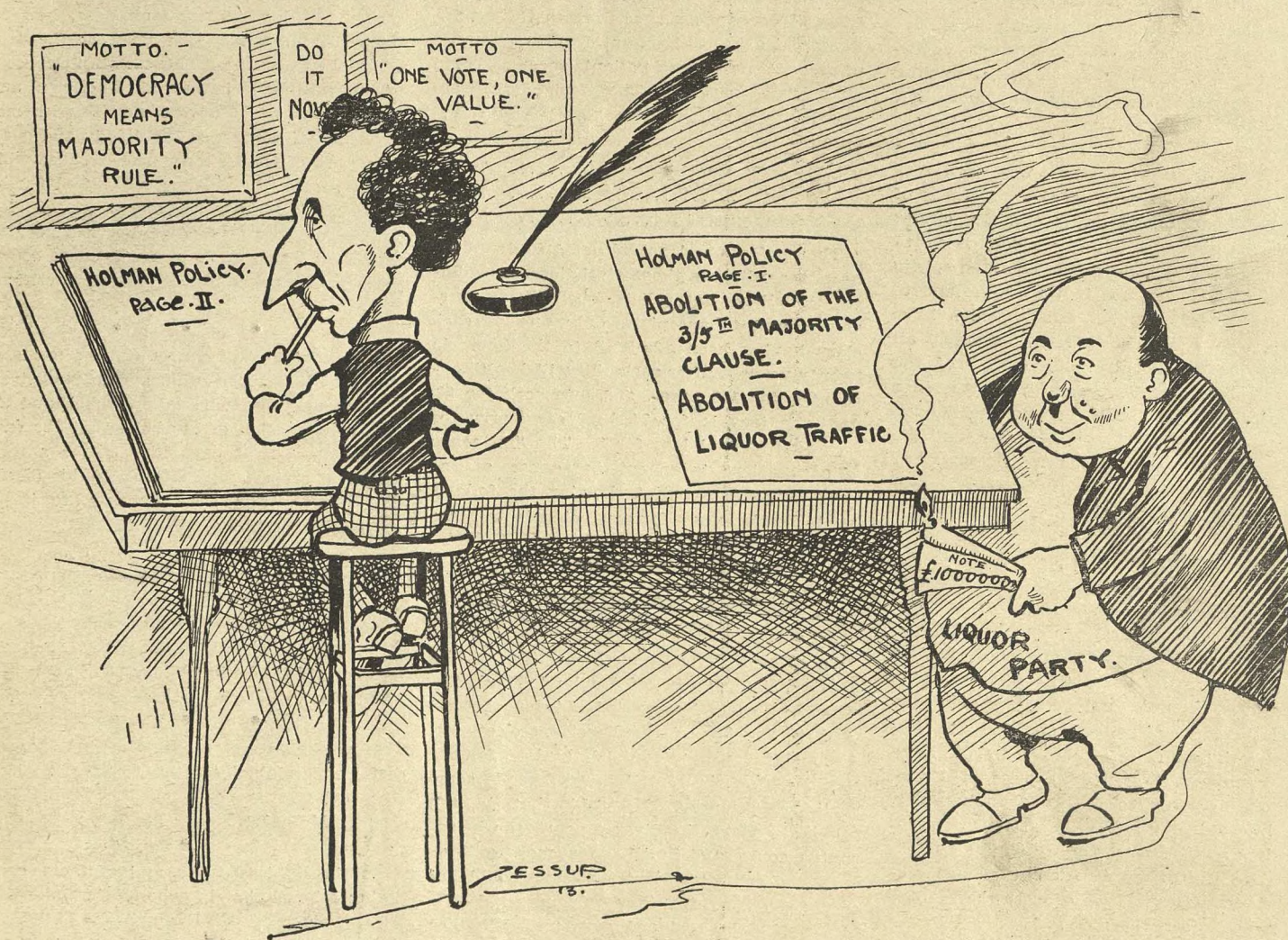
# Grit.

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## Value of Abstinence.

### PROGRESS IN GERMANY.

Statistics of disease and death bring out with great emphasis the very intimate relations between the use of alcohol, including beers and wines and disease and mortality. Whatever the largest amount of spirits are consumed, this is traceable, beyond any question. Thus in Munich, where beer of a very high quality is drunk to excess, diseases of the heart are most prevalent. In circles where the highest kind of efficiency is called for, the retarding influence of beer and spirits is noted. This has led in the Fatherland to very exhaustive studies, out of which have grown over a dozen different societies, all having for their central object, to stop the use of spirits as a beverage. These societies have grown enormously in numbers during the last few years. The spirit interests have of course opposed them very sharply, but this has only served to bring them into greater prominence.

Lodges, associations, orders, church societies and all sorts of organisations are coming into prominence with anti-alcoholic purposes and plans. The Emperor of Germany has shown his great sympathy for the work, and strongly favors abolishing all use of spirits in the army. In the meantime, many of the great universities have contributed startling papers, showing the destructive influence of alcohol, and these have been copied abroad, and have given a tremendous impetus to anti-alcoholic studies. The interest is growing in every direction, and the great German Empire will at no distant date be ranked amongst the most advanced countries of the world where total abstinence is a reality.

### THE "HAVE ANOTHER" DRINK FETISH.

A startling indictment of the "have another" drink fetish as a cause for habitual drunkenness is contained in the annual report of Dr. F. S. D. Hogg, the medical superintendent of Dalrymple House, Rickmansworth, which has been managed by the Homes for Inebriates Association since 1883. Of the 1064 patients who have been received there, more than one-half owed their condition to the "have another" habit, 548 cases being

classified under the heading of "sociability." Lack of occupation, according to the report, is a great cause of habitual drunkenness; 256 of the total number of patients received being of no "occupation." The next class were merchants, of whom there were 107, and then follow—

Medical practitioners .....	79
Clerks .....	77
Manufacturers .....	56

The professions least addicted to drunkenness, according to these statistics, are builders, jewellers, naturalists, shop-fitters, surveyors and tobacconists, only one of each class having been admitted to the home in twenty years. After sociability, ill-health accounted for 178 cases, and overwork for 53, domestic trouble for 74, business worry for 69, and financial loss for 8. The "influence of occupation" is an existing cause, an interesting table supplied showing the following to be the worst for producing inebriates: Wine and spirit merchant (by far), Colonial life, army life, commercial traveller.

### LORD GUTHRIE ON CRIME AND ABSTINENCE.

Speaking at the annual meeting of the Presbyterian Church of England Total Abstinence Society last week in Liverpool, Lord Guthrie, brother of the President-elect, Mr. Alexander Guthrie (sons of the late famous Rev. Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh), made some pertinent remarks. He said that in the criminal courts, the divorce court, the bankruptcy court, and in all cases, more or less, connected with accidents—if they could get at the facts, which they seldom could—the factor of drink reigned supreme. Whether the salaries of the judges would suffer if all men were to become total abstainers he did not know, but their numbers would cer-

tainly be speedily reduced. The judges had to construe and apply a mass of legislation connected with the liquor traffic almost every day, so that naturally they had to avoid anything savoring of partisanship. Experience convinced him more and more that apart from religion, there was nothing which more closely affected the progress of the nation and the maintenance of its present position in the world, and that in the forward movement of Temperance there was plenty of room for work at the hands of the moderate drinkers, to which total abstainers, although they might not feel able to take any part in it, could at least extend their sympathetic interest. In the forward movement, however, the most important part must be the cause of total abstinence. There was no cause to which a man, whether as a citizen or a Churchman, could devote his life with more certainty of doing good fruitfully and surely than that of total abstinence—a cause which would make the nation more God-fearing, more straight-forward, and more efficient. They should thank God that it had been put into their hands to work for a cause so well worthy of work and prayer and sacrifice.—"The Pioneer."

My experience of cancer enables me to tell you that it is more rapid and more distressing among those who take alcohol, and that free consumption of alcohol is not the cause of cancer, but it certainly lessens a man's power of resisting the attack of this disease, and renders him an easy prey to it.—Sir Alfred Pearce Gould, K.C.V.O.

Alcohol whips the heart into more rapid action, and it has been calculated will cause it to beat 4300 times more during the day if a pint of ale (equivalent to an ounce of alcohol) is taken in twenty-four hours.—Dr. D. R. Tate.

How shall we step over the tiny graves of little ones slain by drink to face the ire of Him who loves the least of these.—Bishop Robert McIntyre.

In the light of truth and of facts, can it be questioned that he who at this date is for alcohol is against England, and therefore against whatever ideals of justice and freedom and goodness she still stands for in the world?—Dr. Salesby.

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## When Lincoln Kissed Me.

THE STORY OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S RIDE.

(Continued from last issue.)

While these preparations were being made a troop of grey cavalry passed up the river, on the opposite bank, and it became nearly certain that I was to fall in with many such parties. No loyal man would take through our lines when there was possibility of capture a scrap of paper that would convey information to the enemy, so I destroyed my precious budget of correspondence and all notes and memoranda that could possibly disclose information of value. And for my own safety I divested myself of all private papers by which I could be identified. Then, bidding farewell to the loyal man to whose wise counsel I undoubtedly owe my life, I set out on my long and hazardous journey.

### AMONG MOSBY'S TROOPERS.

About eight miles on the way was the little hamlet of Richardsville, at which point Mr. Wykoff had advised me to take a blind trail across to Field's Ford, on the Rappahannock. I reached there, having encountered but one small squad of Confederate scouts, with whom I had no difficulty. I was much encouraged by my experience thus far; and once across the Rappahannock the country I was to travel was likely to be practically abandoned.

But right now I came to a troop of Mosby's troopers. They were lying about, in a dooryard, with their horses feeding outside the fence. As I was riding leisurely by, they naturally hailed me, and, gathering about, received my good tidings of Lee's victory with great rejoicing. But as to my going on alone! the woods were full of skulking "nigger" soldiers—stragglers from Ferraro's division of colored troops—and the life of a good rebel like me would not be worth "a chaw-er-terbacker." The sequel was that they furnished me an escort of two men to protect me on the way. I was now having the "run of luck," which had been rather a distinguishing feature of my career since boyhood. Two men, mounted and armed, ragged and dirty enough to be my fit companions, were to give me respectable standing with their neighbors, and were to defend me from the ravaging blackman.

(To be continued.)

I supposed that we were on our way to Field's Ford, but coming over the brow of a hill I recognised the scene before me. We were at Kelly's Ford, and Mr. Kelly, a one-armed man—at heart a bitter Secessionist—had "entertained" me for two days while our troops were in that neighborhood. He would almost certainly recognise me even in this disguise, unless I could slip by unobserved. So I dismissed my kind companions with

many thanks, as I was now sure of myself, and they had been in the saddle all night.

Once rid of my escort, I started for the Ford. But Mr. Kelly was standing on a knoll, above his house, listening to the roar of the distant battle, and hastening across to the river he intercepted me. I drew my slouching hat brim down over my face, but he recognised me and reached for the bridle. As he did so I touched Jesse with the spur, and he sprang forward and rushed for the river. In answer to Mr. Kelly's shouts my erstwhile comrades, joined by two other mounted men, came dashing after me. In my confusion we missed the ford, but Jesse swam boldly through the deep waters to the upper shore. As he scrambled up the steep bank a volley of scattering shots spattered about us.

### A GAME OF HAZARD.

I was now in excellent spirits. I was mounted on a horse that had never been overtaken. Besides, my proverbial "luck" could certainly be depended upon. But just then I made one of those sad mistakes that so frequently interrupt and defeat the good offices of Dame Fortune. I should have kept right on east, through a sparsely settled country, to Warrenton Junction, but a piece of thick timber at the left hand invited me to turn aside into a wood-path, and in ten minutes I burst into the clearing about Rappahannock Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. Here were five hundred people, of all ages and both sexes, loading carts and waggons with abandoned army supplies. I could not ride through the crowd on a gallop without attracting attention, so I pulled Jesse down to a walk and no one accosted me.

I turned to the right and, once past the village, tried to put Jesse forward at his best gait toward Washington; but the road was so encumbered with vehicles and cavalrymen that I could make but slow progress. It would excite suspicion if I did not greet everyone who accosted me; and, of course, I had to satisfy the scrutiny of the numerous squads of Confederate patrol. While my story was finally accepted by everyone I met, my progress was constantly interrupted, and somewhere behind me were my comrades of the morning, gathering recruits as they came, and bent on my capture.

With a clear road, on a horse that had never been outstripped, I would have enjoyed the contest, but every moment in which I was halted and questioned increased my peril, until I was certain that I could never get through in the saddle. My only chance

was in abandoning my horse. But leaving him in the highway would result in my certain capture before I could get out of the neighborhood.

Just then my proverbial good fortune again came to my aid. A clump of trees, with thick underbrush, a few yards from the road, offered "shelter for man and beast." Watching an opportunity when no one was in sight, I led Jesse into this safe retreat. Slipping off saddle and bridle, hiding them away, I tied my good friend, by a long rein, to an overhanging branch, poured the oats upon the ground and bade him a really "affectionate farewell."

Before I crept out of my hiding-place a dozen men, led by my quondam friends, came galloping by. They were evidently in quest of a good-looking youngster in a butternut suit, riding a handsome chestnut Kentucky thoroughbred. If they are looking yet, this may inform them that we are not thereabouts. Even Jesse is not there, for in fulfillment of a sacred promise to him, I sneaked back the next Sunday and brought him out.

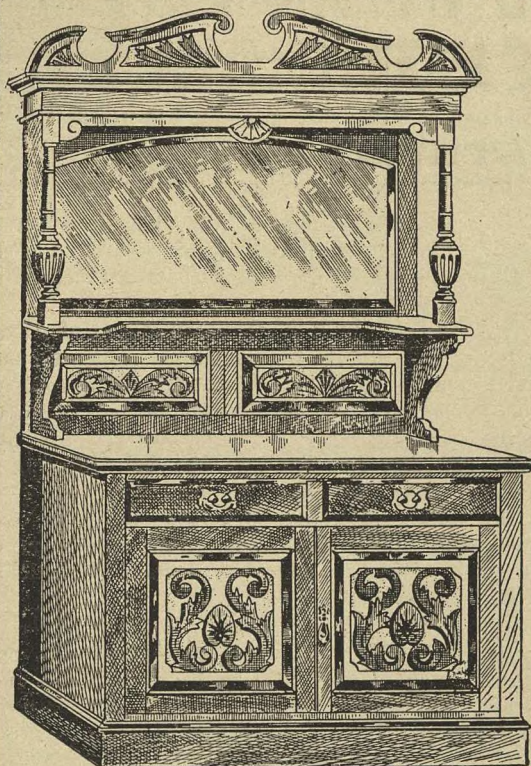
### ON THE RAILROAD TIES.

It was fortunate for me, the hiding away of that horse, for it evidently put my pursuers completely off the scent. I crawled over to the railroad and started on my long tramp up the track for our lines about Washington. I frequently lay for several minutes flat in the weeds and grass and cruelly tormented by swarms of insects, while parties passed within sight. It took me over an hour to get around Warrenton Junction, whereas at Rappahannock Station scores of people were gathered picking up and packing off the debris of the deserted Union camps.

Then came a great surprise. Hastening through a cut and around a curve in the road, I encountered an armed man. My first impression was that he was one of Mosby's guerillas, disguised, as they frequently were, in the uniform of the patriot troops, but his voice, as he ordered me to halt, gave me assurance; for, in all my intercourse with men of both sides, I had never heard the Irish brogue from the lips of a Confederate. He proved to be a private of one of our Irish regiments. They have been here all the winter, I believe, as guard of the bridge across Cedar Creek, and, by some mistake, had received no orders to break camp and join in the general advance. Being an infantry regiment, they had no large guns, but they had mounted their breastworks with "Quaker" cannon-logs, with the ends blackened with charcoal. These looked very formidable to the grey cavalymen circling about at a safe distance; but, on close examination, as a sergeant remarked, "They were almost too natural to be real."

(To be continued.)





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of eugenics or environment that has sent the germ plasm of insanity skipping out of the State of Kansas,' said the speaker. 'It is obviously and unmistakably due to the enforcement of prohibition and the consequent decrease of the neuropathic taint. Philadelphia county alone has 4760 insane patients in its hospitals, and the percentage of cases due to alcoholism, in one or both the parents or in one or both the families, is known to be great. Therefore, one of the safest and surest cures, the passage of laws prohibiting the sale of intoxicants, is within the reach of the State if it really wants to grapple with and overcome this growing condition.'

**MR. J. J. FRANKLYN.**

This well-known advocate will be starting on a lecturing tour on August 1, and we desire to inform the various No-License Leagues that we will appreciate early requests for his services so that tours can be speedily arranged in rotation.

**ST. GEORGE.**

It is to be regretted that Mr. W. J. Hawkes, who was to have started as organizer to the St. George electorate, has been unable to commence work there owing to a regrettable break down in health. Mr. Hawkes was recovering from a prolonged illness, and to have suffered this relapse is a keen disappointment to himself, and also to the St. George Electoral League.

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## New South Wales Alliance

The Alliance, as one of its lecturers says, "challenges attention, invites questions, and demands investigation." How comes it that we act in this matter so differently to our opponents of the Liquor Trade? As the Yankees say, "We can deliver the goods." And that is the sufficient reason for our attitude. We believe with Bernard Shaw, the great writer, who said lately:—

"Suppose the drink trade were debited with what it costs in disablement, inefficiency, illness, and crime, with all their depressing effects on industrial productivity, and with their direct cost in doctors, policemen, prisons, etc. Suppose at the same time the municipal highways and bridges account were credited with the value of the time and wear and tear saved by them. It would at once appear that the roads and bridges pay for themselves many times over, whilst the pleasures of drunkenness are costly beyond all reason."

### OUR ATTITUDE.

We do not say that Prohibition or No-License are faultless, but we do say that No-License at its worst is better far than license at its best. We have faced the dilemma, as stated by Joseph Chamberlain, when he said:—

"You must take your choice between two restrictions; either individuals must be restricted from imposing a nuisance on the community against the will of the majority, or else the majority of the community must be restricted from suppressing those nuisances in deference to the interests of individuals."

And we stand for the community as against the individual.

### FACTS THAT URGE US ON.

Alienists are agreed that alcohol is a fruitful cause of insanity, and that the liquor traffic is largely responsible for the enormous number of inmates in asylums. A comparison of the statistics of the insane in prohibition Kansas and license Pennsylvania furnishes additional proof of this fact. Dr. Mary Wolfe, a graduate of Bucknell University, Pa., and of the University of Michigan, is quoted by the "Philadelphia North American" as giving the following figures:—  
"In 97 of the counties of Kansas there are no insane, in 85 counties no feeble-minded, and in 57 no paupers, while in several counties the jails are empty, and in one, at least, there has not been a grand jury for years. It cannot be accident, it cannot be a matter

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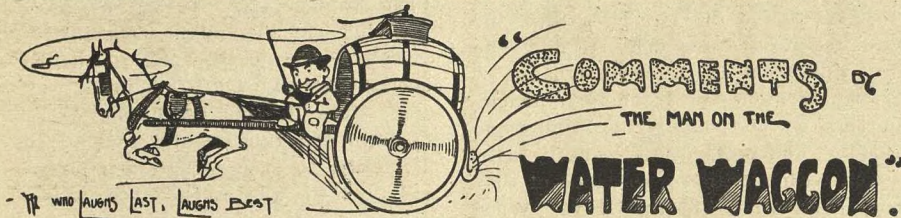
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### ADVICE TO JOURNALISTS.

"Old Stager," in a special article in a current issue of the "Australian Journalist," gives some rather valuable advice to young journalists or "cubs," as they are commonly known. "At the risk of being charged with sermonising," he says, "I propose to give some advice to 'cubs.' It is a duty every journalist owes to himself, to his profession, and to his employers. We want the membership of our Association to stand for all that is honorable, upright, and respectable. This responsibility rests largely with the 'cubs.' Then I should say, 'DON'T DRINK,' AND 'DON'T SHOUT.'"

"Drink has been the curse of our profession, as well as every other calling in life. One has so many opportunities for drinking, that total abstinence is the only safe line of conduct. Fortunately, we are getting a very sober lot of men; but there were times when the reverse was the case. Even now we can point to shocking examples in almost every city which sadden the hearts of men who love their profession, and to whom the degradation of a colleague is a personal disgrace.

"Much drink is caused by shouting. I remember on one occasion, half-a-dozen city men had gathered in a country town to report a prominent politician. We were all writing in the same room, when one suggested a drink. Within the next two hours, every man had considered it necessary to 'fill 'em up again.' The landlord also shouted. No single man wanted seven drinks in two hours, but each one felt it incumbent to shout in turn. I will not lift the curtain further, except to say that what the landlord took, disagreed with him in a most violent manner, and one of the company expressed his determination to do something, which if he had been able to carry out, would have landed him in gaol and risked his neck."

### THE "REVENUE" ARGUMENT.

Some telling observations were uttered in the course of a sermon last month at Winnipeg by the Rev. Dr. J. L. Gordon, as to the argument of the necessity of the revenue, now so much relied on by liquor sellers and defenders. Dr. Gordon said the word "Revenue" itself was considered a weighty argument in itself in Manitoba as elsewhere. Here is the passage in which he dealt with it:—"What would the State do without the revenue which it receives from the liquor traffic? Who would pay for jails, prisons,

policemen, refuges, reformatories, penitentiaries, hospitals, asylums, poor-houses, and all the machinery of crime and poverty? This is a serious problem for judges, lawyers, students of history, experts in political economy, politicians and statesmen. But, strange to say, to the ordinary mortal who has a brain sufficient to master the simplest problem in mathematics, such as two and two make four, and one from one leaves nothing—to 'the man on the street,' the question of 'revenue' for the results of crime and poverty is solved in the removal of the cause of crime and poverty. For every dollar the liquor traffic pays in 'revenue' the people are taxed twenty-one dollars for crime, disease, insanity, pauperism and accident. Great statesmanship that! The greatest luxury which the modern State indulges in—the most unjustifiable expense—is in its foolish fostering of the liquor traffic. Rum revenue is a bribe which weakens the conscience of the people. If a 'revenue' secures a certain protection the amount of the revenue ought certainly to equal the cost of the protection. If the liquor traffic in Manitoba paid the Government what the Government is compelled to pay in order to protect itself from the effects of the liquor traffic, the Government would own the liquor traffic 'bag and baggage' inside of five years. The 'revenue' argument from the standpoint of a captain of industry or from the point of view of the man who has a genius for discovering the relationship between cause and effect would last just about long enough to brand it as absurd, idiotic, insane, and decidedly outside the confines of business ethics. The liquor traffic, as a business proposition, is the most expensive piece of legislation which ever passed muster in the realm political."

### LIQUOR TRADE AND THE BALLOT BOX

What relation does the saloon bar bear to the ballot box? The State may answer for itself. It tells us that so demoralising is the bar that it will not even allow one to exist on the day of an election. That whenever the exercise of the right of franchise is at hand for the polling hours, the inmates of the bar are driven out and its doors sealed.

Why does the State so abhor the bar on election day? Abstractly one would think it no worse to sell whisky at one time than at another. It knows only too well that this right of free men and the sale of drink are at hopeless war; and the liquor traffic has always been the sworn enemy of the honest ballot; that to furnish the voter with whisky would be like arming a madman. If the bar be the innocent and harmless thing its advocates claim, why not unchain it on election day?

But in spite of these and every other precaution, the bar is to-day the gravest menace to an honest vote. Not content with taking its place in society as a business simply, it is ambitious to become a ruler.

The drug store and the hardware, the dry goods and the family grocery, are all content with a fair field and honest competition, but this promoter of vice, this dictator in crime demands the right to rule the State.

From constable to governor those lords of vice demand that society shall bow to them. Many have wondered at the cause and asked why a simple business should not be satisfied to be a business simply. But the answer is not far or hard to find.

It is only a matter of self-protection. It is a business at war with virtue and order, the foundations of the State. The profits of lawlessness are too large. The sale of drink to the common drunkard and the minor are too great. The loss of Sunday closing, the increasing values of an intimate association with the gambling fraternity and like creatures of vice are too much to permit flesh and blood to abide the law.

And so the bar seeks the election of candidates who are willing or pledged to do its bidding. It is needless for another business, for it follows the law. It is necessary for the bar, for it defies the law.

Some of your hurts you have cured.

And the sharpest you still have survived,  
But what torments of grief you endured  
From the evils which never arrived.

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## National British Women's Temperance Association.

The 37th Annual Council of the National British Women's Temperance Association was held in London on May 25 to 30. The following address was delivered at the council meetings, and are taken from the "Alliance News":—

### SIR VICTOR HORSLEY.

The following resolution was next moved by Sir Victor Horsley, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., etc.:—

"That this meeting, regarding as radically unsound any scheme of education which omits instruction in the mechanism and management of the mind and body, calls upon the Board of Education to provide for the training of all future teachers in the principles and practice of physiological hygiene and temperance. Further, this meeting urges the board, in the interests of the nations and the children now in the schools, to give every active encouragement in its power to those education authorities, and to those teachers who will forthwith include these subjects in their school curriculum and teach them on scientific lines."

Sir Victor said it was a great honor to address British women, and he was only sorry that to the eternal disgrace of the nation he could not address them as British citizens. (Cheers.) They were only back to the Roman imperial period, when the community was divided into citizens and slaves, and in those days the medical profession were slaves, so they were like the women. (Laughter.) Nowadays the thing was altered, but it was not yet altered to the ideal they intended to reach and by which alone the temperance cause would gain its ultimate victory. (Cheers.) They were asked to pass this resolution in order that their executive could go with it to the Minister of Education and say to him, not simply that they wanted the children trained in temperance, but a much more fundamental truth which the Board of Education had not yet realised the truth of, the duty of that Board to reform its scientific education of the teachers. (Cheers.) When people were told it was the intention to convert the nation by training the children to be total abstainers, some would say, "Oh, that is impossible." They all knew that sort of people who always came forward when a reform was proposed and said it was impossible, and then, when it was done, remarked, "Well, why wasn't it done before?" (Laughter.) They were sick to death of that sort of people, and those who were interested in social reforms now took no notice of them but went on their own way. Then there were other people who said that it was being done already. When they got to the Board of Education, even Mr. Pease would possibly say, "Oh, it is being done already, I assure you; the teachers in the training colleges are being taught all you want." A Minister was often misinformed on matters

of fact. (Laughter.) It was true something was being done, and that that something had already excited the bitter hostility, the unending hostility of the drink trade. The Board of Education had issued a syllabus of temperance to guide the teachers in teaching the children, and already the drink trade was flooding the press of the country with an answer, with a criticism so-called of that syllabus. And what did they say? What was their worst indictment of Mr. Pease and the Board of Education? The drink trade complained that the Board of Education had actually put beer, wine, and spirits in one category, and tea, coffee, and cocoa in another, and the Board of Education was called to task by the liquor trade for this separation of these valuable substances. The liquor agents tried to say that they were all the same thing, all useful creatures of God, good creatures of God. That used to be the way of describing alcohol, but it was not used now. They wanted to make out now that these things were useful to the community. They went further, and actually repeated the worn-out scientific statement that alcohol was a food. What were the actual facts about the teaching of science?—because that always seemed to him one of the noblest things about the temperance cause. Science was truth. The temperance cause, the total abstinence cause, was also true. It follows that what was wanted was more true scientific teaching, then. They wanted the teachers to be really genuinely taught from a scientific point of view—not to learn up scientific facts out of books, but to have the true scientific spirit; and it was contained in the resolution. Those of them who had looked into this subject, who had been within the doors of the Board of Education, knew unfortunately that within the department itself the request of the resolution was necessary. Within the department more appreciation of the position of science in the training of the nation was required. By asking, through the resolution, that the teachers should receive a truly scientific education, they inevitably brought those teachers into the ranks of the teachers of total abstinence. Happily there is gradually forming in the world of science, as there did some twenty years ago, a movement to again press upon educational legislators the necessity of recognising the bearing of physical science. The Physiological Society—and the resolution pointed out the necessity of physiological hygiene—have already moved in this matter. They went in deputation to Mr. Pease last year, as he hoped they would do this year. They represented to Mr. Pease that teachers ought to be really so grounded in science that they should convey it to the children in the best and the easiest possible way, because they would feel it. The Physiological Society came away from that deputation feeling

that the Board of Education had not yet learned this lesson and hoped most earnestly that they will be more successful. He felt sure they would, because, at any rate, if they were to believe anti-suffragist friends, who believed the influence of women was much stronger than if they possessed the vote, obviously they ought to be able to convert Mr. Pease on the spot. (Laughter and cheers.) At any rate, this much was certain. Here in this resolution there were embodied the fundamental requirements of the nation to secure that step in its progress, which was to keep it, where he thought it always would be, at the head of the civilised world. (Loud applause.)

### SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "GRIT."

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LISLE GLOVES, 3-button and 2-dome, in Beaver, White, Pastelle, and V. Rose and Amethyst. Usual 10 1/2 d., 6 1/2 d., 7 1/2 d., and 9d. pair. SALE PRICE, 4 1/2 d.

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FANCY SILK BRAID TRIMMING, in Brown, Reseda, V. Rose, and Amethyst. 1 to 1 1/2 inches wide. Usual 3d. to 5d. yard.

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SILK INSERTIONS, 3 in. wide, in Pink, V. Rose, Amethyst, Dark Green, and Saxe. Usual Price, 4 1/2 d. and 6d. yard. SALE PRICE, 2 3/4 d.

BLACK SILK FRINGE, 5 in. wide. Usual Value, 1/-.

SILK WORKED INSERTION, in Navy, Pink, V. Rose, Reseda, Dark Green, 4 to 5 inches wide. Worth 1/- yard.

SILK TASSELS, 7 in. long, Black, Green, Grey, Saxe, Reseda, V. Rose, Royal, Amethyst. Usual Value, 7 1/2 d. each. SALE PRICE, 4 1/2 d. each.

ORIENTAL INSERTION, threaded with Gold Tinsel, in Amethyst, Dark Green, Light shaded White Insertion threaded with Blue and Red, Gold Tinsel worked on white net. Silver and Gold Tinsel worked on Black Net, white silk worked on Black Net, 3 to 4 inches wide. Usual Value, 1/6 to 1/11 yard. SALE PRICE, 8 1/2 d. yard.

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# GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform  
and No-License.

"Grit, clear Grit."—A pure Americanism, standing for Pluck, or Energy, or Industry, or all three. References probably had to the sandstones used for grindstones—the more grit they contain the better they wear.

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Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

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## Important Notice.

From January 1, 1913, the price of "Grit" posted each week will be 6/- a year. After five and a half years' experience we are compelled to make this small increase and believe no one who reads "Grit" will object to this most reasonable charge.

THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1913.

## JUDGE BY RESULTS.

Fortunately, there are many people who will have nothing but the best, and who have sufficient commonsense to judge by results. Since January, 1908, students TRAINED and PRESENTED by the Metropolitan Business College have won fifty-six (56) FIRST PLACES in open competitive examinations IN SYDNEY in Shorthand, Accountancy, Typing, and General Subjects—first place in N.S.W. (with appointment) FIVE TIMES IN SUCCESSION in Governmental examinations in Shorthand, Typing, and English.

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE,  
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## The Case for No-License

IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

By ARCHDEACON F. B. BOYCE.

Just published by the N.S.W. Alliance, 33 Park Street, Sydney. PRICE, SIXPENCE. Postage, One Penny. A large reduction for quantities.

Twenty pages of the 76 are given to interesting illustrations of the success of No-License in Canada, the United States, and New Zealand. The exaggerations and boogies put forth by License advocates in the last campaign here are exposed.

It is as a handbook to the No-License controversy in this State, and is right up-to-date. Speakers, writers, and other workers in the great cause will find it invaluable.

# A Personal Chat with my readers

## TO SMOKE OR NOT TO SMOKE?

The Liquor folk seem fond of fastening on to No-License matters that are entirely foreign to it, one of the most favorite being smoking. We are told that No-License folk will soon turn their attention towards "the sweet and cleanly habit of the weed." As a matter of fact a large majority of ardent No-License folk are smokers, but that is far too insignificant a fact to worry an anti-No-License soul. On the other hand, many people who will not touch No-License with the proverbial forty foot pole do not smoke, do not find any pleasure in walking down George Street and being compelled to swallow a great deal of smoke puffed into their face, nor do they sit meekly under the invasion of the non-smoking carriage by the cheerful soul whose only furniture is a match box and a spittoon. The smoking question has nothing to do with the No-License question, and the No-License people have nothing more to do with smoking than the Labor Party has. If any one wants a good thing on the smoking question, however, I commend to their notice this parody by William Mayo:

To smoke, or not to smoke? That's the question—

Whether 'tis wise for us to suffer all  
The hidden dangers of a poisonous "weed,"  
Or by abstaining, end them. . . .

To smoke,—to soothe;—

Yes, soothe, and by that soothing say we end  
The ruffled temper and the jaded brain,  
The hundred anxious thoughts, and all the  
cares

That flesh is heir to,—'Tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To smoke,—to  
soothe;—

Perchance to lose our keenness for the fray.  
Our mind's alertness gone, we strike a course  
That fails; and thus to lose our chance in  
life.

To smoke and soothe and fail. Ah! there's  
the rub.

True, many have. For while it calms the  
mind,

Who, who can tell what dire and sad effects  
May be produced on brain and nerve and  
heart?

This makes us pause and think! There's  
the alarm,

The fear of "smoker's heart" and "smoker's  
throat."

Of cancer, and of smoker's blindness too;

Besides the loss of proper taste and smell,

And numerous other ills—insidious all—

Attend the soothing power tobacco wields.

These thoughts obsess the mind, disturb the  
will,

And make us rather bear the ills we have  
Than hazard others that we know not of.  
(Not a long away after Shakespeare).

## THE LIQUOR SELLER'S BETE NOIR.

I know of nothing that harrows the soul of a good respectable liquor seller like the fear of sly-grog prevailing if No-License is carried. What sleepless nights the Editor of "Fair-play," and Messrs. Cheeseman, Low, and Co. must spend when they read of sly grog in Sydney. We have in round figures some 600 pubs and 400 wine licenses in Greater Sydney, and, in spite of them all, or I am convinced because of them, we are simply infested with sly-grog selling.

Nellie Lawrence (30), who does not hold a license for selling liquor, sold a sixpenny bottle of beer to a probationary constable on Saturday night for five shillings. (Saturday night, mind you, with all the licensed premises in full swing!) When a sergeant and a sub-inspector entered the house, Lawrence admitted having sold the liquor. On the premises were another bottle of beer, and three dozen empty bottles.

Lawrence pleaded guilty to the charge at the Central Court last Monday, and as it was her first offence Mr. Barnett, S.M., fined her £30, in default two months' imprisonment with hard labor.

At the same court William Donnelly (37) was also fined £30, in default three months' imprisonment, for selling whisky without a license. No time was allowed in which to pay the money. Mr. Barnett remarked that when people could get such prices as were paid for ordinary sixpenny drinks they could probably pay for several fines. The instance of getting 5s. a bottle for beer was the worst.

All the No-License areas in New Zealand can't provide anything worse than this.

The leaflets in the special issue of "Grit" are now ready. THE WAY TO HELP. Each has an appropriate cartoon on the back, and every reader of "Grit" ought to get out at least 100 at once. We can post 100 to you for 1/-. Surely you know the great need there is for letting people know the facts. We have nothing to fear so much as ignorance. There are a few hundred of the special issue still on hand. Can't you take some?

The Editor



## "Here Goes in the Name of God."

THE START OF A GREAT MOVEMENT.

Let Those Who Approve Support.

An American paper, "The New Republic," says:—

"On April 10, 1838, Rev. Father Theobald Mathew, in a little schoolhouse at Cork, Ireland, wrote his name on a promise to his Maker that he would do what he could to stem the tide of drink that was making slaughter among his people.

"Here goes in the name of God," said he, as he attached his signature.

That was seventy-five years ago, and Catholics and social reformers throughout the world are celebrating the anniversary season of this little schoolhouse incident in the south of Ireland.

William Martin, a Quaker; Nicholas Dunscombe, an Episcopal rector, and Richard Dowden, an Unitarian, were mixed up with this unknown Capuchin friar in the initial steps of the game.

As with a Roman catapult, Father Mathew hurled himself into the reform, without reserve. Everything went; his resources, his time, his health, his hopes of preferment, his ecclesiastical and worldly prospects, his very life, all were thrown to the winds. He saw only human suffering and a remote hope of being able to alleviate it.

The revolution that he wrought has no boundaries of space or time. Throughout the entire civilised world his influence still marches on. His scoffers have been forgotten half a century ago, but Father Mathew, the beloved Capuchin friar—his name is eternal!

Catholic and Protestant, Hebrew and Christian, the unwashed and the monk, can well pause to breathe a prayer in memory of this departed spirit.

For surely Father Mathew was a benediction of God bestowed upon the children of men."

In a somewhat similar way there are those in Sydney who are saying, "Here goes in the name of God," and they are endeavoring to do the best for the neediest.

### THE NEED OF A BIG EFFORT.

In the last ten years drunkenness has greatly increased in N.S.W. No church and no political party increased in anything like the same way. There have been about eleven hundred more convictions each year until last year there were nearly 33,000 convictions for drunkenness. To say there has been an increase of 25 per cent. will not convey much to many minds. However, it may be easily realised if we consider that ten years ago there were 155 convictions for drunkenness to every 10,000 people. Last

year there were 205 to every 10,000. Of course, even these appalling figures do not represent the full extent of our intemperance. In the last three weeks, from June 27th to July 17th, just 18 days, the following record at the Central Police Court emphasises the need of another Father Mathew:—

Men, 398; women, 130; total, 520.

It is hard to say which was the saddest to see, the old man of 90, the blind man, the man with the wooden leg, or the young man; or may be any of the 130 women were sadder cases than even the men referred to.

### WHAT IS BEING DONE.

The Sydney Total Abstinence Society started just 26 weeks ago—just a parson and his friend and helper, Mr. Creagh, and they have persuaded 1383 men and women to sign the pledge, and so far only 107 have been known to break it. Men have been supplied with clothing, about 200 have been helped to find employment, and a large number have been "mothered" and put on their feet. Many fine letters have come to hand encouraging the missionaries to go on with the good work. Quite a number of men have been given new Testaments, and helped to start a Christian life. One man writes:—"Can I ever be thankful enough? Every day teaches me that I have yet to be more prayerful, more humble, and more patient. How thankful I should be to know that He has saved me from a life of sin and shame, for His dear Son's sake. Think how it gladdened my heart the other day when I who never used to read my Bible, was reading the good old Book to my mother. She said, "Son, if I do not recover you can always look back and think how you gladdened my last days."

### WHAT IT HAS COST.

Salary, £78; printing pledge books, etc., fares, immediate help to men, £23; total, £101. It is now imperative that we have an office in which to see these men, and the next half year means at least £150.

So far we have received amounts already acknowledged, £96/3/10. Since then a mother, 20/-; Mrs. Vernon, 5/-; C.E.M.S. concert, £3/5/-; Mrs. Bingle, 5/-; Mr. Carter, 3/9; Mr. Bergan, 2/6; Mr. Dyson, 10/-; Mrs. B., 2/-; C.W., 2/-; Mr. Nesbitt, 6/-; Mr. W. Winn, 20/-; Miss Herring, 20/-; total, £104 5/1.

But in addition to the pledge signing work, there is the Pilgrim's Home, in which we can accommodate eleven men. In the last six months we have put men up for a week to

a month, and have given some 55 men a home, and such a chance, not only as they never had before, but such as they can get nowhere else in Australia.

This is much more costly than the other department, as we have to pay 30/- a week for rent, and have to pay a man cook. There is nearly £100 owing on the current expense account of this Home. So there is urgent need for generosity at present. There is only one fund for these two parts of the same work. We wish to acknowledge the generosity, and the very real help rendered by the many firms who have donated boots, hats, and clothes.

It is hoped that a public meeting will shortly be held at which an effort will be made to lift this movement on to a broader basis and relieve the one pair of shoulders upon which the whole burden is resting at present. In the meantime donations in cash or kind may be sent to the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney, and will be acknowledged in these columns.

### THE ONLY WAY TO WIN.

It takes a little courage

And a little self-control,

And some grim determination

If you want to reach a goal.

It takes a deal of striving,

And a firm and stern set chin,

No matter what the battle,

If you're really out to win.

There's no easy path to glory,

There's no rosy road to fame,

Life, however we may view it,

Is no simple parlor game;

But it's prizes call for fighting,

For endurance and for grit,

For a rugged disposition

And a "don't-know-when-to-quit."

You must take a blow or give one,

You must risk and you must lose,

And expect that in the struggle

You will suffer from a bruise.

But you mustn't wince or falter

If a fight you once begin,

Be a man and face the battle—

That's the only way to win.

—Author Unknown.

It is not generally known that it has been determined to discontinue the sale of intoxicants in the Rigsdag, or Swedish Houses of Parliament. In future no liquors will be sold which contain more than 2 per cent. of alcohol. In Britain no liquors are exciseable if they contain less than 2 per cent. of alcohol.

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## No-License Debate at Gunning

FIVE POUNDS AT ISSUE.

Mr. Arthus Toombes, No-License lecturer from Goulburn, opened the campaign at Gunning by an open-air meeting on Saturday night. There was a large attendance, and some interesting cross-firing took place between the lecturer and a section of the audience. Early in the meeting, Mr. Bartley asked, "Where are you staying?" to which Mr. Toombes replied, "With friends, but even if I stayed at an hotel I would sleep in a bedroom and not in a bar; and it is the bar and not the bedrooms that No-License abolishes."

Later Mr. Morris Hefferman asked was not New Zealand consuming more liquor under No-License, to which the speaker replied: "New Zealand is not under No-License, only twelve electorates, and they only consume one sixth of the amount consumed in License areas."

In reply to another interjection, Mr. Toombes asked: "Do you say No-License means more beer?"

Mr. Hefferman: "Yes, more sly-grog selling."

Mr. Toombes: "Then if it means more beer, why do the brewers fight No-License?"

Mr. Hefferman: "What about the loss of revenue?"

Mr. Toombes: "You said a moment ago that No-License meant more beer; if that is so, it means more revenue. You cannot logically pursue both arguments."

Mr. Hefferman: "I said more sly-grog selling, so the State would lose the revenue."

Mr. Toombes: "The State does not get the revenue." (Uproar and cries of "bosh.")

Mr. Toombes: "The Federal Government gets the revenue. The State only gets the license fees, and they are more than lost in paying increased cost of police necessary where License is in vogue."

Mr. Hefferman: "Many places have Licenses and have no police."

Mr. Toombes: "They are visited though by mounted police from neighboring centres."

Later in the address Mr. Hefferman again interjected about increased drinking in New Zealand, to which Mr. Toombes replied that New Zealand was the only State in Australasia that for the past five years showed a decreased drink bill per head of population.

Mr. Hefferman: "Not according to official statistics."

Mr. Toombes: "Yes, from official statistics." (Cries of "No.")

Mr. Toombes: "If my statement is not correct I will give five pounds to any institution named by Mr. Hefferman if he will also give five pounds if the statement is correct."

Mr. Hefferman: "I have not five pounds on me."

Mr. Toombes: "I will give you till Monday night's meeting."

Mr. Hefferman: "Very well, I will be there on Monday night." (Cheers.)

The lecturer continued by saying that he was no fool, and did not treat those present as fools, and he was out neither to bluff nor hoodwink them. He urged them to think seriously about the arguments that he had been presenting to them, and try No-License for three years.

On Sunday, Mr. Toombes gave an address at Bellmount Forest and at Gunning Methodist Church, and on Monday night intense excitement was aroused as to the outcome of the challenge.

The chairman, Mr. V. R. Champion, in opening the meeting, intimated that at the conclusion of the lecture, the point at issue on which hung the five pounds for charity would be decided.

Mr. Toombes then gave a forceful lecture on "No-License, a sane attempt to solve the liquor problem." At the conclusion of the address, which received a good hearing, most

of those present became members of the local No-License League.

There was some disappointment when it was known that Mr. Hefferman was not present. The chairman then read the following statutory declaration that had that day been made by Mr. Toombes, intimating that if any false declaration was made, the person so swearing was liable under the Oaths Acts of 1900. The declaration was as follows:—

"I, Arthur Toombes, of Goulburn, in the State of New South Wales, do hereby solemnly declare and affirm that the following are official figures of the Drink Bills of the States, estimated by the recognised compilers, from the Commonwealth Excise and Customs returns:—

"New South Wales: 1908, £3 7s. 6d.; 1912, £4 6d. Increase, 13s. per head.

"Victoria: 1908, £3 4s. 9d.; 1912, £3 16s. 1d. per head. Increase, 11s. 4d. per head.

"South Australia: 1909, £2 14s. 6d. (first bill compiled); 1911, £3 4s. 6½d. (latest available). Increase of 10s. ½d. per head.

"Queensland: 1908, £3 8s.; 1912, £3 19s. 7¼d. Increase of 11s. 7¼d. per head.

"Western Australia: 1908, £8 16s.; 1911 (latest available), £9 5s. 4d. Increase of 9s. 4d. per head.

"New Zealand: 1908, £3 15s. 5½d.; 1912, £3 14s. 11½d. Decrease of 6d. per head."

At the conclusion of this declaration a hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mr. Toombes for his very instructive lecture, on the motion of Rev. H. H. Cigan (Anglican), and A. Morris Yates (Methodist).—"Goulburn Penny Post."

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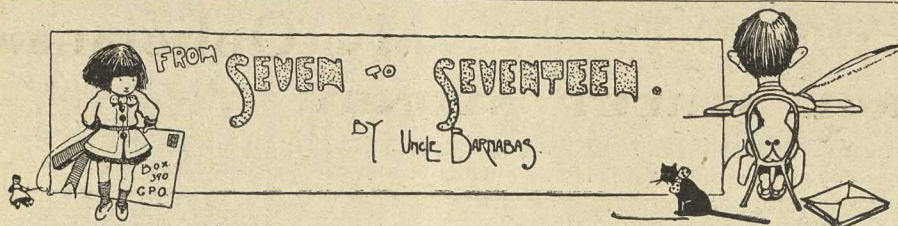
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### THOMAS A. EDISON AND THE CIGARETTE.

"I Never Smoked One in My Life," says the Great Inventor.

At a recent young people's meeting in Stoughton, Wis., the vice-president of the Wisconsin W.C.T.U., Mrs. Annie W. Warren, had read as a number on the programme, "Thomas A. Edison's Opinion of Cigarettes," published sometime ago in "The Union Signal." The reading called forth the statement by one of the young men of the town that "Edison smokes cigarettes himself." Mrs. Warren decided to submit the matter directly to the great inventor, and ask for a refutation or corroboration. To her inquiry she received a prompt reply which we give below:—

"I am in receipt of your favor of the 17th instant in regard to cigarette smoking, and quoting the remark of one of your senior high school boys who stated that was a cigarette smoker. Let me say in reply that that statement is an absolute untruth. I never smoked one in my life, and no man or boy who smokes cigarettes can work in my laboratory. In my opinion there are enough degenerates in the world without manufacturing any more by means of cigarettes.—Yours very truly,

THOS. A. EDISON."

### FOR SUNDAY.

Every day is observed as a Sabbath somewhere on earth. The Greeks observe Monday, the Persians Tuesday, the Assyrians Wednesday, the Egyptians Thursday, the Turks Friday, the Jews Saturday.

Why do we keep Sunday as a day of rest? Which Commandment tells us we ought to work and for how long?

### FOR MONDAY.

What pine has the longest and sharpest needles? The porcupine.

What would you do in case of fire? Go to the window and watch the fire escape. What would you do if hungry? Take a roll. If you wished to write a letter? Take a sheet.

What is one of the most dangerous words to pronounce in the English language? "Stumbled," because you get a tumble between the first and last letters.

"Smiles" is a long word because there's a mile between the first and last letters, but "beleaguered" is still longer, for there are three miles between the beginning and the ending of it.

### AUNTIE NI.

Violet Brown, "Willow View," Grenfell, 15/6/13, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I was pleased to see my letter in "Grit." You asked me what I did on my birthday. It was at Mylandra. My

little sister and nephew, also a girl friend, and myself, had tea in the garden. After tea we played some games. We stayed three weeks at Mylandra. By brother and sister-in-law wanted us to stay longer, but I had to come home to help mother and go to school. My eldest sister has gone to Goulburn to live. I have a nephew and niece. My brother's boy was one year old last December, and my sister's girl was one year last March. I have two little sisters younger than myself, the elder one is Dorothy and the younger is Norma. My four brothers are older than myself. My brother has finished putting in his crop, and he came in last week to prune the trees. Mother is enclosing a postal not for 6s. for "Grit." I will now close, with love to you and all the cousins.—I remain, your loving niece.

(Dear Violet,—I am very interested to hear about your birthday and you being an auntie. I think I must be a great-uncle, don't you? Thank mother for the postal note. I wonder are you looking forward to the Children's Special Issue. I hope it will be very good.—Uncle B.)

### INSPIRING MISSIONARY STORIES.

Beryl Anderson, "Karlsruhe," Queen Victoria St., Bexley, 16/6/13, writes:—

My Dear Uncle B.,—Am just enclosing four weeks' "Answers." I have been expecting to see my last letter in "Grit," and so have postponed sending these solutions till it appeared. I posted one to you the week before you lectured up here, so evidently it has disappeared. By the way, what did you think of the meeting? We enjoyed it very much, and it brought to our mind the memory of old friends, lovely scenery, and a glorious holiday, when we saw those grand views again.

I want to thank you here for remembering us re last Tuesday night. We wouldn't have missed any part of it for worlds. I thoroughly enjoyed every inch of it, and felt curious all night to meet some of the "cousins." Didn't one of the "nieces" recite? In thinking over the various items, I simply could not say which was the most enjoyable to me. One thing I know, I will always look back with pleasure to that night as one of the most enjoyable I could have spent, especially as there I met one of your regular parishioners, and it should be the beginning of a fast friendship between us.

Some weeks back we held our "Gleaners" annual meeting. Rev. Todd kindly came up and gave us a particularly interesting address. It is simply grand to hear how the missionary work is progressing in other lands. Mr. Todd told us chiefly about British Columbia and the work there, how in one part the natives travelled over thirty miles to a service. One party in particular were coming across country and spent four and

half days getting there, either rowing or walking through ice and snow. One fellow happened to miss this boat, and so walked and ran 20 miles, barefoot, to be in time. It was a confirmation service, and unfortunately for him it was over when he arrived. The Bishop then had another service for this one man, and afterwards all the flooring was stained from his bleeding feet. It is things like that that make one ashamed of one's own efforts to attend various meetings, but still it fills one with new resolutions to be better and to do our utmost to further the work in other parts. Another incident Mr. Todd told us of was about a Christian native's funeral. The coffin was decorated with white and scarlet rosettes to represent those texts about being "washed in the blood of the Lamb," and "though your sins be as scarlet yet shall they be as white as snow." Still another lovely idea was about an open-air service. Better than any Cathedral built by man was God's own Cathedral, with the beautiful timber and foliage for the walls, His glorious sky the dome, and the clouds the canopy, the stars the only needful illumination, and all the native birds and animals with the rushing river as the orchestra. I thought that was glorious, and tried to picture it all amidst the wonderful American scenery.

Dear uncle, I must apologise for the length of this. I'm an awful Rambler when once I start. Please accept my fondest love to all cousins.

Will you please send me a collecting card? I haven't much time now to do a great deal, but still I'll willingly do my "little best."

Answer to question—

Jesus  
Entirely  
Saves  
Unworthy  
Sinners.

(Dear Beryl,—Your letter is very interesting and helpful. I wonder did you get the card? Were you thanked for those nice lemons. You answers were quite right, and I am so glad of the one I print this time, because I think it better than the one I made up. I am sure all my ne's and ni's are fast asleep now, and I still have some hours of work to do.—Uncle B.)

### A FINE OUTING.

Florrie Paff, "Rising Sun," Dyer's Crossing, 13th June, 1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have been reading the "Seven to Seventeen" page in "Grit," and I fancy I would like to become your ni. I am 14 years of age. My birthday is on the 22nd December. Are you fond of climbing mountains? I am. I climbed a mountain at the back of Krambach last Saturday in company with my sister and a friend. We were told a beautiful view of the surrounding country could be obtained from there. We chose a beautiful day for our expedition. We left in the morning, taking with us baskets which I might add were considerably lighter on our homeward journey. Krambach Mountain is rather steep on three sides, so we approached it from the fourth. It has a funny little flat top, almost perfectly level. It



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would just do for a tennis court with a little to spare. We reached the top about 1 o'clock, and really the view from there is pretty. To east appeared the ocean, a silvery line in the distance, on which could be seen dimly the smoke from two passing vessels. We could even see the spray dim and misty rashing against a cliff at Forster. Southward rose hill after hill. They looked so pretty, some grey where the sun shone, and others deep purple in shadow. The views to north and west were not very extensive, as the ranges lie too close, but on all sides we had an excellent view of dozens of farms. Krambach and Avalon looked so close beneath us that we fancied we could almost throw a stone on the housetops. (Wouldn't Bonny have been surprised had one landed on hers? I know Bonny quite well; she lives only about a mile from my home.) We took our books with us, so we stayed there reading for about two hours, and then came home. We suffered from that "tired feeling" for a few days after. We are having an awful lot of rain lately. It is a great pity we could not store a little up to use in time of drought. I must close now, as my letter is growing much too long. Kindest regards.

P.S.—I have not any photo to send. Somehow I never like to risk breaking any poor man's camera.

(Dear Florrie,—So glad to have you as a ni, and hope you will keep Bonny up to the mark, and see that she goes on being a ni. That trip must have been very pleasant. I quite envy you such an outing. I wonder what were the books you took to read.—Uncle B.)

## A NEW NI.

Margaret Dixon, "Brentry," Turramurra, June 13, 1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am writing to ask you if you will have me for one of your "ni's," and I am sending a shilling towards the Children's Special Edition of "Grit." I have been ill for three weeks, but I hope to be up soon. I look forward to "Grit" coming every week. I am nine years old, and I go to school at Gordon, but I have only been half this term as I have had a sore foot. We have a cow, a horse (which I sometimes ride), two cats, a kitten, and some fowls. We used to have a dog, but we lost it. It is very nice in bed in the wet weather. I remain your hope-to-be niece.

(Dear Margaret,—You are very welcome as a ni, and you must often write. Tell me when your birthday is, and if you can send me a photo. I hope your foot is quite well again. What do you call your horse and what color is he?—Uncle B.)

## PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?

Alice Murray, Dorriggo, 16/6/13, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Well uncle, I suppose it is about time I wrote to you again. I have just been reading the letters in "Grit," and I thought Ivy Bradfield's letter was very interesting. The weather all last week was very cold, it being very wet and windy. During this period we had about six inches of rain. My brother and I are patiently waiting to see your photo in "Grit." I am learning French now, and like it very much. I wonder if any of my "Grit" cousins know what the translation of the following into English is:—

Quand j'étais petit  
Je n'étais pas grand;  
Je montais sur un banc  
Pour embrasser maman.

I have home-work to do every night, and go to school every day. I wonder if you have ever been to Dorriggo? My word, uncle, you are getting a lot of nephews and nieces, aren't you? I was 13 last 28th May. Well, uncle, seeing that so many of your nieces have sent in their text names. I am going to send in mine:—

And ye also shall bear witness because ye have been with Me from the beginning. Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

If ye love Me, keep My Commandments. Cast all your care upon Him.

Every good gift and every perfect gift cometh from above.

My sheep hear My voice.

Unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

Run with patience the race that is set before you.

Righteousness exalteth a nation.

A bide with us for it is towards evening.

Ye are the branches.

I think this is all for this time. With love to you and cousins.

(Dear Alice,—Your letter is very interesting. Please write only on one side of the paper. I wonder if any of your "cousins" will be able to read your piece of French.

Your texts are fine. Don't keep me waiting so long next time.—Uncle B.)

## A LITTLE HELPER.

Arthur Davis, Bowral, 18/6/1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—We have had some snow on Monday. When it was falling it was very pretty. Just before that Mrs. Lee-Cowie came up. On Tuesday she had the "Brides of Many Nations." They had a great success with it. She was at Mittagong and at Moss Vale. She came up on Friday. It was raining on Saturday. The street was crowded. It was an open-air. I and my brother was selling tickets and little books. The books were for those who don't understand No-License.

(Well done, dear Arthur. So you helped Mrs. Lee-Cowie. I heard she had a fine time, and no wonder when she had at least one of my ne's helping her.—Uncle B.)

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### RATHER UNFORTUNATE.

The subscribers to the sustentation fund of a fashionable Chicago church were urged on a certain occasion to complete their payments as soon as possible, so that the books could be balanced. At the conclusion of the announcement the tenor soloist sang, "Then Lord, shall I fully know, not till then, how much I owe" (Wade). The entire appropriateness of the selection forcibly struck the members of the congregation, and a titter of amusement marred the solemnity of the service.

\* \* \*

### CHANGE OF HEART.

I used to think, when I was digging gravel, and splitting wood, to earn five bob a day, and when I watched the rich ones past me travel, my path obscure was but a rocky way. I mopped my brow with my old red bandana, and longed to bask on downy beds of ease, and live on birds and terrapin and manna, and oysters fried, and rich imported cheese. My wounded heart with anger used to quiver, when noontime came, and I sat down to eat, and filled myself with onions, bread and liver and mouldy kraut and pickled porkers' feet. But now, alas, that I am rich as Croesus, and live on quails, and scrambled peacock's tongue, I fold my hands in front (where all my grease is) and sigh and yearn for days when I was young. Where nabobs meet I sit and wield the gavel, my face each day the Board of Trade experts; but oh, the days when I was digging gravel, when I could eat in forty dialects!

The dear dead days when meal time found me starving! When all was good, and nothing tasted stale; no finger bowls, no dainty bits in carving, but just a raid upon my dinner pail! My wealth can buy me yachts and speedy horses, and motor cars and summers by the sea, and it will bring me annual divorces, but it can't bring my hunger back to me!—Walt Whitman.

\* \* \*

"What is an anecdote, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"A short, funny tale," answered the little fellow.

"That's right," said the teacher. "Now, Johnny, write a sentence on the blackboard containing the word 'anecdote'."

Johnny hesitated for a moment, and then wrote the following sentence: "A rabbit has four legs and an anecdote."

\* \* \*

A preacher, raising his eyes from the pulpit in the midst of his sermon, was paralysed with amazement to see his small son in the gallery pelting the hearers below in the pews with horse chestnuts.

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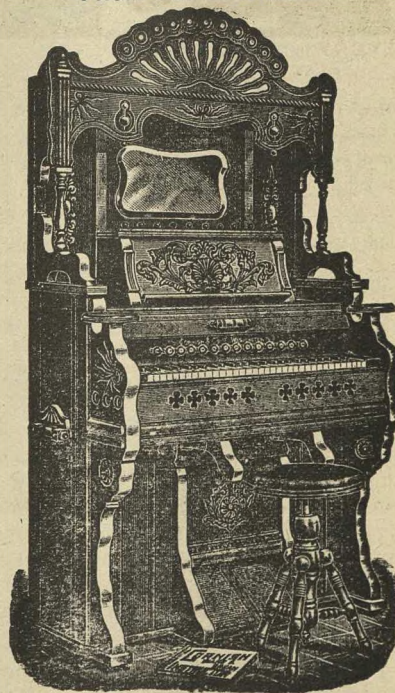
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## What the Parson Says.

SOMETHING FOR THE INNER MAN.

The Twentieth Century New Testament brings many a familiar passage into a new light by its use of modern English. A good example of this is to be found in the first epistle of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, chapter five, verse 21 and 22:—"Bring everything to the test, cling to what is good, shun every form of evil."

Words with which we are long accustomed flow readily from the tongue and run smoothly over the mind, and we do well at times to listen to the old message from a new voice, and to read it in another tongue. I have known many a man's interest in his Bible immensely quickened by reading the Twentieth Century New Testament. Many an old pastor has sat and wondered at the grip of the Gospel message on his people as proclaimed by a visiting clergyman, who never said a word he had not been saying for years. We need not waste time trying to find out why it is so, it is a fact, and we do well to adapt ourselves to facts.

### EVERYTHING TO BE TESTED.

You can't measure water with a yard tape, nor can you measure cloth with a pint pot; everything has its own special standard or test, and religion is not exempt. The question is what is the test for religion? If a man, looking through spy-glasses, describes what he sees, and then hands them over to another to look through, the other may only see a blurr. If he is a foolish man he will come to the conclusion that his friend only imagined all he saw; on the other hand, if he is a wise man and begins to adjust the glasses to his own peculiarities of sight, the blurr will disappear, the distant will come near, and the vision will be clear and sharp. This is equally true of religion. The test must be a personal test, and if one man sees more clearly than another, it is because he has personally adjusted himself to the demands of Christ. There can be no test of religion without personal adjustment. If you are

going to look out on the things of God, you must clean the windows of the soul. In other words, we must put right all we can put right to enable God to put right all we can't put right. St. Paul urges that we should not live in a fool's paradise, but test the genuineness of our happiness. All that glitters is not gold, therefore, let us, to use what has become a slang expression, "put the acid on" our actions and find if they are true to what is possible for us. The responsibility is on us to test our faith and our religion lest we be self deceived.

### SHUN EVIL.

The first obligation we are under is to "shun evil." Now, I find sometimes that a man who is shunning me runs right into me; this is evidently an accident, and leads him to be more watchful and careful in the future. We may shun an evil and yet come face to face with it. We may refuse to have anything to say to an old sin, but the old sin will not refuse to have something to say to us. We have all found out that the trouble is not giving up sin, but getting sin to give us up. St. Paul urges us to become "dead indeed unto sin," but this is not likely unless we are first of all "sick of sin," in fact we need to be very sick of sin before we become dead to it. Sin does not often have a sudden death. As we see sin after we have tested it, we hate, loathe and shun it, and any fresh contact only rouses us to fresh antagonism and fresh precautions to shun effectively that which poisons our life, burdens our conscience, and takes all the sunshine out of our heart.

### CLING TO THAT WHICH IS GOOD.

Cling! There is a fine power of suggestion in that word. See the woman run and note how her clinging garments impede her progress. Note the limpet on the rock, it is frail and insignificant, but it clings with such power that not even the wave that wrecks the mighty vessel

can shift it, and even the persistent small boy finds his penknife broken and his purpose frustrated. A small dog clings to a man or another animal, and when thrown off, rushes back for a fresh hold; in like manner we are advised to cling, and if we lose our grip then catch hold again and cling, and go on clinging to what is good. No matter how weak we are we partake of the strength of that to which we cling. Job could do nothing but cling, and yet could have done no more effective thing when we cried, "though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Ruth was a fine example of clinging when the Bible pictured her clinging to her mother. We could do little better than take the three words, "test, shun and cling," as watchwords in our Christian pilgrimage.

THE PARSON.

### FROM ABE MARTIN'S "SHORT FURROWS."

(By Kin Hubbard.)

We all like our relatives when we're little. Flattery won't hurt you if you don't swallow it.

It's no disgrace t' be poor, but it might as well be.

Live so you kin go t' th' thea-ter without makin' your grocer mad.

It pays t' be honest, but it don't pay enough t' suit some fellers.

You kin allus bet a storekeeper with a bell on his door don't advertise.

Nobuddy works as hard fer his money as th' feller that marries it.

Ever' once in a while some feller without a single bad habit gits caught.

The thing that's depoplatin' th' farms mor'n anything else is that you can't plough an' be a dude.

I can't figure out how chicken-pie got its name.

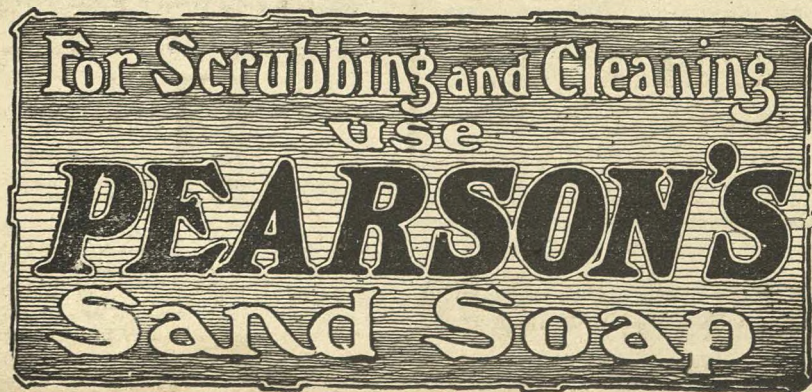
When you do find a boy that's tryin' t' get a education, he sems t' think ever'body in th' world ought t' help him.

Ez Pash says he allus hates t' break in a clean towel.

Folks that blurt out jist what they think wouldn't be so bad if they thought.

Transparent hosiery hain't doin' much t' boom th' straight and narrow path.

If some folks don't know somethin' bad about somebuddy, they don't say nothin'.



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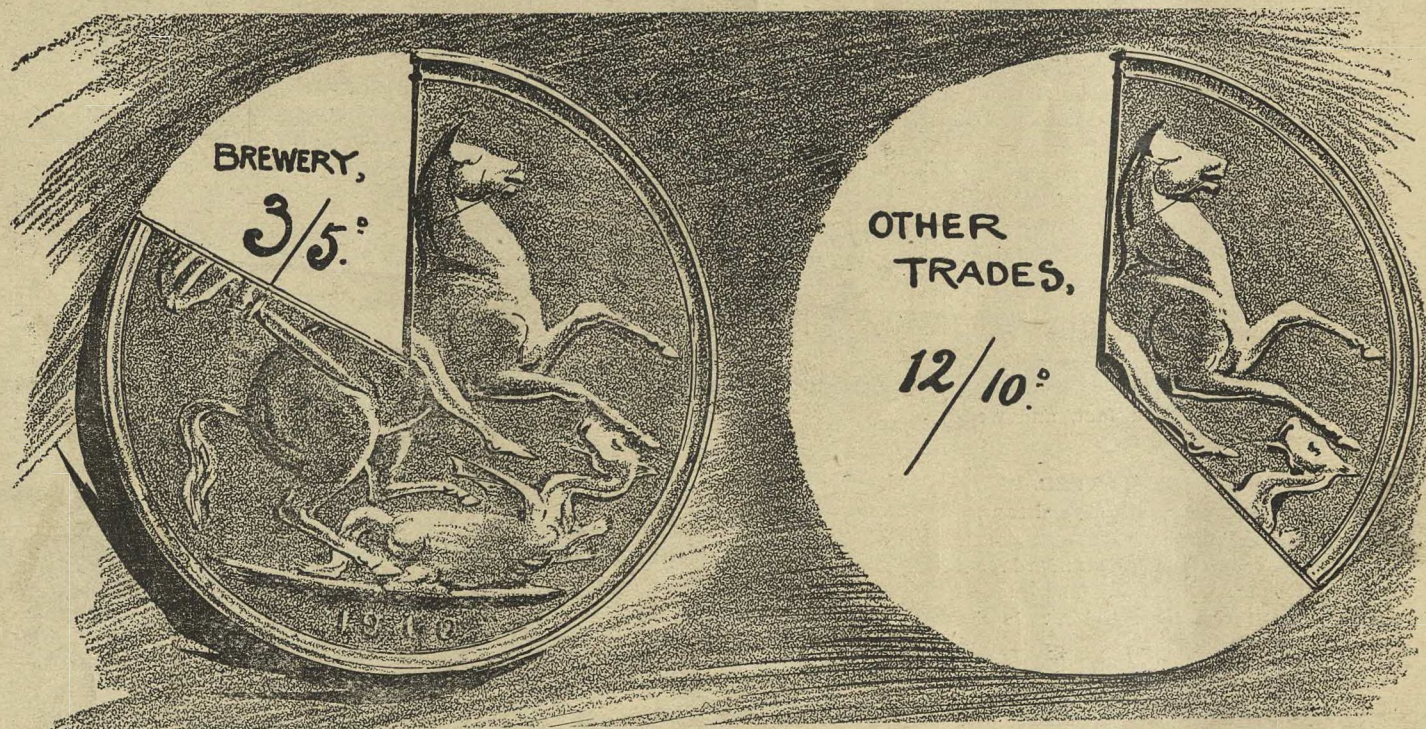
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