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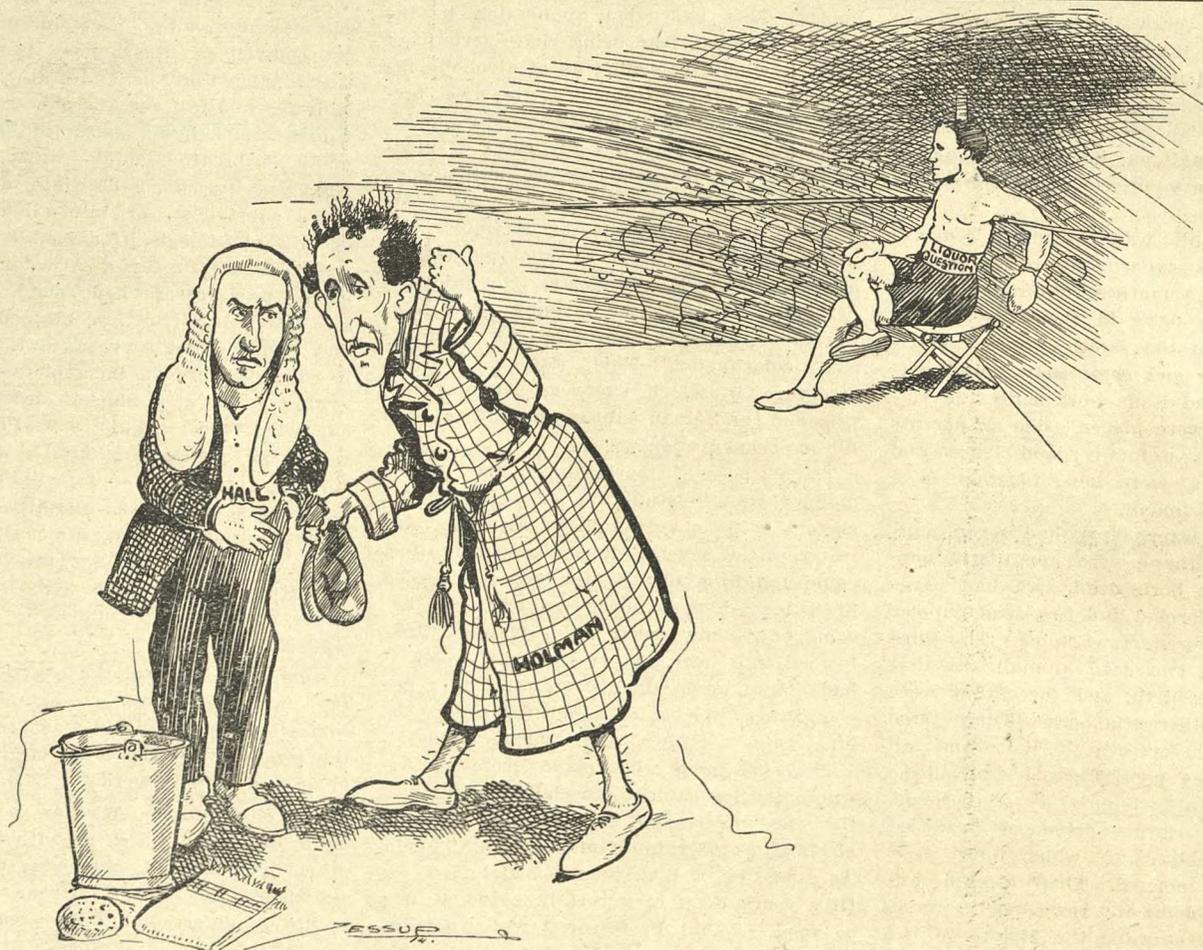
A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VIII. No. 17.

Price One Penny.

THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1914.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.



WHY HE DODGED.

BILLY:—"Here, Dave, you put on the gloves with this chap; of course I'm not afraid, but I have a bad heart."

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What Science Says About Alcohol.

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

(Continued from last Issue.)

Before this happened, however, the dogs were frequently exercised in the university gymnasium to test their muscular efficiency. Balls were thrown a distance of one hundred feet and the animals invited to retrieve them. In all these exercises the non-alcoholic dogs demonstrated twice the efficiency of their less fortunate associates. Though strong drink apparently had no effect in diminishing canine intelligence, it did serve to make the animals exceedingly timid. The slightest disturbance threw them into paroxysms of fear; the blowing of a whistle, the ringing of a bell, would make them howl and yelp. Bum, whose alcoholic condition justified its name, began "to see things"—to have drunken hallucinations; he would frequently start at imaginary objects and begin howling.

Tipsy—and this was the most remarkable fact in the experiment—proved a dismal failure as a mother. Professor Hodge established two pairs in the same kennel, all sprung from the same stock, all originally well born and completely sound animals. Tipsy and Bum, both sadly the victims of drink, were placed aside as parents of one prospective family; and Topsy and Nig, teetotalers, were kept together in a separate establishment.

At her first litter Tipsy had seven puppies. Four of these were apparently normal; two were born dead, two had hare-lips. Three deformed and two dead puppies resulted from her next whelping. The third litter contained two dead animals, six that died soon after birth, and three that were deformed. Another trial gave Tipsy three "children," all perfectly formed—and all dead. This time poor Tipsy herself died.

In her several attempts at motherhood, therefore, this canine drunkard produced twenty-six whelps, of which only four proved to be normal. That alcohol explained these domestic tragedies is made clear when we examine the history of the associated family. Non-alcoholic Topsy, in this same period, was safely brought to bed of forty-five puppies, of which forty-one turned out to be credits, physically and mentally, to their parents!

"Possibly the most important results," says Professor Hodge, in commenting on these facts, "relates to the vigor and normality of offspring. Considered in relation to the general subject, our experiments supply additional evidence to prove that alcohol

in small amounts exerts an inhibiting or sedative influence upon certain physiological processes. The evidence also supports the general conclusion of hygienists that, in feats of strength and endurance, alcohol should be avoided. On the psychic side, kittens showed a sudden collapse, not only of intelligence, but even of fundamental instincts. With dogs no impairment of general intelligence was manifested, except that timidity developed as a characteristic psychosis. This has wide application to the human problem, fear being characteristic of acute alcoholic poisoning as of alcoholic insanities. Delirium tremens is the most terrible fear psychosis known."

Several years ago the advocates of alcohol found considerable comfort in the work of Professor William O. Atwater, of Wesleyan University. Professor Atwater was unquestionably a great scientist as well as a most ingenious gentleman. He enjoys a particular fame as the inventor of a celebrated contrivance known as the "respiration colorimeter." This was a box-like structure, in which Professor Atwater imprisoned the human subjects he had selected for experimentation.

The purpose of imprisoning a man in this manner was to study the effects upon his system of his ingested food. Professor Atwater, after several days' experimentation, could tell to a nicety just how much food his subject had devoured and what had become of it—how much the body had transformed into heat and energy, how much it had stored up in the tissues for future use—in other words, he could determine the "fuel value" of the several articles of diet.

The experiment that made Professor Atwater and his cabinet especially famous was the one undertaken to determine whether alcohol, in moderate quantities, was a "food." As a matter of fact, science had known for fifty years that, in a certain sense, it was a "food." What Professor Atwater demonstrated was that it had greater food value than had hitherto been suspected. If consumed in moderate quantities, the body actually utilizes about ninety-eight per cent. That is, the human system does not throw it off, as it does other substances not useful to the bodily organism, but actually absorbs it, makes it a part of itself, and transforms it into heat that may, under certain conditions, ultimately serve a physiological purpose as muscular power.

Although, as already said, scientific men manifested no surprise at the outcome of this experiment, it produced an enormous sensation in temperance circles. The fact that Professor Atwater's experiment had been performed at a Methodist university gave his discovery a touch of unconscious humor. The distinguished professor announced his results in language that seemed to imply a keen relish in the outcome—as though he had succeeded in "putting one over" on the W.C.T.U.

But, after all, the disclosure was not a startling one. When Professor Atwater declared that "alcohol was a food" he did not mean that it was a food in the sense that beefsteak, potatoes, rice, and Boston baked beans are food. When a scientist says that a certain article is a food, he means that it consists of one or all of the chemical molecules known as proteins, carbohydrates, and fats. Everything that the system receives it ultimately transforms into one of these mysterious substances. The first is the chemical constituent that develops into muscle; while the carbohydrates and fats are the things which the body burns or oxidises and changes into energy. Proteins make the inert body itself—the bones, tissues, fingernails, internal organs, and brains; the carbohydrates and fats are the agencies that galvanise this helpless mass into action—that make it breathe, think, walk, and work. Anything transformable into any one of these substances, or into all of them at once, is physiologically a food.

Alcohol, as Professor Atwater and many of his predecessors had found, did change into heat. However, it contained no protein and so could not serve as a tissue-builder. It was therefore an incomplete food, or, as Professor Atwater himself described it, "a one-sided food." Again, says Professor Atwater, "it cannot be taken in large quantities by ordinary people without intoxication, and even if large quantities are tolerated, it cannot support life permanently; it lacks the nitrogenous and mineral material constituents which the body requires for tissue-building and numerous other purposes."

Another point, said the experimenter, was that "when it causes no symptoms of intoxication, its action as a drug may impair the efficiency of the most productive muscular and mental work."

And so Professor Atwater seems to have damned his own discovery with faint praise; other physiological chemists, equally distinguished, bombarded it from other standpoints. Unquestionably the greatest American in this line is Professor Chittenden, of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University. Another is Dr. Reid Hunt, at present professor of pharmacology at the Harvard Medical School. Both of these men have given years to studying the physiological effects of alcohol. Both, while freely admitting that alcohol is a food in the sense that the cells oxidise it, have found that, for other reasons, it is an exceedingly dangerous food.

EVELYN THOMSON.

(From "The Evils of Alcohol," by DR. W. A. CHAPPLE, M.P.)

Mrs. Evelyn Thomson was a widow of the age of forty-two. She was without children and had been left ample means from the prosperous business concerns of her late husband. She sat up in bed bedecked with a rich dressing-jacket. She smiled as Doctor O'Sullivan approached the bedside and extended a hand of welcome. She had anxiously watched for his arrival, although she felt a sense of guilt that she should have bothered him to call for such a trifling and silly complaint, as she styled it. She looked healthy if not robust. Her eyes were bright and sparkling. Smiles and laughter chased each other round her bonnie features as she deprecatingly reproved herself for her anxiety concerning her health. "I only noticed it a day or two ago," she said after the usual more or less irrelevant questions had been asked and answered preparatory to a more earnest and detailed examination of the salient symptoms in search of a diagnosis. "I want to write out a cheque and my fingers seemed to refuse to close round the pen. I did not think much of this at first, and I was afraid to test myself again lest the feelings should still be there, and I felt afraid." "Let me see you write," said the doctor, and he handed her a pencil and paper for this purpose, extemporising a desk by a book. She caught the pencil between her fingers and endeavored to retain it in the normal position of a pen, but it rolled between her first and second fingers, and when she tried to force the application of its point to the paper her hand rolled over to the thumb side with an elevation of the elbow and a supplementary lurch forward of her right shoulder and body as if to encourage if not help the effort to write. She looked up in alarm with an anxious gaze, and caught the doctor's downcast, serious glance at her. His penetrating look frightened her. What could it possibly be? She felt as if some dreadful sentence were about to be pronounced upon her. The doctor's steadfast gaze and protracted silence terrified her. She thought of all the illnesses she had had, all the operations she had gone through, all the anxious, agonising moments of her life, when death stole up to her and whispered: "Are you ready?"

"What is it, doctor?" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in her agony of suspense. "Can you walk?" he said, ignoring her entreaty. "Yes," she said eagerly, as if she meant to refute the dreadful diagnosis he was forming in his mind. "Do you ever trip?" he continued. "I did yesterday," she said, "my toes seemed to catch." Get her out on the mat a moment, he said to the nurse, who promptly and deftly obeyed the instructions. Her right foot drooped a little and the great toe first reached the floor. "I have pain sometimes in my legs," she said as she nervously and hesitatingly searched for the floor with her dependent toes. Slowly and cautiously she raised herself upon her feet, and dragged her toes a

little when she attempted to walk with the strong kindly aid of her nurse. "That will do," said the physician after he had examined the feet and tested their sensation with the touch and dexterity of the skilled physician. An air of satisfaction seemed to settle down upon him now. He dived his two hands into his trouser pockets and walked to the window with the air and attitude of a man who had solved a problem, settled a question, and made up his mind. He yawned as he gazed at the passing crowd. He walked across the room and stared nonchalantly at a beautiful painting on the wall. The nurse meanwhile helped her patient to bed, deftly adjusting the clothes to the tune of pleasant and cheerful little remarks and caressing instructions.

The cessation of the movements behind him turned the doctor from the picture. "How much do you drink?" he shot out as he fixed his gaze upon his patient. The nurse was rather stunned by the directness and almost ferocity of the inquiry. It was true her patient, whom she had just been called in to attend in anticipation of the doctor's visit, had asked for and received several thimblefuls of brandy, but then she was a little overstrung, was anxious about her condition, and what more natural than that she should fortify the occasion with a stimulant and have provided in her bedroom that ubiquitous charm against all distressing emergencies? She had thought nothing of it. Moreover there were no facial appearances inconsistent with abstinence from any excessive indulgence in alcoholic liquors. There was no red nose to disfigure the face once undoubtedly handsome if the lingering evidence of the traits of beauty that still remained could be trusted. Moreover corroborative evidence was to be found in handsome portraits that adorned her bedroom wall and it was no wonder that the suggestion which the doctor's question implied should strike the nurse notwithstanding her long experience, as being unjustified. Mrs. Thomson blushed, looked down for a moment and then hesitatingly replied. "Oh, not much, nothing to speak of," and then hesitatingly and nervously continued to qualify her not much. "But how much?" persisted the doctor. "Oh, just occasionally if I feel run down. I suffer a lot from my nerves and Dr. Speckmann who used to attend me always advised me to keep something in the house. I used to take fainting fits, and then I lost my appetite and I could not sleep, and I used to have to take a little to steady my nerves; but never very much, and I'm sure it never hurt me; in fact, it always did me good, for I felt the better for it." And so she wandered on, conscious of the fixed and searching gaze that fell upon her from the doctor's piercing eyes. There were no doubt other sources of evidence, the doctor thought to himself, and he graciously relieved his patient of her embarrassment by a few irrelevant remarks, some hopeful sug-

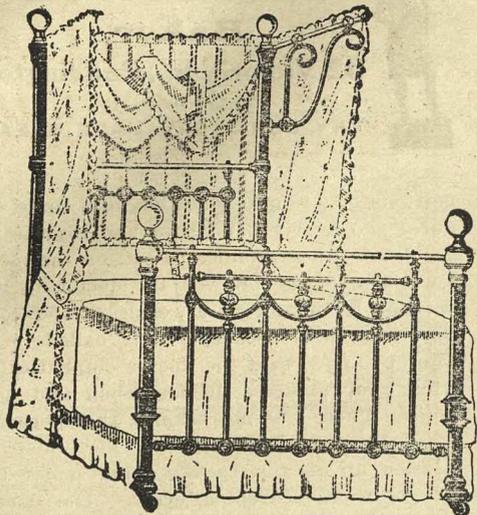


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gestions, a bright encouraging smile, a warm and hearty handshake and a pleasant goodbye, with a promise to call on the morrow. The nurse followed the doctor to the drawing-room and as a result of the consultation the housekeeper was called in. I want to know, said the doctor emphatically, what your mistress drinks; when and how much. There was no escaping that peremptory demand. Loyalty to her mistress frizzled up as a shapeless thing under the fire of those searching eyes. The doctor fixed his gaze and waited patiently for a reply. The nurse stood aside in mute but anxious suspense, and now felt secured in her mind that nothing but the fact could justify the conclusion that had evidently formed itself in that doctor's mind. The housekeeper cast her restless downcast eyes upon the floor and plucked at the edge of her apron with finger and thumb. "Well, sir, I am always telling Mrs. Thomson she takes too much; but she is so nervous, poor thing, and she sleeps so badly, and she can hardly ever eat anything, that it is hard to know what to give her." "But how much does she drink and what?" insisted the doctor. "Well she takes a little brandy at nights." "But how much in the day?" said the doctor. "How much since yesterday—how much since this time yesterday?" "Well, sir, I must tell you. I got this bottle yesterday morning and that is all that is left now, and I never take anything myself, you know." "And for how long has she been taking that, do you know?" "Well, I have been with her two years," she said, "but she did not always drink quite so much as that." The doctor released the witness, gave instructions to the nurse, left a prescription and was gone.

Four months went slowly by—oh, so slowly. Those sentenced fingers soon went one by one and lost their power to move. Their first refusal to write was death's messenger. Their last effort was their cross to her will. The other fingers soon followed their neighbors, the wrist dropped, the arm refused to be raised. The toes pointed more and no effort but the nurse's could move those dying feet. Her power to articulate became defective, the features dropped and hung upon her face. Her eyes receded in their sockets. Her skin fell into folds, turned livid and cold. Her eyes ceased to move in unison and sympathy and parted from each other. They stared abstractedly into space and lost the power to focus on nearer things. A kindly question or remark brought no response. She lost the power to sit erect. Bedsores entered their clamorous protest against the dead and sullen weight of her motionless frame. Pillows and pads protected her elbows and her heels from cruel

(Continued on Page 14.)



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STATE COUNCIL MEETING.

The monthly meeting of the State Council was largely attended on Monday afternoon. The Acting President, Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, presided. Several new representatives from affiliated societies and leagues were present.

The resignation of Rev. John Paterson, M.A., as vice-president, was received, Mr. Paterson having left for N.Z. The Council expressed its keen appreciation of the great service rendered to the Alliance in this State. Mr. Paterson's resignation was accompanied by a cheque for £5.

The Council received the news of the death of Rev. R. M. Laverty with deep regret, and passed a resolution of sympathy with Mrs. Laverty, who is a much valued worker and a member of the executive of the Alliance.

The question of the bazaar was discussed, and an enlarged committee appointed to grapple with the organization, programme, etc., in connection with the big financial effort to be made in November.

The financial report showed that the income for the month amounted to £134, and the expenditure £84, thus reducing the overdraft by £50.

The General Secretary reported on his North Coast tour, which had been highly successful in every way in spite of wet weather.

The Council decided to arrange a central public meeting in connection with the visit of

Dr. Sheldon (author of "In His Steps") who comes direct from the Prohibition State of Kansas.

SPECIAL REDUCTION COURT AT LISMORE.

The special court appointed to determine the number of licenses to be reduced in the Lismore electorate, has concluded its work. There were 20 hotels in the electorate, and whilst five could have been closed by the court they have only decided upon closing two. The two to be closed are the Caledonian, Wyrallah, and the Rous Hotel at Rous. These are the only licensed houses in these localities, so they will at the end of three years be under No-License. The effect of the Reduction vote on the Richmond River had been better than in many other places, because it has placed several localities outside the reach of a pub. Newrybar and Tintinbar are both barless.

FINED FOR SUNDAY SELLING.

The "under strict Government supervision" enthusiasts are reminded that at Wellington (N.S.W.) the licenses of the Bridge and Club House Hotels have each been fined £3 for Sunday selling. An ordinary citizen who sells liquor without a license is fined £30, but a publican who sells on Sunday, or after hours when he hasn't got a license to sell is fined £3. Another instance of preference to publicans.

"NOTES FOR MOTHERS."

The Federal Government has decided to issue a pamphlet entitled "Notes to Mothers," among persons applying for the Maternity allowance. In this pamphlet a warning is given against alcohol in any form. The preparation of the "Notes" has been in the hands of the Victorian branch of the B.M.A.

GLUCESTER REDUCTION COURT.

In the Gloucester electorate, where No-License was missed by less than one per cent. of the votes polled, the following hotels lose their licenses under the reduction issue:—Manning River Hotel, Cundleton; Royal Hotel, Tinonee, Federal Hotel, Upper Cooperbrook; and Callaghan's wine license at Stoney Creek.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

A gentleman has presented to the Alliance a copy of Webster's International Dictionary (1900 edition). This volume splendidly bound and being complete in every detail originally cost £4/10/-. It is now on sale at the Alliance office for 35/-. Call at 33 Park-st., and inspect the volume. We heartily thank the donor.

DIAMOND MATCH PEOPLE DRY.

Another Great Industry Swats Drinking Habit.

Following the lead of other great corporations, the Diamond Match Company has issued the following order to its employees:

"Commencing with June 1st, 1914, all employees of the company must refrain from using intoxicating liquors, and all officers shall refuse employment to men known to frequent saloons."

The taxi-drivers of London have formed a temperance league which has already secured 500 members.

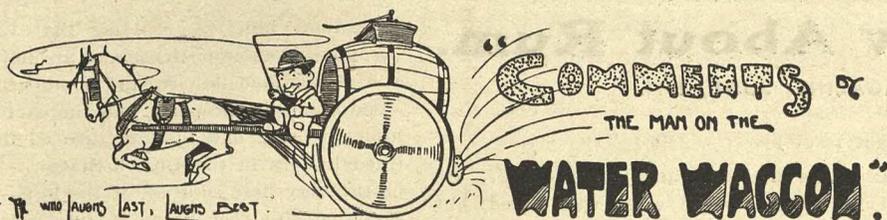
GORGAS APPROVES DANIELS.

Brigadier-General William C. Gorgas, surgeon-general of the army, the man who conquered the mosquitoes of Panama, declares that he is in sympathy with the order of Secretary of the Navy Daniels prohibiting the introduction of liquors on board ship, and he further declares that he believes such an order would do much good in the army.

ALLIANCE BAZAAR

NOVEMBER NEXT.

There will be a "GRIT"
Stall. **GET BUSY!**



SECRET BRIBES AND COMMISSIONS.

We are afraid that were a long list of the gentlemen (and ladies, too, for that matter) who received "commissions" on sales of goods to their employers to be made public—there would be a goodly bunch of dismissals occur pretty quickly.

A large army of employers would get a nasty shock, and they would feel like passing the shock along. Certain public servants would not be exempt—whether the State Government would look askance at them or not is another matter.

The fact remains that bribery is rampant, and the manager of one large typewriter-dealing establishment informed the "Waggoner" once that he thought half the people of Sydney lived on commissions.

It is certainly not reached such a stage here yet as obtains in America if the following cable can be taken as a criterion.

It ran as follows:—

STEERING A CORPSE.

AMUSING NEW YORK CASE.

Undertaker and Doctor.

(Independent Cable Association.)

NEW YORK, Sunday.

The first case in which it has been reliably established that compacts exist between doctors and undertakers has been heard here.

Dr. Ignatz Schwartz and Frank Winter, an undertaker, appeared in the Harlem Court to air their grievances.

They were arrested after a fight at Winter's obituary emporium. During the battle the medico fell out of a window and landed on his head in a snowdrift.

The cause of the row was a demand by Schwartz of £3 from Winter for commission on an embalming and interment job. Schwartz's patient died, and he rushed to the telephone and gave Winter the order.

The undertaker paid the doctor £1, and refused to give more. The fight followed.

In dismissing Schwartz's claim, the magistrate said:—"You are a fine doctor—a credit to your noble profession. If ever I

hear of you claiming a rake-off for steering a corpse to the undertaker's shop I'll sooil my dog on you."

We feel quite sure there are no special 'phone lines connecting our medicos' rooms with any mortuary establishment, but we do think the commission business is rapidly extending in our midst, and will soon blossom out in unabashed arrogance if not nipped in the bud.

THE PERNICIOUS EFFECT.

It is the moral effect of this bribery business which tells the reflex action upon the "receiver." It must cause a lessening of one's self respect—also a demoralising feeling that one has lost one's independence. Some small minded salesman can at any moment bring into play a mild sort of blackmail, and that is by no means a nice idea to take to bed with one.

On general principles a man or woman must lose heavily by descending in such a manner, forgetting for the moment the other possible effects in the way of blackmail.

What then shall we say of the bribers?

In victoria a stern application of the "Secret Commissions Act" has led to these gentlemen being regarded in their proper light.

Few people care to risk the possible exposure and public condemnation.

This is as it should be—a strong public sentiment is a fine deterring force. It has ever been so, is now, and ever will be.

THE CRUX OF THE MATTER.

We do not think it is necessary to prove to our readers why bribery is a gross moral evil. Surely no servant considers it reasonable that he should sacrifice his master's interests, which he is paid to conserve, for pecuniary gain?

Such is morally unthinkable. The fact of the matter is just this. Many people fall easily into the habit of looking for some little "present" or bonus if they are exercising the power of ordering goods, and quite simply overlook the fact that at times this leads to the subversion of their judg-

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ment and discretion. Like all other vices, this bad habit is of insidious growth, especially if the donor be a master hand.

The only stand to take in the matter is one of abhorrence of such a bad principle—this both by buyers and sellers. Such an attitude can with advantage be displayed before their various staffs and much trouble obviated.

LIQUOR A BAR TO PROMOTION.

In the "Wall Street Journal," of New York, of April 3, it is stated that a sweeping order affecting the chances of promotion of employees of the Steel Corporation's mills, in the Youngstown district, who use intoxicating drinks, has been promulgated. The order, which is the first of the kind in the Steel Corporation mills, affects more than 6000 men, and reads as follows:—"Hereafter all promotions of any character whatever will be made from the ranks of those who do not indulge in intoxicating liquors of any kind, and are known to be abstainers or teetotallers in all the meaning that these words imply. Foremen in the various departments are instructed to rigidly enforce this rule." The Bessemer and Lake Erie Railroad shops, a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, has inserted in the pay envelopes of their employees a slip bearing the pictures of a keg of beer and a sack of flour, with the query, "Which do you buy?" The company is exerting itself to the utmost to make all of its men total abstainers as a matter of business efficiency. Experiments by Drs. Berg and Mayer, of Germany, show that one glass of beer per day will decrease the working efficiency of an office-worker 7 per cent., and the loss of efficiency in the case of a man who works with his hands is still greater.

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What We Know About Rum.

FROM EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, JUNE, 1914.

(Continued from last Issue.)

ONE—OF MANY.

By J. B. WAUKEGAN, Ill.

IV.

Dorothy lives with her parents, and is just a shadow of her former self. In September she is going back to teach.

We are having "wet" and "dry" meetings in Waukegan now. Dorothy spoke in the Armory the other evening, and there was not a dry eye in the house when she had finished. But will that make Waukegan go "dry"? No, for while grass grows and water flows, Rum will flow in Waukegan, Lake County, Illinois.

A SALOONKEEPER'S SUGGESTIONS.

By M.J.W., Chicago, Ill.

The association of vice with the liquor traffic has a tendency to degrade and demoralise the business. Saloonkeepers who limit their activities to the lawful privileges conferred by their license do not have to pay any blackmail.

No brothel can run on the sneak. They can only be profitably conducted when they are assured they will not be interfered with by the local authorities. They must pay blackmail in order to be let alone. They can pay a higher price if they sell liquor. Therefore every person permitted to run a brothel is also a liquor dealer, even though an unlicensed purveyor of intoxicants. He could not run this kind of a disorderly place for 24 hours if he did not pay for immunity from arrest.

If a few friends play cards for the drinks or ten or twenty-five cents a corner it is a pastime and there is no harm done. When a saloonkeeper runs games by which the patrons can be skinned out of all their earnings, he is doing something which is going to bring down on him the odium and ill-will of the people of the community. Can he do this in spite of the authorities? He can not. He does not attempt to do so. Before he takes one bet he finds out how much it will cost him to run the game without interference.

Here are three features occasionally found in connection with the liquor business which are very frequently referred to by the anti-liquor man as a justification for the absolute prohibition of the traffic. The prohibition orator might just as well ask for the elimination of the hat dealer, or shoe dealer, or dry-goods dealer for the same reason.

A committee from the organized liquor dealers waited on a farmer mayor of Chicago and asked him to forbid the sale of liquor in brothels and to forbid the use of immoral women as snares in saloons. Remember that the men who asked for this were not long-haired, sharp-featured, attenuated persons of the "beloved brethren," holier-than-thou type—they were just ordinary saloonkeepers.

Did this mayor grant this request? He did not refuse to do what was asked, but nothing was done during his administration.

In the debate between Hillquit and Dr. Ryan I notice that the clergyman strongly condemns the Socialist party for their failure to declare for compensating the owners of any property they might socialise. I have often heard that argument in my saloon between a Socialist and a non-Socialist. In every instance the Socialist has taken the liquor traffic as an illustration of the indifference of the capitalistic lawmaker to the property rights of men who have made their investments in accordance with every existing law.

The Socialist has shown how the anti-liquor men in their plea for prohibition have justified confiscatory laws by claiming that they were inspired by their regard for women and children. The Socialist then shows the shallow hypocrisy of the capitalistic lawmakers by pointing out States in which there are prohibition laws, but where children less than ten years of age are employed under conditions that undermine their health and destroy their character.

It is quite evident that the lawmaker who votes dry because his heart is affected by the misery of children soon finds his heart fearfully hard when he is asked to do something that might ameliorate the frightful condition of the child factory-worker, but would reduce the profit of the good church-going man who owns the factory.

When the Republic of Switzerland investigated the temperance question they found that those men who had acquired a reputation as worthless, drunken loafers were invariably men who drank absinthe intemperately. Switzerland passed a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of absinthe. On the day the law became effective the Government took charge of all distilleries and stocks, and paid the owners.

A commission appointed by the French Government to investigate the growth of intemperance in France did not advocate the prohibition of all intoxicating liquors; but it did advise the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of absinthe.

There has never been a temperance question in any country in the world where the people of such country limited their drinking to brewed or fermented liquors. It is only after people have acquired a desire for distilled liquors that the conservative men of any country find it necessary to agitate for regulation.

THE BEST SOLUTION.

In every case that has come under my observation the man who develops into a hopeless inebriate has drunk a distilled liquor of some kind.

If Senator Works, of California, would

amend his bill, by providing that the Government assume possession of all distilleries and all distilled liquors, and compensate the owners of such property and thereafter prohibit the sale and manufacture of the distilled liquors in the United States, it would be the very best solution of the liquor question that has ever been offered by a public official in this country.

The absolute prohibition of every form of intoxicating liquor is a task which those communities who have enacted dry laws have found it very difficult to accomplish. It has caused many men to become sneaks and lawbreakers who were otherwise law-abiding, useful, and honorable members of the community. Others have been led into the habit of using harmful drugs. Many have acquired a taste for distilled liquors because they are easier to get in a dry town. Beer and wine are not as profitable for the men who run "blind pigs."

I believe the proper solution of the rum question is to eliminate distilled liquors from the traffic, and permit the sale of brewed and fermented liquors only. Let the license be high, and let the number of saloons be limited to not more than one saloon to each 500 persons. Let the New Zealand method of deciding wet or dry territory prevail. In that country a three-fifths vote is required to make a change either way. Let the question of wet or dry be confined to the people of the licensing political divisions. When saloons are voted out let the town which has participated in the profits of the liquor traffic compensate the saloonkeeper and take possession of his property.

THE THINGS THAT ARE NOT CAESAR'S.

By HERMAN KUEHN, Minneapolis, Minn.

"What about the liquor question? Can it be settled? What is the way to settle it—the right way?"

These interrogatories by "Everybody's" will doubtless evoke a flood of suggestions as to how the State ought to go about solving the problem. Yet that is precisely what governmental processes have never succeeded in accomplishing. All that we have of progress has been wrested from Caesar—never contributed by him. Neither monarchy nor democracy, nor any scheme or device of coercion or restraint can successfully cope with a psychological problem.

And that is what the liquor question really is. Neither prelate, potentate, nor politician can effectually deal with a problem that has its root in Desire. Desire permits but one solution—gratification.

Political processes, seeking to hinder gratification, serve but to stimulate desire. The intensity of desire is enhanced by the very difficulties interposed between it and its gratification.

In this respect the drink habit is normal—that is, it is natural for the habit to persist so long as it is opposed. Nevertheless the drink addiction is an abnormality because it is the result of perversion. Every

perverted desire is the "natural" result of the undertaking to stifle a normal desire.

Let the most ardent prohibitionist cite what facts he may, he can not overstate his case. And though he wing his flight to the uttermost realms of fancy and depict the horrors wrought by drunkenness on the scale in which it obtains in our country at this day, his indictment will probably not be grossly overdrawn. But when he has marshalled his array of "horrible examples" and gruesome instances he straightway leaps to the conclusion that an appeal to Caesar is the "next step." In fact it is the only step he knows anything about. He takes no counsel of the experience of all the past. Nor does he realise that he, and such as he, do mode to excite a demand for strong drink than do the manufacturers of such beverages.

The "drink evil" is not the real issue. It is not a problem per se. It is but a minor ramification of the most important problem confronting the student of biology—man's relation to his environment.

Don't shudder! I shall not indulge an expedition from the inane to the germane. I mean to stick to the text. And my answer to the question: "Can it be settled" is, No! It will settle itself when we quit trying to settle it by legislation. We must quit rendering unto Caesar the things that Caesar always botches.

There is neither wholesomeness nor intelligence in attacking symptoms.

So much by way of preface. Now for some facts:—

The cost of pure whisky (with corn around 50 cents the bushel) is about 7 cents the gallon. Including a perfectly good little brown jug, the retail price of a gallon would not exceed 30 cents.

At such a price there would be no incentive to adulterate the commodity.

Were there no restrictions upon the sale of the product "the saloon" would be unprofitable and therefore impossible.

"Treating" would find more intelligent expression.

[The history of Norway, Sweden, and France give the lie to this.—Ed. "Grit."]

THE HIGH COST OF GETTING DRINK.

In view of these facts, let us see what becomes of the averment that the people of our country expend some two billions of dollars annually for strong drink. I have no exact data whereupon ^{may be} to base the computation, but taking the price at which pure whisky could be bought in a freetrade market and the price that adulterated substitutes command, we shall find that nine-tenths of the outlay is for licenses, excises, imposts, taxes, and the enormous cost of espionage and collection, together with the various species of graft, tribute, and excessive profits involved in the traffic.

Whatever the cost, it may be too much. Let the moralists attend to that phase of the question. Fidelity to fact, however, demands that we charge up nine-tenths of

that two billions annually to the account that absorbs the dollars and not to the drink addition. Drinkers pay it, doubtless, but not for drink. They pay it in order to overcome the obstacles that stand between them and gratification of desire.

Strictly speaking (if strictly speaking be not barred), most of those two billions are blackmail, levied under the guise of benevolence. Hell is paved with the material of just such benevolence. The intention may be good, but this may also be said of that animating the kindly chap who threw his drowning friend a crowbar.

Where strong drinks are free from adulteration and from the enhancement in price due to meddling restrictions, the effects would not justify the lurid diatribes of the Prohibitionist. One rarely sees a resident of the wine-growing regions of France who drinks to excess.

[This is only true of those who never go to France.—Ed. "Grit."]

"TREATING"—A GOOD THING PERVERTED.

As for the "treating" habit: it has met with an altogether undeserved measure of detraction. "Treating" is a fine manifestation of neighborliness, hospitality, generosity, and good-fellowship. That "evils" have grown out of such expressions of goodwill is not at all due to the animating motive. Such "evils" are obtruded upon goodfellowship because governmentally perverted processes have forced a generous impulse into dangerous channels. Were there no far more serious indictment against reliance upon Caesar, this alone were sufficient to condemn our blind idolatry. To turn friendliness from its natural current into a slough of debauchery and debasement is a natural effect of the superstition that obsesses the mass of contemporaneous mankind.

Were whisky as cheap as buttermilk and were drinking places not fostered by the very processes designed to curb them, treating would still persist, but would find more wholesome expression.

Prohibitionists profess to find that the drink habit is a cause of poverty. Others that poverty causes the habit. Only empiricists divide on this phase of the issue. It is a mark of superficiality to look for various causes for involuntary poverty. There is but one. It can be found in the primitive deference we pay to land titles. That, of course, is not within the scope of the present discussion.

Nor shall I consider here the arguments for or against the propriety of including wines and beers within the general oburgation heaped upon stronger spirituous drinks. For the sake of brevity I confine myself to saying that where there are no restrictions and no inducements to adulterate them, they are better if otherwise good, and not so bad if otherwise blameworthy.

What I have here set forth is sufficient to condemn me, offhand, in the eyes of any Prohibitionist as a debauchee, a drunkard,

ONLY ONE QUALITY,
THE BEST.
THAT DESCRIBES
KING TEA
At a price within the reach of all, viz., 1/6
per lb. Why pay more?
ABSOLUTELY PURE
ALWAYS FRESH
RICH and REFRESHING.

and an "enemy of society." Yet I am free of the drink habit and have a decided preference for associating with temperate and intelligent people; especially with such as are free from the intemperance of meddlingness.

Governmental activities have done more than all else to produce the deplorable conditions under consideration.

[When they have been able to control the sale, as in Russian.—Ed. "Grit."]

THE CURE—MORE LIBERTY.

What, then, is to be done? Nothing. We must quit doing as we have been doing. And thus give normality its opportunity. Macaulay tells us that the so-called "evils of liberty" are merely evidences that there has not been liberty enough. Liberty is the freedom of each person to do whatsoever he will at his own cost. Nor is "at his own cost" a limitation upon liberty. It is of the essence of liberty. For whoso does anything at another's cost is not exercising liberty but violating it.

The abstraction we call the State, exercising sovereignty over a subject class (and that is as true of a democracy as in a monarchy or autocracy), has in all ages sought to mould, curb, or stifle desire. Every page of history teems with instances. Failures all! Surely in an array so multitudinous we should find a single record of success. We look for it in vain. Yet always this infatuation persists—that what has always baffled the interplay of cause and effect is somehow, some time, to be effectuated by act of Congress!

Liberty and decency. This is but another way of saying "cause and effect." Despotism and misery is another paraphrase equally valid. Freedom alone can assure us of social harmony and individual well-being.

[I.e., freedom from the allurements of Government-protected liquor-selling.—Ed. "Grit."]

DRY 113; WET 96.

A majority of the municipalities voting on the license question in Minnesota recently carried for no-license. There were 113 dry victories, and 96 went wet. The wets regained eight, while the dries took over eighteen.

Ma sat weeping in the kitchen,
And the bailiff in the hall
Was a-smoking and a-striking
Nasty matches on the wall.
Men had rolled up all the carpets,
And removed the furniture;
But Daddy hid the cabinet
Of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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

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THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1914.

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Do you want a bound copy? Please order at once; only a limited number are available. We would be very grateful for any copies of July 31st, 1913, No. 20.

A TEETOTAL ARMY.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—The Czar, in a decree, absolutely forbids soldiers, including the reservists, during their period of instruction, to drink alcoholic liquors, thus making the army teetotal.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

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

A Personal Chat with my readers

LIQUOR REFORM IN N.Z.

Mr. Wesley Spragg, President of the New Zealand Alliance, speaking at the Convention held last week in Wellington, said:—

"We have never found our opponents so anxious, so determined, so compactly organized, so lavish with their money, and so intent on defeating us, at any rate for the present. These people realise as fully as we realise, that they are approaching their Waterloo. They will bring to bear all the craft which they can bring to bear upon it. But I want you to bear in mind that craft is not wisdom; and that there is no movement they can make which will not conspire to their own destruction. There is no statement that they can make which will not help us if we use it. Then you must bear in mind that while they are in this condition—in a panic because of the nearness of the dissolution of their awful business—our people with that knowledge are inspired."

A friend of mine who has been ruined through liquor writes to me thus in reference to the attitude of the Liquor people in connection with the demand for a bare majority:—"I see by to-day's paper that 'Bung' is squealing because his only chance of not getting blown out is that the gun won't carry the distance after it has been proved that the weapon has found the mark nicely at the range. But 'Bung' shouldn't howl, he always fights 'all in' individually at any rate, so I presume he does the same collectively.

"When he is not particular what sort of ammunition he uses to spread his supporters out you can't expect him to be too scrupulous with his enemies."

A TALK WITH GIRLS.

Some things we know we ought to do and our failure to do them is almost entirely due to our distrust of ourselves, our fear that we cannot do them well. I always tell my men friends that if you don't know a man it is a good thing to know some one who does know him, and if you don't know the Lord Christ it is a fine thing to know some one who does know Him. All of us feel that both girls and boys need some counsel, and yet we shrink from giving it, and conscience frequently brings home to us the cowardice and far-reaching consequence of our neglect. In this as in other matters, if you don't know how to it, it is a good thing to know some one who does. In reference to boys I have more than once offered to provide suitable booklets by a medical man that are invaluable, and that not only may but should be

put in everybody's hands. Teaching girls has not received quite the same attention, but I am glad to say there is a little booklet entitled "A Talk with Girls about Themselves," which is published by the Australian White Cross League. The writer of the booklet, which is in the form of a letter, is a woman with a deep love and intimate knowledge of girlhood, for, in simple language that any girl can read, she makes an appeal to girls to so fill their minds with good and lovely thoughts that there is no room for other ones. She also considers the needs of the growing girl's body, and advises healthy exercises and sensible clothing, and sufficient sleep and rest, reminding her readers that the body is God's gift, and should be treated with dignity and respect, and advising them to take up some hobby. In comparing a girl's mind to a garden, she says: "It is not enough to weed out the bad, we need to plant the good;" and later on, speaking of that discontent which is so often found in growing girls, she gives this good advice: "Cultivate every day a habit of thankfulness and praise. It is a good plan, if ever you feel depressed or miserable, just to make a list of all your blessings, and think also of how much better off you are than many others."

We must teach sanely and simply the facts of life, and by letting in the clear light of knowledge where all was dark and unwholesome before, and, above all, by setting a high standard of thought and action in daily life, we will make a contribution to the modern crusade against evil and ignorance.

THE "GRIT" STALL.

The Alliance Bazaar is to be held early in November, and the "Grit" stall is to be the brightest spot there. Several have asked what I want for the stall. Well, it will be a kind of Noah's Ark stall, containing everything from a pin to an anchor, and from a bantam to an elephant. Anything that can possibly be sold will be sold at this stall if you send it. The ne's and ni's will, I hope, occupy one side of the stall with the fruit of their skill and labor. If you want material please write and ask me for it. Surely it is not too much to ask the thousands of "Grit" readers to send at least 500 articles for sale? The question is what will you send, and can you make any suggestion to help your own stall.

The Editor

A DOLEFUL OUTLOOK.

NOTHING FOR NOTHING AND VERY LITTLE FOR SIXPENCE.

THE ALLIANCE MAKES OUT A STRONG CASE.

The Premier has added to his many distinctions that of being the first Premier who has refused to receive a deputation from the N.S.W. Alliance. Every Premier in the Commonwealth has within a year received a similar deputation, but on July 7th last the Hon. D. R. Hall, Minister for Justice, was deputed to receive the large and representative deputation that was introduced by Dr. Arthur.

THE DOCTOR'S PLEA.

Dr. Arthur, M.L.A., said:—I would like to point out to you that legislation as far as temperance is concerned must be progressive and must keep step with the needs of the times, and that in the case of this State it is now about eight years since the last bill for regulating the sale of liquor was passed, and since that time has elapsed it has been recognised that there are various amendments which might well be brought about which would tend towards the improvement of the conditions under which the sale of liquor is carried out.

At the time the advocates of temperance made a statement that if the bill was passed they were prepared to accept it as satisfactory legislation for the time being until any defects or discrepancies might be ascertained from the working out by experience. Well, we feel that a very considerable advance was made in the last piece of legislation dealing with this subject, but I think you yourself will admit that very much more needs to be done. The condition as far as the abuse of alcohol in this State is concerned is very grave.

Various proposals will be placed before you this morning which will embody, I understand, the wishes of the Alliance as far as further legislation is concerned. Appeal will also be made that the administration of the present Act should be carried out more thoroughly than at the present time. Under the present Act it is an offence which is visited by severe punishment to sell liquor to intoxicated persons. That clause has been violated; and it is felt by all reasonable persons that if this one clause in the present Act was carried out in a rigorous manner that it would minimise to an enormous extent the gross and growing evils of the liquor traffic which we see round about us.

BEHIND THE DEPUTATION.

The Rev. R. B. S. Hammond was the only speaker, and said:—

"While I fear there is much truth in the old saying that a deputation signifies many but does not signify much, yet there is a value in entering a protest and putting forth one's demands. Behind this deputation are all the Protestant Churches, the I.O.G.T., the Rechabites, the W.C.T.U., the Sons and Daughters of Temperance, and the 250,000 No-License voters. We cannot emphasize too strongly the fact that we know no political party and include all sections of

society. We insist that while this is the most perplexing of all questions, it is equally the most urgent and the most far-reaching of all questions in the realm of practical politics. There is no portion of the civilised world where it is not a burning question, and it is beyond dispute that the nation that first frees itself from the liquor traffic will in arms and in commerce lead the world.

"Briefly we ask for an amendment of the Liquor Act that will permit of the question of License or No-License being settled by a bare majority of the people.

THE DEMAND FOR A BARE MAJORITY.

"We are not discussing the question as to whether majority rule is right or whether it is best, but we claim that since we live under a democratic Government that promises a vote to everyone and one vote one value, that this standard must be applied to the liquor traffic. There is no reason in equity or politics for making the liquor traffic an exception to majority rule. Our constitution can be altered by a bare majority vote. Our Parliament can and has ruled by a majority of one, and settled questions involving vested right and millions of money, and the arguments that support this state of things are all equally applicable to the control of the liquor evil by a bare majority.

"The three-fifths requirement of the Liquor Act is a barrier to social progress, because it creates a class preference, and gives a section of society a value to their vote to which they are not entitled, and class preference has always led to abuse and hardship, and is as fundamentally wrong in this instance as in any other. It is unfair, grossly unfair, since a new license can be granted on a bare majority petition, and we claim for any community the right to object to bars on the same terms as they can be approved of. The only argument against the bare majority is not sustained by experience. It is urged that in such a matter we should aim at stability. The only thing the three-fifths does is to ensure the stability of the liquor evil.

In N.Z. no less than 76 electorates have given a majority against liquor, and yet only 12 have reaped the result of their vote.

In N.S.W. nine electorates at last poll gave a vote for No-License that exceeded the combined vote for Continuance and Reduction by 6357, an average of over 700 votes, and yet they are robbed of their victory, and bars remain in all these areas by the wish of a minority.

In U.S.A., in spite of the fact that the vote is taken annually on a bare majority, liquor is banished with a permanency that places the question beyond doubt.

In 1870 9 per cent. of population under prohibition; in 1880, 14 per cent. of population under prohibition; in 1890, 27 per cent. of population under prohibition; in 1900, 41 per cent. of population under prohibition;

in 1910, 50 per cent. of population under prohibition; and not by the women's vote—since the nine prohibition States have been gained by the vote of men only.

THE QUESTION OF DRUNKENNESS.

We claim that there are facts that warrant an immediate change in the law.

In 1903 in N.S.W. there were 155 persons to every 10,000 convicted for drunkenness. This had risen in 1912 to 185. In New Zealand during the same period the convictions had remained at 112 per 10,000, and only 23 per 10,000 in the No-License areas.

EARLIER CLOSING.

We ask that the principle of earlier closing that now prevails everywhere should be applied to the sale of liquor. It would be in harmony with all recent legislation. It would promote a respect for law and a public order that would give us cause for pride. I would quote in this connection a speech by the Premier, Mr. Holman, who, when speaking on the Liquor Amendment Bill (Hansard, page 3058), said:—"As to the effect that early closing would have upon the streets it must be admitted, from the standpoint of decency, that it would have a good effect. Anybody who had seen the streets of Sydney half-an-hour before 11 o'clock, and half-an-hour after 11, must admit that the general clearing of undesirable characters which occurred at the later hour was largely connected with the fact that 11 o'clock was the closing hour of hotels. An hotel, in itself, was a perfectly respectable establishment, but it was nevertheless the place to which undesirable characters did resort, and the hour of closing was also the hour at which those people left the streets. He did not think anyone could doubt that in the metropolis the order and decency of the city would be largely enhanced by the closing of hotels at an earlier hour, and the rigid enforcement of the law by the police."

On the same occasion Mr. Arthur Griffith (Hansard, page 3059) said:—"It was either right or wrong that hotels should be closed at 10 o'clock. He believed it was right. That people should have to work from 6 in the morning till 11 at night was barbarous and inhuman. The amendment was desirous from every point of view—the drinking would be reduced, the immorality would be reduced, and the rowdiness would be reduced, and it would be better for the people working in the hotels."

It is quite unnecessary to quote any other authorities in favor of our reasonable request.

We allow that the sale of liquor is not on all fours with the sale of meat or bread, neither is it on all fours with the sale of fruit or soft drinks, and since it claims to be exceptional we urge exceptional treatment and ask for a referendum on the lines of that granted in South Australia by which the people may say if they wish the bars closed at 6, 7, 8, 9, or 10 o'clock, the votes to be cumulative. If there is not a majority for 6 then those votes to be counted with the one's for 7, and so on. There is not the

same reason now for late closing that there was 10 years ago. Since all workers cease much earlier than they used to the bars may well be closed correspondingly earlier. We have encouragement in the example of Scotland and New Zealand, who have both a measure of earlier closing.

STATE OPTION.

State option being plank 13 of the Labor Party needs no argument in support of our request that in addition to the local vote a State vote on a bare majority be taken. It would deal a blow at the Brewing monopoly, and nothing would please the temperance party better than the right to go direct for the Brewer. It has the encouraging example of the nine States in America, who are living under prohibitory law.

HON. D. R. HALL.

The Attorney-General, in reply, said:—

I hope you have not felt in making the very able speech that has been put before me that it was necessary to convince me about these things. It would be a very easy thing for me to tell you how sympathetic I have always been towards the temperance movement, and to give you a non-committal answer, and say nothing in particular, and let you go away pleased with me and pleased with yourselves. I don't propose to do that.

It will be better I think for the Alliance to have my views on the difficulty of bringing these measures before this Parliament than merely to make a number of sympathetic statements, and see nothing done as a result.

Now up to the present, since the Local Option Bill was passed, the efforts of the temperance people have been almost entirely devoted to securing votes on behalf of No-License. You have not gone to politicians to ask them to do anything. You have only asked to be allowed to have the contest on election day as to whether No-License, Reduction, or Continuance was to be carried.

But, to-day, the N.S.W. Alliance announces a different policy, and comes to members of Parliament to ask them to do something. We are bound to look back upon the history of our State contests and ask have we made any mistakes in our efforts to secure the co-operation of members of Parliament in the matter of liquor reform, and if so can we remedy any of these mistakes in the future.

A HOPELESS OUTLOOK.

Now, it may be because I take a depressing view of the probable feeling of Parliament to-day, and it may be a mistaken one, but personally I have little hopes of securing very much in the way of liquor reform from the Parliament of to-day. I tell you that frankly, and the reason that I do not expect the present Parliament to do very much in the way of liquor reform is that when the present Parliament was elected the publicans and the liquor interests voted unitedly and temperance interests were divided on election day.

Far be it from me to convey the idea that I am making any complaint as to the treat-

ment that I received at the hands of the temperance people. I don't. Everybody has a perfect right to vote for one party or the other as they choose. If they think that the greatest contest of to-day is between Liberal and Labor they have a right to put that first if they choose.

I want you to consider my experience at Enmore. You will do me the credit of saying that upon the liquor question I spoke with no uncertain voice. When the vote was taken at Enmore I found that wherever No-License was overwhelmingly carried I was overwhelmingly beaten. The people went round the electorate, they read my speeches, and said, "Look what the Minister of Justice says," but the temperance people would not vote for me. They voted upon the question of Labor or Liberal. The liquor interests made no such mistake from their point of view.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond interjected: "But Enmore is not a No-License electorate, and if every No-License voter had voted for you, on their vote alone, you would have been hopelessly beaten. It is also true that you had notable service rendered you by No-License people." To which Mr. Hall said: "I agree that what you say is quite true."

The only way you can get a Parliament that will take your view on the liquor question is have in every electorate 300 or 400 men and women who are prepared to say "We don't care about your Liberal or Labor platform, how do you stand on temperance?" So I point out to you that the first step towards any real Parliamentary reform must rest largely upon the ability of those who believe in this reform to make their voice heard at the poll for those who hold the same views. That is the first difficulty that lies before the temperance movement of to-day. I am not complaining if people don't take that view and put the liquor question first. I don't. I put the Labor platform first. But if we can get people who do do it, we can get more legislation.

THE LIBERAL PARTY.

I have a copy of the Liberal party's platform containing hundreds of proposals, and not one dealing with the liquor traffic. They have proposals on every kind of thing. It is open to temperance people who are in the Liberal party to bring liquor reform before the conference and get it on their platform. They don't trouble. The Labor party has something on its platform about it. Mr. Hammond has said a good deal about the right of the majority of the people to rule. Are we sure that in advocating majority rule we really believe in it when the majority might go against us? We have State option on our (Labor) platform with a right to vote for compensation.

You have a majority in Parliament who put their name to that platform which includes State option with a right to vote on compensation, and if you were prepared to have State option with compensation, it is possible that something may be done. But I am afraid that anything brought for-

ward in that direction would not meet the approval of many temperance people.

A LIQUOR CROWD IN POWER.

I am afraid that if I re-open the liquor bill during the life of this session, or during the life of this Parliament, that it would be found that the result of a re-opening would give us more of what we did not want than what we did. That is only my impression. In spite of what has been said about early closing great reforms in the liquor trade are not to be gained by us fighting about an extra hour or two at night.

I should like to hear evidence to the contrary, but it does seem to me that where they have carried prohibition of the liquor traffic they have not worried about the hours of sale; they propose to close at 6 in the morning, and keep closed all day. Earlier closing would take about five years. I don't think this Parliament would accept it.

You are not the only people who are asking for amendments of the Liquor Act. The other side want it, and if we re-open the question and get any of yours through it would open the eyes of the people to the views of Parliament on it.

Whether anything can be done on the lines that I have read from the Labor party's platform is a matter for my colleagues and myself to decide. I am quite prepared to bring it before my colleagues with a view to getting a vote of the people in this matter, and that I shall be prepared to do.

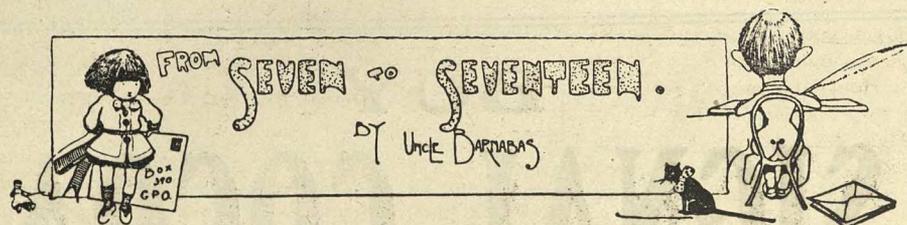
I can say this, that with the huge programme before us we cannot do anything this session. I don't think you will be so unreasonable as to expect us to. I shall bring it under the considerations of my colleagues whether anything can be done next session.

I hope that nothing I have said to-day will be misunderstood as from personal disappointment. My views on the liquor trade are quite unchanged, and my sympathy with those who are struggling against it is well known. When we know the difficulties in the way of temperance reform we have a better chance of removing them than if we go along thinking all is O.K.

A GOOD PROTESTANT.

Two old protestant ladies who were of a very extreme type were holiday making in Ireland when they hired a cab. The elder of the two said I wish we had asked our driver whether he was a protestant or not, and the cabby heard, but kept his counsel. Then the old lady said, "I hope you are not a Catholic, my man." The cabby was strictly truthful, and very humorously said, "Shure I'm a Catholic, but my horse is a good protestant." "Oh, how is that," said the lady. "Shure," said the cabby, "he's not been down on his knees these seventeen years."

"Tell me," said the lovelorn youth, "what's the best way to find out what a woman thinks of you?" "Marry her," replied Peckham promptly.



WHAT DO YOU SEE?

A German allegory tells of two little girls. They had been playing together in a strange garden, and soon one ran in to her mother, full of disappointment. "The garden's a sad place, mother." "Why, my child?" "I've been all round, and every tree has cruel, long thorns upon it!"

Then the second child came in breathless. "Oh, mother, the garden's a beautiful place." "How so, my child?" "Why, I've been all round, and every thorn bush has lovely roses growing on it!"

Grape skins and grape stones are horrid, but grapes are not all skins and stones. All of our troubles are like the thorns that have roses very near them. Have you found that out yet?

UNCLE B.

THE BEAUTY SPOTS.

Two artist friends of mine have picked out seven of the pictures, and I will put one in "Grit" each week in the order in which they have placed them. Some of the spots were beautiful, but the photo was not good, or it would not reproduce very well, and this had to be taken into consideration in placing them.—Uncle B.

NOT FORGETTING YOURSELF.

Clarice Clout, Bellevue, Tumut Plains, 16/6/14, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Just a few lines to tell you I am sending you a postcard for competition. It is four miles from our place, and is considered a lovely spot. I wrote to you about a fortnight ago. Did you get it? We are all looking out for the pictures in "Grit." There has not been any photos lately. Well, dear Uncle, I think this is all for this time as it is time to go to bed. I will conclude love to all ni and ne, not forgetting yourself.—From your loving niece.

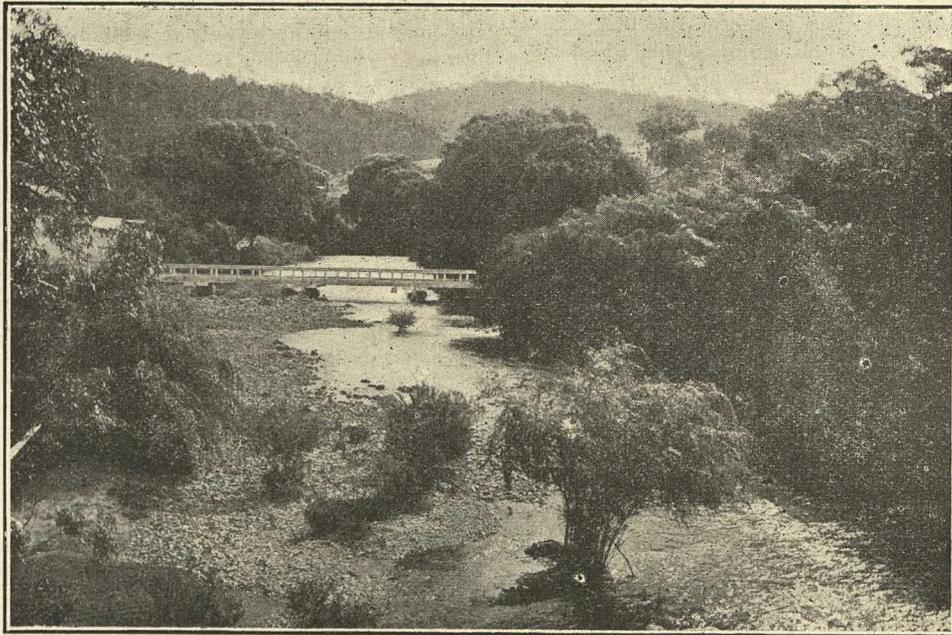
(Dear Clarice,—Thank you for your letter and card. I am always amused when I read the words "not forgetting yourself." When it comes to a little bit of love we are all greedy and there is no chance of forgetting to reach out for our share. The difficulty is to get us to pass it on to others.—Uncle B.)

FINE PROSPECTS.

Bonny Edwards, Beaucroft, Avalon, writes:

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—You see I am really trying to keep up my reputation. It's only three weeks since my last appeared. Molly seems to have deserted us; and where, oh where is Emily Mann? I am so glad Daisy, of Wyville, wrote again in answer to the "prickles of her conscience." She's right about having a lot to do when one is 17. Of

course I'll write when I'm 18. I'll write when I'm 88 (if I remember). There's a resolution for you, Daisy! We all sincerely sympathise with Lillian Ivers on the death of her little nephew. You asked us in February what we liked best on our birthdays. What I didn't like best on my last was the tremendous age! Why, in 50 years I'll be 67! Horrors!! And everyone has such a nasty habit of saying, when I want to stand on my head, "Bonny! you're seventeen!"—in such horror-stricken tones! No, I really don't do all those things, Uncle—standing on my head, etc. (although I did do it a few nights ago to amuse some small cousins; but it was night, and the doors were locked and only the two children there!)



MURRUMBIDGEE RIVER, sent by Grace Hawkins.

In fact, I don't do lots of things people think I do—and am really not half so black as I paint myself and am painted by others (although I'm naturally dark complexioned. No, Uncle, I'm not really mad, only pretending to be, and I'll talk sense now (if I can.) I had a lovely letter from Milcie not long ago, also Vera Yates. I'm starting a garden, and Emma sent me some lovely lily bulbs for it. I don't know anything about gardening or flowers, but Em is going to tell me things, if I ask her. I'm hoping to get a correspondent of mine to write to you. It's time Florrie Paff wrote again. I'd like to have been behind the door to see you getting out of bed to kill that supposed snake. How long did it take you to make up your mind to get out? There are lots of pretty views about here, but no photographers, therefore no photos. I've tried to get some, but there

seems to be none. Kind regards to all.

(Dear Bonny,—Delighted to hear from you now, and envy the Uncle B. who will be in charge when you are 88. If your letters improve with age they will indeed be worth reading. I am glad you are starting a garden; it is both interesting and altogether delightful. Gladys Noble used to be our head gardener, and gave us much valuable information; but alas, she is in the clouds at the University, and has no time for grubbing in the garden, more's the pity. Perhaps you will take her place.—Uncle B.)

EVERYBODY IS WRONG BUT ME.

Frances K. M. Brown, "Elim," Ebenezer, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Thank you for sending S.U. card. It arrived at the beginning of this month, after I had given up hoping for it. According to the postmark on the envelope, it was some weeks on the journey. When father read the reply you gave to my last letter in "Grit," he said you might just as

well have been fumigating as fuming. Did you know that the work of fumigating has to be carried on at night, as the fumes would scorch the trees in the daytime, when the atmosphere is too hot? When father was fumigating Uncle Ray's orchard, several fowls that were roosting in the trees were not noticed when the trees were being done, so of course the poor things were killed by the fumes. I was sorry to hear that you were not well, and hope that you are alright again ere this. I think it is about time you took a holiday, don't you, uncle? You must have a lot to worry you, and I expect your tired brain needs a rest from work and worry. I have not been able to procure any postcards with views of the Hawkesbury district for the Beauty Spot Competition. We tried at several shops, but they had none in stock. A temperance meeting was held at the

Gospel Hall last week on Thursday night. I was not well enough to go, though I was on the programme for a recitation. The Methodist minister of Sackville Reach presided at the meeting, and gave a good temperance address. Father was there, and sang a solo named "The Little Bow of Blue." He said there were some nice temperance recitations rendered. There was a very good collection for a country district; it amounted to a little over 18s. When are you coming here to lecture? Don't you think it's nearly time? Two young lady evangelists, named the Misses Wix, have been holding meetings at the Gospel Hall every night for the last five weeks. They say that all the ministers are very wrong. If they wish to preach, they should leave their homes, forsake all the world holds dear, and go about from place to place as Jesus did. In fact, they say that all the people who do not belong to their company (they decline to be called a sect, and call themselves Christians), need to be born again, as they have never had Christ in them, or known what it is to live His life. Did you see in to-day's "Daily Telegraph" that the Czar of Russia has issued a decree prohibiting the use of alcoholic liquor by the soldiers in the Russian army, during their time of training? Can you tell me what Joan Lemm's address is, as I should like to correspond with her if she will allow me? You had better look Milcie up and get her to write again. She might not do so if you don't. The above-named evangelists also state that the devil does not tempt men to drink, to gamble, or steal; he only tempts them to be very religious, and so deceive themselves and others. They do not think there should be any churches set apart for the worship of God, but that their followers should meet together in their own houses for worship. What do you think about it, Uncle? Enclosed is postal note for 6s., father's subscription to "Grit," which was due about the middle of last month.

Mother says this letter is quite long enough, and it is time I was in bed asleep. I think so, too. So goodnight, Uncle, with much love to you and all my fellow cousins. I remain your loving niece.

(Dear Frar's,—Your letter is most interesting. Poor old fowls! They had a bad time, didn't they? Will you tell us how they fumigate, what they use, and why they fumigate, and is it a success always? Those people you mention are very lopsided. They practically say "Everyone is wrong but us." Now it is not possible for them to be always right, but it is possible for them to be always wrong. They remind me of the man who said he was the only one in the regiment who was keeping step. Sorry you can't get a Beauty Spot card.—Uncle B.)

A USEFUL NE.

Mervyn Edwards, Beaucroft, June 15th, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It seems a good while since I wrote to you, and as Bonny was writ-

ing I thought I'd write, too. It's getting cold up here now. I milk three cows every morning. We have had a few frosts. The first football match at Krambach was held last Saturday—Nabiac v. Krambach. Nabiac won, nine to nil. We play football at school, too. Everyone has had colds up here. Three weeks ago Eccott cut his foot badly, and had to have four stitches put in. He can walk on it now though. We play ping pong every night now. It's good fun, especially what we call "blow ping pong." We are learning a song called "Light of Wisdom." The oranges are getting ripe. We all had our photos taken not long ago at the school. I can't think of any more news so good-bye.—I remain, your loving nephew.

(Dear Mervyn,—It is indeed a long time since you wrote, and I am glad to hear from you. Milking cows these cold mornings is hard work, and I do not think any of your "cousins" want your job. Krambach will have to train hard and wipe that defeat out at the next match. Tell Eccott I am sorry to hear of his accident, and hope he is quite right again. What is "blow ping pong?"—Uncle B.)

STORY WRITING.

Myrtle Luxton, "Wil Al Myr," Woodend Road, Ipswich, Queensland, 23/6/14, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—As I saw you had started a temperance story competition not exceeding 1000 words, I thought I should like to enter, which I have done. You will find it enclosed in this letter. I am very busy now. What with type-writing and shorthand I really have hardly any spare time.

An old lady, whom I was very much attached to, died on Sunday and was buried yesterday. She has had a very hard life, so she has found rest now. Our morning teacher at the Sunday school left us in order to get married. She was so very nice. She married a clergyman, and I think she will make a clergyman's good wife. No more news, so I shall now conclude, with love to all my cousins, and especially yourself.—I remain, your loving niece.

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(Dear Myrtle,—Thank you for the story. I have four in now, and hope to receive more. By the time we have settled the "Beauty Spot" competition we will be ready for the story. I do not object to any one putting in more than one story. So if you have a second idea wrap it up in words and send it to me.—Uncle B.)

DREADFUL EXAMS.

Nellie Abbott, 44 Napier-st., Paddington, 19/6/14, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am looking forward to see your photo in "Grit." I have got a number of my friends to write to you. I have been late in writing this letter to you, as I have been so busy lately studying for the scripture examination to be held at the Chapel House on the 22nd inst. I do hope I will pass, but the catechism is so hard to learn off by heart. This is only a short letter than usual, but as it is bedtime I must close with love.—From your loving niece.

(Dear Nellie,—Do you know why so many people fail in their examinations? Well, it is because a fool can ask a question that a wise man can't answer. Be sure and let me know how you did get on. I am glad you were able to persuade some of your friends to write to me. Keep at them and do not let them drift on to my scalawag list.—Uncle B.)

A BEAUTY SPOT.

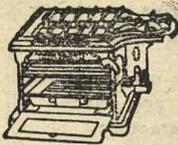
Dot Moore, Kennedy-st., Armidale, 21/6/14, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I tried to get a post card, but they were all too highly colored. So then I had to cut this view out of a book. I hope it will not make any difference it not being a post-card.

I suppose you will soon commence publishing the different beauty spots. With love from your affectionate niece.

(Dear Dot,—Thank you for your beauty spot. I submitted about 30 to two artists and have decided to print seven of them in "Grit." You will be interested in them all. Are you going to do anything for the "Grit" stall in October.—Uncle B.)

LAMB'S LINOLEUM CREAM.



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You needn't worry about lighting the old kitchen stove so early in the morning when you have a splendid little Fletcher-Russell Griller just beside it. Turn on one gas tap and put the kettle over it. Turn on the other, and on goes the pan. Light up the inside, and you can bake some hot scones, or grill anything you fancy.

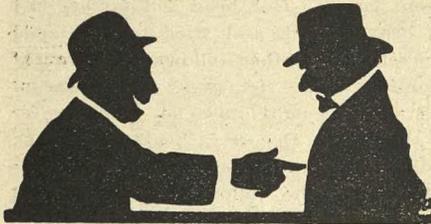
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A MAN'S ANSWER.

"John!" shouted the wife, in the middle of the night.

John snored a bit louder, and turned over.

"John!" she said, with increased emphasis.

"What is it?" grunted John.

"Get up. The gas is leaking!"

"Aw, put a pan under it an' come back to bed!"

* * *

"I'm introducing a brand new invention—a combined talking machine, carpet sweeper and letter opener," said the agent, stepping briskly into an office.

"Got one already," answered the proprietor. "I'm married."

* * *

"Pa, give me a quarter to go an' see the circus?"

"What? A quarter to see the circus? Why, only last month I let you go up to Farmer Higgs' field to see the eclipse of the moon! My boy, do you want your life to be one perpetual round of pleasure?"—New York Press.

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QUERY FOR THE PHYSICIAN.

A London doctor has been telling a good story of one of his patients. Having diagnosed his complaint, the doctor brought him round some medicine when he was next calling.

The patient opened the packet and read the directions.

"A powder for my headache," he said aloud, a pellet for my liver," he continued, "and a caspule for my gouty foot."

Then he stopped and pondered deeply for a moment.

"I say, doctor," he queried, "how'll the little beggars know the right place to go when they get inside?"

* * *

A bailiff went out to levy on the contents of a house. The inventory began in the attic and ended in the cellar. When the dining-room was reached the tally of furniture ran thus:

"One dining-room table, oak.

"One set chairs, oak.

"One sideboard, oak.

"Two bottles whiskey, full."

Then the work "full" was stricken out and replaced by "empty," and the inventory went on in a hand that straggled and lurched diagonally across the page until it closed with:

"One revolving door mat."—Georgetown Herald.

* * *

Mr. Henfusser—These Brahmas are a very old breed of fowl.

Mr. Borden-Lodge—I know it. We had the founder of the family for dinner at my boarding-house.—Kansas City Star.

NEW ART IN WALL DECORATIONS.

We have installed in our 328 George-street Premises the latest Electric Cutter for cutting out Applique Friezes, Medallions, Pendants, Borders, etc.

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Our latest Shipments are unique both in Design and Colors, and are worthy of inspection.

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The young lawyer had been very lengthy in his closing speech of his first real case, and noticing the judge giving evidences of his weariness, he said: "Your honor, I shall soon be through now. I trust I am not trespassing too far on the time and patience of the court."

"Young man," responded the judge with a yawn, "you long ago ceased to trespass on my time and patience. You are now encroaching on eternity."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

* * *

When the donkey saw the zebra,

He began to switch his tail;

"Well, I never," was his comment;

"There's a mule that's been in jail."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

* * *

Nell—Eliza went to an astrologer to find out when was the best time to get married. Stell—What did he tell her?

Nell—He took one look at her and told her to grab her first chance.—Judge.

* * *

Brunetta: Mr. Beanbrough seems to be sitting out a good many dances this evening.

Blondine: Yes; he just told me he is drinking cream for his health, and he is afraid of tangoing it into butter.

DON'T BE ONE-EYED

READ

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IT GIVES ALL THE POLITICAL NEWS
OF THE WEEK.

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ESTABLISHED 1887.

New Zealand Notes.

The great Prohibition Congress is now sitting, fraught with grave responsibilities and great possibilities. The political question loomed large owing to the Bill that is to be introduced by the Prime Minister, altering the majority on the National Prohibition Issue from 60 to 55 per cent.

Some of the friends striving after the ideal that has been preached for many years—a bare majority vote on all licensing issues—felt that the Bill was dangerous compromise. Eventually, after a keen debate, a conciliatory resolution was agreed upon, which emphasised the principle of one vote one value, but accepted the Bill as an instalment of that principle.

* * *

The Convention opened by an official breakfast and welcome by the Mayor of the city at 8 a.m. Fully one hundred and fifty delegates sat down to the breakfast. I had the honor of replying to one of the toasts, and even at that stage the speeches were of a high order, and great enthusiasm prevailed.

* * *

On the same evening a mass meeting was held in the beautiful and capacious Town Hall. One is compelled to realise a growing difficulty. On the Sunday night I was at a big meeting in Ashburton, the next night found us at Christchurch, and the Wednesday night brought us to the Wellington Town Hall, and in each case the huge audiences were all prohibitionists. Evidently the movement in New Zealand has arrived at a stage when the biggest halls are crowded by sympathisers.

For this Wellington meeting there were seven speakers on the programme with a time allotment of ten minutes each. It takes a Hammond to grip his audience, forget himself, and develop his message in ten minutes.

* * *

A paper by Mr. H. D. Bedford, a brilliant barrister from Dunedin, on the Labor question, or rather, the economic aspect of the Labor question, was one of the treats of the Convention. I shall send a copy of it, and hope for its publication in "Grit."

* * *

The outstanding feature of the Congress was the March on Parliament. On the third day the Congress adjourned at eleven in the morning and forming up in the street in battalions of "hundreds" each under a captain, with a military officer in control of all. Over five hundred people commenced that memorable march. And what

a march. It was a damp day, the roads were muddy, and a cold southerly wind made the weather conditions far from inviting. But in that procession were to be found mayors, barristers, doctors, politicians, ministers of almost every denomination, and representatives of every walk of life. It was a memorable march.

* * *

And the speeches. Never have four speeches attained a higher level. The Alliance President, Mr. Wesley Spragg, in a characteristic speech, tactfully and kindly reminded the Prime Minister of the tremendous disabilities under which the Prohibitionists went to the poll. Mr. A. S. Adams, one of the leading barristers of the Dominion, gave an address worthy of both his cause and his profession. With irrefutable facts and irresistible logic, he presented an unanswerable case against the three-fifths or any other fictitious handicap. The greatest appeal it has been my lot to hear was then made by Mrs. R. Don, Dominion President of the W.C.T.U. She told no harrowing stories of this hell's commerce, but her strong humanitarian pleading was powerful. She urged "on behalf of the race we are producing, we, the women of New Zealand, plead for a fair opportunity at the ballot box of ridding our country of this monstrous curse, and we wonder why a Democratic Parliament should make it necessary for women to ask for the abolition of an unjust handicap." The Rev. R. S. Gray essayed a difficult task in following Mrs. Don, but his great wit, keen sarcasm, and brilliant rhetoric were soon abundantly evident. And did he not "roast" the Prime Minister as he urged that the Prohibition Party, unlike political parties, knew no deflections, but each poll brought new recruits. (Several members of the Government, including a Cabinet Minister, have recently changed their political coat.) As a Yankee friend said to me whilst Mr. Gray was speaking: "Them's not cowboy brains working now."

* * *

The prospects for a reduced majority for the coming poll seem good. More and more I am realising that it were better, if necessary, to undertake a ten years' campaign, with a ten years' wait, for the abolition of the three-fifths majority in N.S.W. than completely dishearten our friends with the unjust handicap attached to our campaigns.

ARTHUR TOOMBES.

Wellington.

EVELYN THOMSON

(Continued from Page 3.)

contact with her bed. Her luxuriant iron-grey tresses had to be cropped closely off because they refused the discipline of the comb. She refused to swallow food. Her cheeks flapped loosely on her fallen jaw. Her liquid diet and saliva overflowed. The gurgle of her stertorous breath disturbed adjacent rooms. Her head fell farther and more heavily back and tried to hide amid the enveloping feather pillows that brought no comfort now. Her eyes, glassy, vacant and staring, sought now no kindly cover from their lids. Deeper in her bed she sank and died. On the blue certificate which the doctor signed the following day appeared the words Alcoholic Neuritis.

GOD'S SMILES.

Dig deep in earthly dust,
O mortal man!
For in its depths were hid,
When time began,
The precious gold and gems,
For thee to scan,
Look down! God smiles!
Sow seed, and watch the growth,
In summer hours,
Can thou the loveliness,
Of all the flowers,
Mark how with broideries,
The earth He dowers,
Look round! God smiles!
Look up! For trouble's storm
Still brings the bow!
Take heart! For darkest cloud,
The colors show;
And by this heavenly sign,
His promise know,
Look up! God smiles!
Thus, under and above,
And wide world round,
In bow, and gem, and flower,
God may be found,
O Light of lights, as King,
By man be crowned!
Bend low, O man,
God smiles! God smiles!

—MARY L. MOPPETT.

The teacher was almost in despair,
Not half of the Senior Class was there;
Midwinter was nigh, the Inspector was due,
Most of the girls were down with the "flu."
Up stood Martha, with her hand upraised;
"What is it, Martha?" said teacher amazed.
Please, if the girls want a remedy sure,
Ma says it's Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."

Things Which Cheered Me.

The "Sunday at Home" published an interesting paper entitled "My Most Encouraging Experience," incidents supplied by a number of clergymen, well-known writers, etc.; and we give some extracts from the article.

Sir John Kirk, J.P.

I can't for a moment think anything in life encouraged me so much as my first introduction to Ragged Schools. I made my advent in London fifty years ago at a bookseller's immediately opposite the then publishing home of the Religious Tract Society in Paternoster Row. I thus came into touch with the officials of that famous society every day, and my happy relations with them and their successors have continued right down to the present time.

Whilst thus engaged I met a friend, who had heard of my Sunday school class. He said, "You only go in the afternoons, I suppose. Couldn't you come and help us in the Ragged School on Sunday evenings?" Thus it was that, unconsciously and simply at the time, I was led into what was destined, under God, to be my real and full life's work.

Sunday service led me on to week-night effort. I got together a band of young hooligans; I taught them the three R's, which were a scarcer commodity then than to-day. We "fifed and drummed," played leapfrog, swam in the canal, and cricketed together. In a word, we became real chums, and I certainly gained more from them than the lads did from me. The work grew, and I was soon appointed hon. sec. of this local ragged school.

The fact that I was deemed to have some useful qualities for this special work led to my being brought under the notice of John MacGregor, the founder of the Shoebblack's Brigade. And so in time this brought me to Lord Shaftesbury and the parent Ragged School Union. Followed a request that I should enter its offices in Exeter Hall, as assistant to Mr. Gent, the then secretary, in 1867, which I did. And in 1879 I became the chief secretary of the movement, which I have served ever since to the best of my ability and power.

I look back to-day upon that chance meeting with my friend as the most encouraging event in my life. For from such an apparently simple, matter-of-fact trifle has come a great issue of fifty years' service. And when I am asked, as I often am, how I came first into this work, I reply, after the manner of the grand old patriarch in the Bible, "I being in the way, the Lord led me." Moreover, mind you, I put always special emphasis on those words. "Being in the way."

Prebendary Webb-Peploe.

I have had some difficulty in coming to a decision as to which was the most important and encouraging incident in my life's work. But perhaps the most encouraging (though I say this with some doubt) would be an event that took place at the great Brighton Con-

vention in 1875, which was specially summoned in connection with the work of Mr. Pearsal Smith and Dr. H. Masham—two famous American speakers—who were in England at that time.

I happened to be on the platform in the presence of perhaps 2000 or 3000 people, and questions were invited from any of the audience who wanted information. Someone sent up a paper on which was written: "Will anybody on the platform kindly tell us what is the difference of the teaching being given here on the subject of Holiness from that which we have been accustomed to receive?"

There were, I believe, thirty-three people on the platform, and twice the paper was passed round, but nobody would answer it, until a small buzzing remark was made, "Webb-Peploe, Webb-Peploe should answer it." So, in obedience to the chairman's special request, I rose, and said that I could not tell properly what was the difference, if there was any, but that I could say what God had done for me. And then I told for the first time how the Lord had spoken to me from an illuminated text, which my mother had given me the day before I left home for a holiday. Whilst on that holiday the Lord suddenly took my little child from me, and I had to take the body home myself, in great distress, for four hundred miles.

After the funeral was over I sat down at my table and tried to prepare a sermon for my people in Herefordshire, and I chose 2 Cor. xii. 9, as being the lesson for the day, but without noticing at all the illuminated text on the wall over my table. I worked for two hours, and then, realising in my mind that I was not finding grace sufficient (for I was murmuring and fretting at what the Lord had done), I dropped my pen, and kneeling down, I pleaded, "O Lord, do let Thy grace be sufficient." When suddenly, as I wiped my eyes and looked up, I saw the text my mother had given me—"my grace is sufficient." The "is" was picked out, too, in bright green, and I seemed to hear a voice in me saying, "You foolish man, how dare you ask God to make what is! Get up and believe His Word, and you will find it true at every point of life."

From that moment everything seemed to be changed in my experience, and I never again dared to ask God to make what already is and exists.

This story I told in the simplest way, and not only did hundreds at that great meeting begin weeping, but whenever I went through the town afterwards, people stopped me almost at every point to say, "Thank God for that is, sir! I never saw the blessed truth before like that!"

H. BETHEL & CO.

242
PITTS

Punctuality. Quick Despatch.

PRINTERS.

This was, perhaps, the most encouraging event in all my life, and indeed I believe it was the telling of that simple story which led to my shortly afterwards being called to take charge of St. Paul's, Onslow Square, where I have now been working for thirty-eight years.

Bishop Welldon, D.D., Dean of Manchester.

If I am asked to say off-hand what incident or event since I came to Manchester has given me most encouraging in my work here, and most personal pleasure, I think I should put it down as a letter, which the postman brought me one day, addressed to

"The Rev.

The Working Man's Friend,
Manchester."

If course the postal authorities had been at a loss to whom to deliver this curious missive, but I suppose somebody or other must have said at that critical moment, "Why, it must be meant for the Dean!" as it was written across the envelope, "The Dean." And so it duly came to my house!

It is a small thing, perhaps. But I have felt proud ever since that I should be well known in Manchester as "the Rev. The Working Man's Friend."

CARDINAL GIBBONS WITH DRYS.

Hopes Charles County, Maryland, Will Vote Dry—A signed Statement.

Baltimore, Md., May 4.—In a signed statement to the Anti-Saloon League Cardinal Gibbons has expressed the hope that Charles County would go dry at the special election on May 16. The statement is as follows:—

"I believe that the right of the people to determine by the operation of a local option law whether saloons shall or shall not be closed within their respective communities is in harmony with the American principle of self-government, and I congratulate the people of Charles County in that they will have the right to settle this question by ballot on May 16 next, and, realising the damage which has been done by the liquor traffic in this County, I sincerely trust that at the coming election they will banish for ever the licensed saloon, as I believe that it will be to the best interests of their people."—"New Republic."

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