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Grit.

A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

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Lauder: "I'm na reeskin' an accident wi' yon fellow, ye ken?"



ALCOHOL AND SOCIETY.

Synopsis of Address of David Starr Jordan, President Leland Stanford Junior University, before the National Educational Association.

The general action of alcohol is that of a nerve-depressant. It applies as a stimulant only because its slight effect in lowering nerve action is to dissolve those restraints and reserves which we naturally build up in our experiences in life. The formation of the restraints and reserves is known as character-building.

To throw off restraints gives an appearance of stimulation because it delays the low tendencies otherwise held in check. A man under the influence of liquor may utter his most profound secrets. To do this freely is not an evidence of intellectual strength or of mental activity. To cut off the head of a chicken will in the same fashion impel the bird to violent motor activity. But we do not call the process a "stimulant," for the activity thus produced is temporary and to no purpose. The effect of alcohol as a depressant is the same kind whether the quantity taken be large or small. The difference between the glow of a glass of claret and the stupor of a whisky debauch is mainly one of degree.

Alcohol has a specific effect on the nervous system as a disturber of accuracy. In this lies the joy of wine such as it is. It has a certain power "to drive dull care away," to erase "from the sad calendar unborn to-morrow and dead yesterday." It has the power of causing the nervous system to lie, to make one feel warm when he is cold and to make one feel good when he is not good.

The nervous system once taught to lie, fails afterward to record the truth. This failure effects the three great mental processes alike—sensation, comparison and movement. It makes its victim uncertain as to what he sees or feels, hazy as to the meaning of his sensations, and shaky when he carries his feeling or thought into action. Repeated saturation of the nervous system makes these difficulties chronic, and the fact is recorded by the fall of the victim in the respect of others. With this goes the more important loss of his own self-respect. The evils in this case is not primarily drunkenness but nervous deterioration. Drunkenness is a spasm of the nervous system. In a sense it is an effort of nature to throw off the evil.

If the use of alcohol were a personal matter and its effects beginning and ending with the individual the plea of personal liberty might be effective in letting each man decide on his relation to it. But the sale of alcohol has its public relations. If the operations of an

inebriate or even those of a moderate drinker are so conducted as to endanger others the whole matter becomes a concern of the public.

A drunken man is everywhere a social nuisance. Under most circumstances he is a source of bodily danger to his family and to the public at large. In all lands drinking places are sources of danger. They lead children to drink, they make drunkards, they are the potent direct cause of the spread of poverty, crime, disease, feeble-mindedness and insanity.

This is true of such places the world over—the wine rooms of Italy, Spain and France as well as the vodka shops of Russia, the rum-holes of London or the dives of New York. Thus far nobody has designed a permanently respectable method of selling liquor as a beverage.

In the saloon of to-day as largely owned and managed by the Brewers' Association, we have:

1. A centre of drunkenness and dissipation.
2. Around this cluster other vices, as gambling and lewdness.
3. The bartenders are not men of average integrity.
4. The system is worked to the contamination of local politics. In the country such saloons fall to the level of the uncontrolled roadhouse. In the city there are many degrees, but the lowest and most common is the dive.
5. The drinking place in every land is the open door to the brothel, the centre of the red plague—the two most offensive and dangerous diseases known to modern society.

The relation of drink to poverty, crime and diseases cannot be stated in a single paragraph. In America and Europe a large part of the crime is instigated or aggravated by strong drink, and, accidents excepted, there is not much poverty associated with temperate living. Excessive use of alcoholics is at once a cause, an effect, and a symptom of personal decay, of the progress of weakening of will with mental and moral ineffectiveness.

The claim that Prohibition does not prohibit in the dry states has not much value. In the first place dry districts are surrounded by wet ones, and smuggling, legal or otherwise, is an easy process. Maine, for example, is full in summer of saturates who range its forests and through the watering places. For their convenience blind pigs exist in many places. Yet in cities like Eastport a young generation is growing up of boys who have

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never seen a saloon and who have never been led along the graded course from weak drinks to strong which saloons supply. The blind pig is an evil from the standpoint of law. Every unenforced statute breeds evil. But from the standpoint of society it is the lesser of the evils of drink. When the generation of hard drinkers has passed away the blind pig follows. In Kansas, for example, there is a rising generation which feels no need of alcohol and has no interest in saloons. The corrosion of the saloon is mainly felt in the years from 16 to 24. If boys under 21 were shut out from them more than half their evils would be abated.

We hear sometimes of law abiding saloons. It is even claimed that these are in the great majority. A saloon which is not law abiding is simply a thug's nest, called in the city a dive, in the country a roadhouse. But a law abiding saloon is little better. The law recognises as the first purpose of the saloon that of making money. It allows money to be made even if it be blood money coined from the sorrows and distresses of women and children, the slaughter of boys and the decay and diseases of men.

With all allowances there is much hard practical truth in these words which Robert W. Chambers puts into the mouth of his honest physician. Addressing a young clubman, he says:—

Alcohol is a poison and it has not and never had in any guise the slightest compensating value for internal use. It is not a food. It is a poison. It is not an aid to digestion. It is a poison. It is not a life-saver. It is a life-taker. It is a parasite, forger, thief, liar, brutaliser, murderer. There not, and there never has been one word to say for it or in excuse except morbid predisposition or self-inculcated inclination for allowing it. You can take your choice.—"New Republic."

The Doctor's Story.

(By COURTHOPE TODD.)

"Won't you take a glass of wine?" said an old doctor to me one afternoon, when, as a stranger, I was asked by a friend to call upon him. He resided in a seaport, where I was temporarily staying, and, having like myself lived abroad, it was thought that there would be much in common between us.

"Shall it be Marsala, or port? Which do you prefer?"

"I take neither, thank you," said I, "for I am an abstainer and have been one from my youth."

"Nonsense! you need a stimulant! Have some hot whisky and water, then; unless you would rather have a drop of 'old Scotch' neat, or shall it be 'Irish'?"

"You are very hospitable, but, as I have told you, I do not drink."

"Ah, well, you teetotal fellows are the ruin of us doctors."

"How is that?" I inquired.

"You can stand much more, and rally more quickly than the moderate drinker. Even the Insurance Companies will tell you that, for they accept lower premiums from abstainers, who get many advantages over their other clients. I was only testing you, trying you, young man, to see what you were made of, and whether from fear of giving offence to one so much older than yourself, or for the sake of politeness and sociability you would accede to my proposal."

Inwardly he gave a sort of chuckle, and a broad smile spread over his countenance as he exclaimed:

"Had you yielded to my offer there would have been nothing for you to drink, for I have myself taken nothing for years—though I'm not pledged, and I may say that I've enjoyed much better health without than with alcohol; and the stimulant and tonic which you want, young man, are plenty of fresh air, good exercise, and a couple of marrow bones weekly!"

My tempter was well past four-score years of age and proved a most interesting character, and some of his reminiscences may be recorded here.

Dr. Belleville was "stone-blind," as he himself described his affliction; but his eyes were open, and he had a shrewd, keen look, and intellectual appearance, which showed that his severe trial was being borne with fortitude and patience. He was a tall, erect man of gentlemanly aspect—one whose manner and bearing betokened him a practitioner of the old school. He was very bright and cheery, and as we talked I soon made the discovery that he knew and realised the love of his Heavenly Father, of whose care through many years he never tired of speaking.

Far advanced on life's journey, he had seen not merely three-score years and ten, but more than four-score, and was now "the right side of eighty, being the side nearest the glory."

"Well," exclaimed I, "since you have been facetious enough, Dr. Belleville, to probe a stranger on the Temperance habit, may I

inquire from you how you became an abstainer?"

"Some years ago, after I had sold my large London practice, the continuous strain of which seemed to be in a thriving condition and nerves, I retired for rest and quiet, to live near a small but pretty country town in the South of England. There were under two thousand inhabitants, and yet there were no less than a dozen public-houses, all of which seemed to be in a thriving condition. I used to tell the men that they should save their money, and not spend it in drink, and they retorted by asking me what I had taken at luncheon or dinner! My reply always was 'I am a moderate man: a couple of glasses of wine a day neither hurts my body nor my pocket, whilst you fellows who spend three shillings a week at least out of your wages might put by nearly £8 per annum by going without your beer.' That sum I knew was far less than their actual expenditure; for the score of not a few at the Dragon, the Bear, the Lion, and other houses with equally appropriate names, was three times as much—for many spent more than half their earnings in drink!"

"Although the men took kindly to me, and were always deferential and respectful, yet I inwardly felt that I was making, in the matter of Temperance, no headway with them. It seemed to me they loafed about wasting their time, and that they spend their hard-earned money all too freely! Wages ought to have gone to wives and children in their cottage homes, many of which were wrecked in the extreme, owing to the ravages of drink. Things went on like this for a considerable time, and I was far from satisfied, as I felt that my influence as a Christian man ought to be of greater service."

"Walking down the road leisurely, one day, there stood a group of men, who seemed to pull themselves upright when they caught sight of me. One put his slouch hat on straight, another pulled his neckties in the middle, and I could see—for blindness had not come on my eyes at that time—that they were expecting me to stop and have a word with them."

"Well, men," said I, "it's a pleasant bright day. I wonder you're not in your cottage gardens digging up potatoes or attending to your flowers, now that your work is over." "Aye, aye, sir," said they, "but we like a bit of a chat together." "Yes, yes, no doubt, and a glass of beer."

"Then one of the fellows stepped forward and, with a merry twinkle in his eye, exclaimed, 'Sir, we right-down appreciate your thought for us men, but there's an old proverb which says, "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," and I think what's good for the patient should be good for the doctor, and "example is better than precept." I know you won't take our thoughts amiss, sir, but them's the 'pinions of all of us.'"

The doctor, turning to me as he related his story, continued:—

"Those words went through me like an electric shock. I'd never so much as given it a thought that I was their stumbling block! The speech made in the presence of so many hit me hard, as no doubt it was intended to do, for I saw that they considered my glass of wine was as much to me as their beer to them, and I declared there and then I would never drink again, when the men—many of whom were really fond of me—tossed their caps into the air, lifted me shoulder high, and carried me home, singing 'He's a jolly good fellow.'"

My doctor friend had been a well-known practitioner—both at home and abroad—private physician to one of England's wealthiest and noblest families, and had mixed with all classes of society. In his time he had been a very handsome and commanding looking man, whose skill and experience were eagerly sought. His portrait was painted by three of the best, and most well-known artists, and his striking long hair made him, as one of them considered, a fit subject for "Samson," in which character he has figured in one of England's famous portrait galleries. I looked at him with respect and admiration, and rejoiced that he had been led to take the definite step of which he had told me.

"I'm nearly ninety," continued he, "and you, young man, are but a chicken." I frankly admitted my lack of experience in comparison with his own, and he related story after story for my edification. He rambled on, and when we came back to the drink question I explained to him how seriously ill I had been, my life having been despaired of by three physicians, upon which he said emphatically:—

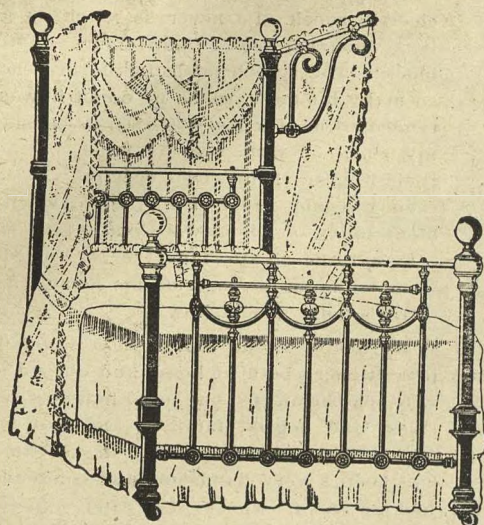
"It was, humanly speaking, because you were an abstainer that you pulled through. A man naturally weak who does not poison his constitution with alcohol has better chances far than a strong man who is even a moderate drinker. In my old age I enjoy better health now than I ever did. A basin of hot broth at bedtime is far more effective as a night cap than spirits and water. I never by any chance have advised alcohol since the day I gave up my wine, even in minute doses and previous to that very rarely indeed and only in the most extreme cases. If you are cold, or feel a cold coming on, a rub down with turpentine will set you right, but never be afraid of fresh air, young man, don't mollie-coddle, and take plenty of exercise!"

Dr. Belleville and I had to part after much more pleasant conversation, and as we did so I shall never forget the look on the old man's face as I said:—

"If we do not meet here again on earth, we shall do so in the Heavenly City, where 'shall in no wise enter in anything that defileth'—but where those 'who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,' have 'an abundant entrance ministered unto them.'"

"Yes, yes!" said he, "the Blood of Christ, the precious Blood of Christ! what more is needed? what more?"

—"Alliance News."



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GENERAL SECRETARY'S NORTHERN RIVER CAMPAIGN.

I continued my meetings at Clunes on Wednesday. During the day Mr. Levy Strong drove me around to various farmers. It was bitterly cold and wet. We had lunch at the residence of Mrs. Rutledge, the mother of Mrs. Isaac Winn. The family is greatly interested in the Temperance Movement. Mr. Walker, a director of the Coastal Farmers' Co-operative Company, provided hospitality. The meeting passed off successfully. The I.O.G.T. is making good progress at Clunes.

AT MINBIN.

My next meeting was held at Minbin, nineteen miles from Lismore. This is a newly settled district. Up to date there has not been a pub in the district, but an attempt is being made to force one on the residents. There are two vacancies in this electorate, and the designing liquor men consider that one of them should go in Nimbin. A strenuous fight is to be put up against it. The case will be held on July 6.

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There is ample accommodation. Two fine boarding-houses have been erected. At one of these (Mrs. Blackman's), I stayed overnight, and can testify to its cleanliness and comfort.

ON TO BALLINA.

From Minbin I returned to Lismore, thence to Alstonville, where I was received by Mr. Ambrose Crawford, the president of the Lismore Electorate No-License League. It being too stormy for an open-air meeting at Ballina on Saturday night, I stayed with Mr. Crawford. On Sunday morning he drove me out to Rous, where I preached in the Anglican Church. On Sunday evening I was driven over to Ballina, a distance of 10 miles.

The dairy farms in this locality are simply charming, being well kept, and although it is the dead winter there is an abundance of feed.

An after-church service was held in the Masonic Hall at Ballina on Sunday evening, but the weather was still sufficiently wild to affect the attendance. We have, in the Rev. D. Hunter—Methodist Minister—a fine fighter. Mr. Hunter has spent the three Local Option polls at Deniliquin, Cowra, and Gunnedah, all strong Continuance places, and in each centre he has made the fight willing. He is hopeful of securing effective organization in Ballina so that a bigger vote for No-License will result in this place.

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AFTER PERSONAL INSPECTION.

W. D. B. Creagh writes, after a visitation of a number of hotels:—"To sum up the whole matter: The information we procured on the visit to the hotels was that the hotels are still the dangerous places they have always been; they are still badly managed; men, women, and even youths and girls under age are served with drink even when in an intoxicated condition. Some hotelkeepers and hotels may be better than others, but the damage they do is so great that it is the darkest stain and the greatest hindrance to our social and moral progress. This is indeed seen when a night visit is made to a number of hotels."

PROHIBITION LAWS AS WELL EXECUTED AS OTHERS.

Prohibition does not prohibit—altogether. Men so desperate, men so beyond the reach of conscience, men so lost to sensibility as to the results of their acts, not only upon their victim but upon innocent and helpless women and children, are still to be found who will dispense for a price this poisoned stuff. They will secrete it in alleys, bury it in cellars, hide it in coffins, and sell it in defiance of law, making themselves outlaws and criminals by so doing. But will any man in his senses say that the prohibitory law which denounces and punishes the sale of this poisoned stuff is not as well executed as any law on the statute books? If he does so say, he is very much misinformed or very partisan even to the limit of blindness.

The Optimist: "A man doesn't realise how well off he is when he has his health."

The Pessimist: "Yes; but there's always someone that's got better health."

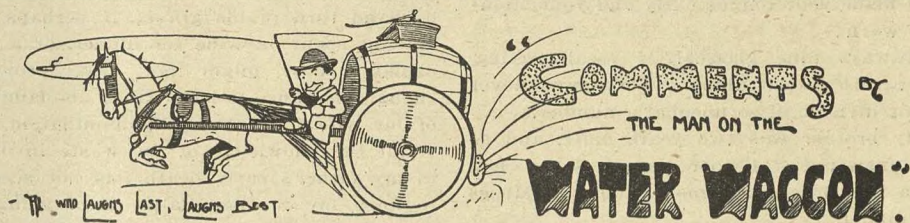
He found his garden a source of pleasure,
In which to spend his hours of leisure;
When damp weather came he lingered there,
Tending his many plants so fair.
And soon he contracted a dreadful chill,
His wife was alarmed, he looked so ill,
But she speedily sought an antidote sure,
And gave him Woods' Peppermint Cure.

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Fashionable Complaints.

Nerves, Insomnia, and Other Such Evils.

Some few weeks ago your humble servant attempted to treat such a "malady" as morbidity in a light vein, and was greatly surprised to find that at least half a dozen people had read and also appreciated the article. This was most refreshing. Up to that date the Waggoner had concluded that his work received the same recognition as the old song-writer declared was accorded the death of his ma-in-law. The latter he picturesquely painted in a brilliant couplet treating of her fate in the after-world—

"Whether 'twas wings or a tail that she wears,
Nobody knows and nobody cares."

However, it is apparent that some few good souls do take sufficient interest in this column to read it, hence the writer's intention to deal with one or two fashionable complaints under the inspiration (but not the hope) that some readers may suffer from one or other of them. It is so fashionable to have a "nervous breakdown," or to lie awake half the night grizzling over the Bills that have to be met to-morrow that a few words from one who has been through the mill may possibly help a trifle.

CAUSE.

It is most times not very difficult to light on the cause of the trouble. It can be put very tersely—WRONG LIVING. This is not a talk to alcoholics to-day—THEIR prescription anyone can write instantaneously. Many of our best and truest men and women go down to "nerves," and they don't drink at all. Wrong living doesn't necessarily mean vicious living, but a lack of regard for the rules of nature, the over-flogging of the willing horse.

How easy it is to fall into the trap. You are, for purpose of illustration, a well-meaning and decent citizen. You have a due re-

gard for your responsibilities and perform your work to the best of your ability. It is soon apparent to you much good work is being left undone, or worse still, massacred. You simply wade in and shoulder someone else's work. Other good people see you are a willing worker, and take a keen delight in loading you up a little more.

And so on—ad infinitum. Do you get it? as they say in U.S.A.?

Now, if you only kept yourself perfectly cool and didn't let the extra work FRET YOU (or perhaps we should have said the mistakes the messengers make worry you) the probability is you would get through all right.

But it is hard to smile sweetly and sublimely when a cheerful idiot is rioting all round you, and the result is tension—nervous tension, and you go off every once in a while like a packet of crackers.

AND EFFECT.

And the effect is alarming. You are all trussed up like a turkey for the oven one minute, and the next moment everyone is busy picking up the pieces. You crumble up. To say you are "slightly irritable" is to conjure with truth. You cast a blight upon the very atmosphere, and no one is sorry when you make your exit. A few months of this sort of thing, and you go down and out, and the medicine-man says "Hie thee to the mountains or down to the 'deep,' and spell thyself." After two months of enforced idleness you wake up to the particular sort of ass you are.

THE REMEDY.

Now you moan you can't help yourself, and don't expect to—that's a fable. You **can** and you **must**. It isn't necessary to get all trussed up—nor to go off pop and worry your neighbors. Not at all. One of the busiest and certainly one of the ablest men-of-law in this city is the Waggoner's own solicitor. He is a big man every way—and works from 9.30 a.m. to 7 p.m. daily, and takes up in that time dozens of different sorts of troubles. As each

is done with he automatically forgets it, and passes to another. Call on him any day you wish for a lengthy opinion. It is always sent round to you in extenso by the next forenoon. He is never in a "bustle," though always hustling, and he never puts in two words where one would do.

Asked by us quite recently how he came to get through the prodigious amount of work he does, the reply came promptly—"I never let it worry me a scrap."

That is the secret.

You will get through double the work, reader of this delightful journal, if you use your brains and not your "fretting apparatus." Try it.

You haven't been "thinking" all along, you have been "fretting" the whole journey.

Throw your worry out of the window and get down and put your ideas on paper and work your problems out.

Keep cool, Mr. Preacher, when you get into your pulpit, and you will preach just as well and your listeners will appreciate your greater command. Relax your muscles and stand up easily, and don't clutch the pulpit rail—it has shown no signs of running away to date.

Try and smile at the kids, you poor mother-of-four, and force yourself not to "nag" at them, although they are battering in the base of the milkcan, mistaking it for a drum. Yes, it's hard to smile, but will be the beginning of better things if you can secure control.

No one has any right to advise you unless he has tested the scheme, and remember we have.

DRUGS.

Keep off them if you can—but if you must have a 'script—here's one:—

R aqua pura (cold) morning and evening.

Tea—in moderation.

Alcohol—Nil.

Work—Plenty.

Fretting—Nil.

Relaxing exercises—twice daily, and with all the cheerful thoughts you can command and a firm trust in a Higher Power you will soon make a fine recovery.

AMERICA LEADS THE WAY.

Lansing, Michigan, capital of the State, goes dry and become the second capital of a wet State in the United States to oust the saloons. Nine counties were won by the Prohibitionists. Midland, Mecosta, Shiawassee, and Wexford counties remained dry. Oscoda County, which was wet, becomes dry. Arenac and Ogemaw remained wet. Michigan now has 34 dry counties and 49 wet.

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THE WIFE'S SIDE of the LIQUOR PROBLEM.

ABOUT WHICH THE HUSBAND TOO OFTEN FORGETS.

By A WIFE AND MOTHER, in "Ladies' Home Journal."

One of the first recollections I have of my mother is of her looking with a worried frown at my father and saying: "Ralph, are we obliged to have that brand of champagne? It is so very expensive!"

"We had better not give a dinner at all unless we can give it right," I recall my father's answering.

"But why not a cheaper wine? There are so many things I want to get for the children this week! They really cannot go without rubbers any longer."

"Oh, they are healthy children! There were no such things as rubbers when I was a boy. Of course I might have avoided this dinner, or I might give it at the club, but that would be even more expensive. Now that I am in it I should like to do it well. These are all brilliant men, but they won't talk without wine, and they know good wine. The dinner would be a failure without it."

But my mother did not seem to be appeased. "Yes," I recall her saying, "they are all brilliant, but not one of them can afford to drink, any more than we can afford to give them something to drink."

"What on earth do you mean?" my father asked.

"I mean that every one of these men's wives darns her gloves and turns her best dress and presses and remakes it."

"Well, why not? None of them is rich. Each man wears his clothes out and only renews them when necessary."

"I know. But for the price of what they drink there might be new dresses and new gloves for their wives."

"Yes, and five years from now nobody will recall whether there were new dresses or not. But not one of our little dinners will be forgotten."

I do not think my mother said anything more, but I do know that my father had no idea of the humiliation of having no dinner dress to wear to the party she had spent hours of labor in arranging.

I still remember my mother's face as she stood before the glass, on the night of that dinner, looking at her shabby gown; and many more than five years have gone by. It is true that I also remember the dinners; we had them often.

My brother and I used to steal from our nursery beds to listen, at the back stairway, to the laughter and the gay voices. Then, when by the sound of the voices we knew the table was being deserted for the library, we would creep downstairs in our bare feet. We knew that after the long wait both maids would be eating their delayed dinners in the kitchen. And we also knew that it was not polite to drink the wine left in the long stems of the champagne glasses. We would steal into the dining room and there would usually be nine glasses with the hollow stems filled with bubbly amber stuff

that made your tongue curly and your stomach warm.

"Always nine glasses!" I recall saying, after this special dinner. There was never a fair division of so unequal a number.

My brother was two years older, and so he answered: "Father says, 'Never less than the Graces nor more than the Muses for dinner.'"

I did not know what this meant then, but I would not have asked for the world. I hastily collected my four glasses. Ralph always got Mother's glass because he was quicker than I, and Mother usually left more in her glass.

"Why," I remember asking, "did the man say the Widow Cliquot was the best guest at the dinner?"

"That's the wine. She makes it."

I wondered why a woman would give all these other women so much trouble and make all these children go without rubbers.

Now I have no wish to sentimentalize about the drink question. Nor do I wish to moralise. We all know that drinking is not wholly a moral problem but a physiological one, and we have heard that its cure needs a physician as well as a priest. We have all seen the drink statistics, both the accurate ones and those in favor of alcohol. We know that daily doses of alcohol, no matter how small, lessen a man's resistance to disease by attacking his white blood corpuscles so that he cannot fight intruding germs effectually. We learned it at school. In college we learned that even a moderate drinker was not so good a father as a temperate man, because he bequeathed his children decreased nervous health. We know about vice and crime and their relation to alcohol. But in some experience with men who drink I never yet found one whom all this ready and available information kept from drinking. There was a time when I wondered why it did not.

My brilliant father died, at forty-four, of pneumonia that he might easily have conquered but for his years of indulgence. My mother, her strength spent in twenty years of economy, died three years later. My brother, who had unusual mathematical ability, had to leave the school that might have made him an engineer and take a clerical position at eight dollars a week. He has advanced, but he does not like his work and the longing for the other career is always with him.

I gave up all my literary hopes and became that distressing thing, a paid companion. I have since married, but the fact that I could not fit myself for the thing I felt I could do still brings its hours of regret.

Nor are my mother and Ralph and I special cases. We are only three out of hundreds of such cases. I watched a wo-

man who came to my door this morning with a set of books to sell, far too expensive for me to buy. She turned slowly away and stood looking forlornly at the next house that, against her own shrinking modesty, she must invade. And I wondered if that look would not have made some father or husband turn in his grave; if perhaps the amount spent on wine for dinner, or a few drinks a day, might not have provided enough insurance to have saved his daughter or his wife from this daily humiliation.

But the knowledge of the waste involved in my father's early death has not seemed to keep my brother Ralph from going in the same direction. Nor do I believe that the sight of many pathetic women, striving to earn a meagre living, would keep my husband from his well-liked cocktail.

We belong to a pleasant community clustered around a country club. We have none of us any money to spare; we are many of us paying for our own homes and hoping to send the children through college. Most of us women make our simple clothes and do much of our housework. Most of the men work hard in the city and come home for recreation and refreshment. And part of this refreshment certainly seems to them to be the evening drink at the club. The drinking is largely social. It helps the talk of the day. My husband and my husband's friends, and Mariette who lives across the way and who orders a cocktail with her five o'clock tea, and my brother Ralph and his wife, who go without a laundress, but who have wine on their table at a price that would easily pay the laundress's bill, are not a weak-willed minority. They are all super-civilised, highly complex, cultivated men and women. The men do not get drunk, they do not do anything to excess. But they would not listen to you if you quoted them the most reliable statistics about moderate drinking, or pointed out to them the most emphatic examples of its results. And I have about concluded that the reason is that it is not on the men that the hardship of moderate drinking falls. It is on the women.

"You never saw me in any way affected by liquor," said Ralph to me the night we had the great alienist for dinner.

I never have seen Ralph affected by liquor. But I have seen his wife exhausted with work beyond her strength. I have seen her fly into a passion that was only overstrained nerves due to the telephone's ringing while the grocery man hammered at the back door and the postman rang at the front door and the maid was in the laundry.

I did not say so to Ralph, because I knew the alienist had got on his nerves. "No, dear lady," the alienist had said to Ralph's wife at dinner, "alcohol is not the cause of great crimes. As Doctor Lydston says, these great crimes demand great mental activity. They need keen perception, complete fearlessness, cleverness of conception, fixity of purpose, mechanical skill, fertility of resource, and a profound knowledge of human nature. No alcoholic has these things. Gigantic swindling schemes require

the highest quality of intelligence, and the intelligence of the man who drinks cannot be depended on."

"How about the good and fine things," I asked, "that also require these very qualities? The gigantic business ventures, the conduct of the great railroads, the guiding of nations, the making of laws? Do the men who do these things refrain from drinking?"

"I cannot go so far in my statements," said the great man, "for I do not know the history of all these men. But it is an age in which the necessity for conservation is being realised. Men with great tasks to do conserve their energies socially, physically, mentally. Alcohol is a dissipator. It releases a man from restraint. It gives him pleasantly to the moment's enjoyment, instead of helping him plan the welfare of the future. I doubt if great accomplishment ever goes hand in hand with even small indulgence."

Mr. Farwell, the rich man of our neighborhood, replied: "The tendency grows more and more to inquire into a man's personal habits before offering him positions requiring judgment. The surprising thing is that while there are many men almost fit for 'the big job,' men who may some day be able to swing it, there are only a few who can actually do it. And my experience is that in most cases these almost successful men, the men who in fact do succeed with small things, are the men who drink at luncheon to stimulate their flagging brains, and at dinner to get an appetite."

I gave a quick glance from my husband to my brother. They are both men of unusual ability, yet neither is satisfied with his work or with the moderate income it is bringing.

Deferring to the known views of the alienist and of Mr. Farwell, I had had no wine for dinner. But my husband had felt so apologetic about it that he had warned each man beforehand and they had prepared themselves accordingly. My guests, of course, could not know this and so felt at liberty to express their opinions.

The alienist probably did not recognise the belligerence in Ralph's voice when he asked: "What kind of crimes does alcohol inspire then?"

"The crimes of emotion and impulse. Two-thirds of all such crimes are directly traceable to alcohol."

"Of course," said Ralph, "you mean the steady drinker?"

"No, I do not. It is the occasional drinker who is most likely to commit them. The steady drinker is too inert to respond to excitation."

I could see the whole table of moderate drinkers inwardly protesting. They objected to being associated in any way with those whose minds were perverted by the thing they themselves used merely as a social habit.

"But of course in an assemblage like this," the alienist continued, "such things as crimes do not come close. But blunders do—the foolish mistakes that cause such grave re-

sults, the little omissions, the reckless words and letters—it is safe to say that three-fourths of them are caused by the temporary loss of self-control that comes from too much to drink." He turned gallantly to me: "Of course you women are included in this only in so far as you have to bear the results, but that is often the hardest of all."

After he had gone, and the dinner was over, I found myself wondering what part of the burden of this liquor problem was borne by women. Not the wives of the day laborers, where poverty of living welcomes any release; not among the wealthy, where idleness makes of drinking a pastime; but among our own women, wives of the men who make from two to four thousand a year, the men who have food enough and sufficient shelter but who must plan carefully to find money for anything else besides food and shelter.

That very morning my husband had said: "Caroline, keep the cost of this dinner down. Our last supper was too expensive."

Now our last supper had been a chafing-dish supper that had cost three dollars and sixty cents for the food, but twice as much for the drinks that Tom thought were necessary to wash the Welsh rarebit down. And I had gone without a new hat that I wanted because of these drinks.

I did not want to moralise. No woman wants to when she has to trim over last year's hat. You do not care a rap about the ethics of stimulation. You want a new hat. But as I sat trimming over that hat it occurred to me that if we women cared less for the effect and more for the cause, less for the hat and more for these very ethics of stimulation, we might have a clearer idea of the liquor problem and of our part in it.

It is we women who bear the burden of the economy that this liquor problem makes necessary. It is here that it must be fought; on its economic side. It is here that women must act; for women are the natural conservers of the world. They know what it means to sacrifice the things they and their children need to the moment's exhilaration.

Somebody always pays, and oftenest where it is a man who refuses to count the cost it is his wife and children who pay. It was only this morning that, as I planted my nasturtium seeds below my front verandah, I cast an occasional eye on my next-door neighbor dusting her hall behind the shelter of her screened door. And I saw the Kentucky Colonel, her husband, come downstairs. It was nearly ten, but the Colonel had just risen. His wife stopped and said sweetly, "How do you feel this morning, Graham?"

"How would you expect a gentleman to feel in the morning before his cocktail?" snapped the Colonel in the tones of the habitual before-breakfast grouch. And right there his wife's part in the liquor problem bore heavily upon her, as indeed it has for many years.

We women are self-sacrificing by nature. Most of us bear our shabby domestic burdens uncomplainingly enough. We are willing enough to go without the things we need, whether mental or material. But we should

be sure that our sacrifices are made for high objects and not for low ones, else we are wasting a very precious thing.

Weir Mitchell never permitted his famous rest cure to be given at the home of the nerve-exhausted patient. For wherever there is such a patient there is always some member of the family who sacrifices herself, mind and body, to the demands of the invalid. And no cure can be effected while this condition continues. It is so with our men who drink. There is always some woman in the family who is bearing the hardest part of the burden, and there is much to be said for the frank recognition of this fact instead of denying it or hiding it.

These two or three drinks a day mean the month's rent for the man at a moderate wage, or the summer's vacation for the family of the man with twice that much, or better food and larger opportunity for the family of the man with still more. The burden of denial does not always fall on the wife in a way she can measure. It is like an indirect tax, a little here and a little there, scarcely measured at the time, yet making life a succession of worried days and sleepless nights. It is not a world where a man may live unto himself, or where the result of waste falls only on the waster. Whatever lessens a man's efficiency handicaps his wife and children.

It may not be in actual money. Perhaps your husband has the price of a drink, of many of them. But he is fighting a losing battle against age. He needs the resilience of his arteries and the elasticity of his tissues and the clearness of his thought processes in his battle—not only for himself, but also for you whose living he is making. He cannot afford to drink. He cannot afford it physically.

Your son is engaged in a profession that requires fingers of flexible steel, fingers whose slightest quiver would end in death. He needs nerves that are absolutely accurate in their response, not nerves that rebel at danger or tremble before a gaping wound. He cannot afford it nervously.

The man your husband is working for, the man in his glass-partitioned office next your husband's, the man who is the brains behind all the invested capital that keeps a hundred families fed and clothed, that sends your children toward their life's work with costly special equipment—this man has a hundred grave problems a day to solve, on whose right solution your very bread depends. He cannot afford to drink. He cannot afford it mentally. Competition is too close, the balance between the cost of manufacturing and the returns of selling is too delicate.

And this man whom you admire for his steady nerves and his fine mind and his excellent achievement, he cannot afford it spiritually. He needs to conserve his no-functions. "Yes" comes easily to him and the whole world is waiting to hear "Yes" from a man of such gifts.

"You cannot afford it" should be on the lips of every woman who is bearing her part in the liquor problem! We know the sore

(Continued on Page 10.)

GRIT.

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and No-License.

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Experiments by Drs. Berg and Meyer, of Germany, show that one glass of beer per day will decrease the working efficiency of an office-worker seven per cent., and the loss of efficiency in the case of a man who works with his hands is still greater.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

CHAS. C. MIHELL,

Bible House, 242 Pitt-street, Sydney.

A Personal Chat with my readers

THE COMING BAZAAR.

In October next there is to be a sale of work in aid of the funds of the Alliance. Naturally there will be a "Grit" stall. I hope the readers of "Grit" will make it worthy of their paper. Those in the country can send honey, jam, butter, or any other thing handy. Send anything you like, only send something. I am ambitious to make it the best stall in the sale. If it is managed by ni's and ne's it will certainly be attractive, and if we all lend a hand it will be splendidly stocked, and most effective. Will you make any suggestions you think of, and we will unite to make our part a great success.

VARIOUS SMELLS.

Commenting on Mr. Kipling's recent remarks on the smells of different places, M. Lucien Descaves, the French author, asserts that petrol is the dominating smell of Paris.

Max Nordau, the eminent writer, told a Paris correspondent the other day that the characteristic smell of London was beer. "I have," he said, "approached London from every point of the compass, by land and sea, and on every occasion my nostrils have been assailed by the same unmistakable smell of beer."

There is substantial evidence that there is truth in the accusation made by Max Nordau. Sir Victor Horsley is responsible for the statement that in the casualty wards of the London General Hospital 90 per cent. of those admitted on a Saturday are suffering from injuries resulting from drink. On one Boxing Day every admission to the hospital was due to drink.

In London there are 16,000 policemen; 2970 of these were injured while on duty, more than half, viz., 1655, received their injuries from drunken persons.

In the London G.P.O. 21 per cent. of the whole number of dismissals and 67 per cent. of the losses of good conduct stripes are due to drink.

From what Lord Alverstone, Judges Bingham and Darling say, the beer odor permeates every court, and is responsible for 80 to 90 per cent. of the court's business. The Royal Lunacy Commission adds its quota to the evidence that condemns beer, and asserts that 30.8 per cent. of lunacy is due to alcohol. The consumption of beer per head in London is 26.2 gallons. We only consume 11 gallons per head, and if you want a whiff of it in its full strength, approach within 100 feet of the Coroner's Court, the Central Police Court, the Reception House, the various asylums, the

Salvation Army shelter, the Soup Kitchen, or the "Grit" labor office or the Legislative Assembly, and you will need no further argument.

AN OUNCE OF FACT.

H. S. Fullerton, the famous American baseball writer, recently reported an investigation as to the baseball player's life in fast company. The investigation covered the decade 1904-14. From the major league roster of 1904 he selected the names of 30 players who drank, and 30 who did not drink. By 1909 only four of the drinkers were still in the big leagues, but 16 of the abstainers held their places. In 1914 only two of the original drinkers (one of them had become an abstainer) were still in the big ring. Eight non-drinkers were still playing good baseball. "Not more than four so-called drinkers were ever drunkards," says Fullerton. "They were moderate." The investigation further covered their present physical and financial welfare. Of the drinkers eight were down and out, but only one abstainer was in that state. Five drinkers and nine abstainers were "medium." Three drinkers and 16 non-drinkers were "prosperous." Nine drinkers and two non-drinkers were dead. Five drinkers and two non-drinkers were unaccounted for.

Here are facts that can't be dodged. Get the nearest boy sport enthusiast to chew them over.

In spite of the care and keenness of the press it **THE MISTAKES OF THE PRESS.** often conveys a wrong impression, and very few public men escape the annoyance of being misreported. If the mis-reporting reporter is a necessary evil it is just as well to remember that necessary evils are not among the necessities of life. Can you imagine the feelings of the clergyman referred to by Mr. G. W. E. Russell in one of his books. "A clerical uncle of mine," writes Mr. Russell, "took the pledge in his old age, and at a public meeting stated that his reason for so doing was that for thirty years he had been trying to cure drunkards by making them drink in moderation, but had never once succeeded. He was thus reported: 'The reverend gentleman stated that his reason for taking the pledge was that for thirty years he had been trying to drink in moderation, but had never once succeeded!' I fear, however, the sin that the press is guilty of most frequently is a sin of omission.

The Editor

Harry Lauder and Drink.

THE MERRY-MAKER HAS NO TIME FOR DRINK.

AFRAID OF THE STEAM ROLLER.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lauder accepted the invitation of the N.S.W. Alliance and took tea with the members of the State Council on the 22nd inst. The Rev. R. B. S. Hammond presided, and welcomed the guests in the name of the temperance folks of N.S.W., the Hon. D. R. Hall, Minister for Justice, the Rev. F. Colwell, president of the Methodist Conference, and Alderman Walker also gave expression to warm appreciation of the part Mr. Lauder played in adding brightness to the lives of all who heard him.

"FU' THE NOO."

In response, Mr. Lauder said:—

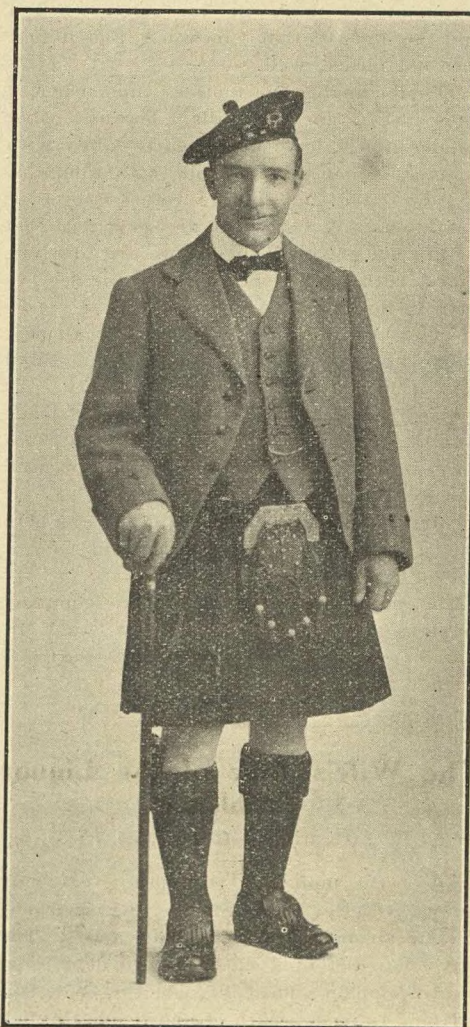
"It is very embarrassing, you know, to come to a place like this when everything that is said is in your praise. I do not know whether I deserve it or not; but I am doing my best. I will tell you about one of my songs that I sing sometimes, and for which I have been at times criticised. My song, 'Fu' the Noo,' which is the Scotch for 'you have had enough,' not that you cannot hold any more, but that you don't want to take any more, like one of those chaps if you haven't seen them drinking you have seen them eating. You have to be just as temperate in eating as drinking. When you hear somebody at the table say 'I'm full,' you know that they have had their capacity, and are not going to take any more, as they know the after effects, and that song of mine delineates the character of the man who did not want to take any more because he knew his capacity—and he had a very good one.

"Now, I want to tell you something about that song. It was criticised by the London Press as being one of the masterpieces on record that had been sung in London up to that day. I was very pleased, naturally, and when I went on the stage portraying that character I revelled in it. I was intoxicated with that song. I felt I was intoxicated. I stretched my imagination so far that I actually believed I was intoxicated; so one night after singing that song I was met at the door by a young fellow who was 'Fu' the Noo,' and he was very full; but he straightened himself up and pulled himself together and coughed; then he extended his hand to me and said: 'I beg your pardon, Mr.; you will excuse me; I am an Englishman and want to shake hands with you. I am going to tell you that if I look as big a fool as I have seen you to-night, then I'm not going to drink any more.' He was leaving me, and I said, 'Well see that you keep to your word.' He said, 'Yes.'

"Well now, about a year after that I was coming out of the same music hall, and this chap again came up to me. He was well dressed, and had a nice clean collar on and looked to be most respectable. He came over to me, lifted his head, and extended his hand and said, 'Do you remember me?' I said, 'I do. I remember you when you were drinking here.' He said, 'I have never

tasted drink since.' So by singing that one song for several years if I caused a little bit of antipathy against me by some people who are extraordinarily narrow-minded I saved at least one soul. I saved one man from going down probably, because you have only got to start drinking to start going down. We are all born without drinking strong drink, and we live to a certain time without it.

"The happiest time of our lives is our youth, when we never know or touch strong



MR. HARRY LAUDER.

drink. It is when a boy thinks he is a man that he wants to take strong drink, and it only needs a beginning.

"DRINKING LIKE A WEED.

"You can put loads of seeds into the ground, and maybe they don't all take very good root. The crops are fair or the flower is a failure, or the plant does not come up very nicely. It is a weakling. When the young man takes a wee drop of drink and he takes another one, and he wants to take more and more, the craving begins to set in

for it. The desire has taken root, and there will be a crop. If young men and women would just realise that it was worth any sacrifice to stop taking it then fight against it, battle with it. If they don't do it then there is nothing but destruction in the future. They cannot avoid it, because it gets control of them. Like the weed growing round the plants in the garden, if you don't take it away it grows and kills the plant.

"WHY LAUDER DOES NOT DRINK.

"It was once remarked to me, 'You don't seem to ever have a drink with any of us.' I said, 'No, I don't; but you don't like me any the less for that do you?' The answer was, 'No, but you know we would like if you would just join us.' I said, 'I have no time. I am working while you are drinking, and, besides, I am going to tell you this—why I don't drink. I would never drink excessively if I did drink.' He said, 'Why?' I said, 'Because I'm afraid of it.' If men and women would realise the danger of going to excess they would treat drink as an enemy—they would be afraid of it.

"It is like a big steam roller, but you don't see it coming. You think it is not coming quickly enough, and you take your time, and before you know where you are it is upon you. You get one of your feet taken off and then a leg, until it gets at the whole constitution of the man.

"WE ARE DOING WELL.

"Everybody who preaches against strong drink and the excess of it is doing a good turn. They are missionaries, great missionaries, because it is the great strength of drink that makes the man so weak. Man is absolutely a weakling when you see him intoxicated. He is the silliest looking thing you ever saw—the effect of this alcohol on the brain when it is beginning to take effect and beginning to destroy the faculties is pitiable.

"I once spoke to a doctor on the idea of strong drink. I said, 'What is the effect of brandy?' 'Well,' he said, 'I will tell you the effect. You have often heard a man talk about the horrors of drink? Alcohol creates such a thirst and at the same time robs us of our powers of resistance, and we endure torture.' I said, 'Why, how is that created?' He said, 'Because when you drink alcohol the blood, the healthy blood that is in the body, rushes to do battle with the poison. All the blood in your body comes to fight against the poison, and before it becomes master of the fight it gets exhausted, tired, the same as you would in a long race. You would put all your energy into it to begin with, and then you would gradually begin to get exhausted. That is the effect of strong drink, and when you awaken in the morning the power is all gone, and you have the feeling of the horrors, and that is the result of over indulgence in strong drink.' You should awaken in the morning a sober man, and rise and say, 'By gosh, it's fine to live. Thank God that I'm alive and can appreciate the sunshine.' On the other hand the drunkard does not do that. He does not know whether the sun is shining or whether it is raining. He is so

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does not care. He is so far out of himself that he has become regardless and lost respect.

"THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD.

"You can't buy respect; it is the greatest thing in the world. You must live and you must live well to gain that respect. Some have got to live long; you can't do it in a day, month, or year. It has got to go round. They have to understand you and talk about you, and run you down. You have got to have a fight before you can get respect, and you have all that to stand; but I always say that the strong man is ready and can stand for anything. He is always here when he is called, and has a clear brain, and a man who has a clear brain, if he has a good strong constitution, is the happiest man in the world; and if he is not the happiest man in the world he ought to be. He ought to awaken up and pull himself together, and then to realise he is the happiest man in the world. We must make others happy, and then we will be happy ourselves. That is what I have been trying to do.

"HOW HE CAME TO BE A 'COMIC.'

"I was asked one day, 'How did you come to be a "comic"?' I said, 'I don't know. Before I was 12 years old I went into the factory and began at six o'clock in the morning and it was dark when I got up. I did not get home till 6.30 at night, and it was dark then too. I used to work so hard that I didn't have time to look out the window to see the light in the day time. Then the same thing happened at the mine when I worked there. I only saw the light and sunshine on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, so I don't know how I've come to be a 'comic.' It was pretty tough living in darkness, but I was always looking forward.

"I had a name in view. I wanted to rise—to do something for myself. My first idea was, 'Can I be of use to myself. Can I take the responsibility off my mother, and be useful to myself.' After I had done that I said, 'Now, can I be useful to others?' So I started, and I had my mind built up on singing, because I loved to sing. I used to sing 6, 7, 8, and 10 songs each night. I did not get any money for it, but a cup of tea and a 'cookee' and a bun. You know how the temperance societies pay you as a rule. I used to sing at the Rechabites Good Temp-lars, etc., and I was quite pleased when I got 2/6, a cup of tea, and an orange and some sweets, and then, of course, I began to want more than that. Then I got 5/- the second year, then 7/6, and 10/- the third year. It was about ten years before I got one guinea and a half. So I was not singing for money. Then I got mixed up in the commercial world. It was a different world

to what I had been brought up in altogether. They did not care for anybody. They had no respect for anybody. They just had respect for the money. That was all, and they sweltered it out of everybody. These are the kind of people I came in contact with, and when I realised what they had done with me I said, 'I'll be ready for ye.'

"So when they come to me they have got to be prepared beforehand, because I have no arguments. I made up my mind when I said 'so and so' that I meant it, and if that does not please, well — — —

"There might be another time when I come back to Australia, because Mrs. Lauder and I have been nearly killed with kindness. You can kill folk with kindness, and we have just had to refuse scores of invitations. We say we are engaged, and we are not engaged, that is we are first engaged with each other. But you see we have to do that because we would never be in unless we did. We would be out all day. So we just say 'No;' but all the same, mind you, it is grand to come from away over the sea and have the warm hand of friendship extended to you. Not only that, but they want to put their arms round our neck and kiss us.

"Mrs. Lauder and I are delighted to be here this afternoon, and I think we will have a cup of tea now."

The meeting concluded by the company singing, "He's a jolly good fellow," and Mr. Lauder sang a verse of "There are no friends like the old friends."

The Wife's Side of the Liquor Problem

(Continued from Page 7.)

need of the moment's stimulation. Nobody knows it better than women, with their uncertain strength. All of us have felt it. The physician, listening each day to depressing stories of pain and of disease; the professor, striving to push a path of knowledge through mediocrity; the tired business man, measuring his competitor's power; the tense stock-broker, with aching fingers on the fluctuating pulse of trade; the discouraged writer, un-sealing his returned manuscript; the hurried reporter, with the world's news at his fingertips—would they not all welcome the relief of stimulation did they not know that the cost was far too high?

A drug that impairs the brain functions ever so slightly is not likely to spare the moral sense. Even the moderate drinkers have to admit this. Nervous equilibrium is absolutely essential to right living and right thinking. Anything that impairs this impairs a man's relations to others, especially to those

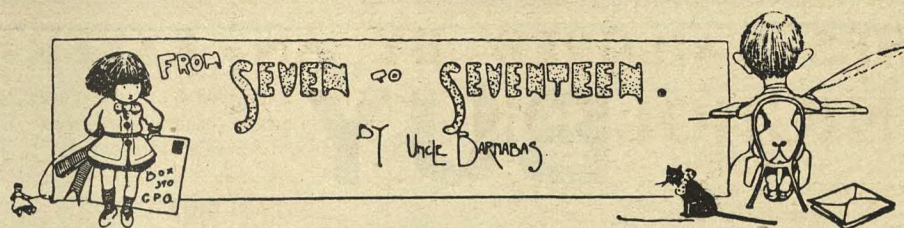
who have to live with him. Even though the equilibrium is only slightly impaired—and men vary greatly in the effect produced on them by alcohol—even if a man's sane judgment is altered only a little, even if his wisdom is only slightly overbalanced by his animal impulses, all that is then needed to bring about misfortune or folly is the loss of his will power. A little more alcohol—the amount varying with the man—brings this about. It paralyses a man's will.

Far more important, to himself and those who care for him, is a man's will power than are his nerve ganglions or his muscular strength. It is the man himself. It is his motive power, his personality, his ego—the thing that says I am, and can prove it. No man can afford to lose it for a minute or an hour. If you look for divinity in man you must look here. If you find creative power in him it is will acting on imagery and visualisation. If you see executive ability it is acting will. If you feel character it is built on will.

It is this, the very heart and soul of a man, that alcohol attacks. It attacks his self-control. It dissolves him into those constituents out of which he made himself by the addition of effort and struggle. It is a waste before which all other wasting is small. Its burden, borne by wives and mothers and little children, is a burden beside which all other burdens are small.

THE VAGRANT.

The road is long and dusty, his legs are old and rusty, and wearily he wends; his clothes are all in tatters, but nothing to him matters; he has no home or friends. The village housewives shoo him, the farmer's dogs pursue him and bite him when they can; the little children eye him with dread when they go by him—alas, poor, friendless man! He is a horrid warning, and some cold winter morning we'll find him in a ditch, as dead as old Jack Horner, and in the Pauper's Corner his nameless bones we'll pitch. And once this weary wender had dreams as full of splendor as any you have known; and he had hopes of rising to heights of fame surprising, where he could stand alone. But ere he sought the treasure he'd give some days of pleasure, some hours to wassail high; and so he played and rambled, in pleasant ways he gamboled, and youth went slipping by. He wasted all his chances, and now, as age advances, we see him in his rags; this is the true life story of hosts of failures hoary, of hosts of hungry vags. And is it your endeavor, young man, so bright and clever, like this old wreck to be? Oh, Youth, while you are playing, in wastrel pathways straying, the golden chances flee!—Uncle Walt.



A SHORT-SIGHTED MAN.

Did you ever hear of the man who dressed himself very splendidly and set off to a wedding party. As he walked along he felt hungry, and began looking forward to the splendid things to eat that were sure to be at the wedding feast. He saw a basket on the roadside and opened it and found it contained pears. At first he thought of eating them, but he was sure in his own mind that he was going to have something so much better to eat, that he kicked the basket over and sent the pears flying into the mud. He soon came to a river and found the bridge washed away and no way for him to cross. After waiting a long time and finding it impossible to get over and go to the wedding, his hunger was so great that he hurried back and picked the poor, bruised and muddy pears up and eat them. There is an old saying that "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." What do you think? Use all your chances to-day at school, at home, at play, don't kick any of them into the mud or you may some day have to come back to use what you now despise.

UNCLE B.

A BIT TOO FAR.

There was a man in our town
Whose wife was economical;
The way she made him eat the scraps
To save them all was comical.

Just after meals when he was full,
This woman who was wed to him,
To save the portions left, would pass
The milk and pie and bread to him.

When he was sick and got some drugs,
Took some, but left the best of it,
She grew sick of the same disease
So she could take the rest of it.

—O. C. H., in "Columbus Dispatch."

OUR STALL.

Have you made up your mind what you are going to do for our stall? Hurry up. The first thing to do is to make up your mind what you can do, and then determine to do it and a bit more for luck. Please write and tell me all about it.

UNCLE B.

A REAL BAD HAT.

Athol Williams, Awarua, Pukehou, H.B., writes:—

My Dear Uncle B.,—Please excuse me for not writing for so long, but I am a real bad hat. I have been shooting a lot of birds with father's pea-rifle lately. Aunt Lydia asked me to give you her love and to say

that you are not forgotten, and that she has a great string of letters to write, nearly as long as her arm, but goodness only knows when she will get them written. We have been having a lot of bad weather lately, and most of the surrounding country is under water, and all this wet weather keeps me in, because I have only been up a few days, or rather, a fortnight to-day from another attack of cystitis, but luckily it stayed at a chill on the kidneys, so I was able to leave my bed sooner than I otherwise would have. To-day it was much finer than yesterday, and towards the evening, or rather just about 11 o'clock, it started to clear up and the sun came out, and after a vigorous fight with the showers it stayed out, and so I got up for a short time. The great pity is, that I have to go back to school this term, but still I must finish my education some day, and if I always want to stop away I will never get on any further than I am. Father sold our 26-50 h.p. Minerva, and is going to bring another out from England with him. All the family went, and by now they will be on some big liner going from New York to England. Perhaps they are on the Olympic or Imperator, or any equally big ship. Sam (my brother) has been having rather a bad time with the doctor in London, and he will have to be very careful and look after his throat because his voice is giving way, and if he is not careful he will not be able to go in for the church. It will be an awful pity if he can't, because he is so keen. All the family arrive in England on May 25, or thereabouts. I hope you will not prove yourself the Jonah in our new car like you did a Havelock when you were in the old Wingfield, but that was not your fault, was it? Now I remain, ever your loving Ne.

A joke (if it may be called so):—

A doctor once asked a carpenter to make a cupboard, and when the doctor came back he said: "I see you have taken a chip out and covered up the bad work with clay."

"Ah, that may be doctor, but I've seen many a bad job of yours covered up with clay."

(Dear Athol,—It is yourself that is calling yourself the bad names! I don't think you are nearly such a bad hat as some of your "Cousins." We all hope you are much better and also that Sam's voice will be alright—the church can't afford to lose a single keen man. I am glad you see the value of education; it is much easier to get it when you are young; it is like kisses, they are plentiful for babies who don't appreciate them, but very scarce for the same babies later on in life. I have your second letter also.—Uncle B.)

A BEAUTY SPOT.

C. Mansfield, Thirroul, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am sending you some photographs for the Beauty Spot Competition. Our school is going to have a picnic to-morrow to celebrate Empire Day. We have to go up to the school, and then march down to the ground. I hope I will have a good time. We had a special service at church this morning to celebrate the day also. Hoping you will soon get plenty of views for your competition.—Yours truly.

(Dear Ne.,—Thanks for your contribution to the Beauty Spot Competition. The list is now closed and the winners will be declared in "Grit" very soon. I am very pleased to have so many cards. Why, those I put in "Grit" will go all over the world—so see what some of the Ne's. and Ni's. missed by not sending.—Uncle B.)

STAMPS AND A STORY.

May Barnes, Market Square, Wollongong, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It's an awful long time since I wrote to you, but I am sending you a Beauty Spot postcard to make up for it. I have written a story called "Rhoda," and am sending it to you. It's not a temperance story. I have over 1000 foreign stamps, and over 1000 Australian ones. If you would like to have some I will send you some of them. If any of my cousins would care to write to me I would be very glad, also if they like to exchange stamps. I have a little brother a week old; his name is Milton George. He was born on May 22. Thank you very much for birthday greetings, but as I have not had my birthday yet I cannot tell you the best thing about it. I must close now, so good-bye. Love to all my cousins and yourself.—I remain, your loving Ni.

(Dear May,—Glad to hear from you again. Thanks for Beauty Spot. I wonder have you 1000 different foreign stamps, and what sort are the 1000 Australian stamps? Thanks for the story; have had no time to read it yet, but I will do so soon. We all hope Milton George will join the "Seven to Seventeen" family later on. Give him my love. Tell us about the birthday in your next.—Uncle B.)

FROSTY MORNINGS.

Ray Waters, Denison-street, Narrabri, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am writing to let you know that I am quite well and hope you are the same. Very shortly we are going to receive our prizes, and on Thursday next we will assemble at the church to learn some hymns and recitations. We are having heavy frosts up here now, and a person does not feel like getting up in the morning, and at night the fireside is the best and we do not like to leave it. Father and sister have gone to the Methodist Thanksgiving Festival. I must send you a postcard for the Beauty Spot Competition which he took on holidays at Katoomba. The "Grit" pictures are just fine. I think a few good recitations in "Grit" would be handy for us to learn.

Do you know why an interesting book is like a toper's nose? This is all for the present.—I remain, your loving Ne.

(Dear Ray,—So you find bed a good place on a frosty morning. I expect many more think as you do, but it is grand once you are out and running about. Keep away from the fire, as it makes you feel the cold more than ever. I have never had a fire in my study for as long as I can remember. I must put a few recitations in "Grit"; thank you for reminding me. Thanks for Beauty Spot.—Uncle B.)

A MAN WHO KNOWS UNCLE B.

Clarice Clout, Bellevue, Tumut Plains, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I thought I would write to you to-night as I have not written to you for some time. We are having frosts here now. I go to school every day. Our new teacher's name is Miss Bowditch, and I like her very much. She is very kind. Father was in Sydney a few week's ago. He had not time to go to "Grit" office, but he met a man at Surry Hills who knows Uncle B. On Empire Day we met at the school at a quarter to eleven. Mr. Stacey addressed us for about half an hour. We had races in the afternoon. Mr. Edwards has gone away, and we gave him a purse of 25 sovereigns. Mr. Burgess has come in his place. He is a very good man. I don't think he will ever forget the first service he had in Tumut. It was Empire Day, and the church was packed. One side of the church was taken up with the cadets, Australian Light Horse, and all the friendly societies, and the singing was lovely. What a hard case Bonnie Edwards must be, her letters are so funny. We got our Sunday School prizes last Sunday. The name of mine is, "The Seed She Sowed." Well, Dear Uncle, I think I must leave off as it is bed-time. Love to all the Ni's. and Ne's., not forgetting yourself.—From your loving Ni.

P.S.—I will send you a beauty spot for the competition if I can get one.

(Dear Clarice,—So your father met a man in Surry Hills who knew Uncle B. Well, I saw that man the same day—so there. If two fathers and two sons went into a dining-room where all the meals were one shilling each, how much would it cost to give them all a meal? Tell me if you can. Glad to hear such good news of the Empire service. Write again soon.—Uncle B.)

"GRIT" GONE ASTRAY.

Beryl Anderson, "Karlsruhe," Queen Victoria Street, Bexley, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—As 'tis almost post-time this note must be very brief, but I know you will understand and excuse me this time. This is just to let you know that our copy of "Grit" for last week (May 28) has not reached us. I suppose it has gone to someone else. Could we please have a copy? We have been thinking very much of you since the Diocesan tea-meeting. I wanted to talk to you very much that night, but

BUY GRIFFITHS' TEAS

somehow I could think of nothing worth saying, and have been regretting ever since that I let the chance pass. Kindest regards from mother and love from myself.

(Dear Beryl,—So "Grit" went astray? I wonder who was to blame? However, I hope you have the second copy ere this, and I hope whenever "Grit" goes astray that others will follow your good example and write and say so at once. Did you ever hear of the statue to represent "Opportunity"? It has a big lot of hair in front and none on the back of the head at all—to teach that it is easy to grasp when it is coming towards you, but there is nothing to pull it back with once it is passed. I am writing this in the train, and guess the printer will have a job to read it.—Uncle B.)

QUEEN OF THE MAYPOLE.

Alice Reid, Corrimal, writes:—

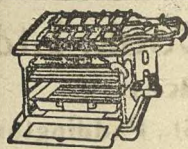
Dear Uncle B.,—I would like to be one of your Ni's. My mother has been taking "Grit" for a long time. I will be nine years of age on the 18th of this month. I am in third class at school. I have a nice teacher; his name is Mr. Turner. There are three teachers besides. On Empire Day our school was nicely decorated. We had some nice speeches, then we sang some songs, and after that we went out of school and had some races. I came second in one race. After we had the races we had dinner, and had lots of cakes and jam tarts and sandwiches. We had three maypoles going at the same time. We had our photos taken. I was the queen of the third class maypole. They had the wand drill also. Then we had fruit and lollies for tea.—From your loving Ni.

(Dear Alice,—So you were queen. Well, I am delighted to have you as a Ni., and hope you will often write, and some day you must send me your photo. I hope you had a happy birthday on the 18th. I had a birthday in June also, and enjoyed it very much, in spite of the fact that I am far too old for such things as birthdays.—Uncle B.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "GRIT."

J. Lowe, 31/12/14, 6s.; Miss F. Evans, 31/12/14, 6s.; Mrs. E. Jones, 31/12/14, 6s.; Mrs. W. Morgan, 31/12/14, 6s.; E. Trevaskis, 31/12/14, 6s.; C. A. Flint, 31/12/14, 7s. 9d.; H. S. Rishworth, 31/12/14, 6s.; Rev. Stewart, 31/12/14, 6s.; Rev. W. Tassie, 15/9/15, 10s. 3d.; W. J. Laws, 31/12/14, 6s.; Rev. Gordon Hirst, 31/12/14, 6s.; H. Crowfoot, 20/1/15, 6s.; C. W. North, 31/12/14, 17s.; W. D. Bohn, 31/12/14, 6s. 3d.; Master G. Mackay, 31/12/14, 6s.; Mr. Geo. Mackay, Educational Fund, £5; Mr. John Davis, 31/12/14, 6s.; R. Alderston (Tasmania), 31/6/14, 3s.; A. Friend, Educational Fund, 20s.; Miss S. Molster, 31/12/14, 6s.; A. W. Lane, 31/12/14, 6s.; Henry Holland (Papua), 18/6/15, 6s.; R. B. Jones, 24/5/15, 6s.; C. Ashdown, 31/12/14, 6s. 7d.; B. C. Martin, 31/12/14, 6s.; School of Arts (Alstonville, per I.O.G.T.), 31/12/14, 6s.; A. M. Waters (agency), 4s.; John T. Hoare, 22/8/14, 6s.; A. B. Pursell, 31/12/14, 6s.; A. B. Pursell, Educational Fund, 34s.; Mr. Taylor, 31/12/14, 7s. 8d.; J. D. Levis, 31/8/15, 20s.; A. Moss, 31/12/14, 7s. 6d.; Thos. N. Pope, 31/12/14, 7s. 6d.; R. H. Bell, 31/12/14, 8s.; H. G. Harward, 7/1/15, 6s.; E. Filby, 26/6/15, 5s. 6d.; Rev. H. C. Foreman, 31/12/14, 6s.; Mrs. Marsden, 31/12/14, 6s.; W. J. Clarke, 31/12/14, 5s. 6d.; C. B. Taubman, 15/2/15, 10s.; W. Smith, 31/12/14, 6s.; E. Smith, 18/6/15, 6s.; Rev. P. M. Ware, 31/12/14, 6s.; Mrs. B. S. Poole, 31/3/14, 7s. 6d.; J. McGeachie, 31/8/15, 10s.; A. Robinson, 31/12/14, 5s. 6d.; M. McIntyre (Q.), 31/12/14, 6s.; Mrs. J. Martin, 31/12/14, 6s.; W. P. Bennett, 31/12/14, 5s.; Robt. Mitchell, 15/7/15, 5s.; Mrs. Simpson, 31/12/14, 6s.; Miss Vernon, 26/6/15, 6s.; J. Woodhouse (agency), 10s.; Mrs. Medcalfe, 30/9/14, 10s. 6d.; J. Anlezark, 31/12/14, 6s.; Mrs. P. Miller, 30/6/14, 6s.; W. Shepherd, 31/12/14, 5s.; Loxley Meggitt, 31/12/14, 10s.; W. Sef-ton, 31/12/14, 6s.; G. J. Tomkins, 31/12/14, 14s. 3d.; Mr. Litchfield, 31/12/14, 16s. 7d.; A. Starr, 31/12/14, 14s.; N. E. Savage, 28/2/16, 10s. 6d.; H. Thorburn (Q.), 31/12/14, 6s.; E. Catts, 31/12/14, 6s.; Rev. A. Mullins, 31/12/14, 9s.; Miss E. Martin, 31/12/14, 6s.; Miss McClean (Vic.), 31/12/14, 6s.; W. F. Young, 31/12/14, 17s.; Miss L. Cameron, 31/12/14, 6s.; Mrs. A. Wallis, 31/12/14, 6s.; J. Housden, 31/12/14, 6s.; E. S. Waller, 31/12/14, 6s.; Miss Roberts, 31/12/14, 7s.

GRAINUS PORRIDGE FOOD.



Have You A Fletcher-Russell Griller?

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.

THIS HANDY LITTLE GRILLER COSTS ONLY 20/-.
And we have other styles at a few shillings.

JOHN DANKS & SON PROPTY., LTD.

The House for Light and Heat,
324 PITT STREET, NEAR LIVERPOOL STREET, SYDNEY.

This is Where You Laugh.



NOT FOR HER.

A small boy who was sitting next to a very haughty lady in a crowded omnibus kept on sniffing in a most annoying manner. At last the lady could bear it no longer, and turned to the lad.

"Boy, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded.

The small boy looked at her for a few seconds, and then, in a dignified tone, came the answer:—

"Yes, I 'ave, but I don't lend it to nobody."

* * *

SHE KNEW.

When a clergyman remarked that there would be a nave in the new church the society was building, an old lady whispered that she "knew the party to whom he referred."

* * *

ANSWERED.

"Your hair is getting thin, sir," said the local barber to a customer one afternoon. "You really should put something on it."

"I do, every morning," returned the customer.

"May I ask what?" inquired the barber.

"My hat," said the patron. Thereafter there was silence.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

"What—what a show!" remarked the leading light of the theatrical company, as, low in funds, they decided to play their heart-breaking drama at a small country town.

To say the box-office receipts were low was to put it mildly, but a few hilarious individuals in the gallery put fresh life into the actors.

Sweetly the heroine did the light fantastic, boldly and badly the villain carried her off, nobly and bravely the hero pursued.

"Garn, rotten!" came a voice from the gallery, accompanied by a bouquet of turnips. Various vegetables followed in different scenes. The climax was reached when a heavy boot alighted on the stage.

Thoroughly alarmed, the hero retreated to the wings.

"Keep on playing you idiot!" hissed the manager, as he grabbed a very presentable boot. "Keep on till we get the other one!"

* * *

NOT BINDING.

"You used to say that I should never want for anything."

"That was before I knew your capacity for wanting."

* * *

NOT WEAKENING.

"I wish my wife was less firm in keeping her New Year resolution."

"What was it?"

"She resolved that I would quit smoking."

* * *

THE END.

His look was the look of utter desolation. "My last friend," he exclaimed, "has just called and borrowed my last dollar!"

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.

This Method gives an effect which it is impossible to obtain with the Shears, removing the background, and leaving a Serrated Edge, considerably improving the design, and giving a gracefulness which is lacking in the ordinary way.

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

We will be pleased to send you Patterns.

JAMES SANDY & CO.,
LIMITED,

Sydney's Fashionable Wallpaper House,
Showroom:
326-328 GEORGE-STREET, SYDNEY.

SCOOPED.

Arthur T. Hadley, president of Yale, said of youth at a tea in New Haven:—

"I find youth modest, almost over-modest. I don't agree with the accepted idea of youth that is epitomised in the anecdote.

"According to this anecdote, an old man said to a youth:—

"My boy, when I was your age I thought, like you, that I knew it all, but now I have reached the conclusion that I know nothing."

"The youth, lighting a cigarette, answered carelessly:—

"Hm! I reached that conclusion about two years ago!"

* * *

HER UNREASONABLE REQUEST.

"Look here," said the indignant mistress of the house to the small peddler, "do you call these safety matches? Why they won't light at all!"

"Well, Ma'am," said the peddler suavely, "wot could you 'ave safer?"

* * *

A young man who needed false teeth wrote to a dentist and ordered a set as follows:—

"My mouth is three inches acrost, five-eights inches threw the jaw. Some hummocky on the edge. Shaped like a hoss-shew, toe forward. If you want to be more particular, I shall have to come thar."

Do YOU Want an Honest Deal?

Do YOU really seek a dentist who will make you a set of Artificial Teeth so perfect, so remarkably natural in every respect that even your own family can scarcely detect the difference?

REANEY Upper and Lower Sets at Three Guineas are NOT cheap. They're not intended to appeal to folk who believe in "any old teeth will do." They are specially selected to match your own natural teeth and the conformation of your mouth. They are attached firmly to the plate, and they fit the mouth so snugly that a patent suction of such contrivance is quite unnecessary.

Let me examine your mouth and tell you what the cost of new teeth will be.

DENTIST REANEY,

"Expert in Difficult Extractions,"

CITY ROAD (Opp. Grace Bros.)...Hours 9 to 6 daily.

BRANCH AT 8 OXFORD STREET (two doors above Flanagan's).

DON'T BE ONE-EYED

READ

THE WORKER

IT GIVES ALL THE POLITICAL NEWS
OF THE WEEK.

ITS CARTOONS SIZE UP THE
SITUATION.

ALL NEWSAGENTS. TWO PENCE.

Lismore Liberty League and the Press.

THE "DAILY NEWS" DOES A SQUEAL.

MR. MARION READ A LIQUORMAN'S APPEAL TO SYDNEY BUSINESS MEN.

At the public meeting held in the Richmond Hall at Lismore on the occasion of the visit of Mr. James Marion, the following letter, which had been sent to a Sydney business firm over the signature of Mr. M. O'Neill, licensee of the Commercial Hotel, Lismore, and President of the Lismore Liberty League, was read:—

"LIBERTY LEAGUE (LISMORE BRANCH),

"January 10, 1914.

"To the Manager,—

"Dear Sir,—I beg to bring under your notice the following matter, which I trust will meet with your due consideration.

"You no doubt are fully aware that reduction was carried in this electorate during the recent election campaign, and the necessity for us strengthening our position to combat further encroachments in this direction is obvious to you.

"One of the means by which we hope to arrive at this desirable end is by assisting to strengthen and build up the 'North Coast Daily News,' a local paper which has consistently advocated our cause, and whose action in the recent campaign can be best judged by a perusal of the accompanying letter of thanks from me to them that appeared in their columns immediately after the elections. Our idea is to ask the Sydney merchants if they will assist by advertising in this paper. We on our part as hotel-keepers to patronise and further the interests of such firms as do so, so far as lay in our power.

I have interviewed the manager of the 'Daily News' in connection with this matter, and he said he will be pleased to draw the attention of hotel-keepers to the different advertisers by issuing leaflets monthly to every licensed house on the rivers, with the advertiser's name on them.

"Hoping to hear from you at an early date.
—Yours truly,

"M. O'NEILL, Commercial Hotel,
"President Lismore Branch Liberty League

The "Daily News," in anticipation of the event, which had been duly notified, sent a reporter along, and the following is that paper's statement of Mr. Marion's handling of the document:—

"After the first reading, Mr. Marion read the epistle with variations. He observed that he would have to be careful as to what he said; wherefore, he would not say to whom the letter had been sent, though he knew it had been to one business firm:—

"You no doubt are fully aware that reduction was carried in this electorate during the recent ELECTION campaign and the necessity for us strengthening our position to combat further encroachments in this direction is obvious to you," he read. Then he exclaimed: 'A notice to a Sydney business firm! I don't see where it comes in. I wonder did they send this circular around to the Lismore

business men, and point out to them it was obvious to them that these "further encroachments" should be restricted?"

"He then continued: 'One of the means by which we hope to arrive at this desirable end is by assisting to strengthen and build up the 'North Coast Daily News.'"

"Said Mr. Marion: 'The "North Coast Daily News," is it? On looking at the number of liquor advertisements in that paper I might come to the conclusion that it was the "North Coast Daily BOOZE!" (Uproarious laughter.)

"After an allusion to what he termed the 'notorious smoking circular,' and the reading of the letter of thanks alluded to above, Mr. Marion continued, 'Our idea is to ask the Sydney merchants if they will assist by advertising in this paper, we on our part as hotelkeepers— This is from the Liberty League; the Lismore Branch of the Liberty League! It is signed by M. O'Neill, the president of the Lismore Liberty League! I always understood that the Liberty League was composed of people who were not interested in hotels, but were out for the liberty of the subject! I am afraid we have punctured their tyre to-night! Listen to this: "We on our part as hotelkeepers to patronise and further the interests of such firms as do so. Such Sydney business firms who do so—never mind about the poor fellows here struggling along in a bit of a shop! They have got you here—you can't get away! It's the Sydney business men they want in this paper! This saving clause—"so far as lies in our power," may have put the Sydney business man off! Then (twirling the document) here is a little interesting interview: "I have interviewed the manager of the 'Daily News' in connection with this matter, and he said he will be pleased to draw the attention of hotelkeepers to the different advertisers by issuing leaflets monthly to every licensed house on the Rivers, with the advertiser's name on them. Hoping to hear from you at an early date, Yours truly, M. O'Neill, Commercial Hotel—President Lismore Branch, Liberty League." So now you see how it is going to be done—they are going to get all the business men to ad-



**James Cook, Ltd
Baker,**

32 Victoria St., Paddington

TEL.: PAD. 111.

TRY OUR STEAM-MADE BREAD

vertise in the "Daily News," and the "Daily News," in return for that little favor, is going to go on this big beer-boasting campaign! And the "Daily News" is going to wallop us all!—"I don't think!" (Loud laughter.)"

The "News" gave further attention to the matter in a most interesting leading article, in which it said: "It is Mr. Marion's job to promote the No-License Campaign, and judging by his recent activities on the platform and in the Sydney press, he is conscientiously trying to earn his money."

The leader writer was greatly worried because Mr. Marion did not disclose how he got the letter and to whom it was addressed. The document was referred to as a "private letter." This is not so. It comes from the official of an organization, and 's sent to a limited liability company, addressed to the manager.

The "News," which never refrained from alluding to No-License advocates as "wow-sers," deeply resented the paper being called "The North Coast Daily Booze." The leader continues: "He applied a terra to this paper which must have made his hearers wince—a word which he himself must have found it hard to pronounce." The wonderful word being none other than "Booze," which is not without a meaning, as a reference to Webster's Dictionary will show.

However, the "News" is satisfied that there is nothing that it need be ashamed of, or the president of the Liberty League. But it must have hurt to have found their precious scheme to "prevent further encroachments" given such wide-spread publicity.

Good health is more than gold,
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Garments for the King's Feast.

By DR. J. H. JOWETT.

"And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw a man there which had not on a wedding garment."—Matt. xxii. 11.

When we go as guests to the Lord's supper, that wonderful festival of grace, what is the proper attire? What does the Host wish us to wear? Has He made known His will? For surely in a matter of this kind, His will is our law; or, rather, His wish should be our delight. What, then, has He said about the spiritual garments which He desires His guests to wear at His table? I think we have three clear directions given to us—the garments must be white, and they must be modest, and they must be graceful.

WHITE.

The first necessity in all appropriate attire is the white robe. Everywhere the Word of God emphasises this necessity: "Let thy garments be always white"; "clothed in fine linen, clean and white." Now the only uncleanness is sin. That is the only thing on God's earth that defiles. We may alter the name of sin, but we do not alter its nature. Sin is always uncleanness.

There are two things which can be unfailingly said of sin and its attendant guilt. First, sin always stains. A little while ago the snow had fallen through the night, and I was out in the early morning. Just before me on the road there was a gas-cart, with drops of tar dripping upon the virgin robe of the snow. And so it is with the virgin robe of the soul, every sin, every falsehood, every so-called white lie, every deflection from truth and righteousness, deposits its defilement and leaves a black stain all along the way. And nothing that we can devise can wash out the stain.

And secondly, the defilement is attended by destruction. It is like the stain of some corrosive acid, which burns into a substance and is the minister of destruction. Where sin falls upon the robe of the affections, the affections are not merely defiled; they are consumed. Where sin falls upon the will, the will is not only rendered unclean, it begins to be eaten away. As the Apostle Paul expresses it, sin "will eat as doth a gangrene." It is like a fiery poison; it burns a character into holes. And yet the requirement of God is that His guests should wear the white robe. How, then, can I go to the feast? Happily, the Lord of the feast is in the robing room as well as in the chamber where He entertains His guests. And by all the testimony of the word, and by all the witness of experience, He is both competent and willing to deal with the rags and the defilement. "They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Their robes were made clean in the holy life of the Lord, a holy life which manifested itself in unutterable love, in inconceivable sacrifice, the love which reveals itself at the Cross. In Christ Jesus we can find a vesture without seam and undefiled.

LOWLY.

But the robes are not only to be white, they are to be modest. The Host does not wish us to appear in His presence in loud and showy attire. Many of the Pharisees, who were good religious people by the standards of their day, were yet lacking in modesty, in reticence, in wise reserve. They "loved the garish day"; they delighted to talk about their attire and to show off their religious clothes. The Master said they loved an audience to witness their piety and their generosity. They made a parade of their garments. They spoke about their private religious life, instead of allowing it to speak for itself. It is not that they had no goodness, but they made an exhibition of it, and thereby spoiled it. And so the counsel of the Apostle is this "Be clothed with humility." We are not to sit at the Lord's table puffed up with the sense of our superiority, and conscious of our merits and other people's defects. True humility is born when we gaze upon the glory of the incomparable Lord. "When I saw Him, I fell at His feet as one dead." "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." Thus are we to become clothed in humility, and avoid the conceit of criticising one another, in the hungry wonder which fills our souls when we gaze upon the holiness of God.

BEAUTIFUL.

The robes must be white and modest, and they must also be graceful, significant of graciousness and grace. I will mention one suggestion made in the Word of God as to this beautiful attire. "Put on the garment of praise." That is the garment which adds a touch of color and brightness to our dress, and the Master welcomes the guest who comes to the feast in this habit. There is always a wonderful gleam of brightness about thankful people. They who wear the white robes in the Eternal City constantly sing songs of adoration and praise. And purity linked with modesty expresses itself in song, and ensures a great welcome among the guests of the Lord.

When Bishop Westcott came toward the end of his life, and strength had been supplanted by frailty, he turned to one of his sons and quietly said, "I can still do a bit

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of praise." The good bishop had been wearing that garment all along the road, and it was unconsumed by moth and rust. Now, I say this is a beautiful bit of color on the white, modest robes, and it is a color that is very welcome in the immediate presence of God.

In the second place, I can bring thanksgiving for human graces and human exploits. "So may gentle thoughts and deeds circling us round." I can think of the countless beautiful things that are revealed in other people's lives—their love, and their happiness, and their chivalry—and as I think of them I can wear a bit of color at the feast in thankfulness for their triumphs.

These, then, are the robes which the guest must wear who is to be an immediate friend of the Lord; white robes, modest robes, graceful robes. And, thank God, we are not to have this attire in our own weakness. I have said the Lord is in the robing room as well as at the feast. We are not left to ourselves; He is willing and ready to prepare His guests.

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On Sunday evening last the Nimbin Presbyterians were taken by surprise by a statement made by the Rev. John Yates. After preaching a powerful sermon on "Compromising with Evil," Mr. Yates said it had come to his knowledge that a number of Presbyterians had signed a petition favoring a hotel in Nimbin, and declared he would resign the ministry of the church immediately unless they had their names removed from the petition. He could not, he told them, identify himself with any church which bolstered up a traffic that destroyed men body and soul. Good counsel had prevailed, and the few who had signed have since had their names erased from the petition, and we understand the rev. gentleman continues his ministry.—"The Northern Star," 17/6/14.

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