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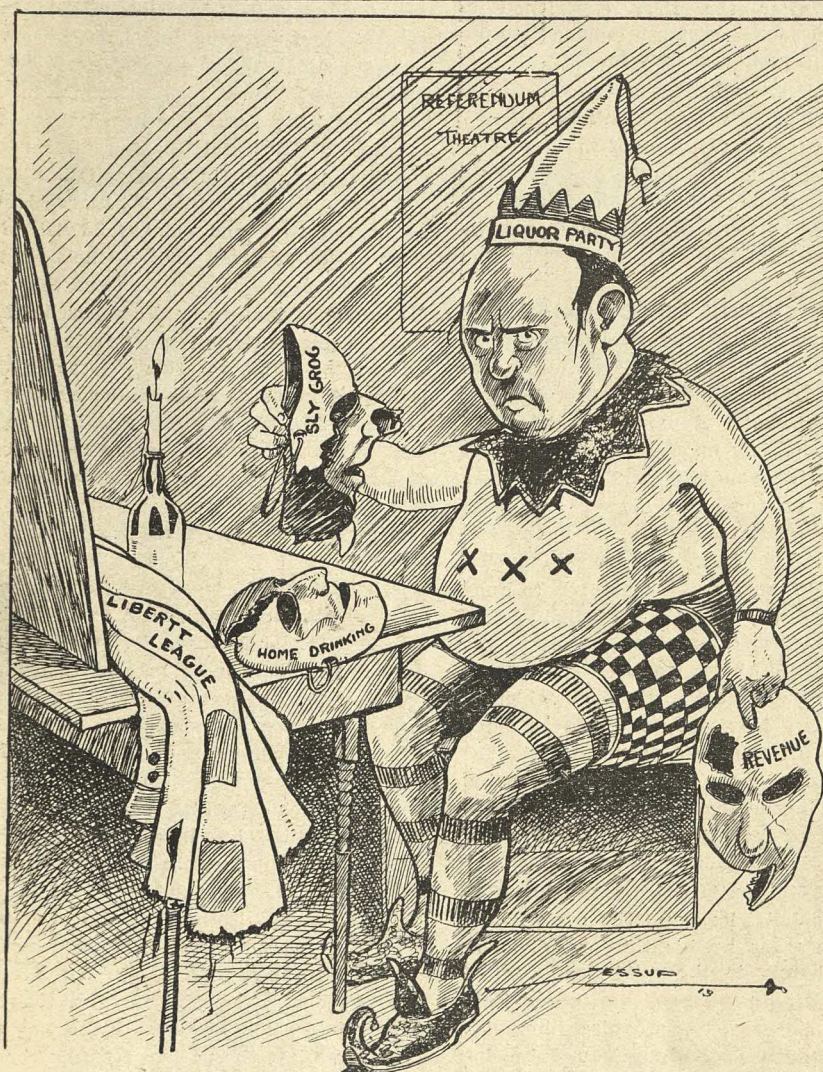


A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VI. No. 10. Price One Penny.

THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1913.

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by Post as a Newspaper.



The Worn-Out "Props."

THE ACTOR'S DILEMMA.

We can readily understand why it is that the liquor advocate so seldom takes the platform. We know, and he knows. There is really no defence for liquor, and no chance of his answering questions. We are now, however, concerned to sympathise with his understudy, the Lie-Beer-ty League. What a time he must have when "making up" for his public appearance. His "props," to use a theatrical expression, are in a bad way. It has been said that a bad actor is one "egged on by ambition and egged off by the audience." The understudy to whom we refer complies with this definition, when he gets an audience, which is not often. Generally his performances are before a select audience and he trusts to newspaper reports of his efforts to reach the people. This is more satisfactory to him than the platform, where the people can reach him. The General Secretary of the Alliance (Mr. James Marion) has lately been very successful in tearing the mask of the liquor understudy and further damaging his "props."

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Psychotherapy and the Inebriate.

(By H. Crichton Miller, M.A., M.D., author of "Hypnotism and Disease.")

(Continued from last issue.)

THE PERIODIC DRINKER.

From the chronic we pass to the periodic drinkers, and we class them as true or false dipsomaniacs. The genuine dipsomaniac (please note that I use this phrase in a wider sense than Coriat and in accordance with Hare)—the genuine dipsomaniac, as you know, suffers from a craving which is generated within him, which has no relation to opportunity, and which recurs with greater or less intensity apart from the ordinary determining causes. The pseudo-dipsomaniac generates his mania by the first indulgence; if circumstances are favorable and opportunities scarce, he remains an abstainer indefinitely; once he has begun to drink nothing stops him. Of the genuine dipsomaniacs Coriat differentiates four classes: (1) Cases due to slight depression or strained abnormal mental conditions; (2) epileptic equivalents; (3) cases due to cyclothymia; (4) cases of psychasthenic impulsion.

Now, before looking at these subdivisions, let us return to the legal question. I have impugned unreservedly our present system, but I have not said all. If there is such a thing as genuine dipsomania, what right have we to punish one of its victims? If there be temperamental psychic flaws, which are sufficient to account entirely for a man's inebriety, by what travesty of justice do we send him to jail? And, further, if the individual whom the constable takes from the gutter to the police station may be wholly responsible, or primarily but not immediately responsible, or not in any way responsible, for his behaviour, how, in the name of righteousness, dare we judge his conduct on its own merits, with no attempt at previously establishing the degree of his culpability? I imagine, if one could only investigate with sufficient care, one could ascertain that every week in this city men are being convicted and imprisoned for drunkenness who could no more have helped this outbreak than they could have avoided a migraine headache, an attack of asthma, or any other form of epileptic equivalent. But because this ugly fact is only whispered by a few scientists, and not screeched from the housetops by the humanitarians, we ignore it or forget it, and continue to heap up the penalties of the lawbreaker on the head of the epileptic. And what I have

said of epileptic dipsomania applies in a great measure, if not equally, to the other types of true dipsomania—i.e., the element of culpability is almost, if not completely, absent. On the other hand, in pseudo-dipsomania the individual's responsibility begins with his first drink, but it ends there, because, instead of a diminishing factor of self-control and a gradually increasing factor of craving, as in the chronic inebriate, we have, after the first experience of euphoria, on each occasion a sudden collapse of self-control, and an equally sudden exaggeration of craving. I can conceive of no more subtle point in the administration of justice than the determining of the degree to which it is just to punish one of these pseudo-dipsomaniacs; but as the law makes no difference between the extreme cases, we need not be surprised if it ignores trifling points such as this.

THE GENUINE DIPSOMANIAS.

Now, if we examine in detail the various subdivisions of the genuine dipsomaniacs, we soon see the impossibility of generalised or routine treatment. Remember that these cases depend solely on the existence of abnormal psychic conditions. To treat them individually on the same lines as we treat the chronic inebriate is to repeat in medical practice what we have condemned in penal practice. We must apply ourselves to analysing the causative factors which determine this abnormal psychic condition, and, having analysed them, we must treat them instead of treating the alcoholism, which is admittedly an inevitable outcome of such conditions. In the first group we get the cases of individuals who, without being themselves insane, have generally an hereditary taint of insanity, taking the form of depression. I must admit that I find it very difficult to differentiate between this—Coriat's first subdivision—and the cyclothymic cases which make up his third subdivision. The cyclothymic is the mild specimen of "folie circulaire"; we meet him in our daily life, and it is easy to recognise him. He becomes unduly exalted and unduly depressed without any sufficient and apparent cause. Sometimes he reminds us of an early case of general paralysis of the insane. His responsibility for his behaviour seems normal during his normal intervals, but as the pendulum swings farther and farther in either direction, he becomes less and

less answerable for his conduct. Now, these two types need the most careful handling, and if there is anything in psychological medicine, it should be able to do much for them. But what the psychotherapist can do for them is not so much directly—I mean by formal treatment—as by regulating their lives. These individuals possess psychic mechanisms which react abnormally to the ordinary stimuli of life—business strain, domestic friction, religious doubt, and so on—hence it is our business to insure as far as possible the elimination of such sources of psychic instability. This sounds plain and obvious, but my experience shows me that this is just one of the points on which the public needs education. An individual is brought to you because he drinks. His brother and his wife explain what a terrible situation it is; they expect you to make him well by detention, by drugs, by hypnotism somehow; but when you get right down to the causes of psychic instability, and suggest a necessary change of occupation, or some alteration in the domestic environment, you are considered to be interfering, and your interference is resented. And yet your duty is clear enough—to protect this delicate machine from shocks and strains which to the normal machine mean very little, and of all such shocks none is more detrimental than treatment as a common miscreant in court or jail.

A great deal of what I have said above about the first and third subdivisions applies also to the fourth—the cases of psychasthenic impulsion. The psychasthenic dipsomaniac, like every other psychasthenic, has a permanently lowered threshold of consciousness; if his reaction to psychic strain is not as great as that of the cyclothymic, to physical strain it is greater. Fatigue robs him of his self-control; organic disturbance obsesses his mind; pain paralyses his powers of rational discrimination; and so on. His craving is generally referred to physical conditions, and it is often very difficult to say whether he should be regarded as a genuine or a pseudo-dipsomaniac. A great deal can be done for such cases by psychotherapy. Hypnotic suggestion is immensely useful in reducing the element of psychic tension. I have seen cases of alcoholism in psychasthenics and neurasthenics that responded to suggestive treatment wonderfully, but the cure with them consisted, not in "strengthening their wills," but in giving them a new power of standing strain and worry without undue reaction. That seems to me the factor that, above all others, this form of treatment can give. Drugs may influence the alcoholic craving; enforced abstinence may help to obliterate paths of least resistance in the association systems; by management we may protect the patient from detrimental influences; but nothing in medicine can do what hypnotic suggestion does in enabling the individual to stand strain without reacting abnormally. Psychic re-education is also very useful in helping him to throw off the bondage of organic consciousness.

(To be continued.)

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My Wings and My Crutches.

AN INTIMATE TALK WITH THE OPEN-HEARTED.

(By M. GARDNER OWEN.)

Some of the crutches are silver-mounted and are fashioned from rare woods, but they are still crutches, and on them I hobble painfully when I might be running eagerly toward the goal.

But the wings! I shall let you glimpse them, and you may learn how I soar to the far, blue heavens or skim where the twilight is purpling.

They are magic crutches and magic wings. Do you see these soft, grey wings so like a dove's? They were given me by a dear old lady who used to tell me stories when I was a child. For years she had not been able to step out into the good, green world. She sat by her window, cheering everyone who came within the charmed circle of her personality. One day she slept among masses of violets. Uncomprehending, I followed her to her last resting-place under the daisies. Then I found these silver-grey wings, the mysterious bequest from her soul to mine.

I have used them so often! There was a time when my father needed me at home, while dazzling visions of fame lured me to the market-place. I never revolted against the monotony of the kitchen. I was never over-tired by the burden of the day. I floated softly about my tasks on wings.

Note well these ugly wooden crutches. How I hate them! And yet there were hours when I have stumped about while they seemed glued under my arms. They are the bequest of an ignorant nursemaid. Each piece of them is a superstition or a false precept.

"Sing before you eat, you'll cry before you sleep," she said. I have just failed many a time because I have lacked the impetus which might have come from an exuberant morning hour. "A penny saved is a penny earned," she told me, and I have pinched coins which I should have flung into the work of widening my opportunities.

You admire these strong white wings? They were given me by a professor at college. They are made up of white bits of thought given, now a sentence, now a five-minute talk when the lesson touched upon some phase of life. Often we heard that it was braver to try and to fail than to fear to try.

Again he showed us the Alps that tower in all our lives, and the Italy that lies beyond. He bade us face our mountain-peaks, look from them and their snows to the fair, warm plains beyond; he inspired us to dare to fling every effort into a mighty

endeavor to cross our Alps and to reach the land of our Heart's Desire.

These are the cunningly fashioned crutches with the silver-mountings of which I told you. In their crude state they were thrust upon me by a worldly-wise money-grubbing uncle.

"When you have a sovereign you've a friend," he said. "When you've no sovereign you have no friend."

The crutches have been polished by contact with many of his kind. The silver—it is not real silver, only an alloy—has been added bit by bit. They look like beautiful ornaments but they are clattering crutches. Only the other day a sweet, true woman asked my co-operation in a work for the betterment of humanity. In an instant I felt the crutches under my arms. What was she trying to get out of it for herself? Could I afford to give that much time when I might be earning real money? It was all very well to prate of helping others. Let them look out for themselves. If I became poor and sick, who would care for me? I thumped on from argument to argument.

The woman read of my stumblings from the look in my eyes though my lips were trying to frame words of gracious assent. She left me. I missed the chance for a rare friendship, the opportunity for world-service, because of these crutches.

Touch these wings of blue. They were given me by a quaint old man who lived in a tiny hut on the edge of the forest. He had no money, had never heard the call of the city, but he gloried in the joy of Nature. I ran by his side in the still woodland, listened to the story of the brook, heard the song of the robin. Together we hunted out the home of the thrush, and found rare, shy blossoms by hidden pools. He has been asleep for years, but I still have the wings of blue. With them I soar over meadow and brook and whispering pine, away from the sordid and the commonplace.

See that tiny little crutch? Looks like a toy, does it not? Too trivial for any collection? That is the bequest of another nursemaid, and it is none other than fear.

"There's a bear under your bed," she would say. "Don't go out of the door or the Bogeyman will get you." Instead of running softly and fearlessly through the velvet night, I limp along on this tiny crutch, shuddering where I should laugh in delight.

How they flash and gleam, these wings of scarlet! One morning when I stood on the mystic borderland between girlhood and womanhood, I heard a strong man speak a

message to tired souls. "The world was meant for beauty," he said. "Life was in—you can find something beautiful in the most sordid element, the most commonplace task."

This is the last pair of crutches in my tended for happiness and joy. If you look, collection. I shall never use them again. On them I stumbled slowly, wearily, over long, painful miles to reach my love. I should have run, joyous and free, to his sheltering arms. They were the first bequest of a grumbling wife. She had chosen the wrong mate and lived to whine over the disillusionments of matrimony. As a young girl I used to listen to her shrill voice complaining that all men were false, that marriage ended happiness in a girl's life. The crutches were perfected whenever I entered a loveless home or read of a sensational divorce or perused a bit of fiction. When my Love called to me I searched feverishly for my glorious white wings, but the crutches were fitted under my arms. I faltered and stumbled and fell and staggered blindly on, until at last I was gathered close in his embrace and knew that for me these crutches could crumble to dust. And then:

I had these soft wings of creamy down. They were the gift of the mother of one of my girl-hood chums. My starved spirit used to revel in the dear home evenings there. The mother sang a soft lullaby to the newest babe and tucked the older toddlers in with a sleepy-time story. After that she played games with us who were older still. The father, strong and tender, entered into it all with a hearty zest. Sometimes I waited outside shivering alone in the chill air, and was rewarded by a glimpse of father and mother after the children were asleep. They always sat hand in hand before the open fire, sweethearts still. That family moved far away, but the haunting memory of a real home clung to me. Now I flit from happy task to happy task. I soothe my babe to sleep, and prepare the food which my goodman likes best. When I hear his latch-key in the door I run to meet him with upturned face and unwearied feet, for I have floated all day on the creamy wings of down.

Why have I drawn aside the curtains and shown you my collection of wings and of crutches? Because I saw a little child in your arms this morning, and I thought that if you knew, you might enrich him with wings instead of hampering him with crutches.—"Everylady's Journal."

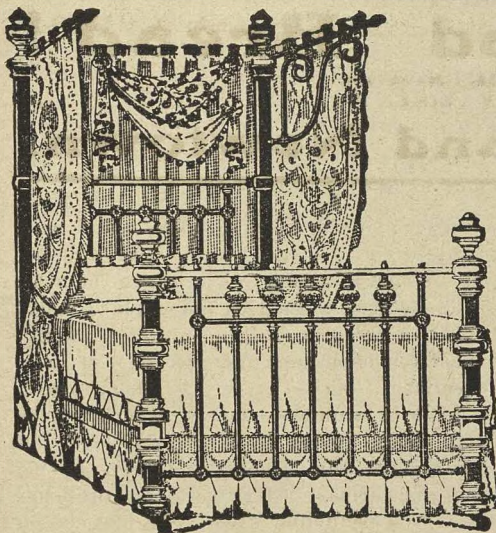
When Blithers' "nipper" got the croup,

And almost lost its breath,
The neighbours shook their wise old heads,
They all predicted death.

But just a few days after this

They marvelled much, I'm sure,

At seeing the "kid" quite well and strong—
'Twas Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.



This Handsome Black and Brass Bedstead, 4ft. 6in., with 5 Pretty Porcelain Spindles
4ft. 6in. Raised Side Treble-Woven Wire Mattress
4ft. 6in. Kapoc Mattress, Bolster, and 2 Pillows, in good Belgian Tick—

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New South Wales Alliance.

The newly-appointed executive of the Alliance met on Friday last and transacted a considerable amount of business.

The following sub-committees were decided upon, and appointments made:—

Campaign and Finance.—Revs. A. A. Yeates, M.A., J. Buchan, M.A., J. Patterson, M.A., and Thos. Davies; Messrs. H. M. Hawkins, W. Winn, F. E. Pulsford, and the executive officers.

Prayer League.—Mesdames Laverty, Blow, and Masterman.

Young People's Committee.—Ven. Archdeacon Boyce, Revs. J. Buchan, M.A., W. H. Howard, and Mr. D. Nash.

Literature.—Rev. Thos. Davies, Slade-Mallen, G. Cranston, W. H. Howard, and Mr. A. Bruntnell, M.L.A., and the executive officers.

ORGANIZE! ORGANIZE!

With the passing of the Federal elections the way will be clear for active campaign work. Have you organized the local workers in your district? Do not wait until a representative from the Alliance can visit your town? Ask the local ministers and temperance workers to convene a meeting, and get to work right away. And when you do organize, please let the General Secretary know, and thus keep in touch with the centre.

THE CASE FOR NO-LICENSE.

This famous booklet, by Archdeacon Boyce, is selling splendidly. Every temperance worker should have it. It is full of facts,

figures, and arguments, with index. To ministers, temperance organizers, and our more prominent workers, we heartily recommend Professor Hopkins' great book, "Profit and Loss in Man," on sale at the Alliance Office. Price, 3/6, postage 4d. extra.

NORTH SYDNEY GETTING READY.

Rev. David Steed is convening a meeting for North Sydney, to be held on Monday, June 2. The General Secretary has been invited to attend, and it is expected that a strong fighting force will be created to push the claims of No-License on the North Shore.

WESTWARD O!

Messrs. Marion and Herps on Tour.

The General Secretary, accompanied by Organizer Herps, started on a tour of the western line at Katoomba on 8th inst. It is one hundred years since the discovery of the great western district of N.S.W., and centenary celebrations are in preparations at many places. "A century of drink" would no doubt provide an exciting chapter in the historical records. What a pyramid of skulls could be erected, say, in the Market Square, Bathurst, of those who have lost their lives through drink during the past 100 years. Some such gruesome demonstrations is necessary to bring home to the hard drinkers of the west the havoc of human life wrought drink.

KATOOMBA.

Here we have a band of bright and intelligent workers. A good open-air and indoor

meeting was organized. Rev. Ellison, in proposing a vote of thanks referred to the effectiveness of the street meeting. Miss Old, who has taken such a prominent part in the no-license cause at Katoomba was not well enough to attend the meetings, but provided hospitality for the visitors.

LITHGOW.

Like Katoomba, the local people have not waited for organizers, but have formed a real live committee. The Army band was in the street at 7.15, and after some musical items Mr. Marion spoke for an hour from a specially erected platform. The night was very cold, but over 200 people listened whilst Mr. Marion reasoned on Liberty, Labor Revenue, Accommodation, and No-License to come. The open-air was followed by a conference at 8.30, at which 44 enthusiasts attended. Mr. Cheesman, of the Liberty League, who had visited the town with another organizer the week before, only mustered 18 all told at his public meeting.

BATHURST.

The recent removal of Mr. T. Littlewood and Mr. Sanders has affected the organization here. Hence it proved a little difficult to get going. Two splendid open-air meetings were held and two indoor meetings. The press gave lengthy reports of the addresses. It was discovered that the local papers had reported the "famous" interview with Mrs. Lee-Cowie. Mr. Marion called on the editors who corrected the report. The regrettable thing about this kind of business is that all the people who read the sensational headlines on "Surf Bathing and Pictures" do not as carefully read the modest apology and refutations of the fiction previously published. Bathurst got a stir-up, and should now go right ahead with a big crusade against its 30 hotel bars. With such an array of drinking bars it can hardly be wondered that it has gained the nickname of Bar-thirst.

BLAYNEY.

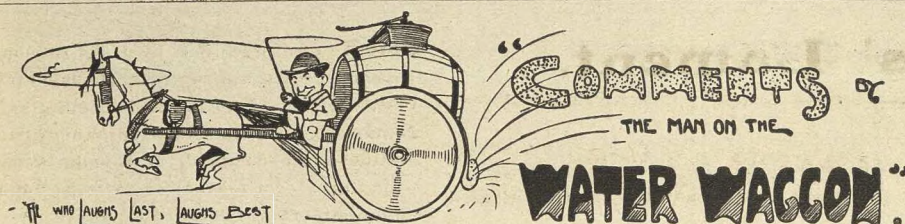
This famous political battle ground was being well watered with a heavy down-pour of rain, with the result that the meeting was put off from Tuesday until Wednesday night, when a good audience listened to rousing addresses.

It was pleasing to find that Blayney has a Band of Hope in existence. Mr. Marsden, who has championed the Temperance cause for many years in this district, is still as enthusiastic as ever. From Blayney we move on to Orange and Spring Hill, Mr. Herps going farther west to Wellington and Dubbo.

MRS. LEE-COWIE'S FIXTURES.

Friday, 23rd—Hurlstone Park, 8 p.m. Open air. Speaking Team.
Saturday, 24th—Post Office, Marrickville. Open air; 8 p.m. Mrs. Lee-Cowie and Speaking Team.
Saturday, 24—Dulwich Hill Terminus. Open air; 8 p.m. Mr. Jas. Marion and Speaking Team.

(Continued on Page 15.)



THE SAME OLD TACTICS.

Days come and go, and times and circumstances change, but "Fairplay" goes on for ever. An Editor may be changed, or the paper bowled out in an extraordinarily incorrect statement—but the regime and "modus operandi" are ever the same.

The new Editor seems to take up the same "conception" of the part he has to play as the last, and his interpretation of that part seems to be something like this: "My clientele consists entirely of those who either booze or sell booze—who will probably be all pretty well full of booze. As this naturally results in a more or less reckless state of aggressive moral lawlessness—it is quite clear we must ridicule restraint of a finer moral nature in any of its aspects. Abstemiousness, anti-gambling reforms—church going—and all other higher moral platforms cannot be expected to appeal to the boozier. Then laugh at them, and those that uphold them. Search out, too, amongst the dregs of humanity for any fallen ones who may have been 'wowzers' at one time. They are sure now under the influences of a bitter remorse to give you some good copy against their old friends."

Thus does the Leader-writer of our good friend "Fairplay" dig out his matter weekly for the perusal of his readers. Anything at all is good enough to have to fling at us, and such small "inaccuracies" as the supposititious remarks attributed to Mrs. Lee-Cowie, and afterwards corrected in another paper, are the sort of stock tit-bits "Fairplay" is always on the look out for.

Whilst we do not recommend our readers to waste time and money subscribing to the Brewery "House Journal," we do at times wish they could read the Leaders and sub-Leaders that make up the first two pages of this extraordinary publication. They would then cease to wonder why we so often refer to the compositions mentioned. Such ludicrous attempts at logic as they contain act as a humorous cordial, if we are allowed such an expression.

The opposition lay themselves open to such smashing rejoinders through their own poor faculties for logical deduction that it is impossible to resist demolishing them. For an example, let us state that in the edition of May 2 we find a weighty (?) sub-Leader entitled "The Non-drinker Who Doesn't Pay."

In this article it is pointed out that the tax on spirits forms a big item in the revenue, and that Temperance advocates, when asked to explain how they would be able to provide other suitable taxation as a substitute, invariably fail to give a satisfactory reply. The writer continues:—

"Year in year out, the moderate drinker provides his share of public funds, and the non-drinker reaps the benefit and escapes the payment. Now, if the liquor trade is

the awful thing which no-license advocates declare it to be, how is it that these people are content to partly live on the revenue derived from the profits of the Trade? Public revenues are employed to keep up public services, and it is partly by means of those services that the no-license advocate is enabled to live and carry on his propaganda against liquor. To be logical, the man who condemns the source from which revenue is drawn should refuse to participate in the benefits derived from that revenue.

Now, what a fine "logical" deduction is drawn by this gallant Editor. The man who condemns the source should "refuse to participate" in the benefits. Now, Mr. "Fairplay," we pin you down right here. How would you suggest he do this? Should he refuse the protection of the law and allow the many masked burglars about to come in and ransack him home, or should he eschew the Government trams and buy a motor car?

"Ridiculous!" you say; certainly. You have reduced your own argument alone and unaided to a "reductio ad absurdum," which shows most conclusively that your "premiss" is wrong. You must correct that. Of such are the first principles of logic. The fact of the matter is that far more revenue than is raised by the duty on alcohol is necessary to provide the extra police, extra justices, extra cells, extra benevolent and lunatic asylum attendants necessary due to alcohol.

Don't lose sight of that, we beg. And again. Is it fair that the non-drinker should pay a big tax on an unnecessary and harmful product which he not only declines to consume, but which he abhors, and which causes him personal annoyance, and oftentimes loss of money? Certainly not.

Finally (and chiefly), the man who would seriously state in such a fine young country as Australia, with buoyant revenue, that the abolition of the alcohol duty would mean bankruptcy, can only be classed as an ignoramus, double dyed.

AN HONORABLE COURSE.

The Bathurst "Times," dated May 12th inst., says:—

"Several newspapers published what was supposed to be an interview with Mrs. Lee-Cowie, in which that lady was reported as having condemned surf-bathing and picture shows as things of evil which should be suppressed. We are now assured by Mr. J. Marion that the statements attributed to Mrs. Lee-Cowie were without foundation. As we are among the list of those who reprinted the article, we gladly publish the denial, and hope every other paper that offended will do the same. The one redeeming feature with us is that we did not write a leader on the subject."

Bravo! "The Times."

PLEDGE-SIGNING CRUSADE

A SAD BUT TYPICAL INCIDENT.

On Wednesday a very sad case came under our notice. An old man, a bushman, who had been working for the last 20 years on a station near Young, N.S.W.

After 20 long years he thought he would take a holiday in Sydney. He arrived on Tuesday morning with £30 in his pockets. The next morning found him locked up at the Central on a charge of being drunk. He had lost his hat, and he was told if he came down to the office he would be given one.

He came to the office, received the hat, and told the missionary he just had a few shillings out of his £30. He also had his return ticket to Young, and he would leave Sydney in the evening.

It took him just 36 hours to get rid of his money and finish his holiday. But what a holiday?

This is only one of the many cases that have come under our notice. Foolish men and women go on taking the vile stuff that takes their senses away. They fall easy victims to those who are always hanging about the hotels and bars of the city. The police should give more attention to those who hang about hotels, never doing anything else, always well dressed, and often to be seen in the company of strangers, who, when under the influence of liquor, are a temptation not to be resisted, and they are often brutally assaulted as well as robbed. In the morning when the unfortunate victim comes to himself he is muddled, and often the mind is a blank, and they are not capable of laying a charge or complaint, and like the old bushman they pass away to mourn their loss alone. It is devoutly to be hoped that the people will face the facts, that a tree must be judged by its fruits, and straightway condemn the liquor traffic at the ballot box in this the year of our opportunity.

RECORD FOR THE WEEK.

	Men.	Women.	Pledge.
May 9	17	5	7
„ 10	22	9	6
„ 12	33	9	22
„ 13	20	6	9
„ 14	22	6	9
„ 15	19	4	9
	133	39	62

939 pledges have been taken in 18 weeks.

MANY THANKS.

D. H. Hodgkiss, 4/-; Mrs. Hodgetts, 8/-; J. Kemp, 4/-.

The Case for No-License

IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

By ARCHDEACON F. B. BOYCE.

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

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

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

The Brewers' Lament.

The following article was taken from the "American Brewers' Review" for March 1913, and ought to be read carefully:—

WE STAND AT ARMAGEDDON.

The challenge has been sounded. The death grapple has begun.

Is the brewing trade going to allow itself to be strangled to death Or is it going to pull itself together at last and turn defeat into a great victory for truth, for higher morality, for health, and for a normal life, for the present and future generations?

That is the question now before the trade.

Serious situations have confronted the brewing trade before. In complacent reliance upon the justice of its cause and upon the victorious quality of truth, the warnings of its friends have not been heeded. Smiling at the seemingly impotent efforts of the anti-drink "fans," conscious of the tacit sympathy of the great mass of the people, the giant has lain quiet and prone, and allowed the Lilliputians to fasten him down by innumerable tiny bonds.

Then, when a great stroke was aimed at its life, it sought to rise, thinking to break the slight bonds without strain. But it found that, slight as each bond was, there were so many that it could not stir, and had to suffer the stroke with scarcely a struggle in defence. Its friends fell away, and it found that the tacit sympathy of the people counted for little against the shouts of its adversaries. The countless pygmies prevailed against the giant, and he now finds himself suddenly facing a last, tremendous battle, in which his very existence is at stake.

That is the situation to-day.

The passage of the Webb bill by Congress has demonstrated that the last great stage of the fight of half a century has been entered. For more than 50 years the enemies of a rational joy of living, of wholesome, whole-souled development of human nature, have been allowed to poison the mind of the American people with their falsehoods about beer and other fermented drinks, with scarcely a word uttered in defence, scarcely an attempt, until within the last few years to put the truth before the people, scarcely a more than local effort to arouse and organize the great mass of public sentiment into an available political force. To-day the small but well disciplined army of the enemies of happiness and liberty and health and morality terrorises our public men to that degree that Congress voted 240 against 60—100 not voting—to outlaw the drink traffic in Interstate commerce.

It matters not so much whether the Webb bill ever really becomes law or not, that is, whether President Taft vetoes it or not and whether the United States Supreme Court ultimately sustains or declares it unconstitutional. The greatest blow has been struck, and struck successfully. It has been demonstrated that the enemy is in possession of

the citadel of the nation. It is no longer open to doubt that he controls the votes of congressmen and senators of the United States.

Prohibition is no longer a local issue. The last stage has been reached. Prohibition is a national danger.

The next step on the part of the enemy will be an attempt to pass an amendment to the Constitution of the United States prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The brewer was wont to laugh at this idea, to consider it utterly impossible. True, there may not be a majority of Congressmen who really want it. But the Congressmen cannot vote as they wish. They must vote as the controlling power dictates.

And the enemy has shown that he is the controlling power in Washington. Many are the examples in history where a small, organized, well drilled army scattered countless hosts of unorganized foes, as the Greeks did under Xenophon at Kunaxa, as Federal soldiers did many a time in the Indian wars.

What can the Congressman do?

He knows that if he votes contrary to the dictation of the anti-drink "fans" he will have an organized opposition with unlimited resources and without a conscience to meet when he comes up for re-election in his district.

He knows that he will have little, if any, organized help from those whom his vote, if cast for truth and liberty, would benefit financially.

Which way will his choice lie?

The enemy is conscious of his power. He is not resting on his laurels. He is already marching forward to the next battle. And he knows what the next step is.

Here is the challenge, published in the "American Issue" on the day marking the anniversary of the birth of Washington, the great champion of liberty—the irony of it!

THE TIME HAS COME.

The Logical Next Step Toward the Extermination of the Beverage Liquor Traffic is an Amendment to the Constitution to the United States.

The object of the Anti-Saloon League of America, as set forth in article 2 of the constitution of that organization, is "the extermination of the beverage liquor traffic." The Anti-Saloon League, since its organization in 1893, has been working toward this end. . . .

In spite of all this progress, however, the Federal Government until now has given its protection to speak-easy keepers, blind pig operators, and anti-liquor law violators generally in the several States, through the channels of Interstate commerce. The temperance forces for 12 years have been trying to secure an enactment by Congress that would permit the States through their police

powers to enforce their own anti-liquor laws without the interference of the Federal Government through the medium of Interstate commerce. After long years of persistent and determined effort, the Kenyon-Webb bill prohibiting from Interstate commerce the shipment of intoxicating liquors intended to be used in the violation of law, has been enacted, and presented to the President for his signature.

THE NEXT STEP.

The logical next step in the progress of this temperance movement is the submission by Congress to the several States of an amendment to the Federal Constitution, which, when ratified by three-fourths of the States, will prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors throughout the nation. The Constitution provides that any amendment to that instrument submitted by Congress shall become effective when three-fourths of the States either by their Legislatures or by a special vote of the people shall ratify the action of Congress. To secure Federal Prohibition by this route, therefore, would require ratification of thirty-six States. The nine States which have already adopted Prohibition would promptly join in the ratification of such a constitutional amendment. The action by twenty-seven other States would be necessary before the amendment could go into effect. These States would need to be lined up one at a time—the temperance forces of the nation concentrating on one State after another until the necessary number is secured. . . .

LIQUOR NO LONGER A NECESSITY.

Scientific investigations and experiments along various lines have finally established the fact that intoxicating liquors are no longer necessary for any purpose. For long years the mistaken idea that intoxicating liquors were essential for medicinal, pharmaceutical, sacramental or scientific purposes fooled the public. The great hospitals of the world, however, during the past 20 years, have largely done away with the use of intoxicants. Many of the greatest medical scientists of this and other countries have discontinued altogether the use of intoxicating liquors. Denatured alcohol is largely taking the place of spirits in the arts. Hundreds of drug stores have ceased to sell the stuff, the great chain of Liggett drug stores throughout the United States just a few weeks ago having published a large advertisement in the leading papers of 28 cities of the United States announcing that from that time forward intoxicating liquors would not be sold in any Liggett drug store.

The operations of a law passed in Kansas about four years ago prohibiting the sale of liquors for any purpose except for sacramental use, which was ridiculed at the time by many fair-minded men, has fully demonstrated that the sale of intoxicating liquors for even medicinal or mechanical purposes is not necessary. In short, it has been demonstrated beyond the question of a doubt that intoxicating liquors do not in any sense

(Continued on Page 10.)

Making Prohibition Effective.

It is well known that the Webb Bill enacted by Congress and vetoed by President Taft, was passed by Congress over the President's veto by a vote of 63 to 21 in the Senate and by a vote of 244 to 95 in the House.

In a speech Senator Sanders said: "Stripped of its verbiage, this bill would read, Be it enacted, That the shipment of intoxicating liquor from one State into any other State by any person, to be received or used in violation of any law of such State, is hereby prohibited."

This law simply removes the Federal impediment to the enforcement by prohibitory States of State laws against liquors in transit, and against the illegal transportation of intoxicants by common carriers, and makes possible the vigorous enforcement of such laws by State authorities.

ENFORCEMENT BEGUN.

Already the benefit of the Webb law is apparent. In Oklahoma City immediately after the enactment of this law liquors were seized at the depots of two railroads.

Richmond, Va., wholesale liquor dealers applied to the United States District Court for an injunction to restrain the Southern Express Co. from refusing to accept liquor for shipment to points in South Carolina, and the request was refused by Judge Waddill.

Eight wholesale liquor companies of Winthrop, Mo., across the Missouri River from Atchison, Kansas, were notified by deputies and express companies that they would accept no more shipments of liquor consigned to Kansas points. This action was taken as a result of the enforcement of the Webb liquor law in Kansas. This practically will put the Winthrop companies out of business, as they had been selling most of their output in Kansas.

RAILROAD ACTION.

The Portland "Express" published, March 18, the following from the Boston News Bureau:—

Chicago railroad managers are willing to lose 1,000,000dols. in freight revenue from liquor shipments as the result of the Webb (Federal) law if it reduces the expensive confusion of conflicting State, county and municipal liquor laws and promotes the general cause of temperance which the railroads are aiding in practical ways, especially among their own employees.

The railroads are not blind to the value of the moral features of the temperance campaign as commercially conducted, and they expect that one result of a higher moral tone will be enough additional agricultural freight to offset many times the amount of loss in liquor freight, to say nothing of additional travel. It is another case of ethics emerging from economics. Nearly all roads have hide-bound anti-drinking rules and these now extend in a majority of cases to the officers as well as the trainmen. Intoxicating liquor has been abolished in all

dining cars between Chicago and St. Louis, in Iowa, Nebraska, and on many of the eastern lines.

All of the big railroad companies operating out of Chicago into prohibition States are issuing orders that they will refuse shipments of intoxicating liquor destined for points in prohibition States. Into the States of Oklahoma and Georgia all shipments of liquor are absolutely refused. To Kansas the dealer must certify that the order is bona fide and the name of the consignee is on file in the liquor dealer's office and on the bill of lading. Also the shipper must take all risk and waive claim for damages in case the liquor is confiscated by the State authorities. This is in conformity with the Webb law allowing States to confiscate liquor on Interstate shipments.

The biggest losses will be in beer from Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Louis, while there will be large deficits in whiskey traffic from the Peoria and Louisville distilleries.

HISTORIC LIGHT.

It may not be known generally that the Webb Bill is a remedy, not for a law, but for the interpretation of a law.

May 14, 1890, Mr. Wilson of Iowa introduced the following bill in the U.S. Senate, and it was approved August 8, 1890, and became a law.

"Intoxicating liquors subject to laws of State. That all fermented, distilled, or other intoxicating liquors or liquids transported into any State or Territory, or remaining therein for use, consumption, sale or storage therein, shall, upon arrival in such State or Territory, be subject to the operation and effect of the laws of such State or Territory enacted in the exercise of its police powers, to the same extent and in the same manner as though such liquids or liquors had been produced in such State or Territory, and shall not be exempt therefrom by reason of being introduced therein in original packages or otherwise."

The law was introduced to make intoxicants subject to the law of a State on their arrival in the State.

The language of this bill to a lay mind seems plain. Intoxicating liquors were made subject to State laws when they "arrived" in a State by the statement, "shall upon arrival in such State or Territory be subject to the operation and effect of the laws of such State or Territory."

In 1898 a box containing a jug of whiskey and marked W.H., arrived at Brighton, Iowa, and was placed on the platform of the station by the trainmen. It was shipped from Dallas, Ill., and was represented to contain groceries. A mail carrier told the station agent, Mr. Rhodes, that such a box was coming, that it contained alcohol or whiskey, was marked W.H., and was for William Hown. The station agent took the box from the platform into the freight room. It was there seized by an officer, and Mr. Rhodes was arrested; and under the laws of

Iowa was found guilty of illegal transportation of liquor from a place on the station platform to the freight room, and the sentence of the Lower Court was reaffirmed by the highest court in the State. An appeal was taken to the United States Supreme Court. Two reports were rendered by this Court, one signed by six justices written by Justice White, the other signed by three justices and written by Justice Gray.

The report of the majority held that the words "upon arrival in such State or Territory," taken in their connection, do not mean upon entering such State or Territory, but do mean upon the arrival at their destination in such State or Territory and delivery to the consignee." Their conclusion stated in their language is: "We think that interpreting the statute by the light of all its provisions, it was not intended to, and did not cause the power of the State to attach to an Interstate commerce shipment, whilst the merchandise was in transit under such shipment, and until its arrival at the point of destination and delivery there to the consignee." So they held that Mr. Rhodes was not guilty, and reversed the finding of the Iowa courts, because he but completed the Interstate transportation by moving the whiskey from the station platform to the freight room.

The opposite view was taken by the minority report. In considering the meaning of the words "Upon arrival in such State," Justice Gray said: "The Act makes no mention of arrival at a specific destination or place in the State. Its whole object, as appears upon its face, as well as from the circumstances which led to its enactment, is not to define when a particular voyage or transit shall be considered at an end, but to assure to the State, throughout its territorial jurisdiction, the full exercise of its police powers over the subject of intoxicating liquors. And we find nothing in the Act to indicate an intention on the part of Congress that the mere fact that intoxicating liquors, brought by a common carrier into the State, have not reached their ultimate destination in the State, or been delivered to the consignee, shall exempt them, after coming within the territorial limits of the State, from the exercise of its police power." —"Civic League Record," Maine.

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Call me early, mother, dear!
If you do, of my recovery
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For it's doing me good already,
'Tis really a life renewer!
I've always said it's the best of all—
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1913.

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A Personal Chat with my readers

THE BOY SCOUT.

It is often hard to say what we feel ought to be said, and sometimes it is impossible because we know that our opinion does not carry any weight with those to whom we want to voice a warning. There is no one a boy Scout ought to look up to more than General Baden-Powell, and his words carry immense weight, and we do well to tactfully bring them under the notice of the boys we are interested in. The General in addressing a company of Boy Scouts lately said: "It was simply impossible for a man who drinks to be a Scout. Keep off liquor from the very first, and make up your mind to have nothing whatever to do with it. Water, tea, or coffee are quite good enough drinks for quenching your thirst or for picking you up at any time; or, if it is very hot, lemonade or a squeeze of a lemon are much better refreshment. A good Scout trains himself pretty well to do without liquid. It is very much a matter of habit. If you keep your mouth shut when walking or running, or chew a pebble (which also makes you keep your mouth shut), you do not get thirsty like you do when you go along with your mouth open sucking in the air and dry dust."

THE KIND OF MOTHER WE NEED.

The "Ladies Home Journal" quotes the case of a mother who trained her children to be good citizens, I feel it is of such importance and interest that I reprint it:—

"A mother whose children take an unusually intelligent interest in the affairs of their home city was recently asked whether she had trained them to do this. 'Indeed I have,' she answered earnestly. 'A slight fire which became disastrous because the nearest chemical engine could reach it only by circuitous and narrow streets, and the placing of a cemetery within the residential suburban limits as a result of the self-interest of landowners against the ignorance and indifference of the public, first led me to think seriously of what I, as a mother, was doing to make my children—future voters—capable of intelligent interest in the growth of their city. As a result I called my children to a new game. I gave each child a large piece of paper and a pencil. 'Plan me a city as you think it ought to be, children,' I said. 'Make two parallel lines for streets, and little squares for buildings. Ask all the questions you want to.'

"Guidance of ideas was at first necessary, but soon the children's wits were at work and a babel of voices arose. I shall have several parks in my city, not one big one.' 'My parks are in the crowded part of the

city; what's the good of parks where there are gardens?' 'Mother, which is better, a central station or several stations with an electric subway to join them?' 'Don't you think I had better put the library near the High School, Mother?' 'I'm putting the athletic field near the High School; it's such a bore to go two miles to ours.' 'Remember, children, that your High School must be near several car lines, as pupils come from all parts of the city.' 'My city is on a bay; how can I make my railroads reach the wharves without running through the streets?'

"It was surprising how much variety there was in the plans. When done they were exchanged for friendly corrections and additions. Sometimes a prize was offered, Father being judge or the decision being given by a jury of two children and an adult. Renewed interest was aroused by giving special problems—a manufacturing city; a city on a river; a city on hills. But always I aimed to preserve the main theme: to instill an appreciation of a city which serves all its people efficiently, economically and artistically."

A HAPPY DAY.

We all have our own ideas of happiness, and it is very evident that one person's happiness may be another person's torture. It is also worthy of more than passing note that the most insignificant things are capable of giving great pleasure. Merely to be remembered, to be thanked, and to be praised probably give more pleasure than any great gift. A boy or girl has immense power to give pleasure to a mother, and their failure to do so brings corresponding pain. Children of course are not altogether to blame, and many a neglected mother has her sorrow deepened by the knowledge that she has only herself to blame. In the following incident the mother only reaped what she had sown:

The Mississippi Legislature recently adopted the following resolution:

"Whereas, we have read with great pleasure the following remark of the devoted mother of our esteemed governor, the Hon. Earl Brewer, who, when asked if the day her son was inaugurated governor of the State of Mississippi was not the happiest day of her life, replied: 'I was just as happy when my boy joined the Church;' therefore, be it

'Resolved, that the above expression be inscribed on our journal as an example to the mothers of our State, and to show our appreciation of this splendid sentiment."

The Editor

The Liquor Problem and How to Solve It.

AN APPEAL AND A CALL TO SERVICE FROM NEW ZEALAND.

BY ERNEST RECKNELL.

To the Men and Women of New South Wales,

It is not unfitting that one, born in the neighboring State of Victoria, and resident these fifty years ago in New Zealand, once governed from New South Wales, then the parent State of Australasia, should address you on a question which, at the present time, is probing the mind of the parent State to its inmost depths. I do not wish in any way to deceive, and would say, at once, I am writing to you under a nom de plume. My position precludes me from writing under my own name. I, however, undertake to write naught but the truth, and, would observe, I speak with knowledge and authority. Let us then get to our subject, and the first question I would ask is

WHAT IS ALCOHOL?

We can best answer that question by determining what it is not. Well, it is not a good creature of God. God, it is true, made the hops, the barley, the grape, and other natural products, but alcohol is a product of man's ingenuity operating on the gifts of nature, and is obtained by reducing them to a state of corruption. It is not a food. It plays no part in sustaining the human body. It is not the food of a single section of the animal world, and those animals who do take to it at once degenerate. It is not necessary as a medicine. In any cases in which it may be useful there are other drugs, less harmful and more effective, which can take its place. What, then, is it? If we can trust, and I believe we can, the crystallized opinion, the accumulated wisdom of the scientific world, **it is a narcotic drug which possesses seductive and deceptive capacity for creating a diseased appetite for itself.** Indeed we have no need to go to the scientific world for this definition which can be verified from the experience of every thoughtful man and woman. Who has not known and seen some gifted soul, some otherwise loving father, mother, child, or friend gradually sinking into the abyss of degradation by falling under the pernicious spell of this deadly drug? Who has not seen happy homes desolated, lives blighted, every generous sentiment brutalised by over-indulgence in alcohol? We shall next enquire

WHAT ARE THE PHYSICAL, MORAL, AND ECONOMICAL EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL?

It degenerates the body, it deadens the intellect, it blunts the moral and spiritual faculties, it is the most potent factor in causing crime, it is directly responsible for over 50 per cent. of our poverty, and, at least, 30 per cent. of our lunatics; it incites its unhappy votaries to acts of madness and deeds of cruelty; it converts the saint into a besotted sinner, the man into a maniac, and debases woman into a state which would disgrace the beasts that perish. And, be it

remembered, there is a scientific basis for these conclusions. Every human being is capable of controlling his or her physical organism by means of the brain, the operations of which are physical, mental, and spiritual—the latter term including the moral attributes. The brain is divided into millions of little cells which receive and carry impressions from inwards to outwards and from outwards to inwards. The first series of cells formed have to do with sub-conscious muscular actions, then those relating to conscious muscular actions, then those relating to mental operations, and last of all those relating to spiritual operations. Now, those cells which are the latest formed are the most delicate and the most easily susceptible to degenerating influences. It is known that the earliest action of alcohol on the human organism, even when taken in minutes doses, is to cause a degeneration of our mental and spiritual functions. The controlling force then being first weakened, and eventually destroyed, leaves the body without control, and this is the reason why alcohol is such a potent factor in causing crime, and why its excessive use brings such a series of disorders in its train.

WHAT THEN IS ITS LEGISLATIVE HISTORY?

For an example, let us take the home land and its dominions beyond the seas. Every civilised country in the world has started with freetrade in alcohol. Great Britain was no exception. It was found that the people were degenerating, and the first restriction was set up in Saxon England, only to be repealed in Norman England. That restriction was a system of licensing without regulation. The argument was that if the trade were localised, if it were known where alone alcohol could lawfully be sold the authorities could the better control it. This hope proved futile. Drunkenness increased, and in the year 1480 was passed the first liquor law based on licensing coupled with regulation, and although these regulations have ever since gone on increasing in severity, yet, comparing long periods, the liquor bill per head of the population has gradually, yet surely, increased. But, again. It is often said moral suasion and not legislation is the cure. Well, about the year 1820 a fresh factor appeared on the horizon. That year witnessed the commencement of the total abstinence campaign, the object of which was to induce all capable of forming a resolution to abstain from all intoxicating beverages. It cannot be said that the Temperance people have been inactive since 1820, and yet the drink bill has steadily increased per head of the population. But further. All the dominions beyond the seas have passed through similar experiences to the mother land. In addition, however, some few of them have had placed within the

power of the people the right of ending this debasing and soul-destroying traffic, by votes taken at regularly recurring intervals. But even this power, the very sword of Damocles itself constantly hanging over the trade, has failed to check its excesses. It is only when the legalised traffic in strong drink has been constitutionally destroyed by the vote of the people that the drink bill has been lessened. We, as an empire, have thus tried, without success, (a) freetrade, (b) licensing, (c) licensing under regulation, (d) moral suasion, and the collective result has been a dismal failure. What has succeeded is a constitutional destruction of the trade broad based on the people's will.

INTERFERENCE WITH LIBERTY SO-CALLED.

It is, however, contended that prohibition or no-license is an interference with people's liberty; which is always resented by the minority. Such an argument provokes the question whether, under representative institutions, the minority should rule; and if the general will is that the majority alone should rule the further question naturally suggests itself why should an exception be made in favor of the liquor traffic? If there is anything in the cry repeated with parrot-like precision from the pulpit, in the press, on platforms, and in Parliament that prohibition does not prohibit, cannot we reasonably retort that regulation does not regulate, because this trade has defied all attempts to control it. What, however, are the facts? No-license has been carried in 12 New Zealand electorates, and you will hear the liquor champions say that contemporaneously with this result the liquor bill has increased. True. And you are asked to draw the inference that no-license results in increased drinking. Now, in every no-license electorate, directly the system comes into operation, there is, notwithstanding that liquor may be imported for private consumption, an immediate decrease in convictions for drunkenness and drink-induced crimes. If then it is true, as judges, magistrates, and economists tell us, that drunkenness is the most potent factor in causing crime, if we find in any particular district a decrease in crime, we have strong presumptive evidence that there has been a decrease of drunkenness. But the position does not end here. Under our law all liquor sent or brought into no-license areas must be notified to the clerks of courts in the principal cities of each area. A Parliamentary return has been compiled showing all liquor so notified, and, after allowing a liberal allowance for liquor taken in without notification, statistics show that the consumption per head in no-license areas is much less than in the licensed areas. In the last-named areas, therefore, it is, and not in the no-license areas, that the increase has taken place. And, be it borne in mind, this is not proof presumptive but proof conclusive. Prohibition, therefore, does prohibit.

REVENUE ASPECT.

It is often contended that the carrying of no-license or prohibition will cause a loss of revenue which cannot be made up. Now,

New Zealand's drink bill is close on four millions per annum, and the revenue, general and local, is three-quarters of a million per annum. Apart from the gradually decreasing expenditure on justice, jails, mental hospitals, industrial schools, and charitable aid, the people have an additional four millions in their pockets with which to pay three-quarters of a million taxation; and any Finance Minister who cannot under these circumstances in less than twelve months, by a change in the incidence of taxation, replace the lost revenue is not fit to act as shoe-black to a street urchin.

ONE WORD TO THE CHURCHES.

Doubtless it is your sacred privilege, under God's good guidance, to set the spiritual and moral ideals for your day and generation. But, please remember, if you so continually dwell in ethereal spheres that you have no time to translate the ideal into the practical, if you refrain from entering the lists against the trade for fear of engaging in party politics, you are permitting that trade to undo almost all the good you are thriving to accomplish. Is it seemly that the Archbishop of Canterbury should have made common cause with the millionaire brewers and distillers to wreck the Temperance Reform so ardently worked for during so many years by the people of Scotland? Is it seemly that such a large number of church people all over the empire should remain passive in the presence of so much preventible misery and sorrow? What would our Saviour say if he visited this earth to-day? Surely if ever there was a time for action in New South Wales it is the present, which is the golden year of your great opportunity.

TO THE PEOPLE GENERALLY.

Think of the blasted lives, the ruined homes, the broken hearts, the rivers of tears which have run down cheeks furrowed with care and cankering sorrow, and prayerfully and unitedly go to the polls and in a lawful manner deal a death-blow to a trade which for mere pelf has for so long fattened on the vices of its unhappy victims. Yes!—

Let us lay the proud usurper low,
Tyrants fall in every foe;
There's liberty in every blow,
Let us do or die.

The Brewers' Lament

(Continued from Page 6.)

come under the head of necessities, and thus the last faint argument for their continued manufacture and sale has failed.

REVENUE NOT NOW ESSENTIAL.

From the time the Federal revenue tax was put on the liquor traffic, 50 years ago, one of the favorite pro-liquor arguments has been to the effect that the Government can not run without the revenue derived from this traffic. If the United States was ever in the condition where it was absolutely dependent upon such revenue, certainly that time has long since passed. The Federal reports for the last fiscal year show the

ordinary government receipts to have been \$91,140,455dol., while the ordinary government disbursements were only \$64,804,625dol., showing the income of the United States Government to have been almost 40,000,000dol. in excess of the government expenses for the year.

Furthermore, the income tax amendment to the United States Constitution, which has just been ratified by two-thirds of the States, will, at a conservative estimate, increase the revenues of the United States Government from 100,000,000dol. to 150,000,000dol. a year.

If there ever was an excuse for drawing from the liquor traffic of this country the money necessary to run United States Government, that excuse will no longer hold, for the income tax alone will provide almost as much money as the Government receives each year in revenue from the liquor traffic.

The friends of temperance reform pressing for needed anti-liquor legislation both in State and national legislative bodies, have constantly been met with the cry that all such legislation "is unconstitutional." It is perhaps safe to say that not a single anti-liquor law from a search and seizure of other enforcement measure to a Prohibition statute, has ever been presented to a legislative body in this country that it has not been declared unconstitutional by the members of the legal profession, who for one reason or another have seen fit to ally themselves with the liquor crowd. Yet, of all the hundreds of laws that have been enacted, to find one that has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States is like looking for a needle in a haystack. United States Senator Sutherland and others who led the fight against the Kenyon-Webb bill in the United States Senate were loud in their condemnation of present liquor abuses. They were perfectly willing, according to their declarations, to do anything which would be constitutional to relieve the present situation. Senator Sutherland declared that if by his single pronouncement all intoxicating liquors could be put in the bottom of the ocean it would promptly be done; the only thing in the way was the Constitution of the United States.

TAKE THEM AT THEIR WORD.

Let us take these gentlemen at their word. Let us have a show-down on this proposition. According to declarations of these leading

advocates of the liquor interests, they are perfectly willing to join hands to amend the Constitution. Let us give them the opportunity.

Of course, they will find some other weapon with which to fight. They will at once discover some other great calamity that would come upon the people if the Prohibition amendment to the Constitution were to be submitted to the States. This is to be expected. The time has come, however, when the Christian, moral, law-abiding, liberty-loving citizenship should stand up against all odds, in spite of villification, falsification, persecution and abuse until there shall be indelibly written in enforceable form upon the statute books of the Federal Government the complete Prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicants.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "GRIT."

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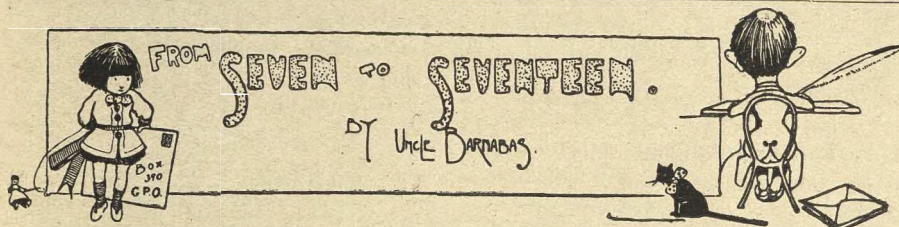
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THE BOY WHO WAS NO GOOD.

Quite a long time ago a gentleman was walking along a country road in the North of Ireland, and near him, to his surprise, he heard a murmur of many voices. When he turned a corner, his surprise passed, for there in front of him was a country school-house, through whose open windows came the sound of many children repeating tables and doing other things aloud and together.

Because the gentleman loved children, and because also he liked seeing them at lessons, he entered the school-house. The teachers received him with courtesy; and, when he asked them to continue as though he were not there, they went on with the lesson. For a little time with great interest the gentleman listened to questions and answers. Then he noticed that one boy stood all by himself against the walls in a corner.

"Who is that boy?" he asked of a teacher, "and why does he stand apart from the rest?"

"Oh," replied the teacher, "he is a stupid boy. He either cannot or will not do our work. He is no good at all."

The gentleman did not like hearing all this; and, further, instead of being cross with the boy, he was sorry for him. So he went right up to the lad and asked him quiet questions. The boy was nervous and hesitant at first; but at last he answered freely.

The more he spoke to him the more sure did the gentleman become that the boy was not so stupid as the teacher had suggested. So at last he put a hand on his shoulder, and said: "My boy, it cannot be true that you are no good at lessons. Just you try again, and try hard, and keep on trying as long as you possibly can."

The gentleman went away, but the boy did not forget. It was something so strange for him to be spoken to so kindly, and it was something so wonderful for anyone to believe in him that he just made up his mind that he really would try harder, and that somehow he would tackle his lessons in real earnest. This meant a very big effort for him, for he was not the kind of boy to whom sums and spelling, and so forth, are as easy as play. But somehow he made himself stick to things; and, though once or twice he was not quite all he ought to have been, still by degrees he managed to get on better and better. When he grew up he was known as Dr. Adam Clarke, and he was a great scholar and wrote many learned books, among them a wonderful commentary on Holy Scripture.

Is there anywhere among my ne's and ni's, either a boy or girl, concerning whom grown-up people say that he or she is no good at all at lessons? Do not believe them. Whatever others may think, there is Someone who believes that

such a child could do much better if he tries. That Someone is far more of a gentleman than the visitor who went into the North of Ireland school, and He understands us all far better than the visitor understood the boy in the corner. His name is Jesus Christ. He believes in all the boys and all the girls in the world. So let us have more trying hard at lessons, especially at those little scholars like east. Perhaps out of your class there may come a Dr. Adam Clarke, or, maybe, a woman scholar, who knows more than he ever had the chance of knowing. Do you think that is likely to be you? Why not?—Uncle B.

FOR SUNDAY.

Who was the son of Jesse who was not good enough to be brought before the prophet, and yet was the one God chose?

Which was the apostle that turned out so badly, and yet recovered, and was chosen to preach the sermon on the day the Christian Church was founded after Pentecost?

FOR MONDAY. CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a blacksmith the most unsatisfactory of workmen?—Because he is always striking for wages.

What is worse than raining "cats and dogs"?—Hailing omnibuses.

Name a word of five letters from which, if you take two, one remains?—Stone.

Why is the letter D like a crying child?—Because it makes "ma" "mad."

Why is the letter W like scandal?—Because it makes "ill" "will."

Teacher—"Name some of the man-hunting tribes." Pupil—The English suffragettes.

THE CHILDREN'S ISSUE.

What are you doing? What are you going to do? When will you commence doing it? I want to know.—Uncle B.

A NE' WHO DOES NOT MIND THE RAIN.

Walter, George-street, Liverpool, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have just come home from Sunday-school. We did not have any lessons to-day because there were not enough children there, and it was raining. It started this morning just after church, and has kept on ever since. The house we are living in now is four streets away from where we were living before. I like it much better, too. I can count up to 49 in Spanish. The painter that we had taught me. At day school I have a vegetable garden of my own. In it I have beans and cabbages. All the other boys have gardens, too.—Good-bye.

(Dear Walter,—I am proud of a Ne' who

does not let the rain keep him from Sunday-school, and then to think you can count up to 49 in Spanish is wonderful. I do not think any of your "cousins" could do that; I am sure I could not. I wonder what you do with the beans and cabbages out of your garden.—Uncle B.)

FROM FAR-AWAY NEW ZEALAND.

Grace Young, Feilding, New Zealand, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Would you please make a little room for another niece. I am 10 years old. My birthday is on March 1. I am in the fourth standard at school. My favorite boogs are "Beryl's Triumph" and "Aunt Patty's Paying Guests," and the games are snakes and ladders and uddlywinks. I am very fond of reading. I live in New Zealand, far away from you. I have two sisters and a brother. My youngest sister turned nine years yesterday. I will close now, with love. Hoping you will receive me as a niece.

(Dear Grace,—I am so pleased you have begun to write, and I hope to have many more letters from you. I wonder will I be able to find another Ne' or Ni' from your sisters or brother? I do not know either of those books, but am glad to hear of them. I hope you will send me a photo of yourself soon, and then your cousins will know you better when they see you.—Uncle B.)

THE PUZZLE ANSWERED.

Stella Twemlow, Alectown, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I do think it is time I sent another letter to you. I send with this letter the answer to Mary Bailey's puzzle. It has been very nice weather lately. It rained last week, and now the green grass is everywhere. On the last Saturday in March we had our Sunday-school picnic, and the next day we got out prizes. We all went out to the picnic ground in a lorry, and some people drove out in their sulkies and buggies. Some of the men rode out on horses and bicycles. It was near an old dried-up creek where we went, and first thing we did was to run from one end of it to the other. We had two swings made, on which we played nearly all day. One of them was for the girls and the other for the boys. My favorite books are "Little Mary," "The Brothers Promise," "Alone in London," and "Angel's Christmas," and "Little Dot." A little while ago there was a hotel here, but lately the hotelkeeper got his license transferred to Parkes. I think most of the people are glad, too. I know I am. I think this is all for this time, Uncle, so good-bye.—With love, from your loving Niece.

ANSWER TO MARY BAILEY'S PUZZLE.

Dear Elsie,—We had such fun over the letter you sent. Jack thinks your cypher is very good. I am just going out on my pony, so good-bye.—With love from Eva.

(Dear Stella,—So you solved Mary's puzzle. Let me whisper: that is more than I did. It is wonderful what a lot of new books my Ne's and Ni's have brought under

my notice. The only one of your favorites that I know is "Little Dot." I wonder how far you live from Parkes. I am sure it is a blessing to have got rid of that horrid pub.—Uncle B.)

LETTERS THAT ARE A TREAT.

Daisy Hawkins, "Wyville," Cooma, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Here we are landed into wintry weather at less than a day's notice. It is trying hard to rain, but does not seem to know the right way about it. We have once more changed ministers. Mr. Parr, who had charge of this circuit last year, has already taken charge of Barraba circuit. We have the Rev. Mr. Clarke here for this year. We have not had any No-License lectures up this way so far, but I hope they soon start. Last week we girls had nice letters from Molly at Wellington and the two Rankin girls. It is quite a treat to get their letters. I am enclosing a dozen texts to make up my name. Well, dear Uncle, there is no life in Cooma at present save the skating rink, but we do not go to that. We are still recovering from the bustle of mother's home-coming. Will you please extend my deepest sympathy to dear cousin Mabel, and I sincerely hope that she will soon be quite well again. I will now close, with fond love to all.—Your loving Ni'.

(Dear Daisy,—I wonder how you like your minister changing so often? I think there is hardly time to really get to know people before they go. It is nice to find some of my Ne's and Ni's getting to know one another by letter, and I feel so pleased when I read of it. I expect Cooma will be very cold now. Sydney is just wet to the skin, and not very nice on that account.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NE'.

Reuben Magnusson, 30 Read's Quay, Gisborne, New Zealand, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you please accept me as a nephew. I was 12 years of age on November 24, 1912, and I am in the fifth standard at school. On Wednesday, April 16, the Edison storage battery cars ran in Gladstone-road, and from 12 a.m. to 3 p.m. joy rides were given to every one who cared to have one, and it was A1. On Thursday the Rev. Dawson Thomas distributed the medals and certificates. My sister and I got a second-class certificate each for not missing more than five half-days. I have a little collie pup of rusty-black color, which is sick just now, and has been lying down all the afternoon because he could hardly get up. My favorite books are "The Lamp-lighter," "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "President's Scouts," "Esther's Charge," "John Halifax, Gentleman," "From Log Cabin to White House," and "Fugitives from Fortune." I will close now, with love.—Yours sincerely.

(Dear Reuben,—I am always a little bit more than usually pleased to welcome a new Ne', and I hope you will often write. I have been in an Edison storage battery car, and it seems to me it is a great invention. I hope the wee dog soon got well. What

do you call him. I am glad to hear you like reading, and hope when you read a book you like you will mention it when you write.—Uncle B.)

WHAT WAS THE TIME?

Athol Williams, Awarua, Pukehou, New Zealand, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I must repent for not writing for so long, but here we are again. I went on board the New Zealand when she was in Napier, and after waiting about two hours on the Napier breakwater a man told us if we wanted to go on board we had better go round to the port, and we were just looking for something to go in when a friend of ours came up in a taxi, so we got in, and arrived fairly soon. Then after waiting about one hour we managed to get on a boat, and in about half an hour we were on board, and when I got home I was quite tired, as I had been ill in bed for nine weeks. Now I must say good-bye.—With love.

(Dear Athol,—You have given us a puzzle. If you waited 3½ hours I wonder how long it left you to see the "gift ship," or if it only seemed like 3½ hours? I am so glad you are better. Nine weeks was a long, long time to be ill. You did not tell us what you thought of the New Zealand. Was it worth waiting all that time? Please don't wait so long before you send the next letter. You look at page 14 and you will see the jokes you sent. Many thanks.—Uncle B.)

A GREAT TEMPERANCE BOOK.

Beryl, "Karlsruhe," Bexley, writes:—

My dear Uncle Barnabas,—Here I am again already. Sure, I'm making up for lost time now. What a "strike State" New South Wales is becoming. Just as well the gas strike was over before Easter, also that our anniversary and harvest festival services were over before that grievance existed. The Sunday night following the "extra specials" we had a very uncommon service, the church looking something like a supper-room (without supper). As we came in the main door we viewed long, wide strips of wood (formerly bazaar refreshment tables) laid along the centre of the middle pews. As each worshipper came he was presented with a candle and box of matches to light the candlestick with which he was generally armed. These, with various lamps, lanterns, etc., lit us through the service, but it would have been rather awkward if there had been decorations. We had very helpful sermons on harvest Sunday, Rev. H. J. Noble preaching at all services. The address to children at the afternoon service was particularly interesting, and was enjoyed by all. The Easter services were very bright, and good congregations attended all the services, particularly at the communion. The Sunday-

school roll would fall rather short though, as so many of the boys were at the encampment. You will be pleased to know I am starting teaching next Sunday. Nine, I think, dear little boys of nine years. I am looking forward to it very much. It will be so interesting to me. Our prizes are to be presented next Monday. I don't think I will come very near anything, owing to the four weeks' holiday at Wentworth Falls. How lovely it would be up there now, away from the heat and dust of the city, but still, since the rain, life is much more enjoyable. Such a bonny, fresh day it is now. You should just see how our flowers have looked up since. The garden will be a blaze of color in about a week's time—roses and cactus dahlias in particular. The freezias, too, are already showing a great deal more than their heads, although it will be some time before they flower, as they take a couple of months to fully mature. Are you fond of them? I must bring some in to "Grit" office when they are out. I am sure they would cheer some of the zone people, who see so few of them.

Later.—I had to leave this to trot off to choir practice the other night, and have not found time before now to return. I was fortunate enough to get third prize, "At the Mercy of Tiberius," by Augusta Evans Wilson. I have read it before (in fact, all of A. E. Wilson's), but still I value the book highly as a prize. I have just finished a glorious, red-hot temperance book. It is one of the "Pansy Series," "The Master Hand." If you haven't read it don't rest till you do. I know how I felt after. Oh, if only this could be circulated through all the dailies and weeklies what great good it would do, or even if it were read at sewing meetings, etc. It is beautiful. Must close in haste, with love to all, as it is meeting time again.—Yours sincerely.

P.S.—Let me whisper it gently—Cousin Bonny is not dead, but sleeping. I know.

(Dear Beryl,—Your letter is most interesting, and I quite look forward to those flowers you so kindly promised. I have not heard of that book, "The Master Hand," but hope to get it this week, and hope many of my prize-winning Ne's and Ni's will ask for it next time they win a prize. I expect most of the churches will remember "candle Sunday," as we call the Sunday that fell in the gas strike week.—Uncle B.)

MANY HAPPY RETURNS.

Lily Preston, May 7; Allan Parker, 8th; Arthur Winton, 10th; Clifford Lark, 14th; Edgar Swain, 23rd. May God give you all a happy day. Make a good start. When you tumble out of bed tumble on your knees, then read Romans, chapter 15, verses 1 to 3.—Uncle B.

DIABETES.

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Tooth & Co., Limited.

(By Alex Jobson, in the "Sun.")

"The decision of the directors of this brewery not to increase the preference dividend above the normal 6 per cent. rate came as a distinct disappointment to the share market. For some weeks back an impression has been prevalent that the preference dividend would exceed this rate, on the strength of which the shares (£1 fully paid) were being sold as high as 28s. This impression was not confirmed by the report, and the price fell away to 25s., which is still high for the yield, at that figure is about 4½ per cent. Certainly the security is excellent, for the preference capital of £550,000 is secured by surplus assets of almost £1,845,000, while the past year's rate of profits, about £236,000, exceeds seven times the yearly preference dividend charge. For all that, the yield is on the low side, having regard to current prices of other gilt-edged stocks and the existing dearth of money. Investors, however, are prepared to pay 25s., relying on the hope that sooner or later the directors will exercise their powers and increase the preference dividend.

It would seem that it will be some little time yet before this happens. The directors recently wrote up the assets by about £350,000, which, with £200,000 of published reserves, was duly converted into £550,000 preference capital. So heavy a reduction in the reserves, even though the share capital was decreased thereby, did not improve the financial position, for it weakened the reserve power. That reserve power the directors must replace, to do which a conservative dividend policy must be pursued. Here, then, is an explanation for the moderate distribution of £71,500 out of a profit of £140,931, which made it possible to raise the reserves this time by over £69,000 to nearly £195,000.

That the brewery should have earned so large a profit as this is certainly somewhat astonishing. In most manufacturing businesses of late years the prices of raw material have increased exceedingly, which, combined with higher wages bills, have seriously prejudiced the earnings, and it is scarcely likely that Tooth and Co., Ltd., have escaped. Yet it would seem from the published figures that they have. The March, 1913, gross profits, now almost £327,000, grew by about £45,000 above those of March, 1912, while the expenditure rose by only £23,500 to £176,000, thus permitting an increase of £21,500 in the profits. The net increase was, however, only £16,500, for this time the depreciation provision was £10,000 as against £5000 in 1912. Now, an interesting point about this growth is that whereas a year ago the expenses were 54.1 per cent. of the gross profits, in the past half-year they were 53.8 per cent., while of the above rise of £45,000 in gross profits the increased expenses were only 53.2 per cent. This suggests that, despite the heavier cost of material and the increased wages, the expenses have not kept pace with the growth in the

revenue, which is certainly a very good thing. But this, after all, may be quite an erroneous conclusion, for the published accounts are meagre, and tell one nothing about the inner reserve additions, which may easily upset the above argument.

The statement of assets is still uninformative as regards useful facts. The total, £1,980,000, is about £47,000 more, due to increases of £33,000 in the stock to £164,000, and of £14,000 in the sundry debtors (after making provision for bad and doubtful debts) to £227,500, both movements indicating a solid growth in trade. The Kent brewery, plant, machinery, rolling stock, and freehold properties, less depreciation, £1,201,000, is about £5000 below the amount as revalued. The remaining assets, deposits, funded stock, debentures, and bank balances, £387,800, are about £4000 greater. The goodwill is shown, as in the re-valuation balance-sheet, as a memo, "the value of this asset, which is estimated at a very substantial figure, has not been included in the above valuations."

In February last, when the re-valuation was announced, there was some discussion as to whether or not the directors should not have placed a definite value of the goodwill. In this regard it is quite possible that the directors may, apart from questions of expediency, have been influenced by the legal aspect, for in the case of the Spanish Prospecting Co., Ltd., it was ruled by Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton that "the goodwill of a business can never appear in the calculation of its profits." It is very doubtful, therefore, whether the directors of Tooth and Co., Ltd., could have valued the goodwill, seeing that such valuation would have increased the published reserves available for distribution as accumulated profits among the shareholders.

After allowing for the current dividend and the sundry creditors of £54,000 (£43,650 in September), there remains surplus assets of almost £1,845,000, securing 6 per cent. cumulative preference shares for £550,000; ordinary shares, for £1,100,000 (both fully paid to £1), and reserves, £194,811. As the interest of the preference shares in a realisation ceases with the payment of their

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capital, the remaining surplus assets belong to the ordinary shares, representing 23s. 7d. per share. In the market those shares are quoted at 39s. 6d., in which 15s. 11d. is for goodwill, about £870,000 in the aggregate. This is about 4¼ years' purchase on the past five years' average profits, which is a liberal valuation."

HOW IT IS DONE.

During the past half-year the following economies have been effected:—

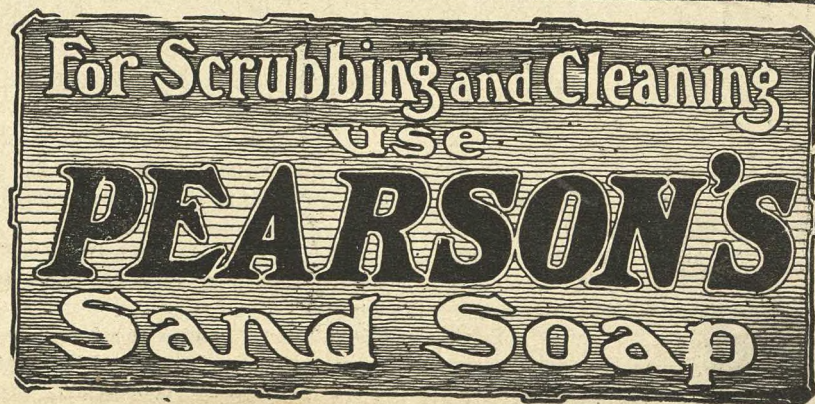
- (1) Abolition of the time-honored custom of presenting Christmas boxes to the workmen.
- (2) Cessation of the gratuity of £50 contributed to the annual picnic fund.
- (3) Abolition of the old custom of paying draymen ½d. per cask, to encourage them to collect all empties.
- (4) Reduction of the draymen's good conduct money (inaugurated by the old firm of Tooth and Co.) from £1 per month to 10s. per month—which amount the men told the manager he could keep or hand over to the hospital—the latter being the last thing he would think of doing.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LEDGER.

- (a) Mrs. Devir, widow of the late Con. Devir, to pay a bonus of £1000 and an increased rental for a 5 years' lease.
- (b) Mrs. Pick, widow of the late Alf Pick (an old officer of the company) has just paid £2000 for a 5 years' extension—and there are many similar other cases too numerous to mention.

INSANITY DECREASING IN KANSAS.

According to the Wichita (Kan.) "Beacon," Kansas had 56.2 commitments to its asylums in 1904 for each 100,000 of population. In 1910 the ratio had fallen to 42.3, and in 1911 38.3. The members of the State Board of Control and the asylum officials credit this great decrease to the stricter enforcement of the prohibition laws of the State and the consequent diminished consumption of alcohol.



Two Words that are Inseparable

GRIFFITHS' TEAS

(SIGNAL BRAND).

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8 8



IN CONFIDENCE TO THE OYSTERS.

Mark Twain was in a restaurant one day and found himself next to two young men who were putting on a great many airs and ordering the waiters about in a most impressive fashion. One of them gave an order and told the waiter to inform the cook whom it was for. "Yes," said the other, "better tell him my name, too, so as to make certain of its being all right."

Mark, who hated swagger, called the waiter and said in a loud voice: "Bring me a dozen oysters, and whisper my name to each of them."

WHAT HE WANTED.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Dixon," said the girl to the young man who had asked if he might take her in to supper at the dance, "but I've promised to go in to supper with some one else; but I'll introduce you to a very handsome and clever girl."

"No," replied the disappointed young man disconsolately, "I don't want a handsome and clever girl; I want you."

FOR VISITORS ONLY.

The late Madame Modjeska, when a young bride, sent to her mother for a cook, who had been brought up in the family. Faithful Aunt Venetia's first public try-out was at luncheon. The first course was to be crabs; hence the necessity of a lecture on ptomaines and food poisoning: "Now be sure, Venetia," said the young bride, "to see that the crabs are alive and healthy before you put them on the fire."

The day of the luncheon came, bringing with it the crabs, which looked all that could be desired as they were brought to the table.

Pinned to one of them, however, was a note from the cook reading:

"Miss Helen: They was all kicking and alive except this one. Don't eat it yourself."

HIS CHOICE.

The father of a bright young son went to a wise friend for advice as to what profession the youth should be fitted for. The sage was brusque.

"Let the boy choose for himself," he said.

"But," protested the father, "he's too young."

"Well," responded the wise man, "put him in a room alone with a book on theology, an apple, a knife and some small change and see what he plays with. If he chooses the book make a minister of him; if he takes the knife make him a surgeon; if the apple, he'll make a farmer, and if he chooses the money, a banker."

Much relieved, the father went away, but returned the next day in great distress, saying the plan hadn't worked at all.

"Why not?" demanded the wise man. "What did he do?"

"When I went in," said the father, "he was sitting on the book, with the knife in one hand, and the money in his pocket, and eating the apple."

"Ah!" said the sage, "that's easy. The boy is a natural-born lawyer."

AND THE OWNER SAID—

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was one day coming back from shooting, with an empty bag. He did not like to go home without one bird, and seeing a number of ducks in a pond, and a farmer leaning on a rail watching them, Sheridan said: "What will you take for a shot at the ducks?"

"Oh," said the stranger, "about half a sovereign."

"Done!" said Sheridan, and, paying the man, he fired into the middle of the flock, killing a dozen ducks.

"I am afraid you made a bad bargain," he said.

"Well, I don't know," replied the man; "they weren't my ducks."

PROBABLY SHE WOULD.

Mrs. Newbridge came hurriedly into her husband's study one morning.

"Herbert, dear," she said, "this recipe for lemon pie says to sit on a hot stove and stir constantly."

"Well, Alice," replied the doting husband, "if you do sit on a hot stove I think you will find that you will stir constantly."

WHAT THE TEACHER TAUGHT HIM.

The small boy had just returned home after a most tumultuous day at school.

"What lesson," asked his father, "was the most impressed on you to-day by the teacher?"

"Dat I need a thicker pair of pants."

* * *

At a dinner given one evening was a lawyer who did not appreciate the intentions of his neighbour, who began thus: "I suppose you gentlemen have strange cases to deal with at times?"

"Yes," answered the lawyer.

"Some very puzzling cases that almost confuse you, and—"

"Just so," said the legal gentleman with a determined look on his face. "I once knew a man who had one of those cases you mention, and after giving his whole attention to that case one night, when he finished he did not know what side of the case he was on, he was so confused."

"Really," exclaimed the listener, delighted at having drawn the lawyer at last. "What sort of case was it?"

"It was a case of champagne," replied the other, who was left in peace after that."



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What the Parson Says.

SOMETHING FOR THE INNER MAN.

"I am" would be but a needless anguish, "I ought" but a hollow mockery if we could not add to those words "I can." To know that we are responsible for each part of our nature, to know that each act we do tends to form a habit, and that habit so reacts upon nature that what we do almost ceases at last to be a matter of will, and almost ends in being a matter of instinct, would all be worse than useless if we had no power to give supremacy to what is best in our nature. It is very necessary to convince ourselves we are under no error in recognising the freedom of our moral choice, and that as a matter of fact it does rest with ourselves to refuse the evil and choose the good. There are those who deny man's power and yield themselves to every whim of sensuality, with ever the same result of apathy, degradation, and despair. Such people, living without God, and with no fear of Him before their eyes, are in fact without the power to say "I can." On the other hand, millions have proved that the impossible is possible by the aid which God most freely offers to us all alike. God would not be a loving Father but a dreadful tyrant if He had given us a law beyond our power to keep. God has for our temptations provided the way of escape, and even for our falls He has supplied a means of deliverance. If a soul perishes, it perishes self-destructed.

I COULD, BUT CAN I NOW?

If a man is slothful, dishonest, impure, intemperate, untruthful, he will surely admit that it was not of necessity or compulsion, but either of culpable weakness or of deliberate choice. Most of us will readily confess that we have been the architects of our own character; that we are responsible for ourselves. The question with a vast number is: We once could, but can we now? We need never have fallen; but we did so. Is there any power left?

The story of Samson is an answer and an inspiration. The splendor of his strength I need not enlarge on, nor need I dwell on the dark moment when he said, "I will go out as at other times before," and found that "the Lord was departed from him." The invincible Samson of other days had become a fettered slave, an eyeless drudge. The part of the story we need to dwell on, and if I may use the word gloat over, is that after he had sold himself into bondage, after all his humiliating display of weakness, he called again upon the Lord, and the power he had once known came back to him, and as mighty as ever he built for himself an enduring monument that abides for all time to inspire every member of the human race with the certainty of their being able to say "I can" in spite of any black period of defeat if only they will call on the Lord.

DOES SIN BECOME A NECESSITY?

While fully recognising the power of habit and the grounds there are for fearing that there is a point at which sin becomes a necessity and ceases to be a voluntary transgression, and in fact becomes an incurable disease, we yet affirm that God knows no incurable diseases. While life lasts no one, not even the worst, loses utterly the power to say "I can," and though the gate of sin is dark and terrible enough, yet it is not over the gate of sin that the line is written—

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Recovery is difficult, very difficult, but never impossible. Is sin a leprosy? Christ healed, and still heals, the leper. Is it a crimson stain? Christ can make it white as snow. Is it a prison? Christ can set you free. Is it possession by an evil spirit? Christ freed the Gadarene demoniac from a legion of devils. With St. Paul the whole sinful world can say if it will, "I can do all things through Christ."

AN INSPIRING ILLUSTRATION.

Sin has placed us in the valley. All our hearts crave for is on the hill towering above us, the hill called Difficulty. In India the 64th Bengal Infantry mutinied. The colonel was cashiered, their cherished colors were taken from them. Not long after a hundred men of this regiment volunteered as a forlorn hope for the dangerous task of climbing the wild hills and storming the strong fortress of Trukkee. "Soldiers of the 64th," said Sir Charles Napier to them, "your colors are on the top of yonder hill." They climbed that hill, took the fortress, and won their colors back. They were disgraced mutineers no longer, but honored soldiers. The Captain of our Salvation says to those who have hauled down the stainless flag of our soul and mutinied against God, "There is a hill to climb, but on the top of it its pardon, peace, and honor." Let us all rise and climb and cry, "Thank God through Christ I can recover myself."

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Her face we often see in dream;
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Our heart for her has often longed.
A mother's love is lasting, sure,
In life and death it will endure.

(Written for "Grit" by a blind inmate of the Home for Incurables, Ryde.)

New South Wales Alliance

(Continued from Page 4.)

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Sunday, 25th—7 p.m., Church of Christ, Illawarra Road, Marrickville (near station). Mrs. Lee-Cowie. Musical items.
Sunday, 25th—7 p.m., Marrickville Baptist Church, Silver-st. Mr. Jas. Marion.
Monday, 26.—7.45 p.m., Dulwich Hill, Baptist Church. Mrs. Lee-Cowie.
Tuesday, 27th—7.45, St. Clement's School Hall, Petersham and Marrickville Road, Marrickville. President, Rev. Canon Wm. Martin, B.A. Speaker, Mrs. Lee-Cowie.
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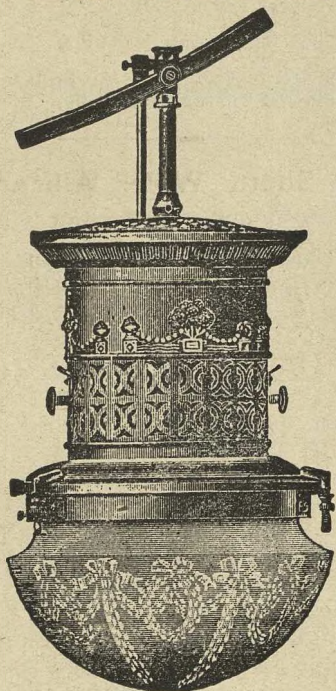
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