



GREEN COUPONS ARE GIVEN BY THE BEST VALUE TRADERS.
 GREEN COUPONS ARE COLLECTED BY THE WISEST LADIES.



Grit.

A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VII. No. 40. Price One Penny.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1913.

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



THE ESCAPE.

YOUR LUNCH SUPPLIED AT
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The Doctor's Greatest Responsibility.

A most striking address followed by Mrs. Mary Scharlieb, M.D., M.S., on the responsibilities of the medical profession with regard to Temperance in child-bearing women was lately delivered at Brighton (England).

"The responsibility of doctors towards their patients," said Mrs. Scharlieb, "is always great, and one of their weightiest responsibilities is that of fostering the moral well-being of those who put themselves under their care. But probably the greatest responsibility that we are called upon to bear is that which devolves on us when we assume charge of women who are, or who are about to be, the mothers of the land. Upon the health of their bodies, and upon the integrity of their moral and spiritual nature, depends not only the welfare of their children and their homes, but the still larger and more serious extension of the family which we know as the nation. When we reflect that our national expenditure on alcohol amounts to something like £160,000,000 per annum the figures appear to us to be appalling. The needs of the army and navy expenditure upon philanthropic works and on missionary enterprise, are entirely dwarfed by this gigantic expenditure. Great as is the waste of money, and great as is the injury to the commonwealth thus caused, the most serious and the most regrettable effects of alcohol are to be found.

INFANT MORTALITY.

"Great interest has been taken of late years in the question of infant mortality, and it is a well-known fact that the death-rate among infants has not fallen in the same ratio as the death-rate among adults. The heavy mortality amongst infants has many causes, and among them must be numbered the frequency with which their mothers are of alcoholic habits. According to the researches of Dr. W. C. Sullivan some 55 per cent of the children of alcoholic mothers are still-born or die before attaining their second year. Nor is this high rate of mortality the end of this grievous story, for of the children which survive infancy some 12 or 15 per cent. are epileptic, and many more have the peculiar degeneracy of brain and nerve that supply the sad army of the mentally defectives. The country is only now waking up to some idea of what the constant recruiting of this army means. Year by year the ratepayers are called upon to feed and clothe a number of individuals who, far from being able to take their share in bearing the country's burdens are nothing but a

drain upon its resources. It is from these mentally defectives that the largest proportion of criminals arises:

THE TEACHING OF TEMPERANCE.

"Another potent agent for good would be a pure and healthy literature sufficiently interesting to captivate the youthful imagination, and to lead our young people to desire that strength of body and intellectual power that sustains explorers, hunters, colonists, and indeed all those of us who have set out to compass and who have achieved the best sort of success in life. It is quite evident that in the past a false standard was set up for admiration and imitation. Many of the songs in our language have been in praise of wine, and the figure of John Bull, considered as a representation of the national spirit, is surely not the highest type to which we might aspire.

"In the teaching of Temperance, just as in all other teaching, we turn to advantage the peculiar conditions which obtain during adolescent years. This is the time in which the nature is most impressionable and when the character is being formed from day to day by the influences around it. As doctors we have an appreciable share in influencing the young, and we have it in our power to help the children of the nation by our personal example, by our teaching, direct, and still more indirect. The doctor, the teacher, and the pastor are expected by the people to have a high standard in all respects; they are the acknowledged leaders, and on them rests the responsibility for the sort of influence that exists both in school and in home life. In some respects the doctor has a wider opportunity than has the clergyman or the schoolmaster; he or she is necessarily so mixed up in family life, so ever present in times of emergency and danger, that it is not a misfortune but a fault if our influence which ought to be so potent for good is withheld, or is perverted. But in order that we should exert this beneficent influence we must be fully persuaded in our own minds, we must realise for ourselves the advantages, nay, the necessity for Temperance; we must set the example and hold aloft the true ideal which will command the respect and imitation of the young.

"In order to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in us we must be prepared to take a certain amount of trouble, we must fortify ourselves by studying the results of the researches of laboratory investigators. They have made interesting researches into

the influence of alcohol on various forms of vegetable and animal life; we must acquaint ourselves with the results of experimental psychology in the testing of the influence of alcohol on mental processes, and the reaction of the various senses, comparing individuals who have never taken intoxicants with others who have done so; we must also have some knowledge of the laws of economics, and of the part that alcohol has played in the deterioration of the race, in its power to swell the death-rate, to create criminals, lunatics, and imbeciles. We must also be students of history, studying the campaigns of Wellington and other great commanders, and noting the evil influences that alcohol has had on some who would otherwise have been among the bravest and wisest of mankind. And beyond all we must recognise that the power to fight this demon can be had; that both men and women can be saved from sinfulness, and that a right system of education, combined with a sure faith, fervent hope, and never-failing charity is sufficient to save our country from an age-long reproach, and from the insidious poison that is sapping her vitals."

SO-CALLED MEDICATED WINES.

The wines containing food stuffs such as meat, or meat and malt, are not really Medicated Wines. They have been termed by the "British Medical Journal" "Meaty Wines," and as there appears to be a greatly increased consumption of these wines by people under the impression that they contain only a small proportion of alcohol, the information taken from the "British Medical Journal" of March 27th, 1909, should prove of interest, especially as showing that these wines are highly alcoholic in character, containing almost as much as port and sherry.

The warning from so high an authority as the "British Medical Journal" ought not to be disregarded, especially as some of these wines are recommended to be given to children, and are advertised largely as being strengthening and nourishing in character. It will be noted that these wines contain such a ridiculously small quantity of beef extract that they cannot be really strengthening, and that the claim by the makers for their use on this ground is positively absurd.

An average adult person requires five ounces of tissue forming food each day.

(a) To obtain the above amount from milk one would require 6½ pints, costing at 2d. per pint, 1s. 1d.

(a) To obtain five ounces of similar tissue forming food from a popular, so-called medicated wine, one would require the contents of 1923 wineglasses full, each wineglass containing two ounces, costing over £30.



JAMES COOK,
Baker,

32 Victoria St., Paddington

TEL.: PAD. 111.

TRY OUR STEAM-MADE BREAD.

GIRLIE.

I was seated at my desk by the window reading, for the tenth time, a letter which had come by the morning's post. It was very short, but its contents worried me considerably. And this is what it briefly said: "We find we are quite unable to keep our Branch going any longer—we are all busy women having so many calls made upon us by our own Churches that we find it quite impossible to arrange and attend W.T.A.U. meetings. The officers therefore have all sent in their resignations and we have called a members' meeting for to-morrow afternoon to lay the matter before them and to formally wind up affairs. The meeting is to be at the President's house, No. 6 Carlton Street.—Yours very sincerely, Nettie King. P.S.—We have all definitely made up our minds that nothing will induce us to reconsider our decision."

I had the letter down with a sigh. "Surely there must be some argument that could be brought to bear, some scheme which could be evolved whereby they might be enabled to go on with the work." A vision of that stately cathedral city arose before my eyes with its 50,000 inhabitants and amongst that number hundreds of women going headlong to destruction through the curse of drink. The city could ill afford to lose our Society.

I seized a pen and paper and tried to jot down notes for that afternoon's meeting, but thoughts would not come and I found myself idly watching the snowflakes as they waltzed madly in the keen north wind.

I was roused from my reverie by the telephone bell ringing.

"Yes, who's there?" said I.

"It's me, Miss. Mrs. Meredith's Nurse. Can you come up at once? Mistress has one of her bad turns and we are all nearly frightened to death."

"I will come at once, Nurse. Is the master at home?"

"No, Miss, he is away; we don't know where."

"Very well, I will be with you as quickly as possible."

I was soon speeding along with all haste to Mrs. Meredith's. She lived in a large, substantial house in one of the best parts of the city, and was a tall, finely-developed woman, with a beautiful face, winning ways, highly accomplished, but, alas! a drunkard.

Nurse was waiting for me at the hall door.

"How is she now?" I asked.

"She's asleep at last, Miss—the time I have had with her! She started drinking in the night and this morning was still crazy for drink. She has been staggering up and down the stairs screaming, raving and frightening the children nearly out of their wits. Master Donald has gone to school; the little girls are in the nursery—I have locked them in. I thought she would have killed Girlie, for picking her up in her arms she squeezed her so hard that the dear child shrieked, and that so enraged her that she flung her down and turned on her like a mad thing. I was only just in time to drag Girlie

away and hustle her into the nursery with Kathleen; and having locked the door I flung the key into the hall, for I knew she was too drunk to pick it up."

I saw by Nurse's scratched face and torn clothing the terrible encounter which had taken place between the two women.

"I am so sorry for you, Nurse; you have had a trying time."

I opened the dining-room door, and there on the couch lay Mrs. Meredith in a drunken stupor; her face bloated and scarlet, her hair dishevelled, her dress tumbled and untidy, looking as unlike the dainty, fastidious Mrs. Meredith as well could be. Her breath reeked of whiskey, as indeed did the whole house.

I turned sadly away to find the children. The nursery door was still locked, but I soon found the key, and turning the handle, walked in. Two terrified little mites cowering away in a corner, looked up at me. Girlie was two, a fair-haired, chubby little darling—"a bundle of love" I always called her, for a more affectionate nature I never met.

Kathleen was five, as dark as Girlie was fair, with pretty features and shy caressing ways.

The terrified look left their faces as they recognised me, for we were fast friends.

"Why, it's my Precious," said Girlie, running up to me and flinging her arms round my neck as I stooped to kiss her. "Oh, Precious, Girlie has been so frightened, Mumie"—but here her voice faltered and her little body quivered with horror.

"Never mind," I said, holding her tight, "we are going to forget all about it and sit by the fire and tell the most lovely stories."

Then I caught sight of the empty fireplace. "Why, children, you have no fire! Nurse must quite have forgotten it." I looked at Girlie's little hands; they were swollen with the cold. Kathleen, too, was pinched and numb. Fortunately it was a gas fire and only needed a match.

There was soon a ruddy glow. I sat in a low chair with Girlie in my arms and Kathleen sitting close by my side, and we were all soon deep in fairyland—but it was difficult to erase the ugly scenes of the early morning from their minds—the sudden banging of a door, or a football in the passage would make Girlie cling to me in terror. "She's coming, Mover's coming; oh, Precious, take care of Girlie."

The morning came to an end at last. I gave the children their dinner. Mrs. Meredith was still sleeping. And now I began to think of my meeting. It was essential that I should be there, but what could I do with Girlie? Kathleen had gone to spend the afternoon with a little playmate a few houses lower down. My meeting was some miles away and it was time for me to be getting to the station.

"Girlie," I said, as gently as I could, "I am just going out a little way, but I won't be very long; I will soon come back again and tell you stories."

"'Oo isn't going away from Girlie, is 'oo?"

"Not for long, pet."

"Precious, don't leave me, don't leave your Girlie. Take here 'long wiv you—"

"But look at the snowflakes, sweet-heart; it is so cold outside."

"Girlie won't mind. Shall I tell Nurse to put Girlie's coat on?"

It was impossible to resist the tender, beseeching little face so anxiously lifted to mine. "After all," I reasoned, "it might be the quickest way of diverting her mind into other channels." We were a little late reaching No. 6, Carlton Street. The ladies had all arrived, prayer had been offered, and they were singing a hymn. The hostess met me just outside the drawing-room door and looked with very curious eyes on the small child with me. Childrent at a drawing-room meeting were unknown. In a few words I explained the situation, and then Girlie and I wended our way to the one vacant chair. The hymn ended, the chairman rose and said:—"Ladies, we have a very important matter to lay before you—" but before she could say any more, the hostess—a little bustling woman—rustled up to the table and said—"Before we discuss business I should like Miss Jones to tell us why she has brought the little child with her."

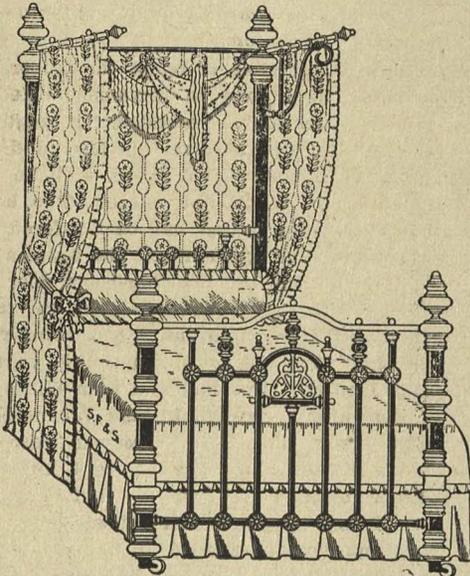
This was so utterly unexpected on my part that for one moment I sat motionless, but at last I struggled to my feet. Girlie stood up on the chair by my side, with one chubby little arm round my neck. "Is 'oo going to sing, Precious?" she said in her high treble voice, which was plainly audible all over the room. Girlie was enjoying herself vastly, throwing smiles at everybody at quite a reckless rate.

In a few words I described what I had seen that morning. When I sat down there was a great hush. Then a lady rose and said: "I hold in my hand a resolution that this Branch be now disbanded, but as I look at that tiny child I can't read it; the words would choke me; I feel we have no right to—" but here her voice failed her, and she hurriedly sat down with the tears rolling down her cheeks. But another lady is speaking:—"I was to have seconded that resolution," she said, "but like my friend, I cannot. We dare not shut this Society up; it must go on. I realise as I never realised before what drink is doing in our land, and that there are thousands of little ones like Girlie in better-class homes who are suffering untold horrors because of it. Let us close up the ranks, ladies, and do better work than ever we have done before." There was great applause as she took her seat.

The chairman rose to her feet, but already another member was speaking: "As I look at that little child," she said, "I feel condemned. I have never done a single bit of work for the temperance cause in the whole of my life. I have been quite content to pay my subscription and attend as many meetings as suited me, but I have never spoken to anyone about signing the total abstinence pledge; but from to-day I intend to turn over a new leaf. Put my name down as a worker."

(Concluded on Page 12.)

"Quality Tells" AT J. Heath's



Full size Bedstead, shaped foot rail, 21in. posts, porcelain spindles and ornaments (either brass or nickel). Raised Side Wire Mattress, set of Kapok Bedding in good strong Belgian Tick.

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New South Wales Alliance.

THE 1913 POLL.

THE GENERAL SECRETARY'S COMMENTS.

With the returns incomplete, it is impossible to state what the final position will reveal, but one thing is clear, wherever the forces of morality entered the arena and fought liquor, liquor was driven back. The final defeat of liquor has not come in any one electorate owing to the iniquitous handicap placed upon No-License voters, but the splendid No-License majorities in ten electorates indicate clearly that surely, if but slowly, we are pressing on to the realisation of our ideals.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN.

Realising the great effect that the big liquor advertisements had in the 1910 campaign, the campaign and finance committee determined to meet as far as possible the lies and misrepresentations of the Continuance party, and so for seven days in the four Sydney papers a final effort was made to counteract the liquor fallacies with positive facts. For downright lying it is questionable if ever

anything has appeared so glaringly strong as the liquor party's final full page displays.

For instance, a picture was published, showing several men drunk in a park, supposed to be in the no-license area of Invercargill. Under it were the words: "Redrawn from a picture appearing in a local publication."

The name of the local publication was not given. The original picture was evidently "not satisfactory" to the liquor men, and so the people of this State were confronted with a "re-drawn" picture.

Another picture showed a fleet of six steamers that were supposed to be used in carrying the coal used by one brewery—which it was asserted reached 13,000 tons a year. As six collieries could make 18 trips a week from Newcastle to Sydney, or altogether 936 trips a year, this would mean not more than 14 tons of coal would be carried on each trip!

Later on detailed examination of the liquor advertisements will reveal the audacity of the traffic and their unbounded faith in the gullibility of the public.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE.

The effect of the recent poll has been to

more generally educate the public on the question of liquor abolition. This has been done by a comparatively few workers in each electorate. The utter failure of thousands of church members to realise their responsibility in this fight is most freely commented upon by the active No-License workers. "The churches did not help us" is the almost unanimous statement that one hears. Of course there were splendid exceptions, and one would like to venture and single out certain ministers and churches, but for fear of injustice to others who would not be mentioned I refrain.

THE EFFECT OF THE POLL.

One great effect of the poll will be that it will act as a stimulant of those who "got the tired feeling" after the 1910 campaign. In a battle of this kind the people who get disheartened at every little set back are of very little use, but the advance made on this occasion should give everyone an inducement to again get into the firing line. The magnificent fight waged by those who loyally stood to their guns should be an incentive to the whole of the No-License voters of the State to rally to the standard and press on until victory comes.

THE ORGANIZERS.

The team of organizers who have been engaged in this contest have proved themselves to be eminently fitted for the work. The rapid development of certain of the younger men, and the capacity shown for work and strategy, has given the local committees under whom they worked extreme satisfaction.

It would be a grand thing for the cause if the services of at least some of them could be retained to carry on the work so well begun. Our New Zealand friends may communicate with me, and I would be ready to recommend to them such men as they require in their campaign next year. There is much more to be said, but in closing my who have helped so splendidly in this fight, notes this week I desire to heartily thank all and to say that our forces are united and alert, ready for further conquest in the name of our great Master.

Clean Sport.

The Editor "Grit."

We hear of so many brotherhoods, of societies, and of gatherings of men banded together for specific objects. Have we not our cricket clubs, football leagues and associations, our baseball, hockey, swimming, lawn tennis, and athletic clubs. And they are admirable because clean, manly, and straight-forward sport is to be commended all the world over.

I write as an old sport, an old county cricketer and footballer—of many years experience.
(Continued on Page 10.)

Burnet's 1d. Jellies

Insist on BURNET'S 1d. JELLIES, because they are made out of the purest ingredients. BURNET'S 1d. JELLIES are crystal, clear, and delightfully flavored. Don't take the cheap and nasty kind, but insist on BURNET'S 1d. JELLIES. The cherry flavor is a rich red in color.

GENT'S HATS, MERCERY, AND CLOTHING.

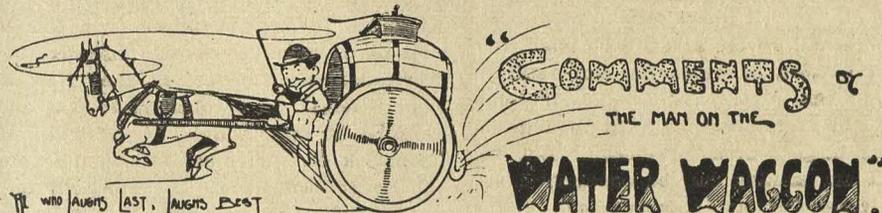
NEW SEASON'S GOODS NOW OPEN.

A SPECIALITY, AMERICAN COAT SHIRTS, made in America, fit on same as a Coat—no pulling over head. 3/11 each. Limited quantity.

C. M. CHALMERS,

458 GEORGE-STREET, near Market-street.

LEATHER BAGS, HAMPERS, AND STRAPS. SUIT CASES, 20in., from 11/6. LADIES' ATTACHE CASES, WEEK-END CASES, and LUNCH CASES from 1/6 each.



THE COUNTING OF THE VOTES.

When this article goes to press the results of the No-License poll is not, of course, in any manner complete—but some very ominous figures loom before the gaze of the horrified "Leaguer," and one can only imagine the cry of mortification that will exude from poor "Fairplay" if No-License be carried in any one electorate. The voting will be close enough in Gloucester, it would appear just now, to scare to death 30 good fat "Presidents or Vice-Presidents" of sundry Leagues in that locality—for generally such jobs fall into the hands of the local hotel-keepers in order of importance.

In other electorates, too, our opponents have had a shaking, and really, really, really, it is too bad—after spending several thousand pounds in advertising, not to mention the employment of canvassers and billposters. Ah! it makes one shudder, the ingratitude of man. Perhaps it was that the brewer in detailing the squads of men employed by him, forgot to mention the canvassers hired every three years just prior to the elections—and paid their £4 weekly. It would have been a telling argument. No, readers, it seems that the whole page ads. in the dailies were not so effective as they might have been, and why, why, why?

Did not the electors believe the picture of the park full of "drunks" in all stages of helplessness, under the heading "Effects of No-License"? Or did the public think the same awkward illustration had better have been captioned "Under the open bar"? Evidently they did; or was it that John Smith, worker, realised that he was importuned for a vote by two distinct bodies—(1) A corporation of wealthy brewers and satellites, representative of vested interests, in no way careful of anything or anybody but themselves and their earnings; and by (2) a body of earnest philanthropic workers with nothing to gain for all their toil but the supreme satisfaction of being privileged to help on some moral reform and benefit their fellows? The latter body must in all fairness win out in the end three-fifth majorities and all other

disabilities thrown in. To work hard, with all sincerity, and to have right on your side—what, reader, what can you desire more?

That the fight is an uphill one—that sections of the public deride—what at all but interesting features are they that make the fight more exciting? As the "plebs" become better educated, so will the No-License vote increase. It must be so, until finally we shall by process of elimination arrive at our goal.

This last election should gladden the heart of every enthusiast—and we have no doubt has already done so.

HAVE WE THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC WITH US?

There are many people amongst us who laugh at the suggestion that the kidnapping of girls can happen in this fair city. The writer, however, has had one case of attempted abduction brought quite recently before his notice which dispels at once the vehement assertions of the police to the contrary. In this case, too, which happened in the midst of the city—in a main thoroughfare—use was made of an hypodermic needle in one of the most "approved" (?) American methods.

It seems unbelievable—yet it is TRUE.

Only a timely intervention prevented a pretty, wholesome girl falling a victim.

Citizens of Sydney, why do you not rise up in your wrath and nip this evil in the bud?

Allowed to get a strangle hold, it will be difficult to eradicate.

Not alone must we demand the most drastic legislation, but each of us who desires to be called a man must educate his wife and daughters—yes, and through them his feminine acquaintances—of the risk run in journeying after dark without escort; of the necessity of avoiding all strangers with specious stories; and of the TREMENDOUS DANGER of being too sympathetic and unsophisticated in the case of apparent street accidents. The man in the waggon is content to be called a scaremonger if by his

(supposed) exaggerations some poor innocent girl who offers to "see a poor weak woman home who is taken ill" escapes being captured.

In another article we will deal more definitely with this subject.

After Forty Years.

(Written for the celebration of the Fortieth Anniversary of the birth of the National Prohibition Party, by Wilbur D. Nesbit.)

The faith that keeps on fighting is the one That keeps on living; yes, and growing great!

The hope that sees the work yet to be done, The patience that can bid the soul to wait—

Those three—faith, hope, and patience—they have made

The record of the years that swiftly sped, Have kept the leaders leading, unafraid Of what the doubters murmured lurked ahead.

The faith that goes on fighting. Through the night

It notes the gleam of each far distant star,

It sees the glimmer of the dawning light Deep in the dark that shrouds the things that are;

It has done much, this faith serene and strong,

Unmindful of the ashes of defeat, But trusting in the right against the wrong Has been as trumpet call or drum's loud beat.

Men have their principles—but when they lose

Yet they turn to others, and with scarce a pause;

Yet all these years there has been none to choose,

Another guerdon than this mighty cause. On history's pages many things appear—

The great, the splendid actions, and the mean—

But this has been recorded year on year Upon a page imperishably clean.

To place contentment in a nation's homes, To drive out fear for cheer in children's hearts,

Is more than to uprear a thousand domes, Or dominate the world and all its marts.

So who may know how well the race is run Until we crown the victor soon or late?

The faith that keeps on fighting is the one That keeps on living; yes, and growing great!

Some pianists play from note, some from ear, and some from spite.—Walter Damrosch.

Presents with Grainus

GRAINUS PORRIDGE FOOD is the most nourishing Breakfast Meal. Ask your DOCTOR. He will tell you that Grainus is all nourishment. It cures indigestion. There is a present in every packet of Grainus to please the youngsters.

The Menace of the Turf.

HOW IT GROWS.

By REV. J. J. NORTH.

When Machiavelli was asked what should be done to destroy a nation hostile to his own, his reply was: "Teach them to gamble." Modern sociologists are as explicit as the mediaeval on the deadly effects of gambling in the social efficiency of nations. New Zealand is being debauched by the gambling mania at a rate that is startling old-time gamblers. The most callous might well pause at sight of things as they are.

The position changes in a kaleidoscopic way. Recent inquiries point to new symptoms of degeneracy, such as should be blazoned through the land. The totalisator returns are a shock. Four years ago, £2,00,000 was regarded as an extreme figure; to-day that sum is doubled. "Tote" investments have increased 85 per cent. in two years. Nor is there any suggestion of arrest. Since the racing season closed in July last, the increased investments on recent meetings show that unless the strike produces paralysis, next year's returns will be as startling as those of last year. The Christchurch meeting in August showed an advance from £108,000 to £133,000; Wellington advanced from £37,000 to £62,000; Oamaru from £6000 to £9000.

The national figures for the current season seem as though they would be in the vicinity of £4,500,000. The population is £1,000,000, so the year's investments will be £4 10s. per head of the population. The last South Australian figures that I can get show an investment of £491,000 and a population of 418,000; the Tasmanian figures show £190,000 and a population of 193,000. In Queensland the figures are lower still. We are gambling four times as much in the "tote" as any Australian State which has installed the machine, and we are increasing the gambling in unheard-of ratios. Where will it end?

It is plain that racing clubs are on velvet. They received last year an endowment from the machine of over a quarter of a million net. It is startling to find that the professed object of the machine, viz., the encouragement of the blood horse, has been rejected in favor of a new object. The following Canterbury figures will elucidate the point:—

Canterbury Winter Meeting, 1892.	
Stakes given	£1,650
Totalisator investments	£12,600
Canterbury Winter Meeting, 1912.	
Stakes	£6,810
Totalisator investments ...	£108,000

It will be seen that while stakes increased fourfold, totalisator investments increased ninefold; or, to put it otherwise, in 1892 all the totalisator receipts and part of the other receipts went in stakes for the encouragement of the horse, but in 1912 the stakes given were £1300 less than the net profit on the totalisator; and this sum, together with all other receipts, amounting to several thousands, was available for other objects.

I have been supplied with this illustration from Palmerston Cup Day, 1913: Stakes were offered of £1455; owners paid to race £541, so the net stakes were £914. The totalisator showed £28,000, of which the club retained £2100, so that after paying stakes the club held £1200 of totalisator profits in addition to other large sources of income. But the point I am making can be concisely illustrated from the last balance-sheet of the Wanganui Club. This club offered stakes £8610, less nomination and acceptance fees £2313, so that their net stakes were £6297; but their totalisator receipts were at least £9000 net. They show on their balance-sheet an expenditure on "improvements" of £7601. They, therefore, spent a great deal more on glorifying their racecourse than on encouraging the breed of horses.

The fact is that racing clubs are enjoying such huge revenues that a policy of squander seems to be upon them. They will be able to pave the field with marble, and run wine fountains on the green, on their present system. I have it on very good authority that one of these clubs spent £1500 for flowers last season. It is certain that their general tendency is toward ornate lavishness, and there is a method in this madness. By the sumptuous equipment of racecourses a glamour is thrown over the gambling habit; and a steady stream of recruits for the machine is secured. Special attempts are made to capture women. Free tickets are available for them, and some clubs distribute these tickets with the utmost liberality. One of the smartest Pressmen in Wellington calculated for me that women were a distinct majority in the grandstands and on the lawn at the recent meeting at Trentham.

When the woman enters the gambling arena all sorts of consequences follow. I have secured some expert opinion on this point. There are well-to-do women to be met at practically every good race meeting in this country. There are also (as a man, who is on every course in the North Island in an official capacity, assures me) women of a poorer type, many of them young, and naturally shop-hands or waitresses, who are following the game and living on it. Now, when such women join the "shrewdies" who cultivate jockeys and are intimate with trainers, the consequences are easily seen. The man I refer to as my authority is a man who has gambled all his life, but recent tendencies have convinced him that the community is being demoralised from top to toe, and is going to the devil as quickly as it can. The deliberate aim of the clubs to catch the women, and the success they are achieving in this direction, has particularly "scundered" him.

Racing is everywhere a dirty game, and just as full of malpractice as it dares to be. Its main promoters are men of standing and honor, but the canaille known law. We are constantly assured that the New Zealand

turf is model. Those who know it in its shirt-sleeves thrust their tongues in their cheeks at such claims. There is one particular in which the government of the turf in New Zealand seems to be much below Australian and English levels. In Australia non-triers are under the glass: a horse nowhere to-day and a romping winner next week has to face the music. In this land nothing is said. Here, for instance, is an Australian case reported by the "New Zealand Referee" in October, 1912:—"After the reversal of form shown by Maltchester at Randwick on September 14th, and at Rosehill on September 21st, the stewards of the A.J.C. decided to disqualify that horse, with his joint owners and jockey, for twelve months. Maltchester started at an outside price at Randwick, and finished nearly last; then at Rosehill when backed down to the position of first favorite, won most decisively."

But in New Zealand such fishy doings occur on consecutive days at the same race meeting, and nothing is said. I hold in my hand as I write seven instances which occurred in the 1911-1912 season in Wellington and Hawke's Bay districts only, and over which the racing world kept official silence. A horse is nowhere in the backing and in the running to-day, and the book-makers do nothing on him; the same horse on the following day is first or second favorite. Commissions are wired and every pencil in the Dominion is on him—he wins. Who manages the swindle, and who reaps the harvest? What is such a coup worth to the jockey and shrewdies, male and female?

Why do the New Zealand Racing Conference do nothing in this matter? Because Sir George Clifford ruled "that the question of reversal of form was not one of fact but of opinion, and that unless notice is taken of the first display of poor form, nothing which afterwards occurs in regard to the horse's performance can be taken up." This ruling precludes any action such as the A.J.C. stewards take, and it lays the New Zealand turf open to such malpractice as fools and strips the public in the interest of those who run the swindle.

But the gravity of the present outlook is intensified by the activities of the book-makers. A purist among the racing authorities proposed to blackball club members who trafficked with these gentry, but the racing authorities would have none of him. The bookie is as big a figure as ever; the law has got tired, and he does what he likes except make public appearances. He has taken the "doubles" business into his hand. The Post Office gives him a box for his correspondence at a guinea a year, and the Telegraph Department convey his telegrams night and day. He registers with them his name, and receives the convenience of the public service. He has his hotel, and is always there, save when a race meeting takes him abroad. I was in Wellington a week since, and found three hotels that give you the bookie when you ring their number.

I had one of these gentry traced. He
(Continued on Page 10.)

The Wild West.

WHISKY DEPUTY'S CAREER.

SOME THRILLING TALES.

Mr. W. E. Johnson, of Westerville, Ohio, U.S.A., one of the delegates from the United States Government to the recent International Congress against Alcoholism at Milan, Italy, was induced by the Hon. Secretary of the Alliance, Mr. R. B. Batty, when at the Congress to put off his return to America a week, and attend the annual meetings of the Alliance. Much attracted by the proposal Mr. Johnson consented, though at no little inconvenience and expense. Besides speaking at the General Council, he addressed several of the associated district meetings. Travelling from Italy to Manchester via London, he was there interviewed by representatives of two or three of the great London dailies—amongst them the "Daily Telegraph," where a graphic sketch of one important part of Mr. Johnson's career appeared in the issue of October 7, as follows:—

For a number of years Mr. Johnson was at the head of the service organized by Mr. Roosevelt, when President of the Republic, for the suppression of illicit whisky-selling to the Indians. To look at him he is the last man in the world one would take for the leader of a force whose members took their lives in their hands every day that dawned. In appearance he is a big, sturdy man, with an expression of almost Pickwickian benevolence that is heightened by a pair of large round spectacles. He has a retiring, almost apologetic manner, and speaks with a slow, subdued voice that has not a single aggressive note in its compass. Nothing could be more unlike the popular idea of the Western United States Deputy who is supposed to spend his life in the saddle, and to handle a revolver as easily as ordinary men use a knife and fork.

For all that, "Pussy-Foot," as the outlaws named him, because of the cat-like secrecy and swiftness of his methods, was one of the most daring and resourceful men ever set to hunt down crime. So successful was he in suppressing the illicit drinking and gambling dens in Indian Territory that the owners of these "joints" subscribed a sum of \$30000 and offered it as a reward for his murder. One man at least was killed in mistake for him, and half the reward was spent in a glorious drinking bout by the assassins before the mistake was discovered.

NO MAN'S LAND.

One instance will illustrate the sort of work which Mr. Johnson had to undertake. It resulted in the death of three men, and a fourth is now serving a life sentence in the penitentiary of the State of Kansas. It occurred a few years ago, just before Indian Territory was made the State of Oklahoma.

At one point between Kansas and Oklahoma the State boundary runs along the centre of a road for six miles, just as in the town of Nogales, on the Mexican frontier, the international lines pass along the cen-

tre of the main street. A woolly-headed surveyor in Montgomery County, Kansas, reported that owing to a mistake in demarcation there was in the middle of the road a tract three-quarters of a mile long and twelve feet across at its widest part, which did not belong to either State. Three men named Ernest Lewis, Elijah Paradise, and Mark Killion, who had just been released from jail, conceived the idea of setting up a drinking and gambling establishment on this no-man's land. Kansas is a prohibition State, and, of course, no drink could be legally sold in Indian Territory, and therefore the three criminals looked forward to a roaring trade.

So they built a house 60ft. long and 12ft. wide in the centre of the road, with a gambling den in one end and a full-blown saloon in the other. Montgomery County Attorney telephoned to the United States Commissioner in Indian Territory asking how they could suppress this extraordinary public-house, which was becoming a frightful centre of crime. Drink was being sold freely to the Indians, and several murders had already resulted. The Commissioner sent for Dr. Johnson and told him to deal with the situation as he thought fit.

"PRETTY HIGH HANDED."

"I was up there early next day," said "Pussy-Foot," in telling the story yesterday to a "Daily Telegraph" representative, "with one of my boys named Fred. Keeler, and took the three men by surprise. We covered them with our guns, before one of them had time to draw, and disarmed them. Then Fred. stood guard over the prisoners while I wrecked the place. I smashed every bottle of drink and burned the whole of the furniture and gambling outfit.

"Yes, it was pretty high-handed, but I was on safe ground. If there was no law for the outlaws on the spot, neither was there any for me. Besides, I knew I had the Montgomery County Attorney at my back and the United States Commissioner in Indian Territory on the other side of the line would stand for whatever I did.

"There was a fine cash register in the place, and I told the bar-tender to take the money out of it. He refused, so I took an axe and smashed it open, took the cash and counted it, and afterwards handed it over to the magistrate. My prisoners were locked up in Keeney town jail.

TELEPHONE TRAGEDY.

"The City Marshall's sweetheart was the night operator in the telephone office. Late that night she heard some friends of the gang telephoning to Kansas for a high-price lawyer to come down early next morning and play a 'Habeas Corpus stunt' to get the criminals out of jail. She told the City Marshall, and he came right along and put me wise as to what was doing. So Fred. and I

bundled our men into a waggon, and we just lit right out for Indian territory, where I knew I could hold them tight. A few days afterwards the City Marshal made the mistake of telling what he had done, and Mark Killion, one of the prisoners, when he got out of jail, went and shot him dead. Killion is now in the penitentiary, serving a life sentence for that murder. Lewis, after he got out, set up a livery stable in Bartleyville, and sent word that he would shoot me and two of my men, George Williams and Fred. Keeler, on sight.

"Well," continued Mr. Johnson, "when I heard that, I just rode into Bartleyville and made a little play at Lewis' livery stable, but he wouldn't come out. He wasn't just ready to come out, and have the shooting match in the street. I saw I had taken the sand out of him, and I rode away. Then came the tragedy that cost two men's lives.

"On the very day that Oklahoma became a State Lewis opened a saloon in Bartleyville. I could not raid it, as my jurisdiction was gone, but Fred. Keeler and George Williams got themselves sworn in as Deputy Sheriffs, and went down to the saloon to clean it up. As they entered the door Lewis whipped out a revolver, and shot George through the heart. Before he could fire a second time Fred. had his gun out, and killed Lewis dead where he stood with the first bullet.

"There was quite a lot written about that gun-play in the newspapers at the time," added Mr. Johnson, reflectively. "Anyhow, the surveyor's report about a bit of No Man's Land in the middle of the road led to the loss of three men's lives and put another in the penitentiary for the remainder of his life."

A LIFE OF HAZARD.

"I suppose you had some narrow escapes yourself?" Mr. Johnson was asked.

"Well, yes," he replied. "There was one six months I did not expect to get through. It was after that three thousand dollars was offered for my life. Of course I was shot at some, but I used to always sit on the last seat in the railway cars, so that I had everybody there in front of me, and in the restaurants I always got into a corner, with my back to the wall. When I was in the street, if I heard anybody behind me—well, I just lined up against the wall till he had passed, keeping a mighty close eye on him the while.

"No, I am not specially handy with a gun, but with a rifle I am just there. I got one specially made for myself that could send a steel bullet through 22 inches of solid oak. It was pretty useful, that rifle. You see it was no use in a fellow dodging behind a tree. I could get him just the same. I remember once there was a killing at Vian, and the man—he was a half-bred nigger—got into a freight-car with two revolvers and held up the whole place. The sheriff sent for me, and I made a sieve of that car in no time. Pretty soon the nigger had enough of it, and threw out his two guns and held up his hands.

"During my six years at the head of the
(Continued on Page 10.)

GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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Change of Address or non-delivery of the paper should be promptly reported to the Manager.

Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

Manager—J. BRADFIELD.

Address: Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

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The Case for No-License

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A Personal Chat with my readers

A NOTABLE FEATURE.

During the No - License campaign one of the most significant things was the number of Anglican clergy who confessed to being converted to No-License as a result of a thorough looking into the matter. The Bishop of Bathurst will yet be a tower of strength; the Rectors of Parramatta and Katoomba and quite a number of others will find many following their lead and looking into the question and coming to a firm conviction. First, that the existing state of things is absolutely intolerable; second, that the evidence for No-License is ample and indisputable. I am satisfied that better work will be done in the next three years than has ever yet been done and to the old pioneers be the praise for the work done in the old discouraging days. May we never forget those who have borne so well many a set back, and have gone on in spite of it, until now victory is in sight.

PROGRESS.

The Hon. Ferens said lately that England's Drink Bill, which in 1899 had reached the colossal figure of 186 millions, was reduced last year to 161 millions, a reduction of 25,000,000, or reckoning the rate per population a reduction of 48 millions. A million sovereigns weigh eight tons, and a ton is counted to be a cart-load. So comparing the Drink Bill of last year with that of 1899, there was a reduction of 384 tons, which means over a ton of sovereigns a day. And this, notwithstanding the good trade. During that same period licenses have been reduced from 102,500 to 89,509, a total reduction of 12,587. Mr. Ferens claims that the reduced facilities has meant reduced drinking. Further, education has been a great factor. Working men are getting discontented with their surroundings in the city, and travelling facilities are so much greater they are going out into the suburbs to live. He said, "In our town we have built a garden village. We have about 500 houses already inhabited, 2300 people are living in them. In our deeds we have it laid down that never shall there be any drink there. We are building other 300 houses in that village, every house has its garden, and we have no fewer than 1500 to 2000 applications for the 300 houses."

PREVENTING THE DRINK CRAVE.

Hardly a day goes by without my being asked how to cure some alcoholic. It is a heart-breaking up-hill fight to cure the victim of alcohol. He can be cured, and has been cured, and we need not despair. The doctor, the clergyman, and commonsense are the combination that will bring about a recovery in the victim of drink. I would

bring under the notice of my readers an aspect of the question which has been literally forcing itself beneath notice.

At the International Anti-alcoholic Congress at Milan, in October last, Dr. George Danjou, of Nice, contributed a valuable paper showing the part vegetarianism should be made to take in the prevention and cure of alcoholism. He pointed out how very difficult it is to reform the drunkard, because his moral stamina has been undermined by the use of alcohol; that in order to reform the people, abstinence should be taught in the schools, and the teaching should be continued after the period of the schooldays, and that the aid which may be had from proper feeding should be always kept to the front. He ventured to say that no true vegetarian was a drunkard, and he pointed out that at the vegetarian restaurants no alcohol was sold. This great fact was almost ignored by the majority of workers in the abstinence movement. The doctor maintains that the absence of the craving for alcohol, enjoyed by vegetarians is largely due to physiological causes; since vegetarian food is not of a stimulating and exciting nature, it does not induce that lowering of the vitality which follows the use of all stimulants. He called upon the members of the Anti-alcoholic Congress to ponder well this question, and to give vegetarianism greater consideration than they had hitherto done.

There is no doubt that a meat and condiment diet for children can only have bad results, and in this direction there is room for us all to work.

A TOUCH OF THE VANISHED HAND.

The "British Weekly" prints the following suggestive lines:—
We sigh for a touch of the vanished hand—
The hand of a friend most dear,
Who has passed from our side to the shadowy land—
But what of the hand that is near?
To the living touch is the soul inert
That weeps o'er the silent urn?
For the love that lives in our hand alert
To make some sweet return?
Do we answer back in a fretful tone,
When life's duties press us sore?
Is our praise as full as if they were gone
And could hear our praise no more?
As the days go by are our hands more swift
For a trifle beyond their share;
Than to grasp, for a kindly, helpful lift,
The burdens someone must bear?
We sigh for a touch of a vanished hand,
And we think ourselves sincere;
But what of the friends that about us stand,
And the touch of the hand that is near?

THE EDITOR

The Fight for No-License.

OUR ENEMIES.—MONEY—IGNORANCE—APPETITE.

SOME FINE VICTORIES.

(By THE PARSON.)

The smoke of the battle is passing away, and we are able to see a little of what has been accomplished. At the time of writing there are not very many complete returns, but those to hand are full of encouragement. One of the outstanding features of the campaign has been the indefatigable way in which the president of the Alliance, Archdeacon Boyce, has kept hundreds of papers supplied with the facts that prove No-License so superior to license. On the whole the press have been fair as between the two opposing parties, but they have followed the fight and utterly failed to dare to lead what they generally acknowledge to be a necessary reform.

Mr. Marion, as secretary of the Alliance, has done unique service, splendidly helped by Miss Southwell and Mr. H. G. Payne in the office. The organization was far superior to anything we have ever had. In addition his letters and platform work have been a distinct factor in the progress of the fight. New South Wales owes a tribute of praise to the great company of tireless volunteer workers. Nothing has moved me to so much admiration as the sane, self-sacrificing enthusiasm of the Speakers' Team and many others. The wrapping of 200,000 copies of "Grit" was an achievement to be proud of, and those who did it played an important part in this historic fight. No-License will win in the future; of that there is no doubt, and nothing increases our expectation so much as the remembrance of those younger men who have won their spurs in this campaign.

THE REDUCTION ISSUE.

The time has come to remove the reduction issue from the ballot paper. It has never helped us where reduction was most needed, and it has certainly hindered us and defeated us where it was least needed. In Gloucester 112 people voted reduction, and their votes defeated No-License. If these 112 had stayed away, Gloucester would have won the distinction of being the pioneer of No-License in N.S.W. In Mosman there are only two bars, and Dulwich Hill has only two. Yet in Mosman 609 voted for reduction; as it is impossible to reduce 25 per cent. of two, 609 people absolutely threw away their vote. In Dulwich Hill 325 people did the same foolish thing.

Eleven suburban electorates so far have carried reduction. These electorates contain 81 pubs. Not more than 25 per cent. of these can be closed, and then they have three years' time compensation.

Following are the metropolitan electorates in which reduction, so far, has been carried, with the number of hotels affected in each instance:—

	Hotels Affected.
Ashfield	4
Burwood	7
Canterbury	6
Dulwich Hill	2
Drummoyne	8
Granville	10
Gordon	6
Hurstville	13
Mosman	2
Petersham	8
Ryde	11
St. George	6

From the country we have very few returns yet, but reduction has been carried in three electorates, affecting the following number of pubs:—

Goulburn	30
Gloucester	24
Hartley	32

At present it appears that there is a big increase in the reduction vote this time, but it is to be hoped that its ineffectiveness will eventually remove it altogether.

WHERE NO-LICENSE WAS CARRIED.

While writing, only 39 returns out of 90 are to hand, and of these 10 places have declared by a majority for No-License. I omit the reduction vote.

	Cont.	No-Lic.
Ashfield	3217	4519
Burwood	3162	4510
Dulwich Hill	2400	2896
Gordon	3594	4744
Petersham	2249	2866
Ryde	3468	3942
St. George	4206	4657
Goulburn	3715	4010
Gloucester	2699	4053
Lismore	3357	3727

For another three years these places are to live under minority rule. It is to be hoped that the spirit of democracy will yet prevail and that this absurd and unjust handicap will be removed; and, perhaps, no better way of removing it can be devised than removing the members of Parliament who do not believe in one-vote-one-value.

Owing to the effects of the redistribution of the electorates, it is impossible, in many cases, to make any comparison, while in other cases the boundaries of the electorates have been so altered that, even where the name of the constituency is the same, a comparison of the voting would furnish no accurate guide as to the temper of the people on the issue of license or No-License.

THE ONE COURAGEOUS POLITICIAN.

In the 1913 campaign among the candidates for Parliament the one name that stands out above all other names is that of the Hon. D. R. Hall, Minister of Justice. Our readers

will remember that in the great Alliance demonstration in the Town Hall on October 20 last Mr. Hall made a fine fighting speech for No-License in the interest of the worker. Extracts from this speech and the Alliance card of invitation were sent to every publican in N.S.W., and every effort was made to hit Mr. Hall on account of his advocacy of No-License. He stood for a new electorate that was by no means a Labor or a No-License electorate. His opponent was a medical man. The following is the position on the first ballot:—

Bohrsmann, G. H. (Liberal) ..	4431
Hall, D. R. (Labor)	4358
M'Keon, W. J. (Ind.)	128

Local Option Poll.

Continuance.	Reduction.	No-License.
4591	611	3367

It is evident from these figures that about 1000 people voted for continuance and also for Mr. Hall, even if every No-License voter had voted for the man who did so much for No-License.

Mr. M'Gowen, the late Premier, rushed into print with his usual cheap jibe at the No-License people, but then the only utterance Mr. M'Gowen has ever made on No-License has been a criticism of the temperance section of which he is supposed to be in sympathy. It is interesting to know that Mr. McGowen did not even take the trouble to vote.

THE FACTORS THAT DEFEATED US.

The money spent by the liquor people was staggering, and could not have been a penny less than £50,000; but, after all, that is only the takings of two days over the bars of N.S.W.

Ignorance on the question was good soil in which the liquor people sowed much tares. The outstanding feature of every campaign has been the wonderful capacity for ignorance that the general public manifests.

Appetite has lashed into fury many who have shown their feelings in boycotting any they knew to be helping No-License. In the country the business man's fear of being boycotted by the liquor folk was pathetic.

In spite of it all we have increased our vote. We are winners. The third round in the fight has finished, and we are eager for another go, and win we will.

WHAT IT COSTS.

The following offer of a certain grocer is something that working men, and any others who are in the habit of drinking liquor, should read:—

"Notice is hereby given that if you will come to my shop three times a day during the next year and purchase a drink of whisky each time, paying threepence a drink, at the end of the year I will give you:

"Five barrels of my best flour,

"100 pounds of fine granulated sugar,

"100 pounds of rice, and

"Ten pounds of coffee.

"And then I will have £4 left to pay for the liquor you drank."

Clean Sport

(Continued from Page 4.)

perience in athletic circles in the old country, and for the past 12 years a keen enthusiast in our Australian games, and I hope for many years to record with pleasurable feelings the success of our young Australians.

There is always something to chronicle in connection with sport, more especially when that something is good, and I have noticed the generally orderly behaviour and the keen interest taken in sport. This is most marked, the appearance of a "shickered" individual being generally regarded with disgust.

It is a well known fact that if a man is to get into "form" and be thoroughly capable of undergoing hard training with the ultimate object of doing his best—to attain any success, he must avoid intoxicants. I have tried both (as a test), taking moderately and abstaining, and I invariably found the abstainer is in the better condition, put up a better fight, and lasts the longer.

On the other hand, the effect of alcohol soon lowers the system, and requires further doses to keep up the forced steam. I have seen many a good "moderate" drinker pumped out, utterly demoralised, and absolutely nowhere in the end.

I could name many of our past great luminaries at home who were eventually counted out—through drink—and to get on it is absolutely imperative to be steady and abstemious. This condition is applicable to most of the clubs, more especially in the North of England, where professionals (sometimes two and three) are engaged for each club. If a man thus engaged starts "boozing," he is marked. I have seen men drink moderately, lose form, and eventually drop out of the game.

It is so in everyday life, the steady, temperate man gets on, even if not over brilliant. The plodder who can be relied upon, is looked upon with favor, whereas the meteoric individual who has "his turn," is looked upon with doubt. Thus Mr. "Steady" gets his chance, whilst Mr. "Brilliant-Unreliable" takes a back seat.

What is good for sport should be good for business, and what is good for pleasure and work should be good always, and I cannot see why we make any difference. Given that a thing is beneficial in the game and in business, why not make it so daily?

It is not my province in this to point to the financial gain to the individual and community, the health benefits, on the respectability basis, but as a matter of logic we cannot apply the good to a few hours daily and expect the full benefits, but we need it for the 24 hours, to have a healthy mind in a healthy body.—Yours, etc., G.G.

The Menace of the Turf

(Continued from Page 6.)

made the round of a tea-room, and collected bids in doubles from the waitresses, 2s. to £200 on outsiders in the coming cup meetings. The Act allows that "on reasonable

suspicion" a place where gambling habitually occurs may be quarantined and access to it prohibited, but this is never acted on. There are tobacconists where Tattersall's tickets are sold. Why are they not quarantined? There are hotels infested by bookies. Why are they not quarantined? The situation is such that no clause in the Act should be allowed to rust which can cut. Who is responsible for the apathy of the Justice Department?

Meanwhile, our Parliament has on its Order Paper, a Bill which has been promised special facilities. Does it provide for the summary arrest of bookies plying their unlawful calling? Oh, no! For the diminution of tote permits in view of the avalanche of investments? Not a bit of it. The Parliament of New Zealand is asked to touch the gambling evil this session in one way only, and that is the way of the open floodgate. Parliament is asked to increase totalisator permit days from 150 to 180.

When will New Zealand wake up? New York and California woke up the other year in a fury. They found their strength sapped and their honor stolen by the race track and its satellites. They ploughed up the tracks, and sent the blood-horses to Jericho, on the very intelligible principle that a man is better than a horse. If things go as they are going in this land, the awakened democracy will blow the whole bag of tricks into the Antarctic Sea.—"The Vanguard."

The Wild West

(Continued from Page 7.)

preventive service I smashed over half a million bottles of whisky, burned out sixty-six saloons and gambling houses, and had some 3400 men sent to the penitentiary for various terms up to two years, which is the maximum punishment for illicit whisky selling. It is a bad trade and leads to every sort of crime from murder downwards. When I quit there was not one-tenth of the whisky being sold that there was when I began."

When he was chosen to stamp out the Indian drink traffic Mr. Johnson was a lobbyist at Washington, and before that he had been a detective, a newspaper reporter, and several other things.

A wag says that when he thinks of Ireland wanting Home Rule his heart goes "Pity Pat."

Christmas Appeal

"If you give to those who give to you, what thanks have ye? Even sinners do the same."

A cup of cold water in the name of the Lord will not be forgotten.

Christmas is not my birthday or yours; therefore it is not for us to receive; it is the Lord's birthday; therefore let us give.

There are many to whom Christmas is not a day of rejoicing. For some the breadwinner is out of work, others have seen the comforts of life eaten up by drink and the innocent called on to suffer. Whatever may be the reason, let us remember that He whose birthday we commemorate on December 25 next set us a noble example, for "He was kind to the unthankful and the evil."

Christmas is a time when we might well display kindness, and more especially towards those who are least favored and least fortunate.

Already a sum of £3 has been sent by "Ivanhoe," and I will be glad to receive any other sums and use them for the donors to brighten the lot of those whose life may be under a cloud at this season of cheery good will.

"God so loved that He gave"

Is there any love that He does not give? Are you prepared to let your religion be judged by your generosity?

Is there any generosity that does not bear the marks of self-sacrifice?



PRICES FROM £5/5/-.

Have you a Bath Heater?

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

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

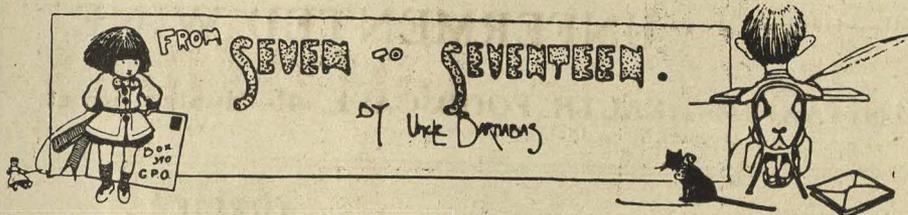
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WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR US.

Mr. Allan L. Benson gives, in the "Cosmopolitan," some account of a talk with Mr. Edison, in which the scientist gave a forecast of what inventions are coming next. It is only a question of time, Edison stated, until a way will be discovered to manufacture gold: "The discovery may be made tomorrow," he said. "The discovery will surely be made some time, because the making of gold is a question only of the proper combination and treatment of matter. I mean by this that all matter is alike. Silver and gold differ only because the matter in them was combined in different proportions and treated in a different manner. Who knows but radium has the power to convert a cheap metal into a dear one? If not radium, something else." Nothing that is reasonable, remarked Edison, is impossible, and "it is reasonable to expect that we shall find out how to make gold."

Steel, again, Mr. Edison believes, is destined soon to fall from its high pinnacle as the skeleton of sky-scrapers, and to become the material of which furniture is made. Book-covers may also be made of steel, and nickel would make a substitute for paper: "Nickel," Edison remarked, "will absorb printer's ink. A sheet of nickel one twenty-thousandth of an inch thick is cheaper, tougher, and more flexible than an ordinary sheet of book-paper. A nickel book, two inches thick, would contain 40,000 pages. Such a book would weigh only a pound. I can make a pound of nickel sheets for a dollar and a quarter."

Since such big changes are coming so surely, changes that were ridiculed and scoffed at years ago—let us keep smiling—science is behind us, and it will be only a few more years when alcohol will be as hard to find as the bunyip. By the bye, who will tell me anything about the bunyip.—Uncle B.

FOR SUNDAY.

Find the story of the man who laughed at the plenty and happiness promised and what happened to him—II. Kings, chapter 7.

FOR MONDAY.

Read these striking facts regarding China given in the "Missionary Review of the World."

Every third person who lives and breathes upon the earth is a Chinese.

Every month in China, 1,000,000 souls pass into eternity.

Ten thousand foreign missionaries are needed in China, if there is to be one for every 25,000 of the population.

Of the 2033 walled cities of China, 1557 have as yet no resident missionary. Tens of

thousands of towns and villages have no centre of Gospel light.

Even after a century's work—out of every 1000 people, 999 have no Bible, even if every copy printed were still in use.

Now do you know how many doctors there are in N.S.W.? How many clergymen? Do you know anything better than asking God to let you go and serve him where you are so needed?

A VISIT FOR UNCLE B.

Dot Moore, "Concord," Armidale, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I thought I would write to you to-night, as I have nothing else to do, and besides it is a long while since I wrote to "Grit." This afternoon it commenced to rain. It will just crown all the flowers and vegetables. Most of the gardens round here are looking very dry, but after this rain they ought to come on again. Last week the Synod was held in Uralla. On the Wednesday our choir went down to Uralla to assist with the musical items. Three cars were engaged. Two left at 5 o'clock and the other at seven. The last one had the misfortune to break down within three miles of Uralla, but luckily nobody was hurt. The programme was much appreciated by the audience. The last car arrived at Armidale about 1 o'clock. To-morrow is the church anniversary. Rev. J. S. Thomas will be preaching both morning and evening. Then on the Wednesday following we are having the annual tea meeting. We are all looking forward to a pleasant time. How would you like to be with us? There is an increase in the number of scholars in our Sunday-school since the badge system has been introduced. The anniversary takes place in January, and we are going to start practising for it to-morrow. One Wednesday night last month all the Sunday-school children met at the school, and we had games and races in the paddock, and then at 9 o'clock we all went inside, and had a cup of tea and some refreshments. All the children are looking forward to another, but I suppose we will not have another for some time. I sat for the examination this year. There were fourteen who sat for it here. We are anxiously waiting for the results. I hope you received my subscription I sent down for the Fighting Fund. As I had not seen it mentioned in "Grit" I thought perhaps it had gone astray. I will be going down to Sydney at Christmas, and if I have time I would like to call in and see you. I must close now, as I will be taking up too much room.—From your loving Niece.

(Dear Dot.—Thank you for your interesting letter. If you come to Sydney and come and catch me in I will promptly take you out for an ice-cream. That is the penalty

for coming to see me. Those dreadful motors, they do stick you up some times, and yet I confess I often wish I had one.—Uncle B.)

A MUSICAL NE'.

Reginald Wilson, Byron-street, Inverell, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—You must forgive me for not writing sooner, as it is about a month ago since my first letter to "Grit." You asked me what instrument I played in the Austral Band. Well, I have played the repiano cornet and tenor horn, but at present I am playing the flugel horn. I am looking forward to going to a band contest with the band in January in Sydney. The Eight Hour Day celebrations were held here last Monday, but were very poor, owing to the rain, which came down in torrents. As this is all the news this time, Uncle, I will close with lots of love from your affectionate Nephew.

(Dear Reg.,—It is fine that you are able to play more than one instrument. If you come to Sydney be sure and come to 33 Park-street to see if I am there. It would not do to tell you where I am to-day, but it is more than 1000 miles from Inverell, and yet I just met a man that I last saw in Inverell.—Uncle B.)

HOW DID MR. HAMMOND KNOW?

Mabel Mullen, "Allendale," Gunning, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I suppose you think my letters are few and far between. So they are; or rather, that's what my other correspondents tell me. I know that if there was a prize given for the best "scallywag" I would be sure to win it. We had Mrs. Lee-Cowie here lecturing some time ago on No-License. She was grand. "Redwing" was the Maori bride, and I was one of the bridesmaids. Mr. Toombes was there too. Since I wrote last mother and "Redwing" and I have been for a holiday up to Taree, and, needless to say, thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. While we were there we heard some very complimentary things said about Mr. Hammond, who they said was up there lecturing. (For goodness sake, don't tell him that, or he might feel flattered.) The people of Taree feel very confident about the election with regard to No-License. Perhaps you heard that Mr. Hammond paid Gunning a visit lately. I was very sorry I could not go in to hear him lecture, but it rained so I couldn't go. Bless the rain! Indeed, that's what the people of Gunning did do, as rain was badly needed. Mr. Hammond inquired after me at the rectory, so I heard, and I was wondering however he heard of me, but being an intimate friend of yours I suppose that was how he heard of me. Mrs. Sands also told me he spoke of me. Please remember me to Mr. Hammond, and tell him I hope to be able to hear him lecture the next time he comes to Gunning. Oh, no! I don't hope he won't have cause to lecture on No-License again, for I sincerely hope the bars will be closed in our electorate. My word, Uncle B. you are getting a lot of Ni's and Ne's. Quite

a large family. Our flower garden looks very nice now. All my cousins have given you the names of their favorite books. What is their favorite flower? Mine is a rose, if really I have a favorite. I think all flowers are beautiful. I had a letter from Edna Stone some time ago, and she sent me some nice postcards of their school picnic on Empire Day. I must close now, as it is bed time, so good night.—With love from.

(Dear Mabel,—You wonder how Mr. Hammond knew about you. Well, you see, like many other grown-ups, he reads page 11. I know he was very disappointed at its being so wet when he was at Gunning. It was also wet at Wellington. There is no doubt a lecturer has not the same love for rain that a farmer has. Will you tell "Redwing" that she will be queen of the scallywags if she is not careful.—Uncle B.)

WHAT ABOUT A BADGE.

Beryl Anderson, "Karlsruhe," Bexley, writes:—

My dear Uncle Barnabas,—I was just beginning to think my last letters to you had gone astray till I saw this last "Grit." I wrote two letters to you between July and August, but never saw either till this week. We are very busy up this way now fighting the old fight, and trying to slay the dragon again. We had a very successful meeting up here just previous to the big Sydney rally. By the way, wasn't that just grand? Such a splendid attendance and such great enthusiasm should surely win many to our side. A meeting like that does hearten one up to fresh efforts. We are going to another meeting here to-night in Rockdale, and I am looking forward to hearing Messrs. Clegg and Slade-Mallen speak. I think the Friday night street meetings will do great good here, as so many listen attentively who would not otherwise attend an indoor meeting. Don't you think that a splendid suggestion of our Hurstville cousin, namely, a badge for the cousins. I think it a great idea if someone could invent some design for it, or sign. It would be extra good for us up here, because we have quite a circle of relations now that Arncliffe, Rockdale, Bexley, Kogarah, and Hurstville are represented on "Our Page." I wonder will I catch a glimpse of you when I am in at "Grit" office on Thursday afternoon. I will be there all the afternoon, and will hope to see you, although I suppose you will be everywhere at once these times. We

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are looking forward very much to your visit to this electorate. We had our Sunday-school picnic at National Park on Saturday. I spent a simply glorious time, but feel rather lively with sandfly bites just now. Must say farewell now, with love to you and all cousins.—From your loving Niece.

(Dear Beryl,—I hope you will think out a good badge for the "Seven to Seventeen" cousins. If we all put on our thinking caps we will surely find some good way of making ourselves known. Would I have to wear it, and would it do if I wore it in my hat? Will you tell us what it is like to wrap 1000 "Grit's"?—Uncle B.)

A NE WITH A SICK MOTHER.

Bobs, "Cooreel," Dungog, Nov. 30th, 1913, writes:—

Dear Mr. Hammond,—I am writing to tell you that mother has been very ill since the 22nd. She has had an attack of some heart trouble, and has been kept in bed on her back ever since. The two doctors say she is going along as well as they can expect, and in the last few days there is an improvement, but it will be a long time before she is properly strong again, as she overstrained herself, and it is a nervous break down. She received your letter a few days so I am writing this to-night as it will be ago, and was very pleased to hear from you, some time before she will be able to write to you. As soon as she is strong enough to travel the doctors are sending her away for a rest and change. I wish I was old enough to vote on Saturday and take my mother's place. I wish you every success in getting "No-License." Bing is about half way between Gunnedah and Tinanburra, Queensland, driving seven hundred cattle. With love from us all. Your loving friend.

(Dear Bobs,—We are all truly sorry to hear of your mother's sickness. Many of us will pray for her, and trust she will soon recover. I am glad you are at home to be a comfort to her. Remember me to Bing when you write. I think he ought to send an account to "Grit" of his droving experiences. Don't be so long in writing your next letter.—Uncle B.)

GIRLIE

(Continued from Page 3.)

This was taken up by many ladies, and on all sides of the room you could hear: "Put my name down," "Put my name down."

In a few minutes the whole aspect of the room was changed. A larger writing table was brought in, pens and paper were in great demand. Schemes were being formulated, the committee augmented, and a programme drawn up for ensuing meetings. Ladies eagerly offered their drawing-rooms, speakers and soloists were suggested, and the whole branch was re-organized. Everybody was willing and anxious to work. They looked at Girlie and vowed vengeance on the liquor traffic. "This thing shall not go unchecked in our midst," they said.

Girlie was having a great time, flitting about like a sunbeam from one to the other. They seemed never tired of showing her pretty things in their bags, or of beguiling her with sips of milk or wonderful slices of cake—even the parlor-maid slipped away and by and by reappeared with a fluffy little kitten for Girlie to see.

But the meeting is over at last, and once more we take train. "It was perfectly lovely", said Girlie. "They were the nicest ladies! But I am awful tired."

As Girlie sleeps in my arms and the train speeds homewards I think of the wonderful termination of the meeting. How thankful I am that the Branch is still to remain, and the beneficent work of rescuing the perishing raising the fallen is still to go on.

It was a sleepy little Girlie that I undressed that night, far too sleepy to remember the terrors of the morning, I hear her little voice now as she says her simple prayer:—

"Dear Jesus, bless my darling Mover and don't let her frighten dear Girlie never any more. Send my Daddie home soon. Take care of Rover 'cos he's out in the garden 'long with the snowflakes, and bless all dose dear ladies. Amen."

Girlie was asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow, and as I softly kissed her and thought of the work she had accomplished that afternoon I remembered those words uttered centuries ago, "A little child shall lead them."—Mabel Jones, in "Wings."

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GIN AND WATER.

A man was once asked by another man, "Which is the heavier, a quart of gin or a quart of water?"

"Why gin, most assuredly," replied the other man. "For I saw a man who weighs two hundred pounds staggering under a quart of gin, while he would have carried a gallon of water with ease."

HAD GOT THE WRONG SMELL.

A Good Templar unhappily broke his pledge and became intoxicated. While still in that condition, he remembered that it was the night of the weekly meeting, and accordingly made his way to the lodge-room. He knocked at the door and gave the password.

But the guardian, who was an Irishman with the characteristic wit of his race, placed his nose where it might have been expected his ear would be.

"Dennis," said the man outside, "why don't you open the door? Haven't I got the right password?"

"Yes, sor," bawled Dennis, "ye do be having the right password; but, sor, ye have the wrong shnell!"

DID THE BABY HEAR?

Uncle Gus: "So this is the baby, eh? I used to look just like him at that age. What's he crying about now?"

Niece Susie: "Oh, Uncle Gus, he heard what you said."

CLARET OR CARROTS?

The other day a distracted mother brought her daughter to see a physician. The girl was suffering from "general lowness." The doctor prescribed for her a glass of claret three times a day with her meals. The mother was somewhat deaf, but apparently heard all he said, and bore off her daughter.

In ten days' time they were back again, and the girl was rosy-cheeked, smiling, and the picture of health. The doctor congratulated himself upon the keen insight he had displayed in his diagnosis of the case.

"I am glad to see that your daughter is so much better," he said.

"Yes," exclaimed the grateful mother; "thanks to you, doctor! She has had just what you ordered. She has eaten carrots three times a day since we were here, and sometimes oftener—and once or twice uncooked—and now look at her!"

HER YOUNG BROTHER.

Bobby: "My sister will be down in a few minutes, Mr. Softly. She's upstairs rehearsing."

Mr. Softly: "What is she rehearsing?"

Bobby: "I don't know exactly. But she's standing in front of the mirror and blushing and saying, 'Oh, Mr. Softly—er—this is so sudden!'"

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Ikey (to fader): "Fader, vat is extravagance?"

Father (to Ikey): "Extravagance, my son, is vearing a tie ven you've got a beard."

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The Reason and Range of Intercessory Prayer. The Cornish Company

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WHY WE MAY PRAY FOR OTHERS.

By PROFESSOR DAVID SMITH.

Intercessory prayer does not mean rolling the case over upon God and leaving it to Him. It means rather entering into alliance with Him, seeking His co-operation, and putting ourselves at His disposal to be employed as His instruments in bringing the blessing to pass. The principle behind this is that God's way is never to deal directly with a human soul, but always through the instrumentality of another human soul. The water of life is like the water which we drink; it all comes from the sky, yet we do not drink it from the clouds, but from wells and streams. The supreme instance of the principle is the Incarnation; that God might reach our hearts, He had to become man and speak to us with human lips.

If His grace is to reach our friends, it must be through a human channel, and when we pray for them, our meaning is that we would have Him use us in this way. And so we should always go on praying for them; that is, always keep renewing our surrender to Him and seeking fitness for the performance of our part. The efficacy of this is very obvious where we are near them and hold continual intercourse with them. In my early ministry I got a helpful advice from a saintly old minister. "If," he said, "you happen to have a difficult case in your congregation, be sure that you make the man the subject of special intercession in your private devotions." And the reason is that you feel so tenderly toward one whom you have carried in the arms of faith and love to the feet of Jesus. You will be very patient and very kindly in your dealings with him; and this is the secret of heavenly influence.

It may seem to alter the situation if the friend you pray for be far away from you; for how can you exert any influence upon him, and what sense is there in praying God to use you for His good?

And thus it would appear as though Intercessory Prayer were invalid precisely where we would most desire it—that there is no profit, for example, in a mother's intercessions for her boy far from home in a strange city or a foreign land. I am sure that this is an error; and it seems to me that here, as in many another instance, Science is reinforcing our faith and lighting up much that once was dark. Think of all those mysterious phenomena which are designated by the vague term "telepathy." The problem is profoundly mysterious, but there is no question of the fact that there is a subtle com-

merce between human souls, and where they are "linked up," one may control another many leagues distant, across an entire hemisphere. The problem is for the present under investigation, and dogmatism would be no less foolish than rash; but it seems to me most certain that, once the truth is known, it will light up, with a hitherto undreamed of significance, that New Testament phrase "the communion with the Holy Spirit." Within recent times Science has proved herself truly "the handmaid of Theology." Charles Darwin is St. Paul's profoundest interpreter. He has helped us unwittingly to a larger understanding of the Christian doctrines of Sin and Redemption; and I cannot but think that there is even now breaking from the later developments of scientific research a flood of light on that as yet unexplored and unappropriated field of Christian truth—the doctrine of the Holy Spirit and His operations in the souls of men. Ere long, it seems to me, we shall understand more profoundly this mystery of Intercession; but meanwhile we know sufficient to embolden us in casting our burdens of anxious love before the Throne of Grace and persisting, with brave faith, in daily consecration of ourselves to God's redemptive uses.—"British Weekly."

The Place of the Cross in Christian Faith.

In a very fine address to the Congregational Union in England, Dr. Griffith-Jones said:—

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ministry that nothing moved and nothing amazed him more than the power of the Cross to draw men to God and so transform them through and through by the constraint of that love of which it was the symbol. He urged the vital importance of preaching from a full heart and with a full mind without hesitation or false reticence or desire to curry favor with intellectualists, the central message of faith—that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing to them their trespasses," for He had committed to them and Him the ministry of reconciliation. It was not a popular Gospel just now, but it was a Gospel that was as much needed to-day as ever. It was the only Gospel that met the individual and social needs of the soul.

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