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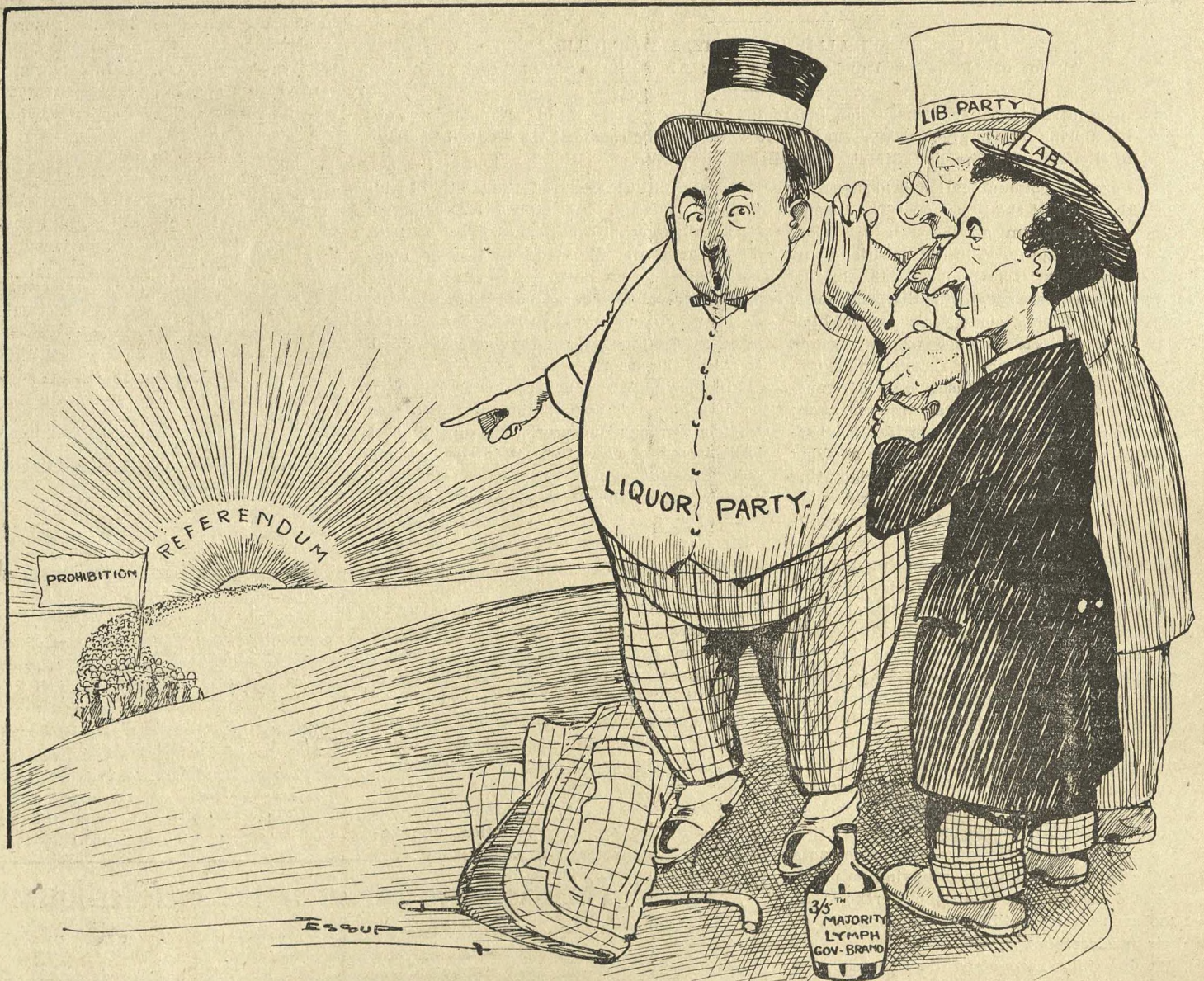
A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VI. No. 22.

Price One Penny.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1913.

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EUGENICS AND DYSGENICS IN RELATION TO ALCOHOL.

By CALEB WILLIAM SALEEBY, M.D., F.R.S.E.,

Author of "Parenthood and Race-Culture: An Outline of Eugenics."

A Paper introductory to a discussion before the Society for the Study of Inebriety, at its Spring Meeting, Tuesday, April 8, 1913, held in the rooms of the Medical Society of London, 11 Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, W.

The present communication is designed as a continuation of the paper on "The Discussion of Alcoholism at the Eugenics Congress," which appeared in the "British Journal of Inebriety" for October, 1912. In that paper the writer set forth the scheme of eugenics as framed some years ago by himself with the concurrence of his master, Galton; the importance of recognising symptomatic alcoholism, a consequence of transmissible nervous defect, was insisted upon; and the writer undertook to deal subsequently with the action of alcohol as what he calls a "racial poison," or originating agent of what may best be called dysgenics. Very important new material is now available for the study of this question, and it is much to be regretted that, owing to the publication of these researches outside the new organs of eugenics, writers on that subject are still teaching that no real evidence on the action of alcohol as a racial poison exists. Those who claim to write authoritatively on eugenics, and whose association with the subject is such as to justify their claim, should not dogmatically deny the existence of evidence on this subject until they have taken the trouble to study the literature of alcoholism. The apologist of alcohol is not doing his duty to the public who at this date indulges in ex cathedra pronouncements on the subject without ever having so much as heard the names of Laitinen, Bertholet, or Stockard, to say nothing of the long list of their predecessors.

Having fully recognised the existence of symptomatic alcoholism, our duty is to proceed with the study of the action of alcohol on healthy stocks, in order to see whether positive scientific evidence of what Forel calls "blastophthoria" exists. Much confusion has been caused between these two perfectly distinct and independent issues. A very distinguished gentleman, whose personal influence has done much for eugenics, has lately written as if one or other of these

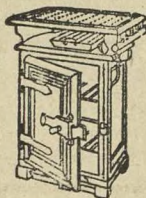
two possibilities must be the truth of this subject. There is no alternative whatever between them; either or both may be true. The degenerate may tend to become alcoholic; alcohol may spoil germ-cells as it may spoil liver-cells. Yet we have been asked to decide whether the one or the other of these propositions is true, and, having so decided, to reject the second.

Not dissimilarly, much confusion has been produced by the introduction of new terms to heighten our darkness. The question at issue is one of causation; it is the one and only question which all science exists to answer. Given the ingestion of alcohol, why is it taken, and what effects does it produce? That is our business. The recent idea that our difficulties are soluble by the introduction of such terms as "concomitant" and "co-efficient" is quite chimerical. Alcohol either does things or it does not. It may be sole cause, or a part cause, or not a cause at all, of any phenomena associated with it. To call it a "co-efficient" or "concomitant" is not to answer any questions, but merely to raise them. This only need be said, as any reader of John Stuart Mill will remember: no one thing is the sole cause of any effect. I slip because of a piece of orange-peel, but I also slip because of gravitation, and be-

cause I am not clever enough to keep my balance. When the orange-peel is blamed, the other causes of the disaster must not, and need not, be forgotten; nor must we say that, in point of fact, the orange-peel was only a "concomitant" or "co-efficient." That, however, is the latest position as regards alcohol. Someone makes the startling discovery that bad housing, or bad cooking, or heredity, plays a part in the consequences associated with alcohol, and then we are told that alcohol must no longer be spoken of as the cause of anything, but merely as a "coefficient." The introduction of these meaningless illogicalities into biology of recent years must directly be attributed to the now happily decadent vogue of "biometry"—a mode of statistical measurement which could never reveal causation, and the advocates of which, therefore, decried the search for causes in science altogether, and asked us to accept the discovery of "coefficients of correlation" as the grand object of human inquiry.

But, in fact, correlation is the riddle which Nature always poses us with, and causation is what we have to discover. There is a high correlation between day and night, but is the day the cause of the night? There is a high correlation between alcoholism and degeneracy, which no statistics are required to show; science has to inquire into causation, and this can only be done by the old-fashioned methods of observation and experiment.

Laitinen's work is known already to readers of this journal. Let us proceed to that of Bertholet, briefly referred to here last October, and since published. The Swiss author's first paper appears in the Proceedings of the 1909 Congress on Alcoholism; his second, now before me, is in those of the 1911 Congress, and I can add to the recollections retained from hearing the author read it at the Hague. It may be hoped that, at this year's Congress, which is to be held in Milan in September, further work on these lines may be forthcoming, and I shall hope to be able to report upon it for this Society. (To be continued.)



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The Only Failure in the Family

WHAT LIFE TAUGHT THE BROTHER WHO STAYED BEHIND.

(Continued from last issue.)

The Herr Pastor gone, they all sat talking for a little while and then mother and Lenchen set about preparing the evening meal. Wilhelm and the old father and little Friedrich looked on, and the contrast between the bent old mother and Gottfried's pretty fiancée was very striking. Wilhelm kept watching Lenchen.

"And how is Gottfried?" he asked suddenly. Something like a little shock ran through them all. No one had spoken, or thought of Gottfried before.

"Oh, he's very well," said the father. There was a curious awkward silence, and while it was on them the door opened and in came Gottfried himself, soaked through by that same rain during which they had been so cozy with the coffee and the cake and the Herr Pastor.

Wilhelm sprang to his feet and gave his brother a loud, hearty greeting and warm, wringing handclasp. For half a minute they stood thus in sharpest contrast: the dripping shepherd, and the dry, well-dressed, and happy traveller.

"Why, you're quite a gentleman, Wilhelm," Gottfried said and nodded at him smiling, and then went away to change his wet things.

"Is he well?" Wilhelm asked.

"Oh, yes," said the father.

"He looks old," commented the brother, and then again fell the awkward silence. Gottfried seemed, somehow, to be out of place in the general joy. Lenchen had paled. She looked frightened. Wilhelm saw the look and smiled into her eyes. Then the pallor turned to a burning blush.

Wilhelm's visit was to last a month. It was at the end of the second week that he was invited out to shoot with the head forester. They drove to the hunting cabin in the head forester's waggonette, and as they rolled along the well-built highway they saw, in a field afar to the right, Gottfried and the sheep.

"That must be but a dull life," said Wilhelm, "and yet I remember envying Gottfried, when we were all small and my father said that as he was the eldest he'd be shepherd."

"We don't know what we wish often," said the head forester. "He who envies, wishes; and he who wishes, plants seed that the future may bring fruit in an unwelcome hour."

"Yes, that's true," said Wilhelm. But then he shook his head. Something troubled him. It hung about him all the afternoon. Of course it was a great thing to get away into the big world, to work well, to earn money and to be successful. It was splendid to feel one's self freed from all the petty little business of a mere village life. It was pleasant to know that nothing could ever turn back the wheels, that the face of Time's clock is always set ahead. And yet—something troubled him.

The old father was quite feeble all the time during Wilhelm's visit. He was anxious over little Friedrich, too. He talked confidentially with his American son about his affairs and everything else; of course Gottfried would do for the old mother, but there would not be enough for three.

"I'll take Friedrich back with me," Wilhelm said finally.

The old father's face shone with joy—that was just what he had wanted. "Thou wast ever my dependence," he said—although no one had ever heard him say that before.

And then arose the question of Lenchen. Lenchen's big eyes were ever bigger, but her pink cheeks were steadily less pink except when Wilhelm caused them to flame. She came daily to help the mother, as always, but she was strange and shy. Wilhelm grew more and more troubled. Something was brewing. He hardly knew how to act.

One evening Gottfried and his brother went to walk in the forest. It was a pale blue, peaceful evening—one of the kind that nestle often in the edges of mountain country. A soft stillness was all about.

"Wilhelm," his brother said then, with a strange heart-wrung suddenness, "don't think I'm stupid as the sheep because I tend them. I've more brains than you think maybe."

"What do you mean?" he of all the superior advantages made answer.

"It's Lenchen," said Gottfried, great

drops breaking forth on his forehead; "she doesn't love me any more. She loves you. You must take her to America with you. Take her as well as Friedrich. That'll be best."

Wilhelm was stricken dumb. "The whole village knows she's your betrothed," he said at last.

"Her happiness is more to me than the talk of the dorf," said Gottfried. "Don't talk to me about it, Brother; I can't bear it—only—manage to take her."

At the end of the month Wilhelm set off again, and with him went little Friedrich and Lenchen. Lenchen also could work, across the seas, and earn much money. And then she, too, would come back—!

The winter after, the old father died. Then Gottfried came into his own and was in word as well as fact shepherd upon the "Domaine." All the year round, in heat and cold, rain and shine, he fared forth daily with the sheep. His eyes were big as Lenchen's own and very hollow. There was something more biting than the blast, more burning than the sun, more plain to be seen than the new-fallen snow. Gottfried was the only son of his mother who gained no honors—the only one who gave her no extra money. He supported her, but that did not count. It was the extras that counted. The little cot was full of small tawdry luxuries paid for with gold from across the seas. The bread and potatoes were paid for by Gottfried, but who is grateful for bread and potatoes?

The years passed on. Lenchen did not return. She married Wilhelm, and after a while there were pictures—fine glazed photographs—showing their baby named for the old father. How Gottfried's mother wept at the sight. And that was not all the good news either. Karl was the head of a shop of his own—made a lot of money. Johann was a clerk in a bank because he spoke German. Wilhelm had become the richest of all in the end; he railroaded. The old mother had everything to make her proud and happy. Even little Friedrich had proved extraordinarily clever, and perhaps Wilhelm would send him to a university.

There was really only one failure in the family.

(Continued.)



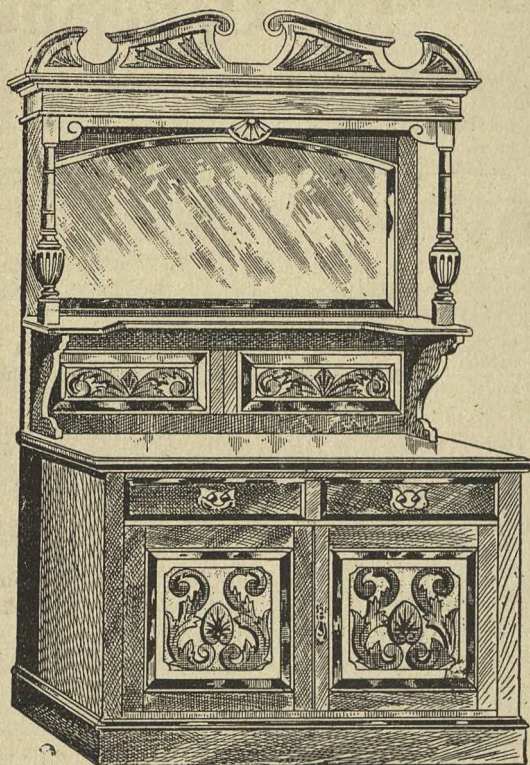
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ALLIANCE SECRETARY,

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MRS. LEE-COWIE.

Farewell to Sydney.

It was with sincere regret that we have had to say good-bye to Mrs. Lee-Cowie. It would have been of immense benefit to our cause if our distinguished sister could have stayed to the poll. However, we are none the less grateful for the magnificent services rendered to the cause during the past five months.

For Mrs. Lee-Cowie and her husband, who has travelled with her, to have left their comfortable home in Invercargill and to have given the help that they have to the No-License campaign, at no expense to the Alliance, is a contribution equal to at least £250, and further, to have raised and passed on to the Alliance a further sum of nearly £200 is an achievement worthy of recognition.

It is therefore not to be wondered at that the farewell organized by the Alliance on Tuesday, August 4, in the drawing room of the Alliance Hotel, brought together a large and representative gathering. The president, Ven Archdeacon Boyce, presided and spoke in eulogistic terms of the great work Mrs. Lee-Cowie had done over a period of 25 years.

A resolution of thanks and good wishes was moved by Mrs. Joseph Cook, wife of the Prime Minister, and seconded by Rev. J. E. Carruthers, president of the Methodist Conference. This was heartily supported by Mr. W. Winn and Rev. R. B. S. Hammond.

In reply Mrs. Lee-Cowie delivered a farewell oration that was a treat to listen to. In declaring that the one thing that had most deeply stirred her was the drunkenness among the young men of the State, she struck a note of warning that should vibrate throughout the whole State.

Mrs. Lee-Cowie is now in the Southern part of the State, having had to cancel her Broken Hill meetings, owing to her unsuccessful vaccination creating an element of uncertainty which did not justify the incurring of heavy expenditure in rents and printing.

The final suburban meetings, especially at Leichhardt, were of an excellent character. As a result of the Town Hall meeting, sixty-five persons joined the No-License League. Mrs. Lee-Cowie had a most happy time in the open-air meetings at Annandale and Leichhardt, whilst at Burwood and Bondi Junction the local workers were greatly cheered by her visit.

MISS VERA BAKER,

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Mr. J. J. Franklyn and others are available for farther out in the country.

THE CHILDREN.

The Young People's Union is being organized.

The youth of the State must be reached.
Boys and girls to-day will soon possess the voting power to save or mar the country.

FACTS! FACTS! FACTS!

Every No-License advocate should learn the facts of No-License.

We need no lies or bogies. Our facts are strong enough to sink the liquor ship.

We must know the facts and use them.

"THE CASE FOR NO-LICENSE."

The 1913 Edition is now ready. The President has brought it right up-to-date. No-License Leagues can secure same at 4/- per doz; retail price 6d. a copy. The "case" is full of facts.

MR. J. J. FRANKLYN.

Organizer Herps reports that Mr. Franklyn had a splendid start on his tour at Molong.

His strong personality, winsome manner, and splendid grasp of the Temperance question makes him a regular Dreadnought. Wherever there is anything to appeal to Mr. Franklyn is bound to make an impression.

THE ORGANIZERS.

A conference of organizers was held last week in conjunction with the campaign and finance committee. Plans for the future were discussed, and we don't mind telling the enemy that every organizer is urging the electors to beware of the bogies.

THE SPEAKERS' TEAM.

With three and four live meetings a week, the Speakers' Team is doing splendidly. The first half-year's work of the team is nearing completion. On Tuesday night, the organizers in Sydney met the Team and discussed "methods of effectively reaching the people." Some excellent suggestions were given that are calculated to immensely help in future meetings.

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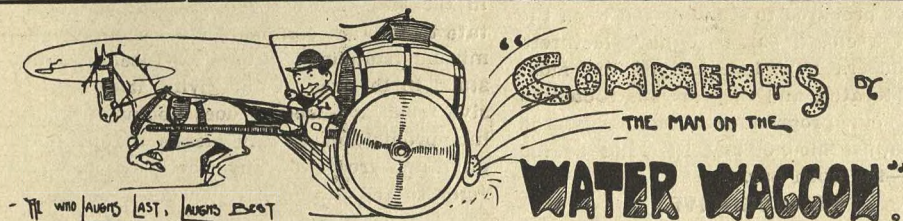
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ADVICE TO YOUNG BOXERS.

We must explain right away to our readers that this is not the initial article of a newly-organized "Boxing Column." Not that either the Editor or the "Man on the Wagon" would look very askance at a few decent hints by a decent amateur on the subject. The trouble seems to be that when the prize-fighting element asserts itself (not to mention the money-making features), true sport gives place to devious methods. Despite the sneers of the Liberty Leaguer, the wowsers have no fault to find with honest sport nor manly self-defence; but at such sport, rotted with commercialism, they draw the line. Now, we have with us at the moment an English boxer called Matt Wells, who seems to be a man of many fine parts, and in an article in the "Sun" recently, headed as above, he delivered himself as follows:

"The first important thing is to live a good clean life, remembering that a sound body always means a sound mind, and more than anything a sound, clear brain is necessary in this day of scientific boxing.

"For a man to attain prominence in the art, the food you eat must always be of consideration. Be satisfied with three good plain meals daily. Many people believe in heavy suppers, but this not necessary, nor do you want rich foods. Good beef I have found best in my training, and poultry for a change is always excellent, if it can be got.

"I am a non-drinker, and I believe in abstaining from alcohol. The body should not or does not crave for liquor; good pure water being, as a rule, to a healthy athlete, far more satisfying."

Mr. Wells can be commended for his observation and grasp of the fact that a sane, healthy body DOES NOT CRAVE for liquor. A real fit athlete should shrink from filling his healthy body with alcohol. The thought of it is repugnant to him. It is also unnecessary. A sound body he wisely remarks means a sound mind, and a sound clear brain.

Thank you, Mr. Wells, for your manly re-

marks—they will help some poor, vacillating tempted one—and maybe save him from himself.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

This paper is of course unsectarian. We belong to no particular church, except the great Christian Church founded by Christ when on earth. We welcome the efforts to stamp out the vices of the community made by both Catholic and Protestant churches. At the same time we feel at liberty to express an opinion upon the important subject of what is known as "mixed marriages," the uniting of a Catholic with a Protestant, and one's opinion coincides with those expressed by the great leaders of all the churches. Mixed unions are unwise. The question from a commonsense point of view was well answered recently by the Editor of a Sydney religious journal in the "Answers to Correspondents" Column, of which appears the following:—

"A.B.C.—Mixed marriages are seldom happy, and if you are wise you will seriously consider the step you propose before you go any further. You ask our advice, and it is to suffer a little now in preference to a great deal later on."

This we consider sound commonsense. Apart altogether from the merits of the arguments that are deduced in favor of either Protestant or Roman Catholic Churches, it would seem that as the adherents of either party consider the other's teaching fallacious that should be a good and sufficient reason to keep the "high contracting parties" separate. It is not all joy rearing a family when the parents are united in their views—it must be nearer the lower regions than the upper where they "also" are in opposition. The kiddies themselves will be "in opposition" pretty frequently, never fear.

A good deal of humor, however, has been lent to this very difficult subject this month by the lack of this useful commodity in the Editor of the local R.C. paper. He condemns the Catholic young man of a desire to shirk matrimony. The latter is accused of a selfish love of ease and luxury, and of a want of appreciation of the beautiful girls

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he might see if he attended mass or visited Catholic homes. Then the Edition says naively: "The Protestants are not indifferent to the charms some of our Catholic men despise, and all girls are not strong enough to resist the offer of love and a home and the artful arguments of a tender tempter."

Not bad for you, Mr. Editor; but we think all denominations have to lament that lack of "vision" which keeps men from appreciation of true worth, and that sweet womanliness which is the charm of life. Too many young men waste their time on the "smart" (?) and gaudily dressed loud-voiced female until they can no longer value at its true worth that sweet, partly childish, innocence and grace of a well brought-up and modest young woman. It is "their" loss.

A NOVEL POINT.

MAGISTRATE'S STRONG COMMENTS.

On the 19th July the Auburn police arrested a man for being in a state of helpless drunkenness on the verandah of the Royal Hotel at Auburn. The man was brought before the Parramatta court and fined 40s., or one month. A prohibition order was out against the man, and proceedings were afterwards taken by the police against the licensee of the hotel (John Kirkwood) for allowing drunkenness on his premises. The police stated that the man was in an absolutely helpless state at a quarter to 11 p.m. The defence was that the man had come in the back way, and had previously been refused drink, and had been asleep on the verandah.

The Magistrate (Mr. Maitland) said that there was a doubt about the matter, as the police could not absolutely say that the man did not come in through the back entrance. He had no doubt, however, that the evidence given by the licensee's brother (Leslie Kirkwood) was absolutely untrue.

The case was then dismissed.

It appeared to the Magistrate that the hotel was run in a rather slipshod manner. The police explained that the present licensee had only been in possession for a few months.

He walked into a chemist's shop
 And pointed with his finger
 To something there upon the shelf,
 And near it he did linger.
 But though his voice had almost gone,
 He managed to gasp, "Renewer!"
 And the chemist knew what he wanted—
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Why No-License Must Come.

A CHAT WITH ONE OF THE LEADERS.

(Reprint from Country Press Association.)

In answer to a question, the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, said:—

"Yes, the last two No-License polls have taught us a great deal, and the campaign this year is being shaped along the lines that past experience suggests. While the policy of the N.S.W. Alliance has not changed, there have been changes in the personnel of the office. Mr. John Complin who had charge three years ago has taken up other work, and Mr. James Marion is now the General Secretary. Mr. Marion comes to the work with a fine record behind him. As organiser for the Good Temp-lars, and then assistant Missioner and Or-ganiser for the Mission Zone Fund, he had a wide experience, both among the temperance workers of the State, and also the drink-made derelicts in the slums. A few years on his own farm gave him the view point of the man on the land. Six months in New Zealand lecturing and organising during their last poll, has equipped him well for the position he now holds. His fine enthusiasm is well balanced by his extensive knowledge of the liquor problem, and the public will soon find out that he is no mere repeater of platitudes, but a thinker who says things that have been beaten out in the forge of his own experience.

WHAT THE FIGHT IS FOR.

What are we trying to do? Well, the Alliance cannot touch anything but the liquor question. On no other point are its members agreed or likely to agree. We do not even demand total abstinence on the part of our members, we simply insist on the right of the people to stop the sale of alcohol as a beverage. We, however, provide for the sacramental use of alcoholic wine, and also the use of alcohol in manufacturing industries.

When we advocate the closing of the bar we maintain that this does not, and will not, affect the question of accommodation. The Hotel Metropole and the Grand Central, in Sydney, were both started and both made to pay without a license, and no place that genuinely meets the needs of the travelling public is going to suffer from the closing of the bar. We contend that the sale of liquor from 6 a.m. till 11 p.m. is not necessary for the public good, and that the removal of their opportunity to purchase drink will quickly show very desirable results in a decreased consumption of alcohol and also a decrease in crime, and the convictions for drunkenness.

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

How do we propose to carry this reform? Our methods should commend us to all right thinking people. We are out to challenge attention, to demand investigation, to invite questions. We have nothing to fear from facts. Our greatest enemies are ignorance and half truths. On the platform and in the open air we court open criticism, also by literature, and through the press, we hope to enlighten a sufficient number of people to enable us to have, at least, a few "dry" electorates, so that we may have in our midst a

working illustration of all we contend for, and we are prepared to stand or fall upon the results of a closed bar. We have lecturers and organisers now in some of the most likely electorates, and they are instructed to carry out our programme of educating the people against alcohol and its chief source of power—the open bar.

THE INCENTIVE.

Why are we so insistent? Well, no one likes their own State to have a bad name, and at present we cannot defend ourselves against the charges hurled at us, for being the worst State in point of drunkenness, in the Commonwealth. Last year there were over 32,000 convictions for drunkenness, these were directly chargeable to the so-called regulated open bars. On a population basis this is 14,000 more than the similar convictions in New Zealand.

The 12 No-License areas and the Prohibition sentiment in the New Zealand Dominion have undoubtedly saved them from the same appalling wreckage of human life as is represented in our police court record. In the last two years in New South Wales, we have increased our expenditure on alcoholic drinks by 10s. per head. This rapid increase brings our yearly drink bill to over seven million pounds. We not only have to face the fact that this is an expenditure that is as wasteful as it is harmful, but we are compelled to acknowledge that the No-License areas, and the Prohibition sentiment of New Zealand have made a difference in this respect that rouses us to envy. The Dominion shows an increase of only 1s. 11d. per head for alcohol, during the period in which we increased our expenditure 10s. per head. Calculating their drink expenditure on the same basis as we calculate ours, New Zealand made a saving of a £1 a head which is equal to one million pounds, and there is nothing that accounts for this but the closing of the bar in the 12 No-License areas, and the general sentiment against alcohol which is largely due to the educational campaign of the last 25 years.

TWO OBJECTIONS.

What have I to say about the question of revenue and employment in connection with No-License? In the first place, the revenue now goes to the Commonwealth, so that it is no longer a State problem. Then we must remember liquor does not provide the revenue, it is only a channel, the people provide it. Spending £7,000,000 that the public purse may obtain a million and a quarter in revenue. Under No-License they would spend this money in other ways which would bring in even a greater revenue owing to the high tariff on all imported goods. The question of employment like the question of revenue, as a matter of fact, has never caused a minute's anxiety in any place that has yet banished the bar. The question of money must never be allowed to stand in the way of protecting life or national progress, and

the question of 1000 people being out of employment is not a serious one to a State that has absorbed five times that number of immigrants in the last year.

OPPOSED BY FANCIES NOT FACTS.

What do I consider the most serious thing in the way of No-License? I do not hesitate to say that confusion, misconception and misunderstandings about No-License alone stand in the way of our giving it an extensive trial. No-License does not mean absolute prohibition, it only means that no one, publican, grocer or any one else, had the right to sell alcoholic liquor as a beverage. The law permits a limited quantity to be obtained under certain restrictions for private use. The amount thus obtained is not left for us to guess at since Sir Joseph Ward, on October 7, 1910, placed upon the table of the New Zealand House of Parliament a return compiled by the Government Statistician, showing that the consumptive of liquor in the areas where the bar had been closed was only 2.1 gallons per head, where as it was 12 gallons per head in the areas where the bar remained. This kind of Prohibition stands approved as an effective measure since it prohibited ten gallons per head being used in No-License areas. If we compare the Prohibition of liquor with any other kind of prohibitory law it will be found to be quite as effective and beneficial. It is quite a mistake to think the closing of the bar will be followed by sly grog selling. The police are the best authorities on sly-grog, and they are very emphatic in asserting that it is not carried on to any extent in No-License areas, and is easy to keep in check once the bars are closed. When the bars are open liquor attracts, invites and practically chases a man. When they are closed the only man who gets a drink is the one who chases it, and he does not generally catch it until he gets beyond the No-License area. It must also be remembered that license has never protected any community from the sly grog seller, and we need not go beyond Sydney for the emphatic proof of this, since we have had more convictions in Sydney this year with its 600 bars than the 12 No-License areas of New Zealand together during the same period.

OUR GREATEST ENCOURAGEMENT.

What makes us so confident? Well, it is only a matter of time when alcohol will have no more place in the world than it now has in the hospitals. The medical profession have found alcohol out. The most exhaustive tests and experiments have converted the medical profession, and its use in medicine may best be gauged by the statement made by Professor Anderson Stewart, when President of the Prince Alfred Hospital, to the effect that the cost of alcohol as a medicine was less than twopence per head per annum in that great hospital.

Business men have turned their back both on the drinker and the use of alcohol in business dealings. The Army and the Navy treat it with suspicion, and the "dry" canteen in America and the Commonwealth is an indication of the modern opinion of alcohol.

The insurance companies quite unintention-

(Continued on Page 12.)

Official Arguments for the Bar

HOW THE NO-LICENSE CAMPAIGN AFFECTS THE COUNTRY.

By "NEMO."

(Reprinted from the "Forbes Times.")

The approaching local option campaign throws once more into prominence the personality of Mr. Edwin Stooke, secretary of the New South Wales Liquor Trades Defence Union. Of all men in this State Mr. Stooke has the fullest grasp of the situation, and the most complete knowledge of the forces now at work in the various electorates. His is the keen business mind, skilled to handle the infinite mass of intricate details which such a campaign involves. He is, as it were, the engineer behind the ramparts and earthworks erected for the defence of the liquor trade, and in his hands is the complete machinery of an organization which includes in its scope the whole of the ninety electorates of the Mother State. Through him, all sections of the Trade speak and act, and he is the responsible executive officer of the many affiliated bodies that go to make up the Union.

I found Mr. Stooke in his office surrounded by documents compiled for reference, and immersed in a mass of correspondence, but he turned to me with his genial smile, and offered to place at my disposal any information that I might desire.

"I want you to tell me, Mr. Stooke, something about the position of your party with regard to local option matters in the country districts?"

"Well," replied the busy secretary, pushing aside for the moment some of his many papers, "I think the issue should be pretty clear to the minds of your country readers. The No-License propaganda aims at destroying something that is of even greater value to the country than to the city.

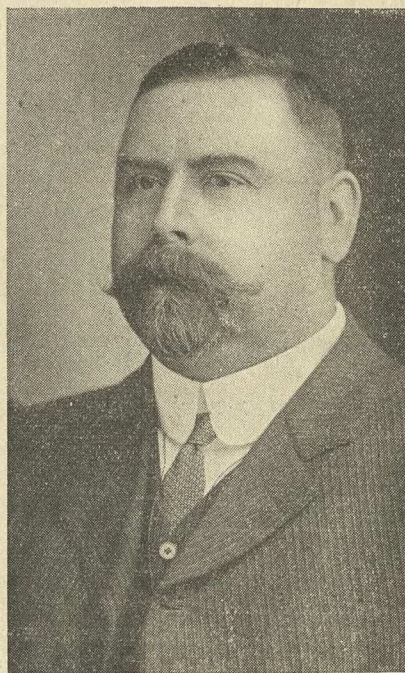
"At the annual conference of the United Commercial Travellers' Association of Australasia, held at Launceston last year, it was decided that the official organ of the commercial travellers protest in its columns against any further reduction in hotels in the various States, as the tendency of the present laws was to reduce the number of hotels to the detriment of the comfort and convenience of the travelling public. This resolution was affirmed at the Annual Conference of the United Travellers held in New Zealand in March of this year.

"What applies to the commercial man applies with equal truth to every other class of traveller. Without its hotel, a country district is practically cut off from direct and personal contact with the rest of the State."

"You mean to imply, Mr. Stooke, that without its bar trade the country hotel could not give its travellers a fair deal in the matter of accommodation?"

"Yes. That is the experience of practically everyone who has been forced to stay at a so-called temperance hotel. I know a great deal of the country myself, and may

fairly claim to intimately understand the conditions which obtain in the sparsely-populated districts. Before taking up business life in the city I lived for some years in country districts, and when I speak about country accommodation I know what I am talking about. Without their bar trade these hotels cannot provide the public with decent accommodation for travellers at anything like a reasonable price, and a district which is never visited by travellers must, in the very nature of things, fall behind in the race. In fact, without good hotel accommodation, it becomes, to all intents and pur-



EDWIN STOOKE,
Secretary Liquor Defence League.

poses, a place to be avoided alike by tourists, commercial travellers, graziers, farmers, and country producers generally, whose business necessitates their more or less frequent visits to a town."

"But what about the moral aspect of No-License, apart from the inconvenience and loss which it might entail, do you think that there would be any gain to the community through the diminution of hotels?"

Mr. Stooke laughed.

"You raise the old question," he said, "over which the Prohibitionists and No-License folk have been stubbing their toes for the last 50 years. The No-License advocate is always ready to assure us that he has a cure for every human ill; but, frankly, the whole evidence from States and districts that have tried his cure points in a totally different direction. Everywhere, as far as I can learn—and I have practically the whole

available information on the subject here at hand—the results of Prohibition and No-License have been as bad as they well could be. Drinking has not been diminished, but instead of the open sale of liquor there has grown up an illicit trade, which is a hundred times worse in its moral effects than the most excessive drinking ever known at licensed houses. Crime has not diminished, poverty has not decreased—in fact, the alleged cure has not cured anything as far as the facts and figures available can show. New Zealand has twelve districts under No-License, but the country, as a whole, drinks more than ever, and only the other day a Judge of the Supreme Court in the No-License town of Invercargill was found regretting the unusually heavy calendar of crime."

"That sounds pretty convincing," I said. "In urging the people in the country districts to vote for continuance of license you do not, of course, deny that temperance in the use of liquor is a good thing?"

"On the contrary, no one concerned with the liquor trade who is at all alive to his own interests would ever urge a man to drink a glass more liquor than was good for him. But temperance has nothing at all to do with the question of License or No-License. By voting No-License the people of the country districts would increase their own burdens as taxpayers to an extent that few who have not gone closely into the figures could imagine. They would destroy the hotel accommodation of their own localities, and so make it enormously difficult for travellers and others to come into touch with them, and having done all this they would have achieved no moral reform, but rather the reverse. Let us have true temperance by all means, but the road to temperance reform is not by way of closing up legitimate businesses and substituting for them all the evils of sly grog-selling. No-License does not stand for no liquor, but for bad liquor, and bad accommodation, for the public."

Speaking of the coming campaign, Mr. Stooke went on to say that he had little fear of the result, if the citizens were fully alive to the real issues before them. Even in districts where the opponents of the trade were most in evidence the results would be satisfactory if all the friends of moderation and true temperance went to the poll. The real danger lay in taking things too much for granted, and allowing a minority to secure its objects through the indifference of those whose convenience and comfort were vitally concerned.

I left Mr. Stooke with the conviction that whatever might be the result of the coming campaign the central organization in Sydney was working with a full understanding of the position in the country districts, and that no stone would be left unturned in the effort to place matters clearly before the general public throughout the length and breadth of the State.

GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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

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Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

Manager—J. BRADFELD.

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

Office: 33 Park Street, City.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1913.

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Robson House, 337 Pitt Street, Sydney.

The Case for No-License

IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

By ARCHDEACON F. B. BOYCE.

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

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

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

THE GROWTH OF CRIME.

The case of the boy who robbed his own sister of her engagement ring, and who, with a companion stuck up and fired at a gentleman, has shocked many people, and the very heavy sentences of 9 years for the boy and 26 years for his companion have emphasised the seriousness of the crime. There appears to be no connection between these crimes and alcohol, and my friends of the liquor side will add it to their small list of crimes which they quote to support their contention that alcohol is not responsible for as much crime as the Temperance people claim. We, however, do not base our denunciation of alcohol on a single incident, but upon such evidence as that supplied by all the judges and such men as Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, who said, in the debate in the House of Commons a few weeks ago on the army and navy estimates for 1913-14:—"All naval officers know, and indeed the officers in both services know, that the most of the crime is the result of drink. That sends men to prison, and that is very expensive, because you have to get other men to fill up their places. The crime that is caused by drinking is a real expense. I think you reduce that if you reduce the possibility of what I call good fellowship among the men who do not take their rum, but let their messmates drink it."

Strange to say, the Parliament of Italy has also just been discussing the marked increase in direct crime and insanity due to the common use of intoxicating drinks in Italy. Both Chamber and Senate have been giving attention to a bill for checking the evil. Till a few years ago the Italians ranked high among the most temperate peoples in Europe, but with the growth of industrialism and social luxury an enormous development has been witnessed of the American bar system. The Italian Government proposes to regulate the output of alcohol.

In twenty-six years the number of victims of chronic alcoholism in Italy have nearly quadrupled, and, with increased alcoholism, suicide statistics have risen from 5 in 100,000 in 1887 to 8 in 100,000 in 1909.

It is beyond reasonable dispute that alcohol is associated with all forms of violent

crime, and it is equally beyond dispute that to close the bar reduces enormously such crime.

ARE YOU GROWING.

How can you tell whether you are growing? Ask yourself these questions: Are you getting taller? Are you able to overlook some things you were unable to overlook last year? To overlook the sneering glance, the harsh word, the selfish, unkind or malicious deed? Serenely to overlook failure when you have done your best? Bravely to overlook misfortune when it was unavoidable? Cheerily to overlook dark days and darker frowns? Are you getting tall enough for this?

The way to get taller for emergency cases is to get on tip-toe, you can only morally tip-toe when you are on your knees. It is a question of stopping to conquer, and kneeling to rise. When plants don't grow it is a good thing to look to the roots, then the soil, then the watering. A little honest self-examination is worth a good deal in the case of arrested growth.

The Editor

PLEDGE-SIGNING CRUSADE

This work continues as encouraging as ever, and we hope our friends will not lose interest in the effort that is made each day to hold at least some back who are in the slippery alcohol route.

The past fortnight, July 25 to August 7, shows the following record:—

Men.	Women.	Pledges.
265	83	83

The total pledges taken this year number 1499.

MANY THANKS.

The following donations have greatly helped, and we express our warmest thanks: Mr. and Mrs. Nossiter, £2; A Croft, 10/-; Enfield meeting, 20/-; Geo. E. Smith, 20/-; Miss Jennings, 20/-; Mr. Kensett, 21/-; Mrs. Trimble, 6s.; Mrs. King, 10/-; Mr. Ambler, 20/-; Anon. (Petersham), £2; Miss Richards, 20/-.

The following firms have helped by giving the cast-off hats, boots, etc., left by their customers:—David Jones, Ltd., Minahan's, Lowe's Ltd., Quinn's, Palmer and Son, Tabuts, Hordern Bros., Farmer's Ltd., Callahan's, Peape's Ltd. Others have promised help. Parcels of clothes, boots, etc., will be gratefully received.

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The Traffic that Kills the People.

**"IF THE VOTERS KNOW THE TRUTH,
SURELY THEY WILL CARE!"**

The key to the solution of the drink evil is in and around public sentiment against it, which will demand its abolition. How to effectively arouse that sentiment calls for the best possible presentation of facts. What will stir one person may not stir another. One, however, hardly likes to think that the cold facts of life and death arising out of the sale and consumption of alcoholic poisons may not yet strike the public conscience. When it does the liquor traffic will assuredly go. If the voter knows that drink kills, and kills thousands, and remains unmoved by that fact, it is hardly likely that lesser considerations, such as revenue, employment, accommodation, and even the thoughts of jails crowded, and maddened maniacs fighting imaginary forces in our asylums will make much difference.

If the voters know the truth, surely they will care!

A LOOK AT THE DEATH ROAD.

In a powerfully-written account of his experiences with alcohol, entitled "John Barleycorn," Jack London, the popular novelist, says:—"I crossed the bay to Oakland, and among other things took a look at the death road. Nelson was gone—shot to death while drunk and resisting the officers. His partner in that affair was lying in prison. Whisky Bob was gone. Old Cole, old Smudge, and Bob Smith were gone. Another Smith, he of the belted gun and of Annie, was drowned. French Frank they said was lurking up-river, afraid to come down because of something he had done. Others were wearing the stripes in San Quentin. Fitzsimmon, with whom I had sailed on the Fish Patrol, had been stabbed in the lung through the back, and died a lingering death. And so it went—a very lively and well-patronised road, and from what I knew of all of them John Barleycorn was responsible, with the sole exception of Smith of the Annie."

Unhappily, Jack London did not complete the list, and it is questionable if there is any man who has moved about who cannot recall a death-roll among his old school mates, his work mates, and even his relatives, who have gone down to death through alcohol.

PUBLIC INCONSISTENCY.

One of the most difficult things to understand is the fact that many statesmen, public health experts, and even the press is utterly indifferent to the loss of life occurring from alcohol. The same forces will move every power to fight anything else, that may not produce one-tenth of the mortality, and they will carry on a crusade with almost fanatical zeal. An evidence of this is to

be seen in the present smallpox visitation. And yet so far smallpox has not claimed a single victim; whilst in the same period, through tragedies and premature deaths arising from alcoholic indulgence, scores have passed away. Why do politicians, public officials, and newspaper men fail in their duty to the rest of the community in emphasising the appalling ravishes of alcohol?

THE LESSON FROM KANSAS.

Advocates of No-License do more than theorise when they affirm that the abolition of the liquor traffic would be a tremendous factor in reducing the death rate. The recent published facts from U.S.A. are very convincing on this point. In 1880 four States (Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Kansas) had a death rate of 17 per 1000 per annum. Then Kansas closed its saloons, and has kept them closed ever since, with the result that to-day the death rate has fallen to 7½ per 1000. The other three States mentioned above still retain the liquor traffic and still keep up their death roll to the old figure.

Kansas has reduced its death rate by 9½ per 1000, and with her population of 1,700,000 people, if she stood where Michigan, Iowa, and Wisconsin stand to-day, would have a death roll increased by 16,150 annually.

HOW ALCOHOL GETS ITS DEADLY WORK IN.

It is not inferred that every one of the foregoing would be habitual drunkards or die of alcoholic poisoning, or are killed in drunken brawls. As horrifying as the present number of cases being continuously brought before the public are, if each case in which alcohol was the chief contributing factor was also tabulated some startling figures would be forthcoming.

In "Alcohol and the Human Body," by Sir Victor Horsley and Dr. Mary Sturge, a list of 35 different diseases is given of which alcohol is frequently a determining and frequently a contributing cause. This list takes in diseases affecting almost every part of the body. Authorities are quoted, and it is now universally held by medical men of standing that the drinker is less immune from disease and has a lessened possibility of recovery than the non-drinker.

The statement of Professor Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, is worthy of

PREMISES TO BE DEMOLISHED.

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Men's Felt Hats, 10/6, Now 6/11; 6/6 Line, Now 2/11; Straw Hats 4/6, Now 1/-; Kit and Gladstone Bags and Suit Cases, all at Reduced Prices; Fashion Shirts, 6/6, Now 2/11; Linen Collars, 6d. dozen.

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consideration. This eminent authority says:—"Besides its deleterious influence on the nervous system and other important parts of our body, alcohol has a harmful action on the white blood-cells, the agents of natural defence against infective microbes."

This was also brought out very clearly by a comment made by the President of the Board of Health, N.S.W., Dr. Ashburton Thompson, in his report on the outbreak of pneumonia at Broken Hill early this year. He attributed the outbreak in part to insanitary habitations and in part to the drinking habits of the men.

It is facts of this kind that are supported by the experiences based upon actuarial science that has revealed to the insurance societies the value of the total abstainer. Several societies have two sections, one general and the other for total abstainers. The returns reveal an extraordinary difference in the death rate of drinkers and non-drinkers. No one has yet been able to show any other reason than total abstinence to account for the low death rate of the abstainers.

Comparisons from friendly societies, some of which are wholly composed of total abstainers, reveals the same convincing fact that life is assuredly prolonged by total abstinence.

In the light of all this scientific knowledge, backed up by every-day experience, an aggressive campaign is urgently required in order that the truth may be made manifest and the morality of our voters tested on the great question of allowing such a menace to the life of the people to prevail. It is impossible to crowd into an article of this kind all the available evidence sufficiently strong enough to place alcoholic selling outside the consideration of civilised and humanised, let alone Christianised, communities, but some excellent books have been written, and of these we heartily recommend "Alcohol and the Human Body" (Horsley and Sturge, 1s.), "Fifty Doctors Against Alcohol" (3s.), post-age extra. Angus and Robertson or the N.S.W. Alliance.

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Woman's Christian Temperance Union of New South Wales.

"FOR GOD AND HOME AND HUMANITY."

TO THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE CHURCHES AND TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES OF NEW SOUTH WALES.
DEAR FELLOW WORKERS,

The time for battle against the drink traffic is always **UNCEASING, UNFLINCHING, and UNCOMPROMISING.** But there are times of special opportunity for the rally of forces called to a determined advance on the foe. Such a time is fast approaching. In a few weeks the "**LOCAL OPTION POLL**" will be taken, when the citizens will be able to express a judgment at the ballot box.

We are organizing a movement that must have a very great influence upon that vote. With that object, a meeting was held on the 31st July, when representatives met, and after prayerful consideration it was decided to organize a great and widespread

"TOTAL ABSTINENCE PLEDGE SIGNING CAMPAIGN"

for one Special Day—a great concentrated effort to win thousands of Men, Women, and Children for the Temperance Army.

While we purpose working to the utmost to gain votes for "**NO-LICENSE**," we feel that every pledged abstainer gained is not only a vote for victory, but it is also a living witness and in many cases a tireless worker for the propaganda, and one less possible victim to the thralldom of strong drink.

The great idea voiced at the meeting is somewhat as follows:—Sunday, November 9th, is the "**WORLD'S TEMPERANCE SUNDAY**." We propose to ask all Preachers and Teachers in Churches, Missions, Salvation Army, and S. Schools that day to make Special Appeals for all to sign the Total Abstinence Pledge. Then Monday, November 10th, to be given over to a great "**PLEDGE SIGNING CAMPAIGN**," when thousands of earnest men and women of all Temperance Organizations shall give whatever time they can to plead with their friends, to canvass door to door, to hold midday and evening meetings, to distribute literature, and by any other possible means carry on a determined propaganda, and especially shall it be the aim of every lover of righteousness and sobriety to

"WIN AT LEAST ONE PERSON FOR THE PLEDGE."

Many may win dozens or even scores if they so determine, by the grace and help of God. Oh! it is a thrilling thought, what may be done that day by the thousands of devoted men and women who love their Lord, together with all citizens who sincerely wish for a sober nation.

It is a formidable task, we fully realise; it will involve an immense amount of energy, and splendid self-sacrifice and courage—a gigantic determination to **WORK, PRAY, GIVE, and WIN.** Scores of thousands of pledge books and suitable literature must be printed.

"BUT LISTEN! IT IS WORTH IT ALL!"

Remember, God is with us; it is the promise of His Word that gives us confidence, and fires our souls to cry for you all.

"Faith, mighty Faith, the promise sees."

Now, dear fellow-workers, this is our plan:—We need and must have your co-operation in heart and hand; we of the **W.C.T. UNION** cannot do it alone. We will give of our best in organization and labor to carry the plan to a triumphant issue, but we must have the support of all Churches and Societies—a grand unity of forces that will not leave one worker idle that day.

A meeting for the purpose of planning and organizing this great effort will be held on **THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 21st, AT 8 O'CLOCK**, in the

BATHURST STREET BAPTIST SCHOOL HALL.

Will all the men and women of every Church and Society and Sunday School, whose hearts warm to this thing, come—so much depends on that meeting. If you cannot come, won't you write to us words of cheer; tell us what you think. Friends in distant Suburbs and Country, who will take some part in local arrangements for their own district, please write us, if possible, before the meeting, telling us of their willingness to co-operate. We wish that this effort shall cover the whole State. We look to our W.C.T.U. branch workers to push this battle right through with splendid zeal and faith.

Now we send out this rally cry, and call to work in the name of our dear Lord. And, remember, for that great day

"WIN AT LEAST ONE PERSON FOR THE PLEDGE."

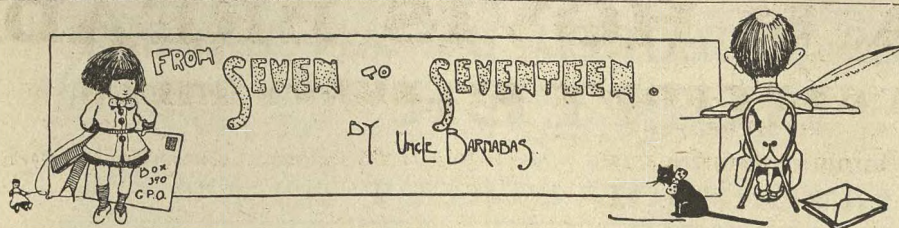
We mean business, and by God's help will see this thing through; but we look for your hearty help by **BRAIN, HEART, and PURSE.** Will you not cheer us on by a quick response?

"THE BATTLE IS THE LORD'S." WE ARE BUT HIS CO-FIGHTERS.

W.C.T.U. Headquarters,
139 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.
August, 1913.

Yours for victory,

E. ALICE BLOW, President.
EVA G. BOWES, Secretary.



THE DOVE AND THE RAVEN.

You all remember the story of the flood and how when Noah wanted to know if the waters had gone down he sent out a raven, which never came back. This bird liked nasty things, and found plenty of them, mostly dead bodies. He rested on them and fed on them. The dove went out and came back again, not liking even to rest on horrid things. The second time the dove went out it came back with a wee branch in its mouth, and the third time it did not come back. Now, the dove was helpful to Noah, doing for him what he could not do for himself. While only a small bird, yet it was useful, doing what an elephant could not do. It was also encouraging to Noah. While a sprig of leaves is not as beautiful as a bunch of flowers, yet it cheered Noah and was very welcome to him. Even little things done by little people are precious and sweet if done in love. Then the dove was so quiet about it. It did not cackle like a hen or crow like a rooster, but was just quiet and unobtrusive.

Now, if there had been another flood, or when Noah built his house, which do you think he would be sure to have a raven or a dove? You know he would want a dove and say "No, I won't have a raven, he loves nasty things and never helped me at all. No. I do not want a raven."

Are you like the raven or the dove? Will you ask yourself this question when you are saying your prayers. Be very honest with yourself.—Uncle B.

FOR SUNDAY.

If you did not find anything about an axe look up II. Kings, chap. vi., 5. There are two interesting texts about birds' nests in Deuteronomy xlii., 11, and Jeremiah xlix, 16, and the wicked use of a penknife is seen in Jeremiah xlvii, 23.

FOR MONDAY.

ODD, ISN'T IT?

A match has a head and no face,
A watch has a face and no head.
A river has a mouth and no tongue,
A waggon has a tongue and no mouth.
An umbrella has ribs and no trunk,
A tree has a trunk and no ribs.
A clock has hands but no arms,
The sea has arms but no hands.
A rooster has a comb but no hair,
A rabbit has hair but no comb.

Odd, isn't it?

H.M.S. NEW ZEALAND.

Athol Williams, Hadfield House, Collegiate School, Wanganui, June 16, 1913, writes:—

My Dear Uncle B.,—

I am very happy at my new school. We went on board H.M.S. New Zealand to-day,

and it was very rough going out to her. We were almost two hours on board the little boat, and about half of the school fed the fishes, but I am glad to say I did not. We all lasted out till we were a good way out and then they all got to work.

I found there were some buns on the go at the kitchen, so I went down and I got the last one, and then all the others wanted them, and for the time forgot about all except trying to feed themselves with buns, but they could not get them.

We were supposed to get back here at 12 o'clock, but we did not land at Castlecliff till just about one o'clock, and then we walked four miles back to jail (school), and at about 2.30 p.m. had our lunch. When we got on board we went round all over the place. Two other chaps and I.

She is a beautiful ship, and on her it was practically like on shore. We first went up and had a look at the instrument to tell how much she is rolling. We found she was rolling, but only very little. Then we went and had a look at one of the 12-inch guns, and it was very good. Then we went down a flight of stairs and saw the shells: very big and heavy to hurl through the air like they do with them. We then roamed about for the rest of the time, always seeing new things. When we got on board the tender and were just leaving the ship we found we had left a boy on board, but we could not go back to get him, as there was no time, and besides it was a hard job in the rough sea.

We are to go to the top of St. John's Hill to-night at 5.30 to see a search-light display. I would not have minded if I had been left on board if I had a mate, because you would have a good time with all the men, and as he might not get off here he might see a lot and see the search lights working well. He will have a good view of everything.

Now, good-bye, with love from your affectionate nephew.

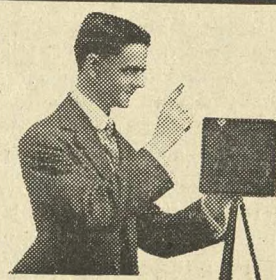
(Dear Athol,—Thank you for your most interesting letter. We are all glad to hear of H.M.S. New Zealand. Your luck was in getting that last bun. I am very glad I was not in the little boat or I would have unbreakfasted like the other boys. I smiled when I read of your getting back to "jail." Don't you ever forget that you are freer at school than you ever will be anywhere else in life.—Uncle B.)

A FINE HELPER.

Joan Lemm, "Marion," Lewisham-st., Dulwich Hill, 3rd July, 1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have filled my collecting card for you, and I thought I would send for another one. I collected 10/3 altogether. Will you please send it me for Sunday (D.V.) Uncle? I see several at church from whom I might receive something. Several girls and my Sunday school teacher have promised me something at Sunday school. Mother thinks it will be better to send the whole amount with my second card. Do you want it now? I wish I could make a raffia bag for the children's issue, but I started a work-basket, and want to get it finished. I keep forgetting to send my answer to Mary Bailey's puzzle. It is as follows:—

"Dear Ellie,—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 goodbye, with love from—Eva."



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The Editor, "Photography and Focus," London.

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So I will close, too. Love to my cousins and yourself from your loving ni.

(Dear Joan,—I am a naughty man not to have sent a card, but they are all hidden away somewhere and I can't find them. Could you not paste a slip of paper just along the top and write the fresh names on it? You are a little brick. Do you know what that means, and how that name came to be given to girls like you?—Uncle B.)

A BIG SURPRISE.

Ruby Godfrey, The Island, Kameruka, July 5th, 1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I was very pleased to see my letters printed in "Grit." No one here knew I had written until they saw the copy on Page 11, and were surprised. But mother and dad had both told me before that I could write to you any time I wished, so I did when they least expected it. Well, Uncle, as you asked me I will now tell you why this place is called "The Island." There are about 2000 acres on this place, I think. It is not really an island, but almost. The Tanta-wanglo River flows round most part, and then there is a narrow piece of land about half mile wide between it and the Sandy Creek, which joins the Bemboka River, and then flows into the Tanta-wanglo when it is then called the Bega River. So you see it is not really an island, but almost. "Kameruka" is a native place, Uncle, and the name means, "Wait till I come," so when I ask you when you will be good enough to favor this lonely district you will say "Kameruka." Of course, that is what I suppose you will say. When I say "lonely part" I do not mean there is not enough population (although there should be more for this beautiful district), but I mean that the people are not near as lively as they should be and that we very seldom have a visit from any lecturers of any kind, especially temperance lectures, such as this district sadly needs. But people who have travelled say it is not as bad as some places. So, Uncle, don't you think you could manage to take a run down here some time and shake the people up a bit, or if you could not, perhaps you could coax Mr. Hammond to come. I know you are both always very busy, but some time you might be able to come. And then, perhaps, you might see the lovely Kameruka estate, or a small part of it, I mean. I will describe it to you next time I write. No, Uncle, I

hope I will not leave off writing to you for a long time. I do not know why some of the old ne's and ni's have left off: not because you haven't been a faithful uncle, I know. I suppose they are a bit neglectful. I see cousin Bonny has at last written a short letter, but I think her long ones much nicer, and as you said she should have promised us a longer one next time. We have had a dreadful lot of rain lately, Uncle; the river was uncrossable four times, and the last time we had the largest flood I have ever seen. The river was gloriously wild. It runs round three sides of our house (rather of the rise our house is built on). The cheese factory, which my father manages, is only about 40 yds. from our front gate. It seems close, but we never have any bad smells like at some places at all. Everything is scrupulously clean, and people travelling from all parts of the world always remark on the cleanliness of the place. It is a pleasure to walk through any time. Dad has not gone back to work since his attack of illness which commenced seven weeks ago, beginning with influenza, then pleurisy, then bad knees, but he is getting on very well now. During his absence my brother Walter has been managing, and although he is under twenty his managementship it is said would be a credit to almost any man. I work in the factory sometimes, and it is very interesting. I have a lot of news to tell you yet, but I will not try your eyes any more with my scrawl. Really, my writing is a disgrace, but about six months before I left school a new hand of writing came in and I was made to practise it, and of course my writing was ruined. Next time I will tell you about the bonny times I have down at Wallagoot, where dad owns about 70 acres of land and a three-roomed house close to the sea, where we go for our holidays, so I will close with love to cousins and self.

P.S.—I think I am the only niece in this district, and if you like I will see if I can get some more. I know three who would like to write. Love.—R.G.

(Dear Ruby,—What a fine letter. I am delighted with it, and the promise of another letter soon. Will you tell us all about the cheese factory. You might get both Uncle B. and Mr. Hammond, for they have been known to visit a place together, so keep on hoping and write soon. Hope father is quite well again.—Uncle B.)

Why No-License Must Come.

(Continued from Page 6.)

ally provide a masterly argument against alcohol by proving that even in moderation it greatly shortens life. We are in such good company that no wonder we are buoyant, and we are marching with the world's progress in our effort to decrease the facilities for the sale of drink.

THE DREADFUL ALTERNATIVE.

What do I consider the most conclusive argument for No-License in a single statement? If I am ever in doubt as to how I ought to vote, I effectively settle the question by putting in sharp contrast the only two ways in which I am permitted to vote. I certainly cannot give my vote for continuance since it guarantees to provide 100,000 convictions for drunkenness in the next three years and also greatly increase crime, domestic unhappiness and economic troubles. On the other hand No-License has, without a single exception, reduced drunkenness to one third, crime by one-half, and won the approval of 7 out of 10 business men, and I vote No-License because if it is not the final solution of the liquor problem, it is evidently so much better than the present system of the open bar, that I must give it my support.

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Life had no charms for this old "tough," Though in his youth he'd "cut up" rough, His eye was dimmed, his voice was husky, This much I knew of friend McClusky. And later on I heard the tale— He'd have given up the ghost, for sure, If he hadn't followed a pal's advice And taken Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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HER NEEDS.

He: "She has everything she needs to make her happy."

She: "But it's the things she does not need that a woman needs to make her happy."—*"Rochester Times."*

* * *

NINE POINTS IN HER FAVOR.

The lovely girl, having lingered a minute in her room to adjust her transformation, change the angle of her Grecian band and make sure that her skirt fitted like the peeling of a plum, descended to the parlor to find the family pet ensconced upon the knee of the young-man caller, her curly head nestled comfortably against his shoulder.

"Why, Mabel!" the young lady exclaimed; "aren't you ashamed of yourself? Get right down."

"Shan't do it," retorted the child. "I got here first."

* * *

Visitor (to facetious farmer): "I'd like to know why on earth you call that white pig 'Ink?'"

Facetious Farmer: "Because he's always running from the pen!"

THE SWEET THING.

"This piece of lace on my dress is over fifty years old."

"It's beautiful. Did you make it yourself?"—"New Orleans Times-Democrat."

* * *

HE DIDN'T MEAN IT.

She: "It seems strange that you did not remember my face and yet you remembered my name."

He (awkwardly): "Well, you know you have an attractive sort of name."—"Yonkers Statesman."

* * *

He: "Ah, darling, may I be your captain and guide your barque down the sea of life?"

The Widow: "No; but you can be my second mate."—"Life."

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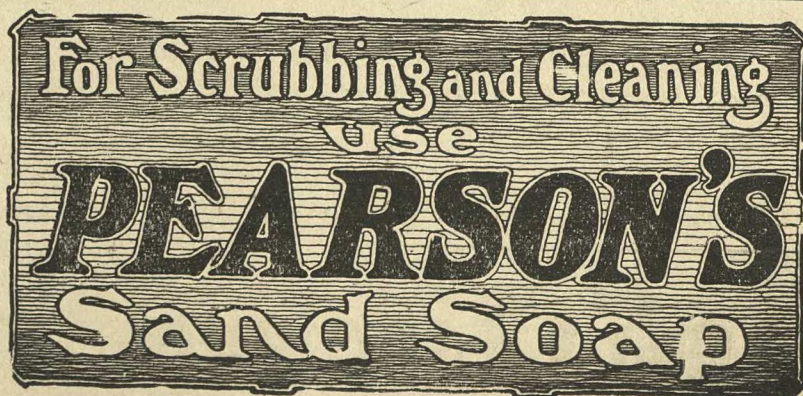
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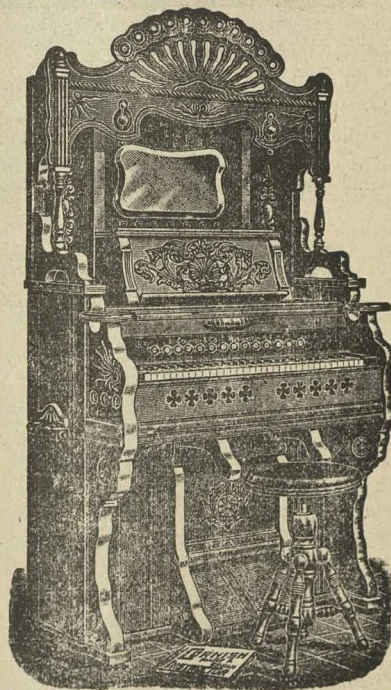
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(Continued.)

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43. Can I know I am saved?

Lu. 1: 77-79.—To give knowledge of salvation unto his people by the remission of their sins.

Through the tender mercy of our God; whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us.

To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.

1 John 5: 13-14.—These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God.

And this is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us.

44. My companions have such influence over me.

Deut. 13: 6-11.—If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend, which is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly, saying, Let us go and serve other gods, which thou hast not known, thou, nor thy fathers;

Namely, of the gods of the people which are round about you, nigh unto thee, or far off from thee, from the one end of the earth even unto the other end of the earth;

Thou shalt not consent unto him, nor hearken unto him; neither shalt thine eye pity him, neither shalt thou spare, neither shalt thou conceal him:

But thou shalt surely kill him; thine hand shall be first upon him to put him to death, and afterwards the hand of all the people.

And thou shalt stone him with stones, that he die; because he hath sought to thrust thee away from the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage.

And all Israel shall hear, and fear, and shall do no more any such wickedness as this is among you.

Psa. 1: 1-2.—Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

45. I can't stand the persecution.

Matt. 10: 21-22.—And the brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child; and the children shall rise up against their parents, and cause them to be put to death.

And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake; but he that endureth to the end shall be saved.

John 16: 32-33.—Behold, the hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone; and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.

These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.

46. I can't live a Christian.

Mark 14: 36.—And he said, Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me; nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt.

Phil 4: 13.—I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

47. My heart is so hard.

Eze. 36: 26-27.—A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh.

And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them.

Jer. 23: 28-29.—The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord.

Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?

48. I am doing my best to please God.

Heb. 11: 6.—But without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.

Rom. 8: 26-27.—Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

And he that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God.

49. I don't want you to talk to me.

Prov. 29: 1.—He, that being often reproveth hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.

Eze. 3: 10-11.—Moreover he said unto me, Son of man, all my words that I shall speak unto thee receive in thine heart, and hear with thine ears.

And go, get thee to them of the captivity, unto the children of thy people, and speak unto them, and tell them, Thus saith the Lord God; whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear.

50. I don't believe in conversion.

Matt. 18: 3.—And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Acts 3: 19.—Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.

51. I can't break off swearing.

Matt. 5: 33-37.—Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oaths:

But I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne;

Nor by the earth; for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King.

Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.

But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

52. I am troubled with doubts.

John 20: 24-31.—But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came.

The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe.

And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, peace be unto you.

Then saith he to Thomas, reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing.

And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God.

Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book:

But these are written, that he might believe

that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.

53. Young people not so bad as old ones.

Psa. 52: 5.—Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

Psa. 53: 2-3.—God looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, that did seek God.

Everyone of them is gone back: they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.

Ecl. 7: 20.—For there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not.

54. Things in the Bible I can't understand or believe.

2 Tim. 3: 16.—And without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.

1 Cor. 2: 14.—But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.

55. I worship the God of Nature.

John 4: 21-24.—Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father.

Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship: for salvation is of the Jews.

But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him.

God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

2 Tim. 3: 1-7.—This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come.

For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy.

Without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good.

Traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God;

Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away.

For of this sort are they which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts.

Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.

Acts 17: 22-31.—

Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' Hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.

For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.

God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; Neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things;

And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation;

That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us:

For in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring.

Forasmuch then as we are offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device.

And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent:

Because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead.

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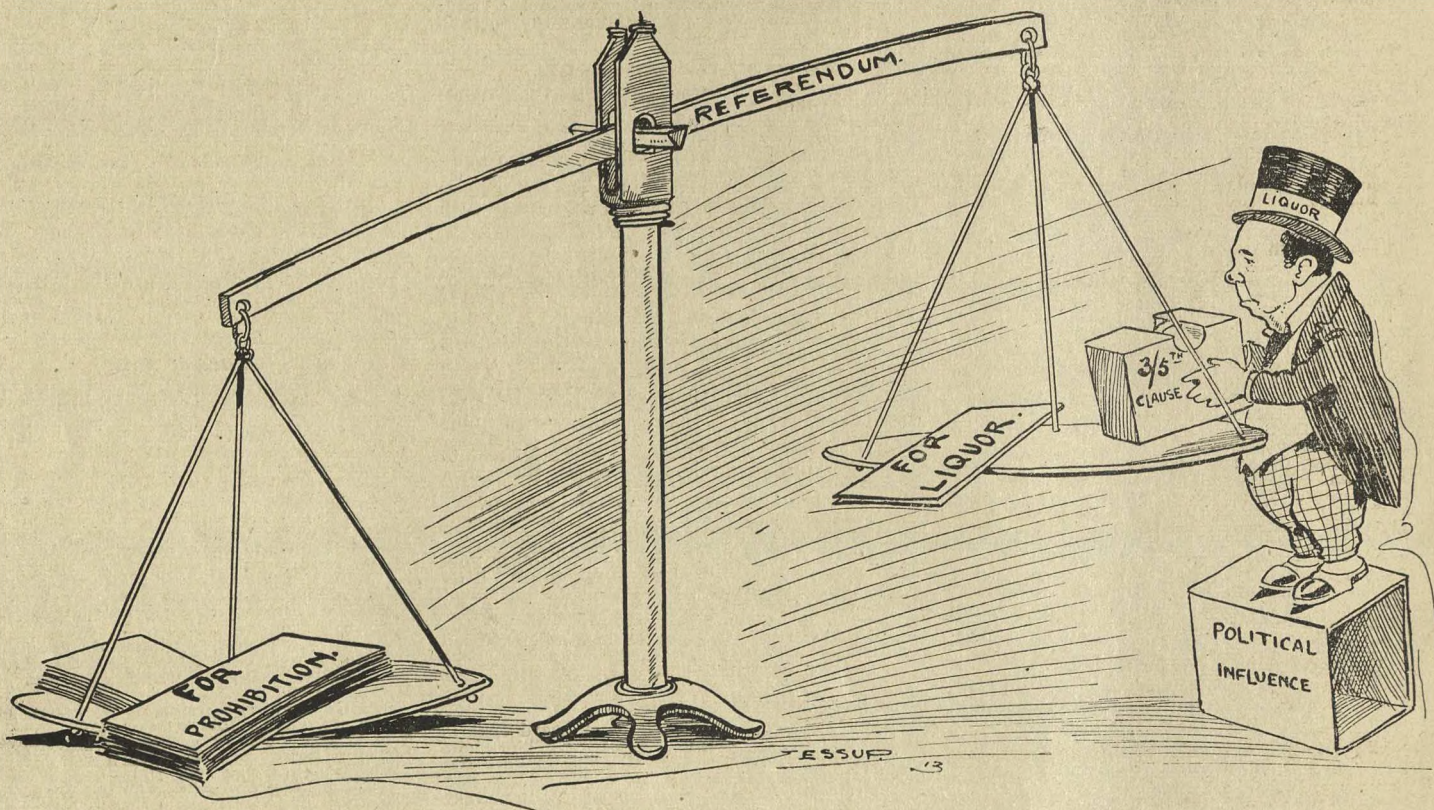
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