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THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1913.

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The Law and Science.

STIRRING SPEECH BY DR. MACAULEY, OF PERTH, W.A.

The annual meeting of the W.A. Alliance, held in the Perth Town Hall, West Australia, on the 29th ult., was addressed by Dr. Samuel Macauley.

This gentleman is in the front rank of the consulting physicians of the State, and as such his utterances have a weight that does not attach to those of less qualified men, considering the devastating effects of the drink curse wherever it prevails, and the corresponding necessity that the public should be fully educated in the fact that Alcohol cannot be rightly regarded as either a food or a medicine, but only as a most deceptive poison.

Dr. Macauley, who was received with cheers, moved the following resolution, that—

“The time has arrived when, in the interests of the public welfare, the Legislature should bring the laws governing the sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage into harmony with scientific teachings regarding the action of Alcohol upon the human system.”

In moving the resolution, the speaker said that he was fully conscious of the far-reaching effects that would result from its adoption by the Legislature, but inasmuch as those effects could only be beneficial to the people, he had no hesitation whatever in commending it.

Continuing, he said: During the earlier years of my life I was myself an abstainer, but, becoming unwell, I was advised by a doctor to take a little alcohol. I did so, but found that its immediate effect was to deaden the power of thought. Under advice, however, which I may say, was in accordance with the medical science of that day, I continued for some years as a moderate drinker, but now as a result of advanced medical science I have quite abandoned the use of alcohol as a beverage.

As it has been stated, “Alcohol is not a stimulant, but a sedative; alcohol is a drug, not a food,” just as strong doses of alcohol are more or less rapidly harmful to the digestive organs, so smaller doses are liable ultimately to affect these organs in a similar

though slower way. The effect of oft-repeated small doses of poison is accumulative, and in course of time they mount up to a very definite influence upon the system.

The habit of taking doses of alcohol on an empty stomach, or between meals, is specially bad. It is harmful to the individual, and therefore to the nation at large. You will agree with me that the proper function of the Government is to make and administer laws for the good of the whole community. But what can be thought of laws on our Statute Book which compel publicans to supply liquid that is admittedly poisonous to the citizens of this State?

What will be thought of laws which support the sale of liquids as a beverage which are demonstrably injurious to our people? I am not blaming the present or past Governments for this state of affairs, for alcohol was long supposed—erroneously supposed—to act as a stimulant to those who were tired or sick.

MEDICAL EVIDENCE.

We have been in recent years girt about by a zodiac of friendly sciences, the chief of which is undoubtedly the science of medicine. Medicine has lengthened the span of human life, and has lessened pain. But it will have conferred one of the greatest boons ever experienced by mankind when it has convinced the Government of the world by the irrefutable logic of facts that the consumption of alcohol as a beverage is attended by individual and national degeneration. (Applause.) Let us listen to what some of the leaders of medical science have to say on this subject.

Professor Von Ziemssen says: “The baneful effects of this poison-alcohol affect all communities.” The late Sir Andrew Clark said: “Alcohol is a poison, so is strychnine, so is arsenic, so is opium. Alcohol ranks with these agents. Health is always in some way or another injured by it.”

Professor Sims Woodhead says: “A man under the influence of small quantities of alcohol has no right to believe his own senses. He cannot trust them to give him

correct facts. He cannot rely upon his judgment for the interpretation of facts.”

THE EFFECT ON THE MIND.

Alcohol, even in very moderate doses, affects, first of all, the quality of mental work done, more mistakes are made; secondly, it affects the speed.

An experiment, which was made to determine the effect in the adding of figures, is very interesting. Half-an-hour daily for six days was utilised in adding figures without any alcohol having been taken. It was found that the ability to do this work increased with each day's practice.

On the seventh day a variation was made, the experiment being associated with the use of alcohol. It was now found that in spite of the advantage of the previous day's practice, the ability to add, did not increase, but, instead, began to decrease very rapidly.

On the nineteenth day the alcohol was stopped, and very soon an improvement was manifested. On the 26th day, the use of alcohol was resumed, when a decided decrease in the power of adding figures was again manifested.

ALCOHOL AND MEMORY.

It is certain that alcohol affects memory injuriously, and that the sensations of comfort and well-being which often result from drinking wine, beer or spirits, are merely deceptive illusions, for in fact, the surrounding comfortless conditions are not in any way diminished, the only alteration that takes place being the loss of power to understand or realise the actual discomfort of the position. In a normal state, a man strives to improve his surroundings or else to remove himself from them, but under the influence of alcohol he is quite satisfied to let

(Continued on Page 10.)

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Tom's "Tremenjus Hist."

A STORY OF SAVING POWER.

(From the "Sunday School Times.")

The well-known strains of grand old "Nettleton" floated out on Broad Street to the words used in a thousand revival meetings:

"The fountain lies open,
The fountain lies open;
Come and bathe your weary soul."

Tom staggered along, not conscious of any aim as to destination, but the night was rather warm for March, in spite of a little snow on the ground; and he was thirsty. The "fountain" caught his bleared attention. He put one trembling hand on the iron fence in front of the church, and unsteadily tried to settle his wandering purpose. "Come and bathe," sang the congregation. Dimly Tom thought that there might be a drink in there, even if it was only water. His throat was hard and dry and cracked, his lips purple and blistered. Any kind of a drink! Anything! He stumbled in the low door of the "lecture-room," then stood, swaying and tottering, blinded by the light, dazed by the volume of sound, his purpose already forgotten.

The pronounced titter from several pews full of young people near the door increased his confusion, though it reached him only as a sort of hostile murmur. But instinctively, as a child apprehends kindly intentions, he recognised a friend in the sweet-faced young lady who grasped his dirty hand and piloted him to a seat, saying in a low tone, "We are very glad to have you with us, brother! Sit right here." She put a song-book into his hand, but he could not read a word. "Brother!" was sounding in his dulled brain. That lady called him "brother!" He must be dreaming. Of course he was. It was like many a waking dream he had had after prolonged sprees, filled with wonderful impossibilities. He sat heavily in his seat, his head drooping into the aisle. Somebody spoke to him, but he did not hear enough to attend.

"There is a fountain," sang the congregation, to an old familiar tune that Tom had heard hundreds of times when a boy. His old aunt used to sing it constantly. He remembered her in a hazy way. But the word "fountain" recalled his thirst. He wanted a drink so badly. He tried to mumble his desire, but his tongue was so thick he only grunted. A few young people laughed. The sweet-faced girl sat near him and found the song in his book. He tried to thank her, but failed. His sight was too obscure to see anything clearly. Yet the old tune hummed itself along in his consciousness, and somehow he thought of the old farm in York

State, the cool spring by the dairy, and the deep swimming-hole in the creek.

If he only could get a drink from that spring! Tom thought it would be worth a large slice of the multi-millions he had heard discussed down in the last saloon he visited that day. What was that somebody was saying? "Never thirst?" That was ridiculous. He could tell that man better than that. He dozed off for a few minutes, then roused with something like a start as the congregation kneeled in prayer. Tom looked curiously at the sweet young lady. She was kneeling by his side, right on the rather dusty floor. It didn't look the thing. What was she doing it for, anyhow? The girl raised her eyes, and said, in a low tone, "Kneel down, brother; it will help you."

Tom rolled down on his threadbare knees. He would try to do anything that sweet face asked, when she called him by that name. He didn't even think what it was all about, only he was tired, and thirsty and miserable, and this real lady was so wonderfully good to him. A voice was speaking, the voice of a strong man. Presently the volume of sound increased. Tom caught a few words. "Save us from our sins!" Another voice called out rather loudly, "Amen!" Tom understood dimly. "Save! sins! save!" That touched him just where he lived. "Amen!" he mumbled. "Tha'sh me."

The congregation stood again, and another melody broke forth. The girl touched Tom's arm and beckoned him to rise. With a great effort he regained his seat, but did not attempt to stand. The congregation sang on: "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Tom remembered there was a little snow on the ground. He wondered dully why they sang about it. He dozed again, for perhaps five minutes. When he roused he became conscious that a strong, clear, persuasive voice was speaking. It was the same voice that had prayed about "sins" and "saved." Tom tried to see the speaker, and partly rose to his feet. The watching young people tittered again.

A rather tall, broad, powerful-looking man, in a military uniform, with brass buttons down the front and straps on his shoulders, was talking earnestly. Tom felt a faint gleam of recognition. Presently the fact forced its way through his mind. It was the "good colonel," as they called him sometimes. Tom had seen him leading big meetings for temperance in Philadelphia and Chester. Then there came another recollection; the colonel had spoken to Tom once,

and given him a quarter for a night's lodging. Tom had spent it all for whisky in half an hour.

The "good colonel" talked on, and his words began to hit Tom hard as his intelligence slowly awakened. He saw a pathetic picture of his own miserable home—the place where his family herded in three small rooms, and he himself slept off his debauches in snoring unconsciousness. He saw his wife, a bowed and ragged figure, moving feebly about her work, with nothing to look forward to but her husband's dreaded coming. Her "husband!" yes, the man who promised to love, cherish, and protect her. "Protect!" cried the colonel, "protect!" The sarcasm pierced even Tom's mind. He murmured a little, and shifted his position uneasily.

Then the colonel made him see his children, the three little mites, stunted, starved, soiled, hiding in the corners when they heard their father's stumbling step, trudging out to the corner grocery to buy or beg, according as they had a copper in the house or not,—poor little frightened helpless things, going down, down, down.

"What do you imagine God thinks of you?" cried the speaker. "You ought to be leading your children in the way of truth and life and purity. You are showing them the broad road to destruction. What will you do about it? What?"

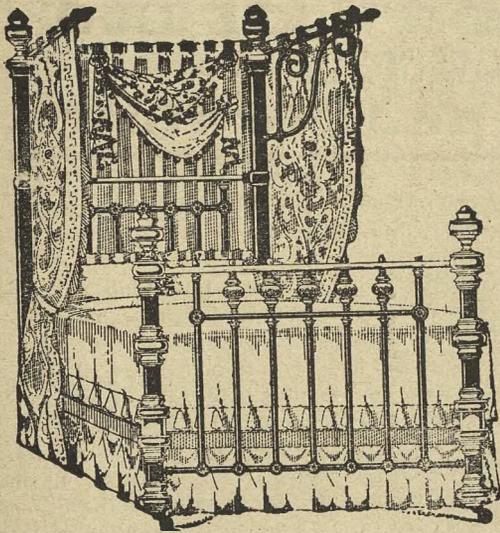
Tom felt stunned; his slow mind received the impression that he was a culprit condemned. He felt as he did when the magistrate ordered him to stand up for sentence, only this appeared to be worse. There was a weight on his chest; he feebly put his hand over his thumping heart.

Presently he caught the colonel's words again. The voice had changed, the broad kindly face was beaming, tears were in his eyes. He told of the love and mercy of God; of His power, His ability to take a poor, lost wanderer and heal him outright; of how a man down in the gutter might be lifted up and set upon his feet; of a new life, a clean life, a decent life, even a useful life; of forgiveness, and happiness and peace and strength and joy and victory. Tom could not realize half of it; he struggled to comprehend.

The speaker pressed on; questions began to come rapidly. Did he want to be delivered from all the misery and evil, all this suffering and punishment so richly deserved, all this worthlessness and infamy? Did he want it—to be "saved"?

There was no direct request to rise, but Tom was on his feet, one palsied hand stretched shakingly out, his thick, bruised lips quivering.

"Yep! Sure! Tha'sh me, colonel."
(Concluded in Next Issue.)



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

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549 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY.

New South Wales Alliance.

ARE YOU GETTING READY?

"Procrastination is the thief of time," declared the comedy artist, to which his mate replied, "That must have been the fellow that stole my watch." I'm afraid a few watches will be lost in some of the electorates unless we get a move on.

"Wait till after Christmas, then when the holidays are over we'll get to work with our League." Christmas passed; nothing doing.

"Wait till after Easter, then we'll begin." Easter passed; nothing doing.

"Ah, well, we get the Federal elections over, then we get steam up." Federal elections over (temporarily, anyhow); nothing — Well, I won't fill in the other word for at least fourteen days. Something is surely going to happen now.

KEEP YOUR EYE CLEAR.

Mr. Belleclair, a physical culture exponent, who gave a fine address to business men at the Tivoli the other day, said that it was a good thing when rising in the morning to dip your fingers in cold water and carefully draw the fingers around the eyes in order to get the blood circulating. We advise our friends to try this, and then endeavor to get a vision of what is being accomplished by drink in New South Wales.

His Excellency the Governor, Sir Gerald Strickland, recently said "that our vices were very much like those of ancient Rome and Babylon, but that with the aid of the press they are brought more prominently before

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be good taste, "don't you know," to blame the drink. Oh, no. Someone might say "Wowser," and there are those who would rather follow their brother to a drunkard's grave than lift a little finger against the grog trade, for fear they would be called "Wowsers."

FORGOTTEN.

Have you seen that pathetic picture "Forgotten," where a poor little pony is standing outside a country inn. The snow is falling, and inside the bar can be seen his master filling himself with drink. The man having a good time; the pony a bad one. Have you ever pictured the New South Wales Alliance standing out for a great cause, expected to carry a great burden, ready to fight for the very life of this State, but often, like a half-starved pony, unable to do its work. Thousands of its so-called friends are living in luxurious homes, with many comforts, with splendid prospects. They are cosy, but have forgotten the Alliance. We want you to remember us now. We will be looking out every mail after this paragraph gets into print for a cheque to our "Fighting Fund." Since I have been General Secretary, now over three months, I have not in these columns previously asked for money. It is a pity we have to ask. Our great work is so essential, our needs so pressing. But ask we must, for the measure of our work, like the work of the pony, will be in proportion to the food (£ s. d.) supplied. Please send along some oats.

BREWERY DIRECTORS GET £10,000 EACH.

At an extraordinary general meeting of Messrs. Bass, Ratcliff and Gretton, Ltd., brewers, Burton-on-Trent, on January 27, Mr. J. Gretton, M.P., presiding, resolutions were unanimously passed increasing the directors' remuneration from £4000 to £10,000 per annum.

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A GENUINE BARGAIN.—Three acres 3 roods 2 perches of splendid Land on the Georgetown Estate, Bankstown. Cleared, good roads made, water supply handy, and near proposed extension Bankstown to Liverpool Railway. £150, Cash £50, Balance 18 quarterly instalments, plus 5 per cent.

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DRY-CLEANING A SPECIALITY.
SUITS Vacuum Cleaned and Tailor-Pressed, 5/-.
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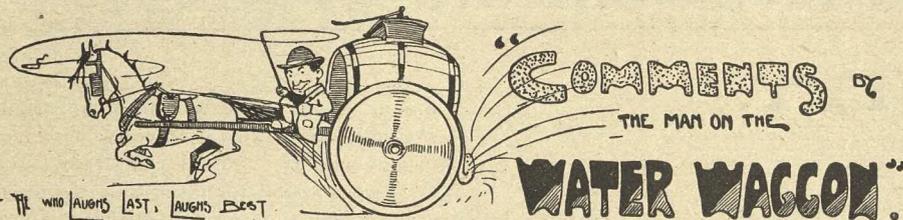
PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS PREPARED.

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Builder and Contractor,

REGENT STREET, PETERSHAM

WRITE ME.



ANOTHER WOWSER.

W. Garrity set out last week in stern pursuit of that rifleman's Mecca, the King's Prize.

Garrity, as a rifleman, has been doing some brilliant work, and it a remarkable thing that he was not chosen as a member of the original team that went home a fortnight ago under the auspices of the National Rifle Association.

So stirred up have been the local riflemen at the feats of Garrity, that when they heard he was not going officially, they clubbed together and sent him away last week.

Garrity has been a fine rifle shot for years, but it was only recently that he developed great brilliancy. Originally he was a sergeant in the Garrison Artillery at Albany, and when Lord Kitchener visited that port Garrity was captain of the Hotchkiss gun crew that did so remarkably well, that the famous general personally congratulated him. Since then Garrity has been to the front as member of the Fremantle Rifle Club, he having left the forces. He was a great factor in the winning of the last inter-State matches for W.A. For some considerable time so well has he done in club events, that his average has been one off the possible on two range shooting. One of his finest feats was the scoring at 34 consecutive bull's eyes. 10 at 300 yards, and 24 at 500 yards. at his final shoot before leaving for England. Firing with a new Government rack barrel in frightful weather conditions, with the light poor and the rain coming down, he put on 11 consecutive bull's-eyes at 200 yards.

He is regarded by those who should know as a possible King's Prize winner. He is a teetotaller, and is possessed of wonderful nerve. So great is his power of concentration, that he can detach himself from everything surrounding him and continue his shooting with the greatest sangfroid.

A REPEATED CHALLENGE TO "FAIRPLAY."

Our courteous opponent "Fairplay," says in a leading article:—

"Pip" is a poor little affair at the best, but if it feels disposed to improve its lamentable and stodgy copy with few extracts from a decent journal we can only wish it luck. Even the readers of a No-License publication may be the better for having a little plain truth thrust upon them from time to time.

We, for the third time, invite "Fairplay" to write a series of articles setting forth their view of the Liquor Problem, and we will publish them in "Grit." We will print direct, or reprint them from "Fairplay." We will take 1500 words on each of the following:—(1) The Economic. (2) The Moral. (3) The Medical Aspect of Alcohol, and (4) The No-License Areas of New Zealand. If this paper means what it says, it will take this chance of putting before the No-License people what they call "a little plain truth." The No-License cause commends itself to tens of thousands, because it never fears criticism, never shirks discussion, and holds the columns of its paper open to its opponents. On the other hand, the liquor people fight this question by methods that remind one of the stories of Red Indian warfare in the early days of America. Call us "Pip" if you like "Fairplay," we don't mind, we think it appropriate since we give it you every week. Bluff for all you're worth, every time do we call for a show down, and we don't care what you do then, for either way it goes, you will be done to a frazzle.

TEA AND TIPPLE IN PERTH.

Discussions in the Perth City Council show that £400 a year was spent in providing free drinks for councillors, and two reformers voted for a resolution stating that tea instead of "tots" should be the national beverage. However, ten die-hards voted the other way, and the drinks will be continued. Let us see what it means. Roughly, £400 a year is £8 a week, and the cost price of a nip, when bought by the bottle, is about 3½d. (This supposes that you don't take much soda with it, and that some of you prefer water.) This provides, in round numbers, 550 revivers per week for the aldermen of Perth. To substi-

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TEL.: PAD. 111.
TRY OUR STEAM-MADE BREAD.

tute 550 cups of tea would be a dangerous thing. Tea, as everybody knows, is injurious to the coat of the stomach if taken in excess, and it has a bad effect on the nerves, unless you know when to stop. If Perth Aldermen were to consume as many cups of tea as they consume nips of whisky and cool glasses of beer, they would become a collection of sickly neurotics. Then, of course, the government of the city would suffer. Matters would be even worse if the aldermen took coffee instead of tea, for with so much coffee they would all become the victims of insomnia. On the whole, they seem to have decided wisely. City aldermen are too important a national institution to be lightly exposed to such dangers as threatened them this week in Perth.—"The Sun."

PLEDGE-SIGNING CRUSADE

	Men.	Women.	Pledge.
June 6	23	3	6
June 7	29	5	8
June 9	42	8	6
June 10	32	6	9
June 11	22	5	9
June 12	30	8	9
	178	35	47

Total pledges in 22 weeks, 1146.

MANY THANKS.

The following firms kindly help to make some of the men look decent by giving cast-off boots, hats, etc. This enables many a poor fellow to get a job which gives him a fresh start in life:—David Jones Ltd., Palmer and Son, Minahan's, Richard F. Quinn, Farmers Ltd., Callaghan's Winn and Co., Peape's Ltd., Lowe's Ltd. Other firms have promised help which will be gratefully received. Miss Banks, 28/-; G. Percival, 3/4; S. Haig, 3/2; T. Phillips, 2/-; M. Scobie, 5d.

The House of Keys, of the Isle of Man, has rejected a motion that the liquor traffic be nationalised to raise funds for old-age pensions by 18 votes to 4.

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PUBLICITY.

(RAYMOND ROBINS.)

(Fourth Address—Specially Reported for "Grit.")

Here we are in this great city, the greatest city of the Commonwealth. There is a great group of men round about who are not only not in the Church, but who are just indifferent to the Church, who do not think that the Church has a meaning or part in their life. That is a most disastrous position; it is far worse than opposition. I find such a community, and set out to arrest this community's attention, and in some measure gain the co-operation of all thinking men in that community. I undertake to say that those good tidings which we believe in ought to be made known. Jesus began the greatest enterprise of publicity the world has ever known. When He got those men together and laid upon them the task to carry to the ends of the earth His message and the tidings which He brought, He laid the foundations of that publicity enterprise which is only just now beginning to be appreciated.

The two great forces of publicity, the two great forces affecting public opinion, are the pulpit and the press.

PRESS.

Let us consider the press first because in this hour of the world's story the press more highly affects public opinion than any other institution in the modern world. Public opinion finally will control the great social forces which make for the moral or immoral standards of the world. This matter has come to us in our land as a force we have to reckon with.

That young man sitting over there in that obscure corner making notes of my sayings to this audience of a few hundred will to-morrow morning reach 120,000. No, we say three readers to every subscriber in my country. That means 360,000 people will read what I have said; no, not necessarily, but what that young man says I said. That's a power which has not been enlisted in the Christian enterprise of to-day as effectively as it ought to be. I look forward to the time when the most important Christian enterprise in the world, with the greatest history, with a very responsible investment of material Christianity, with an investment of sculpture and education, will grip the whole of the community. I look forward to the time when Pink Pills for Pale People won't get all the place in the newspaper, but the great enterprise and concern in the Kingdom of God shall get some of that place. Brother men, you can get it.

How many men here have taken the time to go through a newspaper establishment? Not many comparatively. Do you know that there is no expression of the modern world, of the material achievement of the modern world, that's greater than a daily newspaper, with lines of communication which circle the world, with machinery that will present the printed word to the whole community for all parts of the world within a few hours after the events, and, like all



RAYMOND ROBINS.

great power, the newspaper can be used for good or evil. Let no man of God despise that power.

"I came not to destroy, but to fulfil," is the great programme of the Master. When big forces are about us instead of despising them, we should try and use them to redeem men and use them for our God. These two great forces, the press and the pulpit, ought to know each other better. I have found newspaper men who would have nothing to do with the Church. Then again other men say newspapers are harmful and only do evil. These men are mistaken; they do not understand the proper position. Why not have an annual tea, dinner, or anything you like, at which all the pressmen and all the ministers would be present. Men, this is possible.

The newspaper has a distinct place in the

social order. It does not record the ordinary event, but it is there to record the extraordinary. That's why we see so much prominence given to murders, suicides, etc. We ought to be thankful that these things are printed; it is an evidence that they are the extraordinary things which are going on around us, and these make "copy" for the newspaper. I undertake to say that there is plenty of news about religion. It's chock full of "copy," as the newspaper men say. Let me say with all reverence that if Jesus were on the earth again he would make "good copy." If He lived and worked as the New Testament tells us He did in Jerusalem in Sydney, He would be a full-page story with large headlines everyday. I mean exactly what I say.

As a matter of fact we cannot do what the Master did. We cannot heal the sick, but we can throw the united Church of Sydney behind healthy conditions of the whole people to the end that you will lower the death-rate and do a work that will make "good copy" in the papers of this city. We cannot feed the multitude with loaves and fishes, but you can by your concerted active relationship to industrial problems not only release the political control over opportunity for human life so concerned in congregating the individuals, but do it so effectively that the food supplies of this people will be surer and better distributed to-morrow than they were yesterday, and if we are engaged in such work it will make "good copy." We cannot do just the things the Master did, but we can carry out His teaching by co-operation and united effort in the service of this city.

Every attempt at honest publicity stimulates and commends. I ask you, Mr. Business Man, every time you put out a line of advertisement does it not have the immediate effect of requiring you to look into the quality of the product to see whether it keeps up with the standard of the goods you are advertising.

Your Church should be a social Church, where people are glad to come. There are vast numbers who will never hear the glad tidings unless we reach them through publicity. It is the work, and not the workers, we need to advertise. You cannot expect your "strawberry tea" to be advertised by the newspaper man. "The fadeless flower of an endless eternity" was the subject of a sermon once advertised. You cannot expect to appeal to the general public with an "ad." like that. You must advertise things that affect human life. I look forward to the time when we are going to advertise the Kingdom of God and its works as a community and not as individuals.

NOTED FOR OUR BACON, BUTTER AND CHEESE.

"KAPAI" TEA,
1/3, 1/6, 1/8 per lb.

H. M. ADAMS.

Tel. 661 Pad.
Give us a ring.

COFFEE GROUND ON OUR OWN PREMISES—THEREFORE ALWAYS FRESH.

Our Address is: 128 CAMPBELL ST., near Riley St.

We have a great seaside resort at Atlantic City, and in advertising that resort they do not devote pages and pages to the various hotels, but to the features of the place—surf bathing, etc.—and then on the last page is to be found, in quite small type, a list of the hotels. You get my point, don't you?

That's cumulative advertising. Some of us really think we have advertised when we have put in about an inch of Church notices. We were talking in our country to a group of students in one of the universities, and the speaker said, "Gentlemen, if you were going to take a bath, what soap would you use?" Over 60 per cent. replied, "Ivory soap, because it floats." In our country that soap has been advertised all over the land. You get my point, don't you? But do you know that that advertisement cost £100,000. You are thinking this moment I know of some special advertisement which meets you wherever you go. That's the power of cumulative advertising. It is one of the greatest forces in the modern world.

METHOD IN ADVERTISING.

I look forward to the time of better advertising. I look to the use of the mighty power of descriptive information from the daily press by the Christian enterprise. I said that some years ago, and was laughed at. It was just such a group as is gathered here, representatives of the Church and prominent laymen. I said that advertising should be interchurch in character. It should advertise the relation of human life to the Church. In the mail which has just reached me I find that I have a place among the prophets.

(Here Mr. Robins displayed several newspaper clippings headed, "Why Not go to Church?")

If everybody reasoned this matter of Church-going to a logical conclusion there would not be many vacant pews. I look forward to the time when Christian enterprise will be as much of interest in the newspaper as sport and politics.

I want to see in every Church a publicity committee. Then I want to see an interchurch publicity committee, and I want a newspaper man as secretary; if you like, an editor as chairman. With such a committee and doing such a work as I have outlined, you would find that the newspapers would have something to say for the work of the church. I would like to see an annual gathering of the press and pulpit. At such gatherings matters could be discussed, and so there would grow a mutual relationship and understanding, and fair criticism could be indulged in.

How many men in this room have written a letter in the last six months to the editor

of a paper commending some editorial or some position taken up by that paper in relation to public morals. (A show of hands was asked for.) Very few I see. How many men have written letters condemning in clear and generous terms the policy or editorial of that paper. I went into a great newspaper office to gain experience, and was permitted to go through most of the departments. I had already written editorials. Letters from men of some position in the community on the editor's desk will have a wonderful effect upon the policy of that paper. Now think of what power you have really got here in relation to publicity in this city.

PAMPHLET PUBLICITY.

Have you heard how one of the cities in my land was carried by the Social Party? Seven years before the election the party decided to circularise by means of a four-folier the policy of the party, and every Saturday night this pamphlet was distributed among the entire population, as far as practicable. It was not headed with the doings of the party, but it dealt with problems of vital interest in the city, and practically the whole thing was given up to this matter, but about four lines at the end of it was just a word about the party, and at the end of seven years the desired effect was obtained, and the Social Party went in with a sweeping majority.

I want to know why we cannot take a leaf out of this incident, and use it in our method of advertising and in spreading the Gospel of the Kingdom of God.

WHY NOT GO TO CHURCH?

United Church Advertisements Referred to by Mr. Raymond Robins.

Few persons think things through.

If everybody reasoned this matter of church going to its logical conclusion, there would not be many vacant pews, and a widespread demand for more churches would speedily arise.

The reason is simple. People do not stay away from church because they are opposed to religion or to the Church. Far from

it. Nearly everybody believes that the Church is absolutely necessary to our civilisation. If its existence were threatened, the great mass of the people would fight for it.

But by some curious kink in their mental processes many non-church goers fail to perceive that if everybody else followed their example—and every honest person grants others the right to do as he does—the Church would quickly pass out of existence.

Every non-attendant upon religious services virtually votes for the elimination of the institution from Society.

If a person believes that the world needs the Church, he has but one clear, unmistakable, and unanswerable way of stating his position. That is by regular church attendance. The man who goes to church stands for an indispensable institution, even as a good citizen stands for the State by voting. Absenteeism from the ballot box and absenteeism from church are kindred failures in duty to society.

Of course, that is not the best reason for church attendance. We go to church primarily to express our belief in God, and to do Him reverence. The loftiest truth about man is that he is made in the image of the Divine, and has a capacity for fellowship with the Infinite.

Worship is the highest function of which human nature is capable.

The world does not know much about creeds, but when it sees a person attending divine worship it understands him to say, by his action, "I believe in God."

Thoughtful persons stand for the Church also, because **the Church stands for the best things.** The church-goer lines up with the forces which make for righteousness. He is on the side of the people, who want to live the noblest lives themselves, and who are trying to help this needy world to do the same.

The most efficient agency of human service on earth is the Christian Church. The churchman is a sharer in all the world-wide beneficence of the organization.

They who would make their lives count should be counted among those upon whom the Church may count.

Some folks sigh, some folks cry,

They are never happy quite;
In fact, they don't know what they want,
For nothing's ever right.

But one thing that is obvious
As the light of day, I'm sure,
Is that there's nothing in life so good
As Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

JAMES STEDMAN, LTD.

Manufacturing Confectioners,

and

**IMPORTERS OF HIGH-CLASS ENGLISH,
AMERICAN AND CONTINENTAL SWEETS.**



The Home of Pure Confectionery

**Be sure and ask your Confectioner for our FAMOUS "LION" BRAND SWEETS
Every taste a Pleasant Thought. Every bite a Happy Memory.**

None other like them.

131 to 139 CLARENCE ST., SYDNEY.

GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue. The paper being posted for 52 weeks for 6/-, outside the Commonwealth 7/6.

Remittance should be made by Postal Notes payable to "Manager of Grit," or in Penny Stamps.

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.

Office: 33 Park Street, City.

NEW ZEALAND SUBSCRIBERS.

One year's subscription to "Grit" is 7/- in advance.

To save the trouble of money orders, you may send postal notes, accompanied by name and address, marked for "Grit," c/o Rev. J. Dawson, N.Z. Alliance, 113 Willis-st., Wellington; Mr. J. H. Fountain, Dentist, Christchurch; Mr. J. E. Frost, c/o. "The Post," Timaru.

THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1913.

Important Notice.

From January 1, 1913, the price of "Grit" posted each week will be 6/- a year. After five and a half years' experience we are compelled to make this small increase and believe no one who reads "Grit" will object to this most reasonable charge.

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.

We coach, by INDIVIDUAL TUITION ONLY, for Matriculation, Bankers' Institute, Cadet Draftsmen, State and Commonwealth Clerical Examination, Pharmacy Board, Royal Military College, etc. Particulars on application.

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE,

Robson House,

338 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

Prospectus on application

The Case for No-License

IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

By ARCHDEACON F. B. BOYCE.

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

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

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

A Personal Chat with my readers

SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF.

I would suggest that my readers cut the following letter out and use it to persuade others to subscribe to "Grit." The letter was written by a business man who for years was managing director of one of the biggest business concerns in New Zealand. When a successful business man thinks so well of "Grit," it is surely not only an encouragement to those who produce it but an excellent reason for others to subscribe to it:—

June 3, 1913.

My very dear Editor,—I have the advantage over you in getting, if not correspondence, communications from you regularly. These come by way of your splendid little "Grit." One has reached me this morning, and once more I am impelled to acknowledge the really splendid quality of your paper. "If." If your people in New South Wales, prejudiced and unprejudiced alike, would but read the arguments you trouble yourself to pile up for them, it seems to me that your converts—converts to sanity on the liquor question—would be many tens of thousands. I hold myself your debtor on account of "Grit." I welcome it, and read it, and in the latter fact I have a liberal education on the many aspects of the drink question.

I would like to be with you in your present strenuous times. I would like to help you if I could, but anyway I should like to be somewhere near to you, to say any word of cheer that I could to you and the thousands of gallant associates who with you are engaged in by far the biggest fight and the most far-reaching in its consequences of all the present-day struggles to relieve and uplift. Emancipation from drink must precede other reforms, and in a sense—a real sense—the restriction of the "Great Destroyer" will be the opening of the door for all the coming good which the generations to follow will enjoy.

God bless and prosper you and all who with you are trying to serve humanity, which, I take it, is the only way of serving God Himself.

BEATING THE AIR.

About last Christmas time there were three men murdered in the streets of Sydney, and in no case was anyone punished. In each case liquor was a prominent factor, and in two cases the murdered men were fine and notable athletes in the prime of life. The "Sun" in a very strong leader the other day said:—

"Apparently the law will never find out who stabbed 'Snowy' Fulton during the riot in Market-street on the night of Saturday, December 14. The riot was as wild and tumultuous a scene as could be witnessed in any city in the world. A drunken brawl, in which from twelve to twenty men took part, rolled to and fro in one of the most important

streets of the city, and there is no evidence of the slightest interference by the police. The fight lasted two hours. Some of those who were mixed up in the affray went into the hotels for refreshments at intervals, and came back to the scuffle with fresh zest. One went to the hospital to have a wounded hand dressed and bandaged, and then returned to Market-street, to be hit on the head with a bottle, and taken to the hospital again. 'There was a row in Silver-street, begad, I wonder why?' says Kipling in one of his verses. In Silver-street it was 'belts, belts, belts'; but in Market-street it was bottles and knives and boots. 'Snowy' Fulton was stabbed in the arm, chest, and abdomen, and died five days after in the Sydney Hospital. The jury found 'not guilty' the man who was accused of the stabbing, but added a rider, deploring 'that what practically constituted a drunken riot could remain for a period of two hours unchecked by the police in the heart of the city.'

The "Sun" goes on to point out that the police force available in the metropolitan area is 83 constables per shift of eight hours. This powerful paper quite overlooks the fact that the police, or want of police, had nothing whatever to do with the origin of this and many similar rows. The question is not one of more police, but fewer bars. There are over 600 bars in Sydney, all of them capable of producing such a disgraceful and savage affair as that under discussion, very many of them having actually provided convincing evidence of their power in this direction. It seems to me that the "Sun" and the jury are both greatly to blame for not voicing a protest against the responsible agent for this murder—viz., liquor—and the person or persons who were accessories before the fact by serving the poison.

"Collier's National Weekly," in commenting upon a similar atrocity in America, says in a leading article:—

"Why didn't the newspaper people inquire further? Why didn't the 'Item' send out one of its young reporters to find out exactly what brand of whisky caused this particular tragedy? To have printed a photograph of the owner of the brand—a citizen of Louisville, Ky., secure behind all those ramparts of respectability which wealth can build—would be a novel but perfectly possible and extremely useful departure in journalism."

We commend this to the "Sun."

The Editor

A Lawyer on Prohibition.

KANSAS A FINE OBJECT LESSON.

The enemies of prohibition are prophesying the utter failure of all efforts to enforce prohibition; and that this inevitable failure will lead to the repeal of prohibition in Maine and the substitution of license.

If prohibition is an utterly impractical method of dealing with the liquor traffic, then it should be repealed and some practical method adopted, if one can be found.

Kansas has passed through the same throes Maine is passing through, and has had experiences similar to those of Maine.

On April 2, 1912, John S. Dawson, Attorney General of Kansas, made an address in the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, from which we quote. He declares, you will note, that Prohibition is both enforceable and efficient.

It will be profitable for Maine people, at this time, to read the three following extracts from Mr. Dawson's address. For what has been done in Kansas can be done in Maine.

THE STORY OF KANSAS CITY AND ITS LESSONS.

While I have always personally believed in total abstinence and in the prohibitory law, I never felt very strongly about it, nor absolutely sure that there was not some merit to the other side of this question, until Attorney General Coleman started to abolish the license-fining system in Kansas City. You will understand that there are two cities there—one on each side of the state line between Kansas and Missouri. And there is considerable rivalry between the two municipalities which comprise that great metropolis.

In the Missouri town the liquor business has the sanction of law; in the Kansas town it had, until 1906, the sanction of the county and city governments and the toleration of the state government. High license was in vogue in both towns, in the Missouri town by law, in the Kansas town by the system of monthly fines. In 1906, there were in Kansas City, Kansas, two hundred and fifty open saloons when the law enforcement campaign began.

POLITICIANS PROTEST ENFORCEMENT.

Within a few days, a large delegation of Kansas City politicians came to Topeka to persuade the attorney general to drop that project, because the city could not live without the saloon revenue. It was urged that the closing of the saloons was driving all sorts of business over to Kansas City, Missouri; that store buildings, vacated by the saloons were standing empty, and that his policy was ruining and would inevitably ruin the town. Politically it would bring defeat and disaster to the party in November; and you must consider that Kansas City and Wyandotte county bear somewhat the same relation to Kansas politics which Chicago and Cook county do to Illinois. And there in the attorney general's office were the most powerful and determined politicians in Kan-

sas City,—bankers, lawyers, real estate dealers, merchants, manufacturers and others. Their portrayal of the impending ruin of their town made a strong impression on me. I wondered if we ought not to have exceptions to our state-wide prohibitory law, and permit local conditions to control. Attorney General Coleman listened patiently to what they had to say, expressed his sympathy with their predicament, but firmly informed them that there could be no retreat—the law would be enforced. An angrier bunch of politicians and business men you never saw.

POLITICIANS URGE ENFORCEMENT.

One year later, my fellow assistant in the office, Mr. Jackson, succeeded Mr. Coleman, and as the wish is the father to the thought, the sympathisers with the liquor traffic circulated the idea that the new attorney general would not continue Mr. Coleman's vigorous policy of law enforcement in Kansas City. So industriously and persistently was this notion pushed that again a delegation of Kansas City politicians came to Topeka to see Attorney General Jackson—the same old bunch! But on how different a mission! Thy came to say to the Attorney General, "For God's sake! Don't let the old rotten order of things return to Kansas City. We have got away from it and are well rid of it, and the town never was so prosperous as now." There were Ben Schnerle and Myron A. Waterman, the leading bankers, who said that the closing of the saloons had marvellously increased their bank deposits; that formerly the saloons had cashed the workingmen's pay checks, and that now the workingmen deposited their pay checks and kept accounts with the banks. There were the real estate dealers who said that property values had increased enormously and that thousands of workingmen were buying lots and building homes on the instalment plan. The school teachers had representatives there to say that the school enrollment had likewise jumped, and that the children of the poor wore good shoes, warm clothes, and carried lunches to school with them, and that the old order of things when the schools had their quota of starving, ragged, dirty children from drunkards' homes had absolutely dis-

appeared. There were the grocers and dry-goods merchants and the people who sell furniture and such stuff on the instalment plan—all testifying that business was better and that people were paying their bills better than they had ever done before.

ENFORCEMENT VINDICATES PROHIBITION.

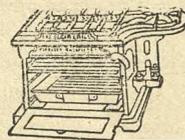
It was a revelation to me. Those were the very men who had gone out of our office just a year before with maledictions upon the prohibitory law, and upon a meddlesome, puritanical attorney general, whom neither threats nor cajoling could induce to lay down on the enforcement of the law. It was a great lesson for me. Since that day I have never been in doubt about the wisdom of the law, nor the expediency of enforcing it; nor does the temporary ill will of the politicians for enforcing the law amount to anything. As to the influence of the saloonkeeper in politics, it is very powerful when his saloon is running wide open and he is the hale-fellow-well-met to all who come and go. Yes, indeed, he is then a political factor to be reckoned with; but when the prosecuting attorney and the sheriff and police are after him, chasing him from pillar to post, and he is dodging about in cellars and back alleys to keep out of jail, he has no influence. I have seen that demonstrated in Kansas times without number.

MATERIAL BENEFIT OF ENFORCEMENT.

The first year the saloons were effectively suppressed in Kansas City, the cost of criminal prosecutions which the public had to bear fell off 25,000dol. Another saving was made of 25,000dol. by reduction of the police force. How much was saved by the merchants in the better collection of accounts, and in many other ways cannot be estimated.

Not to prolong this phase of the subject, I bear willing witness that similar results have attended the effectual suppression of the liquor traffic in other cities where the saloons were wont to run and have been compelled to close. Furthermore, and in the interest of absolute candor, the cities of Kansas which have accepted the new order of things with the poorest grace and which still look back to the halcyon days of the open saloons as the truly happy time, are the ones which make the poorest showing of progress; but even in these, where I get the least co-operation and support of the local officials, the improvement over the

(Continued on Page 13.)



Have You A Fletcher-Russell Griller?

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

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

JOHN DANKS & SON PROPTY., LTD.

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

Drinking in Italy.

A GRAVE INCREASE.

From a paper read by the Director of the Florence Asylum at a recent congress against alcoholism held in that city, it is evident that Italians are rapidly forfeiting their reputation of being the soberest among Continental peoples. Alcoholic psychosis, according to the reader of the paper, Dr. Amaldi, is making alarming progress in Italy, and, in common with the experience of other nations, is found to be most prevalent in the great manufacturing centres of population. The multiplication of glittering bars open to the street and attracting the passer-by with their dazzling lights and garish decorations is a new feature of Italian urban life. During the three years 1909-11 cases of alcoholic insanity admitted to 53 out of the 54 asylums of Italy (Naples did not send returns) amounted to 7092, of which 751 were women. Compared with the triennial period 1903-5 such cases show an increase of nearly 100 per cent. for men and over 100 per cent. for women. Dr. Amaldi proved that admissions for alcoholic psychosis to the greater asylums of Italy account for one-third to one-fourth of the total cases, and that even among women the disease is spreading, with disastrous consequences to the physical, moral, and social health of the people. If we draw a line across the peninsula cutting off the southern provinces of the Abruzzi, Apulia, Calabria, Campania, and the islands of Sardinia and Sicily, we shall find that admissions to public asylums of victims of alcoholic insanity during the three years 1909-11 amounted in the south to no more than 3.36 per cent. of the total, whereas in the north and centre they reached nearly 15 per cent. The same disparity is evinced in the relative contributions of the sexes to the victims of this terrible mental scourge. In the South the admissions of men were 5.2

per cent., of women 0.42 per cent., in North and Centre the proportion was 22.5 for men as against 3.7 for women. The most drunken regions of Italy are the Marches, with 21 per cent. of admissions, and Venetia, 16.8; the most sober province is Sicily, which contributes only 0.9 to the total.

One curious and interesting result of Dr. Amaldi's investigations is the ratio—casual or other—between the price of wine and cases of alcoholic insanity. In 1909, when wine averaged 9d. per gallon, admissions for alcoholic insanity were 22.4 per cent. of the whole; in 1910, when wine rose to 1s. 1d. per gallon, they declined to 21.3; and in 1911, when wine fetched 1s. 6d. per gallon, they fell to 15.9. The amount of alcoholic spirit distilled in Italy is prodigious, production having in a period of 20 years leaped from over 1¼ million to over 17¼ million gallons. A large proportion of this huge output is, of course, used for manufacturing and other purposes, but of the latter quantity—that distilled in 1909—over 11¼ million gallons remained for national consumption as drink. The brewing of beer has increased during the same period from three to 12 million gallons—the total consumption in 1909 reached 14½ million gallons.

A Socialist writer in the current issue of the "Critica Sociale" gives an admirable summary of Dr. Amaldi's paper, and, driving the moral home, calls on his colleagues to start an agitation for legislative action in the direction of a reduction in the number of drink shops, increased taxation of strong drink, and earlier closing hours. It is obvious that the old *laissez-alier* attitude of past Governments under less complex social conditions must give place to vigorous combative measures.—London "Standard."

THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

things remain or drift as they may. Most of the nerve-exhaustion of the present day would cease to exist if alcohol were no longer used.

ALCOHOL AND LIFE ENERGY.

Another undeniable fact is that alcohol lowers temperature. It is a matter of common observation that recovery from a drunken bout is usually accompanied by shivering fits due to the fact that the body has lost a considerable proportion of its heat. It is on record that a party of enquirers employed in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, camped at a great height above sea-level and suffered much from the cold.

Some of them, however, loyal to their convictions, went to bed without taking whisky, and woke up in the morning feeling fit and well. Others took a "nip" before retiring, and rose less comfortable in the morning. But others "filled up" with whisky, and went to bed feeling comfortable and jolly, and, no

doubt, commiserating their companion's weakness, but in the morning they didn't get up at all; they were dead! Frozen to death.

It was common knowledge that the scientific evidence now at the command of the medical profession regarding the action of alcohol on the human body fell into the two following lines:—

(1) Evidence indicating that alcohol does not aid the human economy in the way popularly supposed, and

(2) Evidence proving the occurrence of actual damage to the structure and functions of the different organs.

HEALTH GUARDIANS.

From this fact naturally arose a change of practice on the part of physicians who had kept pace with the advance of science. They were, for instance, more cautious in prescribing alcohol now that its double-edged action had been proven. And it also followed that, as guardians of the public health, they desired to limit and safeguard even the medical employment of a drug concerning which

they had daily evidence that its social and customary use was undermining the happiness and welfare of large numbers of the community.

As showing the trend of medical opinion on this matter, it was instructive to notice the great fall in the use of alcohol in seven of the largest London hospitals in the forty years between 1862 and 1902.

In 1862, the beds occupied totalled 2254, and the expenditure on alcohol was £7712; whilst that on milk was £3026. In 1902, there were 2309 beds occupied, and the expenditure on alcohol had fallen to £2925; whilst that on milk had risen to £9035. It was also certain that the prospects of long life were enormously diminished by alcoholic indulgence.

THE DEATH RATE.

It was authoritatively stated that 10 per cent. of all mortality was due to alcoholism, and that fully 20 per cent. of all disease was traceable to the same cause. Furthermore, the general, consensus of all authorities was to the effect that from 75 to 90 per cent. of all criminality was due to the use of alcohol as a beverage.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the eminent British statesman, had said, "If the desire for alcohol could be destroyed, we should see our workhouses and gaols emptied, and we should see more lives saved in twelve months than are consumed in twelve months of bitter and savage war." (Great applause.)

Referring to cases of faintness, he said, "In these cases spirits had long been regarded as beneficial, because they seemed to revive and stimulate the heart.

It was now known that the sipping of water, preferably of warm water, was as good, if not better, than taking spirits.

Alcohol was a narcotic, and was placed by pharmacologists alongside of chloroform and ether. Its effects when taken were first a short period of exhilaration, and then depression for a much longer time.

A CUMULATIVE POISON.

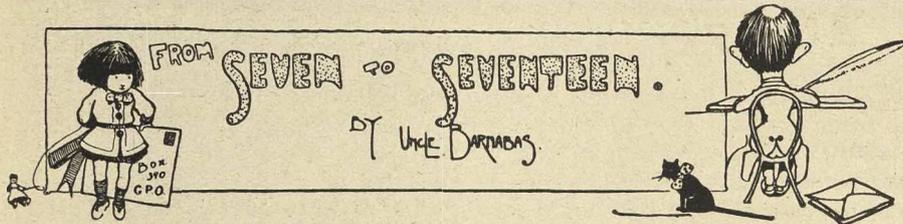
Alcohol is always classified as a poison; it is also a cumulative drug. The effects of even small quantities taken habitually gradually accumulate, and slowly but surely affect the health and efficiency of the individual.

The conclusion arrived at by medical science was that "moderate drinking" had a most injurious influence on health and life, and that the best practice in the interests of both health and morality was to avoid all alcoholic beverages.

With these irrefutable facts of medical science before us, backed by common experience of the ever-present tragedies which follow the use of alcohol as a beverage, I beg to move the resolution.

Carried unanimously.

We Do Bookbinding
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
First-Class Workmanship Guaranteed.
CHAPMAN & CO.
117 BATHURST ST., SYDNEY.
Phone City 2464.



THE ENDLESS CHAIN.

The ship had just arrived from Glasgow, and a number of emigrants had come ashore to the arms of their waiting friends. One woman stood apart from the crowd; she carried a year-old child in her arms and an eight-year-old boy held fast to her skirt. Apparently she, too, had expected someone, but no one had come to meet her. It was in the early days, and travelling was not so simple as it is now. Leaving her baggage to be called for, the woman, still carrying the child, started to walk to the place, 20 miles inland, where she knew her husband had built a home for her.

Before long a stranger overtook her. He was going to the same place to which the woman was bound, and he pleasantly but firmly insisted on carrying the child, who was a heavy load for the young mother. All the 20 miles he carried the child. It was a great treat, he said, to have the little one in his arms. At the town they parted, never to meet on earth again.

In after life the little eight-year-old boy, who trudged along that day at his mother's side, became a clergyman, known to thousands for his numberless good deeds. "Never," he once remarked, "have I seen a mother in distress that I have not felt myself in honor bound to help her, because of what that stranger did that day. That one act of his has been the direct cause of hundreds of helpful things that I have loved to do for other mothers."

So is it that kindness spreads and grows. That one act of friendliness has multiplied itself a hundredfold. It has increased as the snowballs that boys roll upon soft snow increase. Long after the stranger had forgotten his act, long after he had been laid away to rest, his deed lives and grows, and sweetens and blesses the lives of men. Only God knows how much it will count finally for good.

Will you look out for the chance of doing a kindness that may live for years and years? Will you ask God to make you always so grateful that you won't forget a kindness done to you, but just in gratitude pass it on.

UNCLE B.

CHILDREN'S SPECIAL.

What are you doing? What are you going to do? This special issue is going to mean heaps of trouble and a great big bill. Are you going to help? I do hope so. Write and tell me anything that you think ought to be done to make the children's issue a great success.

UNCLE B.

FOR SUNDAY.

The answer to my last question is—

J ust
E xactly
S uits
U s
S inners.

Can you tell me how He does that? What does He do for my past sins, my present temptations, and my future?

FOR MONDAY.

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED THIS?

Ask your arithmetic teacher at school to double the number of his pupils, add 3, multiply this sum by 5, add to it the number of pupils absent on that day, multiply the result by 10, add to it the number of his own aunts, and then tell you his answer. From his answer you subtract 150, and the remainder will be the correct number of his pupils present and absent and the number of his aunts as well. For example:—Supposing the number of pupils is 6, doubled equals 12, plus 3 equals 15, multiplied by 5 equals 75, plus 3 equals 78, multiplied by 10 equals 780, plus 3 equals 783. Subtracting 150 from 783 leaves 633. Therefore you can safely announce to your teacher that he has 6 pupils, 3 absent pupils, and 3 aunts.

AIMING AT THE TOP.

Olive Orton Miller, 37 Right-st., Marrickville, May 15, 1913, writes:—

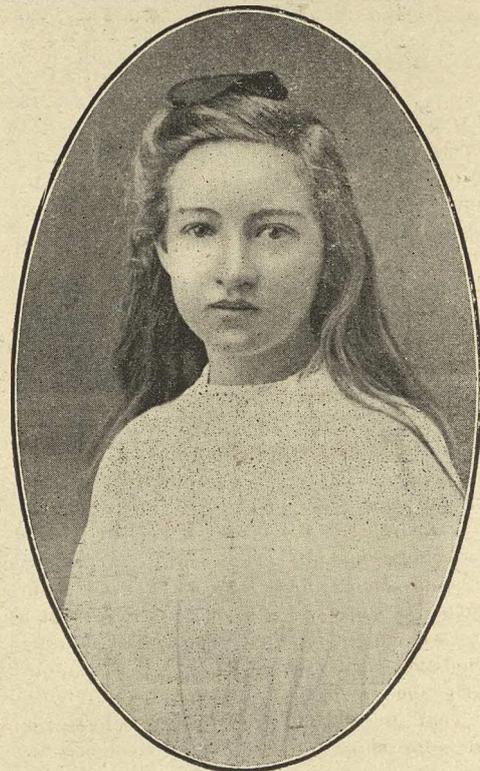
"Dear Uncle B.—It is a long time since I wrote to you. I have had a birthday since I wrote to you last. I was nine years old on the 10th of March. I have not much time for writing because I have so many lessons. I want to come top in the June examination. I did last year. I go to St. Hillier's School. I am going up for a music exam. in September, so I have to practice my music. My auntie said if I am good she will take me to hear you on Monday at Petersham. I go with my auntie to Stanmore C.E. because there is no junior.—I remain, your loving niece.

(Dear Olive,—I am pleased to hear from you again. I do hope you come top this June, as you did last year. Write and tell me about the examination, and which lessons you like best. I love to hear my ne's and n's say they are aiming at top place.—Uncle B.)

GOT A NEW NI.

Edith Davey, Gordon Road, Artarmon, May 22, 1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.—The games I like best are these: dolls, skipping, hop scotch, balls. I have got a new niece for you; her name is Edna Small. She lives next door. I broke a doll a good while ago and mother promised



DOT MOORE.

me a new head for the body and she only got it yesterday. We have fowls, and one of them has rheumatism. Our cat is almost five years old. Mother has beans growing but she doesn't think they will come to anything. Mother bought me a little blue pencil and a little bone penholder.—I remain, your loving niece.

(Well done, Edith; I am so pleased you have got Edna to write. I wish more of my ne's and ni's would help to enlarge the family. Poor old fowl, I do pity it; I suppose you can't do anything to help it. Fowls are harder to fix up than dolls, ain't they.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NI.

Edna Small, Gordon Road, Artarmon, 22/5/13, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.—I would very much like to be your niece. Edith and Alice Davey live next door, and so it was through them that I began to write to you. I was 13 years of age last February. Alice Davey's is on the 1st and mine is on the 5th. I have not had my photo taken, but as soon as I do I will send you a copy. My pet is a magpie. He talks and laughs. If you put your hat on and pretend to go away, he says, "Where are you going?" "Who are you?" He says a lot more things, too. I think you must thank Edith and Alice Davey for getting me to write to you. I go to Chatswood school, and I am in fifth class in the girl's school. I do stencilling and chip-carving, also knitting and netting. I have a dog and canary which are great pets.—I remain, your would-be niece.

(Dear Edna,—I am delighted to have you as a ni, and look forward to receiving your photo. I think magpies are great fun, but apple pies are nicer, don't you think so? You are a busy girl with all those things to

fill up your time. What do you call your dog? Can he do any tricks?—Uncle B.)

FOUR PETS.

Mary Bailly, Kerringle, Mullaley, 13/5/13, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It is raining to-day so I thought I would write to you. This rain will make the wheat come up. We have got about half of ours sown. Some of it is up. I have four pet lambs named Gilpin, Grit, No-license, and Fairplay. Grit is getting such a big fellow and is nice and fat. The answer of that puzzle I sent last time I wrote is this:—

“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 good-bye. With love, from Eva.”

You spell the letters such as A (ay) B (bee) C (sea), and so on. H is spelt aitch. Leslie, my nephew, is getting on fine. He can crawl anywhere now. The date of my birthday is on the 4th September. I will be 15 next birthday. There is going to be a concert in Boggabri on the 21st of this month in aid of the Methodist Church Funds. I am intending to go to it. I say, Uncle, when are you going to print “It’s no joke to be a baby?” I am anxious to know what it is like. I will close now. With love to all my cousins and yourself.—From your loving niece.

(Dear Mary,—I am interested in your four pets. Why did you call one “Fairplay?” Please tell me. I must print that piece about the baby soon. I put off doing so, as I thought I might improve on it, but never seem to get time.—Uncle B.)

THAT PATCH.

Dot Moore, Concord, Armidale, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I don’t think I will be classed as a scallywag this time, but I thought I would write again, as the last was only a short note. This last few days we have been having some wet weather, but it seems to have taken up again. We have been needing it now for some time. I see that you have been having a lot of rain down your way, too. I am trying to learn to milk now. It is great fun. One of my friends comes over nearly every evening, and we have a try. Of course father gets nearly all, then we finish; but soon we are going to begin first. I do hope No-License gets in this year. Mother and father are strict teetotallers. When I am able to vote I will always vote for No-License. Since Christmas the two highest classes at school have Friday half-holiday, but from next week we will be having Wednesday instead. Before we could stay at home or do whatever we liked in the evening, but now every Wednesday evening we will have to go back to school, and play games, such as tennis, basket ball, and croquet. I am going to join tennis and basket ball. Tennis is a good game. Have you ever played it? I am going to send you a copy of “The Echo,” our school paper. It seems to have died the natural death, as only two different ones were published. It did not outdo “Grit” after all. Father has been made superin-

tendent of the Sunday-school. I think, Uncle, it is time you showed us your face instead of your back and the — patch. I won’t say it, as you can guess what I mean. Your Ne’s and Ni’s are increasing very rapidly. Don’t you think so. We are all looking out for another photo from you. It is strange how most of the Ne’s and Ni’s think you are Mr. Hammond. I must now close.—With love.

(Dear Dot,—The photo you sent is fine. I am sorry for that tell-tale patch, but I can’t patch it or I would. Yes, I have played tennis, and enjoyed it immensely. I am very interested to hear about your father’s position in the Sunday-school, and also to know that you will some day help No-License with your vote. Write again soon.—Uncle B.)

BUSY; NOT LAZY.

Grace Marion, Toorah, Kingston-road, Camperdown, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—You will think I am a lazy girl for not writing before, but I have a lot of lessons now, so I am very busy. My father has been away for No-License, but has just come home this morning. We were very glad to see him again. He often goes away now. My sister is going to write soon. She is just turned seven. How are all the nieces and nephews getting on? Lots of love to all.—From your loving Niece.

(Dear Grace,—I am so glad you explained to me the reason of your not writing. I really thought you were lazy, but I see after all I made a mistake, and that you take after your father, and are always busy. You hurry Muriel up to write me a line, or I will say she is lazy. Did you like your photos?—Uncle B.)

“GIBBERISH” TRANSLATED.

Emma Rankin, “Dalburrabin,” Casino, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—As no one seems to be going to solve Cousin Mary Bailey’s “gibberish” problem I am sending the answer. It is quite easy to make out—when you know how. Our show was held a couple of weeks ago. We had lovely weather on each of the three days, cool and cloudy but without any rain. We met Cousin Dulcie this year, and had quite a gay little time together. I have not met Dulcie for years; not since we’ve been “cousins,” in fact, so you may be sure we were glad to meet each other. I also saw a couple of my little nieces at the show. Maybe you were not aware I had three and one nephew. Were you? Rich, aren’t I? To-day scarcely seems like Sunday to me, as “Grit” did not come yesterday, and it always forms a great part of my Sunday reading. I was relieved to read that article in last “Grit,” “Misrepresentation Begun Already,” because even one of our local papers had it that Mrs. Cowie has come over to fight the “drink fiend, surf bathing, picture shows, etc.” It is wonderful how quickly a rumor like that spreads, isn’t it? I am enjoying “The Shortcomings of Jimmy,” and am anxious to see the end. Our garden looks rather nice now, but wild—very wild. We have some lovely roses out. They are better

this blooming than they have been for a long time. Certainly the ones that are out now are only the common pink monthly roses, but that makes them none the less beautiful. I really cannot write any more now, Uncle, as I have a most beautiful, delightful, spiteful cold, and in consequence a head as heavy as lead. Classie sends her love—the next best thing to a letter—and so do I.—Yours sincerely.

Answer to Mary Bailey’s problem:—“Dear Elsie,—We had such fun over the letter you sent. Jack thinks your cypher is very good. I am just going out on my pony, so good-bye.—With love, from Eva.”

(Dear Emma,—I was very pleased with your letter. There is no doubt the country shows are great opportunities for social reunions. Thanks for the translation. I hope “Grit” turned up after all. We take every care to send them out each week, and the post office people are very good and make very few mistakes. My Yankee friend would have described that cold of yours as “something fierce.” Hope it has quite gone.—Uncle B.)

A COLLECTING CARD.

Nona Sly, Woodend, Gordon, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Having seen in “Grit” you wanted money for the special children’s edition, I have been collecting in Gordon without a card, but would you please send me one now, as I want to go to some of the other suburbs, and as they don’t know me might think me an imposter, and send me away penniless. With kind regards.—Yours sincerely.

(Dear Nona,—Many, many thanks. You are a brave helpful girl to take on the distasteful but necessary collecting. May you have good success.—Uncle B.)

THE HABITS OF A BANDICOOT.

Dora Howell, 11 Ben Eden-street, Waverley, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Aren’t I a dreadful scallywag. Am afraid it’s absolutely months since I last wrote, and I humbly apologise. This weather is rather wet, isn’t it? Especially to-day, after a whole week of sunshine. Makes one want to keep indoors. Wasn’t the Alliance annual meeting good. If only that hall had been full to overflowing. How did you feel when Mrs. Lee-Cowie remarked, “He’s a wonderful man, your Uncle Barnabas”? I’m sure any Ne’s and Ni’s present inwardly heartily seconded that observation. Mrs. Lee-Cowie is a “wonderful” woman, too. She was splendid then and the following Thursday night I thought, and will be a great help in this year’s fight. Will there be anyone working on Monaro this year from Cooma out towards Berridale and round about there. There was no one there last time, and there would have been many more votes from there if only there had been some one to counteract the influence of a certain clergyman, who practically preached “continuance” from the pulpit. This I know for a fact, and I dare say our Cootralantra “cousins” could endorse my statement. Please don’t think I’m

a growler. I know funds were not extensive enough for unlimited country tours, but it seems such a pity so many crosses for the Bottom Square were lost, and they were so pleased with even the few "Children's Appeals," "Polly Prosperous" cards, etc., mother and I were able to send up for distribution. But enough of that. When I get warmed up a bit I don't know when to stop talking. We have another queer pet here now, a bandicoot. It's such a dear little thing. You should see him digging for grubs. The grubs seem to come up to meet him, he gets them so easily. I was under the impression before we got this chap that bandicoots lived on roots and grass, but I've discovered they are carnivora (are marsupials as well, and I believe are a class peculiar to Australia), and eats grubs, worms, snails, and enjoy a piece of raw meat as much as the old lion at the Zoo. It also prefers milk as a drink. It's a most interesting study. Can't think of anything more to say at present. Will you please send me a collecting card. I'll do my best to fill it. Have a couple more letters to write, so will not say any more now.—Your affectionate Niece.

(Dear Dora,—Pleased to hear from you again. How did I feel at that meeting? Well, I think I must have felt like your bandicoot does when he has had ten worms, six snails, three fat grubs, and a pint of milk—that is, a bit more than he deserves. I send you a card with warmest thanks.—Uncle B.)

A FINE LETTER.

May Barnes, Market Square, Wollongong, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Will you please send me a collecting card for the children's issue. I will collect what I can for it.—I remain, your loving Niece.

(Dear May,—Yours is a fine letter; a real business letter. Wish I may get 20 like it next week. I hope people are kind to you when you make this effort.—Uncle B.)

A Lawyer on Prohibition

(Continued from Page 9.)

old order is apparent to every impartial observer.

DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT ?

It is often said that Prohibition does not prohibit. And that is true. Neither does a gun shoot, nor a ship sail, nor a piano make music of its own accord. It takes a man behind the gun to make it shoot, a sailor to sail the ship, and an artist to play the piano. So, too, with the prohibitory law. It will sleep away the years within the musty tomes of a law book and never prohibit anything, unless there is a prosecuting attorney who will dust off that law book and drag out his typewriter and pound out informations and injunctions and get out search and seizure warrants and writs of abatement against the saloon keepers, and ouster suits against sheriffs and mayors and policemen who fail and neglect to do their duty. Then Prohibition will begin to prohibit fast enough and

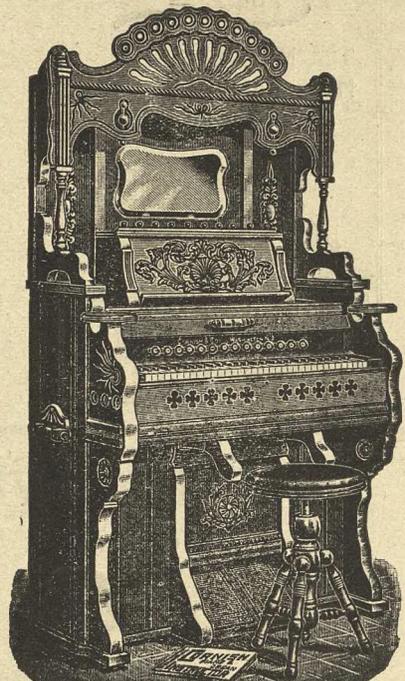
sure enough! All this is beyond the domain of conjecture and prophecy. It is established fact, and has been demonstrated in Kansas many a time. There are a couple of leading Kansas towns where men secretly in league with the liquor traffic were elected as mayors at the last municipal elections. A threat of an ouster suit early in his administration gave one of these men a chance to sever his alliance with the liquor dealers and he has turned out to be the most zealous, courageous and efficient mayor in the matter of law enforcement that his town has ever had. The other is a poor worthless nobody, who just goes up in the air every time I light in his town, but he will do any blessed thing I ask, and all because he thinks I know of the machinations of the liquor sympathisers who put him in office.

PROHIBITION AS AFFECTED BY LOCAL SENTIMENT.

Can the prohibitory law be enforced where popular sentiment is against it? It can. We have done it. It takes just three men to do it—a judge, a sheriff, and a prosecuting attorney. These three and no more—who fear God and nobody else, and determined to enforce the law—not all the saloon-keepers and brewers and all their followers and sympathisers can prevail against them! Most important of these three is the judge, and that is the officer to whom the liquor interests give the most attention and the temperance people the least. You must have a judge, or your law enforcement is bound to be inefficient. Don't bother about the jury. You can get an injunction from the judge to suppress an illegal saloon, and you don't need any jury. A sheriff you need, but if you have a worthless stick in that office he can be removed. If the prosecuting attorney is derelict, a special prosecutor can be appointed. But if Chicago has its eyes turned towards the future, upward and onward, and dreams and prays for the time when her streets will be as free of saloons as her boulevards and city parks, now are, just take this quiet tip from me and don't forget to look out for your judges.

And why shouldn't Chicago dream and pray and hope for the abolition of the saloon. Don't you now keep them out of Lincoln Park and Jackson Park? Don't you prohibit saloons on certain streets and residential districts and prohibit saloons within a certain distance of a church or public school? Doesn't that Prohibition prohibit? And why have such a Prohibition at all? If high license is a good thing, why not issue a high priced license for a high-priced saloon within Lincoln Park just across from the statue of Abraham Lincoln! And how much more moral is it to have a high-licensed saloon than a low-license saloon? A bottle of whisky from a high-licensed saloon does as much mischief to soul and body as one from a moonshine still in Arkansas, or from a dive on South Clark Street. And what is the justice of licensing a saloon in the sections of the city where the poor reside and forbidding saloons in the fine residential districts? I would turn it around, if I would tolerate the saloon at all. The poor need their money

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What is the matter with that logic, I would like to know?—John S. Dawson, Attorney General, Kansas, in the Maine "Civic League Record."

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VERY CHEAP.

Mrs. Biggs: "I had such a strange dream last night. An auctioneer was selling husbands, and one went for 150 guineas, one for 70, and another for 50." Mr. Biggs: "Were there any like me?" Mrs. Biggs: "Oh, yes. There were lots of them. They were tied up in dozens, and went for 3d. a bundle."

SERIOUS OFFENCE.

A gentleman was walking through the negro portion of an American town, when he came across a woman unmercifully beating a little boy.

"Here, my good woman," he said, seizing her by the arm, "you must not do that. What has he done, anyway?"

"Mustn't do that! What has he done?" ejaculated the enraged negress. "If you want to know, he's been and lef' de chicken hous' do' open, an' all dem chickens got out."

"Well, that's not so serious," said the gentleman, soothingly; "chickens always come home to roost."

"Come home!" snorted the woman; "dem chickens will all go home!"

A small boy was asked by a clergyman how many Commandments there were, and he answered, "Ten." "And what would happen, my boy, if you were tempted to break one of those Commandments?" "Then there'd be nine," was the prompt reply.

A SECOND EDISON.

Farmer: "Yes, sir, that hired man of mine is one of the greatest inventors of the century."

City Boarder: "You don't say! What did he invent?"

Farmer: "Petrified motion."

NURSING HIS JOB.

Senator Lodge was talking in Boston about certain investigating committees.

"They are like the brook," he said, "they flow on for ever. Some of them, in fact, remind me strongly of Si Hoskins."

"Si Hoskins got a job last spring at shooting muskrats, for muskrats overran the mill-owner's dam."

"There, in the lovely spring weather, Si sat on the grassy bank, his gun on his knee, and finding him thus one morning, I said:

"What are you doing, Si?"

"I'm paid to shoot muskrats, sir," he answered. "They're undermin' the dam."

"There goes one now," said I. "Shoot man! Why don't you shoot?"

"Si puffed a tranquil cloud from his pipe and said:

"Do you think I want to lose my job?"

AVERSE TO PERSONALITIES.

Senator Bailey, of Texas, the day of his farewell address, was asked by a correspondent to criticise two committees. He refused, however, to do so.

"I decline," he said, "for the same reason that led a cousin of mine to decline to argue about theology."

"I cannot discuss heaven or hell," my cousin said. "I have friends in both places."

Miss Quizz: "Governess, why should people always select the serpent as the symbol of evil and badness?" Resourceful Governess: "Well, you see, the poor thing hasn't a leg to stand on."

A NEW USE FOR DOCTORS.

A farmer rushed up to the home of a country doctor in the village late one night and besought him to come at once to a distant farmhouse.

The medicine man hitched up his horse, and they drove furiously to the farmer's home. Upon their arrival the farmer said:

"How much is your fee, Doc?"

"Three dollars," said the physician in surprise.

"Here y'are," said the farmer, handing over the money; "the blamed liveryman wanted five dollars to drive me home."

THE REASON WHY.

The information editor received this letter from a fresh youth:

"Kindly tell me why a girl always closes her eyes when a fellow kisses her."

The editor replied:

"If you will send us your photograph we may be able to tell you the reason."

IT WASN'T LIKE SARGENT AFTER ALL.

Once when John S. Sargent, the famous painter, was at a banquet, a young lady whom he knew very well said to him: "Oh, Mr. Sargent, I saw your latest painting and kissed it because it was much like you."

"And did it kiss you in return?"

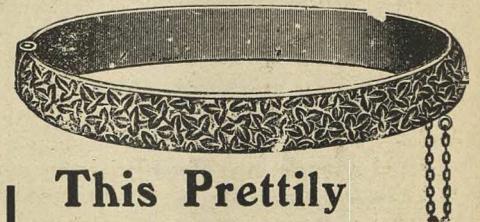
"Why, no."

"Then," said Sargent, "it was not like me."

A little boy who was very much puzzled over the theory of evolution questioned his mother thus:

"Mamma, am I descended from a monkey?"

"I don't know," the mother replied. "I never knew any of your father's people."



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What the Parson Says.

SOMETHING FOR THE INNER MAN.

Sunday.—Genesis xxii. 1-19. Supreme loyalty to God is ready for supreme sacrifice. Our devotion is worth little unless it is prepared to bleed. Loyalty that is sacrificial, faith that ventures everything, love that lays its all upon the altar—these take the kingdom of heaven by storm. The quality of our piety may be gauged by the quality of our sacrifices. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son!" What will our love give in return? Or . . . ?

Monday.—Genesis xxvii. 1-10. There is something very sacred in the requests of those who are growing old and are preparing to die. The simplest call for help has a very holy significance. To render them common comforts is like offering at a shrine. "Isaac was old and his eyes were dim," and he asked a kindness of his eldest son. All this must be remembered when we think of the conduct of Jacob. Apart from everything else it was sacrilege. It was like the desecration of a holy shrine. It was brutal deception where the most open affection should prevail. It was the quest of selfish privilege at the expense of an old man's rights. Jacob took advantage of the blind and served his own ends.

Tuesday.—Genesis xxvii. 11-21. So Jacob made himself like Esau, but the likeness was only skin-deep! He imitated the skin of another man, while beneath the skin the life was all his own. We are all prone to put on artificial skins. We adopt fine manners while within we are ignoble men. We "appear unto men to pray," and all the time we are plotting mischief. We kneel and offer God the outer skin of devotion while our heart is far from Him. From all untruth, artifice, and guile, good Lord, deliver us!

Wednesday.—Genesis xxvii. 22-29. One deception demands another. Jacob began with a false purpose. Then he put on a false skin. Then he uttered false speech. So does one lie call other lies to its defence. We cannot rope in an evil deed, and say "In

such and such an area shall its influence be confined!" The devil laughs at all these idle limitations. So soon as we have determined that a false act shall be the limit of our deception he calls for a false speech, and our frail limits are submerged as sand castles are by the incoming sea. No, if we once begin to do the devil's work he will attend to the succession.

Thursday.—Genesis xxvii. 30-40. A lie had been practised and spoken, and the springs of family life were befouled. We cannot introduce deception into a household and keep the fountains pure and sweet. If only we could see the sore and bitter consequences of falsehood we should more probably live in the truth. But one of the subtlest elements in our deception is that we deceive ourselves. When a man lies his eyes are immediately veiled by his own deceit. "Thou knowest not that thou art blind." Let us steadily realise the awful dominion of a falsehood. Let us steadily contemplate the black and awful retinue that follow in its train.

Friday.—Genesis xxvii. 41-45. "And Esau hated Jacob." One evil thing begets another, and when we encourage one vice as a pupil, we soon have a school. Avarice begat falsehood; falsehood begat hatred; hatred begat revenge! "I will slap my brother Jacob." So does the spirit of deception create a hot-bed in which troops of other vices breed and make their home. It is of the utmost moment that we should remember this. We have isolation hospitals for fevers and small-pox, but we cannot isolate a vice. "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults." So prayed the psalmist, for he knew that even a secret uncleanness invited germs of moral malaria. And so may we all make his prayer our own, that God will cleanse, and that no plague may come nigh our dwelling.

Saturday.—Genesis xxv. 27-34. "For one morsel of meat Esau sold his birthright." The cravings of hunger made him barter his inheritance. "I am hungry now; what

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

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

counts to-morrow to me?" The smell of the pottage was too much for him, and he let his birthright go! So also is it with men who are driven by the craving for drink. Anything for a drink! Family life, social life, religious life: they will barter all for carnal satisfaction. They sell their future for an immediate carousal. For the present hour they sacrifice eternity. But we are all in fellowship with Esau. We have all preferred the seen to the unseen, the moment to the eternal, the immediate feast to "the unsearchable riches of Christ." We need the power of God's Holy Spirit to "set our minds on things above," that the things below may not tempt us to our destruction.—Dr. Jowett, in the "Christian Herald."

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "GRIT."

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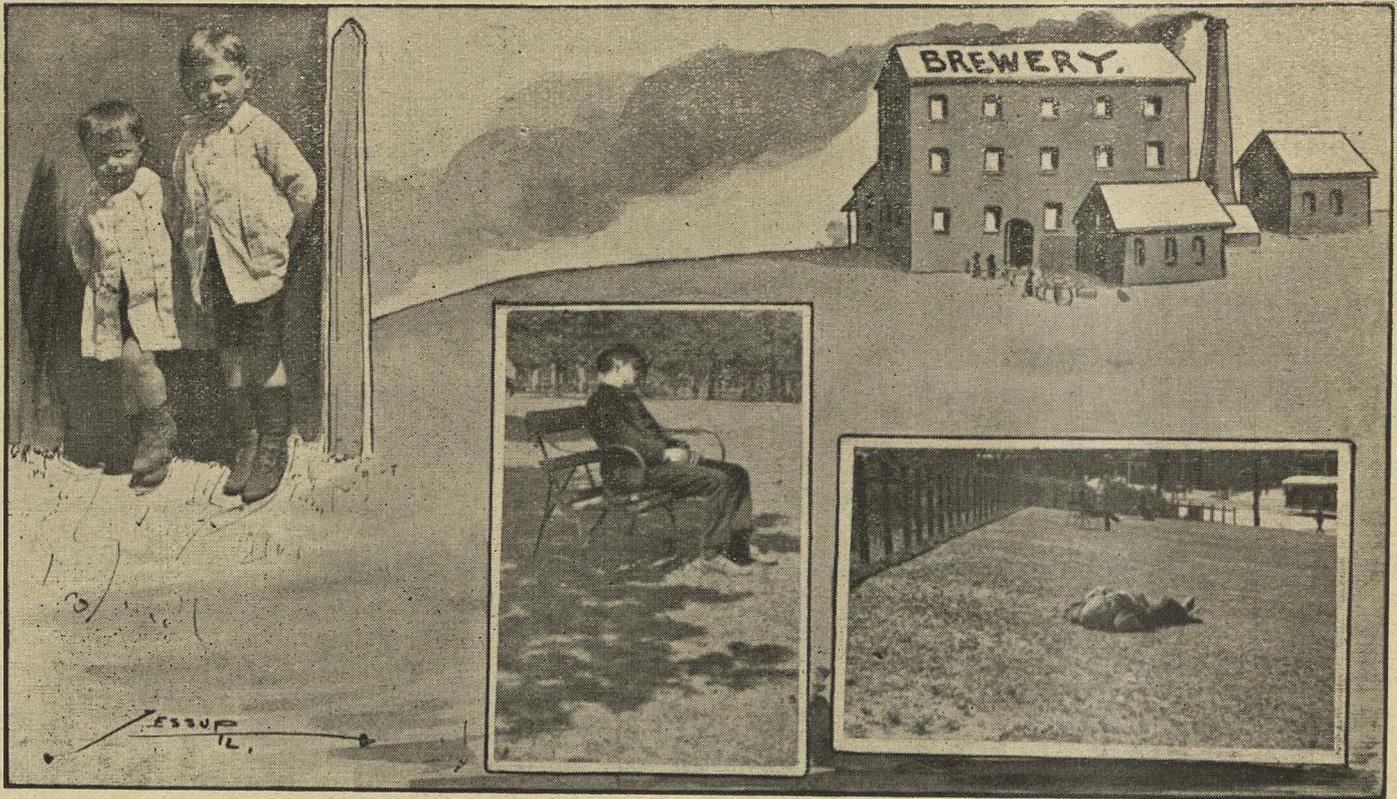
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