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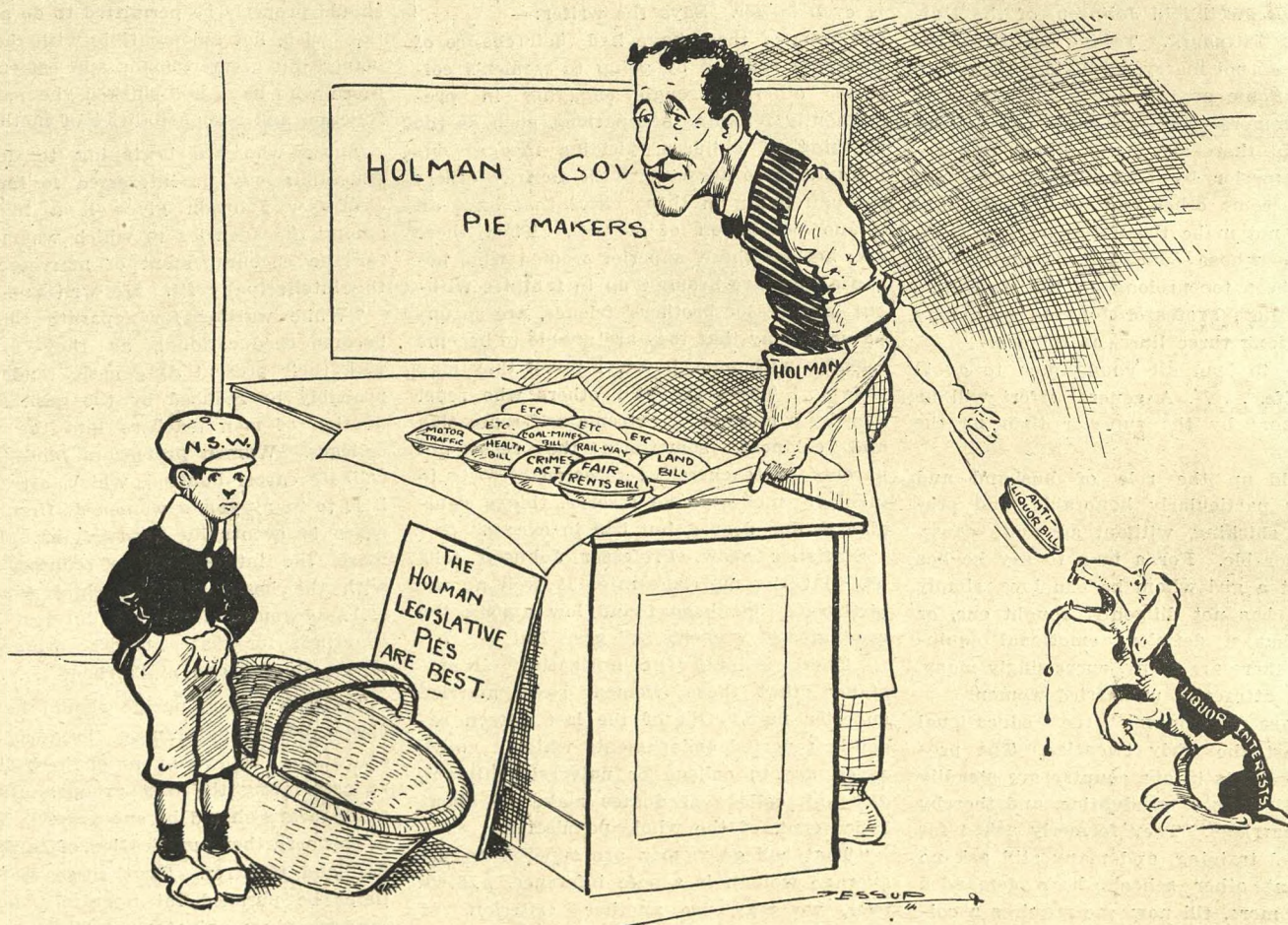
A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VIII. No. 19.

Price One Penny.

THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1914.

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WHY FEED THAT DOG?

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To Urge the Good to Marry.

Among animals the unmated are practically non-existent. Every individual becomes either a father or a mother and contributes his or her share to the make-up of the following generation. It is different with human beings. With us the unmated form an appreciable proportion, and it is obviously of great importance to see that, as far as possible, these unmated persons shall be the inferior members of the race, leaving the superior ones to determine the characteristics of the coming generations. It is an unfortunate modern condition that so many of the best individuals do not mate. The reasons for this are discussed in the "Journal of Heredity" (Washington, March), by Prof. Roswell Hill Johnson, of the University of Pittsburg. Taking up, first, the men who do not marry, he divides them into classes. Some are obviously inferior, such as the immoral, the diseased, or the deficient, but there are many others who are largely superior by nature, such as those who seek some other end so ardently that they will not make the necessary sacrifices, and those whose education or apprenticeship has been too prolonged. Efforts to improve matters, Professor Johnson says, may proceed along three lines, as follows:—

"1. Try to lead all young men to avoid a loose life. . . . A general effort will be heeded more by the superior than by the inferior.

"2. Hold up the role of husband and father as particularly honorable, and proclaim its shirking, without adequate cause, as dishonorable. For a man to say he has never met a girl whom he can love, simply means he has not diligently sought one, or else he has a deficient emotional equipment, for there are many, surprisingly many, estimable, attractive unmarried women.

"3. Cease prolonging the educational period past the early twenties. The professional schools in our country are steadily delaying the age of graduation, and thereby that of marriage. They formerly asked for high-school training, and many still ask no more. But other schools have demanded more and more, till now one requires a collegiate bachelor's degree for entrance. The situation is made still more serious for medical students by the frequent post-graduate hospital practise without pay. It is time to call a halt. This cannot go on without serious loss to the race. Our young men should not have their marriage postponed by external circumstances past 25

years. This means we must allow students to specialise earlier. If there is need of limiting the number of candidates, let us have competitive entrance examinations. We must have our superior men marrying earlier, even at some cost to their early efficiency. The high efficiency of any profession can be more safely kept up by demanding a minimum amount of continuation work in afternoon, evening, or seasonal classes, laboratories, or clinics. No more graduate fellowships should be established till those now existing carry a stipend adequate for marriage."

So much for the men. Among women, the proportion of superior unmated individuals is even larger. Says the writer:—

"Some of these have had their chance of marriage reduced by going to women's colleges, others through engaging in pre-eminently feminine occupations, such as the teaching of children, yielding meagre opportunities to associate with men, or others through living in those cities that have an undue proportion of women. Then there are, besides these, superior women who, because they are brought up in families without brothers or brothers' friends, are so unnaturally shy that they are unable to become friendly with men, however much they may care to. There are still others who repel men by a manner of extreme self-repression and coldness, sometimes the result of parents or teachers' over-zealous efforts to inculcate modesty and reserve, things valuable in due degree, but bad in excess."

Statistics show, Professor Johnson tells us, that the marriage-rate, as well as the birth-rate, has been found low among the graduates of women's colleges. But:—

"There is only one mitigating circumstance, that these women have married superior men. Out of the last fifteen recently reported engagements which I noted, seven are to college or university alumni, although college graduates make up about 1 per cent. of the whole population.

"That college women are superior to the average woman is a safe inference. However, we may use another criterion of superiority. Eminence may be measured by space in collective biographies. Miss Castle's figures show a correlation of eminence with a very late age of marriage and a consequent decreased racial contribution."

Evidently even more drastic methods must be used with the women than with the men. First, of course, if we wish

superior women to marry, we must bring our superior men up to the mark and induce them to do nothing that will lower them in the eyes of the best of the other sex. There is, however, the writer asserts, such a thing as being too condemnatory:—

"But let us not take that ambiguous shibboleth, 'the single standard of morals,' to mean a general sex strike. . . . This is too extreme. . . . Such an unforgiving and uncompromising position cannot be approved, because it leads a very large number of women into celibate lives, with a serious result. In addition it increases the temptations of the men left unmarried. These extremists must remember that it is hard to get men to marry at even a normal rate, as current statistics abundantly prove. Therefore, the threat of a sex strike will never enforce chastity. Slow and hard as it is, we must content ourselves to build up a sounder moral basis by better attested methods.

"Inappreciation of wifehood and motherhood by misguided feminists must cease, and greater honor and appreciation must be meted out to mothers, in order to more than compensate for the recognition that women earn in rival occupations. Women should properly be permitted to do any work they wish, not incompatible with their well-being; but greater honor and esteem is due those who have not shirked the paramount function and responsibilities of motherhood."

Those who are beginning to decry co-education may be interested to know that Professor Johnson gives it a high place among the agencies to which we must look for the encouragement of marriage among the intellectually fit. He writes:—

"While waiting for separate colleges to become coeducational, as they eventually will, their present dysgenic tendency can probably be reduced by the gradual introduction of men teachers into the women's colleges. Women professors tend to foster celibate career-hunting, which, attractive as it is to many young women at first, in most cases is eventually unsatisfying. Furthermore, the introduction of courses dealing with the home and the child would give college women increased interest in and eagerness for that noblest profession of home-making and motherhood. . . .

"Eligible young people should have their circle of acquaintances broadened. Co-education, I believe, is one of the best means, as associating the best groups. But many other means should be encouraged. We have in this a further justification of cards, dancing, and theatres. That these may sometimes be pursued intemperately need not condemn them universally. These and other social devices extend the range of acquaintance, and also give the necessary time for mutual estimates and friendships. Others besides parents should feel some obligation to afford these social opportunities to young people. Surfeit for some individuals

(Continued on Page 10.)

THE HUMAN MAN.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE PROPOSITION THAT "PEOPLE WILL DO ANYTHING FOR MONEY."

By EUGENE WOOD, in "Everybody's Magazine."

(Continued from last Issue.)

But we don't, because we're too much of a gentleman. A soft answer turneth away wrath, and so we say: "Sure. I'll be there by four o'clock to-morrow afternoon. Without fail. Yes, yes." And then we go when we get good and ready, if at all.

Call it "lying" if you like. Suit yourself. But isn't it better to tell a little harmless lie than to blat right out, "No, I won't," and get into an argument—"Why won't you?" "Because I don't want to, that's why," and all this and that, and maybe hurt the man's feelings?

No quesh-chun about it.

The whole trouble with these folks who maintain that "people will do anything for money," in the face of the fact that it is almost impossible to get them to do anything for money if they don't happen to feel like it—the whole trouble comes from reading too many books.

I don't mean the proper kind of books. The proper kind of books don't do anybody any harm, the books where She has a face like a flower—any kind of flower, a snapdragon or a honeysuckle—and He has a figure like a young Greek ready-made clothing ad. But here lately so many have got to poring over these books that try to make up in foot-notes what they lack in dialogue. "What's the good of books without conversation?" asks "Alice in Wonderland." No good—Worse than no good, because they give people wrong impressions.

In this sort of books there is a character called the Economic Man. He's a queer Dick of a thing. Or rather he's an automaton that goes with a spring, called the Expectation of Material Gain. You wind up the spring, put your money in the slot, push the button, and OUT! pops the service you require—

In the books.

But the mischief of it is that in life the Economic Man does not exist. Or even the Economic Boy that will carry the papers, run errands, mow the lawn, and things like that, actuated thereunto by the uncoiling of the spring of the Expectation of Material Gain, in the shape of nickels and dimes. Oh, just before the Union Sunday-school picnic maybe, or on the Third of July, but rarely at other times, and never regularly or dependably. If there were an Economic man, the new minister might unlock his front door with a hearty, "Walk right in!" instead of motioning to you to go round the side way.

In the Human Man there are at least two other actuating impulses stronger than the Expectation of Material Gain. One of them is, Do it Yourself. This is beneficial to the physical and mental health, as Dr. Montessori is just now demonstrating. And when that won't work, there is the other, Call on

the Neighbors. Just go to the back door and holler over:

"Oh, Frank! Come here once, will you? I wish you'd come over here and boss the job for me. I got myself into a kind of a mix-up, and I don't just know how I'm a-going to get out. What would you do if you was me?"

So he hustles right away over, and tells you what to do, and when he sees that you're a poor, clumsy, thumb-handed thing, he says: "Here! Leave me have a holt o' that!" and goes and makes a good job of it. Glad to do it for you. Likes you all the better for giving him the chance to be a neighbor to you, not only geographically but really. Would be mortally offended if you offered to pay him.

"Oh, that's all right," he says. "We've all got to help one another in this world."

And you say, "I'll do as much for you some time." And so you will. You would, anyhow, if he should ask you, whether he had ever done anything for you or not.

I don't know of any Economic Men, but there is a powerful lot of Human Men.

People that we think we haven't an earthly thing in common with—they vote the wrong ticket and go to the opposition church; the books we rave over put them to sleep; the pictures they admire give us a pain; the jokes that make us fall right off the chair leave them with the dry grins; the music that they fairly eat up we would not take the trouble to despise. But we have this in common: We're travelling through an unfriendly world, and we've got to help one another.

Not because any day our turn may come to need their aid; not even because it is our duty to bear one another's burdens—I don't know—it's kind of in us somehow to want to get our shoulder under at least a portion of our neighbor's crushing load. I guess the Good Man made us that way.

And so, when there is sickness in the house or some calamity comes upon us, why, these common, every-day, human people—oh, they're just the best and kindest folks that ever were! It makes the tears come into our eyes just to remember the self-denying, helpful, home-like things they've done for us. God bless 'em, and make it up to them somehow!

Ah, yes, I'd a heap rather live next door to a Human Man than to any Economic Man.

I couldn't go to an Economic Man, like I'd want to when affliction came, and say, "Now if there's anything I can do for you, don't hesitate to let me know." He'd think I was trying to make money out of his trouble.

In these books with foot-notes and appendices, it tells all about how the Expectation of Material Gain not only is the motive of our deeds, but also of our thoughts and even our beliefs.

As to that, since I began with the story of one minister, I might as well end up with the story of another minister. This one is neighborly all right, but he has little faults, too, same as the rest of us. He's one of these preachers who think that the word "virgin" simply means "a young woman." He believes that there were two Isiahs, and he has a good deal to say about the "Elohistic narrative" and the "Yahvistic narrative," and all like that. One of the men in his Bible-class said to him one day, "Well, sir, you're the first man that ever made the Bible seem probable to me."

Now, you know, that won't do at all. There was a time when just one sermon of his would have set the sheriff to chopping kindling for the fire under him. But he's a good neighbor and we overlook the rest.

One day a man came to him for aid. He was out of work, there wasn't a bite of food in the house, his clothes were all in holes, his wife had just had a little baby and there weren't any clothes for it. The preacher fixed him out the best he could, and got him credit at the grocery and the meat-store, and the man was so thankful. But as he had his hand on the door-knob to go, he kind of looked down a moment and said: "You know I don't attend your church."

"I know," said the preacher; "you go to the — church," mentioning the denomination.

"I s'pose you know why I don't come to hear you preach?"

"Probably because you belong to the other church."

"That ain't it. It ain't it at all. I don't come to hear you because you ain't a Christian. You don't preach Bible."

An American citizen, by the grace of God free and independent! The Expectation of Material Gain hasn't got anything to do with what we believe. Not out our way.

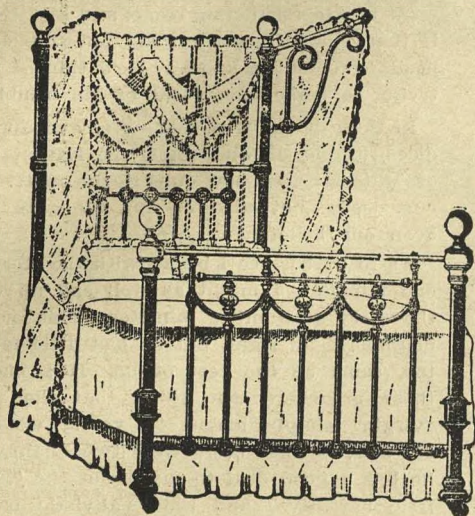
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NIMBIN NOT FINALISED.

The fact that the Lismore Licensing Bench has granted a conditional publican's license for Nimbin isn't the last word on the matter. News is to hand that the objectors are prepared to take the question before a District Court Judge. There are a dozen reasons why such a license should not be granted, and these will be placed before Judge Hamilton at the next sitting of the District Court in Lismore.

SOUTH COAST LICENSING CASE.

Several applications are pending for publicans' licenses in the Allowrie electorate. Rev. John Muir, of Nowra, writes to say that the Anglican and Methodist Church trustees are fighting one at Huskinson, near Jervis Bay. An application for a new license at Dapto has been deferred.

ENFORCING THE LIQUOR LAW.

It is quite refreshing to know that the police at Wellington (N.S.W.) are following up their recent activities, and are rigidly enforcing the Liquor Act. Recent convictions were secured against publicans for Sunday selling, and last week two men were fined for being on the premises two minutes after closing time. It is a great pity that there were not enough police of the same kind to go right round in N.S.W. What a stir there would be in the ranks of the Liquor sellers.

GENERAL SECRETARY AT ORANGE.

Mr. Marion spent last week-end at Orange, preaching three times on Sunday and conducting a meeting on Monday night. This centre pulled up 700 votes at the last poll. There are some splendid fighters in the district. The object of Mr. Marion's visit was to assist the local League in fulfilling certain financial obligations, and a very generous response was made. There is a good deal of Sunday trading in Orange, which contains 24 hotels. They take a good deal of watching.

SUCCESSFUL APPEAL AT WAGGA.

In the appeal in the licensing case of Inspector Draper v. James Dennis respecting the license of an hotel at Lower Tarcutta, near Wagga, Judge Rogers decided a point which it is reported affects a large number of hotels, the licenses of which have been cancelled by the local option reduction vote in one electorate, and afterwards transferred to another electorate where Continuance has been carried.

The Wagga Licensing Court, by a majority decision, granted a license to Dennis for premises formerly licensed in the Wynyard electorate, but which was cancelled by the Special Reduction Court.

The police appealed, and Judge Rogers upheld the appeal, with £5 5s. costs. He held that as 49 licenses existed in the electorate on January 1, 1906, and three had been can-

celled by the Reduction Court, only 46 licenses were now available, and that number already being in existence, there is no vacancy for the license applied for by Dennis.

In connection with this case the Alliance drew the Attorney-General's attention to the miscarriage of justice, with the result that an appeal was lodged with the above satisfactory result.

Metropolitan Licensing Court.

WINE LICENSE SUCCESSFULLY OPPOSED.

The usual heavy batch of applications for colonial wine licenses was set down for hearing at the quarterly meeting of the Metropolitan Licensing Court. When called upon, several applicants withdrew, and others who did not appear were struck out. Mr. Thorne had, on behalf of applicants, given much time in preparing notices of objection and petitions in opposition.

The only case dealt with on Thursday last was that of the proprietor of the Java Cafe, a fine establishment, beautifully furnished at 25 Elizabeth-street. Mr. Marion appeared personally to object, the Chairman of the Bench giving him every opportunity to cross-examine witnesses, and generally conduct the case in opposition. Malouf, the applicant, was asked what games were played, and under cross-examination admitted that one game—described as a Turkish game—was played in which dice were used, and that the winner played for the coffee.

A witness said that he was greatly inconvenienced, as his doctor had ordered him wine. Coffee did not agree with him. The value of his evidence may be measured by the fact that within a quarter mile of the applicant's restaurant there are at least 50 places where wine can be secured.

Another young man, who discredited himself as a traveller for Watson No. 10, admitted that to meet his convenience it would be necessary to have every refreshment and luncheon place in the State licensed.

The police objected on the grounds that the reasonable requirements were sufficiently met by existing licenses.

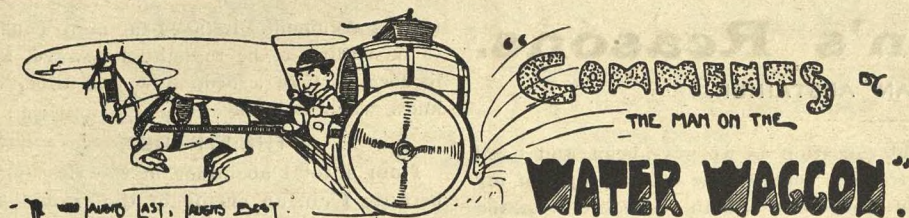
Mr. Creagh, City Police Court Missioner, who had visited the cafe with Mr. Marion and noticed the dice throwing, gave evidence to that effect.

The application was refused.

Several others have to be dealt with on Thursday next.

ALLIANCE BAZAAR
NOVEMBER NEXT.

There will be a "GRIT"
Stall. GET BUSY!



A TRUE STORY FROM U.S.A.

The following remarkable story, fully vouched for, comes from Des Moines, Iowa, U.S.A., and anyone doubting it can have the anecdote verified without any more expense than twopence halfpenny, being the price of postage 'twixt continents.

A certain citizen of this town fell a victim to drink, and fell so thoroughly that he tossed all his effects, monetary and otherwise, into the arms of the brewers' satellites. His family sank into a state of penury and wretchedness, as too many families are doing in Sydney to-day.

Deeply as the mother and sisters felt the drop, one member of the family—the eldest son—felt it more keenly than all. He loathed the brewer, loathed the publican, and loathed the drink. He swore to be revenged, and to get his own and his father's back—and this is the strange method he adopted. Approaching the brewers in the first place, our young friend applied to be set up in a saloon. They consented. He seemed respectable, and they regarded him as a likely protegee. Working hard night and day, and keeping his saloon in excellent order, very shortly came success, and the brewers were paid right off. Now the youngster is free, and mark well how his electric display blazens the sign by night and by day: "This is the Road to Hell." In his saloon, well-dressed and covered in diamonds, stands the drunkard's son. Should he be asked to drink the reply comes instant, "No, sir; there is the sign. Mark it well. Drink if you wish, and take the road, but don't ask me."

"I am," he explains to his intimate friends, "getting back my own. If they wish, let them drink. King Booze owes me a fortune. Let his admirers pay back every dollar and more."

And the sign flashes back the answer again and yet again: "This is the Road to Hell."

NOT THE HIGHEST IDEAL.

Of course not, but a very remarkable story, all the same, and one worth the telling. Who knows how many young men may not have been warned by that ever-present sign?

One could not help being struck by the fact that the brewery syndicate didn't kick some, but the reply came that as the man was doing the business they decided to eat their bread quietly, however bitter it might taste.

Here was a man making money for them, and they cared little for his idiosyncracies, but at the same time one can quite imagine

that sign didn't leave a pleasant impression on them.

Let us hope the saloonkeeper has long since quitted the business, but that the sign remains.

ANOTHER STADIUM ROW.

The "sports" have again been quarrelling amongst themselves and with their referee, although it is only a few weeks since a mighty ugly general fracas was only averted at the last moment.

This time they tried to fire the building.

What a fine bunch of men these "fight fans" are! How illogical! They declare the poor wowzers, who deplores professional prize fighting, to be all sorts of an old woman, and "no sport."

Then they promptly jeer at a very proper decision and try to burn the place down in resentment. Sports, eh???

The only reply that seems to be coming from the prize fight following public is that "such rows proceed from a certain low class set of barrackers, who always attend."

Oh, ho! messieurs.

You have changed your tune entirely. When we argued that the lowest of the very low attended you grabbed for the list of parliamentary members, doctors, and lawyers who follow up fighting, and held it under our noses.

Now you contend the lowest riffraff are there, also in abundance.

You must learn your part a little better in future, and not let the cat out like that, but you are well aware the latter contention is only too true.

BLAMING MOTHER.

"My mother made me what I am," said the political speaker as he proudly threw out his chest.

"Well," said a small man at the rear of the hall, "she must have put in most of her time at other things."

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ABSOLUTELY PURE
ALWAYS FRESH
RICH and REFRESHING.

Tragic Cry of the Barmaid.

"Outcast from employment, cheated of marriage, old at 25, too old at 30, the barmaid sees before her only the streets. From the great mass of women broken on the wheel of profit-making industry comes no more tragic cry than that of the barmaid. 'Before it is too late, do, only do, help me to find work.'" Thus Mrs. Bernard Drake in her report of inquiries into the lives of barmaids, published in this month's issue of "Women's Industrial News." The fate of the barmaid is all the more tragic because she "belongs to the type of normal and average working girl, industrious, sober, and honest," and is not, by any means, naturally vicious. From the point of view of morality, we are told that the high-class bar is infinitely worse than that patronised by working men. Mrs. Drake says that the working man seldom loses his respect for the barmaid as a working woman. "It is reserved for the upper-class, or middle-class, 'man-about-town' to be without all sense of honor or chivalry to women." Young girls are deliberately chosen for the "lounge" or West End type of saloon. "Learners, no previous experience; 18 to 20 years of age, are the qualifications demanded. The number of barmaids who become drunkards, it is stated, are few:—"It is rare that the barmaid is encouraged to drink by her employer. On the contrary, the rule of the respectable house against drinking in the bar is strict. The barmaid accepts the money for a drink, if a drink is offered to her, so as to increase her takings and satisfy her employer; but the glass of wine, or spirits, is laid on one side, either to be enjoyed at the end of the day, or to be poured back into the cask to 'make up the stock.'" The barmaid's normal day is 14 hours, she works seven days a week, seldom earns more than 15s. a week, unless she rises to be manageress. It is proposed to prohibit the employment of girls under 21 to sell alcohol after 8 p.m., and to make the hours for bar-workers shorter.—"Alliance News."

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A Great Woman's Reasons.

MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN AN ABSTAINER.

Speaking at the annual National British Women's Temperance Association's meeting last May, Mrs. Philip Snowden, wife of the famous Labor leader, said:—

I want to tell you why I am a total abstainer. I am a total abstainer, and therefore a member of this Association, because of the good influence of home which I had. If I had all the eloquence of all the ages, I could not pay my debt in language to those who carefully, kindly fostered and tendered my earliest steps. Father and mother, uncles and aunts, I had the proud privilege of a good birth into a circle of total abstainers. Habit, custom, early atmosphere, and early association, powerful though these things be, they are not always powerful enough, if we cannot discover some more intellectual sanction for the faith in which we were born and in which we were reared. We have come to a time when we demand that there shall be some foundation and fact and reason, behind the case for the things we profess to believe. I belong to that favored number of young people who received the sanction for total abstinence in the school room. Never was child more blest than the 6th form girl who, amongst others, heard something of the wisdom that has fallen from the lips of Dr. Evans to-night. I learned early that alcohol did no good, and did positive evil to body, mind and spirit.

REAL TEMPTATION.

I don't mind confessing to you, although I received this intellectual sanction for my faith, although the commonsense and the truth of these things were brought home to me, the worthiness of total abstinence impressed upon my youthful mind, I am now, in adult age, on occasion, tempted. I have never touched it in my life, but I am tempted. Do you know why? The strain of public life is as great as the strain of every other kind of life. At least the strain of public speech is beyond my power to express it to you. By the grace of God, I have never yielded to the temptation. I tell you this because I don't want you to think that temptation does not come to people who are brought up in the right atmosphere and have the right teaching. It does. Temptations are made to be resisted. I come to this meeting to gather strength and power to continue to resist the taking of that which I know will harm me, even though it may apparently help through an occasion of this sort. I am a teetotaller for this reason and for others. First of all let me tell you what people say when you use these arguments.

MODERATE DRINKERS.

Nice people, kind people, generous people, I have never been able to bring myself to say hard things indiscriminately against the moderate drinker. I have not done it because I do not believe it does any good, because I do not believe it is deserved, for everybody has not been brought up to think

on this question as we have been, and I tell you frankly, some of the nicest people of my acquaintance are still in the habit of taking their daily glass. I went to a church and addressed a meeting on the subject, "Should Christians Abstain?" I would rather have worded it like this, "Can Christians dare to be anything else than Abstainers?" In the course of my remarks I said just what I have said to you, that indiscriminate lashing, and vicious desire to wipe off the face of the earth every moderate drinker, is neither right nor wise. It took me about three minutes to say that, but I spent about three months trying to persuade them as mere moderate drinkers, to improve themselves by abstaining. The press the next day came out with paragraphs after this manner: "Mrs. Philip Snowden says kind things and praises moderate drinkers." So I want to be clear as the noon-day sun on this point. However kind and generous the moderate drinker may be, they would be better, and not worse, if they would give it up altogether.

THE FIRST DRINK.

They say "all your argument lies in the excessive use of strong drink." The doctor has shown it is nothing of the sort. The first drop of it does harm. They urge, "your argument is for the drunkard and not for those who know when to stop." My reply is that you argue along this line about other things, about less dangerous pleasures, but you must not urge along this line about alcohol, for it has a specially mischievous quality. It creates a taste for itself, and every drunkard has been a moderate drinker once.

REAL COURAGE.

They say to me, and this is a far more insidious argument, "Is it not finer, nobler, more moral, to be able to take a little, and then stop, than in sheer cowardice of mind and spirit to pledge yourself never to touch it?" The boy and girl growing up into manhood and womanhood hesitate to be called cowards. You sneer at them for signing the pledge, taunt them for being weaklings and wanting a prop to rely on. They shudder from sensitiveness. I have known young men who, under this unholy taunt, have taken the first step which has plunged them down the abyss to ruin. If a person signs the pledge, he has to suffer this taunt, and is only weak if he gives way to it. As you know, I am a strong supporter of Woman's Suffrage, but I charge certain followers of this cause with just that moral cowardice of which I am speaking. They have allowed themselves to be taunted, and cheated, and tricked into positive cowardice. They have given way to the use of old-time arguments, gone back to the days of the cave man for their own plea, at the bidding of ignorance, and those who just wanted to drive them into that position. The young man is in the same situation who gives way

to this argument. It takes far more courage to be willing to be thought a coward, than it does to take a drop now and then, and know when to stop.

THE "TRADE."

I am a total abstainer in the first place, because I am an enemy of the trade. The drink traffic, like all other trades which do harm, is an illegitimate traffic. I make no pause about that. I may have tenderness for the sinner, but I have none for the sin. I may believe that certain brewers are kindly gentlemen, but their trade is an abomination upon the face of the earth. And I hold this conviction, and have come to it because there is no question, no problem where cause and effect are so distinctly and patently related, as the cause in the liquor trade, and the suffering of society. Holding this view therefore, I cannot conscientiously, to the extent of one glass poured out, of intoxicating liquor, I cannot support that trade. Much has been said to-night about legislation. It is powerful. But if we could persuade those that take a little to stop it altogether, we could deal the most damaging blow the liquor traffic has ever received.

DRINK AND POVERTY.

I am a total abstainer, too, for the sake of the poor. You know what the sufferings of the poor are. Your every experience, your every observation of them if you go to their homes. Try to take a trip to our beautiful East End, and if you have nothing like it at home, which I hope you may not have, feel ashamed, in your natural love of country that such foul spots should exist upon the face of it. "The poverty of the poor is their destruction," says the prophet. It is indeed. I could give you figures to-night showing what abject condition many of the people have to live in, in spite of what has been done. I could tell you stories of endless weeks' tramps after employment vainly made of bad housing conditions, absolutely indescribable, horrible suffering from hunger and nakedness, in this wealthy land of ours, which would make you almost weep to consider them. I want to rid you of this evil. At the same time I realise that if the poor are poor they are far too poor to afford one cent in their poverty for the intoxicating drink. If the poor man would stop drinking he would convince many people of his earnestness to destroy other social evils. If our democracy would cease to drink, the brains of the men and women composing it would be clear for the rapid solution of other parts of the social problem. That is the point I want to make. So far as I am concerned I could not appeal to these poor men and women to give up drinking if I drank myself. No man, no woman, has the remotest right to stand on a platform like this and ask the poor to give up their glass of beer if they themselves in the privacy of their homes, are secretly drinking never so little, either of beer or any other intoxicating liquor.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

I am a total abstainer for the sake of women. I am a lover of women,

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young and old, I love my own sex. I am proud of women, and I know what women can do. Underneath the shackles and fetters round the neck and feet, body and spirit of woman, I know there are the most potent and powerful influences alive, to bring a new heaven and earth into our sex. I am particularly anxious to appeal to women not to take this stuff, to let the medicated drinks alone, not to go to the grocers at the corner to get their bottle and drink secretly at home.

Again, I am an abstainer for the sake of the children. Their suffering from this liquor habit of the parents are indescribable. For these reasons then, I am a believer in the Gospel of Total Abstinence. My last word is this. I have dared to put on the label (I adopt a figure from the trade, it is the most I shall ever do for them), I have dared to put on the label of the Christian faith. I have dared to associate myself with a Christian church. I have dared to proclaim to the world-powers to-day that I believe in the gospel of love, of purity, and I dare not take the lower path having done that. It is the lower path to indulge a habit, the indulgence of which means the protection and strengthening of a trade which is doing everything it can to destroy every obligation and condition of brotherhood. I dare not, I repeat it.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

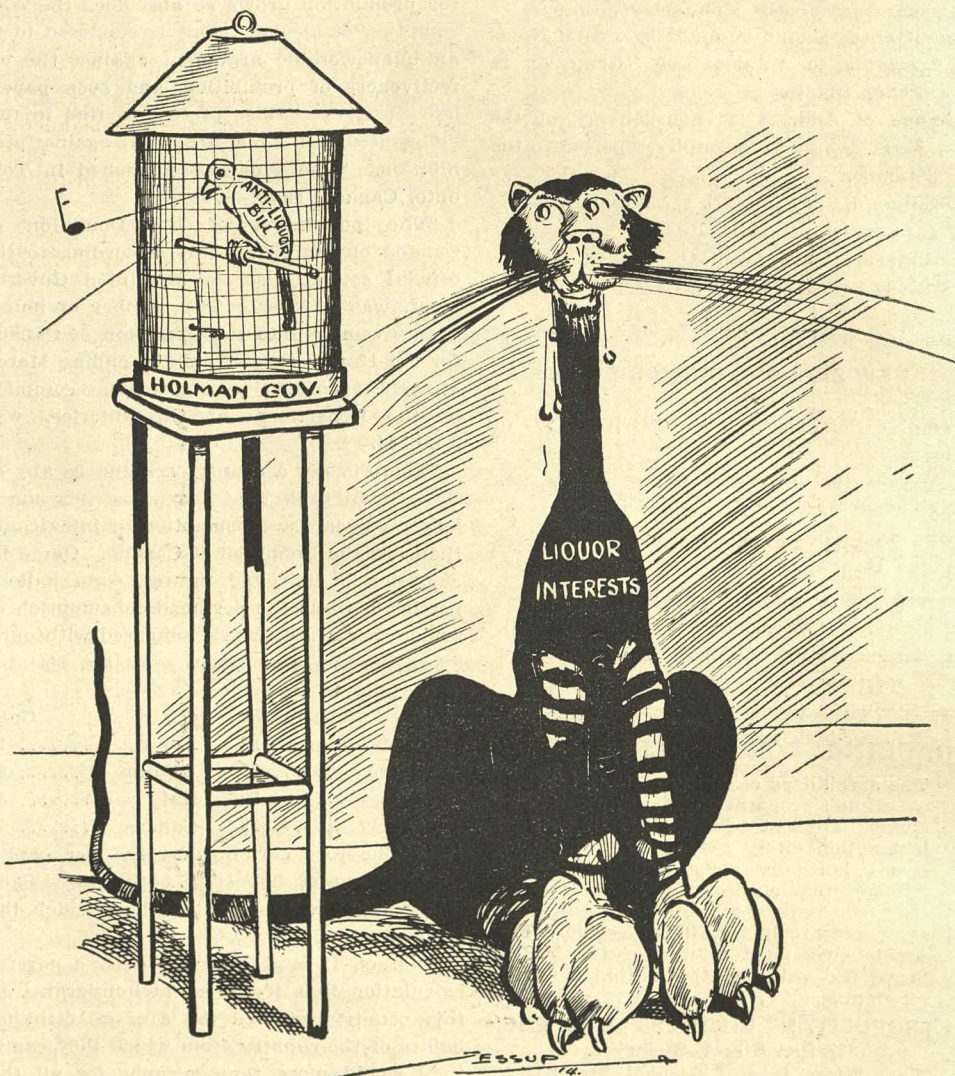
Lastly, I am a total abstainer because I love my country, and I am ashamed, in travelling about the world to hear it spoken of as one of the drunkenest countries on the face of the earth. There is a kind of patriotism that is loathsome, abominable. There is a cheap and shallow patriotism that helps to pile up armaments, that helps to create the war spirit, and gather favors. The high patriotism is the patriotism that realises that a nation is great, not because of its army, not because of its battleships, not because of its territory abroad—a nation is great in the greatness of the men and women composing that nation. A nation is great in the health and happiness of its little children, and the beauty of its private and public buildings, its science, its art, its literature, its kind hearts, its good souls, its heavenly faith. These are the marks of a great nation. And in that sense I love my country, and want it patriotically to mount to this height. But the drink habits are some of the heaviest weights that prevent our country from so mounting. And in the words of the Prophet of old, "For Zion's sake, they said, 'We will not hold our peace.'" For England's sake I will not rest until her righteousness shall go forth as brightness, the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth. (Loud applause.)

Important Appeal Case.

In the appeal heard on July 18 last, in the licensing case of Inspector Draper v. James Dennis respecting the license of an hotel at Lower Tarcutta, near Wagga, Judge Rogers decided a point which it is reported affects

torate, but which was cancelled by the Special Reduction Court.

The police appealed, and Judge Rogers upheld the appeal, with £5 5s. costs. He held that as 49 licenses existed in the electorate on January 1, 1906, and three had been cancelled by the Reduction Court, only 46 licen-



THE CAT AND THE BIRD.

"I am afraid if I reopen the Liquor Bill during the life of this Parliament, it would mean that we should get more of what we did not want."—Hon. D. R. Hall to Alliance deputation.

a large number of hotels the licenses of which have been cancelled by the local option reduction vote in one electorate, and afterwards transferred to another electorate where continuance has been carried.

The Wagga Licensing Court, by a majority decision, granted a license to Dennis for premises formerly licensed in the Wynyard elec-

ses were now available, and that number already being in existence, there is no vacancy for the license applied for by Dennis.

A painting which was sold by a lay sister in the Convent of Santa Clara, Naples, for £1. was resold by its purchaser within a week after the transaction for £5000.

GRIT.

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and No-License.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

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IMMIGRATION AND LIQUOR DRINKING.

Canada has a very large area under prohibitory law, and the prohibition vote is growing all the time; but the "clever" people are constantly pointing out that while the vote for prohibition grows so also does the consumption of alcohol. This is supposed to be an unanswerable argument against the effectiveness of prohibition, and even papers like the great dailies profess to find in this undisputed fact a real argument against prohibition. "The Pioneer," published in Toronto, Canada, says:—

"The population of the Dominion of Canada on March 31, 1913, according to the official estimate of the Dominion Government, was 7,758,000. The number of immigrants coming into the Dominion of Canada for the 12 years and 9 months ending March 31, 1913, according to a statement compiled by the Department of the Interior, was 2,521,144.

"There is not a country sending us any of these immigrants that has not a very much larger per capita consumption of intoxicants than has the Dominion of Canada. Our consumption is in round figures, eight gallons per head, while the per head consumption of some other countries, as compared with ours, according to the latest available returns, is as follows:—

	Gals.		Gals.
United States ..	22	Austria	25
England	35	Belgium	57
France	50	Italy	32
Germany	29	Canada	8

It is therefore certain that the per capita consumption of liquor by native Canadians was far below the eight gallons which the table gives.

"In fact, it might be shown by a careful calculation that if all recent immigrants to this country retained the average drinking habits of the country from which they came, they would more than account for all the liquor that is consumed, and there would not be a drop left for any of our Canadian people. Of course such a result would not represent the facts of the case, as many Canadians are drinkers and some of them drink heavily, while many of the newcomers are abstainers; and though some of the latter, with larger wages, may drink more than they were accustomed to drink in their respective homelands, yet it is probable that on the whole immigrants drink less in Canada than they drank before they came here.

"Nevertheless, the figures quoted are sufficient explanation of any increase in the

per capita consumption of intoxicants in Canada during the past few years, and these facts would seem to indicate that even with the extension of prohibition territory, and further restriction of the remaining liquor traffic, it might reasonably be expected that there would be a continuance of the increase in the quantity of liquor consumed while the stream of immigration keeps up its present volume."

NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

I am very tired of being told by responsible people such as aldermen and members of Parliament that we never will get prohibition. They overlook the fact that New Zealand would be without liquor now if majority rule prevailed, and that nine States in America, most of them as big as New South Wales, have absolute prohibition. We have just had word by cable from New Zealand that on the 20th inst. the Licensing Bill, reducing from 60 to 55 per cent. the Dominion vote necessary to carry national prohibition, was carried in the House of Representatives by 38 votes to 36. This means that New Zealand will soon afford us an example that I hope will for ever close the lips of these distressing croakers.

CHEERFULNESS IN ADVERSITY.

I will never forget a talk I once had with a man who lost his sight and the use of his limbs in a mining accident and had been in bed for over twenty years. His splendid cheerfulness, his unshaken faith in God, the comfort he found in the Scriptures, all made a great impression on me. Last year Miss Anne Edwards died in England, aged 82. She was a poet of no mean order, and when she lost the sight of one of her eyes she wrote these lines:—

I had a house all fair and bright,
Two windows were to give it light,
And then two curtains fell at night.

But He who gave me there to stay,
For reason that He did not say,
Has closed one window to the day.

I thank Him that I still have light;
But now my house is not so bright,
With shorter day and longer night.

This window small, that Sun so bright,
They both together drink their light
From Him, the One, the Infinite.

The Editor

New Applications for Liquor Licenses.

HOW THEY MAY BE GRANTED.—HOW THEY CAN BE FOUGHT.

Prepared, for the information and guidance of those who desire to oppose new licenses, by James Marion, General Secretary New South Wales Alliance.

During the last few months an unusually large number of new applications have been made to Licensing Courts for new licenses from all parts of the State, the rapid increase of population being largely responsible for the energy that is being displayed by would-be publicans, speculators, and brewery companies. Where temperance reformers have been alert and have had well-prepared cases in opposition considerable success has attended the efforts made, and licenses refused. But here and there the applicants have succeeded. Their success in certain instances has surprised many friends of the temperance movement, who were unaware of certain loopholes in the Liquor Act which give applicants their opportunities.

The purpose of this article is to set out as clearly as possible under what circumstances licenses may be granted and what is necessary to secure the defeat of the same.

THE MAXIMUM NUMBER IN AN ELECTORATE.

Section 80 of the amended Act provides that the maximum number of licenses in an electorate shall be the number that existed on January 1, 1906, and subtracting therefrom such as may have been closed by a special court where reduction has been carried. According to a recent decision of the Full Court, any new licenses that may have been granted by special authority (which will be explained in this article), are to be added before the maximum number is reached.

Should the number at any time, through a license lapsing, from any cause (other than by the decision of a reduction court) fall below the maximum number, such positions so created are regarded as "vacancies." These may be filled under the provisions of the old Act, and it is not essential that applicants desiring to fill such vacancies should conform to the stringent provisions that have to be fulfilled before "special authority" may be granted to exceed the maximum number. Should there be no vacancies in the electorate, the applicant must adhere to the provisions of section 81 of the Act before the license can be granted.

I will now deal with the case of an application for a new license which will increase the number in an electorate, notwithstanding that reduction has at some time been carried by the vote of the people.

SECTION 81.

This section reads as follows:—

Where a petition is presented to the Governor asking that a license may be granted for certain specified premises, and such petition is signed by a majority in number of the adult residents living within a ra-

dus of one mile from the said premises, and it is shown by such petition that—

(a) There has been a large increase of population in the said area since the number of licenses in the electorate was fixed by or under this Act, or any Act hereby repealed, and that such increase of population is likely to be permanent;

(b) There are insufficient licensed premises to meet public requirements within such area;

(c) No transfer of an existing license to the premises specified in the petition has been applied for—

the Governor shall refer such petition for inquiry in open court by a licensing court.

If, on such inquiry and after hearing evidence, the said court is of opinion that the petition should be granted, it shall make a recommendation to that effect to the Governor.

On receipt of such recommendation the Governor may grant the petition, and shall so declare in the "Gazette"; and thereupon a license or transfer of a license may be granted for the said premises, notwithstanding that by such grant the number of licenses in the electorate will exceed the number therein as specified in the last preceding section or at the time of the taking of a vote under this Part, or the number fixed in pursuance of a vote for the reduction of the number of licenses in the electorate.

Provided that this section shall not apply where a resolution under this part is in force that no licenses be granted in the electorate.

THE PETITION.

It will be seen that the first thing an applicant has to do is to get a petition of bona-fide adult residents within a mile radius of the premises. Such names as are collected have to be verified by the police. This verification is not always carried out in a satisfactory manner, but where the police officers do their duty they invariably find that many names have to be removed from the petition on account of persons not living within the mile radius, cannot be found, under age, or have not authorised their names to appear. The zeal of the canvassers for applicants leads to all kinds of abuses in this connection. Hence the necessity to thoroughly test the genuineness of the petition. Not only this, there is considerable misrepresentation, and names are secured for "residential chambers," "immigrants' homes," "coffee palaces," "boarding-house," etc. Many No-License voters have without consideration, signed such petitions.

THE POPULATION QUESTION.

The petition must show a large increase of population within the mile radius. The



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Crown Law Department will not send a case on for inquiry if there has not been at least 200 increase since January 1, 1906 in electorates where continuance has been repeatedly carried on since the date that the reduction determined what licenses should cease.

A large increase in population is not the only safeguard. The applicant must show that there are insufficient licensed premises in the locality, and meet such other objections as may be permitted to be stated.

Although the court may recommend the granting of a license, the Governor-in-Council may decline to gazette the same, but such is very unusual. However, in a glaring case the application may be opposed when it again comes before the Licensing Court, and if granted, objectors may appeal to the Court of Quarter Sessions, presided over by a District Court Judge. Should such a judge decide against the granting of the license, the applicant cannot appeal to a higher court.

WHERE A VACANCY EXISTS.

In the event of a vacancy objectors have to fight the case on its merits, and under section 29 may object.

This section reads:—

Objection to the granting of any license under this part may be made, either personally or by petition, to a licensing court or licensing magistrate (as the case may be) by—

(1) Any three or more residents of the licensing district within which the premises are situated, or by the owner of such premises.

(2) Any district inspector or member of the police force in charge of the district or place in which the premises are situated, or

any person authorised by any such inspector.

And any one or more of the following objections may be taken to the granting of the license:—

(a) That the applicant is a person of drunken or dissolute habits or otherwise of bad répute.

(b) That his license has within the twelve months preceding the date of application been cancelled.

(c) That the applicant has been convicted of selling liquor without a license, or of selling adulterated liquor, within a like period as aforesaid from date of application.

(d) That the premises have not the minimum standard of accommodation prescribed by this Act for such premises.

(e) That the reasonable requirements of the neighborhood do not justify the granting of such license.

(f) That the premises are in the immediate vicinity of a place of public worship, hospital, or public school.

(g) That the quiet and good order of the neighborhood in which such premises are situated will be disturbed if a license is granted.

A case of this kind has just occurred at Nimbin, in the Lismore electorate. Lismore carried Reduction and two licensees were given notice that three years hence they must go out of the liquor selling business. Some time previous, however, an hotel was burned down at Broadwater (in the same electorate, but miles away). Nimbin was a rapidly rising settlement of about 200 people. An application was lodged and heard under the old Act. It would have been utterly impossible for such a place to get a license unless a vacancy existed. Nimbin has at every poll given a majority vote against Continuance in the electorate, which aggravates the injustice to the residents who desire to keep a liquor bar out of the locality.

HOW TO OPPOSE.

Under section 81, and also under the old Act, objectors are required to sign a notice of objection giving their reasons for such. This must be signed by adult residents—not less than three—living within a mile radius of the proposed hotel. It is always advisable to engage the services of a solicitor in order that the case may be strongly presented.

An important matter is to secure the attendance at the court of good witnesses who are able to give evidence to the effect that the reasonable requirements of the district do not justify such a license, and also as to the effect upon the good order in the locality.

It should be carefully noted if the application is made for premises in the immediate vicinity of a church or public school.

A petition may be circulated, such petition should be started in opposition to the license immediately it is rumored that an application is to be made. It is remarkable the difference in the number of signatures

gained when the canvasser in opposition to a license gets there before the applicant's canvasser.

In practically all cases for new licenses the police offer objections and are very pleased at any assistance that may be given them, or vital witnesses who will come forward and give evidence against the applications.

Certain important amendments are absolutely necessary in order to protect certain communities from the liquor bar, but this article does not deal with such. It simply deals with the Liquor Act as we have it. Every loyal temperance worker should at all times offer the strongest possible opposition to the liquor intrusion.

THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

and dearth for others call for curtailment here and encouragement there."

Finally he urges us to do all in our power to correct the growing tendency to postpone if not to abandon marriage entirely, on the part of superior young people. He urges:—

"Hold out marriage as one of the ends of a useful, normal, beautiful life. Help superior young people to meet, and encourage and further their early marriage. Give more honor and appreciation to those who have married well and have had adequate children. And in whatever ways you properly can, reduce this appalling percentage of superior celibates who are thus pulling down the quality of the human race."

No Drink Before Ten.

"Beginning with Friday last (May 29), public-houses in Scotland will not open their doors until 10 a.m.," says the "Daily Chronicle."

"Hitherto the opening hours has been 8 o'clock, and the change—or reform, as it is intended to be regarded—is due to the Temperance (Scotland) Act, 1914.

"The new order is understood to be directed chiefly against the morning 'nip' of certain sections of docks and shipyard workers.



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TRY OUR STEAM-MADE BREAD

"It is one of the traditional customs of workmen in some industries in Scotland to indulge in a morning drink, and the later opening of the public-houses will, therefore, be unpopular with such men.

"Under present arrangements in the shipyards, engineering works and docks, work begins at 6 a.m., and a stoppage is made for breakfast from 9 to 9.30 to 10. During this period the morning 'drink' has been obtained, sometimes with undue indulgence, and the effect, often on an empty stomach, has been injurious and demoralising.

"As it is provided for the future that the opening of the public-houses shall not take place until workmen are due back at their work, the drinking habit is likely to be considerably reformed.

"The expectation is, however, that in some industries, notably in harbor transport work and in shipbuilding, the men will adapt their breakfast hour to suit the new hours of the public-houses. By putting their breakfast intervals back half an hour, it is pointed out, they will have time for a drink immediately before resuming work.

"No decision on these lines has yet been taken, but both employers and trades-union leaders recognise that such an alteration may become inevitable.

"Clubs are affected by the new law, which practically forbids them to sell intoxicants between 2 a.m. and 10 a.m.

"The present extent of the mischief is hard to estimate," says the "Times." "The only evidence adduced as to breakfast-hour drinking related to a single public-house which was seen to be entered by 84 and left by 47 customers within the space of nine minutes during the breakfast-hour on a Monday morning. From Aberdeen, on the other hand, there was the estimate made by a licensee that the loss of two hours' trading in the morning would cost the 125 license-holders in the eleven wards no less than £44,000 per annum."

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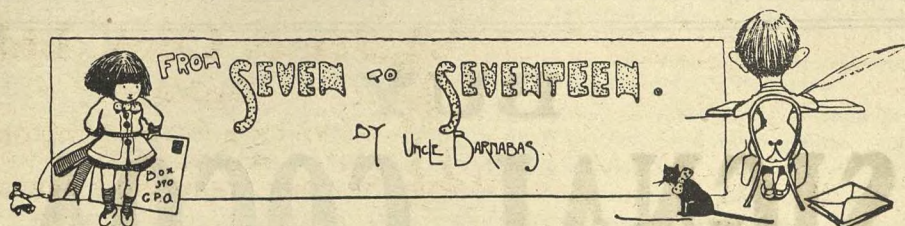
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A WONDERFUL RESULT FROM A COURAGEOUS ACTION.

Do you love to read of brave deeds? I do, and so tell you of James Haldane, who was the commander of the Melville Castle, a man-o'-war. In the midst of a terrible action at sea he ordered more sailors to take the place of those who had fallen in the battle. When the men saw the dead bodies they recoiled from action. Haldane uttered terrible oaths, insisting on their coming and manning the guns. A Christian sailor had the courage to go up to the captain and ask him how he would like his awful oaths answered. Haldane's conscience was pierced, and he was converted afterwards, and became a preacher of the Gospel. Among those converted under his preaching was his brother, Robert Haldane. He went to Geneva, and under the influence of his clear, evangelical message, Merle d'Aubigne, the great historian of the Reformation, and Frederic Monod, equally famous, were brought to Christ. From the unknown sailor to Monod and d'Aubigne is an unbroken chain. What a tribute to the power of a Christian testimony! How poor the world would have been if that sailor had been a coward. We cannot tell how any action of ours may make a world of difference in a hundred years' time.

UNCLE B.

RIDDLES.

1. Why is a doctor whose practice has vanished like a boy in a temper?

Answer: Because he has lost his patience.

2. How did the blind man recover his sight in a crockery shop?

Answer: He took up a cup and saucer.

3. Why are fishermen and a shepherd like beggars?

Answer: Because they live by hook and by crook.

4. If the fishes married, who would be the wife of John Dory?

Answer: Anchovy (Ann Chovy).

5. Where is the home of E.E.E.?

Answer: Ceylon, because they are Cingalese.

6. Why is the nose in the middle of the face?

Answer: Because it is the scenter.

7. Why is using slang like an ill-fitting riding coat?

Answer: Because it is a bad habit.

8. Which of the virtues is an icicle like?

Answer: It is Justice (Just Ice).

MANY HAPPY RETURNS.

I wish you all a very happy birthday, and many more, each happier than the last.

Frank Brown, 2nd; William Hunt, 4th;

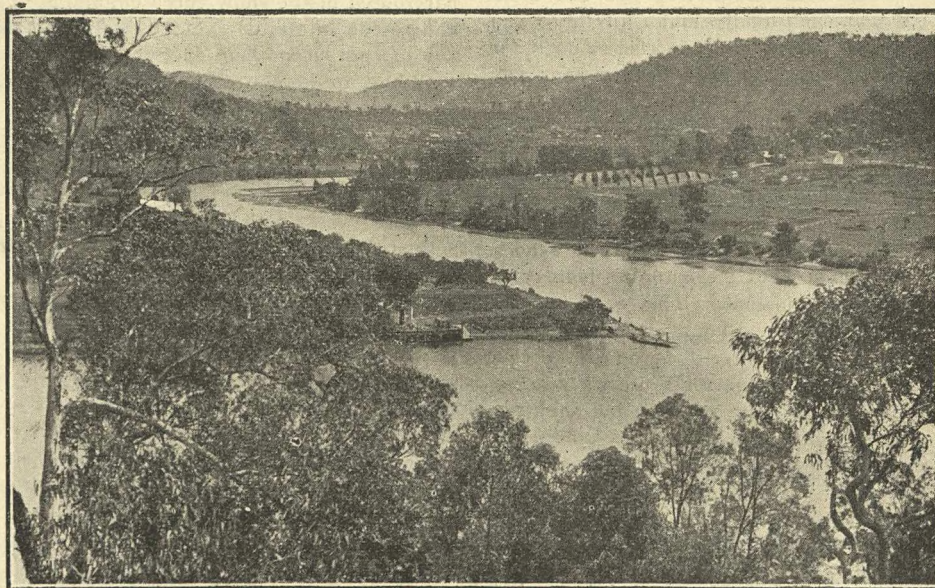
Grace Tasker, 6th; Dorothy Mitchell, 8th; Essie Stanmore, 9th; Arthur Poore, 10th; Max Bergin, 12th; Everard Ford, 16th; Dulcie Pollock, 23rd; Heather Loveday, 27th; Athelstane Ford, 28th; Adelaide Ewart, 31st.

SHAKESPEARE.

(Quoted by Chas. Jessop.)

All this I give you. Let me be your servant; Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty: For in my youth I never did apply Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood; Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo The means of weakness and debility; Therefore my age is as a lusty winter, Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you; I'll do the service of a younger man In all your business and necessities.

—"As You Like It."



LOWER PORTLAND, HAWKESBURY RIVER.

Sent by F. K. M. Brown.

GIVING OTHERS A CHANCE.

Stephen Tall, 101 Flinders-st., Moore Park, Sydney, 23/6/14, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose you think I have forgot you, but I have not. I was only giving you a little rest, and your other little ni's and ne's a chance to get their letters in "Grit." I was very pleased to see my letter in again, and thank you very much.

I am another year older since I last wrote, I was eleven on Sunday. And now it is bed time, I must close with best wishes.—I remain your sincere friend.

(Dear Stephen,—Thank you for being so considerate, but really it was not necessary. I wish, however, that there was more real consideration one for another. Some one once said, "politeness is like an air cushion,

there is nothing in it but it eases the joints wonderfully."

It helps me very much to have a lot of letters because I can often answer a lot more than there is room for in one issue, and then when I am rushed the next week I find the printer lets me off because he has enough.—Uncle B.)

AN APPEAL TO THE CASHKEEPER.

Ernest Gill, Balgownie, June 20, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you will excuse me for addressing you Uncle B., as I am a perfect stranger to you, but I am in hopes that you will accept me as a nephew. I will try to be your faithful supporter in every good cause, and will work like a trojan for you.

I do not see "Grit" every week, but I have great hopes that when this letter appears in print and read by the cashkeeper of the home the subscription will be sent by return of post. I would like to get "Grit" every week, then I would be in touch with you, and all the other ni's and ne's. I trust my hopes will be realised. Will let you know again.

As the Rev. Mr. Hammond and you are in league in every good work, will you try and

coax him to pay us a visit again. Some time ago he was down here, and delivered a "bosker" address in front of the hotel. That speech went home to many hearts, and did its good work. One man whom I happen to know was drinking heavily but gave it up after that lecture, but I am sorry to say he is gone back to the drink again. I am sure if we had another lecture it would brighten things up here. Please let me know if you accept me as a nephew.—Yours sincerely.

(Dear Ernest,—I am delighted to have you as a ne, and am pleased to hear that the meeting at Balgownie did some good. I hope your letter will appeal irresistibly to the cashkeeper. Nothing is more important than increasing the circulation of "Grit," and there must be many thousands of homes

where "Grit" would be welcome. It needs personal persuasion, however, and I am glad you are a personal persuader. Write soon.—Uncle B.)

A GOOD MANY CANNOTS.

Kathleen Belbridge, Summer-st., Orange, June 25, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am sure I will try to be very good the next three months. I am sending you a "Beauty Spot." Do you think it will be too late? If so of course it does not matter. We are having holidays from school now, and I am very glad. We have a month and a few days. By the way, I don't think I can do much for the bazaar, for I cannot knit, crochet, make lace, carve a frame, or make a hammock. My birthday is on the 30th of November. Well I must say good-bye now.—I remain your loving niece.

P.S.—I did not know one had to take the photo one's self, so I bought mine. Give my love to my ni's and ne's. I would be very pleased if one of my "cousins" would write to me. One about 15 years old.

(Dear Kathleen, — You told me many things you cannot do, but why did you not tell me something you can do, for I am sure you can do something. Did you not think that if you can't really make anything you may be able to get someone else to do it for you for the bazaar. The beauty spot you sent was very pretty. I did not expect those who sent them to take them.—Uncle B.)

SNOWBALLING IN BARE FEET.

Edna Stone, Briar Vale, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose my name is in that dreadful black book. To-day is a holiday from school, but we made no holiday of it, as we worked all day long.

Oh! Uncle, if the Sydney people were up on Monaro for a winter—dear me, the cold would surely kill them, for a breeze is called a gale, and if it is not roasting hot they say "it is oh so cold." On their wraps and coats go, even if they only have to go ever such a little distance. Do you like the cold? The people were just like I tell you when I was in Sydney. We go about in the snow snowballing each other, and often one happens to slip into the snow, and what a roar of laughter to see them get up out of the snow. We sometimes go snowballing with no boots on, and don't we have chilblains after it.

Dad started on his annual trip on the 26th. He expected to pass through "Snowy Klandra" yesterday. He must have had a very rough journey, as there was a very high, cold wind blowing here, and I think there is a good deal of snow in Klandra. There's not much news, so I will give you a few conundrums. I wonder can any of my cousins, or uncle, can answer them? Which is the highest school in Australia? Why is Athens like the wick of a candle? Which is the oldest plant on record? Why is a cowardly soldier like butter? I am sending in a card for the Beauty Spot. So I must

now conclude, with love to uncle and all my numerous cousins.—I remain, yours sincerely.

(Dear Edna,—I am glad you want to get off the dreadful black list. It is dreadful, and gives me the blues to read it over some times. I used to find that running about barefooted in the snow cured chilblains. You had to run in and dry your feet and see that you did not toast them over the fire. Please send the answers to those riddles. We will never guess them.—Uncle B.)

ADVANTAGES OF THE COUNTRY.

Winnifred Stone, Briar Vale, 30th June, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Have you got me on the scalawag list yet? I hope not. It is a good while since I wrote to you, and I have some news to tell you. Firstly, we celebrated Empire Day on the 25th of May, and it would have been nice for us only nearly all the pupils were sick, but we would not give in. We were at home for three weeks after the celebration with influenza, and I had a double dose, as I had inflammation of the lungs, too. I don't want it any more. I won a glass dish in a footrace, and it is the only one I went in all day.

My little sister Isabel was given credit for saying the nicest recitation. She is going to write to you next time as she said she would like to be one of your nieces. We are having some very beautiful sunshiny days and cold, frosty mornings. We have some nice ice-creams. We prepare the cream by sweetening and flavoring and beating it up to a froth, then put it out all night in the frost. Some of my cousins in the country might like to try this recipe. Don't you think, uncle, that we country people have an advantage of the city people, for we can make lovely fresh ice-creams in the winter with very little trouble, and we buy them in the summer time.

There is every appearance of a change in the weather to-night, and a cold wind is whistling round every little while. I wrote

to Kathleen Belbridge last night, and I hope she will correspond with me.

I am learning to cook now, uncle; and Edna does laugh at me if I have a failure. I had a few failures.

Three of we school girls are studying for the Qualifying Certificate, and I can tell you uncle it is hard work sitting at a desk so long, but I don't mind so long as I get my certificate. I always fancy I am like the city journalist in "The Man from the Snowy River," when I have wrong work to do over which I very often have. Well, dear uncle, I will conclude now, with love to yourself and all my cousins.—I remain your loving niece.

(Dear Winnifred,—You all need to be glad that I am very patient and slow to put any of you on my scalawag list, but I am very eager and pleased to take you off it. Sorry to hear you have been ill, and hope you are quite strong again. You and Isabel are both to be congratulated for doing so well. I hope she does write.

Just reading of those ice-creams will send a shiver through any of your Sydney "cousins." I quite agree with you, the country is far nicer than the city.

Will you start and make a list of all the advantages of the country, and perhaps some one will make out a city list, and we will see which makes out the best case.—Uncle B.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "GRIT."

J. Pickering, 31/12/14, 6s.; Miss J. Ashton, 31/12/14, 6s.; G. W. Lee, 31/12/14, 4s.; Miss R. Pearce, 31/12/14, 6s.; St. Simon's Brotherhood Education Fund, 20s.; H. Dawson, 31/12/14, 6s.; G. Shelley, Melbourne Educational Fund, 5s. 2d.; Miss Tilly Mickam, Q., per Mr. McIntyre, 9/7/15, 6s.; Rev. W. N. Lock, 31/12/14, 6s.; Miss H. Wardrobe, 23/7/15, 6s.; Rev. M. Smith, 31/12/14, 6s.; H. J. Abbott, 31/12/14, 6s.; Mrs. J. P. Carr, 31/12/14, 7s. 2d.; F. J. Smith, 30/4/14, 2s.; P. T. Worth, 31/12/14, 6s.; Miss M. E. Naylor, 31/12/14, 6s.; J. Butterick, N.Z., 30/11/14, 20s.; Mrs. Mortimer, 23/7/14, 3s.; Miss Mabel Luxton, 14/10/14, 3s.

BURNET'S PENNY JELLIES.

Booze at the Stadium.

A GENTLE BOXING CROWD DESCRIBED BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

In a letter published a week or two ago Mr. "Snowy" Baker, director of the Stadium, scouted as "ridiculous" the assumption which he said had been made that "fellows of the low sort go to boxing matches."

The scandalous exhibition of rowdyism at the Stadium last Saturday night is a striking commentary on Mr. Baker's claim that the fight crowd is as decent as that found elsewhere. "Boxing Major," the scribe who writes up fight news for the press, says in the "Sportsman":—

"Up South Head-road, every doorway of the Stadium had its gang of half-beered roughs intent on doing all the damage they could; and at the furthest east some half-dozen of these were actually tearing down and throwing into the street, the stringers that support the struts of the terrace."

It is paying them a compliment to say they were "half beered"; they had evidently sampled most of the liquors so prominently advertised at the Stadium.

Mind, it is "Boxing Major," the sport, who thus describes these liquor inspired ruffians.

The Sunday "Sun" describes the affair as follows:—

"The lights in the ring and in the house were lowered, and then somebody on the Neild-road side of the back benches set fire to a pile of newspapers, which burned fiercely. An usher dashed towards the flames and trampled them out, but the idea caught on. "Burn the place down," was yelled in a dozen different tones, and in a moment half-a-dozen similar fires leapt up all over the Stadium.

"It was impossible to stamp them all out. Mr. Fred Baker is an old fireman, and he ran to one of the many fire hoses with which the house is equipped. In a few moments he was playing a powerful stream of water on to all the fires, though as fast as one was extinguished another would spring up."

THE HANDY BOTTLE.

It has often been asserted that from 500 to 600 empty bottles and flasks are picked up in the Stadium after each of these so-called boxing contests. The "Sun" goes on to say:—

"Then the water was turned on to the yelling crowd. At first there was a scatter, but some of the bolder spirits hurled bottles and bricks at the hose party with such deadly aim that Mr. Fred Baker and his assistants had to abandon the hose and run for shelter.

"The next move on the part of the Stadium defenders was to plunge the place in darkness. This allowed the burning papers to be easily located and prevented the bottle-throwers from finding their marks. The hose was freely played upon the crowd, and it was slowly driven out of the building.

"At one stage, while bottles and bricks were flying, somebody on the Paddington

side of the Stadium fired a revolver. This drove out a crowd of some hundreds of spectators who had collected in the entrance to the floor space, and also caused many of the would-be rioters to leave. Bottles can be dodged, but nobody can see a revolver bullet coming."

POLICE NOT TIMID, BUT WISE.

While the police are condemned for not taking a more active part in quelling the disturbance, it seems to us unreasonable to ask a handful of men to control thousands of liquor inspired hooligans armed with bottles. The "Sun" goes on to say:—

"During all this time the most curious feature of the proceedings was the masterly inactivity displayed by the police. The whole work of shifting the crowd was faithfully left to the Stadium officials.

"When at length the yelling mob had been forced out of the building it gathered in front of the Stadium offices. An attempt was made to rush the gates, but this was frustrated by the watchfulness of the attendants. Then stones and other missiles were thrown. Many of the Stadium windows and some of the electric signs were broken. But the presence of a large number of police, though they remained passive, tended to restrain the crowd.

"Occasional hooting, punctuated by a volley or two of stones, served to keep the crowd occupied for half an hour. Then the persuasions of the police, who had begun to move through the pack, and the fact that the Newcastle boat left at 11.30, were responsible for the crowd gradually melting away."

AN OLD BOXER.

A man who was in the game for a long time says:—

"As I look back in my own life I can see a very large number of athletes, myself included, amongst them some of the finest boxers who ever put a glove on who met their Waterloo when they took alcohol on. It is easy for some writers in sporting papers to refer to a few boxers who are still in the game, to point out that they are abstainers, etc.; they have to be, or they would not hold their position as front-rank men. This applies to every branch of sport, and every walk in life, and the sooner the people, especially the sporting section, banish alcohol, the better.

"The alcohol curse is deeprooted in our individual and national life; if we could banish it all classes would benefit, and the class that would most benefit would, I feel sure, be the sporting class. They are supposed to stand for fair play. Alcohol has never stood, and never will stand for fair play. The most cowardly acts, the most fearful suffering, the most wanton misery, has come to our race through the alcohol habit, and the way the sporting crowd stick up for it,

notwithstanding the damage it has done to some of their best, is astonishing. Wake up sports, give yourselves a fair go. This you will do if you never touch alcohol."

A POOR ADVERTISEMENT.

We do not expect a boxing crowd or any other crowd, in fact, to be swayed by moral motives, but we surely have a right to expect that those in authority will see to it that the curse of alcohol is lifted from sport in this land of sport. It will quite overshadow the abstinence of those who engage in contests if the crowd who watch them are given over to alcohol. If the boxing sport argues that liquor is as necessary to pugilism as betting is to horse-racing, then we reply that we have reason on our side when we declare the price is too high, and if these sports cannot exist without the demoralising influences of liquor and betting we must shut down on them or advertise ourselves as a people blind to the lessons of history and lacking in ambition to keep step in the world's progress.

TOO MUCH.

Again is in circulation the old yarns that moderate drinking is harmless, that the evils of intemperance are the result only of excess, and that as much evil comes from over-eating as from over-drinking. Replying to the latter of these absurdities, the "Lincoln Visitor" asks the following pertinent questions:—

"Does soup ever make a man crazy?"

"Do fish ever drag a man under the table?"

"Does bread ever give a man the big head the next morning?"

"When a man eats beefsteak to-day, does he crave the whole cow to-morrow, and, if he cannot get it, does it set him to smashing the furniture?"

"Does the leg of a chicken ever send a man home to abuse his wife and his babies?"

"Does a woman ever send a notice down to the hotel-man forbidding him to sell her husband pancakes?"

"Do life insurance companies ever turn men away because they are addicted to strawberries and cream?"

"Do apple dumplings ever make a man rosy-nosed?"

"Does pumpkin-pie ever keep a man from finding the key-hole?"

"GOD'S SMILES."

Mrs. Moppet's poem, published lately, contained a misprint: Second verse, third line, please read "Con" instead of "Can."

Dearest, the tear that from your violet eye,
Steals sadly down, adorning your dark lash,
Condemns my thoughtlessness.
Your cold, dear one, had never come to tears,
No pearly drop your glad eye to obscure,
Had I but thought to bring you home
Your Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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IF A BELIEVER WHY NOT SURE OF SALVATION? IF SAVED WHY NOT HAPPY?

What an oft-repeated question! Let me put it to you, my reader; for travelling you most certainly are—travelling from time into Eternity, and who knows how very, very near you may be this moment to the Great Terminus?

Let me ask you then, in all kindness, "Which class are you travelling?" There are but three. Let me describe them, that you may put yourself to the test as in the presence of "Him with whom you have to do."

1st Class.—Those who are saved, and who know it.

2nd Class.—Those who are not sure of salvation, but anxious to be so.

3rd Class.—Those who are not only unsaved, but totally indifferent about it.

Again I repeat my question, "Which class are you travelling?" Oh, the madness of indifference, when eternal issues are at stake! A short time since a man came rushing into the railway station at Leicester, and, while scarcely able to gasp for breath, took his seat in one of the carriages just on the point of starting.

"You've run it fine," said a fellow-passenger. "Yes," replied he, breathing heavily after every two or three words, "but I've saved four hours, and that's well worth running for."

"Saved four hours!" I couldn't help repeating to myself; "four hours" well worth that earnest struggle! What of Eternity? What of Eternity? Yet are there not thousands of shrewd, far-seeing men to-day, who look sharply enough after their own interests in this life, but who seem stone-blind to the Eternity before them? Spite of the infinite love of God to helpless rebels, told at Calvary; spite of his pronounced hatred of sin; spite of the known brevity of man's history here; spite of the terrors of judgment after death, and of the solemn probability of waking up at last with the unbearable remorse of being on hell's side of a "fixed" gulf, man hurries on to the bitter, bitter end; as careless as if there were no God, no death, no judgment, no heaven, no hell! If the reader of these pages be such an one, may God this very moment have mercy upon you; and while you read these lines open your eyes to your most perilous position, standing as you may be on the slippery brink of an endless woe!

Oh, friend, believe it or not, your case is truly desperate! Put off the thought of Eternity no longer! Remember that procrastination is like him who deceives you by it, not only a "thief," but a "murderer." There is much truth in the Spanish proverb which says, "The road of 'by-and-by' leads to the town of 'Never.'" I beseech you, unknown reader, travel that road no longer; "NOW is the day of Salvation."

"But," says one, "I am not indifferent as to the welfare of my soul. My deep trouble lies wrapped up in another word—

Uncertainty;

i.e., I am among the second-class passengers you speak of."

Well, reader both indifference and uncertainty are the offspring of one parent—unbelief. The first results from unbelief as to the sin and ruin of man, the other from unbelief as to God's sovereign remedy for man. It is especially for souls desiring before God to be fully and unmistakably sure of their salvation that these pages are written. I can in a great measure understand your deep soul-trouble, and am assured that the more you are in earnest about this all-important matter, the greater will be your thirst, until you know for certain that you the really and eternally saved. "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" The only son of a devoted father is at sea. News comes that his ship has been wrecked on some foreign shore. Who can tell the anguish of suspense in that father's heart until, upon the most reliable authority, he is assured his boy is safe and sound?

Or, again, you are far from home. The night is dark and wintry, and your way is totally unknown. Standing at a point where two roads diverge, you ask a by-passer the way to the town you desire to reach, and he tells you he thinks that such and such a way is the right one, and hopes you will be all right if you take it. Would "thinks," and "hopes," and "may bes" satisfy you? Surely not. You must have certainty about it, or every step you take will increase your anxiety. What wonder, then, that men have sometimes neither been able to eat nor sleep when the eternal safety of the soul has been trembling in the balance!

"To lose you wealth is much,
To lose your health is more,
To lose your soul is such a loss
As no man can restore."

Now, dear reader, there are three things I desire, by the Holy Spirit's help, to make clear to you; and, to put them into Scripture language, they are these:

The way of Salvation. Acts xvi. 17.

The knowledge of Salvation. Luke i. 77.

The joy of Salvation. Psalm li. 12.

We shall, I think, see that, though intimately connected, they each stand upon a separate basis; so that it is quite possible for a soul to know the way of Salvation without having the certain knowledge that he himself is saved, or, again, to know that he is saved, without possessing at all times the joy that ought to accompany that knowledge.

First, then let me speak briefly of the WAY of SALVATION.

Please to open your Bible, and read carefully the 13th verse of the 13th chapter of

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Exodus; there you find these words from the lips of Jehovah: "Every firstling of an ass thou shalt redeem with a lamb; and if thou wilt not redeem it, then thou shalt break his neck; and all the firstborn of man among thy children shalt thou redeem."

Now, come back with me in thought to a supposed scene of 3000 years ago. Two men (a priest of God and a poor Israelite) stand in earnest conversation. Let us stand by, with their permission, and listen. The gestures of each bespeak deep earnestness about some matter of importance, and it isn't difficult to see that the subject of conversation is a little ass that stands trembling beside them.

"I am come to know," says the poor Israelite, "if there cannot be a merciful exception made in my favor this once. This feeble little thing is the firstling of my ass, and though I know full well what the law of God says about it, I am hoping that mercy will be shown, and the ass's life spared. I am but a poor man in Israel, and can ill afford to lose the little colt."

"But," answers the priest firmly, "the law of the Lord is plain and unmistakable: 'Every firstling of an ass thou shalt redeem with a lamb; and if thou wilt not redeem it, then thou shalt break his neck.' Where is the lamb?"

"Ah, sir, no lamb do I possess!"

"Then go, purchase one, and return, as the ass's neck must surely be broken. The lamb must die, or the ass must die."

"Alas! then all my hopes are crushed," he cries; "for I am far too poor to buy a lamb."

While this conversation proceeds, a third person joins them, and after hearing the poor man's tale of sorrow, he turns to him, and says kindly, "Be of good cheer, I can meet your need," and thus he proceeds: "We have in our house, on the hill-top yonder, one little lamb, brought up at our very hearthstone, which is 'without spot or blemish.' It has never once strayed from home, and stands (and rightly so) in highest favor with all that are in the house. The lamb will I fetch." And away he hastens up the hill. Presently you see him gently leading the fair little creature down the slope, and very soon both lamb and ass are standing side by side.

Then the lamb is bound to the altar, its blood is shed, and the fire consumes it.

The righteous priest now turns to the poor man, and says, "You can freely take home your little colt in safety; no broken neck for it now. The lamb has died in the ass's stead, and consequently the ass goes righteously free. Thanks to your friend."

(To be continued.)

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