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WISE TRADERS GIVE THEM.

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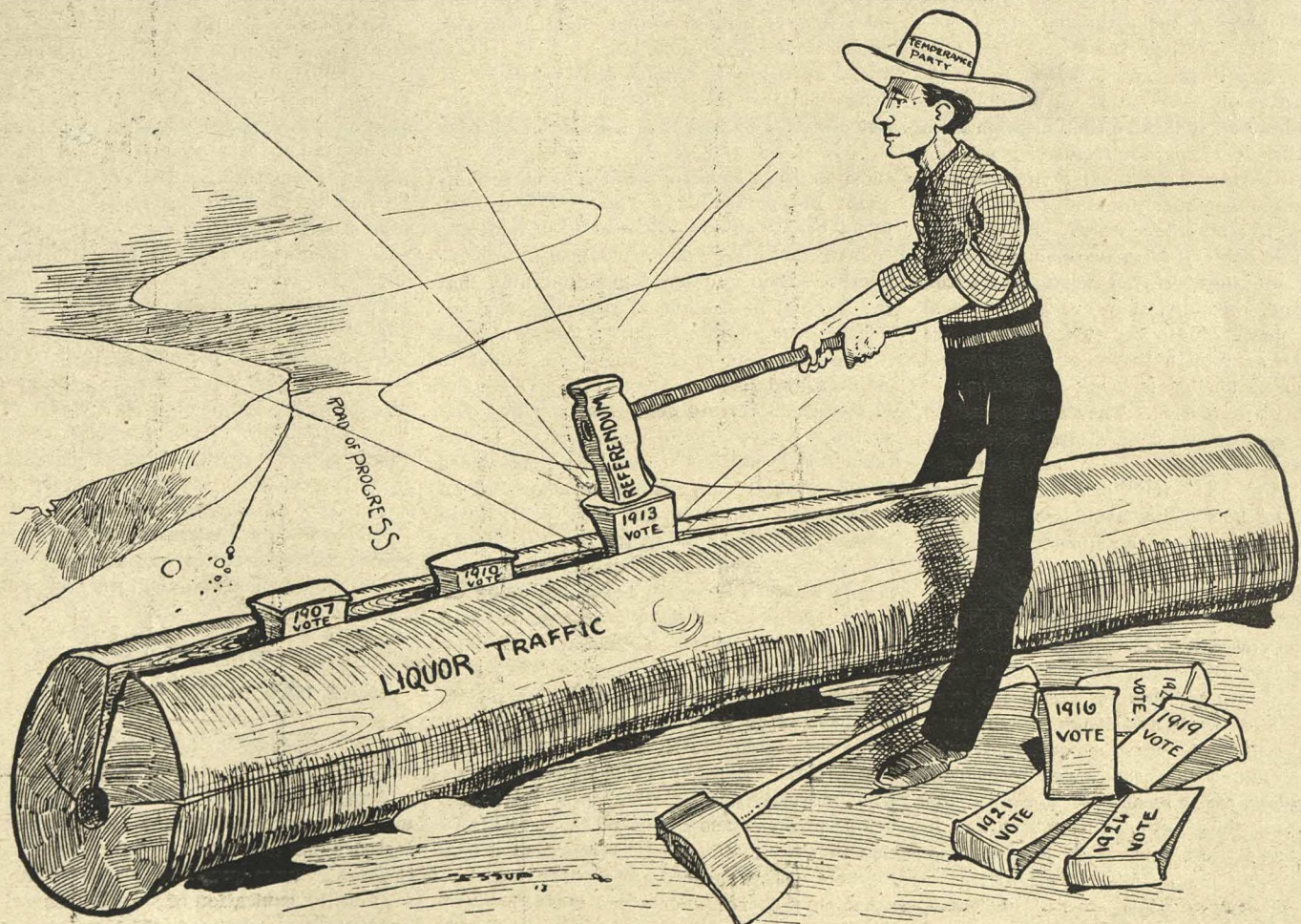
WISE LADIES COLLECT THEM.



**A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.**

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**SPLITTING THE LOG.**

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ALL KINDS OF SANDWICHES MADE.

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## Medicated Wines.

Professor G. Sims Woodhead, whose authority is recognised all over the world, on October 14, 1913, in England, moved the following resolution at the annual meeting of the Alliance:—

"That this Council regards with serious alarm the rapid development in recent years of a peculiarly dangerous form of traffic in intoxicating liquors which are being sold by means of grossly-misleading advertisements under the guise of 'medicated wines' by chemists holding 'off' wine licenses, and calls upon the friends of temperance everywhere to enlighten the public as to the insidious and perilous character of these drinks, and especially urges licensing magistrates to refuse facilities for their sale."

That seems to be an exceedingly well-drawn-up resolution. It is an omnibus resolution because it tackles this question from many sides—perhaps not from all sides, but from many sides—and tackles the question of extreme importance to those of us who are interested in temperance work. These medicated wines are evil from two points of view. First of all, they are not what they claim to be; and, secondly, they are a great deal they do not claim to be. These wines are sent forth as though they had the approval and approbation of a large proportion of the medical profession. They are advertised as being recommended by a large number of the profession, and as also being recommended by the the principal medical journals. I hold in my hand two pamphlets and a lecture in which this question of medicated wines is dealt with somewhat fully, and I congratulate our honorary secretary on the way he has put this matter before the public. This is a question that cannot be put forward too strongly. You will find that these wines contained substances which are supposed to act as foods and drugs and the rest, but you will find that the principal substance contained in these wines is alcohol, and in many cases alcohol of a very crude form, so that those people who tell us that it is not alcohol that does harm but the bad sort of alcohol ought to set their attention very strenuously against these medicated wines, because we are told that good wine, well matured wines, are not very injurious,

and people may take large quantities of them without doing themselves any harm. On that ground alone these medicated wines, many of them, are to be deprecated very strongly, even by those who are not taking active part in the temperance movement. There is another point. There are drugs and very dangerous drugs introduced into these wines and we are told that these wines contain substances which are of active therapeutic value. What do we find? We find that these medicated wines of this type are disowned by the medical journals and by the medical profession, and there has been an active crusade entered upon by writers in medical journals against these medicated wines. Of course they say, "Oh, yes, this is trade unionism. People are getting the drugs and the doctors are not giving them," but after all no one but a doctor is entitled to give drugs and assume responsibility for them, because a doctor must assume responsibility for giving these drugs, and if you are to let people shower cocaine throughout the country and give other drugs, some very deleterious, then you are doing something that the medical profession, at any rate, will not tolerate for one moment. You will find people say, you should not give alcohol to children, and that you should not give alcohol to women in certain condition, and that you should not give alcohol under certain conditions to anybody, and yet we have these wines containing a certain amount of alcohol given broadcast to children, and nervous, delicate women, and given in quantities very much larger than even the so-called temperance people would allow, you have this going on under your eyes and make no attempt to stop it. I am glad indeed the Alliance has taken this matter up and is pushing it forward so strongly and making such a great impression. We have often been told you cannot attack these wines individually for fear of libel, but I believe public opinion will support anyone who undertakes to say that these wines are doing an enormous amount of damage, and that they are making drunkards amongst teetotallers—(hear, hear)—and making them because they do not understand what they are taking. I believe we shall be supported by all right-thinking men and women, and

that those people if they do get a writ in an action for libel will get an advertisement very much better than they expect, and one which will be certainly deserved. The amount of evil that was wrought by these wines was very great indeed. The proprietors were now diminishing the quantity of drugs which they put in them, as stated by the people who went round selling them, who declared, for instance, that they were putting in less cocaine. Now cocaine was one of the most nerve-shattering drugs known, and was most insidious in its action. If they were alcoholic wines, then they were being sold as something they were not, for they contained something which was not alcoholic. Temperance people were justified in asking the Government to take steps to put a stop to the distribution of these wines. (Hear, hear.) All preparations which contained a proportion of alcohol ought to be brought under the operation of the licensing-laws as in America, where they were ahead of us in such matters. (Hear, hear.)

### Alcohol, the Murderer.

Dr. Jacques Bertillon, of the Paris Statistical Department, has recently issued some remarkable figures on the causes of death, which demonstrate, thinks Doctor Bertillon, that very few people die of old age, but that wrong habits and occupation kill off most people prematurely. The most noticeable feature of the statistics is the fact that in almost any disease the consumption of liquor and engaging in the liquor traffic stand at the head of causes of mortality. This is especially true in tuberculosis, which has a close second in those trades which constantly expose workers to poisoning. In nervous affections we find liquor again at the head, as also in influenza, pleurisy and digestive and other difficulties. Even in suicide alcohol is found to be the chief factor. Neurasthenia, we might observe, is not the luxury of the rich that it is often supposed to be, for next to neurasthenic dealers in alcoholic liquors come neurasthenic street-hawkers, casual laborers and lime manufacturers in point of frequency.—"Good Health."

### HE HAD PLANS ALL RIGHT.

She was a lady visitor to the prison, kindly and well meaning, and as she chatted with a burglar who had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment she thought she detected signs of reform in him. "Ah! now," she said, "have you any plans for the future on the expiration of your sentence?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," he said hopefully. "I've got the plans of two banks and a post-office."

# Presents with Grainus

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



# A Publican and his Conundrum

The landlord of the — public-house, which some years ago used to stand in Wandsworth Bridge Road—on the Fulham side of the river—was entertaining his friends with yarns and jokes. His guests were members of the respectable class. From the big dining room upon the first floor a good view could be seen of Wandsworth Bridge, which had not long been completed. As the liquor flowed the landlord's heart grew warm, and like a stupid he vowed to give a sovereign for the best answer to a conundrum which he would set his patrons, "Why is my whisky like Wandsworth Bridge?"

"Ha, ha!" said Mr. P— from the window—with his mug in his hand, "'cause it makes 'ee wobbly. Hand over the sovereign." The others joined in the laugh.

"No, no! That's not quite what I mean. Fair's fair, says I. You may not think my judgment good enough on this subject. So two of you shall be judges, and the answers must be handed in in writing. The answers shall be read out here on Saturday night next. You can make it known to all your friends; and there's the sovereign, which one of you can take care of. I can trust you."

You see our friend had an eye to business. hadn't he, by which he hoped to clear more than the value of his prize. But that's an old dodge of the "Trade."

Two of the guests decided to act as judges, and, as luck would have it, they were the two most sober men of the party.

The conundrum was well circulated, and Saturday night arrived to find a crowded room. Every chair was taken, and many people had to stand. The trade done that night was enormous, and the landlord congratulated himself upon his cuteness.

At length silence was called for the reading of the replies. One after another was read, applauded, or hooted, according to the way in which they struck the listener. At last the reading was concluded, and the papers handed to the two judges.

"Now, then, gentlemen. Are there any more replies?" said the landlord from a chair. "Any further replies that come in after I have given the word three will be too late. Are there any more? One, two —."

"Yes, sir," said a weak voice. "Mother has sent me with this note, as she is too ill to come herself. She hopes you will let it go in with the others."

"Right, boy. But who's your father?"

"Mr. Forman, sir."

"What, Bill Forman, the biggest drunkard in Wandsworth? I've had to refuse to serve him, gentlemen. Is it fair to take this answer?" said he turning to the two judges.

"Yes, of course. It's a public competition, and you made no conditions. Hand it over. Stand where you are, boy."

The paper was handed to him.

"Whew!" he whistled, and scratched his head in perplexity. "That's done it," he added; and a broad smile spread over his

face. He consulted his colleague, who also gave a startled look and a meaning laugh.

Interest was greatly roused by this curious interest shown by the judges and much chattering took place as to what it meant.

The judges rose.

"Silence, gentlemen!" called the elder one. "You have heard all the replies to this conundrum excepting one. This, the last one received, we have adjudged to be the winner. Here's the sovereign, little man. Take it home and give it to mother. We hope it will do her some good." And he sat down amid silence.

"What's the answer?" at length somebody shouted.

"How do we know it's a fair answer?" added another.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, again rising, "if you want the answer we are willing to give it to you; but I fear some of you wouldn't like to hear it. The matter of judging was left entirely to my friend and I, and we have awarded the prize to the best, the truest, if not the funniest answer."

"Let's have it without any more speechifying," shouted a burly Price's man and some commotion seemed likely to occur.

"Well, then, you shall. Most of you know Forman's wife and what she has had to go through. I say this so that you will understand her reason for sending this reply. It is: 'Because it is the quickest way to get to prison, to the asylum, to the workhouse, and to the cemetery.' And so it is," he added to his friend, quietly.

I was going to say "Had a bombshell, etc." But a bombshell would have made a noise. The reply simply made a "stillness"—yes, a stillness which you could feel. There was no questioning the judges' verdict. "Absolutely true," was the unanimous comment, but not uttered. Oh, no! Such a truth needed no clamorous applause. The point pierced the heart of many there. Mrs. Forman gained more than the sovereign prize; it was not many months ere she received the sovereign praise of three wives, who "came to her" in "secret by night" to tell her that her reply had changed the habits of their "old men," and that they were leading sober, if not teetotal lives.

Poor —, the landlord, had not scored, and for many a long day he had the bridge pointed out to him as a warning against trying to draw custom to his house. His friends the judges seldom came to console him, and when they did the matter was never referred to between them.—F. R. W., in "The Temperance Chronicle."

## SHE TOOK EVERY PRECAUTION.

"Jane," said her mistress, "how was it that I saw you eating our cake last evening?"

"I'm sure I don't know, ma'am," answered the truthful maid. "I thought I had covered the keyhole, ma'am."

# The Cornish Company

(E. Aust.)

## PIANOS & ORGANS

from Manufacturer to Buyer direct.

Sydney Address: 204 CLARENCE STREET.

### Special Organ List for Cash with Order:—

Description.	Octaves.	Stops.	Reeds.	£	s.	d.
Sunday School..	5	12	122	17	15	0
Sweet Home ...	5	12	122	18	0	0
Village Chimes..	5	16	172	22	10	0
Village Chimes..	6	16	208	24	5	0
Boudoir .....	5	12	122	21	5	0
Boudoir .....	6	12	146	23	10	0
Corona .....	5	16	172	26	10	0
Corona .....	6	16	208	28	5	0
Majestic .....	5	18	221	36	10	0
Majestic .....	6	18	257	39	0	0
Conservatoire ..	5½	18	353	38	0	0

And many others.

Handsome Catalogue and full Lists sent post free on application.

## CORNISH PIANOS

are also sold direct to public at factory price with importing charges only added.

ADDRESS—

204 Clarence Street, Sydney.

## Big Surplus of Whisky may cause Distilleries to Close.

The question of whether it may not be wise for the distilleries all over the country to close down during 1914 because of overproduction and large stock on hand in their warehouses is being raised by several distilling firms of Kentucky, according to the "Chicago Tribune." These men assert that the overproduction was so great during the fiscal years 1911, 1912, and 1913, that a "panic" in the whisky business will result in 1914 if something is not done to prevent it. One Kentucky distiller recently told the correspondent of the "Tribune": "There has been such a nation-wide overproduction of distilled spirits during the fiscal years of 1911, 1912, and 1913, with 1914 starting off with the biggest deluge of all, that the trade of the country is justly alarmed. Propositions are being launched to curtail 1914 production, even to the extent of closing down distillery operations. Each of these years in turn has broken all previous production records in the history of the industry. As a result, there remains in the bonded warehouses of the United States, after a complete deduction of all withdrawals, a gigantic net total of 274,648,260 gallons."

All of which is in perfect accord with the explanation that has been given by the temperance people of the increasing consumption by the people of the United States of alcoholic liquors.



**"Quality Tells"**

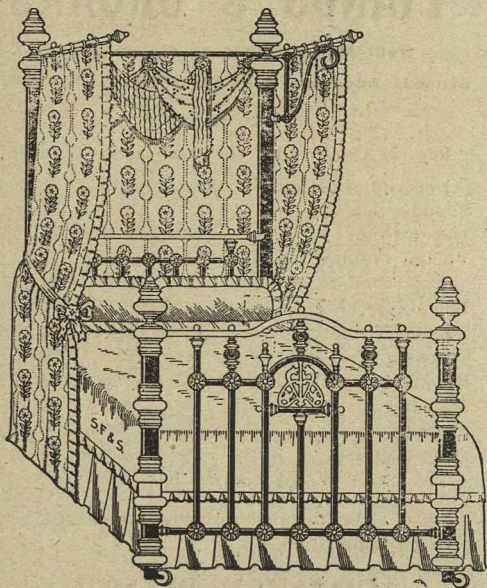
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The Popular  
**FURNISHER,**

**549 George Street,  
SYDNEY.**

Get this Wonderful Value  
For **£7 7s. 6d.**  
One of our many Specials.



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

Country orders packed and delivered Free to Wharf or Rail in Sydney.

Phone City 6812

## New South Wales Alliance.

The Great Campaign is over, and the results at the time of writing are unknown, but ere this readers will have learned how far the great cause of No-License has succeeded. A million voters are being appealed to. Never before has so much literature, so much organization, and so much open-air work been done. But the Liquor party has not been idle.

### BISHOP LONG.

The magnificent announcement of Bishop Long, which will be reported, on the eve of the poll, was a splendid help. But the greatest assistance has been rendered by the noble band of working men who have been fighting for us.

### THE CAMPAIGNERS.

The Rev. R. B. S. Hammond returned from Broken Hill on Saturday morning, having conducted a wonderful series of meetings in the Silvery City in sweltering heat.

Rev. James Wilson wired from Gloucester to the effect that he had addressed 60 meetings.

Mr. Francis Wilson had exciting and ex-

hilarating times at Molong and Orange, and effectively silenced the opposition.

Rev. J. Paterson spent the last week in the Goulburn electorate, doing three and four meetings a day. Mr. J. Hetherington ably assisted also.

Mr. W. F. Finlayson, M.H.R., made some fine fighting speeches at Goulburn.

### SYDNEY DOMAIN.

The great meeting in the Sydney Domain the Sunday before the poll was an indication of the feeling running for No-License. Rev. A. A. Yeates, M.A., and Rev. S. D. Yarrington, with the General Secretary, made stirring appeals to the crowd of 2000 people.

The Alliance is filled with gratitude for the unstinted support given to the great fight, and although we will finish on the wrong side of the ledger financially, we have every confidence in our supporters to foot the bill.

The battle is not over. We must press on. The earlier closing of hotels, the reduction of the majority required to carry No-license are reforms that we must work for in the coming year.

VERY BEST FUEL AT LOWEST RATES.

"Grit" Readers, Order From  
**WARBURTON AND SON.**

Telephone: City 4515, or 106 North Sydney.

Head Office: Warburton's Wharf, Bathurst-street, and Branches, North Sydney and Neutral Bay.

## WHEN IS A MAN DRUNK?

Under the foregoing heading the "Montreal Daily Telegraph and Witness" has a very forcible editorial in which it tells of the commendable action of the Hon. Col. Sam Hughes in insisting that military officers must not be "boozers" and goes on to discuss the question set out. It is pointed out that while helpless drunkenness is generally looked upon as being a serious disgrace, yet drinking indulgence to any extent, according to the best scientific opinion of to-day, impairs mental power and acuteness.

It is an unfortunate fact that the drink has, at the same time, the deceptive effect of leading the person indulging to believe that his brain and nerve functions are stimulated, when they are really partially paralysed. There can be no drink indulgence bringing a sensation of enjoyment that is not mischievous in its effects. Here is a clear description of some very common occurrences, taken from the article mentioned:—

"A business man worrying over a business venture, may, weary with perplexity, take a stiff whisky and soda 'to buck him up.' Possibly the immediate result will be that the risks will appear minimized and the gains more alluring. 'Nothing venture, nothing gain,' he will cheerily remark, and he will make the plunge in the whiskied effervescence of the moment. Win or lose, his judgment is not normal. A chauffeur, driving along St. Catherine-street, sees a narrow opening between moving street cars and vehicles. If he were in an absolutely normal condition he would slow down until the passing traffic had removed the risk. But if he had taken only a single drink, the quickened blood might stimulate him to take the risk. Whether he got safely through or not, he would act under the influence of drink. It is in these things, rather than in the partial paralysis of its late stages, that the danger of drunkenness lies. Drink, much or little, does affect a man. That is what he takes it for. And that is why our railway companies insist that all men having anything to do with operating trains shall be total abstainers. Moderate drinking has its dangers—altogether apart from the danger of its leading to immoderate drinking—for a man is drunk, more or less, when he has been drinking."

# Burnet's 1d. Jellies

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



**GENT'S HATS, MERCERY, AND CLOTHING.**

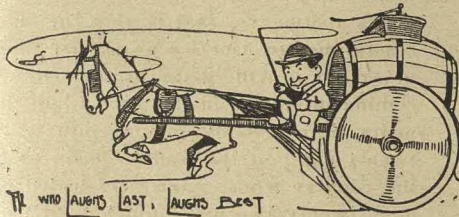
NEW SEASON'S GOODS NOW OPEN.

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

**C. M. CHALMERS,**

458 GEORGE-STREET, near Market-street.

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

**"COMMENTS OF  
THE MAN ON THE  
WATER WAGGON."**

All that we can do now is to talk over the hardships of a three-fifths handicap and wonder what the result will be. One of the most pleasing incidents of the whole campaign was the fearless and manly attitude of the Bishop of Bathurst. It is worth noting what he said, and keeping it for reference. The "Daily Telegraph" said:—

"Are you a teetotaller, or a moderate drinker?" Bishop Long was asked at the conclusion of a No-License rally at the School of Arts Hall, Bathurst, on December 4. 'No, I am not a teetotaller,' replied Dr. Long, 'but I am prepared to become a teetotaller to-night if you will come with me. I am not a member of the No-License League, and some time ago, when asked to become a member, I declined, because I had not gone fully into the question. I admit that I have had a period of indecision, and so you will see that I approach the question with a sort of unprejudiced mind. I have been down amongst it myself. I was in business before ever I went to the University to read for Holy Orders, and saw eight young fellows who went into business with me go down before liquor. They had no idea that they would become drunkards, but they just could not help themselves. Unquestionably they would become drunkards, but they just could not help themselves. Unquestionably working men should have their public-houses—places where they can meet after the day's work for social intercourse, but a public-house has got no business to be a drinking shop. Liquor is not sold on its merits. The piano and the barmaids are used as a lure. I have found testimony, accumulating and accumulating, that we do not want liquor, and can do without it for all time.' (Applause.)"

**"AND THEN — ?"**

The Federated Work of the Churches of Baltimore keeps a full page of church advertisements in the papers every week, and at the top of the right-hand side of the page it puts this telling thought:—

If no one went to church there would be no church and then—
---

The rest of that uncompleted sentence can be filled out by every reader. If Baltimore had no churches, what sort of community would it be? Any wise man finding his business to be in that sort of place, would sell it out, and leave for some city where property was safe. Any father of a family would want to get his household out as soon as possible. Every thief and gambler and criminal for miles round would hasten in to such a congenial spot. Law would cease to be obeyed, vice would be at a premium. The whole situation, indeed, is practically unimaginable in modern civilisation.

Why? Because those who build church's and go to them are the bulwark of the community. What, then, of those who take all the community benefits of churches, and yet do not go to their services or aid in their work? Mere self-respect would seem to dictate to such citizens the duty of standing by the churches.

**FELLOW SUFFERERS—THE PREACHERS  
AND EDITORS.**

The preacher has a hard time. If his hair is grey, he is old. If he is a young man, he hasn't had experience. If he has ten children he has too many. If he has none he should have, and isn't setting a good example. If his wife sings in the choir, she is presuming. If she doesn't, she isn't interested in her husband's work. If a preacher reads from notes, he is a bore. If he speaks extemporaneously, he isn't deep enough. If he stays at home in his study, he does not mix enough with the people. If he is seen around on the streets, he ought to be at home getting up a good sermon. If he calls on some very poor family, he is playing to the gallery. If he calls at the home of the rich, he is an aristocrat. Whatever he does, someone could have told him how to do better. He has a fine time living off donations which never come in, and promises that never mature. Next to being an editor, it is the most awful life.—"Tit-Bits."

**KAISER ON THE WATER WAGGON.**

I am in good company on all occasions. This time I am in royal company.

Although all men are equal in the sight of the law—and of heaven—the temperance world is rejoicing more than usual over a recent conversion to teetotalism. The latest to go on the water waggon is the Emperor

of Germany. A special cable to the Chicago "Tribune" announces the glad news, with a further intimation that the Kaiser "has fore-sworn the Fatherland's famous beer and cut out its choicest wines." The Kaiser's tippie now is lemonade with a dash of orange juice.

Some time ago the Kaiser demanded the latest alcoholic statistics as to suicides, accidents, and crimes which resulted from immoderate drinking, and after a study of these statistics the Emperor began a series of self-experiments. He found that even small quantities of liquor lessened his energy and capacity for work, whereupon, with characteristic impulsiveness, he cut out alcohol entirely."

It is interesting, in view of the agitation, to wipe out the dry canteen in the Commonwealth Forces, to learn that the Kaiser recently told army officers who asked if there would be any objection if his health were drunk in water that, on the contrary, he would be well pleased."

**TIE UP TO SOME CHURCH.**

Membership in a Christian church, when it represents, not a formal connection, but a vital experience of fellowship in Christ is the biggest asset any young person can have in starting out in life. There is a story of a sea-captain, travelling on a railway, who found that he had a young fellow for a companion. The latter, it appeared, was going to a city to live. "Have you letters of introduction?" asked the older man. "Yes," said the young man, pulling some of them out. "Well," remarked the old sea-captain, "have you a church certificate?" "Oh yes," replied the youth, adding, "I did not suppose you desired to look at that!" "Yes," said the sea-captain, "I want to see that. As soon as you reach the city, present that to some Christian church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world; it is my rule, as soon as I get into port to fasten my ship fore and aft to the wharf, although it may cost me a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream, floating hither and thither with the tide."

Professed Christians who keep their church letters in their trunks, or who wander around from service to service, making of no place a sanctuary, and assuming no religious responsibilities, are in a fair way to come to grief in social shallows, or on the jagged reefs of temptation. If you do not want to drift into sin, tie up to some church!

**TO GET HEALTH.**

A man of property, whose health happened to give way under long-continued intemperance, consulted Dr. —, who said, "I can cure you if you will do as I bid you."

His patient promised obedience.

"Now," said the doctor, "you must steal a horse. Yes, you must steal a horse. You will be arrested, convicted, and placed in a situation where your diet and regimen will be such that in a short time your health will be perfectly restored."



# Why I Never Drink.

By EDWARD BOK.

First of all, I never did so because I seemed to possess an inborn hatred for all intoxicants. Although brought up with wine on the table, I could never be induced to taste of it, when, as a child, some light wine would be placed to my mouth to sip. To some good mothers this may seem an unwise thing for any parents to have done, but it must be remembered that I was born and brought up until my sixth year in Holland—a country where drunkenness is never seen, but whose people, high and low, believe in a moderate use of light wines, and have been brought up for years in that belief.

## DECIDED TO BE A TOTAL ABSTAINER.

But as I grew older I began to apply reasoning to my principles. Being early thrown into business life, and among men older than myself, I naturally matured quickly. I was about sixteen years old, if I remember rightly, when I began attending public dinners and assemblages in the capacity of a newspaper reporter. Wines were more freely used then at dinners than now, and I soon saw that I must make up my mind whether, at these gatherings, I should partake of wines or decline them. I had been trained to the belief that it was always best to err on the safe side, and, as I sat down to the first public dinner I ever attended, a New England dinner in Brooklyn—I turned down all the wine glasses set before my plate; and this I have followed ever since.

## TOTAL ABSTINENCE MADE ME FRIENDS.

At first my principle never to touch liquor or spirits of any kind directed to me the chaffings of my friends. I was told it looked "babyish"; that I could not expect to go out much and keep to my principle; that I would often find it considered as discourteous to refuse a simple glass of wine tendered me by my hostess. But I made up my mind that there was no use of having a principle unless one stuck to it. And I soon saw that people respected me the more for it. And just let me say right here to all my young readers who may see these words, I never lost one friend by my refusals, but I made scores of friendships; of men from one who has occupied the presidential chair, down; of women, among whom are the best and most famous in our land to-day.

## GOOD PRINCIPLES POWERFUL ELEMENT OF SUCCESS.

I honestly believe that a young man who starts out in this life with a fixed principle, whether it be that he will not drink, smoke, or indulge in anything which in his heart he feels is not good for him, or in which he does not conscientiously believe, and adheres to that principle, no matter under what circumstances he may be placed, holds in his hand one of the most powerful elements of success in the world to-day. There is a great deal

of common sense abroad in this world of ours, and a young man with a good principle is always to depend upon it. The men and women in this world whose friendships are worth having, are the men and women who have principles themselves, and respect them in others, especially when they find them in a young man.

## LIQUOR DAMAGES DRINKERS.

Another thing which led me to make up my mind never to touch liquor was the damage which I saw wrought by it upon some of the finest minds with which it was ever my privilege to come into contact, and I concluded that what had resulted injuriously to others might prove so to me. I have seen, even in my few years' of professional life, some of the smartest, yea, brilliant, literary men dethroned from splendid positions, owing to nothing else but to their indulgence in wine. I know men with salaries of thousands of dollars per year occupying positions which hundreds would strive a lifetime to attain, come to beggary from drink. Only recently there applied to me, for any position I could offer him, one of the most brilliant editorial writers in the newspaper profession—a man who two years ago easily commanded one hundred dollars for a single editorial in his special field. That man became so unreliable from drink that editors are now afraid of his articles, and, although he can to-day write as forcible editorials as at any time during his life he sits in a cellar in one of our cities writing newspaper wrappers for one penny per thousand. And that is only one instance of several I could recite here.

## LIQUOR BANISHES A CLEAR MIND.

I do not hold my friend up as "a terrible example," he is but one type of men who convinced me and may convince others, that a clear mind and liquor do not go together. I know it is said when one brings up such an instance as this: "Oh, well, that man drank to excess. One glass will hurt no one." How do these people know that it won't? One drop of kerosene has been known to throw into flame an almost hopeless fire, and one glass of liquor may fan into a flame a smouldering spark hidden away where we never thought it existed. The spark may be there, and it may not. Why take the risk? Liquor to a healthy boy or young man will never do him the least particle of good; it may do him harm. The man for whom I have absolutely no use in this world is the man who is continually saying to a young man: "Just have a little. One glass you know." A man who will wittingly urge a

young man he knows has a principle against liquor, is a man for whom a halter is too good.

## MOST SUCCESSFUL AMERICANS TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

Then, as I looked around and came to know more of people and things, I found the always unanswerable argument in favor of a young man's abstinence; that is, that the most successful men in America to-day are those who never lift a wine-glass to their lips. Becoming interested in this fact, I had the curiosity to personally inquire into it, and of twenty-eight of the leading business men in the country whose names I selected at random, twenty-two never touch a drop of wine of any sort. I made up my mind that there was some reason for this. If liquor brought safe pleasures, why did these men abstain from it? If as some say, it is a stimulant to a busy man, why did not these men, directing the largest business interests in this country, resort to it? And when I saw that these were the men whose opinions in great business matters were accepted by the leading concerns of the world, I concluded that their judgment in the use of liquor would satisfy me. If their judgment in business matters could command the respect and attention of the leaders of trade on both sides of the sea, their decision as to the use of liquor was not apt to be wrong.

## TOTAL ABSTINENCE GROWING.

And as opportunities came to me to go around in homes and at public places, I find that I do not occupy a solitary position. The tendency to abstain from liquors is growing more and more among young men of to-day. The brightest young men I know, young men who are filling positions of power and promise, never touch a drop of beer, wine, or intoxicants of any sort. And the young man who to-day makes up his mind that he will be on the safe side and adhere to strict abstinence will find that he is not alone. He has now the very best element in business and social life in the largest cities of our land with him.

He will not be chided for his principle, but through it will command respect.

It will win him surer favor than aught else in eyes which he will some time in life think are the sweetest he has ever looked into.

And as it moulds his character in youth, so will it develop him into a successful man and a good citizen.—"Civic League Record."

## CORRECT.

"Pop," said Willie, "what is a diplomat?"

"A diplomat, my son," answered the wise father, "is a man who remembers a woman's birthday but forgets her age."

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## Great Athletes Do Not Drink.

An authority on the effect of alcohol on man writes:—"Searching experiments by such scientists as Kraeplin, Schnyder, Dubois, Mayer, Horsley, and others, prove that the regular use of alcohol impairs every human faculty: muscular strength, skilled and unskilled labor, accuracy, and rapidity, the reasoning powers and the powers of memorising." Sir Victor Horsley sums up the evidence in this way:—"One conclusion emerges from the recent investigation of the whole question, that it is quite impossible to state that any given amount is harmless to our tissues. A man who desires to use his entire force on behalf of himself or his fellow-men can do best and longest by entirely avoiding alcohol."

In harmony with these scientific conclusions is the changed attitude towards alcohol in recent years by leading men in all walks of life.

In a previous letter I showed how alcohol handicaps the working man, and the consequent strong opposition to the saloon of the leading Labor leaders of to-day.

In athletics total abstinence is now considered to be absolutely necessary to the highest success.

The Chicago Clubs, the Pittsburg Club, and other leading baseball clubs demand total abstinence on the part of their players. Connie Mack, manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, said some time ago:—"Alcoholism is practically eliminated from baseball. For instance, I have 25 players. Of that number fully 15 do not know the taste of liquor."

Ernest F. Wiebe, of Harvard football fame, says:—"I feel safe in saying that no habitual user of alcoholic drink can ever succeed in athletics—it destroys a man's nerve. He loses his 'sand.' His mind is affected in a marked degree."

Dr. W. G. Grace, the most illustrious cricketer of the past, says:—"Beer is very bad for cricket." Edward Payson Weston, champion long distance walker, who walked 50 miles a day for 100 days, Sundays excepted, has indeed some use for alcohol. He uses it on the soles of his feet. But he makes the startling statement: "On any of these walks a single glass of wine would have made me fail."

Sid Thomas, holder of the world's running record for five miles, said:—"My ability to run was built upon the practice of strict total abstinence, and I am convinced that anybody desiring to excel in athletics is better without intoxicating liquors."

Zimmerman, the great cyclist, said:—"Don't drink; drink never wins races. I have prizes at home which would have belonged to others had they left drink alone." Jarvis, of Leicester, England, holder of several world's championships in swimming, states that he could not have performed these feats had he not been a total abstainer. It is claimed by some that Captain Webb used intoxicants, but Walker, who trained him

for his swimming feats, has written a book, "Training Simplified," in which he records that "when Webb succeeded in swimming across the English Channel he was an abstainer, but when he lost his life in attempting to swim Niagara he had given way to drink."

A celebrated boat-race trainer refused to take wine when prescribed by his doctor, saying:—"I would lose the four points I rely on, namely, endurance, decision, precision, and presence of mind." These are but samples of many testimonials that might be given.

And there is nowhere that alcohol is a help to anyone. Once men thought it helped them to endure the cold. But Arctic and Antarctic explorers tell us they dare not take alcoholic drinks in the extreme cold of the polar regions.

Yet its first and most serious effects according to medical testimony is as the finer and higher facilities of mind and body.

Add to these the names of others previously quoted in "Grit," such as "Snowy" Baker, Harold Hardwick, Major Taylor, Victor Trumper, and a host of others who lead the world in sport, and then sign a pledge of total abstinence as the passport in the world's best company.

### TEA.

By C. L. GILMAN, in "The Outing."

From the faucets of the fountain and the bottles of the bar

I've tried many fancy gargles, 'most as many as there are,

But the drink that's first and foremost, if you put it up to me,

Is the scalding can of ashes, swamp-juice, soot—and tea.

At the take-off of the portage, when a man is damp with toil,

Heat and deer-flies are forgotten, when the tea comes to a boil.

In the silent winter muskeg, where the snow has hid the trail,

Strength and hope and courage wait him with the bubbling of the pail.

Propped with rocks beside the rapids, jabbed into the forest mould,

Smoked and scorched, ten thousand tea-sticks, mark the campsies of the bold.

Other drinks may please the townsman, do to flirt with, now and then,

But, the Silent Places witness, tea's the drink that's drunk by men.

### ALCOHOL.

THE PUBLIC THINKS—

It is only heavy drink that harms.

EXPERIMENTS SHOW—

That even moderate drinking hurts health, lessens efficiency.

THE PUBLIC THINKS—

Alcohol braces us for hard work and against fatigue.

EXPERIMENTS SHOW—

That alcohol in no way increases muscular strength or endurance.

Alcohol lowers vitality; alcohol opens the door to disease.

Citizens, think! think!

Resolved, at the International Congress on Tuberculosis, 1905, to combine the fight against alcohol with the struggle against tuberculosis.

At the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, the use of alcohol as a medicine declined 77 per cent. in eight years. Most modern hospitals show the same tendency.

Alcohol is responsible for much of our insanity, much of our poverty, much of our crime. Our prison commissioners reported that 95 per cent. of those who went to prison in 1911 had intemperate habits.

Yet the public says:—We need the revenue from liquor.

The public should know—How small is the revenue compared with the costs of carrying the wreckage.

Your money supports this wreckage. Your will allows it. Your indifference endangers your nation. Think it over.—America's first municipal poster.

### THE VAGRANT.

The road is long and dusty, his legs are old and rusty, and wearily he wends; his clothes are all in tatters, but nothing to him matters; he has no home or friends. The village housewives shoo him, the farmer's dogs pursue him and bite him when they can; the little children eye him with dread when they go by him—alas, poor, friendless man! He is a horrid warning, and some cold winter morning we'll find him in a ditch, as dead as old Jack Horner, and in the Pauper's Corner his nameless bones we'll pitch. And once this weary wanderer had dreams as full of splendor as any you have known; and he had hopes of rising to heights of fame surprising, where he could stand alone. But ere he sought the treasure he'd give some days of pleasure, some hours to wassail high; and so he played and rambled, in pleasant ways he gamboled, and youth went slipping by. He wasted all his chances, and now, as age advances, we see him in his rags; this is the true life story of hosts of failures hoary, of hosts of hungry vags. And is it your endeavor, young man, so bright and clever, like this old wreck to be? Oh, Youth, while you are playing, in wastrel pathways straying, the golden chances flee!—Uncle Walt.



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# GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform  
and No-License.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1913.

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## The Case for No-License

IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

By ARCHDEACON F. B. BOYCE.

Published by the N.S.W. Alliance, 33 Park Street, Sydney. PRICE, SIXPENCE. A large reduction for quantities. The third edition just out with new diagrams.

Over twenty pages of the 100 are given to interesting illustrations of the splendid 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 helpers in the great cause will find it invaluable.

# A Personal Chat with my readers

## THE NO-LICENSE VOTE.

counted, and I do not attempt to forecast the result. The picture on the front page declares the position of the Anti-Liquor folk. If the 1913 wedge does not split this liquor log it will surely splinter it, and we start at once to drive the 1916 wedge in sure that we will not quit until this log is out of the way. The Licensed Liquor trade is a log across the path, sly-grog is only a rut on the road. We must win and we will win. Money on the one hand and ignorance on the other discourage and retard progress, but I never lose sight of the fact that the 1913 poll is only a round in the fight to a finish with humanity's greatest curse, the licensed liquor traffic. The following lines are all I need to enable me to smile at whatever result comes of the vote on December 6, 1913:—

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,

But he, with a chuckle, replied,  
That "maybe he couldn't," but he wouldn't be one

Who would say so till he'd tried.  
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin  
On his face. If he worried, he did it.  
He started to sing as he tackled the thing  
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh! you'll never do that,  
At least no one ever has done it;"  
But he took off his coat, and he took off his hat,

And the first thing we knew he'd begun it;  
With the lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin,  
Without any doubting or quiddit;  
He started to sing as he tackled the thing  
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it couldn't be done,

There are thousands to prophesy failure;  
There are thousands to point to you one by one

The dangers that wait to assail you;  
But just buckle in, with a bit of a grin,  
Then take off your coat and go to it;  
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing  
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

## FINGER POSTS ALONG THE PATH.

The demand for the destruction of the liquor traffic is constantly receiving new insistence from many quarters. A distinguished physician lecturing on Alcohol and Public Health at the University of California, recently said, "The Saloon is to the public as a fly is to the public—a carrier of disease. To solve the problem of alcoholism is to kill the saloon as we kill the fly."

This issue will go to press while the votes are being

Chancellor David Starr Jordan of Stanford University says, "The future city will no more allow an open saloon than the present city allows an open cesspool—every community has the same right to destroy its saloons that it has to kill its rats."

Jack London says, "The way to stop war is to stop it. The way to stop drinking is to stop it. The way China stopped the general use of opium was by stopping the cultivation and importation of opium. The philosophers, priests and doctors of China could have preached themselves breathless against opium for a thousand years, and the use of opium, so long as opium was ever accessible and obtainable, would have continued unabated. We have with great success made a practice of not leaving arsenic and strychnine and typhoid and tuberculosis germs lying around for our children to be destroyed by. Trust John Barleycorn the same way. Stop him. Don't let him lie around licensed and legal to pounce upon your youth."

Thus do the verdicts of men accumulate all in favor of killing the saloon as we do the fly, of destroying it as we do the rat, of stopping it as we do the spread of deadly disease germs.

The verdict is simple, direct, correct. Overwhelming public sentiment has reached or is rapidly reaching the same decision. The alcoholic liquor traffic must be swatted, killed, stopped, exterminated.

Won't you take a hand in this?

**A MAD WORLD.** A grave leading article appeared in one of the most influential daily papers of London upon the subject of "A Mad World." Dealing with the lamentable fact that force rules as brutally and nakedly to-day as it did in the world of Charlemagne, the article proceeds to show that, although the six leading Powers of Europe are between them spending some £350,000,000 a year on armaments, there is every prospect of the amount being increased. As Canon Masterman pointed out, the great nations of the world have adopted the symbol of the wild beast; we have the British lion, the Russian bear, the German eagle, and the Chinese Dragon. And amidst it all we may well ask, Where is the Prince of Peace? for it would seem that we have little room for the Lord Jesus Christ in our conduct of international affairs.

The Editor



# "I am a Total Abstainer."

## REASONS OF PROMINENT MEN FOR ABSTAINING FROM LIQUOR.

### HON. WILLIAM J. BRYAN, Secretary of State.

Drinking is injurious to the body, to the mind, and to the morals. The Christian cannot afford to spend on liquor money that is so badly needed for other and better things. The Christian cannot afford to take the risk of acquiring the habit of drinking. The Christian cannot afford to set an example that will be hurtful to those weaker than himself.

### FREDERICK R. GRANT, Major-General, U.S.A.

In my opinion it is an advantage to a young man in every way to be a total abstainer from liquor—morally, mentally, and physically—and would cause his being more trusted in business life and social circles.

### LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, British Admiral.

At sixty years of age Lord Beresford said: "I do not believe that alcohol in any form ever has, or ever will do, any good. Since I have entirely given up wine, spirits and beer I find I can do as much work or more, physically and mentally, than I could do when I was thirty. I am always well, always cheery, laugh at the downs of life equally with the ups, and always feel fit and in condition. If only some of the young men would try going without liquor for three months I do not believe they would think liquor at all necessary again."

### JOHN B. LENNON, Labor Leader.

"I am a total abstainer," Mr. Lennon once said, "because I try to be a Christian; because it does not pay to drink, and because I am interested in my fellow men."

### HON. VESEY STRONG, M.D., Former Lord Mayor of London.

"I because an abstainer so long ago that I cannot with any degree of accuracy charge my memory with the state of my mind at that remote period, when I was only fourteen years of age," the former Lord Mayor of London is reported to have said, "but I continue to be one, from the most clear conviction that such a course is safe, promotes good health, mental activity, and is, beyond all doubt, conducive to long life."

### BERNARD SHAW.

Mr. Bernard Shaw says, "I don't drink beer for two reasons: number one, I don't like it, and number two, my profession is one that obliges me to keep in critical training, and beer is fatal to both training and criticism."

### HARRY LAUDER.

Harry Lauder, the well-known singer, spoke at the Castle Green Congregational Church, Bristol, recently. He is a great friend of the minister, the Rev. George Adam, and during the afternoon sang, "There is a Green Hill," and "The Children's Home." Mr. Lauder, who is a Presbyterian, is a total abstainer, with a fine contempt for the sham

sociability of drinking. He, in a homely and forcible way, dwelt on the value of human brightness and cheerfulness, urging that this should begin at home. No social life, he said, was to be compared for effectiveness and beauty with that of the happy home circle.

### DR. LORENZ, Surgeon.

Dr. Lorenz, the eminent European surgeon, at a banquet given in his honor, declined wine and politely requested the waiter to bring him a cup of tea. When asked if he were a total abstainer his answer was, "I cannot say that I am a temperance agitator, but I am a surgeon. My success depends upon my brain being clear, my muscles firm and my nerves steady. No one can take alcoholic liquors without blunting these physical powers, which I must always keep on edge. As a surgeon I must not drink."

### DEAN FARRAR, of the Church of England.

"I became a total abstainer," said the great Episcopal teacher, "because I was easily convinced that the use of alcohol was not a necessity. Believing that total abstinence would tend to simplicity of life, to health, to strength of body, to clearness of mind, to length of days, I then saw that for me, at any rate, it became a desirable thing to give up alcohol altogether, and I did so, for these reasons, with perfect gladness."

### THOMAS EDISON, Inventor.

"I am a total abstainer from alcoholic liquors. I always felt that I had a better use for my head."

### WILLIAM H. TAFT, former President of the United States.

"To the man who is actively engaged in responsible work, who must have at his command the best that is in him at its best—to him I would, with all the emphasis I possess, advise and urge, leave drink alone absolutely."

### LUTHER BURBANK, Scientist.

"To use liquor is to the nervous system like placing sand in a watch; it wears it out rapidly, making it a worthless, useless thing."

### A GREAT EXPLORER.

One of the greatest travellers of the day, Mr. A. Henry Savage Landor, a grandson of Walter Savage Landor, and the hero of many remarkable journeys, is an object lesson to the value of abstinence from alcoholic drinks in the most trying situations.

Of the hardships of explorers, no living contemporary is better able to speak than Mr. Henry S. Landor, for, as the world knows, he has had a vast experience in strange lands and encountered all sorts of difficulties and perils. He has travelled in the Antarctic, in Tibet, the Himalayas, Canada, Korea, Mongolia, through the Dark Continent, and last, though by no means least, crossed South America at its widest

part, accomplishing one of the most difficult expeditions ever made, penetrating in a 13,750 mile journey, parts of Brazil that were regarded as impassable. This latter feat through a semi-tropical zone, occupied one year and a half, and was constantly attended by hardships and sufferings, in the course of which for 60 days, while shooting the rapids of the Arinos, the party endured terrible privations, and afterwards when food failed, starved for 16 days.

He remarks: "It is not travelling which kills an explorer, it is the drinking and smoking and living in foul air in civilised countries. I don't drink and I don't smoke." This emphatic declaration is one which explorers like Livingstone and Grenfell and others amply confirm, and demonstrate not only the capacity to pass through the hardest trials often in infected atmosphere, but of triumphing over them without the aid of alcoholic stimulants.

### FIGHTING MAN TALKS TEMPERANCE.

Jim Corbett was recently induced by a neighbor of his at Bayside, Long Island, N.Y., to deliver a temperance lecture in aid of the Whitestone branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Referring to the fact afterwards, Corbett said: "It has caused a lot of amusement among my friends. They seem to think it strange that a pugilist should talk on temperance."

"I don't think there is anything funny about it. A great many people think that because a man is a pugilist he must certainly be a drinking man. That is a false impression. It doesn't make any difference what business a man is in, if he wants to lead a clean life and be a teetotaller he surely can. Of course, I will admit that a pugilist has a great many more temptations to drink than the average man, but it is so much more to his credit if he has the courage and will power to resist."

"This is what I think ought to be done to spread the temperance propaganda. It would be a great help to the temperance movement if they would follow my advice in this matter, which is, that all the temperance authorities in America should get together and engage me to travel around the country as a living example of the value of temperance."

"Take a good look at me. I will be 47 years old next September. I know I don't look it, for I am taken for 35 or 36 every day. How do I do it? Temperance and clean living—that's the answer."

"Last October I was stricken with appendicitis, carried out of my hotel in Philadelphia to a hospital, where they examined me and found that my appendix had broken and peritonitis had set in. The surgeons said I would not live through the night. Well, here I am, alive and well again."

"During my convalescence I asked the doctor what pulled me through. 'Your wonderful constitution and vitality,' he replied."

"You are not a drinking man, are you?" the doctor asked.

"No," I said.

"I thought not," he returned. "If you had been, you would be a dead man to-day."



## Can You Afford It ?

I hate drunkenness; but I do not hate the drunkard.

If any man should have our friendship it is the man who has failed to be a friend to himself.

The fact is, the victim of strong drink often has all the virtues—including high intelligence and a tender sympathetic heart—and yet when the Demon Drink clutches him his will is paralysed, and Satan is in the saddle.

The worst about strong drink has never been told. It cannot be told—it escapes the limitations of language.

But I think we err in despising the drunkard. Our hearts should go out to him in pity.

A part of his hallucination often is that he is not a drunkard. "I can leave off any time," he says. But he who says that seldom leaves off until Death stops his mouth with dust.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." So said Solomon, a thousand years before Christ.

And the drink problem is upon us to-day, just as terrible, just as tragic, as it was then.

Alcohol is a poison; and the stimulation that it produces is one form of its activity. If continued the exhilaration will break down tissue, and may result in dementia, mania, loss of speech, paralysis, dissolution, disease and death.

There are human bodies which, instead of throwing off alcohol that is taken into the system, seemingly catch and retain it.

There are traps in the tissues that hold the toxin; and instead of getting rid of it, these traps set up a fever, a thirst, a vain unrest, and a mad desire for more drink.

Nature seems to think that if she can get enough drink into the man the organs of elimination will act.

The drink bill of the world is the greatest tax that humanity suffers. But the worst is not in the cost of the stuff originally, but in the loss of power which its use entails.

The chief incentive to indulge in strong drink arises from imperfect nutrition, loss of sleep, and lack of exercise in the open air. These conditions bring about a con-

dition whereby worry becomes a habit, and drink follows in search for relief.

Study your own case and regulate your life so that you will possess a high degree of vitality. Then drink will be to you abhorrent.

Good consecutive work, either mental or physical, and the use of alcohol are incompatible.

I am talking especially to young men— young men who would win their way in the world—and I ask,

Can you afford to run the risk of ruin by dallying with this arch enemy that has laid so many low?

We have been led to think that the drink is manly, and to get in a condition where common sense has fled and the tongue is tangled is funny. But the business world always has the drinking man, no matter how gifted, under suspicion.

The use of strong drink is neither manly nor amusing, and no one who loves you or is interested in your welfare would think so.

The truth is, any man who deliberately turns his glass down, and declines to drink anything but pure water, when the others order "Scotch," will always have the respect of the "others."

Not only this, but he will have the respect of himself.

Prize your health; prize your word; prize your reason! Hold fast to the resolve, "Touch not, taste not, handle not," and work, and you will be pointed out as a distinguished person.

You will possess poise and power; responsibilities will gravitate to you; wealth will be yours; honor will drift your way; friendship will be your portion, and love will illuminate your pathway.—Elbert Hubbard, in "Nash's Magazine."

### WHEN ARE FACES LIKE BOOKS?

"Father blundered into the library last night just as Frank kissed me," said Grace.

"Oh, how awful!" said Mamie; "and what happened?"

"He pretended to look for a book," answered Grace. "I asked him very sweetly what he wanted. He said: 'I want "A Study in Scarlet," but I didn't know we had three copies.'"

## Christmas Appeal

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

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

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

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

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

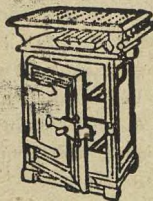
Already a sum of £3 has been sent by "Ivanhoe," and I will be glad to receive any other sums and use them for the donors to brighten the lot of those whose life may be under a cloud at this season of cheery good will.

**"God so loved that He gave——"**

Is there any love that He does not give?

Are you prepared to let your religion be judged by your generosity?

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



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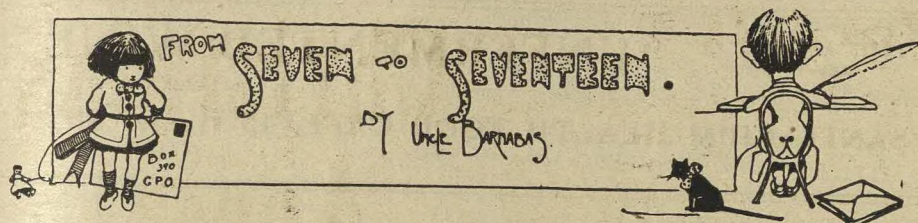
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### TEN TIMES ROUND THE GLOBE.

The cable lines of the world amount, in a grand total, to over 260,000 miles, more than enough to draw a girdle ten times around the earth at the Equator. This work has all been accomplished since 1865. The longest line is from England to Australia by way of the Cape of Good Hope, 15,000 miles. The busiest section of the sea bottom is, of course, the North Atlantic, 17 cables centring in the St. Lawrence section and New York. The longest stretch without a relay station is from Vancouver to Fanning Island in the North Pacific, midway between Australia and Vancouver, 3600 miles, made necessary by the rule of the British Government forbidding landings on any save British soil.

Fifty-five years ago most people laughed at those who tried to lay a cable, and said it could not be done. That even if it was done the powers of nature would soon destroy it. To-day no one gives the cable a second thought. It is there; we could not do without it, and wonder how they managed in those slow old stupid days before the cable was laid.

So it is, dear Ne's and Ni's, with the liquor traffic. In another fifty years, people will look back on us and wonder how it was we were so stupid and put up with this "nightmare of civilisation," the licensed liquor traffic. It must go, and if it does not go this time we will be no more discouraged than the cable layers were when they were laughed at and when their failures were used to assure them of their folly. Let us take heart, and remember—

"It at first you don't succeed,

Try, try again."

UNCLE B.

### FOR SUNDAY.

Read the sixth chapter of Joshua. Notice that they went round the city once a day for six days and seven times round on the seventh day. It may be before the walls of liquordom fall down that we will have to just "go on going on" for a while longer.

### FOR MONDAY. GUESS THIS.

Where's the family of little black brothers  
That sleep in a soft, rosy bed?  
When you wish to be fed  
You eat up the bed,  
And tumble each black boy  
Right out on his head.  
Answer: In a slice of watermelon.

### AN ALRIGHT PHOTO.

Harold White, "Quantox," Park-road, Auburn, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you receive me as a

nephew? I am ten years old, and my birthday is on October 14. We always get "Grit," and I like it very much, especially page 11. I am sending my photo. It is not very good, but still it's all right, I s'pose. I have not been very well this last week, and so could not go to school. I am up to-day. I don't think I will go back on Monday. We have been having a Missionary Mission here. It started a week ago and ended on November 3. Novem means nine in Latin. I remain, your sincere nephew-to-be.

(Dear Harold,—I am sorry you have had to wait so long for a reply to your welcome letter. Thank you for your photo. I think it "an alright photo," and am proud to have you for a Ne. I wonder what your favorite games are, and what you look forward to doing in the Christmas holidays.—Uncle B.)

### A LITTLE POEM.

Naomi Wingfield, 82 Prince Albert-road, St. Kilda, Dunedin, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It is a long time since I had a letter in "Grit." I wrote one, but did not post it. We are going to our Sunday-school picnic to-morrow. It is Labor Day. We are going away about the 12th of next month to Wellington to live. I will give you the address before I close this letter, so that we will not miss getting "Grit." We are anxiously looking forward to receiving the children's number. I have been busy with my home lessons, and I have not had time to write. Dear Uncle B., don't you think this is a very nice little piece. Mother just read it to us out of the "Springing Well." It is called "Hold the Light Low Down"—

"He comes to gather lilies,  
We may not know the hour  
That makes an earthly blossom  
A bright immortal flower."

"If you were going along a dark road with a lantern you would hold the light low down, and would be quite satisfied if it showed you a step or two at a time—you would not expect it to show you all the way at once. Go by the Bible in the same way; do what it tells you about this thing, and then what it tells you about the next—when the next comes. Step by step, duty by duty—that's the way."

This is all just now, because we will have to get to bed and have a good sleep before the picnic. With love to all the cousins, not forgetting Uncle B.—I am, your affectionate Niece.

(Dear Naomi,—I like the little verse very much, and I like your illustration about using the Bible. I hope you have been getting "Grit" alright. I wonder did the strike stop your going to Wellington. Write again soon.—Uncle B.)



HAROLD WHITE.

### THAT AWFUL WORD.

Grace Hawkins, Wyville, Cooma, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I saw my letter in "Grit" the week before last. Since then many things have happened. The Cooma Male Chorus Company are giving their first concert next Monday night. To-day Daisy, Lucy, and myself set out on a walking expedition. I was at work until 10 o'clock, and then we walked four and a half miles out to my auntie's place. We spent a most enjoyable day, but are rather tired to-night, considering that I have been to work again to-night on account of the Adaminaby concert. A party from Cooma, including my sister Bertha and Mr. Wiseman, went out by motor, and are to come back to-morrow morning. Well, Uncle, I am too tired to write any more now, so I will tell you the meaning of the word if I can put it into words next time I write. Our red hawthorns are out in blossom, and look lovely. Good night, with love to all from yours sincerely.

(Dear Grace,—I am so sorry you were too tired to give us the meaning of that word. I expect it was thinking of the meaning that helped to make you tired. Next time just write that word out and its meaning, or we will think you don't know it.—Uncle B.)

### "GRIT" IN HONG KONG.

Joan Lemm, "Marion," writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I promised to give you a description of our flagship, H.M.A.S. Australia, next time I wrote, and you say in your second last issue of "Grit" you are waiting to hear about Mr. Ray's lecture on South America, so I will leave the other till another, perhaps the next letter. Mr. Ray gave two lectures, one on some curios, which I will give you later on, but now I am going to tell you about his lantern lectures. First, we sang a hymn from the screen, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." The first line showed



some icy peaks all covered with snow; the second, "From India's Coral Strand," showed the Ganges flowing majestically along and Indians bathing in it. But that verse that starts "Salvation, Oh! Salvation" was shown by a pale green scroll stretched across the screen with "Salvation" in red letters written on it, and right above it was an angel with big sweeping wings and a golden trumpet to her lips and bands of angels at the side of and beneath it all bearing trumpets, and the next line, "Till Each Remotest Nation," was represented by our Saviour sitting in majesty while people from all nations are bowing before Him. The population of the Argentine Republic is about 7,000,000. Its metropolis consists of one-storied, flat-roofed houses each with iron-barred windows. Argentina is a cattle country. She surpasses any other country by her flocks and herds. On her broad plains are cattle ranches of fifty and a hundred thousand acres in extent. The Bovril Company alone kills 100,000 cattle a year. Argentina has 29 million cattle, 77 million sheep, half-a-million horses, 5½ million mules, quarter million donkeys, three million pigs, and three million goats. Some of the poorer classes of Argentina rear poultry on the roofs. Buenos Ayres is a strange town with narrow winding streets and its dark-skinned policemen (?) at the corner of each block. Civil elections are held on Sundays, the voting places are Roman Catholic churches. The natives eat only two meals a day—10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m. There the beggars who whine for assistance ride on horseback. South America is wholly under the sway of Catholicism, and men who have committed atrocious crimes guard jealously the little statuette of the Virgin on their rosary. Mr. Ray once visited a small place in the interior, and knowing the priest was away, he commenced a series of open-air services and many were influenced. But when the priest returned he summoned a service in the Cathedral and so prejudiced the people against Mr. Ray, that the magistrate asked him to leave the town. At Rio Janiero the people refuse both Catholicism and Protestantism, they are confirmed Athiests. Once Mr. Ray had to submit to the customs of a savage tribe through starvation and fatigue, and he became an Indian in ways, his ears and head were ornamented with parrots' feathers and he wore round his neck a string of small feathers. His name was Big Cactus Red Mouth, and the witch doctor of the tribe was Father of Kittens. Away in the depths of the forests there are a tribe of sun worshippers whom Mr. Ray visited. In the forests are monkeys, parrots and tigers, and royal palms, orange trees, dates, cabbage, wine, cocoa, palms and nourishing roots also flourish there. Mr. Ray procured two skins of sloths (native serpent resembling the python). The forest tribes call God "Nandeyara" ("Our Owner"). Now that is all I remember of the lecture, and I will close with love to cousins and yourself.

—From your loving Ni.

P.S.—I send copies of "Grit" to my father who resides in Hong Kong, and he says "Grit" is a capital little paper!

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(Dear Joan,—Your letter is most interesting. I hope Mr. Ray has a chance to read it, he will be pleased to find how much you remember. Fancy "Grit" going to Hong Kong—it is finding its way all over the world. Write soon.—Uncle B.)

### A WEE "DAWG."

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

Dear Uncle B.,—I fear I'm a dreadful scalawag again, but I'll ask for your forgiveness once again. What did you think of our fleet when it arrived. I didn't see it arrive, in fact, was enjoying a nice row on the river near Fairfield at the time. The only fleet festivity I attended was the welcome service at the Cathedral (though it could hardly be called a festivity), and enjoyed it very much indeed. I love to see the Cathedral packed full as it was then, and it was such a splendid service. I heard a soldier remark after the service, "I'd get up at six o'clock every day to hear a service like that." When are you going to distribute some of your photos? I'm waiting hopefully for one, although if you haven't one of yours, I wouldn't mind one of those nice ones of Mr. Hammond's he had taken quite recently. Wasn't the Town Hall meeting splendid. The Minister for Justice spoke so frankly and well, especially where he remarked about the so-called extravagance of his Government (two and a quarter millions spent in railways, etc., was it not?), and the people spending seven millions in drink in the same period. Also his remarks about the large percentage of the inmates of jails, asylums, etc., being there as a direct result of alcoholic indulgence. As for your speech (oh, I mean Mr. Hammond's)—I only wish I could manage to record some of his speeches (and sermons) in shorthand. The financial result of the meeting were fairly good, too, weren't they? I went up the Hawkesbury River yesterday: the usual Saturday afternoon excursion. I may as well own up it was my first trip outside the Heads, but I had a lovely time, and intend going again the first chance I get (a rough day for preference). We've got the ugliest puppy here at present you ever saw, and such a little rascal. It's got a face like a grampus (or rather had, for he's getting more dogified now), and body like a miniature greyhound. It's such a dear, funny-looking thing; I call it "Chinese Dance" (and they're the funniest things ever), although its name is Max. To explain the very high-flown name, I'll quote, as nearly correctly as possible, the following:—

"Max and Jim, is each other's  
Fat and slim, little brothers,  
Max is fat and Jim, the fac' is,  
Just twice as fat as little Max is."

Jim went away to an elegant fretwork kennel branded "Beware of the Dawg" (the

"dawgs" won't grow more than about ten inches long), but Max remained to be a general pest and generally spoilt. I think it was in my last letter I spoke about Monaro workers, and I now wish to correct my remarks to a certain extent, as I've been informed since there were two local workers who worked hard, but at the same time I wish to say I was not referring to local workers, but to someone like Mr. Hammond and other Alliance speakers. Isn't the weather beautiful now. I'm sleeping out again; in fact, I go in for the whole of your prescription—shower, water before breakfast, and sleeping out. I guess it's just about time to stop, you must be tired of all this talk. Good-bye for the present.—Your affectionate Ni.

(Dear Dora,—Your letters are always welcome. It is interesting to hear how the services and meetings seem to other people. It seems from what that soldier said, that the way to get men to go to church is to make the church worth going to. I would like to see that "dawg," is he like the one we had in "Grit" a few weeks ago?—Uncle B.)

### A NEW NE.

Victor Dodds, "Glenelg" Kembla-street, Enfield, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—This is the first time I have written to you, and I wish to become your nephew. I have three brothers and one sister. I like reading the letters in "Grit." I am reading a book named "Masterman Ready." I go to day school and am in fourth class. I also go to Sunday school. I am ten years old and my birthday is on the first of December. My big brother, who is 20 years old, is the honorary secretary of St. Thomas' Institute. I am sending you a photo of my little brother Leslie and my lamb named Nancy. Our Sunday school picnic will be held at Mortlake on the 29th October. I think this is all the news this time, so good-bye.—I remain your loving nephew.

(Dear Victor.—I am very pleased to have you as a Ne. and hope you will often write to me. Be sure and write and tell me how you spend your birthday. I hope you had a very good picnic.—Uncle B.)

## CHRISTMAS HELP,

Gifts of clothing, groceries, or money sent at this time for distribution among the poor will be gratefully received. Please send to St. David's Rectory, Arthur-street, Surry Hills.

Mrs. Hammond, St. David's Rectory, begs to acknowledge with thanks the sum of 3s. 6d. for donation to poor fund from X.



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## This is Where You Laugh.

8 8



### WHY?

The curate of a fashionable church was endeavoring to teach the significance of white to a Sunday school class.

"Why," said he, "does a bride invariably desire to be clothed in white at her marriage?" As no one answered he explained. "White," said he, "stands for joy, and the wedding day is the most joyous occasion of a woman's life."

A small boy queried: "Why do the men all wear black?"

\* \* \*

### SUFFERING FOR HER BELIEF.

Mrs. Evans was making a call on Mrs. Francis, and they were enjoying a chat about some of their neighbors.

"Mrs. Greene," said the hostess, "is a woman who suffers much for her belief."

"Indeed," replied the caller wonderingly, "and what is her belief?"

"Why," continued the hostess, "she believes she can wear a number three shoe on a number six foot."

\* \* \*

### AS HER MOTHER SAW IT.

"Have you spoken of our love to your mother yet?" he asked.

The girl shook her head.

"Not as yet," she whispered.

"Has she noticed nothing?"

"She has noticed that I have been acting queerly of late, but she thinks it's just biliousness."

### WHAT THE QUEEN DID.

One of the ladies-in-waiting to the late Queen Victoria had a very bright little daughter about four years old, of whom the Queen was very fond.

The Queen invited the child to have lunch with her. Of course, the mother was highly pleased and charged the little girl to be very careful about her table manners and to be very polite to the Queen.

The little girl came home in high glee, and her mother asked her all about the luncheon.

"Were you a very polite little girl, and did you remember to do all I told you at the table?" asked the proud mother.

"Oh, yes, I was polite," said the little girl, "but the Queen wasn't."

"The Queen wasn't?" said the mother. "Why, what did she do?"

"She took her chicken bone up in her fingers, and I just shook my finger at her like you do at me, and said, 'Piggy, piggy.'"

\* \* \*

### THE JOKE ON FATHER.

She had refused him and he was "all in."

"Reconsider, Annie," he begged, "if you don't I'll blow my brains out."

"Huh!" said Annie. "That would be a good joke on father, for he thinks you haven't any."

### HIS ANSWER.

Little Ralph had just joined the Anglican Sunday school, and, on his return home, was asked by his mother how he liked it.

"Why, mother," he said, "they don't know much down there. The teacher asked them what the Collect was and I was the only one that knew."

"That's good," said the mother; "and what did you tell them?"

"Why, I told them that it was a pain in the stomach."

\* \* \*

### OH, BUT IT WAS CRUEL!

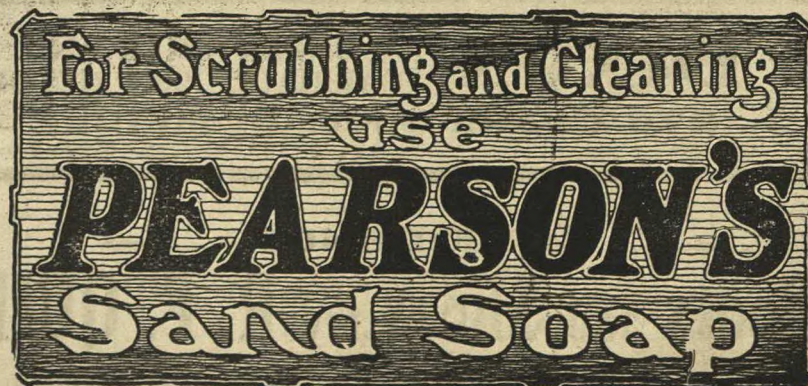
A woman entered a railway train, crowded with winter tourists, and happened to take a seat in front of a newly-married couple. She was hardly seated before the couple began making remarks about her which some of the passengers must have heard.

Her last year's bonnet and cloak were freely criticised, with more or less giggling on the bride's part; and there is no telling what might have come next if the woman had not put a stop to the conversation. She turned her head, noticed that the bride was considerably older than the bridegroom, and in the smoothest of tones said:

"Madam, will you please have your son remove his feet off the back of my chair?"

\* \* \*

There is considerable difference between putting in a lot of work and putting a lot into your work.





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### After Election Scurry, Let's Breathe Awhile!

First and foremost, just remember that Christmas is only a few weeks distant. The Christmas Turkey—or mayhap Goose—will soon be on the cooking-shelf and goodies must be passed away. Listen! Will your teeth stand the strain? Are they sound enough NOW to do sterling duty, day by day without aching? Your safest plan is to see ME right away and allow me to make SURE that they are alright. I shall not charge you for an examination, and it will save you a heap of worry.

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## PLEDGE SIGNING.

In the rush of the No-License campaign and the demand for space in "Grit," our work at the court has been omitted from "Grit" though not neglected. Mr. Creagh has never missed a morning at the court, and supplies the following interesting figures. Since the first week in January 7326 men and women have been convicted in the Central Police Court. Of these 2005 have signed the pledge, and only 270 are known to have broken it.

For the last twelve weeks, Sept. 11 to Nov. 27, the figures are—

Convictions .....	1727
Pledges .....	355....
Broken Pledges .....	64

The work is of course full of difficulty, and yet each week brings chances of helping and evidences that we have helped, and we are glad to go on going on.

We hope our friends will not forget this work in their Christmas gifts, and that as we now make a weekly report there may be donations to record each issue of "Grit." Mr. Creagh says:—"I have seen every man, woman, and child pass through convicted for drunkenness. The hotelkeepers are not content with making men and women drunk, but even lads under 17 years of age have passed through.

I have made it my business to visit hotels to see just how they carry on their business. I have visited over fifty, generally between 9 and 11 p.m. The sights seen there would open the people's eyes. Young lads and girls away in the back parlors, certainly under age, but able to get anything they want, until they get so drunk that it is dangerous to still have them on the premises; then they are put out, to either wend their way home or get run in by the police. Another source of danger is the way men and women are served with bottles to take away. I have seen young fellows, already drunk, take away enough drink to make a dozen persons drunk. Generally they are in gangs, and when the hotels are closed they go to some quiet spot and there drink. Very often a row starts up, and the empty bottles are used as weapons, as the doctors at the different hospitals can testify.

It is pitiful to watch the victims of drink as they, day after day, pass through the police court—nearly 8000 have passed through the Central alone this year. These are known as "simple drunks." There must be another 7000 more serious cases, making about 15,000 altogether in the one court. These are convictions. How many get away it would be interesting to know.

It is very rare to see any hotelkeeper up for serving drunken people. They certainly do serve them, as visits to hotels will show. Thank God, the people of the world are waking up, and it is now in the hands of the people of New South Wales to say if the present state of affairs is to continue. I have not yet met anyone who is satisfied. How can they be? There is hardly a family who have not some loved

one suffering from the alcohol habit. There are thousands who are striving to leave the habit off, but they cannot hope for success while the present system exists. Alcohol has proved a most dangerous article; everybody knows that; then treat it as a dangerous article, and restrict its sale like opium. At present it is too easy to get. There are too many sufferers for the people (who have votes) to ignore. It is the greatest curse (general opinion of all classes) we have. The people must be allowed to deal with this by a bare majority."

### A LITTLE BIT OF LOVE.

Do you know the world is dying  
For a little bit of love;  
Everywhere we hear them sighing  
For a little bit of love.  
For the love that rights a wrong  
Fills the heart with hope and song,  
They have waited, oh, so long,  
For a little bit of love.  
From the poor of every city  
For a little bit of love,  
Hands are reaching out in pity  
For a little bit of love.  
Some have burdens hard to bear  
Some have sorrows we should share,  
Shall they falter and despair  
For a little bit of love.

While the souls of men are dying  
For a little bit of love;  
While the children, too, are crying  
For a little bit of love.  
Stand no longer idly by,  
You can help them if you try.  
Go then, saying, here am I  
With a little bit of love.

### DRINK IN ENGLAND.

British trade statistics reveal a great decline in the consumption of beer. In 1898 the consumption was 31 gallons per head of the population. In 1912 it was 26 gallons. The drinking of spirits has steadily decreased, while cocoa and tea have increased in popularity. The use of coffee has fallen off, while that of tobacco is rapidly rising.

"What new dishes have you had since you have had your new French cook?" "Oh, a whole new dinner set and several pieces of cut glass, and she's only been with us about a week."

The Music Teacher: "Johnny is improving daily in his violin playing."

Johnny's Mother (gratified): "Is that so? We didn't know whether he was improving or we were just getting more used to it."

### HIS WAY (WEIGH).

"Will you object to my weighing myself?" said a meek-looking man to his wife, as they stood near a weighing machine on the platform of a railway station.

"What do you want to weigh yourself for?" she asked sharply.

"Only to see, dear, if you would allow me to have my own 'weigh' for once!"

### DID SHE MEAN IT?

A country paper tells of a real Mrs. Malaprop. She walked into the office of a solicitor, and asked—"Are you a lawyer?"

"I am," was the reply.

"Well," quoth the lady, "my husband has just died detested, and left me several little infidels, so I want to be appointed their executioner!"

### ACROSS THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

She (reading from the back of his paper): "Harry, it says here that another octogenarian is dead."

He (from behind paper): "Another what?"

She: "Well, I don't know just what they are, but they must be very sickly creatures. You never hear of them, but they're dying."

### THE SECRET OUT.

A very prominent man recently died and shortly after a friend of the family called to condole with the widow. The caller had been a very warm friend of the deceased, and as he was about to depart he asked: "Did Will leave you much?" "Oh, yes, indeed," responded the widow, "nearly every night."

### CAUGHT.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Miss Gerber impatiently, "I'm sure we'll miss the first act. We've waited a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," Mr. Sloman retorted, rather crossly.

"Ours! Oh, George," she cried, and laid her blushing cheek upon his shirt front.

Agent (for gas company): "I'm sorry you think this bill is too large, sir. Would it not be a good idea if you learned how to read your own meter?"

Whittler: "It might be if my doctor hadn't told me that I had something the matter with my heart and I must avoid all excitement."

Maid: "There's a man called with a bill, ma'am."

Mistress: "Tell him we have some already."

Son: "Some one says, dad, that there's a tide in the affairs of men which leads to fortune. What kind of tide is that?"

Practical Father: "Tied down to business."



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