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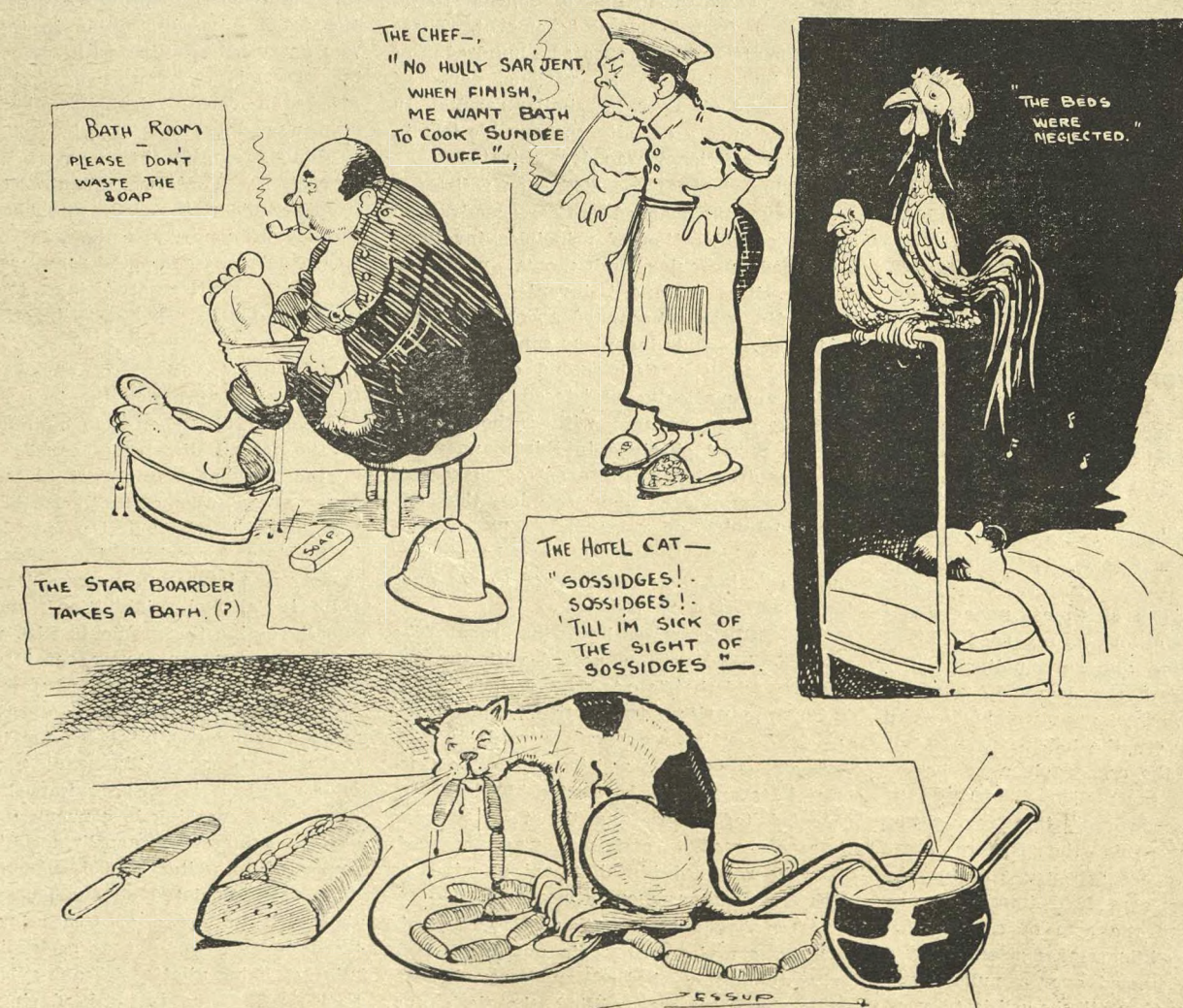
Grit.

A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

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EVERYDAY LIFE IN A COUNTRY PUB.



ALCOHOL NOT A STIMULANT.

SOME GREAT EXPERIMENTS.

Most persons would say, off-hand, that whatever else alcohol may be, it is certainly a stimulant, and that the trouble with it is that it stimulates too much. On the contrary, Dr. Emil Kraepelin, professor of mental diseases in the University of Munich, is said to have demonstrated that alcohol is a narcotic first, last, and always; that the stimulation is merely imaginary; and that one does less and poorer work under its influence, although, curiously enough, he thinks he is turning out more and better work than usual. Kraepelin and his co-workers also assert that it is not the fourth or fifth drink that intoxicates; it is the sum of the first, second, and third. On direct evidence and supporting testimony they have made out a strong case against alcohol. A man is "drunk," or under the influence of liquor to a demonstrable degree, says Dr. Kraepelin, when his muscular or mental speed or endurance limits have suffered a diminution as a result of his having imbibed. This condition may be clearly shown by mechanical devices of the laboratory, whose testimony is final, no matter what the man himself has to say about it. There is no appeal from their decision. Some of Dr. Kraepelin's tests are thus described in "The Associated Sunday Magazines" by Dr. Edwin F. Bowers. He writes:—

LEARNED PROFESSOR'S ELABORATE TESTS.

"A group of men—who were kept in ignorance of the real nature of the tests, who understood only that they were expected to persist to the limit of their endurance—was capable of a definite average quantity of work. This average was determined with almost mathematical certainty by experiments made dozens of times, under absolutely similar conditions as regarded time of day, food, exercise, and surroundings.

"A good index of the degree of a man's capability for work is the weight he can continue to lift with the index-finger of his right hand. So the ergograph, a celebrated laboratory device invented by Professor Angelo Mosso, was brought into requisition. In manipulating this the fingers were clinched round a wooden peg—all but the index-finger—the arm held immovable by being clamped to the arm of a chair. A weight of several kilograms, suspended by a small rope that passed over a pulley, was raised and lowered until the subjects were forced to desist from exhaustion. This process was repeated twelve times, with rests

of a minute intervening—like the rounds in a boxing contest. Each pull was automatically recorded by a pencil on a strip of paper, registered by a line. The sum of the lengths of all the lines was translated into 'meter-kilograms,' which meant the work accomplished in raising one kilogram one meter against the pull of gravity.

"These experiments were made ten times a day, and the total average for each man calculated for a number of days, under conditions of absolute abstinence from drink. Then the men were given the alcoholic equivalent of a 'good glass' of Bordeaux wine after each meal, and the experiments repeated. The consequences were a diminution in the subjects' ability to withstand the fatigue of weight-lifting, amounting to an average of from 7-6-10 to 8 per cent. These experiments were repeated hundreds of times by scientists in various parts of Europe, and always with similar results. In every instance a definite, measurable loss in muscular efficiency was demonstrated.

"Having shown these effects on resistance to fatigue, the learned professors advanced to the consideration of principles involving combined muscular and mental processes. The 'writing balance,' invented by Prof. Kraepelin, was subpoenaed as chief witness in this case. This ingenious contrivance had attached to it a fifth-second chronometer, which automatically registered time on a rotating drum covered with carbon paper. On the record obtained in this manner the time required in writing a set of characters can be computed with an error less than one two-hundredth of a second. The unit of time in which the trials were based was called a 'zeta,' and corresponded to one one-hundredth of a second.

"The daily exercises began at 8 a.m. The subject's hand was connected with the apparatus, and the figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, were written twice with pencil at top speed. Then the sequence reversed—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, etc.—was twice written; then the German letters 'inm,' also twice. These were repeated ten times, and the total average time consumed by each man was measured. Then he received his allotment of wine, as with the ergograph experiments.

"After five minutes they resumed their writing, carrying out their appointed task in scribbling as before—and proved that, while the spirit was willing, the flesh, and its controlling nerve pulses, was weakened; for they had, every man of them, measurably

slowed up. The degree of retardation, after writing 1 to 10 under the influence of the small amount of alcohol administered (about what the ordinary drinker would take with his dinner), amounted to 5 6-10 per cent. In writing 10 to 1 the retardation was greater, amounting to 7 per cent. This was accounted for by the increasing complexity of the stunt, it being a more novel combination than the straight progression of numbers. With the 'inm' the deviation from normal was even more apparent, averaging 7 3-10 per cent. Again and again these same general results were secured; though new crews were used for each demonstration.

"Similar results followed in the co-ordination tests, where the subject was required to 'snap down' a telegraphic switch at the unexpected flash of a light or sound of a gong, the time elapsing between flashing the light or striking the gong and closing the switch being measured by a 'zeta' chronometer. In every case the rapidity of the co-ordinating responses was decreased from 6 to 8 3-10 per cent.

"Next, a number of accountants of all grades were selected, and their average ability to add one-figure columns was estimated for one week. They were then given daily, in divided doses, the equivalent of three and a half cups of claret. A marked and progressive diminution in their output was noticed, beginning with 3 1-10 per cent. the first day. After two weeks of this steady, moderate alcoholic allowance the percentage increased to 15 3-10ths.

"Similar experiments were then tried on typesetters. These were required to set type from printed pages (to insure absolute uniformity of copy), and the total number of ems a day was computed for a week. Then, with daily gentlemanly drinks, they lost an average of 9 6-10 per cent. in efficiency by the end of the week. . . .

"Perhaps the most convincing observation was concerned in the free 'association of ideas.' This, when the condition is raised to the fourth dimension, causes the party of the first part to forget his watch and chain the number of the house in which he lives, and his wife's first name. He is then in a state for which the vulgar have a variety of picturesque names. The scientist calls it 'alcoholic inhibition,' and he can usually define the gradients with precision.

"However, we are now considering alcoholic inhibition in embryo—before it grows up and develops, as it were—and the various methods employed in classifying its general characteristics. To illustrate: if the name of an object is spoken, immediately one thinks of something in connection with that object. Professor Kraepelin's subjects were requested to write these down, enumerating as many associated objects as occurred to them in the space of five minutes. Two words were given out at each seance, five minutes being allotted to each subject. This was repeated at intervals during the day for ten days, and the average number of

(Continued on Page 10.)

THE DRUNKARD.

Do you drink hard liquor? Moderately? To excess? And just for the fun of it? Surely. And just as surely you can stop—if you want to. Everybody can—or thinks so. But when a drunkard's fire runs in the family, it is not so easy. In this story, a young and inexperienced girl falls in love. She knows her fiancée takes an occasional drink. She does not know that the habit is inherited—and his mother keeps the secret. Do you think a complete knowledge of the circumstances would have made any difference? Or do you think it ever will? In any case, here is a plain, straightforward story of domestic tragedy, paralleled, in some degree at least, in all too many American homes to-day.

(By Virginia Terhune Van de Water, in the "Cosmopolitan.")

(Continued from last Issue.)

"All right," I said. I did not want to make a scene or to let him know how I hated to see him taste alcohol in any form. But I added a moment later: "I don't think such stimulants are any too good for you, dear Jack. Even your mother says they are not."

"Oh, poor mater!" he exclaimed indulgently. "She belongs to a former generation and has antiquated notions."

"Yet they are rather good notions," I suggested.

"Perhaps—but her love for me makes her unnecessarily fussy. If she had ever seen me drink too much and disgrace her, or mortify her in the presence of her friends, it would be different. But you know I am not that kind of a chap, and she knows it, too."

"Of course!" I agreed. I went on with my sewing with a dazed feeling. How long was this kind of thing going on—this game in which I feigned not to know the truth, not to know that (although since that dreadful night of which I have spoken, my husband had not taken any whisky from the stock in the house) he often brought home a parcel which he carried straight to his room and of which he said nothing? But I was sure I knew what it contained.

Women who do not love as I loved may not understand my patience with my husband. But these women never knew Jack. His personality was singularly winning, and he had a magnetism that made everybody love him. In all our married life, he never spoke an unkind word to me. I never ceased to be his sweetheart; he loved me, I knew, and I always shall know it. Nobody could make me think otherwise. Perhaps this was one reason I shrank from facing facts.

One day when I was suffering from a slight indisposition, our doctor called upon me. He was the son of an old friend of Jack's parents, so, when we moved to Woodhill and found him settled there, it seemed but natural that we should have him as our physician, as he knew all about my husband's family and was almost like an old friend. This morning, after prescribing for me, he remained to talk of one thing and another. Edgar Allan Poe tells in one of his stories how a murderer, to prove that he had no fear of detection, struck against the panel behind which he had hidden the body of his victim. That is a wonderful touch of human nature. The person having a secret often talks of it when one would think common sense would keep him silent. Perhaps it was this that made me, in chatting with my physician, speak casually of a case of drunkenness in our little town.

"Is it too late to reform such a man?" I asked, with false indifference.

"No," said the doctor; "he may yet be broken of the habit, if he wishes to be. In some cases, drunkenness is, you know, a disease—an inherited taint, it may be. But, if properly treated, it may be cured. Unless, of course, a man is what is known as a secret drinker."

"A—what?" I questioned. I felt my lips stiffen as I formed the words, yet I tried to look natural.

"There are men who drink to excess only when alone—usually taking their liquor at night and going to sleep drunk. That is the worst kind of a drunkard. Well—I must be going."

I accompanied him to the door, bidding him good-by with my usual manner. I was becoming a good actress in these days. Then I returned to my cheery room, and, standing alone there, looked about me. Everything spoke of the man I loved. It was he who had given me this set of bird's-eye maple furniture—just the kind I wanted most. This Persian rug had been his gift to me on my last birthday; the pictures on the walls were from him—my favorites that he knew I loved; his photograph smiled at me.

The tears rushed to my eyes as I gazed at the handsome face over the mantel. "Oh, my darling, my darling!" I whispered. Then, as an appreciation of what I could no longer hide from myself rushed over me, I sank to my knees by a chair and buried my face in my hands. "Oh, God!" I moaned.

But my cry seemed to go no higher than my head. I felt that God did not hear and did not care about me—did not care that Jack was all I had, and that he was ruining himself and breaking my heart. Even as I called on God, I thought of how every morning, now, there was a smell of whisky in Jack's room, and I found myself wondering how much liquor he took before he was dead drunk. Then, as I remembered that I was associating such thoughts as these with those of a great and holy Deity, I laughed aloud. Perhaps, for a few minutes, I was almost insane.

That evening I tried once more to talk with Jack on the matter that was with me day and night. After dinner I went to him as he sat in his easy chair.

"Darling," I said hesitatingly, "you are not looking well nowadays. Do you know that you are much more nervous than you used to be?"

He laughed in his winsome way, and, leaning back, looked up lovingly into my

eyes. "Such a silly little wife to worry over a worthless husband who is perfectly well and as strong as an ox!" he chided.

"Darling," I insisted, "I do not think you are right. Jack—I wonder if you ought not to give up drinking."

He started up in amazement. "Drinking!" he exclaimed. "Ridiculous! As if an occasional glass could hurt me!"

I forced myself to speak calmly, standing facing him. "It is not the occasional glass, Jack," I said gently, "but, dear, you take more than an occasional glass when you go to bed at night."

A vivid wave of color rushed to his face, then ebbed away.

"Nan," he said, in a low voice, "you are not well just now, dear, and you have fanciful notions."

I could not look at him as he said this, could not look at my husband while he lied to me. Nor did I lift my eyes when he asked,

"Who put that idea into your head, little girl?"

"Nobody put it there, Jack," I replied tremulously, "but to-day I was talking to Doctor Finley about men's drinking."

My husband interrupted me with a harsh exclamation. "Finley, eh?" he snorted. "I'll thank Finley to mind his own business! He had the nerve the other night at the club to try a temperance lecture on me—telling me that alcohol had such and such effects on the system. I suppose he tries that on every man whom he has ever seen take a glass of wine at a dinner. He's an old woman—that's what he is—an old woman!"

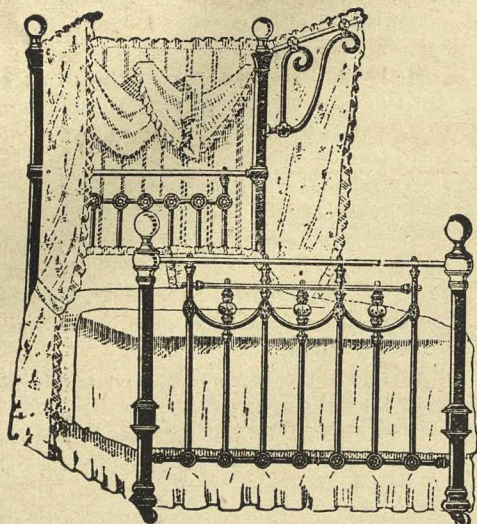
For hours that night, as I lay awake, I heard my husband softly pacing his floor, and I was sure that this time he had taken no liquor and that he was in an agony of nervousness in consequence. The next morning at breakfast his lips twitched and his hands trembled, but I pretended not to notice this. Yet the following night all was as before, and I knew that he did not sleep until he had numbed his nerves with liquor.

Five months later our boy was born. For days they did not let me see him. They told me he was very delicate and could not be carried about, and I was sitting up when, at last, he was brought to me by the nurse. Looking from my child's face into the pitying eyes of the woman bending above me, I saw that about which I feared to ask, yet I heard myself whispering, "Will he never be—better?" and the woman replied: "Wait, dear, and ask the doctor. He will know."

I did wait through a sleepless night and a long day until the doctor came to see me again. He answered me frankly. I told him I would go mad if he did not tell me the truth. The child's head, he said, was not the shape that a normal child's head should be; there was something wrong—something lacking; yet, perhaps, there had been cases—

I interrupted him sharply. "Don't keep anything from me!" I commanded. "Why"—I caught him by the arm—"why is my child like—this?"

(Continued on Page 14.)



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GENERAL SECRETARY'S NORTH COAST TRIP.

Lismore, June 16th, 1914.

I left Sydney last Wednesday evening by the "Wollongbar," and touched Newcastle early next morning. Mr. Piggott, the Newcastle organizer, came down to the boat and reported that the local folk were evincing a lively interest in temperance matters. I rang up the Rev. T. Davies. He is keen on a big aggressive move. With beautiful weather we steamed on toward Byron Bay and reached the end of our sea trip early on Friday morning. My cabin mate was the secretary of the St. George No-License League. I was profoundly thankful it was not the enormous alcoholic who had to be assisted aboard in Sydney. A short train journey brought me to Lismore, the centre of this magnificent district. A hearty reception awaited me at the railway station. Mr. Jack (treasurer of the local League), Mr. Jordan (secretary), and Mr. John Compilin being present. The executive met at midday and made final arrangements for my three weeks' work.

AT DUNOON.

In the evening I was driven to Dunoon for my first meeting. An I.O.G.T. Lodge has recently been opened. There are a fine lot of young temperance enthusiasts at this place. The meeting was bright and helpful. Literature was sold, subscriptions for "Grit" secured, and a great deal of inspiration im-

parted to the workers. Mr. W. Wilson, late of Berry, who was secretary to the Allowrie No-License Council in 1910, when I organized that electorate, lives at Dunoon. He is a live wire for No-License.

OPEN AIR IN LISMORE.

The first shot in Lismore was fired in the open-air on Saturday night. During the local option campaign things were extremely lively, and at times decidedly unpleasant, and often dangerous at these open-air gatherings. But on the whole, compared experiences elsewhere, the Lismore open air was "very mild." Mr. John Compilin presided. The battle raged until 10 o'clock, and concluded with cheers for No-License.

A FINE MEN'S MEETING.

On Sunday afternoon a fine men's meeting was held in the Richmond Hall. The affliction and reproach of the Liquor Traffic was held up, examined, and those present urged to allow the terrible facts presented to swing them into action against alcohol.

Attention was drawn to the address delivered by Mr. Harry Lauder to the Sydney pressmen in which he had urged a campaign against cruelty to travelling stock. But what of the cruelty and torture of those who are in the grip of alcohol? Because we do not see suffering in the aggregate we do not realise its enormity. The wreck of the Empress of Ireland was responsible for 1000 lives, but in Australia 1000 lives are sacrificed every 40 days through drink.

IN THE LISMORE METHODIST CHURCH.

The after church united service was most inspiring, and another fine congregation assembled. The text, "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak," formed the basis of a fifteen minutes appeal for a recognition of the practical value of working on the preventative side for reform. The work of the Panama Canal was used as an illustration showing how by removing the cause of delay the fever-breeding swamps had been drained, a system of scientific sanitation adopted, alcohol abolished, and then under new conditions the mighty work of excavation had been possible, and two great oceans were linked together.

MONDAY'S BIG MEETING.

The Richmond Hall contained a fine audience on Monday night. Mr. Will Jack presided. The address was well received, the reference to the "Liberty" League tactics being followed closely.

The new policy of the Alliance embodying bare majority, State option, and earlier closing was heartily approved. An appeal for funds brought a ready response, the collections, donations, and promises reaching £20.

The famous "Glencoe" I.O.G.T. Lodge met after the close of meeting and initiated some new members.

An ex-brewer, now a business man in Lismore, signed the pledge. There was a steady run on literature, and I have to order fresh supplies.

OPPOSING LICENSES.

There is plenty of work in hand here. Applications for new licenses at Broadwater and Nimbin are pending, and will have to be fought. In Lismore as elsewhere drunken men hang about licensed premises, and are served when under the influence of drink, contrary to law.

SPECIAL REDUCTION COURT.

Lismore electorate, having carried reduction, will come under the review of the Special Reduction Court, which meets here on July 1st. There are twenty one publican's licenses in the electorate, so three or four will have to go out. They can easily be spared.

KEEP THE PRESSURE ON.

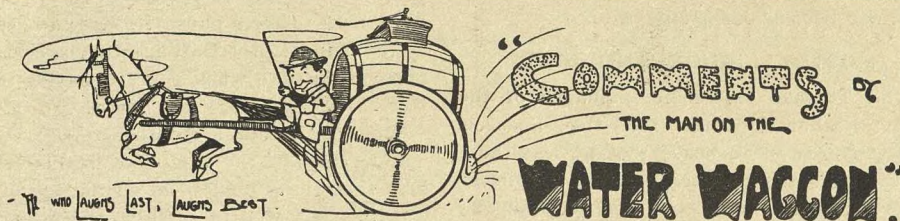
May I appeal to our friends all over the State to keep the pressure on. "We win where we work." We need vigilance in keeping the administration of the liquor laws up to full requirements. We need to be watchful against the intrusion of new licenses. But above all we need solid education on the whole question of liquor reform. The dawn is breaking, the light is coming; he shall rise and shine for moral reform and victory.

JAMES MARION.

Come fight the foe with sword and gun,
With dreadnought, shell and shot;
Come, drive the alien hordes away,
Protect this lovely spot.
But first be well and strong and bold,
Let each his health assure,
By driving ill-health right away
With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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BOXING VERSUS PROFESSIONAL FIGHTING.

It has always been hard to get our opponents to realise that it is the professional and brutalising aspect of the fighting business that we abominate, and not the manly art of self defence. Two men, employing their muscles to mutual benefit in a healthy spar, is a different proposition entirely to two men trying to knock each other insensible with ten thousand men looking on, most of whom have a little money on one or the other. Surely this is apparent. We, therefore, agree with Canon Hughes that to add boxing to the State curriculum would do no harm if not positive good. Under proper supervision it would absolutely apply the "death knock" to the bullying of smaller or weaker boys by their stronger mates. It would teach many a lad to take a hit and not lose his head nor his temper, and would generally improve the physical and moral tone. We say the "moral" tone advisedly, for no better prescription do we know for a tendency to certain evil habits than healthy sport and manly games. The youth who otherwise might sneak away from his fellows and smoke a cigarette has a chance of becoming a healthy little beggar of sound wind and limb and a credit to the school.

Some good religious people are of the opinion that boxing opens the door to passion and uncontrolled tempers.

They evidently have done little boxing. It is a discipline from the outset. The "Waggoner" remembers taking lessons years ago from a pupil of the late George Seale—has indeed some very "vivid" recollections. He soon learnt to take the most "vivid" and indeed "livid" jolts without a grain of resentment.

And the physical result, the toning up of the system, and toning down of the liver and general feeling of well-being, it was worth all the stars and stripes George Seale's factotum handed out. The churches need not be afraid of adding boxing to the "cur-

riculum" of their gymnasiums. The young men will think more of the church, and the latter will get a better grip of them.

THE DEADLY "RIP."

The youthful Sydney reader of "Grit" may think we are about to discuss "Jack the Ripper," but a Melbourne boy would know better what the above headline means. Many a seasick passenger by coaster has had reason to anathematise that little seething pool that lies ever restless at Port Phillip heads.

Nature seems to regret the peaceful colonisation of the great Bay, and wish to retain in some shape or form control, at least of the entrance and exit. But what a danger spot is thus constituted for the unfortunate mariner who, with little experience and without a pilot, attempts to cross the seething waters? Well has it been called the "wreck strewn rip." Many corpses lay there as a grim warning.

Again, last Saturday week does a fine little craft meet her doom. A good seaboat, the whaler "Campbell." Well found and in good trim.

With engines damaged the skipper decided to try and make the shelter of the Bay—a rush through the Rip without pilot, against, as one paper put it, the law, the teachings of experience, and against the mute advice of the old wrecks around her. Caught in that treacherous eleven knot current he was soon hurled to destruction.

The whaler "Campbell" is no more.

We do not want to preach, for "The Parson" does that in another column, but we simply can't keep asking, "What a fine lesson to us all." How many young men start out with everything imaginable in their favor and no bad weather about, and no cloud on the horizon until some day they are tempted to make off into a side bay on some pretext or other.

'Tis clearly marked "danger" on the chart, and 'tis well known that hundreds of other young men have here lost everything they held dear and sacred—the esteem of

mother or wife, the love of innocent children, the respect of all their friends.

The seething waters of temptation look so innocent and calm, but a little way off there seems to be little danger and on they go, only to find out too late how quick is the current that bears them to destruction. Caught in that foul embrace, how almost impossible to struggle out.

My young friends do not take up such a risky course without a pilot; 'tis against the law, against the teachings of experience, and against the MUTE ADVICE OF THE OLD WRECKS around that spot.

The "Parson" has often told you who the Pilot is, and how willing He is to take the helm; your own experience teaches you where the dangerous waters lie—it is unnecessary for me to try and apply the moral for you.

But let these poor, oft-recurring wrecks of noble lives, or what might have been termed such, be to you a guiding light to mark the localities you MUST AVOID; let also that guiding Hand steer your frail vessel until you are safe within the great Kingdom above, till you are safe anchored where the stress of temptation is a thing of the past.

ACROSTICS ON "GRIT."

By B. LEE-COWIE.

Gumption, go, grace, and grit
Rule the world and makes it fit.
In Australia "Grit" is grand
Truth shall triumph by its hand.

"Grit," ay I know it from front page to last,
Rejoicing because of its clear ringing blast.
Intrepid it strikes at the dragon of Sin,
The day shall declare it, the Truth yet shall win.

Go, read its pages, crisp and clear,
Reflect on what it stands for here.
In battle brave it leads the way,
Then help it by your means to-day.

Gird on your armor, man, and help to win,
Rejoice to have the chance to strike at sin,
Impregnable in right, join thou the fray,
Trust God, plunge in, and win the day.

Kansas, ruined by prohibition, spends 18,000dols. a day for motor cars. If the old state only had saloons everybody would have a gasoline buggy—except those who had gasoline noses.

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THE JUDGE SAYS "FILTHY AND DISGUSTING."

A POLICEMAN AND HIS ONE BATH.

The Special Licensing Court, sitting at Goulburn on June 9, his Honor Judge Fitzhardinge, Mr. O. A. Edwards, P.M., and Mr. Fincham, P.M., being on the Bench.

His Honor said that since last adjournment the Court had had an opportunity of inspecting closely and carefully every licensed house in the electorate. They had had the opportunity of seeing the conditions of the houses and their structural defects—and his Honor was very sorry to say that there were very many defects.

NOT NEARLY AS HUNGRY AS THIRSTY.

James Granger, licensee of the Bridge Hotel, Goulburn, claimed to do a residential trade as well as a bar business. There were twelve rooms. Mr. Granger said he got his spirits from Sydney merchants; he got ale and stout from Mr. Bartlett, and, less discount, it amounted to £991 10s. for twelve months. Witness' butcher's bill per month on an average would amount to £6 to £8.

[N.B.—4s. 6d. a day for meat and £2 12s. a day for beer, taking no account of spirits.—Ed. "Grit."]

Leslie Oscar Brown, licensee of the Prince of Wales Hotel, deposed that he still had seven years of his lease to run; he paid the owner £3 rent, including £2 for cottages adjoining; witness paid about £90 a month for the bar trade, including supplies from the brewers, cordial manufacturers, and wine and spirit merchants; on an average witness had four or five people for a mid-day meal per day.

[This runs into £3 a day wholesale price or £7 to £8 a day paid over the bar for booze, and 4s. a day for meals!!!! This is an accommodation house.—Ed "Grit."]

A TOUGH JOB FOR THE GIRL.

Robert A. Gordon, licensee and lessee of the Chatsbury Hotel, deposed that he did a good business for meals; on an average he would have three or four persons for a midday meal; witness had a public telephone at his hotel, and he also kept the mails; twenty-three families received their mails from witness' place; witness had additional facilities, such as stock yards and paddocks, at his hotel; there was a good traffic between Taralga and Goulburn; witness catered for people coming from Bannaby, Golspie, and the Caves; they frequently stayed the night at his hotel; witness had only one girl on the premises, and he paid her 12s. a week; there was no man there; witness' housekeeping accounts would amount to about 30s. a week; witness' takings would amount to between £15 and £20 a week; witness did not keep books.

His Honor asked why the witness did not keep books. He had been before the Court three times, and still did not keep books.

"It would be to your own interest if you did keep books," his Honor said.

MOSTLY LIQUOR AND DIRT.

John Thomas McKenzie, manager of the Lake Bathurst Hotel for the licensee, Letitia Hardwick, deposed that he was there all the time the licensee had the premises; he produced account books and receipts and unpaid bills from March last; motor cars left Tarago for Braidwood about 3 a.m.; they had an average of four to five for breakfast, eight to ten for dinner, and about a dozen for tea; he paid about £100 a month for liquor; he produced the bank book; the hotel was much used by the people round the district; the hotel was also required for people going to Windellima and other places.

His Honor asked how the place came to be in such a dirty state when the Court visited it.

Defendant said the front room was cleaned and scrubbed out regularly.

His Honor said they had not visited such a dirty place. It was a great advantage to the Court to have visited it.

A POLICEMAN'S MYTHICAL BATH.

Nicholas Walsh, licensee of the Frankfield Hotel, Gunning, for nine and a half years, deposed that the owner was Thomas Roach; witness produced his bank book, and stated that he did both a bar and residential business.

Senior-constable Overton, of Gunning, deposed that he was at present boarding at the Frankfield Hotel; about ten or twelve sat down for breakfast, and he had seen as many as a dozen there for tea.

His Honor: What have you to say about the dirty state of the premises?

Witness: At the present time it is impossible to keep the place clean owing to so many navvies frequenting the place.

His Honor: Were you there last Friday?

Witness: No, I was not there when the Court was there.

His Honor: How did you find the out-houses there?

Witness: Well, as a rule they are kept clean. They were clean on Saturday.

His Honor: Well, when we were at the hotel on Friday they were in a very filthy state. Is that surprising?

Witness: I was not there then.

His Honor: Would it be surprising for you to hear that?

Witness: Yes, it would be surprising. I told the landlady about it, and she had it cleaned out.

His Honor: Have you been in the bathroom at all?

Witness: Yes.

His Honor: What do you say about that?

Witness: It does want a little repair—it wants to be made a little larger.

His Honor: Did you have a plunge bath?

Witness: Not more than once.

His Honor: Would it be surprising for you to know that there is no plunge bath there?

Witness (after a pause): I made a mistake.

His Honor: It is strange that you should make a mistake when you are staying there. How long ago were you there?

Witness: About a month ago.

Referring to the dining-room, his Honor said that the dining-room on the day of the Court's visit was in a filthy and disgusting condition.

Witness: At the present time, your Honor, there is a great rush of navvies going there.

His Honor: Do the navvies go into the private sitting room?

Witness: All over the place, your Honor.

His Honor: Well, it is one of the dirtiest places we have seen. (To the witness): You have slept there. How do you find the bedrooms?

Witness: They are clean, your Honor.

His Honor: Would it be surprising for you to hear that when we were there at 11 o'clock in the morning the beds were not made, the slops were not emptied, and things generally were in a disgusting state.

Questioned by his Honor regarding the state of the stables, witness said that when he last saw them about a month ago they were clean.

His Honor said that they were in a very dirty state when he saw them. He wondered why the police officer who was in charge of the place failed to see these things and why he had not reported the matter. "Would it be surprising for you to hear," he asked the witness, "that we found the horse boxes in a disgusting state?"

Witness: Yes, your Honor, it would.

To Mr. Thomas: There was a bath when I was there.

His Honor advised the constable to go back and have a look at the hotel, and he would find that there was no bath there.

EVIL-SMELLING KITCHEN.

Patrick Michael Frost, licensee of Royal Hotel, Crookwell, deposed that he went into the hotel in September, 1912; he had a lease which had seven years to run from January, 1913; Mr. Charles Harvey, of Crookwell, was the owner; witness' customers were commercial travellers and people about the district; witness had an average of seven to nine people staying at the hotel at night, and about 25 or 30 for meals; witness had large stable accommodation; the average number of horses for one night would be five or six; the Crookwell population was increasing; there was an increase of sheep farming in the district; witness produced his bank books; witness' average takings for the past twelve months were between £50 and £60 per week; his lowest takings per week were £45; the total amount paid for liquor, wine,

(Continued on Page 10.)

The Coroner's Court.

ALCOHOL—ALWAYS ALCOHOL.

(By W. D. B. CREAGH.)

Very few people, unless compelled by unhappy circumstances, ever go near a coroner's court. An air of gloom hangs over this place, where every sordid tragedy is inquired into, and where the distressed and often shame covered friends stand about in grim and pathetic silence. Last year 162 deaths in N.S.W., investigated by the coroners of the State, were proved to have been the result of alcohol.

TWO WEE CHILDREN.

This week an inquest was held on two wee children who were killed at Pyrmont by their father. The man attempted to take his own life, but the doctors have saved him from any fatal result from the attempt. Those who voted the continuance of the liquor traffic would have surely been converted if they had been present.

The hotel keeper told the coroner that the man came into his hotel ("which, strange to say, was called the Butchers' Arms Hotel"), and asked the hotelkeeper what he thought of his two children. Then he had some spirits. The hotelkeeper could not say whether it was rum or whisky, but it was one of the two. It is a great pity the particular brand was not made public.

Another man, a coach builder, said he saw the prisoner outside his workshop. He was under the influence of drink, and staggering about on the footpath. He spoke to the prisoner, saying that the children should be taken home. The coachbuilder thought in his unsteady antics that he would hurt the children by stepping on their toes. Little did he know that the unfortunate children would both be dead in about an hour with their throats cut from ear to ear. The other witness said she found the two children and the man in the lane. The two children were dead, the man on his knees with blood streaming from his throat trying to speak. He could not, and as the woman went closer to try and catch what he had to say the thing that was very noticeable to her was that he had been drinking; he smelt very strong of alcohol.

This is just another bit of evidence against alcohol. Alcohol has been the chief cause of trouble since it has been used as a common beverage. Men and women have, under the influence of alcohol, done the most horrible things, and surely this latest tragedy, involving as it does two innocent children, will not pass unnoticed. Picture the two children being dragged into the lane, one little mite saying, "Daddy don't do it"; try and picture the man doing his hellish work, then ask yourself, What can you do more than you have done to withhold alcohol from the public. Look back a few years and from your memory see if it is not a fact that the most violent crimes have been committed by those under the influence of alcohol. Phillips, Baxter, Selby, and a host of others are in our jails doing

a life sentence. No doubt Cottle will be added to their number, and yet the liquor which undoubtedly is the cause of the trouble, is still being sold, and its sale is on the increase.

On the 19th inst I took particular notice of the men and women who came before the court. I picked out three, and their condition was serious. No. 1 was a woman who was found drunk. The constable said she wanted to fight everyone. The poor creature in her sober senses would not hurt a fly, but alcohol just turned her into a demon. No. 2 was a man. As he stood before the court he looked a clean, decent fellow, with a very mild face. He pleaded guilty, but remembered nothing about it. He also wanted to fight everyone that came along. No. 3 was a man who had been drinking a long time. He looked it, too. He had been found on a dwelling near a window that was open. He was very nervous, and it was a sad sight to see this big powerful fellow just shaking like a leaf. The thought came to me what if someone had come upon him instead of the big powerful policeman. Would he have done any damage? He was remanded for medical treatment. One thing I am certain of. If that man continues to drink trouble is coming to someone. Another case that came up was a man whom I have known for a long time. I remember him when he looked and tried to live a decent life. He stood before the magistrate a most awful object, and the sergeant asked

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THAT DESCRIBES
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At a price within the reach of all, viz., 1/6
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ABSOLUTELY PURE
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if his case could be dealt with first. He was so dirty and verminous. This is a very common thing at the police courts. The condition of some are so bad that a medical man should be in attendance every morning, and if a person is unfit to have his liberty he should be detained for the public good until such time as he was fit.

GREAT ANTI-LIQUOR VICTORY.

Complete returns from the wet and dry elections in Illinois shows 950 saloons out of commission, 114 wet townships won by the Prohibitionists, 29 dry townships held, and not one dry community lost to the enemy. The aggregate of the dry majority was 35,462 votes out of a total of 210,000. Sixty-five per cent. of the woman vote went to the dries. Twenty-two counties which have been wet are now dry.

A MESSAGE FROM ARCHDEACON BOYCE.

Written on the post-card of the Ivanhoe Hotel, here reproduced the Archdeacon says:—"Three hundred beds; no vacant room to-night. Owner has another across the street, 250 beds with not a vacant room. Neither of them have bars. Room 216, London, 14/5/14."



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THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1914.

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BOUND COPIES.

Do you want a bound copy? Please order at once; only a limited number are available. We would be very grateful for any copies of July 31st, 1913, No. 20.

In the United States registration area, from 1900 to 1908, smallpox accounted for 2217 deaths of men 25 to 65 years of age. Typhoid took 32,163. Alcoholism and liver cirrhosis, due to the use of alcohol, caused 33,139.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

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

A Personal Chat with my readers

THE SOAK AND THE DRIP.

We live in a day of numerable books, a day many papers and in-when people skim everything and meditate on nothing.

An old lady was discussing the differences between the old and the new. "We hadn't anything but the reading-book to read when I was a girl," she said, "but I know the best parts of that so I can say them to myself now I'm sitting here in the dark; and my grandchildren don't know what they read last week. It soaked into me, and it drips off of them."

We do well to quietly impress upon children that it is not what drips off, but that which soaks in is of real importance and affects and develops character.

Yet no error is more common with those who are endeavoring to advance intellectually than to suppose that the great matter in reading is what books are read. It is not the books one reads that make the greatest difference, but the books that one associates with; not the works over which one has gone once or twice, no matter how carefully. These make, it is true, a difference on the side of mere acquirement that has a certain value: The books one lives with, however, the writers one comes to know by heart, the volumes which are intimate companions, are those which most vitally affect the intellectual life.

A great educationalist once said, "if a man would honestly read the books which I could put on a five foot shelf for him he would end an educated man."

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN.

A British colonel who is now a Baron, and whose ancestor had put his hand to Magna Charta, has lately been adjudged guilty in the English courts of bribery and corruption in connection with contracts for the Army. The cable says:—

"Mr. Justice Darling sternly deprecated the decadence shown by the representative of a great family cadging orders for beer. He sentenced the Baron to six months' imprisonment."

The offence that the Judge referred to as an evidence of decadence is all too common. It is quite the usual thing to have to "buy" business in Sydney. Men are paid by a firm to look after their interests, and then the man they pay takes a "commission" from the vendor and gives him an order irrespective of the value or quality of the goods delivered to his firm. This kind of bribery is so common that most of those

who accept the bribe justify themselves on the ground that it has become a custom, and that it is as necessary now to "buy" your orders as it was at one time to have a drink with all purchasers. The remedy is in the standards of the home life. So long as children are bribed to be good they may be expected to grow up with the idea that bribery is a legitimate weapon in life's warfare. So long as children are encouraged to think that what every one does must be right, or at the worst, can't be very wrong so long will they fall victims to whatever evil customs are growing up around them. When courage, honor and independence are the watchwords of the nursery, then will degrading and dishonoring methods and customs knock in vain at the door of our national life.

A little poem by a Mr. C. A. Howe attracted my attention, and is so suggestive as a prayer that I pass it on.

Lord, we can trust thee for our holy dead;
They, underneath the shadow of thy tomb,
Have entered into peace; with bended head
We thank thee for their rest, and for our
lightened gloom.

But Lord, our living—who on stormy seas
Of sin and sorrow, still are temptest-
tossed!
Our dead have reached their haven, but for
these—
Teach us to trust thee, Lord, for these, our
loved and lost!

For these we make our passion-prayer by
night;
For these we cry to thee through the long
day.
We see them not. O, keep them in thy sight!
From them and us, be thou not far away.

And if not home to us, yet lead them home
To where thou standest at the heavenly
gate;
That so from thee they shall not farther
roam;
And grant us patient hearts thy gathering
time to wait.

The Editor

The Maori and Prohibition.

THE WHITE MAN URGED TO BREAK HIS WORD.

THE TROUBLE IS PROHIBITION PROHIBITS.

What is known as the King Country in New Zealand is under a prohibition law, and there is twofold evidence that this law severely limits the supply of liquor. First, whisky is sold at twenty-shillings a bottle, proof positive that it is very scarce since it can be bought in license territory for 3/6. Again, the liquor men are urging for some kind of license because at present they cannot push their poison owing to the prohibition law, and a few thirsty souls are revolting against the dryness of the area. Owing to the coming poll on Prohibition for the whole Dominion every effort is being made to violate the law in the King Country, and thus provide an argument against Prohibition. Whatever be the value of Prohibition in the King Country surrounded by licensed areas is entirely a different thing to prohibition by the will of the people in the whole Dominion with the nearest liquor distributing agency 1300 miles away across the sea. **A GREAT MAORI'S REQUEST.**

In October 1884, Wahanui, the great Ngatimaniapoto chief, came to Wellington, bearing a petition signed by twenty chiefs, praying that he might be heard at the bar of both Houses; and another largely-signed Native appeal against the introduction of liquor into the King Country. He was granted a hearing, and on Saturday, November 1, 1884, he gave a brief address at the Bar, as reported in *Hansard*, Vol. 50, p. 556.

The appeal was granted. By a proclamation, published in the *New Zealand Gazette* of December, 1884, the sale of liquor within the King Country was prohibited.

Before and after Wahanui's visit "Kingite Meetings" as they were called, were held in different places. The opening of the King Country to the pakeha was discussed at them, and always with the kindred topic of the exclusion of liquor.

On April 14, 1885, the day that the Premier turned the first sod of the King Country railway, a preliminary meeting was held, at which many Natives objected, saying that pakeha civilisation, followed in the wake of the railway, would destroy them. The Premier replied that the prohibition of the sale of liquor in their midst had been proclaimed and gazetted. The Government had thus acceded to their request, and would maintain the Proclamation inviolate. At the ceremony itself the Premier, as reported in the *Auckland "Herald"* of April 16 said:—

"We are standing on soil on which there has been a proclamation that no liquor shall be sold."

Wahanui, by whose side stood Rewi, said: "The part of Mr. Stout's speech I took particular notice of was that referring to the restrictions on spirituous liquors in this district." He then referred to a map he had seen showing the bounds of the prohibited area, with which he declared himself dissatisfied, and added, pointing to the Punui River, "I consider that we could not have

had a better boundary with which to keep back the liquor than this stream of pure water."

It is plain that both races understood that the prohibition of liquor was a condition of the opening of the King Country and the introduction of the railway, which the Maoris imposed and the Europeans accepted.

LOCAL BODIES' CONFERENCE.

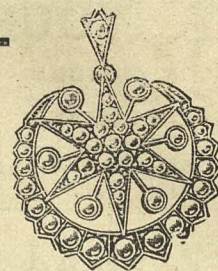
The "King Country Chronicle" of June 6th last gives the following account of a meeting held at Kuiti on June 4th:—

"The conference of delegates from the various King Country local bodies to consider the laws governing the liquor traffic of the district was held at the County Council Chambers, Te Kuiti.

"In introducing the subject the chairman said he had acted as spokesman for the Maoris at the big gathering when the Government was asked to keep liquor out of the district. The request was in consequence of the fact that land courts were to be set up in the district and the natives had seen the evil effects of liquor at land courts in the Waikato. He was heart and soul in agreement with the request at the time it was made. In recent years, however, conditions had entirely changed and the conference had been called with a view to discussing the best means to control the liquor traffic of the district, and of making representations to the authorities.

"Mr. Martin said he had gone into the history of the proclamation constituting the Rohe Potae a prohibited area. There was no doubt the proclamations were intended for the benefit of the Maoris to prevent the granting of licenses over certain tracts of country which at that time were inhabited almost solely by Maoris. It was never intended to inflict prohibition on a district against the will of the people. In the light of the altered conditions this is what the position amounted to at present. In his opinion the first thing to do was to request to have the proclamations annulled. If the Government was not prepared to give full rights of citizenship to the whole of the Rohe Potae they might be requested to exclude the boroughs and town districts. When the proclamation had been first issued Tokaanu had been included in the area, but had subsequently been cut out and there was no reason why other places should not be treated similarly. Personally, he did not favor the granting of licenses under individual control. It would be impossible to inaugurate that without preferential treatment. There was however, a fine opportunity for establishing State Control in the district. He moved: 'That this meeting of delegates representing the various local bodies of the Rohe Potae proclaimed area, hereby unanimously resolved that the restricting proclamations under section 272 of the Licensing Act, 1910, be annulled.'

"Mr. Wilkie seconded the motion, but said



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he did not agree with State Control. Such a system would inevitably lead to abuse and party preference. The main issue was open bars under proper control or sly grog. The first consideration was to get for the residents the same rights and privileges in respect to voting as operates in other parts of the Dominion.

"Mr. Alanson said he favored municipal control, and the Kaitieke County Council, which he represented, had instructed him to vote for that system.

"Mr. Short said he heartily supported the motion both personally and on behalf of the Taumarunui Borough Council. He quite agreed that the natives were right in getting the restrictions in the first place, but the conditions had changed entirely. The purport of the Act and of the proclamation was to prevent liquor being supplied indiscriminately to Maoris. As the chairman had said when the proclamation was issued the Europeans in the district could be counted on your fingers. That position had been reversed, and the time had arrived when the people should be given the common right to say whether they should have licenses or not. If the people voted against license they should be satisfied. The present conditions were entirely unsatisfactory.

"The chairman said:—'If liquor was going to be sold in the district is appeared to him municipal control was the most desirable system. However, they had not got that far yet, and if a vote was taken on the subject the district might vote for prohibition.'

"The motion on being put was carried unanimously."

"It was decided that a deputation wait upon the Prime Minister on June 18th at Te Kuiti, and place the resolutions of the conference before him.

"It was also decided that a deputation proceed to Wellington during the session and place the matter before the Minister for Internal Affairs."

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New Zealand Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Snowdon, the great Labor leaders of Great Britain, are coming through to help us in this year's campaign. Mr. Snowdon is the author of "Socialism and the Drink Question," one of the works of the Socialist Library.

Mrs. Snowdon is also a speaker and writer of wide renown. The Prohibition forces are expecting great things from these visitors, and N.S.W. workers should make an effort to secure some help from them after the N.Z. fight is over.

Another splendid worker who is coming to Australia and might be available for some service is ex-Governor Stubbs, of Kansas. If enlisted, he could a tale unfold of the results of the banishing of the bar from his State; for it is recognised that just now Kansas has excellent administration of her prohibition laws with splendid results.

The second issue of the free liquor paper is at hand, and is providing valuable ammunition for our fighters. In the leading article dealing with the revenue question, they say:—"At present the taxes are paid by the users of alcoholic and malt liquors. If National Prohibition comes into effect the whole of the community will have to make good the deficiency."

At last we have the admission that the liquor trade does not pay the revenue but only collects it from the consumers. So No-License will only return to a section of the public a sum of money they now contribute to the Government through the liquor channel. If then, this revenue has to be made up, as the liquor party say, it will be levied upon all the people instead of a section, and that section very often the people who can least bear it. Surely this is desirable.

Of course, this reasoning is omitting all cost to the State consequent on the traffic being here, i.e., the portion of the cost of police, jails, asylums, hospitals, etc., for which drink is responsible. Anyhow, let it be blazoned out that the liquor crowd admit in their own paper, "The Argus" (May, 1914), that they do not pay but only collect the revenue.

A study in contrasts. During the last campaign in N.S.W. we often motored through great clouds of dust, the intense heat caused streams of perspiration to wash channels in the mask of dirt that almost hid our identity. This week we have been motoring through hail, sleet and snow, with the frozen surfaces of the road slippery as greasy glass. Several times the bike and I parted company, but as we were travelling at

less than regulation speed there are no fatalities to report.

Yesterday the Supreme Court opened at Invercargill, and Mr. Justice Denniston congratulated the jury on the lightness of the calendar, there being only three charges to be dealt with. Each session brings the same congratulations from the different judges. Of course, the liquor crowd will say that No-License has nothing to do with this absence of crime, they will give the credit—if creditable they consider it—to the sea breezes or the cold climate, anything but the absence of liquor bars.

June 3.

ARTHUR TOOMBES.

The Verdict of Experts

(Continued from Page 2.)

suggested things reckoned up. Then each evening preceding the next ten days a generous 'nightcap' was donated, and the results of the following ten days 'association' computed. A loss in co-ordinating power in this series amounted to as high as 27 per cent."

This, Dr. Bowers thinks, was a remarkably convincing demonstration, and proves conclusively that one who drinks much is living only a small part of his normal life. It and Dr. Kraepelin's other tests tend to show that the alleged "stimulant" powers of alcohol are a delusion pure and simple.

Accommodation with the Bar

(Continued from Page 6.)

and spirits for the past twelve months was £1220 0s. 11d.; the amount paid for groceries, etc., was £377 19s. 6d., and, roughly, another £100 by cash; also £40 for bread; there would be at least another £50 for sundries; witness paid about £150 in wages; there was an additional £20 for forage that was not included in the grocery account; witness' meat account amounted to about £172.

His Honor: How long do you intend keeping the kitchen in the state we saw it in the other day?

Witness: I don't know, your Honor.

His Honor: Come now, don't lower your voice. You say that you have all these meals there. Is it big enough for that?

Witness: It suits the purpose.

His Honor asked the witness how he accounted for the evil smells coming from the kitchen, and he replied that the kitchen smoked considerably.

His Honor told the witness that he thought that some improvements should be made to the kitchen.

John Manion, manager for Furner and Co., at Crookwell, was also called, and said that he did not think that three hotels were sufficient for accommodation at Crookwell.

His Honor: Four thousand people voted for No-License in Crookwell. Would that not mean that the people were not in favor of the hotels?

Witness: They are not in favor of the bars.

His Honor: Oh, I see.

ONE WORD—"DISGUSTING."

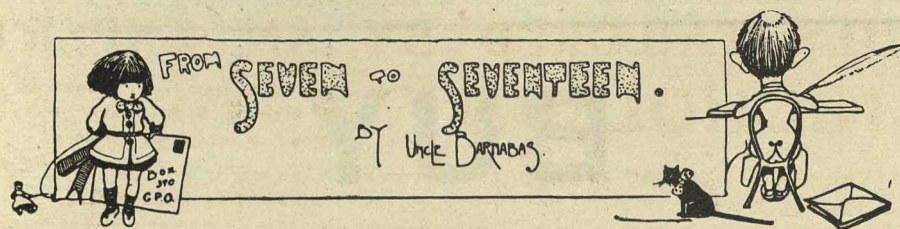
During the course of the advocates' addresses his Honor said that in some of the cases there was a considerable discrepancy between the statements made by witnesses and the circumstances as shown by the bank books.

In referring to the closing of the accommodation house at Boro, his Honor said that one of the principal factors which caused such places to be closed was the advent of motor cars.

During the solicitor's advocacy of the continuance of the license at the hotel at Tarago his Honor said the Court could only judge by what they had seen. The conditions could only be described by the one word—disgusting. In regard to the account book, said to be made up from time to time, the Court were satisfied that this was not so. Another statement seemed to infer that a very large bar trade appeared to be done on Sundays. The evidence in regard to the accounts ought never to have been placed before the Court. There were mistakes all through.

THE VERDICT.

The Court, his Honor continued, had determined that the publicans' licenses in this electorate should be reduced by four and the colonial wine licenses by one, but as there was only one club in the district they could not make any reduction in that respect. His Honor went on:—The licenses hereunder specified shall cease to be in force at the expiration of the periods named: Bridge Hotel, Goulburn, licensee James Granger, three years from date of notification in the "Government Gazette"; Mandelson's Hotel, Goulburn, licensee Richard McGee, two years from December 6, 1913, the term being reduced in this instance owing to previous conviction; Builders' Arms, Goulburn, licensee Frederick A. Williamson, three years from date of notification in the "Government Gazette"; Frankfield Hotel, Gunning, licensee Nicholas Walshe, three years from date of notification in the "Government Gazette." Wine license: Cullarin wine license, Henry Robert Bodel, licensee, three years from date of notification in the "Government Gazette."



BIG FOLK AND LITTLE THINGS.

"Do you suppose," said Johnny, as his little cousin laid away her largest, rosiest apple for a sick girl, "that God cares about such little things as we do? He is too busy taking care of the big folks to notice us much." Winnie shook her head and pointed to mamma, who had just lifted the baby from the cradle. "Do you think," said Winnie, "that mamma is so busy with the big folks that she forgets the baby? She thinks of the baby first, 'cause he's the littlest. Surely God knows how to love as well as mother."

This is true dear ni's and ne's, and you know when anyone is sick, very sick, everyone creeps about, boys don't need to be told to hush, just because we always care for those who can't care for themselves. Naughty boys and girls are God's sick children; they make Him very sad, and the angels creep about softly to see what they can do to make the naughty one well. Oh, yes, God cares for the smallest of us, and God loves the naughtiest of us, and while many grow impatient with a crying baby a true mother does not; she patiently croons it to sleep, and God is no more patient with naughty children than a mother with a crying baby. The unkindest thing you can do to mother is to neglect her, and it is also true that it grieves God if we neglect Him.—Uncle B.

INSECTOLOGY.

Of work the bee is not afraid,
And hard times can't expel it.
For when it gets its honey made
It knows just where to cell it.

Then take the case of Mr. Fly,
Pursued with noise and clatter,
When he observes one's hand on high
He knows just swat's the matter.

Consider, too, the little gnat,
He's fortunate in that he,
Whate'er the styles are—thin or fat—
Can manage to look gnatty.

And then we know there is the ant,
Who works to beat the band,
And really does a pile of work
Because it's got the sand.

THE "GRIT" STALL.

In October next the Alliance are going to have a Bazaar. Of course we are going to help. How will you help? I will supply material to any one who will say what they want to make for our stall. Will you knit, crochet, or make lace? Will you carve a frame, or make a hammock? What will you do? Can you suggest what I should give a prize for to be competed for among those

who help the "Grit" stall. Please, oh please, hurry up and tell me you are going to help.—Uncle B.

BEAUTY SPOTS.

I have nineteen beauty spots, but four of them are colored ones, and cannot be printed in "Grit." Next issue I hope to print the winning "spot." I hoped to have had 50 "Spots," but perhaps you will all do better for our stall in October.

OUR STORY WRITER.

Joan Lemm, 17th May, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I know you are expecting another letter. You reminded me in "Grit," so I am writing again, and enclosing mother's subscription. I am also sending a story "Vera's Adventure," as I want to enter the competition you arranged with Frances Brown about, that is, if I am not too late. The enclosed cutting, "The Pull of the Public House" Mother cut from the "Sydney Morning Herald" some time ago, but I had forgotten to send it. Just fancy Vera, Milcie, and Bonnie writing again! No wonder it took your breath away. No more news now, uncle. Good-bye, love to all cousins and yourself from your loving ni.

P.S.—We have moved to another cottage in the same street as before.

(Dear Joan,—I am very pleased with your story, and always glad to receive your letters. Now, I am wondering if you can keep a secret, or if you are going to tell all your "cousins," that you have decided that Uncle B. is not the big fat rat at 33 Park-st., but that he is that other gentleman you know is to be found there. That piece you sent from the "Herald" I had already seen, but I wish more of my ni's and ne's would send me things they notice in the paper as I am often too busy to read all the papers. Write soon.—Uncle B.)

MOONLIGHT NOT NECESSARY.

Hope Begg, Railway Parade, Hurstville, 7th May, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Please erase my name from the "scalawag" list, but I have always been too busy to write, and you know, uncle, reading is much more interesting than writing.

Will you please thank my cousin who so kindly informed me the name of the book I wanted to know. Have you ever read a book, and then cannot find the sequel to it? I have tried all over Sydney for "Wise and Otherwise," and I cannot obtain it anywhere, but "try again" I will.

I was confirmed on April 1st last at Rockdale, and I go to H.C. the first Sunday in month at 8 a.m.

One of my "cousins" said something

about the moonlight having a curious effect on a couple coming home from a picnic. Tell her, uncle, she ought to live where we do and see the couples on a holiday that pass our place in the train, but many of them don't wait for moonlight. Many a time I have stood and watched the trains and laughed till my sides ached.

Is it not a shame that we have no p.c.s. of Hurstville. I know some such pretty spots up here, but as I have no kodak I cannot take any photos.

I don't know how some of my cousins live in the country always. The country is alright for a holiday, but I am afraid I would die of ennui if I lived there. Excuse the writing, as I am writing this on my knee in the fading light.

Was not the meat strike funny? And when the shops were opened by the master butchers what awful joints or junks of meat we got. I would very much like some of my cousins to correspond with me, someone about sixteen. Well, uncle, I can see no longer, so I must close now. Love to yourself and my cousins.—I remain, your loving ni.

P.S.—Has cousin Beryl Anderson forgotten "Grit?"

(Dear Hope,—You are off the "scalawag" list, and mind you keep off. I think the people who don't wait till moonlight are often very funny—they seem to me a bit thick skinned and yet most of those who do their courting when the gas is turned low do not get a good square look at what they are taking, and get a shock when they come to live in the sunlight of married life. I hope some of your cousins will write you.—Uncle B.)

NOT SKEERABLE.

Dora Howell, "Westgate," Norval Street, Auburn, 24/5/14, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Please don't be altogether too surprised at receiving another letter from me so soon, but Mercie's rather carcastic remarks made me think I'd set her a better example than ever (for I have written oftener than she has of late).

I am sending you a "Beauty Spot" for the competition. As far as I can see, although an altogether delightful spot, "this fairest village of the plain" does not abound in beauty spots, so I am sending you a photo of the pond, a couple of hundred yards or so from a dear old convict-built stone house named "Wollogorang" some seven miles from Breadalbane, where I once had the pleasure of spending a holiday. This pond is near the end of a long avenue of pine-trees, and the picturesque little lodge is a wee bit further along. Many a jolly swim I've had in that pond (and "duckings" by the score).

I'd have liked to have seen Bonny and her "mouse," it would be as good as a whole pantomime. I'm afraid I'm a distinctly unfeminine person. I'd sit in the middle of a room full of rats or mice. You could put spiders or frogs, etc., on me, and I wouldn't mind. I don't scream if I meet a snake, and can handle one with pleasure, also I can skin a rabbit without turning a hair.

One morning, while I was away at Xmas I went out up the hill to watch one of the boys "potting bunnies." I didn't mind a scrap seeing them potted, but my mate did, and she wouldn't even watch, so I remarked to our escort that I was afraid I was horridly hard being able to stand all sorts of things like that. What do you think he said? Instead of gallantly contradicting me he gave me the unpalatable truth straight thus:—"I guess you're just about as hard-hearted as they make 'em." Such things make one thing "the age of chivalry is past," but indeed it isn't. Only last week I saw two men give up their seats in the tram!

They are trying to get an evening continuation school for girls up here now. I'm thinking of starting school again when they do. It will be good sport and something to fill in the evenings with.

Don't think I can think of any more nonsense to say now. Mother reckons my previous remarks re mice, etc., a bit of "skite." (She didn't put it that way of course.) but I didn't intend them that way. I'd rather be "skeered" of things. (One feels out in the cold if everyone else is). No more this time. Your affectionate "niece."

P.S.—Re this Beauty Spot Competition, I believe you just want a lot of petty pictures, and thought this would be a diplomatic way of getting them. Am I right?—D.H.

(Dear Dora,—I just naturally said, Hurrah! when I saw your letter. You are welcome to all the snakes, mice, cockroaches, etc. I do not want to see them, let alone touch them. Did you hear of the lady who was making a few remarks to the mere man to whom she was married, "Are you a man or a mouse?" she said. "Unfortunately," he said, I am only a man; if I had been a mouse I would have had you on the table screaming for mercy long ago." Thanks for "Beauty Spot."—Uncle B.)

WHERE THE SOLDIERS PLAY.

Walter, Braeside, Saturday, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It is raining here to-day. When I was coming to see my overseer to-day—that's what I call Mile—I got wet, and she had to dry my clothes beside the fire.

It will soon be Empire day. We are having songs on Empire day at school, some of which are "The Sea is England's Glory," "The Star Crossed Flag," and "God save the King." The soldiers are here again, the engineers I think. This camp is not so big as the others that we have had here. We have a nice flower garden now. We had a cantata at our church called Soot, and the fairies and I was in it. I haven't any more to tell you.

(Dear Walter,—I always like to receive a letter from you. I think it must be nice to live where the soldiers play. It is always interesting to watch them, don't you think so? So Mile is your overseer. You are fortunate to have such a good one. Will you tell us all about Empire day when next you write?—Uncle B.)

BUY GRIFFITHS' TEAS

A NEW NI.

Alice Trill, 43 Ann-st., Surry Hills, May 30th, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I see a lot of letters in "Grit," so will you please let me be your niece. I will try to be a good one. I was nine years old on March 8th, and belong to Crown-st., Public School and St. Michael's Church. I am the youngest of the family. We get "Grit" every week, and think it is a lovely paper. Please let me know if I am good enough to be your niece.—From your loving friend.

(Dear Alice,—I am delighted to have you as a ni. I have often been discouraged because I had no ni's and ne's in Surry Hills. I love Surry Hills, and have always hoped that some day many children would write to me from there, and I hope you will get others to do so.—Uncle B.)

ANOTHER ONE OFF THE SCALAWAG LIST.

Harrie Gilbert, Fawcett-st., Mayfield, 31st May, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you are getting on as I haven't written a letter for such a long time. I went to Belmont one Sunday with my father, but it took a long time to get there. We have a house out at the lake, and we go there every holiday. We have had lovely weather down here. It has not rained for a week. Mother has been away for three weeks up at Collector. There has been some sickness up there with her married daughter's children. I must close, as that is all the news from.

(Dear Harrie,—Your letter came in time to save you from being on the list with the very incurable scalawags. I think you ought to have sent a photo of your place on the lake for the beauty spot competition. I hope they are all well at Collector now.—Uncle B.)

Compulsory instruction concerning alcoholic drinks is now given in the public schools of Peru, South America, by a decree of the government of date November 17th, 1913.

A GRAND TESTIMONY.

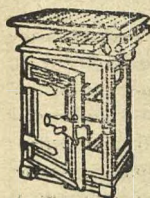
As far back as 1846 the following striking testimony was given to the value of total abstinence. At a Temperance meeting in Alabama, Colonel Lehmanousky, who had served 23 years in the wars of Napoleon, rose up before the audience, tall, erect, and vigorous, with the glow of health upon his cheek, and said: "You see before you a man 70 years of age, I have fought 200 battles, have 14 wounds on my body, have lived 30 days upon horse flesh, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering, without stockings or shoes to my feet, and with only a few rags for my clothing. In the deserts of Egypt I have marched for days with the burning sun on my naked head, feet blistered in the burning sand, and eyes, nostrils, and mouth filled with dust; and with a thirst so tormenting, that I have opened the veins of my arms and sucked my own blood. Do you ask how I have survived these horrors? I answer, that I owe my preservation to the kind providence of God—my health and vigor I owe to this fact—that I never drank a drop of spirituous liquors in my life."

'Twas Sabbath eve, the Reverend Divine Was heard to lament and freely repine; "My throat is sore," the old man sighed, "To-morrow's my special sermon," he cried. His wife came in and soon consoled him, And this is what the wise woman told him: "Take Woods' Peppermint Cure, my dear, In the morn your voice will be quite clear!"

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GOOD RIDDANCE.

"So Miss Biffers is married at last?"

"Yes."

"And who is the happy man?"

"Her dear old dad."

* * *

ENOUGH, ANYWAY.

Mary: "The doctor says this illness of mine is caused by a germ."

Agnes: "What did he call it?"

Mary: "I don't remember. I caught the disease, but not the name."

* * *

ALWAYS A CIVILIAN.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is a jingo?"

"A 'jingo,' my son, is a man who devotes his time to thinking up opportunities for other people to go out and be shot at."

* * *

ONE HOPE.

"William, are you ever going to get matters so arranged that we can afford to have an automobile?"

"I don't expect that we can ever afford one, but I hope to get matters so arranged within a few months that we can have one."

LITERAL.

In one of the Brooklyn courts a recent case required the testimony of a young German immigrant.

"Now, Britzmann," said the lawyer for the plaintiff, "what do you do?"

"Ah vos pretty well," replied the witness.

"I am not inquiring as to your health. I want to know what you do."

"Vork!"

"Where do you work?" continued the counsel.

"In a vactory."

"What kind of a factory?"

"It vos bretty big vactory."

"You honor," said the lawyer, turning to the judge, "if this goes on we'll need an interpreter." Then he turned to the witness again.

"Now, Britzmann, what do you make in the factory?" he asked.

"You vant to know vot I make in der vactory?"

"Exactly! Tell us what you make."

"Eight dollars a week."

Then the interpreter got a chance to earn his daily bread.

* * *

ILL-TIMED HOWL.

The fare at a certain boarding-house was very poor. A boarder who had been there for some time, because he could not get away, was standing in the hall when the landlord rang the dinner-bell. Whereupon an old dog that was lying outside on a rug commenced to howl mournfully.

The boarder watched him a little while and then said:—

"What on earth are you howling for? You don't have to eat it!"

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ENJOYS IT.

Cabe: "There goes a fellow who enjoys ill health."

Steve: "Enjoys it? What is he, a hypochondriac?"

Gabe: "No, he's a physician."

* * *

THE EASIEST WAY.

"I want the wages of a man; that's all I am asking," said the "Votes for Women" orator.

"Then," said a man as he rose to speak, "I contend it isn't a vote that the lady wants. All she has to do is to get married."

* * *

In some school not located—locate it to please yourself—the teacher was hearing the history lesson. Turning to one of the scholars she asked:—

"James, what was Washington's Farewell Address?"

The new boy arose with a promptitude that promised well for his answer.

"Heaven, ma'am," he said.

* * *

After an amateur dramatic performance the late W. S. Gilbert who had been present was asked, "Well, what do you think of our club?" "I think," replied Gilbert, "that it is not so much a club as a bundle of sticks."

DON'T BE ONE-EYED

READ

THE WORKER

IT GIVES ALL THE POLITICAL NEWS
OF THE WEEK.

ITS CARTOONS SIZE UP THE
SITUATION.

ALL NEWSAGENTS. TWO PENCE.

There's No Halfway House About Teeth



If your teeth are decayed—get them healthy. Don't delude yourself by believing that you can shirk it. That tooth MUST come out SOME day, and in the interval between now and then—you're going to have some lively aches. Decayed teeth affect the digestion—foul the breath—upset the stomach and fill the blood with impurities. Go the whole hog and GET THAT TOOTH OUT TO-DAY.

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THE DRUNKARD

(Continued from Page 3.)

He did not speak for a moment, and as I waited breathlessly there ran in my ears the two-thousand-years-old question: "Did this man sin, or his parents?" and I demanded, "Who is to blame for this—I or—"

I could not say the word, but the physician answered my unuttered thought.

"Don't blame him," he said gently. "His grandfather and father before him were secret drinkers. Such people sometimes have children like—like that." He pointed to the crib in which my baby lay.

I did not cry out. The doctor knew I would not when he told me the truth. He also knew that certainty would not injure me any more than the suspense which had tortured me. I asked for my child, and, when they laid him in my arms, I asked for my husband. He had just come home, and they called him. When he entered the room, I told the doctor and nurse to leave me alone with him. And, as I looked from my husband to my son, I was gripped by a passion of maternal rage and anguish such as I did not know any woman could have and live—a primitive passion, that swept away, for the moment, all other human emotions. Sitting up straight, I held the child out toward the man, my arms stretched to their full length. The baby's misshapen head rolled to one side; his tongue lolled from his mouth, and the beadlike eyes squinted hideously.

"This," I gasped, shivering as in a hard chill, "this—is what you have done—this—my God!—this, Jack Hawley, is your work!"

I remember hearing my husband's voice utter my name in agonised entreaty, I remember seeing the doctor and nurse run in and take my child from me—then all went black before me. Yet I think that, even in that merciful darkness, I must have known that my child was an idiot.

It was not until after my baby's birth that my husband began to drink heavily in public. Nor did the change come suddenly—but so gradually that, at first, it was scarcely perceptible.

We kept our boy in our home in spite of advice to the contrary from those who knew of his condition. A trained nurse cared for him in his rooms on the top floor of our house. On the roof we had a sun-parlor for him. Jack would force himself to go often and spend a quarter of an hour with the child, and when my burden seemed more than I could bear, I would creep into the boy's room and ask his forgiveness for bringing him into the world. He understood nothing that was said to him. Although I could not smile when I looked at him, he would laugh when I spoke to him, and, to me, his laugh was sadder than his tears. There was no mind behind it, and I shrank when I saw the symbol of mirth that was but the grimace of horrible tragedy.

The child was three years old when Jack first came home actually drunk. I was up in the child's room, giving some directions to the nurse, when unsteady footsteps on

the lower stairs startled me, and I hurried down to ascertain what was wrong. I met my husband at the door of my room. He followed me into the room, and, steadying himself by the dressing-table, tried to talk to me as if nothing were wrong. Holding out his hand to me, he bent forward to kiss me, and almost lost his balance.

"Jack," I said firmly, "you've taken too much liquor. You would better go to bed before the servants see you. Come, dear—let me help you to your room."

Instead of following my suggestion, he sank into a chair and burst into tears.

"Don't be so unkind, Anna," he whimpered. "I've not taken too much liquor. It's all your imagination. But I've taken some medicine, because I wasn't well. Don't be angry with me!"

Suddenly he seized me by the arm, drew me down to his lap in spite of my struggles, and kissed me again and again, and, for the first time, his caresses sickened me.

"Dear little wife!" he murmured, in a thick, unnatural voice, "you know I love you, don't you, dear little wife?"

Shuddering, I pulled myself free from his embrace. All at once he seemed to me like a man whom I had never known before. How was I to stand this kind of thing hereafter? And then I knew that, until now, I had never seen or spoken to my husband when he was really drunk. I thought that I knew all about suffering, but this experience proved that there was yet more for me to learn.

After that, the descent was rapid. I gave up going into society, for I felt that all the world knew of my disgrace and of my husband's ruined life. The next winter Jack's mother died, and he went to her funeral so drunk that he sobbed noisily all through the service. I often wonder why people laugh when they hear of foolish or gruesome things done by men under the influence of liquor. If they remembered that the man at whom they smile has some woman to whom he belongs, who is, perhaps, shedding tears of blood at his downfall, they might see less mirth in the situation.

This thought occurred to me one autumn afternoon, as I returned from walking with a friend to the Woodhill railroad station. She had been a schoolmate, whom I had not seen since before my engagement to Jack. She had written me that she was to be in New York for a few days, and I had asked her to run out to Woodhill and lunch with me. Jack had driven down to the station that morning, leaving his horse in the hotel stable, as our man-of-all-work was off for a holiday. I did not expect my husband home until his usual evening train. My friend expressed regret at not having met him.

"You know I have never even had a glimpse of him," she remarked, looking at the picture above my mantel-shelf. "He must be very handsome."

"Of course I think he is," I responded, smiling. I tried to forget, for the moment, how my very soul recoiled from him at times, and to feel once more the thrill of pride I used to have when he was mentioned.

As we neared the station, I saw a vehicle

approaching rapidly, and in an instant I recognised our trap with my husband in it, driving. He had evidently come out on an early train and gone to the hotel stable for the horse. He was singing loudly and whipping the frightened animal furiously. As he caught sight of us, he waved his whip in a frantic salute.

"Good-day, ladies!" he shouted, as the horse tore past us. I did not look around, nor did I speak until my friend's shocked exclamation recalled me to the fact that she did not know who the drunkard was.

"Horrible!" she ejaculated. "The poor animal he is thrashing is the nobler brute of the two."

The sound of the train whistling up the road spared me the necessity of a reply, and we hurried on to the station, where I bade my friend good-by.

When I reached home I found that Jack was not there. Nor did he return until after midnight. The weather had grown very cold, and he had lost his overcoat. The next day he had a high fever, and the doctor pronounced his case pneumonia.

After three days' illness they called me in to see my husband die. "He could not withstand an attack like this, of course," the physician said significantly, when he summoned me. I made no reply, but, going into the cold room, knelt by my husband's side. I tried to pray, tried to think of him as he had been. I tried to speak one of the sweet names by which I had been wont to call him in our early married life, but I could not recollect one of them. In my morbidly excited state the word "drunkard" was the only one I could remember. And, while I was still trying to pray, he drew a long sigh and stopped breathing.

"It is all over," said the doctor gently. "He is gone."

"Is he dead?" I asked incredulously.

The doctor bowed his head.

Without a word, I walked into my room and closed the door. As I stood alone again in that place and looked about me, the events of the past years rolled out before me like a panorama, and once more the awful fear of what Jack might yet do and be clutched me by the throat. Then, all at once, I knew what had come to pass.

"Oh, Jack!" I whispered. "Oh, Jack! I am so glad—so glad!"

I heard the doctor's step as he started from my husband's room towards mine. I was afraid that he would see the look on my face and know the truth. Where could I go?

Suddenly I remembered the one thing I now had in the world—the child. Slipping through the door leading into the hall, I ran swiftly upstairs. The nurse had left the boy for a moment, and he was lying, as was his wont—for he had never sat up straight or walked—on a rug in the sunshine. I dropped on my knees by him.

"Little son!" I murmured. "Little son, he is gone! Dead—do you hear? Dead!"

And as I broke into an anguish of sobbing, my idiot child looked at me and laughed.

Be of Good Cheer.

FLOWER DREAMS.

"Oh, dear!" said a poor woman, "I'm just tired to death. It's nothing but work, work, work from morning to night, cooking and cleaning and mending, and trying to make ends meet, with never a word of thanks when I do, but always a grumble when I don't. I can't stand it much longer, and now, when I always feel ill, the noise of the children seems to drive me mad."

With a weary sigh she glanced round the dingy room, which served as kitchen and bedroom combined. Its one window looked on to a stable wall. In the winter the room was stuffy enough; in the summer it was well-nigh unbearable, with nothing beautiful inside or out to greet the eye or cheer the heart. The poor woman burst into tears, and, sitting down on a rickety wooden chair, buried her face in her apron and sobbed as though her heart would break. It was all so dark and hard, without one ray of hope.

In a beautiful English garden, laden with sweet spring flowers, walked a little girl. Health and happiness were written on her sunny face, which seemed a reflection of the loveliness around her. To and fro among the flowers she went, nodding her head at them in evident satisfaction. "My very own flowers," she said. "Oh, you dear, good things to come up so nicely! How beautiful you look! I was so afraid that the cold winds would kill you, and then," she added, in a mysterious whisper, "my plans would have been quite spoilt; but now it is all just perfect." With a merry laugh, away she ran, singing as she went—

"Daffodils and tulips,
Flowers of every hue!
Take each one as coming
Straight from God to you.
Telling wondrous secrets
Of His power and love,
Wearing still the brightness
Of the Home above."

"Plans!" exclaimed a lovely pink-and-white tulip to the wallflower beside him, "what does she mean?" "We don't know," they replied, "but it must be something nice, because our little mistress has such a kind heart, and has often said how much she loves us." "But I should like to know," continued the tulip. "Well, you won't have to wait long," answered a tall daffodil, who could see over the heads of the others; "here she comes, and she is carrying a pair of scissors and a large basket."

A few moments later up came the little maiden. The basket was placed on the ground, and snip went the scissors. The tall daffodil vanished from sight. Snip, snip, snip they went again, and in a very short time that beautiful little garden was shorn of its loveliness, as daffodils, crocuses, wallflowers, and tulips lay in a confused heap upon the ground.

"So, this is the ind plan, is it?" sobbed the tulip, but the other flowers paid no heed to him; they were too eager to hear the remaining words of the hymn the little girl was singing—

"Touch these sweet flowers gently,
So divinely dressed,
They are, in earth's language,
Thoughts of God expressed—
Thoughts of heavenly glory,
Sweetness, purity,
Must ont He who framed them
Wholly lovely be?"

The little girl gently gathered up the flowers and placed them in her basket; then away she tripped to the house, where they were carefully packed in a strong cardboard box.

"My dear," said a tall daffodil, as the little fingers closed round him, "are you going to send us to London?" "Why, yes; how good you are at guessing." "Well, my dear, please put us into water before you pack us, then dry our stalks and pack us close together. If you make us too damp our petals grow faint and floppy, and if too loose we become bruised and broken. You see, we are not like you mortals who, when travelling, prefer air and space." "Thank you," said the child, "I am sure what you say must be correct, and it would be such a pity if you died on the way. Now I shall know how best to pack flowers for the post."

Before the box was closed down, a little letter was slipped in, and a prettily painted card, with a dainty piece of ribbon attached to hang it up by, was also included, bearing the words: Jesus said, "Be of good cheer." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Then the box was wrapped up in paper, directed in large, childish handwriting, and taken off to the post-office. The inquisitive tulip would fain have asked where they were going, but the box was so full that he only had room to breathe, certainly none to speak in.

Rat-tat, rat-tat went the knocker. "Bother," said Mrs. W., "as if I had not enough to do without answering the door to the postman. He must have made a mistake. No one ever wants to write to me

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PRINTERS.

or send me anything." She flung the door open angrily. To her surprise a box was thrust into her hands. She stood looking at it in amazement, but there was no mistaking the direction on it. It was soon opened, and this is what the letter said: "With love from a happy little girl, who has heard about you, and is very sorry for you. And I am growing some roses and pinks to send later on in the summer. And please will you hang the text up, and let that and the flowers make you a little bit happy?"

"Bless her dear little heart," said Mrs. W. Then once again she burst into tears, but this time they were tears of joy. She buried her face amid the fair blossoms, and that was much nicer than in her apron. The sweet flowers touched her face so gently and tried to smooth away some of the lines of care and pain, and for a while at least a new hope came into her heart. The brightly-painted text was given a prominent place on the ugly wall. The flowers were lifted out and placed in some gaudy-colored vases. Clean water was given to them each day to make them last as long as possible, and they were watched with loving care. The pink tulip declared to the wallflowers that it was the best plan he had ever heard of, and that he would rather have a short life in a London slum than a long life in a beautiful garden, for had he not heard Mrs. W. say to a neighbor: "Come and look at the lovely flowers I have had sent to me, and I can spare you a few. They make the room look quite beautiful, and I can work twice as quick to-day. I was terribly worried and felt so ill when they came, but I feel much better this morning, and I am going to keep the letter safely in a drawer where baby can't tear it, because I would not lose it for worlds. Fancy sending a letter as well, bless her little heart." Then Mrs. W. read it to her neighbor, and had to do another little weep for very joy because it showed her someone cared for her.

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