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 GREEN COUPONS ARE COLLECTED BY THE WISEST LADIES.



Grit.

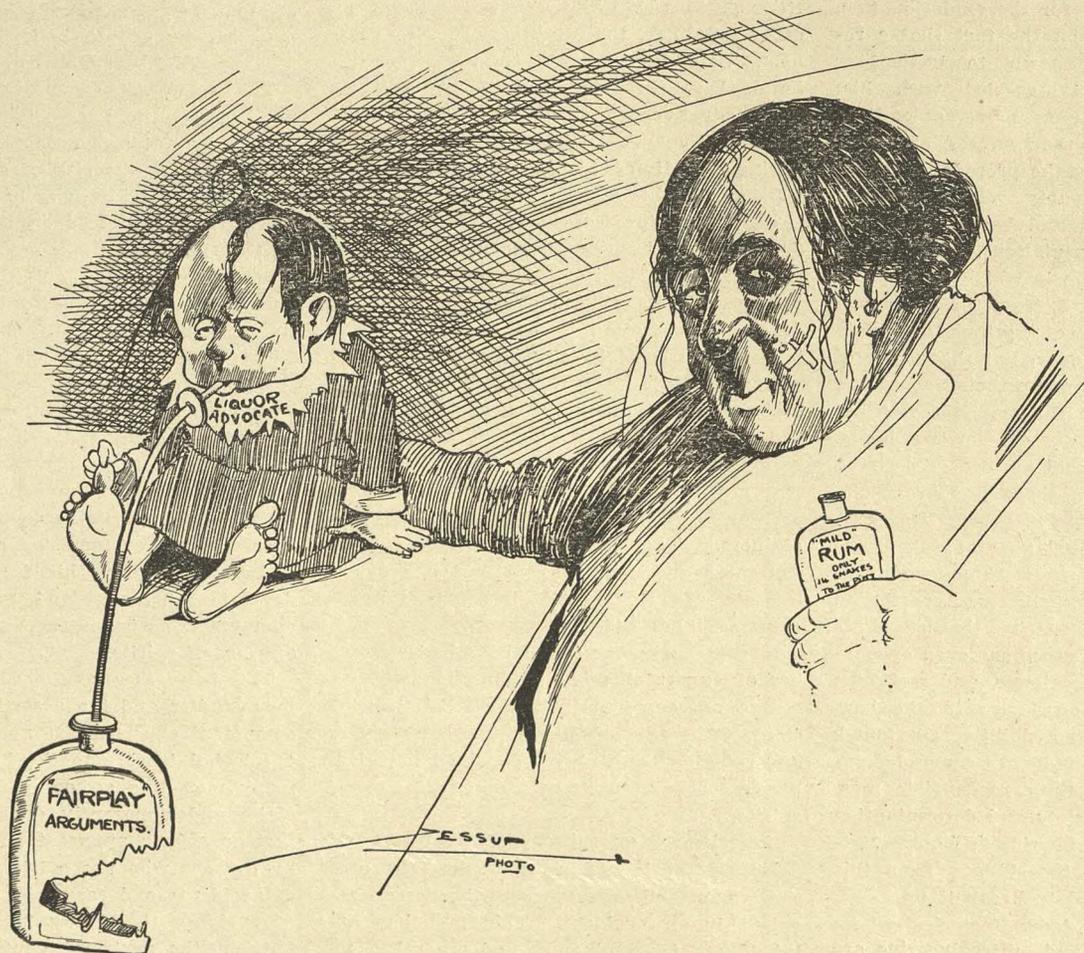
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WHY "IT" IS ALWAYS CRYING.

Hot air is not baby food. No wonder the poor thing cries. We agree that the child is not fit for the public platform, and quite understand and excuse "its" non-appearance in debate.—"Medical Opinion."

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Accidents and Alcohol.

(By T. D. CROTHERS, M.D., Hartford, Connecticut, Superintendent Walnut Lodge Hospital.)

During the last few years a number of very startling accidents have been clearly traceable to personal errors and mistakes of those who were using spirits. In most of the cases this fact is suppressed for the reason of evading personal responsibility, since, if known, it would centre on someone and become the basis for damage suits. Sometimes, also, the matter is considered unimportant.

Thus a coroner's jury trying to determine who was responsible for the explosion in a powder mill came upon the fact that a responsible man was known to be a beer drinker and at times carried with him spirits, but this was passed over as of little consequence, while other causes of minor import were made to take precedence. As a matter of fact, the party responsible had been drinking spirits and began to smoke, contrary to strict regulations. The result was a fearful explosion in which he, himself, was killed. It appeared, from the testimony, that all workmen were required to abstain from drink while on duty, but that many of them drank at home and on their way to and from work; also that the manager was not an abstainer, except during working hours.

A very serious accident occurred in a cartridge factory, and there was great difficulty in determining the causes. However, there was remarkable laxity of rules concerning the habits of the workmen, many of whom were foreigners and were permitted to patronise the saloons in the neighborhood; indeed, the management even encouraged the presence of saloons, and workmen would spend the noon hours in the bar-rooms. No legal responsibility was found, but the management suddenly demanded total abstinence of all their responsible men, and showed great anxiety and determination to drive out the neighboring saloons. Evidently they realised the danger from this source and determined to break it up.

In several of the large factories where powder, fulminate and nitroglycerine are made, the crude work is done by persons of little intelligence, mostly foreigners; the responsible managers are supposed to be expert men. Where the work is extremely dangerous high salaries are paid, and men in this department often become very nervous and uncertain, and when the time of danger is over, resort to alcohol to overcome the fatigue and fear. After a time the effect of the spirits lowers their degree of caution,

and, while they do not use spirits in the work they are engaged in, they grow more reckless, bold, and their intelligence is lowered. It is in conditions of this kind that they make mistakes, fail to reason accurately on causes and effects, and the result is a casualty in which they are most likely to be destroyed.

IN FACTORIES FOR EXPLOSIVES.

In a fulminate factory where small quantities are made, while it is separated from other buildings, the fatalities are very common. Capable workmen are given from one hundred to three hundred dollars a week, and their average duration of life is from three to five years. They are either killed during this time or disabled and incapacitated for further service.

The hours for working are from 9 to 4. The rest of the time is spent at home or resting. The strain of this short service not infrequently is relieved by spirits, and the person is supposed to be in no way impaired or injured by small doses of alcohol after the work is over, notwithstanding the fact that men indulging in alcoholics in great moderation and only at night suffer most seriously. The managers assert that in some way not quite clear, beer and spirit drinkers are far more liable to injury than total abstainers. They seem to have less sense of acuteness and slower reasoning powers and less alertness and caution to foresee and prevent possible accidents.

In the course of years I have had a number of expert chemists dealing in explosive compounds come for treatment, the firm insisting that they should be total abstainers and refusing to employ them until they had become absolutely free from all use of spirits.

Experiences on railroads furnish a great variety of accidents in which the failure of the reason and the senses of the person resulted in an accident. This fact has attained great prominence, and several court rulings have held that companies are responsible for the failures of agents under the influence of spirits.

Inquiries into the causes of railroad accidents have shown that more than fifty per cent. are directly or indirectly due to incapacity arising from alcohol, and this has resulted in more and more stringent regulations against its use by workmen and agents of the road. Accidents with automobiles

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bring out this fact with startling prominence. A writer on one of the New York papers tabulated forty automobile accidents causing death, and determined that more than thirty of them were due to the effects of alcohol on the drivers. And so on through a long list of hazardous occupations.

It is now recognised that any use of spirits, however small in quantity, impairs the reason and self-control of the person.

Insurance adjusters assert that a large percentage of fires and accidents are traceable to mistakes which come from using spirits and diminished reason to act clearly and promptly on present conditions. One authority declares that 40 per cent. of all the fires in this country can be traced to the stupidity and confusion which follows from drinking alcoholic liquors.

TOTAL ABSTAINERS REQUIRED.

The steam boiler insurance agents are insisting that the persons who care for the boilers be total abstainers, and frequently refuse to take the risk of a boiler managed by an engineer who uses beer or spirits. All this is the result of experience, and there are no theories about it.

Several great railroad and steamboat accidents resultant in loss of life, were after a time traced to the confused brain of responsible persons who had used spirits.

All extra-hazardous work calls for the very clearest possible intelligence and control of the brain and senses, and anything in the life of these persons that will lower and diminish the integrity and efficiency of brain and muscle work is a peril. Almost every occupation furnishes a wealth of illustration confirming this fact. This extends down to the lowest and poorest workman, whose service is lessened and enfeebled by any use of spirits.

This is further confirmed by the laboratory studies and the assertions of the most competent experts, that no appreciable dose of alcohol is safe to the human body. To many men this seems a very extravagant claim and apparently contradicted by experience, when apparent good work is done by persons who use spirits. From the side of accidents and casualties there is a mass of evidence that gives no support to this, but, on the contrary, confirms the former statement, that any use of spirits is perilous to all human activities and human efficiency.

The laboratory shows that the action of spirits is that of an anaesthetic on the senses, and in this way the integrity of the brain is impaired, and the evidences of the outer world through the senses are deranged, lowered, and lessened. The labora-

(Continued on Page 10.)

JERDAN'S As Opticians they Stand Alone "My Opticians."

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Mr. H. S. Jerdan, F.S.M.C., D.B.O.A. (Lond.) gives personal attention to all cases and his skill and advice is at your disposal. Should you have experienced any difficulty with your eyes and have found no relief, a visit to Jerdan's will repay you.

SILK OR SERGE ?

MARION F. RITTENHOUSE, San Louis Obispo, Calif.

When Grace James came home from school, her mother met her at the door and kissed her tenderly. "To think that my little daughter is twelve years old to-day," she said fondly. "Many, many happy birthdays, little girl." Then they went into the cheery living room, where a number of packages lay upon the library table. "You can open them now if you like," she told Grace.

Very quietly and with a sober face, Grace examined her gifts. There were books from Grandmother James and from Uncle Roger; some ribbons, several pretty collars and a number of handkerchiefs from various relatives and friends, and a bulky package marked "from Father and Mother," which Grace saved until the last, and which she found contained a very pretty serge sailor suit and skirt, with satin, crochet-covered buttons which Grace knew must have been made by her Aunt Pearl's skilful fingers.

"Your Aunt Pearl helped me make them," said her mother, as Grace was silent.

"I know," replied Grace, laying them upon the table. "They are very nice, thank you, mamma." Then she went to the window and stared out at the sunny street, plainly showing in her drooping shoulders and gloomy face her disappointment at her pretty gifts.

"Grace," queried her disappointed mother, "what did you expect? What did you want?"

"Winnie Curran was twelve yesterday," said Grace, "and her father gave her a solid necklace and a blue silk dress, and she wore them both to school this afternoon."

"Well, you can wear your blue serge tomorrow, dear," returned Mrs. James.

"Winnie's dress is silk," said Grace.

Mrs. James looked thoughtfully at Grace's moody, discontented face, and hesitated. She had tried to shield Grace from the contact and knowledge of evil, of sordid misery and poverty, and now this comparison between her own modest birthday gifts and those of Winnie Curran, the saloonkeeper's only child, made her doubt the wisdom of her actions.

"Grace," she queried, "do you know how Winnie Curran's father gets his money?"

"Yes," replied Grace, "he has a business in a lovely big building down town. His windows are always full of clean, shiny bottles of nice things to drink. It looks so much nicer than a store with breakfast foods and the things in the window of papa's store. I wish papa made as much money as Mr. Curran, and then I could wear silk instead of serge."

If Mrs. James had been undecided about showing Grace the darker side of life, her

remarks settled the matter. Mrs. James left the room, returning in a few moments attired for the street, and carrying a parcel.

"Put on your hat, Grace," she said, "I am going to take you to see the people who buy the nice things to drink that you saw in Mr. Curran's window."

Grace tripped along quite cheerfully at her mother's side until she turned into a narrow neglected street leading to the poorer part of the little city, then she paused uneasily. "Mamma," she protested, "you have always told me that I must not go down on this street."

"I know," returned Mrs. James gravely, "but I want you to see the people from whom Mr. Curran gets the money to buy Winnie's silk dresses." And she led the way down the gloomy, neglected street, lined on either side by decaying, unpainted buildings, in front of which ragged, pale-faced children were playing. Grace looked at the children in wondering pity, and the round, rosy, laughing face of Winnie Curran came into her mind. She wondered if Winnie had ever seen these ragged children, with pale, pinched faces.

"We will go in here," said her mother, knocking upon one of the warped, paintless doors.

The door was opened by a care-worn, sad-eyed woman, who seemed very glad to see them. In the room, which was very neat and clean, were two ironing boards, at one of which Mrs. Keith had evidently been working as they entered, and at the other—Grace could not take her eyes off of the other—was a little girl a year or two younger than herself who was ironing away as if for dear life.

"Go on with your ironing, Mrs. Keith," said Mrs. James, as she seated herself in the chair offered her.

"I am glad of an excuse to take a few minutes rest," replied Mrs. Keith with a weary smile, "but Mamie, there, is anxious to get through with her work, so that she can study."

"Are you getting along pretty well?" asked Mrs. James.

"Fine," replied the care-worn woman. "Mamie and I can make enough to keep a roof over our heads, clothes enough to cover us, and enough food to keep us from being hungry, and Mamie can keep in school, so we don't complain. My husband has a good job, but every cent he makes goes over Curran's bar. Sometimes I don't believe that that man knows the harm he has done to

this place—the ruined men, the broken-hearted women and children, and the sorrows that lie at his door. I don't believe he realises it or he'd have no peace of mind. The McCurdy child died this morning. A day or two ago, its father came home drunk and threw it down the stairs. Mrs. McCurdy had begged Curran not to let him have liquor. But I shouldn't be talking of these sad things before your little girl," Mrs. Keith continued apologetically, "but sometimes I get so full of my troubles I feel that I must speak out."

"But times are getting better with me," she added, brightening. "Mamie is the greatest help and comfort, and she's getting to be a big girl now. She was twelve yesterday."

"How odd, Winnie Curran was twelve yesterday," remarked Mrs. James.

"I know," replied Mrs. Keith, with a touch of bitterness. "I passed there yesterday carrying home an ironing, and she was out at their gate showing her little friends her new silk dress, and I said to myself I'd rather see my Mamie in her skimpy, faded calico, for thank God it was bought with clean, labor-sweetened money and not with blood and tears like the Curran child's silk dress."

Mrs. James gave Mrs. Keith a parcel, which the poor woman received gratefully, and she and Grace were again out in the street, when Mrs. James turned soberly to Grace and said, "Would you care to visit any more of Mr. Curran's customers, Grace?"

"Mama," cried Grace, "if you don't want me to break down and howl like a puppy right here on the street, you'll not say another word to me until we get home. I didn't know—I never thought. Oh, I'll cry if I talk! I know I will."

"Very well, dear, I think you have learned your lesson. Forgive mother for not making you understand this before."

When they reached home, Grace rushed to the table where lay her gifts and cuddled the two dresses in her arms. "Your dear, dear duds," she murmured, rubbing her rosy cheek against the rough serge. "How proud I shall be to wear you. How proud I am of papa, and of the money that bought you—labor-sweetened money not stained with blood and tears."—"Union Signal."

SHE "BRUNG" IT.

"Has the toilet soap came?" inquired Mrs. Simpson.

"Yes'm," replied the new maid; "I put it on your dresser."

"Was it scented?"

"No'm, it wasn't scented. I went to the drug store myself and brung it."

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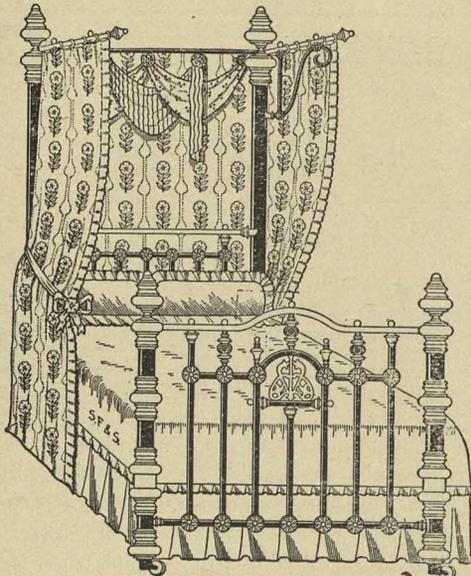
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THE BAPTIST UNION.

The Baptist Union cordially received a deputation consisting of Rev. T. Davies, a vice-president, and the General Secretary. The Assembly passed a strong resolution, pledging the denomination to No-License.

A WORKING HOLIDAY.

Mr. Francis Wilson, the President of the Burwood Electorate No-License League, has promised to give a week of his holiday to No-License lecturing, and will go to Orange and district in November. His meetings will be well organized, and our western friends may rely upon Mr. Wilson meeting the highest expectations they may have for him.

THE CASE FOR NO-LICENSE.

We frequently get letters from the country asking for up-to-date information on the No-License question. Everyone may now have this information. It is contained in the 92-page booklet by Archdeacon Boyce. Price, sixpence. Every speaker, canvasser, and student of No-License should have a copy.

ORDER YOUR LEAFLETS.

We will appreciate the early placing of orders for leaflets. It takes a little to print the two colors, and the Alliance wants, as far as possible to ascertain what the requirements of the leagues are. Anyone may write and receive samples by return post. The leaflets are 5/6 per 1000 and 9d. per 100.

DOCTORS IN EUROPE.

It is estimated that altogether there are 200,000 doctors in Europe, of whom 48,000 are stationed in Great Britain. Next come France, with 32,000 doctors; Germany, 26,000; Italy, 24,000; Russia, 20,000; Austria, 13,000; Belgium, 12,000; and Spain, 8000. The proportion of doctors to the population is much greater in the United Kingdom than in any other country with the exception of Belgium. Brussels enjoys the distinction of being the most doctor-endowed city in Europe, the proportion there being twenty-four to every 10,000 persons.

A clergyman met a little girl, and regarding her thoughtfully and solemnly, said, "Child, do you know who made that vile body of yours?"

"Yes, sir," replied the child, "mother made the body, but I made the skirt myself."

New South Wales Alliance.

TOWN HALL DEMONSTRATION, MONDAY, OCTOBER 20.

We are now in the happy position of being able to announce the speaker for the great pre-poll demonstration.

The Lord Mayor of Sydney will preside, and may be relied upon as an accredited Christian citizen to strike the right note.

Hon. D. R. Hall, M.L.C., the Minister of Justice, has expressed his pleasure at being able to speak.

Our local expert, Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, will voice the feelings of the Committee on the great question of the hour.

Rev. C. E. Schafer, of South Australia, is expected to be the other speaker. Our venerable President, Archdeacon Boyce, while not making a set speech, will add his testimony to the meeting.

Special Campaign songs will be sung, and the South Sydney Orphans' Society will supply two delightful glees.

THE PROCESSION.

The procession arrangements are well in hand for the great march through the city at

7 p.m. Three bands, the Salvation Army Congress, Central Methodist Mission, and City Mission Band will supply the music along the route. It is expected that fully 1000 Bottom Square enthusiasts will march from Eddy Avenue to the Town Hall.

NAILING DOWN LIES.

Already the officials of the Liquor Party have started to misrepresent the New Zealand position. Messrs. Stooke and Lesina both had statements over their names in the "Daily Telegraph" last week reflecting upon the working of No-License and fastening upon the Town of Invercargill the Sly Grog cases for the whole of the Police District of Invercargill, which contains six electorates. A cable from ex-mayor Ott stated that in 1912 there were only three sly grog cases, and so far in 1913 only one case. Thus in 21 months there have only been four sly-grog convictions in a city with over 16,000 people. A full account of this exposure will be published, together with another one respecting crime in Invercargill. A letter from the Zealand General Secretary just to hand is a regular knock-out for the Liquorites.

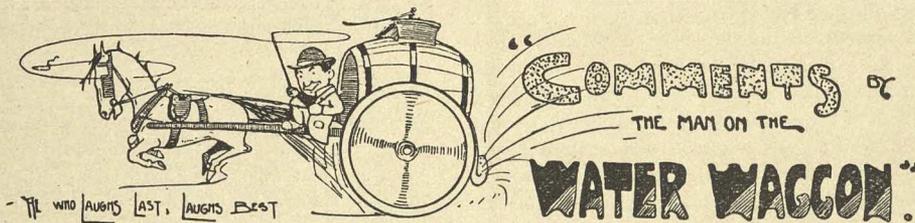
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WHERE ARE THE PUBLICANS?

The "Daily Telegraph," Oct. 1, says:—"It is generally understood that on the occasion of big functions of the character of those to be celebrated towards the close of this week the Licensed Victuallers, and especially those along the line of march or in the vicinity of the centres of illumination, reap the greatest harvest of all the city's business people. According to members of the committee, it appears that in not one single instance since the list has been opened has the Lord Mayor's Fund been supplemented by subscription from the proprietors of any of the leading city hotels."

Surely the remedy is to close the pubs on the line of march? But perhaps the "Daily Telegraph" does not know that the publicans' generosity was stretched to breaking point lately when they found it impossible from the 600 pubs in Greater Sydney to pay the modest £30 due on its "one ewe lamb," the children's cot in the hospital. Perhaps "trade" is really suffering from the enormous amount of sly-grog selling that the Secretary of the United Licensed Victuallers' Association lately complained of as going on in Sydney. However, it is not reasonable to expect the poor publican, the brewers' tool, the tied slave, to give to such a thing as the fleet welcome when a few pounds are still owing on the children's cot.

ALCOHOL AND THE WHITE PLAGUE.

In the "A B C's of Tuberculosis," prepared for the instruction of the school children of Cincinnati, the first paragraph reads, "A—is for Alcohol, which men should not drink. It weakens their systems and makes their lungs a prey to the consumption germ." To make this fact, which has long been known to the medical fraternity, common knowledge, through bringing it to the attention of the school children, is most commendable. Warnings of this character would be most effective not only in schools, but in public places, for some people still hold to the old-time notion that alcohol is antagonistic to tuberculosis.

Medical authorities now pronounce it, in the words of Dr. Sims Woodhead, "one of the great predisposing factors in the production of both acute and chronic pulmonary tuberculosis," it being generally conceded that in alcoholic patients tuberculosis is far more likely to assume an acute and generalised form than it is in non-alcoholic patients.

It is a well known fact that in districts in France in which the largest amounts of alcohol are consumed there is found the highest mortality from tuberculosis. The alcohol apparently, says Dr. Woodhead, acts as a devitalising agent, rendering those who indulge in it easy prey to infection.

A fact or two is not out of place on this page, which is so usually devoted to exposing the laugh-producing efforts of "Fairplay."

INSANITY.

On the question of the growth of insanity "Fairplay" says:—

"Now here are the facts that we sent to the 'Daily News,' but doubt very much if they will be published:—

"At the International Medical Congress, which is now meeting in London, England, it was decided that the temperance movement had made rapid strides in England, yet at the same time insanity is growing at an alarming rate. In England it had increased 276 per cent. since 1860—although the population has increased only 87 per cent., so the fact remains that the more sober England becomes the crazier the people become, and this is the way the crazy prohibitionists put up their figures."

It is a poor maxim that won't work both ways, as the Boer said when he turned a captured Maxim on the English soldiers. "Fairplay" says: "The more sober England the crazier," therefore the more drunken the saner. It is unfortunate for "Fairplay" that a telegram is published this morning, Oct. 2, in the "Daily Telegraph" stating:—"Dr. W. E. Jones, Director for the Insane in Victoria, has just finished a tour of England, whither he went for the purpose of inquiring into the provisions of the English Mental Deficiency Bill. After some research in England, says Dr. Jones, and after having attended various medical congresses, and receiving numerous statistics, I am satisfied that insanity is increasing. This is due to causes of inheritance, disease and alcoholism."

A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse, and in a friendly way we say to the writer in "Fairplay": "Keep out of Dr. Jones' way or he will, on the evidence of your line of topsyturvey logic, claim you as a specimen and add you to the already alarming increase of insane in N.S.W., where we have increased our expenditure 10s. per head on alcohol in the last two years.

BARREN GROUND.

Temperance Lecturer: "I say, and statistics prove, that alcohol affects the brain, causes insanity, and—"

Elderly Interrupter: "Rot! Look at me! I've drunk rum for the last forty years, and it's never affected my brain. What does that prove?"

Lecturer: "It proves that you have no brains."

PLEDGE-SIGNING CRUSADE.

Sept. 19 to 25: 112 men, 26 women, 37 of whom signed the pledge.

Sept. 27 to Oct. 2: 136 men, 35 women, 34 of whom signed.

Hon. Jago Smith, £5; Isaac Winn, £5; Rex Cullen-Ward, 10s.; per Miss Glanville, 10/6; Ever Ready Tent, 10s.; A. Gealack, 3/-; Friend X, 3/-.

The following firms have helped by giving hats, boots, etc.:—David Jones, Ltd., Farmers, Ltd.; Callaghan's; Peapes, Ltd.; Palmer and Son; Tabrett's; Quinn's; Lowes, Ltd.; C. M. Chalmers; Minahan's.

SLY GROG.

We reprint from a New Zealand paper:—

"A very irate Irishman, Patrick O'Connor, a veteran sly-grogger, made a defiant ejaculation in the Gisborne Court when he was fined £100. 'I will sell whisky till hell freezes,' he snorted. He resolved to do the alternative—three months."

Gisborne is not only over supplied with open bars, but it finds room for the sly-grogger as well. Pity "Fairplay" can't write this incident up and explain how it is we have sly-grog convictions every week in licensed areas.

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"The clear brain, the steady hand, the faculty of judgment, the sense of proportion, the resistant, well adapted body—all these are just as necessary in the battle of life as they are in the modern warfare. You cannot reach them by the alcohol route any more than you can reach them by the chloroform route, or the strychnine route, or the benzine route. Does the so-called moderate use of alcohol bow men over on the battle field of life? We believe the following chart says 'yes'!"

These words are taken not from the plea of a Prohibition orator, but from a keen, deliberate, scientific discussion in the latest "Health Bulletin, No. 11," edited by Eugene L. Fisk, M.D., and published for the benefit of its policy holders by the Medical Department of one of the best known insurance companies of America, The Postal Life.

In fact, the insurance actuary, it seems quite certain, is yet to be the final and decisive headman of the poison trust and the liquor oligarchy.

For if his cold scientific X-ray flashlight upon human experience shows that 91.27 liquor drinking men die in the same length of time that records the death of 66.25 abstainers of like age and environment, who wants to be an alcoholic?

But that is in brief the story told by the "chart" referred to in the above paragraph, which presents in graphic form the 45 years' experience of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution of London.

"In this experience," writes Dr. Fisk, "users of alcohol, all carefully selected, high grade risks, were separated from the total abstainers about equal in number and the chart shows the wide margin by which the abstainers have beaten the drinkers in the race for longevity."

And the totals may be thus compared:

Expected Mortality, British Table, 100.00 per cent.

Ratio Actual to Expected Mortality, Non-abstainers: 91.27 per cent.

Ratio Actual to Expected Mortality, Abstainers: 66.25 per cent.

MORTALITY AMONG ABSTAINERS, 27.4 PER CENT. LESS THAN AMONG NON-ABSTAINERS.

That means on the same ratio that out of one million total abstainers 337,550 would still be living at the end of 45 years as compared with a scattering fragment of but 87,300 survivors out of a million liquor drinkers in the same length of time.

American Experience Still More Startling.

The figures just given, some one may say, may be peculiar to British experience. What

proof is there that American conditions breed similar results?

As conclusive in this regard "Health Bulletin No. 11" details an even more sweeping and significant record which has just been figured out by the official actuaries of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, and embraces the simple unembellished truth regarding 180,000 policies stretching over sixty consecutive years of insurance writing.

This record shows that during any given period of time of otherwise good risks, 125 moderate drinking policy holders died, while but 59 abstaining policy holders passed away. The detailed record is graphically shown as follows:

Expected Mortality, American Table: 100.00 per cent.

Actual Mortality of Abstainers: 59.00 per cent. of Expected.

Actual Mortality of Rare Users: 71.00 per cent.

Actual Mortality of "Temperate" Drinkers: 84.00 per cent.

Actual Mortality of "Moderate" Drinkers: 125.00 per cent.

Of course it is easy for the drinking man to find some excuse to object to these figures on one ground or another. But Dr. Fisk quickly answers this possible criticism with this sane dispassionate comment:

"It has been claimed that the low mortality among abstainers is due not to the absence of alcohol but to the generally careful and conservative habits of abstainers. But I resist the logic of these figures. If we knew nothing of the effects of alcohol, we might be justified in denying the implications of the mortality records; but with the laboratory evidence before us as to its influence on the brain, the liver, the blood, and the general bodily resistance, the results shown above among alcohol users are those naturally to be expected from the more or less constant use of a drug that lowers bodily resistance and impairs the survival power of the organism, not only by its direct influence, but by the collateral excesses to which it often leads. Only tradition and custom long established can account for the effort to seek any other explanation of the

low mortality among abstainers, except the natural one of the absence of alcohol.

"WHY NOT," concludes Dr. Fisk, "TAKE THE SAFEST SIDE OF THE CONTROVERSY AND REFUSE TO EXPERIMENT ON YOUR OWN BODY WITH THAT DESTRUCTIVE NARCOTIC ETHYL, HYDRATE, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS ALCOHOL?"

Can the whole case against the liquor traffic and the American saloon be summed up in any more conclusive fashion than in this page out of the laboratory note book of the Life Insurance expert

Can any red blooded man, with pride in his race and patriotic love for his native land, longer refuse to take his place in the ranks of the Great Reform, and do his part, whether it means cash from his purse, time from his business or leisure, zeal and energy of mind and hand, circulating the William Shaw or the Five Million Voters' Pledge, assuming the duties of precinct captain, allowing his name to stand for whatever vacancy on the Prohibition ticket there may be, or whatever else may be the call of practical service in the forward march toward National Emancipation from the slavery of Rum?—"American Advance."

Uncle Walt, Poet Philosopher.

He who quaffs the brimming flagon when his daily toil is done, and goes howeward with a jag on, thinks he's having lots of fun. Tens of thousands take their bitters in this fashion every night, saying, "We are weary critters, and we need some small delight." But the wise man keeps a-crooning: "Temperance is fine as silk, and I'll spend the time communing with a jug of buttermilk." For the cheery midnight wassail makes you feel next day like death, splits your head and puts a tassel and a fringe upon your breath, and it takes away your guilders which should buy the kidlets cake; flowing bowls are trouble builders, flagons make your innards ache. And the wise man shuns the whisky and all spirits of that ilk, and the morning finds him frisky, with his jug of buttermilk. When the panic times come closer (and they'll come, we all suppose), you can't work the corner grocer if you have a bulbous nose; and you'll wish with frantic ardor that you had the coin you blew, to fill up the empty larder with some things the kids can chew. But the wise man for provision need not beg and need not bilk; life to him's a thing Elysian, with his jug of buttermilk.

GENT'S HATS, MERCERY, AND CLOTHING.

NEW SEASON'S GOODS NOW OPEN.

A SPECIALITY, AMERICAN COAT SHIRTS, made in America, fit on same as a Coat—no pulling over head. 3/11 each. Limited quantity.
LEATHER BAGS, HAMPERS, AND STRAPS. SUIT CASES, 20in., from 11/6. LADIES' ATTACHE CASES, WEEK-END CASES, and LUNCH CASES from 1/6 each.

C. M. CHALMERS,

458 GEORGE-STREET, near Market-street.

The Legalized Outlaw.

RICHMOND P. HOBSON, Member United States Congress.

The object for which the Government exists is to promote the highest welfare of its people. As seen from nature the highest thing is man, the thing towards which nature is working, is the God-like quality of character. In the highest sense the state is a divine institution for advancing this great primal purpose of nature, the development of human character. We have seen how alcohol as the specific cause of degeneracy tears down character and reverses the evolutionary process of nature. It must therefore be recognised as the deadliest enemy of the State.

Citizens may differ as to the wisdom of particular measures to be adopted, but good citizens cannot differ as to the principle involved, and the end to be attained. In the light of the nature of alcohol as established by modern science all good citizens must be united in the conclusion that under present conditions the destruction of alcohol is the very first duty of the Government.

WHAT THE COURTS SAY.

While the real nature of alcohol has been little understood, heretofore, our courts have already found it a danger and a public menace and have ruled that the Government has plenary power to suppress its manufacture and sale. The Supreme Court of the United States, 137 U. S. 86, speaking of the saloon, said: "As it is a business attended with dangers to the community, it may, as already said, be entirely prohibited."

The Supreme Court of Indiana, quoting from 96 Michigan 193, U. S. 86, says: "No one possesses an inalienable right or constitutional right to keep a saloon for the sale of intoxicating liquor; to keep a saloon for the sale of intoxicating liquor is not a natural right to pursue an ordinary calling; there is no inherent right in a citizen to thus sell intoxicating liquors by retail, it is not a privilege of a citizen of the State or of the United States."

Following up the Court's decision, Judge Artman, of the Circuit Court of Indiana, declared: "1. The saloon, being a public menace, is inherently unlawful. 2. Being inherently a public menace, the saloon cannot be made a private right by legislative act." He terms the liquor traffic "The Legalised Outlaw."

The United States Court of the District of Columbia declared: "The low places, bar rooms and tippling houses are on a footing of tolerance only, and an applicant for license is not to be regarded as a business man preparing to engage in any lawful business."

The legislatures of all the States have confirmed the status of the saloon as that of an outlaw at common law, and all have enacted statutes prohibiting the saloon. In all of the States except the prohibition States, however, the statutes provide for a license, suspending the criminal provisions of the sta-

tute, suspending the prohibition as to the license.

The Congress of the United States recognises this common law status of the saloon in its excise tax, declaring that the federal tax is not an authorisation to sell, but is a tax.

The United States Supreme Court, in 101 U. S. 814 says: "No legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals. The people themselves cannot do it, much less the servants. Government is organized with a view to their preservation and cannot divest itself of the power to provide for them."

GOVERNMENT MAKES ITSELF PARTICIPEUS CRIMINIS.

Nevertheless, the license system as adopted and administered by the executive branches does effectually bargain away the public health and the public morals, and the United States Government, shame upon it, does not hesitate to issue its federal license where the sale is in direct violation of municipal and State law, thus making itself particeps criminis in the violation of the law, law designed to protect the public health and public morals.

Indeed, the greatest weakness of existing methods is the maladministration of law by the executive and police authorities.

WHY GOVERNMENTS ARE NOT DOING THEIR DUTY DEALING WITH LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

There are three principal reasons why Governments have not done and are not doing their duty towards the suppression of alcohol. First, because the liquor interests, recognising their guilt, are sleeplessly active in their political efforts, supported by exhaustless funds, to capture and control the branches of Government, legislative, judicial and executive. Next, because the traffic being inherently lawless, through the use of its own liquors, debauches and degenerates the public and the public servants. Third, because through the license fees and through connivance in the enforcement of regulatory laws the Government secures revenue and public officials enrich themselves. In the last analysis this neglect of duty is based on the absence of public opinion on the part of the masses as to the true nature of alcohol and the appalling results that come from its use.—"Union Signal."

"It is the duty of every one to make at least one person happy during the week," said a Sunday-school teacher.

"Now, have you done so, Johnny?"

"Yes," said Johnny, promptly.

"That's right. What did you do?"

"I went to see my aunt, and she's always happy when I go home!"

The Liberty League.

By B.L.C.

"Liberty Leagues are being formed everywhere."—Vide news item.

The Liberty League is a wondrous combine
Of sellers of whisky, brandy, and wine;
With a sprinkling thin of men thrown in
Who love the flavor of bitters and gin.

The crest of the League is a dagger in hand,
Blood reddened, on bottles all over the land;
While an evil Woolf S(ch)napps with Tooth
fierce and bare,
And Too'ee he comes, leading crime and
despair.

Last poll it issued a blazing "Sun,"
And dazzled the vision of many a one;
The manacled victims in prisons to-day
Cry out for the "liberty" drink took away.

The cost of living increases, I'm told,
But brewers can gather in millions of gold;
The Liberty Leagues combine for "the
Trade,"
And "votes for the brewers" they proudly
parade.

The drink bill goes up 10s. per head,
And 32,000 convictions are read;
But "Liberty Leagues are forming, we're
told";
The people may perish—but beer must be
sold.

The mother may weep and the children may
fall,
The workman lose work, and the curse crush
us all;
And thousands lose freedom and many lose
lives,
The working bees work for the big brewers'
hives.

The Wowsers who worked without money
or gain
To beat back the evil, the grief and the pain,
Were boycotted, libelled, jeered at and
spurned,
And, if possible, would in the bars have been
burned.

And over the land the death flag we see
Unfurled by the Leagues for drink's Liberty;
And votes are being gathered by night and
by day
To crucify Christ on the next polling day.

BEER BOTTLE CHOKES PELICAN.

A pelican was picked up dead at Newport Beach, U.S.A., with a beer bottle tightly wedged in its throat. The bird was seen coming from the direction of Huntington Beach, and from its manner of flight, was evidently in distress. It was seen to plunge into the surf, and when it did not rise again, R. J. Shafer, a fisherman, brought the bird ashore and found that its death was caused by the bottle, which the bird evidently had tried to swallow.

In many cases it is not the beer bottle itself, but the contents which bring death and desolation.

GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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

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

Change of Address or non-delivery of the paper should be promptly reported to the Manager.

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

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1913.

LEARN TO TYPEWRITE ON ANY MACHINE.

When you study typewriting at the M.B.C. you get a practical acquaintance with all standard machines in use. This is the only sure way of having a good position at your command, for many makes of typewriters are in operation. As there is a big demand for competent operators at good salaries this knowledge is of practical use to those who want to be independent of circumstances. Full details of day, evening, or postal courses will be sent on request.

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE,
Robson House, 337 Pitt Street, Sydney.

The Case for No-License

IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

By ARCHDEACON F. B. BOYCE.

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

Over twenty pages of the 100 are given to interesting illustrations of the splendid success of No-License in Canada, the United States, and New Zealand. The exaggerations and bogeys put forth by License advocates in the last campaign here are exposed.

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

A Personal Chat with my readers

OPIUM AND ALCOHOL.

The papers are pleased to give some prominence from time to time to the alleged menace to society from the use of opium. Ng Pooh Chew, in what was described as one of the cleverest and most eloquent addresses given at the World's Christian Citizenship Conference held recently at Portland, said:—

"The American drinks whisky. The Chinaman uses opium. Whisky excites a man's animal passions, coarsens his feelings and makes him a brute. Opium deadens a man's sensibilities, paralyses his energies and makes him a living corpse. Whisky sends a man home to kick his wife. Opium makes a man so helpless that his wife kicks him. I wonder if that is why you Americans keep the whisky traffic and oppose the opium traffic?"

This is so apposite that I cannot help bringing it under the notice of my readers. By all means let us prohibit opium, and for reasons a hundredfold more urgent let us also prohibit alcohol.

MAKING MONEY COUNT.

There are four important factors, which may properly be called scientific, that may enable the giver to decide not only concerning those objects most worthy of his financial support, but also regarding the relative amount of his contributions:

First, the intrinsic importance of a cause.

Second, the relative importance of a cause.

Third, the immediate or temporary importance of a cause.

Fourth, the special claim of an unpopular or neglected cause.

If an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, how is it that £100,000 is given to charity in Sydney by people who do not give £20 to the Temperance cause that aims at reducing the charity demand by removing its chief cause, viz., alcohol. Surely, it is time we rubbed our eyes and wakened up to the value of giving to any cause that aims at the source of evil.

FOR THOSE WHO COME AFTER US.

A well-known American social worker has composed the following suggestive and beautiful prayer—I commend it to all my readers for use, both in private, family and public worship:—

O God, we pray thee for those who come after us, for our children, and the children of our friends, and for all the young lives that are marching up from the gates of birth, pure and eager, with the morning sunshine on their faces. We remember with a

pang that these will live in the world we are making for them. We are wasting the resources of the earth in our headlong greed, and they will suffer want. We are building sunless houses and joyless cities for our profit, and they must dwell therein. We are making the burden heavy and the pace of work pitiless, and they will fall wan and sobbing by the wayside. We are poisoning the air of our land by our lies and our uncleanness, and they will breathe it.

O God, thou knowest how we have cried out in agony when the sins of our fathers have been visited upon us, and how we have struggled vainly against the inexorable fate that coursed in our blood or bound us in a prison house of life. Save us from maiming the innocent ones who come after us by the added cruelty of our sins. Help us to break the ancient force of evil by a holy and steadfast will and to endow our children with purer blood and nobler thoughts. Grant us grace to leave the earth fairer than we found it; to build upon it cities of God in which the cry of needless pain shall cease; and to put the yoke of Christ upon our business life that it may serve and not destroy. Lift the veil of the future and show us the generation to come as it will be if blighted by our guilt, that our lust may be cooled and we may walk in the fear of the Eternal. Grant us a vision of the far-off years as they may be if redeemed by the sons of God, that we may take heart and do battle for thy children and ours. For the sake of Him who took little children up in His arms and blessed them.

The Editor

The President of the Local Government Board, Right Hon. John Burns, speaking at the opening of the Haslingden Union Infirmary, in July, said that—

In 1875 nurses in the workhouses and hospitals of England and Wales numbered 1700; to-day they number 8000.

In 1849 the total pauperism of the country was 62 per 1000; now it is 29 per 1000, an improvement of 33 per 1000.

In the last 78 years the Poor Law had cost the country £600,000,000, but that was only four years' drink bill, and if they could get rid of the one they would not need the other.

Liquor Advertising.

A vigorous discussion has recently taken place in Toronto on the subject of liquor advertisements in the public press. It is a sign of the growth of a healthy sentiment in Canada that such a question should be raised at all. We consider ourselves in New Zealand to be somewhere in the van of temperance progress, but we are some distance yet from the point of discussing seriously the right of a daily newspaper to advertise the merits of alcoholic liquor. Perhaps, indeed, the question would not have been raised in Canada if the press there had been so generally opposed to the anti-liquor movement as it is in New Zealand. The storm of controversy there has really broken out on the point of consistency. One of the most powerful journals in Canada is the Toronto "Globe." Its editor, Dr. Macdonald, is a man who in his time has filled many parts, and filled them with marked ability. Beginning as a Presbyterian minister, he has graduated since then in politics and journalism, and is recognised as one of the most influential public men in Canada. Editorially, the "Globe" has always been outspoken in its support of the prohibition of the liquor trade. It has been regarded as no small gain to the cause of moral reform that it has had the cordial backing of one of the strongest journals in the Dominion. But this same journal came out recently with a full-page advertisement of "the beer that made Milwaukee famous." Whereupon the editor of the "Christian Guardian," the widely-circulated organ of the Methodist Church of Canada, opened fire on the editor of the "Globe" with the charge of gross inconsistency. To denounce the liquor trade in one column and advertise it in another was, according to the "Guardian" editor, a policy only too well calculated to bring the professed advocacy of Prohibition into contempt. Nothing loath, the "Globe" editor donned his war-paint, and made the best defence possible against the onslaught of the "Guardian." It was all, he said, a question of business. The "Globe" always had advertised the liquor trade, and always would, as long as there was a liquor trade to advertise. It would continue editorially to lend all the aid in its power to suppress the liquor trade, but as a matter of business its advertising columns would be open to recommend it as heretofore. As a shocking example of attempting the heroic in journalism, the "Globe" editor pointed to the "Witness" of Montreal. That paper for many years had excluded liquor ads. from its pages as a part of its temperance policy, with the result that financially it had landed itself upon the rocks. No newspaper could hope to keep afloat without

recognising as a part of its advertising business the claims of the liquor trade. The question of politics, as was inevitable, became mixed up with the discussion, and added spice to the thrust and parry on either side. The "Globe" editor also used the extraordinary argument that as liquor shops paid taxes and churches did not, it was far more inconsistent to accept financial relief at the expense of the liquor trade than to publish liquor ads. in a temperance paper. But the strength of his argument lay in the frank confession that shutting liquor ads. out of a newspaper did not pay; a newspaper must be run as a business concern.

Needless to say, the editor of the "Guardian" had no difficulty in finding, in the general character of the plea urged by the "Globe" in defence of its position, an aggravation of the original offence. It is simply amazing that a man with the high moral reputation of Dr. Macdonald should descend to a line of argument so brutally devoid of moral principle. To pursue a certain course because it pays financially is the plea urged by the promoters of every kind of devilry under the sun. But the editor of the "Guardian" found something cogent to say on the other side. He had contended that other causes than the exclusion of liquor ads. had led to the financial reverses of the Montreal "Witness," and he was splendidly sustained in that contention by the action of the editor of the "Daily Telegraph," into which the "Witness" had been merged. With the full knowledge of all that had happened to the "Witness," this is how, in one of its earliest issues, the "Daily Telegraph" declares itself:—

"Any new moral crusader appearing in the lists, making his vows of public service, would omit to register the most important of them all if he failed to offer formal challenge to the greatest of modern social and economic evils, the liquor traffic. We feel that this obligation is specially imposed upon us, because we have taken up the task of carrying forward the banner of the 'Daily Witness,' a journal which from its inception has waged war upon this particular dragon. That war, we are gratified to record, has been a successful one. Intemperance has been driven from many of the points of vantage it occupied when the 'Witness' was founded. But it is a war only half won as yet; and we propose to fight it until the victory is complete. . . . Gradually opinion will be formed and indignation will arise, and public spirit will assert itself, and the entire traffic in intoxicants will be resolutely condemned to death. To that

REMOVAL NOTICE.

Mr. C. THORNTON DOBSON DENTIST,

Wishes to notify his patients in and around Sydney that he has removed his Surgeries (after 14 years' practice at 60 Regent-street, Sydney) to larger and more central premises in

"BERRY'S CHAMBERS," 136 PITT-ST.,
SYDNEY (One Door from King-st.)

These Surgeries will be fitted with all the latest improvements in Dental Surgery, and everything to alleviate pain in Dental treatment will be added.

NOTE THE ADDRESS:
136 PITT-STREET, SYDNEY.

HOURS: 9 a.m. till 6 p.m.; Fridays, 7 p.m. to 9 p.m., by appointment; Saturdays, 9 a.m. till 1 p.m.. Tel. City 6283.

end the 'Daily Telegraph' proposes to wage open war. And it proposes to do its fighting with clean hands. It will preserve the consistent attitude of the 'Witness,' and decline to publish any advertisements of intoxicating drinks. Whatever else may be said of our columns, they shall not, at all events, be used to put a bottle to our neighbors' lips. We do not believe that the patronage of the 'grog-shop' is necessary to the success of a newspaper in Canada."

Contrast the stand thus taken by the "Daily Telegraph" of Montreal with that taken by the "Globe" of Toronto, and you have all the difference between a courageous assertion of high moral principle and a truculent surrender to a temporising expediency. No better vindication of the protest lodged by the "Christian Guardian" against the "Globe" could have been found than that provided by the strong, outspoken utterances of the "Daily Telegraph." When shall we find in New Zealand a first-class daily paper throwing boldly down the gage of battle against the liquor traffic after the fashion of the "Daily Telegraph" of Montreal? In the case of our leading papers, at any rate, there is no inconsistency between their editorial columns and their advertising columns; they are all alike on this question tarred with the same brush. Thousands of pounds find their way every year into the pockets of these newspaper proprietors for the right of advertising a trade that a high authority has declared to be more deadly in its results than "war, pestilence, and famine." Happily on this question the great bulk of the thinking people of this country refuse to be led by the newspapers that, so far as advertising goes, are the hirelings of the liquor traffic, and by the vote they have already cast they have consigned it to the doom of a well-merited destruction.—"The Vanguard."

Presents with Grainus

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

HAVE YOUR CLOTHES TAILORED BY AN EXPERT

Suits from £3/3/- to all
Prices

W. T. HUNTER

Ladies Costumes from
£5/5/-

WE GUARANTEE PROPER FIT.

LATEST STYLES IN SUITINGS (See window).

Send for Samples of Fabrics.

Our Address is 119 LIVERPOOL STREET (Near Pitt St., opp. Fay's.)

The Verdict of Experts.

(Continued from Page 2.)

tory shows that reasoning under these conditions is very apt to be faulty. It lacks in rapidity and accuracy. Conclusions are reached on insecure basis and judgment of events lacks clearness. Laboratory studies show a cell and motor derangement and loss of control, which may be slight at first, but later increased. The ordinary caution seems to be diminished and persons act recklessly, and both say and do things which later are proved to be faulty. There is a species of egoism which follows the anaesthesia from spirits that is very misleading and dangerous.

The recent ocean disaster is no exception to the rule. There is unmistakable evidence that the use of alcohol played a most significant part in this terrible fatality. One man states that the watchmen were stupid from drink. This of course is denied, but there are evidences in abundance that large quantities of spirits had been drunk both by responsible and irresponsible parties. Another man asserted that a steamer in the vicinity failed to give the needed help because of the captain's alcoholised condition. Of course this, too, was denied; but the evidence has been accumulating in certain directions that made it clear that wisdom and judgment were very much impaired, from the managing director down. There was reckless egotism, faulty judgment, and haste, which are the direct products of spirits.

In a great strike—managed by reckless, bold men—and in which lives were lost, the leaders displayed the most stupid, wretched judgment, the characteristics of the effects of spirits, the free use of which marked the

a saloon, and it is fair to assume that the saloon-man furnished the spirits. Their reckless conduct afterwards was unmistakable evidence of impairment from spirits.

The great spectacular accidents and casualties are very often complicated by stupidity and reckless carelessness that directly or indirectly dates to this one cause, alcohol. A host of minor accidents of small import except to the parties concerned, will occur to every reader and be referred to the same unmistakable cause.

The surgeon who is called to treat an injury from an accident must recognise the alcoholised condition which provoked or intensified the injury. Thus, if a man, intoxicated, falls from the roof of a building, the contused wound and other injuries which follow will differ from those in one who is free from spirits. Injuries received in a state of alcoholic delirium or in altercations and blows do not respond to the usual curative measures used in similar injuries on persons free from spirits. These are some of the facts that police surgeons recognise, showing that the healing processes of nature are greatly impaired wherever alcohol is used as a beverage.

A conclusion which has become a conviction to the public mind, is, that alcohol, through its benumbing, anaesthetic action on cell and brain centres, is one of the most active, direct, and predisposing causes of accidents and fatalities; also that where this can be eliminated, the perils which occur in all trades and vocations can be diminished to a minimum percentage.

It is the common experience of all corporations employing large numbers of men and doing public work that alcohol is the most serious obstacle which they have to contend with. If responsible men can be found to do the work with the best brain-

power they possess, unmarred by alcohol and drugs, the freedom from perils and casualties can be reduced to the smallest extent.

Sly Grog.

"Sly grog-selling in New Zealand is no sign of the failure of Prohibition to prohibit. Sydney residents in Prohibition areas speak well of the results, and some are so well satisfied that they are arranging to settle in the district, in spite of business inducements to return to Sydney. One man writes: 'Having experienced the advantages personally of living in a Prohibition area, I do not want to live elsewhere.'

"But it is not in Prohibition areas that sly grog-selling is worst. A man in Wellington was fined £100 on June 16. He had only shortly before been fined £50, yet he went back to the business. This time he will take it out. In Scotland the offence is regarded lightly, and a well-known Edinburgh man, convicted a few months ago for selling without a license on the Sabbath, apologised to the Court, and said he only supplied a friend, as he thought, for which he was fined £2 and costs, and his large stock was not confiscated, though in his private house, and evidently kept for sale without a license."—"Pharmaceutical Notes and News."

PROBABLY SHE WOULD.

Mrs. Newbridge came hurriedly into her husband's study one morning.

"Herbert, dear," she said, "this recipe for lemon pie says to sit on a hot stove and stir constantly."

"Well, Alice," replied the doting husband, "if you do sit on a hot stove I think you will find that you will stir constantly."

TO SHAKE THE CITY.

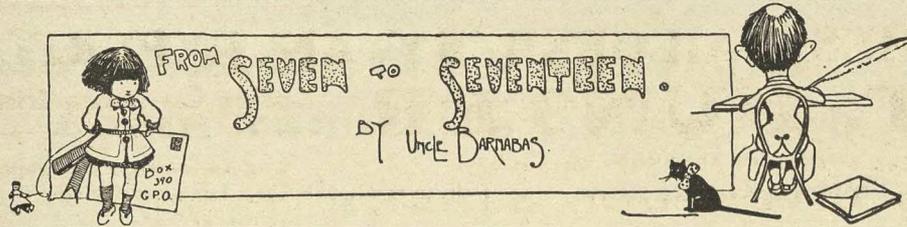
TOWN HALL, SYDNEY, Oct. 20th, 8 p.m.

A Great No-License Demonstration.

SPEAKERS:

The Lord Mayor, Hon. D. R. Hall (Minister of Justice), Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, and Rev. C. E. Schafer

We are winning all over the World. Help us win in N.S.W.



"LIVE" REASONS.

Most of us, when asked why we do a thing or why we do not do it, give very lame excuses, and often forget that a famous man once said excuses are first cousins to lies. It was a pleasure to-day, when several girls were making excuses, to hear one of them say, "Well, I own up; I was doing wrong." Oh, that was fine, and made her at once superior to all the others. If you want five good "live" reasons for being an abstainer, or for not smoking, or for being a Christian, how would these do:—

- My mother.
- My brothers and sisters.
- My school mates.
- My own happiness.
- My Saviour.

For the sake of any of these we ought to do the right thing, and we need not be ashamed of doing it or giving any or all of the above reasons for doing it.

UNCLE B.

**FOR MONDAY.
OUR FUNNY LANGUAGE.**

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which a sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper, which carries the sleeper, jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper on the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleep for the sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS.

Nettie Hume and Walter Cruickshank, 16th; Essie Moore, 23rd; Mervyn Carment, 28th; Emma Rankin, 29th.

My warmest wishes for a happy birthday. Be sure and let me know all about your happy day, and make sure of its being happy by beginning it with God in prayer and by listening to what He has to say.

UNCLE B.

A GOOD HOLIDAY.

Grace Hawkins, Tynedale, Rock Flat, 23/7/13, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—How are you getting on. I am away on my holiday now, as you see by my address. I am having a great time now. I have been at work for seven months, so it is time I had a holiday. I don't know whether you have ever come across this word as you have been reading your books, but do you think you could pronounce it—"Tetrahydroparanethyloxichinolin." It is rather long, don't you think. I am going for our G.S. exam. in September if I can learn

all my work in time. I had a letter from Molly, Wellington, and I am expecting one from Millie, Sherwood. Well, good night. Best love to all. I am your fond niece.

(Dear Grace,—You were evidently in a jolly holiday mood when you wrote. I am quite sure you could not pronounce that word. I am not sure that it is a word, and if it is what does it mean? Please tell us its history.—Uncle B.)

TWENTY MILES FROM TOWN.

Robert Greig, Tintarie, Bowena P.O., writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose I am a scallywag. I had a very nice time at the show, and got first prize for a map. Our governess went away for a holiday up to St. George for three weeks, but got storm-stayed, and was away for six weeks. We went up to stay with some friends, and we had tennis in the day-time and cards in the evening, and had a lovely time. The measles were very bad up there, and nearly every one had them except us, and we were very glad to miss them. It is lovely and green here at present, and in some places the feed is a foot high. We have stocks and sweet peas in, and they are beginning to flower. I have signed the pledge for life. I wish you would put your photo in "Crit," Uncle. I am sure we all want it put in. I would send for a collecting card, but we live twenty miles out of town and don't often go in, but I will enclose a shilling in stamps to help the children's issue. We are connected to our post town



DAISY HAWKINS.

by telephone, and can talk to a lot of places, the farthest being Narrabri. We will be going to the hospital ball and tennis tournament on July 17. I must close now, with love to you and all my cousins.—From your loving Ne.

(Dear Robert,—I have had your letter so long that I fear you may be thinking of me as a "Scallyway Uncle." But there have been very, very good excuses, so please forgive me. Thank you for your 1s. Fancy twenty miles from town. Seems a tremendous distance to us city folk who jump on a tram to go 400 yards. We all congratulate you on winning first prize.—Uncle B.)

A PONY WITH A SWEET TOOTH.

Margie MacNeil, Waihemo, Burrowa, August 1, 1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—We shall be very pleased





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The Editor, "Photography and Focus," London.

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to have you here as soon as you can spare the time. The weather will be lovely in a month or two. Ena and I went for a long walk last Sunday afternoon, and gathered some pretty ferns and moss (not mountain moss). We are enclosing a little pressed fern for you.

Our pony Betty loves sugar or anything sweet. The other day, she caught one of the men's sugar bags by the corner, tipped out all the sugar, and ate it. I am sure you would enjoy a ride on her. She is such a pet. I have another pony called Snowdrop. I think you would rather ride her. She is so frisky I cannot ride her yet.

Father is having the tennis court done up again. When it is finished I am going to learn to play tennis. I am looking forward to it so much. We went into Burrowa yesterday, and both Ena and I were vaccinated. Hope we shall not have any after effects.—Yours faithfully.

(Dear Margie,—I am sorry I have been such a long time answering your welcome letter. The pressed fern was lovely. I do not know when I am to have even a wee holiday. At present I am as busy as "a yellow dog with a tin can on his tail." I am sure I would just love those ponies of yours. It is a long time since I have played tennis, but I used to enjoy doing so very much.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NE AND HIS DOG.

Guy Lowe, "Arlington," Westmead, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—After reading the lovely letters of your many cousins, I feel somewhat jealous of them (if it may be called so), and am also desirous of becoming a nephew. I am nearing my sixteenth birthday, and attend the Technical High School, Ultimo.

In your issue dated July 31 you ask for a sentence describing what Faith is. Well, I don't know if they are to be sent to you or not, but to be on the safe side I am sending my two. Here they are:—

"Fidelity in He that forgiveth."

"Trust in the Heavenly Father."

I would also like to relate to my many "Grit" cousins a little incident that happened a short time ago during the rainy weather, as it will show them how a drunkard made a fool of himself.

I was walking along a fairly crowded road in town one day, when I came up nearly level with a reeling drunkard. You all know what sort of a drunkard that would be. I had my two dogs with me, and one of them is a young Kelpie, named Lou (Louis), and as soon as he hears a hiss from me he runs and heels the nearest living thing to him, unless I call him away. Of course, boy-like, I must make a hiss and throw my hand in the direction of this man. The dog wanted no more.

He rushed and caught the heel of the man's boot as he ran past him. The man wondered what had struck him, and turned round; but the dog was not behind him then, but had gone to the other side and quickly caught him again, in the same manner, as he came back. The man stood looking at the dog, and as everyone knows a drunkard can't stand still for a minute, he toppled over backwards in the mud, uttering obscene words as he did so. The people passing thought this very ridiculous, and took advantage of the moment.

Now let us hope that none of our "Grit" cousins will ever be like that, but be ever straight, sober and honorable men and women.

I must now adjourn with a wish and a hope, as I have something for your Editor as well as you, Uncle.

Hoping that I am eligible, and wishing all my "Grit" cousins prosperity and happiness.—I remain, your sincere nephew-to-be.

(Dear Guy,—I am very pleased to have you as a Ne and hope you will forgive my keeping you waiting so long for a reply. Please write soon and tell us more about your dog. We all love dogs and love to hear about them.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NE.

D. Raymond Waters, Boloone-st., Narrabri, 1st August, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—At last I am going to write to you to see will you have me for a nephew. Mother always gets the "Grit," and we do enjoy reading them. I see a fine piece of poetry in this week's, which I must learn to say at one of our weekly meetings, as I have said some before. Two of the members of class sang, "Vote for No-License" on temperance night lately, from one of the "Grits." I always like reading the letters, and the pictures are just great. This week's dog picture is not too bad at all. I will be twelve on the 18th of Sept. Leslie will be eight in April, and sister Edie will soon be eleven. I love flowers and gardening, and have a garden to myself. I hope you get this letter alright, as I often wished to write to you.

I must close up for this time, with love from.

(Dear Raymond,—I am so pleased you want to be a ne, and hope you will often write. I hope you had a happy birthday. What did you do on that day? Write and tell me.—Uncle B.)

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH JAM AND BONNY?

Vera, "Kimberley," Ward's River, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I wrote to you two or three months ago, but as my letter has not come out in "Grit," I have at last come to the conclusion that it must have got lost.

Well, Uncle, great changes have taken place in our household since I last wrote. My eldest sister is married, and Millie has gone to live with her at Taree, so as she can attend school regularly. I don't expect she will forget you and all the cousins, though. My mother is also away in Tamworth on holiday. I have only been home a week since my holiday. I was in Newcastle for two weeks and had a splendid time—wouldn't be me if I didn't. I was at an organ recital at the Newcastle Cathedral; it was just glorious. I do so love music. I got my photo taken while I was away and am sending you one. Since mother has been away I have made some pie-melon jam, and I cooked it too long or something, and its fearfully stiff; I can hardly get it out of the bottle. One of my brothers suggested that it wouldn't need pasting down; all that I would need to do was to turn the bottles upside down and it would be just A1. Like his cheek, I think. At any rate, it doesn't taste too bad. Don't say I'd get a prize at Sydney Show, though. Better luck next time. We had a very white frost up here this morning; it makes one feel like staying in bed. The silver wattle is in full bloom up here now; it is lovely. There are also plenty of wild violets and buttercups out. I don't think I've any more news. Hope this letter doesn't share the same fate as the last one did.—From your loving niece.

P.S.—I think I'll take a trip to Avalon soon and see if I can waken Bonny up again. I tell you what: she's nearly 17 and is trying to be prim and proper—that's the secret.

(Dear Vera,—Your letter has no date, so I cannot tell how long I have had it, but it was welcome and is interesting. Thank you for the photo. As far as that gain is concerned I expect you will find that its best point will be its lasting powers. Please do go to Avalon and wake Bonny up. She is heading up for the unenviable position of being chief scallawag.—Uncle B.)

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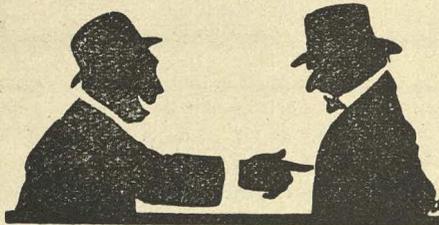


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WAS WILLING TO TRY IT AGAIN.

Once when John D. Rockefeller was playing golf a negro lad crossed the links. Mr. Rockefeller had just given the ball a vigorous stroke, and the lad received the missile squarely on the head. It was a heavy blow, but it only stunned the boy a little, and after blinking his eyes for a moment he was himself again.

Mr. Rockefeller, who had rushed up fearing that the boy had been badly injured, was relieved to find that he took it so calmly, and, pulling a five-dollar bill from his pocket, he gave it to the youngster as a salve for his feelings.

The boy looked at the bill and grinned with delight. Then he looked at Mr. Rockefeller and inquired: "When is you goin' to be playin' again?"

* * *

THE POLITE LIE.

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"Dear Maria: I eagerly seize the first opportunity to write to you."

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"Mr. Chairman, I rise with the greatest reluctance, but—"

"I don't know whether you owe us anything or not, Mr. Smith, but I'll see."

"George, I wouldn't say a word to hurt your feelings for the world."

"I admire your nerve!"—"Chicago Tribune."

THE YOUTH UNDERSTOOD.

The girl's father, a gruff, stout old fellow, came into the parlor at 9.30, with his watch in his hand. The young man was standing on a chair straightening a picture that the girl had asked him to fix. As he turned the old gentleman said:

"Young fellow, do you know what time it is?"

"The bashful youth got off the chair nervously.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "I was just going."

He went into the hall and took his hat and coat. The girl's father followed him. As the caller reached for the door the old gentleman again asked him if he knew what time it was.

"Yes, sir," was the youth's reply. "Good-night!" And he left without waiting to put his coat on.

As the door closed the old gentleman turned in surprise to his daughter.

"What's the matter with that young fellow?" he asked. "I wanted him to tell me the time so I could set my watch."

* * *

"I wish to complain," said the bride, haughtily, "about the flour you sold me. It was tough."

"Tough, ma'am?" asked the grocer.

"Yes, tough. I made a pie with it, and my husband could hardly cut it."

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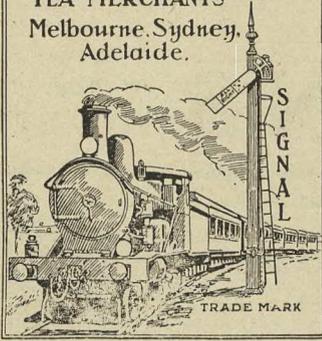
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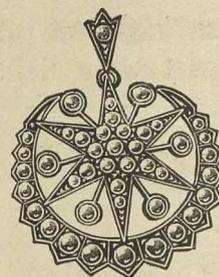
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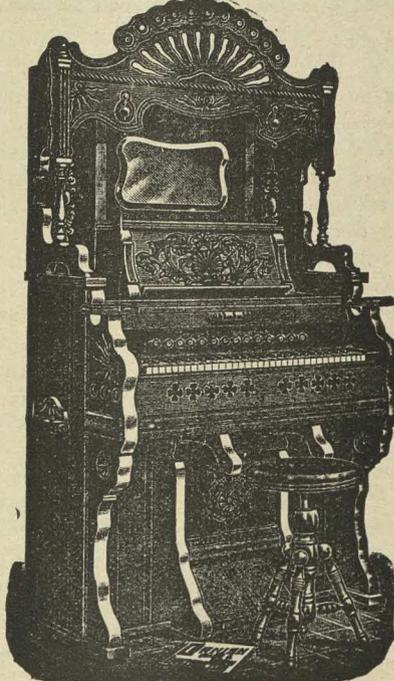
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More About Liberty Leagues.

To the Editor of "Grit."

"True Liberty, in my opinion, can only exist where Justice is equally administered to all, to the King and to the beggar."—Lord Chief Justice Mansfield.

Sir,—History teems with illustrations of great sacrifices that have been made in the cause of Liberty, and men have laid down their lives, that the Nation might live, and their grateful countrymen have erected monuments to their memory. The U.S.A. of America with one hundred million of people, cherishes it so much, that the people have erected a statue to the Goddess of Liberty at the entrance to New York Harbor, which, with uplifted torch, invites the workers of the world to share with them the liberty of the subject. In this State we have quite a multiplicity of Leagues. Liberal and Reform, Labor, National Progressive (sic) Farmers and Settlers, Country Party, etc., but for pure downright shoddy fustian commend me to the so-called Liberty League. It is a grim piece of irony that here in the metropolitan area we have nearly 650 hotel-keepers, 90 per cent. of whom have parted with every vestige of liberty they ever possessed, and it will be no fault of the Big Brewery if they ever regain any fractional part of it. If we must have Liberty Leagues, then by all that is just and fair let them be established for the one purpose, namely, for the emancipation of the hotel-keepers, more especially those in the County of Cumberland. Knowing the methods of the institution financing these so-called Liberty Leagues, I can readily understand that they engineer the movement with their tongues thrust in their cheeks. But God help the Publican after the next vote, when another three years' lease of life will be given. They will be in a worse position than the Israelites were under the Egyptians, and the Brewery Pharaoh will see that they make bricks without straw. It may serve as a warning to the unwary by mentioning a pathetic incident which occurred at the termination of the taking of the last vote. An officer of the Big Brewery worked like a Trojan, and for months was unceasing in his efforts to establish Liberty Leagues. When I mention that he had a record of forty three years service, your readers will readily understand that he had a large following. The result of his strenuous work was that Continuance was carried in several electorates. After the election the Publicans met at a suburban town hall and decided to present this gentleman with a purse of sovereigns in recognition of his services. Now, mark where Liberty comes in—save

the mark. The manager of this institution sent for him and forbade him accepting anything of the kind, although at the time he stood very much in need of it. Poor fellow, he died shortly afterwards, and I stood at his graveside and listened to the officials of this Big Brewery singing:—

"When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Oh Thou who changest not, Abide with me."

A few of us called a meeting, and it was the privilege of the writer to be called on to address it, and the hotelkeepers, with their usual good heartedness, collected a sum of money for his widow.

You, as Editor of this journal, are justly considered to be a fair fighter, and I doubt if you would carp at any person establishing Continuance Leagues until such time as the emancipation of the publican be brought about by legislation.—Yours faithfully,

JOHN TALBOT.

Elizabeth-st., City, September 11, 1913.

Not Allowed To Be.

The city government of Frankfort-on-the-Oder has made the following announcement:

"No. 943.—Circulation of placards by the alcoholic interests.

"Lately placards have been hung out in many drinkshops, which, pretending to rest on scientific bases, represent that complete abstinence from alcohol works more injuriously on the human body than the extreme use of alcohol. These placards carry a title borrowed from a placard of the German union against the misuse of spirituous liquors, 'What Every One Should Know About Alcohol.' I ask that the country magistrates and local police officials see to it that these placards, calculated as they are to stimulate excess, disappear. The attention of the

drink-sellers is called to the fact that the hanging out of placards of this sort can be used as evidence in action for the withdrawal of licenses.—Frankfort-on-the-Oder, December 13, 1912."

In other words, German brewers are not allowed to lie to the public as German-American ones are.

Interesting Liquor Case.

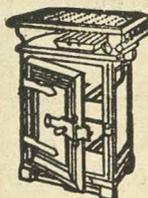
An interesting appeal under the Liquor Act was held at the Bega Quarter Sessions last week, before Judge Fitzhardinge. Henry Beresford, licensee of the Central Hotel, appealed against a fine of £5 for selling liquor to a man against whom there was a prohibition order.

Evidence was to the effect that a man named Perry entered the tap-room, with a second man. The licensee told Perry that he had no right to be there, as there was an order against him. Perry replied, "It's up; do you think I would come to your house if it were not?" The second man called for two beers, which the licensee placed on the ledge as the police came in.

The defence was that Perry was not in the bar; that there was neither delivery nor sale to Perry; that the order made for one year, on February 16 last year, had expired. Counsel for the defence argued that the year meant a normal year of 365 days, and that the fact of the order being made in leap year, did not make the order for 366 days.

The judge held that the ledge of the tap-room was to all intents and purposes part of the bar; that placing the drinks on the ledge was delivery, and tantamount to sale; and that, as regards the time, the order of the Court did not come into force until the morning after it was made, despite the fact that notice was served on publicans on the day it was made, and that the order bore the date February 16.

The appeal was dismissed, but the publican's fine was reduced from £5 to £1.—"Gosford Times."



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We unhesitatingly say the Labor Party are the ones who must do it.

The method is not to wait for the people to throw the burden off but to go for the great monopoly—break up the tied-house system—reduce liquor-selling to the hours allowed all other trades, and then leave it to the people by a bare majority to say when they will banish the whole thing.

The present Government will do more to make itself world known by attacking the Liquor monopoly than by doing anything else; in fact, it is the only thing that will make it world known.

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