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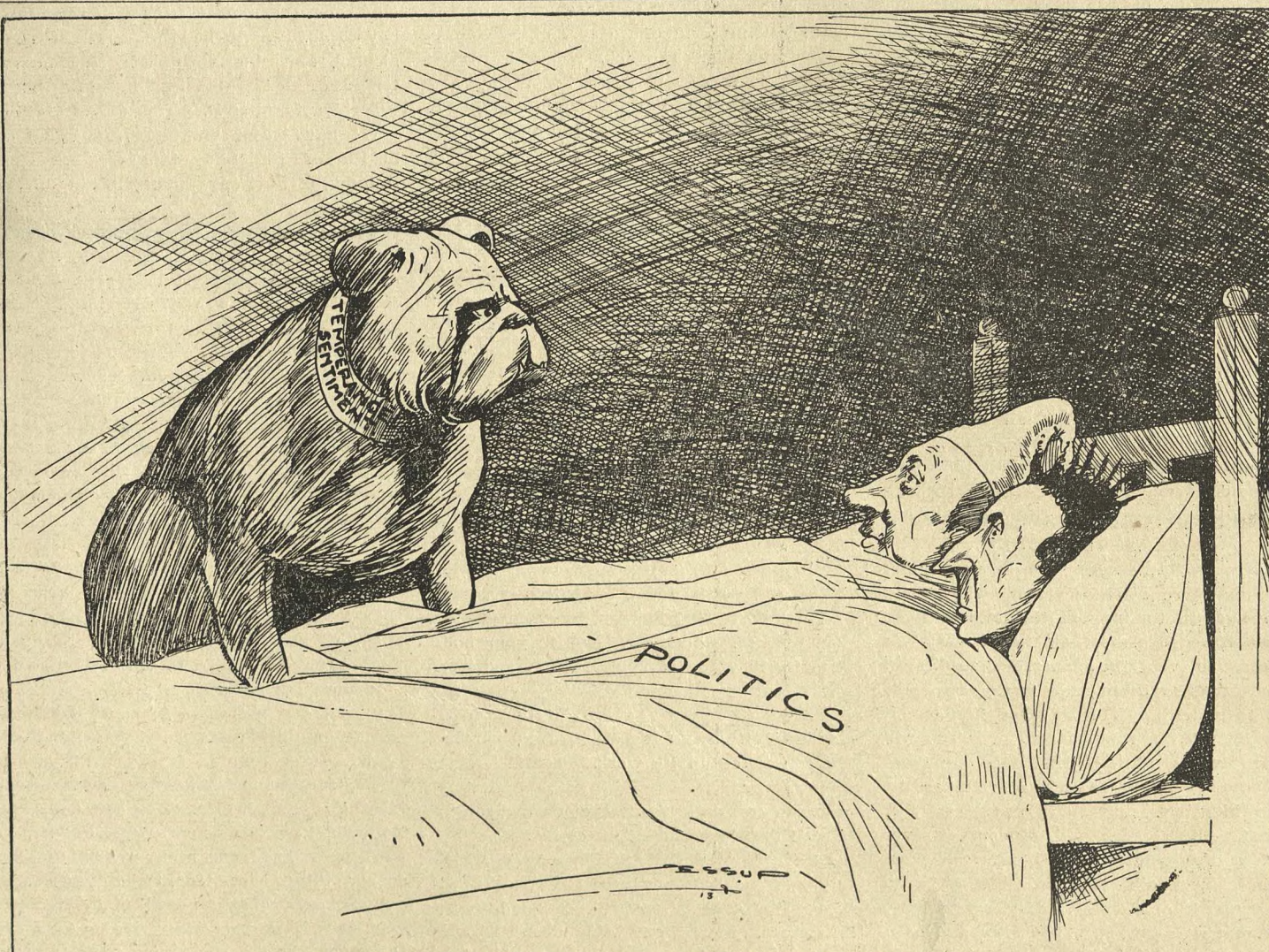
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A POLITICAL NIGHT-MARE.

The politicians who slap the "pup" forget at the time that he will grow; they also forget that the chief characteristic of the Temperance Reformer is tenacity.

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THE BOY WHO WILL NEVER GROW OLD.

The truly healthy boy takes no exercise for its own sake, for he knows that energy wasted in this way is lost to other things. We have so much energy, and if we spend it in swinging dumb-bells we cannot spend it again in walking to the station, or in playing cricket, or in cycling, or in reading.

The natural exercise of a human being, and the best exercise of all, is that of which we are generally unaware—walking, playing, bathing, or any other of the ordinary interests of a healthy life which keep the body moving. Artificial exercise is a medicine which healthy people do not need; any more than they need half the rubbishy drugs which ignorant people will take till they can take them no more. Time was when the great Voltaire could speak quite truly of the doctor who poured drugs of which he knew little into a body of which he knew less; and even long after that a witty poet declared that if all the drugs in the doctor's books were sunk to the bottom of the sea it would be all the better for mankind and all the worse for the sea.

THE ENEMY OF ALL LIFE THAT YOU WILL NEVER TOUCH.

The world has learned a great deal since then, and the splendid men who spent their lives in finding out the uses of these things have cast most of them away as useless, so that the man who knows most about drugs in these days is the man who uses them least. You will not offend your body by pouring rubbish into it. You will think it worth while to find out from those who know what value this, or that, or the other thing has.

That being so, you will, of course, never touch a drop of alcohol. You are growing up in a world in which alcohol is in its last dregs, the enemy of all life everywhere. It is passing away as a beverage and as a medicine, and will take its proper place some day, no doubt, side by side with petrol in driving motor cars. We need not trouble here about the reasons why manly boys who love their fellows, why patriotic boys who love their country, why athletic boys who love their games, are all teetotallers. For a hundred reasons the long,

disgraceful life of alcohol is coming to an end. But we may consider here, for just a moment, the greatest reason of all—the discovery that alcohol, whether we take little or much of it, is the enemy of every human being, and of no sort of service to anybody either in sickness or in health. Science, in these late years, has become the most fanatical, of all teetotallers, and the beginning of it all goes back to a laboratory in Paris, where a great man still living has run down alcohol to its lair and sentenced it to death. Let us see what he found.

In this wonderful body of yours a river of blood flows ceaselessly through thousands of miles of living walls, and in this river swim more living cells than there are people on the earth. There are red cells and white cells, and without their work, carried on ceaselessly from morning till noon and from noon till night, neither you nor I, nor this magazine, nor anything else human, could be.

HOW ALCOHOL ROBS US OF FRESH AIR AND WEAKENS OUR DEFENDERS.

Every time you breathe, without knowing it, your lungs receive a fresh supply of the source of life—of oxygen, without which no life can be. It is the business of the red cell to call at the lungs for this new source of life, and to distribute it to every part of your system. Every red cell in your body pays 20,000 visits to your lungs, and makes 20,000 journeys through your system, in the course of its short life; and at the end of a fortnight it lays down its life, and another red cell takes up its work.

Now, what has been proved, so that no man can contradict it, is that alcohol makes it hard for the red cell to carry on its work, hard for it to distribute the oxygen which the body needs, and there are many evil things that arise from this. We need not go into them, but they bring about the ill-health which brings the white cells into play. The white cells are the great defenders of the body, your army and navy, ever watchful for invaders, ever ready to fight them should they appear, and never pausing in the fight until the enemy is destroyed or they themselves are dead. And so, when illness comes—perhaps because the red cell

is hampered by alcohol—then the white cell is most needed to drive off the evil microbes that are gaining the upper hand. But the alcohol that has crippled the red cell cripples the white cell too, and paralyses these defenders of our bodies, so that we are helpless against attack. It is as if two nations were at war, and as if one nation drugged its soldiers.

Well, the great ocean of knowledge sweeps onward, and the men who made the great discovery that our bodies are everlasting battlefields, in which war goes on for ever between our living cells and bad microbes, have now found out that alcohol hinders the red cell in distributing life and hinders the white cell in resisting death. There is only one thing now left for every manly boy to do. He will keep his brain free from alcohol, and he will not dishonor the temple of God within him by suffering this evil thing to enter it.

We have been thinking, after all, of the health of the body, but we have been thinking of the body as the house of life, and not as the end of life. Somewhere within it is our invisible soul, keeping watch over the things that are done in the body. More than we can realise, the mind is the master of the body. You will let your mind be open to all that is good and true; you will no more think of shutting your mind to the great rush of new knowledge for ever coming towards you than you would think of shutting your eyes to the advancing waves of the sea that were closing in around you. So you will keep your life fine and sweet, and in tune with all that is best about you; and because your mind is healthy, because you yearn to play your part well in this great world, you will wish your body to be healthy too. Keep it so.

As I write these words, the boy of a friend of mine lies dying, dying a death so fearful that I cannot tell you of it. He is a man now, but he is dying from a sin of his boyhood, and nothing can save him, and perhaps nothing can save the afflicted child he will leave behind. It is the bitter price we pay for a moment of forgetting, for breaking the laws of health. You will not forget. You will keep the house of your soul clean and sweet, and your mind noble. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report"—you will think on these things. And as for your house, it shall pass away; but the mind you keep true in it, and the soul you keep pure in it, shall live till the love of God is dead.

ARTHUR MEE, in the "Children's Magazine."

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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.

The Sky Pilot of the Lumberjacks.

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE, in "Collier's Weekly," 18/1/13.

The "right hook" belongs to the language of pugilism. It is a blow delivered at close quarters. It comes from an arm half-bent to form the "hook" which, pivoting from the shoulder, is swung with tremendous force and reimpowered by the weight of the body and the partial unbending of the elbow at the moment of impact. The Rev. Francis E. Higgins of the First Presbyterian Church of Bemidji, in the State of Minnesota, was not unfamiliar with the "right hook." He had stopped a few of them in his rough-and-tumble life, and he had great respect for them. He had also started a few. He started one on the first day of his arrival in Bemidji.

Bemidji is a town in the lumber woods of Minnesota on the north bank of the Mississippi where that virgin crystal stream sweeps up out of Lake Itasca and then bends east before its final plunge to the south. Bemidji now has five thousand or more inhabitants and is a beautiful little city. Ten years ago it had fifteen hundred residents, and was as near an approach to hell on earth as any town of its size ever achieved.

It had forty-six saloons; it had twenty gambling hells; it had five large brothels. The city did not suffer these institutions to exist; these institutions were the city's existence. They were not cancers on the social body; they were themselves the social mass. So, you see, Bemidji was not exactly a nice place. In the lumber woods all about were some twenty thousand workmen—choppers, loggers, haulers, rivermen—all indiscriminately classed as "lumberjacks." Bemidji lived off these lumberjacks, and it reaped its living by deliberately making them drunk, luring them into gambling or into vice and willing their money away from them. When these processes were not fast enough, it put knock-out drops in their drinks or black-jacketed them.

Nor are these statements any lurid super-coloring of hyperbole. They are to be taken quite literally. The process of depraving and then robbing these lumberjacks was the business of the town. Through the long winter months this social organisation festered, preying on its own members and waiting impatiently for spring, which brought with it the breaking up of the lumber camps and the streaming southward of thousands of

"jacks," each with from one to two hundred dollars in his pockets, the earnings of months of onerous, icy toil.

THE SALOON MOTTO WAS "WE NEVER SLEEP."

There was a clause in the old treaty with the Indians that banned liquor in the whole region; but the very existence of this clause appears to have been at that time unknown. There was a State regulation closing the saloons at eleven o'clock at night; but this was disregarded. Since saloon keeping was the most favored form of business investment, the opening of a new liquor parlor was always marked by a public celebration. The band was brought out to play. The mayor, the county attorney, the sheriff, the councilmen, and other public officials were invited to make addresses. The key to the saloon was publicly and officially thrown away, and in addition to this deliciously suggestive bit of symbolism, it was customary to place over the door, "We never sleep," or some such kindred legend.

Now the Rev. Francis E. Higgins, having just located in the not nice town of Bemidji, strolled down the streets to look his new parish over. While standing on a corner, he became aware that somebody was looking him over. This somebody was a dapper-appearing person wearing a linen shirt and a white, stand-up collar. By these signs the minister knew that his vis-a-vis was neither a saloon keeper, a gambler, nor a pander. Nobody who did honest work or engaged in honest business in Bemidji in those days wore anything but flannel shirts with loose, rolling collars.

"Hello, Jack," said the man of the collar presently. "What's your lay?"

It was evident that the gambler, or the pander, or the bartender could not quite make out the stranger, but took him for a lumberjack of some sort. Indeed, the minister was a son of the woods, as his dress and bearing proclaimed. The man of the collar, judging by appearances, was quite justified in "prospecting" him for a convenient hundred and fifty dollars or so which might be started toward the pockets of the gang by a successful "steer" of some sort.

"I am the pastor of the Presbyterian Church," exclaimed Mr. Higgins, beaming blandly.

"WE CHASED THE OTHER GUY."

The manner of the inquiring one grew distinctly picklish, not to say mustardy. There was a nasty wrinkling of the lines about his mouth as he said with an oath and a sneer: "Huh! So you're the new guy, eh? Well, let me tell you: this is a mighty poor town for ministers and doctors. When the doctors come the people all begin to die, and when the preachers come they all begin to go to hell." Then he added with an air of unbearable insolence: "We chased the other guy week before last."

"Oh," purred the minister, soothingly, "but he was a young fellow just out of the seminary and inexperienced." As he made this remark, however, the Rev. Francis E. Higgins, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Bemidji, who carries at the bottom of his face the biggest jaw I ever saw upon a man—or, at least, upon a minister—moved his bulky frame over very close to the person of the gambler, or bartender, or whatever brand of social parasite the creature was.

"Well," growled the man, "you don't last any longer, you—"

THE VALUE OF ONE GOOD "RIGHT HOOK."

The gambler had thrust his face impudently near, and was calling the minister a string of perfectly unprintable names; but in this pastime he was interrupted abruptly, for the minister, being in just the proper position to do so, launched a terrible right hook, with all the force of his two hundred and ten pounds behind it. The gambler, having quite unwittingly put his insolent jaw in just the proper focus to receive the full impact of such a right hook, could not be blamed for imagining for a moment that a mule had kicked him. The hard flat of the minister's fist was literally lifting him, up and up and up, till his feet were clear of the ground, after which his body described an awkward and painful trajectory landing him an audible flop in a puddle in the street. It was a perfect blow. To this day the minister confesses to an unholy satisfaction at the memory of the feeling of the lift of that impudent flouter on the hard ridge of his knuckles.

A policeman rushed across the street, and demanded truculently of the parson: "And now, sir, what are you in trouble about?"

"I am in no trouble at all," explained Mr. Higgins, smoothly; "but this fellow down

(Continued on Page 10.)

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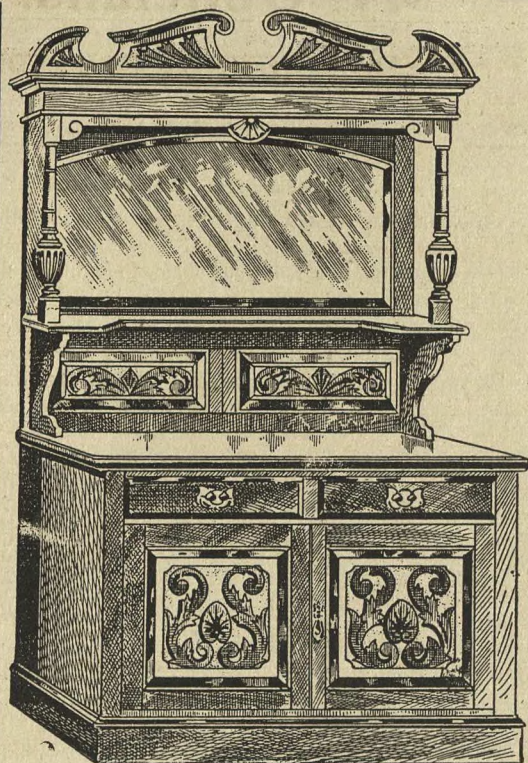
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ALLIANCE SECRETARY,

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printed as a leaflet. It is especially serviceable in industrial centres, being a reprint from the Brisbane "Worker." It clearly sets out what ought to be the attitude of Labor toward Liquor. Be sure and get some copies.

NO-LICENSE AT YANCO.

News is to hand that an attempt to secure a wholesale license at Leeton in the irrigation settlement has been defeated. Yanco can do with plenty of water, but the residents prefer to keep the settlement "dry" as far as intoxicants are concerned. Bravo.

DEATH OF PROF. CLOUSTON

A WARM FRIEND AND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE ALLIANCE.

Professor T. E. Clouston, B.A., D.D., one of the best known and most widely respected ministers of the Presbyterian Church passed away on August 25.

The Professor leaves a wide circle of friends all over the Commonwealth.

As Moderator of the State Assembly he endeared himself to ministers and laymen alike. As Moderator-General of the Australian Church he impressed his earnest and kindly personality on Church leaders in all the capitals. Latterly as Convenor of the Home Missions Committee of the Presbyterian Church he not only fired with enthusiasm all the scattered pastors of the western churches, but travelled long and weary journeys in the back country just to give a word of cheer to a bush missionary, or have a quiet talk with a few shearers or stockmen or miners. To the students at St. Andrew's College he was a friend as well as a professor. His scholarship and broad churchmanship won him the esteem of ministers of all denominations. More zealously than most ministers did he enter into the work of imparting religious instruction to the scholars of the Public schools. For many years he never failed to attend the classes, and thousands of young men and women in the State to-day recall the kindly interest that Dr. Clouston took in their sports and pleasures.

It was at Glebe that Dr. Clouston did his most fruitful work. He built up the congregation till it became one of the most influential in the State. He loved children, and threw his whole heart into the work of the Sunday-school and Fellowship Association.

(Continued on Page 10.)

New South Wales Alliance.

KEEP MONDAY, OCTOBER 20, CLEAR.

It has been decided to hold a monster No-License demonstration in the Sydney Town Hall on Monday, October 20. We are issuing this preliminary notice so that the various churches, temperance and kindred organisations may be able to keep the date free. In due course full details of the demonstration will be available. Everything possible will be done to make the 1913 meeting a huge success. Please enter the date in your diary. Do it now. Monday, October 20.

METROPOLITAN AREA.

During the past week several electorates have been moving in the matter of organisation. Middle Harbor and Tempe have been visited by the General Secretary, where leagues have been formed. At Haberfield and Rozelle the workers are getting busy. Mr. Gibson in Ryde, and Mr. Piggott at Ashfield are working hard to perfect the organisation in these places. Rev. R. B. S. Hammond addressed the annual meeting of the League in the Petersham Town Hall on Tuesday. The work in the open air is going on well. The speakers' team is doing valiantly. Mid-day meetings in the city are attracting good audiences. We must keep the pressure on.

NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.

Mr. Marion spent the week-end at Newcastle. Two splendid open-air, one at Wolfe Street, in the heart of the city, on Friday night, and another at Islington Park on Sunday afternoon. Mr. J. J. Franklyn will take charge at Newcastle on September 8.

WALLSEND ACTIVE.

At Wallsend a splendid effort was made in the shape of a bazaar. The local committee worked with great enthusiasm, and as a result, £30 was cleared with which to carry on the campaign. The Wallsend league have ordered 5000 leaflets, and are sure to give a good account of themselves.

MESSRS. FRANKLYN AND HERPS.

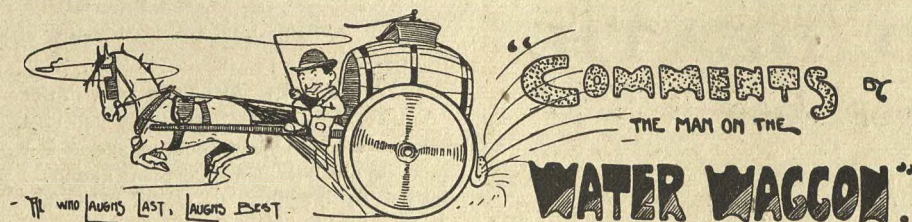
Good news is to hand from Orange, where some splendid meetings have been held by Messrs. Franklyn and Herps. These good brothers have been facing stiff propositions in the drink-sodden towns of the west. Such a campaign constitutes a heavy strain, and for the devoted efforts made good must eventually come.

"THE MEMBER FOR BUNG."

The article that appeared in last week's "Grit" bearing the above title is being re-

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THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN IN DEFENCE.

This was the title of an able article in the "S. M. Herald's" financial columns a week or two ago, being an endeavor on the part of an American to show that the "dollar hunt" (so called) leads at least to cleaner living, since vice of any description impairs the faculties and the present generation in U.S.A. are well aware of that fact.

A quotation from the pen of this "defender of his country's prestige," may be very interesting. He says:—

"First and foremost among the things admitted to be great forces in making the world better is clean living. The nation whose people are earnestly devoted to the pursuit of success is the nation of clean livers. In the United States the desire for success on the part of all men is directly responsible for much good along this line. The decrease in drunkenness and drinking is probably the strongest testimony that can be offered in proof of this. Fifty years ago downright drunkenness among American business men was not only not unknown, but was so common as to excite but little or no comment. The sight of a man reeling home from his place of business was no unusual one. Drinking over the opening or consumption of a business deal was the order of the day. To get a man into condition to buy or sell at a proper figure constituted one phrase of business astuteness. The wheels of business moved, lubricated by frequent draughts of liquor.

"The result of so much drinking had its effect in the world's work of the day, and on the health and activities of the drinkers. Life was shorter, illness more prevalent, and a man's capacities for work more limited than they are to-day.

"How much of this is left in this day, when some assert the lust for the dollar is running away with the sense and reason of the people? Extremely little. Drinking as an adjunct to business is strictly tabooed in this degenerate to-day. In most lines of trade the offer to "treat" a prospective customer is a mark of provincialism. Often such offer is taken as an insult.

"The business man who drinks during business hours has passed in the last five decades, until he is now almost extinct. Men have discovered that, no matter what line they are in if they want to win success they

cannot drink. And the desire to win success is so overwhelming that they have given up the drinking."

We have taken the liberty of quoting this extensively, because there is a sound argument in every paragraph. The case against the "shouting" system and promiscuous drinking is put more forcibly than we could have set it out ourselves. And this, not from the columns of a religious journal, but from the financial columns of our biggest daily. Young business men—sit up and take notice.

A CALL TO ARMS.

The winter is almost over, and spring is at hand and THE ELECTIONS.

Already the Liberty Leagues are being electrified into life—organisers are travelling from town to town—and literature is being disseminated.

How interesting some meetings must be. Mr. Punchbowl, of the "Golden Goose," in the chair, and Secretary Rednose, of the "Coach and Horses," reading the minutes.

Vice-president, the right royal lessee of the "Commercial," proposes a felicitous motion and the good landlord of the "Royal" seconds it.

The lessee of the local racecourse moves "that the wowsers be condemned unheard," and the local bookmaker seconds it.

Then the "bottles are broken," and a typical Liberty League committee meeting terminates. At the same time, the said Leaguers are after the public eye and ear, and it is "up to us" to get to work, too.

What are we doing? There are always faithful souls who keep up their energies to the full, but what are the rank and file doing?

Are you helping?

How you say?

Hie you to the local league and enrol yourself. Some work will soon be found that you can undertake.

Be in the fight. How could you keep out of it?

If you are still worried as to what you can do, write the Editor, and he will get you to work pretty quickly. He can always find something in the way of a solid proposition for the earnest worker to tackle.

We must needs meet good organisation with just as efficient work, or we shall lose the battle.

See that YOU help.

PLEDGE-SIGNING CRUSADE

We acknowledge with warmest thanks the following donations:—Miss Moor, 20/-; M.D., 30/-; Mis Mode, 1/-; Mrs. Bingle, 5/-; W. Buckingham, 21/-; Friend X., 3/-; Mary Hannam, 6/-; St. Andrew's Band of Hope, Summer Hill, £2. Collected by Mr. McDonnell at Warah Station, £3/4/-.

THREE TIMES GREATER THAN TITANIC.

In a recent report the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages for England and Wales gives a total of 4667 deaths from alcoholism, delirium tremens, and cirrhosis of the liver. Of these 2674 were men and 1993 women, more than half being under 55 years of age.

There perished in the Titanic disaster 1503 people. These recorded victims of excessive drinking, comments "Everybody's Monthly," Belfast, are equal to three Titanic disasters—all drowned in the sea of drink.

In the last ten years the recorded cases of such deaths in England and Wales have exceeded 60,000. As Mr. G. B. Wilson points out:—"These figures only represent a small fraction of the drink-caused mortality in this country. There is a natural disinclination on the part of the medical profession to pain the survivors in a family by placing on a public document a record of the moral tragedy involved in a death due to excessive drinking, and the figures given above, therefore, only represent the cases where circumstances compelled a plain statement of fact."

Quite recently the W.C.T.U. of New Zealand passed the following resolution, which is a striking commentary of the oft-repeated question, Is No-License a success? :—

"That this Union tenders its sincere congratulations to His Honor Sir Joshua Williams on the presentation to him, for the fourth time in succession, of a pair of white gloves at Invercargill, in token of the fact that there were no criminal cases to be dealt with by him in the Supreme Court there. It expresses its conviction that his happy immunity from crime is largely due to the fact the principle of No-License obtains in this city, and regards it as furnishing a strong argument for the national Prohibition of the liquor traffic."

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STARVED TO DEATH.

DRINK INSTEAD OF FOOD.

OLD MAN'S AWFUL END.

Some astounding revelations were made at the inquest held by Mr. Maitland concerning the death of Mr. Thomas Warrel, who died at Granville under dreadful conditions last week.

DIED FROM WANT OF FOOD.

Dr. Reginald Bowman, the Government Medical Officer, stated that on the 6th instant he was at Dalley-street, Granville, and saw the body of an old man about seventy years of age lying on the floor on bagging in an out-house. The conditions of the rooms were filthy; the bed, which was full of vermin, was immediately burned; the body was emaciated. The cause of death was due to want of proper food, and use of alcohol. The deceased was suffering from an enlargement of the liver, and had the appearance of one addicted to drink. It was not desirable that old men of this class should be allowed the free use of money they were entitled to under the Old Age Pension Act. They were not capable of using the money for their own benefit. The place where the body was found was not fit for human habitation.

WHERE SMALLPOX BREEDS.

Any man living under similar conditions, said Dr. Bowman, was a menace to the neighborhood. Such places were breeding grounds for smallpox, typhoid, and other diseases. Many old age pensioners spend the bulk of their pension in drink, immediately they get it, and starve for the rest of the month.

THE COST OF LIVING.

James Chambers, eighty years of age, has solved the cost of living. He is receiving 10s. per week, which he said kept him comfortable, and allowed him to spend 2s. and 6d. per week on drink. On the previous day he had eight whiskies and got drunk, and was locked up. He had been working until a few years ago, and had earned as much as £10 a week, and was no better off. He did not drink much. He saw the deceased on Saturday, but did not see him on Monday or Tuesday, although living in the same house. He looked into the room on Wednesday morning, and saw the deceased dead; he died alone. The deceased was a very heavy drinker, and drank all the money he got. He would not buy food, but bought drink.

DIED AT THE GATES.

Mr. Jeremiah Regan, chief attendant at the Macquarie Street asylum, had twenty years' experience. They frequently received back old men who had gone out of the Institution for the Old Age Pension. These men came back in a filthy condition; some were very weak. One man died at the gate whilst he was being admitted; and two died within twenty-four hours. Men came back suffering from the effects of drink. Personally,

he did not think that men addicted to drink should have the control of money.

NOT A MORSEL OF FOOD.

Sergeant Hines saw the body in the room, as described by the doctor. The room was foul, and the place unfit for human habitation; there was not a morsel of food in the place. The body had no clothing on it from the waist down, and only an old coat on the shoulders. There was no shirt on the body, which was covered with vermin. There were no blankets or sheets, only a bag. There were no marks of violence on the body. He had known the deceased for six months, and he was continually hanging about hotels. He was addicted to drink. Old age pensioners addicted to drink would be much better off in institutions. He had found men wandering about Granville in a drunken condition, with no trousers on.

A BAD SYSTEM.

Senior Constable MacDonald, from Rookwood, stated that during the past three years many old men who were granted the Old Age Pension had left the Rookwood Asylum; some of them rented empty rooms about Hyde Park and Rookwood. These rooms were unfurnished, and the men slept on bags. They had no provisions for cooking anything, and no sanitary arrangements. When they started drinking they neglected cooking any food, or keeping themselves clean. This continued until they were sent back to the Asylum in a filthy condition. Any man addicted to drink should not have possession of money.

THE DRUNKEN AFTERMATH.

Senior Constable Allison said the deceased was a tinsmith; a native of England, and was about seventy-four. Witness paid a number of pensioners their allowances, but was empowered to keep back sufficient for their board and residence, if necessary. Every day there were from 12 to 15 old age pensioners before the court, charged with similar offences of drunkenness. He knew there was a considerable amount of drinking by old men, who drank to excess. If a man was convicted twice in twelve months for drunkenness, his pension would be cancelled; if he was convicted once, he would be cautioned. Sometimes when the pensioners got their pension cancelled, they would get it back again.

WILY PENSIONERS.

Some of the pensioners were very cunning; they would draw their pension and spend it in a couple of days, and then go to the Asylum. There were some men who drew full pensions, and yet spent the greater portion of their time in asylums. Unless men addicted to drink were controlled in some way, they should not have money, for they

spent it foolishly, and were a nuisance to the community.

A BETTER SYSTEM WANTED.

Mr. Maitland found that the deceased died from want of proper food, accelerated by the use of alcohol. The Coronor added: It appears to me that it would be manifestly better if men of this class had more careful supervision with regard to their money.

THE MAN WHO SERVES "RUINATION."

Too little attention is paid to those who serve the drunkard. The law says a man who is intoxicated is not to be served with more drink, and this law is broken a thousand times a week in N.S.W., and this is not a figure of speech. To aggravate the offence, the poor drunkard is frequently supplied with a bottle neatly wrapped with a leaflet prepared by the Liberty League setting forth the "advantages!" of alcohol. Until the man who serves the liquor is made responsible, we shall as a community be daily disgraced by such things as are illustrated and emphasised by the case under notice. There is an argument and an incentive in this case for No-License.

HE NEVER BLAMED THE BOOZE.

His constitution was run down.

At least that's what he said.

His legs were swelled each morning,

And he often had swelled head.

He tackled wine and whisky,

And if they didn't fuse,

He blamed it to dyspepsia,

But he never blamed the booze.

He said he couldn't sleep at night

And always had bad dreams;

He claims he always lay awake

'Till early sunrise beams.

He thought it was malaria,

Alas, 'twas but a ruse,

He blamed it on most everything,

But he never blamed the booze.

He took a bottle up to bed.

Drank whisky hot each night,

Drank cocktails in the morning,

But never could get tight.

He shivered in the evenings,

And always had the blues

Until he took a ball or two,

But never blamed the booze.

His joints were full of rheumatism

And appetite was slack,

He had pains between his shoulders

And pains right down his back.

He suffered with insomnia

And sleep he would refuse,

He said it was the climate,

But he never blamed the booze.

His liver needed scraping;

His kidney's had the gout,

He swallowed lots of bitters,

'Till at last they clean him out.

His legs were swelled with dropsy,

'Till he had to cut his shoes;

He blamed it on the doctors,

But he never blamed the booze.

A. & W. MUTCH,**Merchant Tailors,****Ladies' Costumes A Speciality.****Clerical and Evening Dress Suits.****MENTION "GRIT" AND INQUIRE OUR TERMS.****75 GOULBURN STREET (near Pitt Street) SYDNEY.****No-License and White Faces.**

To the Editor of "Grit."

Sir,—It has been put forth by many that the stimulating effect of a drop of good stuff cheers the cockles of the heart, etc., and we have it on record that in some cases, nourishment is derived from the judicious taking of a glass of Guinness' stout, ale, etc., which is said to contain the necessary quantum of barley and malt for which the system craves. Many writers in favor of the liquor traffic have taken great care to enlighten us, if we are not already aware of it, that all through the counties of the home land, there stands as a never dying evidence, the result of what a careful usage of these favorite and palatable beverages have produced, and that all down along the line we have to admit that the old stock stands pre-eminently above the rising generation in point of longevity, etc., and this attributable to the fact, that their chief drink from early childhood was the resistless glass of beer, etc.

We are, of course, alive to the fact that our good old forefathers were supplied with a better class of stuff than that as now guzzled by the many in this part of the world, but our experience teaches us, that bad is the best, as all drinkers admit, that the more they have the more they want, and the thirst becomes an insatiable one indeed.

We are repeatedly reminded that in many places where the liquor does not so much abound, there are pale faces in galore, and that a drop would do much good, indeed.

The best panacea for this awful traffic is surely total prohibition of the manufacture of it. This is hard to overcome, for we know that there are those who have vested interests in its manufacture, but if it is to go, it must sooner or later do so in no uncertain way, and disappear for ever. Notwithstanding the fact that some who draw big returns from its sales, would not like their names brought out into the open daylight.

Before the closing of the public bars on Sunday came about, many thought that the drink supply would suffer much and diminish a great deal, but we have noticed an appalling increase in the output instead, which goes to show us that men will drink, though the heavens fall, and that this traffic will increase by leaps and bounds unless some effective remedy can very soon be applied.

On our Sydney railway station just recently, I had the job to lift the prostrate form of a female who had suddenly deposited herself on the topmost step. I do not think she intended beforehand to camp there, and had it not been through the influence of liquor, she would not have chosen a cold step as an haven of rest. Respectably dressed as she was, if in her sober senses, she would

have been thoroughly ashamed of herself. The same evening I heard gushing forth lustily from the throat of someone's beauty behind the pub screen, that old familiar air, "Wait Till the Clouds Roll by Jennie." I thought how true, poor Jennie waiting at home surrounded by clouds of sorrow, empty cupboard, half-starved, not able to obtain the common necessities to keep body and soul intact.

Does it not make us weep for the awful state of things so rampant in all directions. The struggling masses, the improvident class are not able to take their wives out in an ordinary wheelbarrow, while the publican and his lot can sit back in a nicely upholstered carriage or a motor-car.

When will we give up drinking and set to thinking? Sir Andrew Wilson, one of our best authorities on alcohol, tells us of its different bad effects upon the system, and that the medical profession are finding out its true effect, so that its disuse is almost within sight.

Much could be said upon the question of

intemperance that is stealing away the powers of some of our best intellects.

Many of our reformed boozers can attest to this fact, for all have told us that they are much better in health and vastly improved in pocket since they gave it up altogether.

To become a drunkard, the first step is the moderate drinker, and although pale faces have been the order of the day in a good many communities, yet we have it as an established fact that we are better off in every way without it.

The liquor traffic is an unwarranted monopoly, giving employment to comparatively few, but robbing ten times that number, while the great Creator meant for all hands better work, better pay, everybody comfortable and well-off. When we are emancipated out of this awful whirlpool of vice and misery, then shall we bid farewell to all jails, constabulary forces, and every unneeded institution. For when the nation becomes sober and ever on the alert, we shall have no time or space for cronk doing, and by the disappearance of strong drink right off the scene, we shall soon bring about this great desideratum.—I am, etc.,

J. POULTER.

"My friends," said a politician, the other day, with a burst of ingenious eloquence, "I will be honest—" The terrible outburst of applause which followed this remark entirely upset the point which the orator was about to introduce.

**"THE WHISKY WITH THE MOURNING AFTER"**

—From "Collier's National Weekly."

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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Manager—J. BRADFIELD.
Address: Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.
Office: 33 Park Street, City.

NEW ZEALAND SUBSCRIBERS.

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

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

Important Notice.

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

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1913.

LEARN SHORTHAND FROM MR. SUMMERHAYES, F.I.P.S.

When it comes to actual results no teacher can show a better record than Mr. Summerhayes. His students consistently secure top positions in public examinations and receive remunerative appointments. Our book dealing with this important subject will be sent on request, and a list of these remarkable successes will show why you should avail yourself of this superior instruction.

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

The Case for No-License

IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

By ARCHDEACON F. B. BOYCE.

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

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

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

A Personal Chat with my readers

WATTLE DAY.

Mr. J. H. Maiden, president of the New South Wales Wattle Day League, writes:—

"This is the fifth annual letter that I have written on the subject of Wattle Day, and I shall be very grateful if you will kindly allow me to invite the attention of your readers to this anniversary.

"Our celebration this year will take the same form as last, viz., the planting or a large collection of wattles in the Centennial Park, and a public meeting in the evening, at which his Honor the Chief Justice and the Hon. Minister for Agriculture will speak.

"Our league does not identify itself with any movement for the raising of money for charitable or other purposes by means of the wattle. If other organizations do so, that is their own business. The New South Wales organization contents itself with propagandist work.

"I think it is a fair claim to make that the league has been the means of causing greater interest to be taken in wattles and their planting, and also in native plants generally.

"The past year has shown increasing use of the wattle as a national emblem. For example, the High Commissioner of the Commonwealth used it in London on the occasion of the celebration of Australia's Anniversary Day. The wattle has been freely used in the Commonwealth coat of arms, as accepted by the College of Heraldry. It is used in the postal notes, and it is contemplated to use it in the new issue of postage stamps.

"The Australian community in Capetown wore wattle on the occasion of the visit of H.M.A.S. Australia.

"September 1 is a little late for the fullest development of this beautiful flower in Sydney, but it may be confidently predicted that Monday will see the beautiful flower very freely in evidence in Sydney and throughout New South Wales. The flower breathes nothing but friendship and goodwill to all."

The "Daily Telegraph" says:—

THE PRIZE-FIGHT- ING "BOOM."

"Twelve months ago the Stadium at Rushcutters Bay was roofed, and during that period something like 700,000 spectators have looked on at boxing bouts.

"The figures, at a near approximation, are made up as follow:—

Saturday night contests....	468,000
Wednesday night contests..	90,000
Matinees	75,000
Total	633,000

"In addition there have been thousands who attended charity fetes in which boxing played a big part. It is estimated that when

all those who have been admitted to the Stadium in the year are accounted for the aggregate attendance is not very far short of 700,000, or somewhere about as many people as there are in Sydney. And the men who got to the Stadium range from the man who walks there to save his tram fare to the man who comes in a motor-car, occasionally appears in evening dress, and gets through a few shilling cigars in the course of the performance."

I believe that on the whole these contests are doing harm to the thousands who watch them. The element of true sport has given place to pure commercialism, and these so-called boxing contests are nothing but prize fights. One man told me the other day that he had paid 20/- to see a fight at the Stadium, and that he had seen 27 that evening. He certainly got his money's worth, and paid for it at the Central Police Court on Monday morning. The history of a Stadium contest is think fight, see fight, talk fight, drink success to fights, and then fight and tell the magistrate you had a few drinks in and hope he will give you a chance. There is one thing, however, that stands out pre-eminently, viz., the testimony of all in the fighting business as to the necessity and unquestioned value of total abstinence. John L. Sullivan, one time world's champion, is now temperance lecturer. The famous Jim Corbett says:—"I know a great many pugilists who do not drink, and one of that class is James J. Corbett." Owen Moran, the famous English boxer just arrived here, is very emphatic about the value of total abstinence. If only this sport could be saved from the commercialism that makes it so crooked and the knock-out blow that makes it so brutal! But then we fear that if this was so, it would cease to have a following, and become as insipid to the fight fans who are out for blood and the promoters who are out for money as alcoholic drinks are to drinking men when you reduce their strength to the point of non-intoxication.

The Editor

NO-LICENSE ENTHUSIASM.

PROTESTANT HALL, Castlereagh St.,
CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP MEETING.

8 p.m.—Chairman: HON. JOSEPH COOK,
M.H.R. (Prime Minister of the Commonwealth).

Speaker: REV. R. B. S. HAMMOND.
"Pushing the Bottle off the Earth."

Solo.—Selected by Mr. W. J. Warneford.

An Overwhelming Exposure.

SOME LIQUOR LIES OF LAST CAMPAIGN.

A cable appeared in the Sydney "Daily Telegraph," September 2nd, 1910:—

Wellington, N.Z., September 1st.—"Mr. V. G. Day, Police Magistrate at Timaru, says his experience is that there are more temptations to drink in no-license districts than in districts having licenses. Liquor is kept in practically every house, dipsomoniacs thus having many opportunities for secret drinking."

This was posted up outside the public-houses.

The Truth.—Mr. Complin, secretary of N.S.W. Alliance, cabled to N.Z. regarding the matter, and received the reply: "Large indignation meeting at Ashburton yesterday unanimously declared Magistrate Day's Timaru statement utterly misleading and fallacious. Day interviewed by 'Ashburton Guardian' said the opinion he expressed was directed only to the case before him, and was **never intended** as a reflection on and working of no-license in any district." Despite the denial the poster remained up and the card containing the erroneous version largely circulated! Beware next time!

N.Z. POLICE INSPECTORS' REPORT.

The Liquor Version.—A liquor print stated that Inspectors Ellison, Mitchell, and Kiely reported adversely on no-license.

The Truth.—Enquiries were made, and the Hon. J. G. Findlay, Minister for Justice, sent the following letter to the secretary of N.Z. Alliance:—"Wellington, October 8th, 1910.—It is **untrue** that the reports of Inspectors Ellison and Mitchell are adverse to no-license. On the contrary, the substance of their replies is **greatly in favor** of the advantages of no-license over license as regards the temptations to drink. I may add that with the **exception** of Inspector Kiely, all the Inspectors of Police in N.Z. report substantially in favor of no-license from the point of view of law and order.—Yours truly, J. G. FINDLAY, Minister for Justice."

Electors! Be careful! Once bitten, twice shy!

THE "SMOKING" LETTER.

The Liquor Version.—The following letter was posted to electors in electorates on the Northern Rivers a day or two before the poll:

"Sydney, 1st October, 1910. Dear Sir or Madam,—Now we have the cursed drink under our heels, our next move must be to sweep away the dirty and injurious habit of smoking. When the new Government meets the Premier will be urged to give us local option in this matter also, and your co-op-

eration in the movement is earnestly requested.—Yours faithfully, J. BOYD, Hon. Sec. N.S.W. Alliance." This was scandalous. People afraid of the verdict of the public on the liquor traffic do not stick at trifles! The Alliance has **nothing** to do with the smoking question.

There is no one named Boyd in the Alliance, and the circular was a lie.

THEY START EARLY THIS TIME.

Mr. F. G. Cheesman, a "Liberty" (!) League Lecturer, speaking at Mudgee on March 27th, 1913:—"It had been proved beyond doubt that **as much** drinking went on in no-license countries as in license countries. Look at certain counties in New Zealand, where about 85 per cent. of the homes of the people were sly-grog shops." These statements are **lies**. In 1910 a Parliamentary return proved that in license areas the people spent £4/3/6 per head; in no-license areas only 16/-!

The statement that 85 per cent. of the homes of the people are sly-grog shops classifies the speaker as totally unfit to talk to **intelligent** people. Why not say 100 per cent.?

Mr. Cheesman at Bathurst in April last stated that the municipal authorities in the State of Maine had spent £270,000 on a new inebriate asylum.

Mr. J. B. Youdale (Sydney) wrote to the Governor of Maine, and his reply appeared in the "Daily Telegraph":—

"Augusta, May 28th, 1913. Dear Sir,—Yours with reference to the Bathurst clipping received. This is all news to me. I never knew before that we had a home for inebriates in the State, or that anyone ever proposed that we should have one. What drunks we have are committed to these gaols. We also have two insane asylums, in which are many cases caused from the use of alcoholic liquors. But I don't know that we have any other institution in which people are confined suffering from alcoholism. Our State has had prohibition for 50 years, and has recently voted, after considerable agitation, to retain it. The report in this clipping is one of the many **lies** which are being circulated all over the world about the State of Maine and about the prohibitory law. **They have their origin with the rum party.**—William T. Haines, Governor of Maine."

This speaks for itself. Be on your guard.
VOTE FOR NO-LICENSE.

FELLOW WORKERS.

Hark, Christian men and women,
To you the power is given
To cheer God's little children
While marching on to Heaven.
To prove by your example
The way to Heaven is plain—
To help them, should they stumble,
To rise and march again.

The devil sets his hell-traps
In every lane and street,
To stop God's soldiers marching
And trip unwary feet.
And when he sees them falling
He chuckles at their pain,
While Christ, who died to save them,
Is crucified again.

Ye Christian men and women
Who pray "Thy Kingdom come,"
Don't let men block His highways
With casks of beer and rum,
With waggon-loads of whiskey,
Of brandy, wine, and gin.
How can your Holy Master
Reign over so much sin.

And if at morn and even
"Thy will be done" you pray,
Don't let the devil's parlors
Stop all along life's way—
Traps where both men and women,
Aye, little children, too,
Learn daily, nightly, hourly
The devil's will to do.

Prayer without work but mocks Him,
The Christ who loves men so,
And longs with earnest longing
To come and reign below.
He calls you "Fellow-workers,"
And watches day by day
To see you foil old Satan
And take his power away.

Cast out, cast out all evil,
Then will He come to reign,
And peace and joy and gladness
Belong to Earth again.
And those who learn to labor
And watch as well as pray
Shall share in all the glory
Of that blest crowning Day.
A.J.P., for "Grit."

HOW THE MINISTER IS TREATED.

Once upon a time a manager asked George Ade if he had ever been taken for a minister.

"No," replied Ade, "but I have been treated like one."

"How was that?"

"I have been kept waiting for my salary six or seven months."

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS PREPARED.

HENRY KNIGHT,

Builder and Contractor,

WRITE ME.

REGENT STREET, PETERSHAM

The sun shines all day long,
The moon shines in the night,
The little stars their watches keep—
They are a lovely sight.
There's something else that also shines,
And helps us life to endure,
It's talked about all over the world—
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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 Sky Pilot of the Lumberjacks

(Continued from Page 3.)

here in the street—he appears to be in trouble. Perhaps you might assist him.”

Mr. Higgins' introduction to the town of Barnum, also in the Minnesota lumber woods, to which he had gone some years earlier, was different, though almost as surprising to the citizens, and much more truly typical of the minister. Here Mr. Higgins in his first morning's walk came upon a man who was using one of the slushy gutters of the town for a couch. His feet were thoughtfully pillowed on the sidewalk, but the rest of him, including his head, wallowed drunkenly in the gutter, while a crowd stood about him and jeered at his antics. The minister was horrified.

ALWAYS A NEED FOR A SAMARITAN.

“Boys! Boys! Boys!” he exclaimed reproachfully. “This poor fellow is a human being like ourselves—just like you or I would be if we put into our mouths the same stuff he has in his.” After which very short sermon the minister himself went into the gutter. The drunkard was heavy and recalcitrant, but the minister soon had his head instead of his feet upon the curb, and was combing the mud out of his hair and beard with his fingers. Efforts to get the man on his feet, however, failed. He was in the first stages of delirium tremens, and began to fight off attention. The men who had been teasing him gaped curiously, half defiant and half ashamed, while the minister talked soothingly to the drunkard and industriously scraped the mud from his garments with a shingle.

“He'll freeze to death before morning. You'll have to help me carry him,” the minister said, as he dropped the shingle, shook the mud from his fingers, and turned to mark the descent of the sun, whose noonday rays had softened the slush that would be hard as steel before midnight.

“Carry him? Where?” asked the onlookers in wonder.

“To the hotel,” answered Higgins in a matter-of-fact voice. “I'm going to get a room for him.”

A room for a drunken, filth-stained lumberjack! The idea was ludicrous. The men threw back their heads and laughed uproariously. But the minister waited patiently till their laughter had subsided, and then said: “Take hold, men!” And the men amiably carried the resisting maudlin toward the nearest hotel, which, like all other businesses in Barnum, was merely an adjunct to a saloon. This saloon consisted of impossible beds in impossible rooms over the bar; but the saloon keeper protested loudly.

“Put that dirty hog in a room?” he queried, his lips curling with disgust.

“But I am going to wash him,” exclaimed the minister, mildly. There was an exchange of glances, almost a dropping of jaws, among the gathering crowd.

“Anyhow,” the saloon keeper urged decisively, “the feller's broke.”

“I will pay,” said the minister.

“Well, I be damned,” exclaimed the saloon keeper, turning with a disgusting shrug and motioning toward the stairs.

The man's name, it appeared, was Louie, and he was a well-known character. The boys helped carry him upstairs and the Rev. Higgins set to work to get him clean enough to put to bed. It took basins and basins of water and much soap, as well as a strong stomach to do the work, but the minister did it. These lumber workers wear several pairs of socks at once to keep their feet warm. This man's feet had been encased in the same covering during his week-long jamboree, and when Higgins pulled off Louie's rubber boots and one by one his pairs of socks, the last of them brought the skin from his feet like the peeling from an onion. Revolting details? Yes, but possibly more revolting to the good samaritan of the lumber woods than to us, and it helps us to know what manner of man it was that punched the jaw of Sore-eyed Kelley in Bemidji. This Gospel of the “right hook” was not such a bad Gospel after all in the place where it was practiced. And Higgins is rather more of a practicer than a preacher. Some of his practices sound queer in the telling, too, at least to the ultraconservative. For instance, the minute Higgins got Louie into bed he made a bee line for the bar and bought a large flask of whisky. All night thereafter Higgins sat up and fed this whisky to the drunkard—fed it in carefully graduated and diminishing doses.

(To be continued.)

Death of Professor Clouston

(Continued from Page 4.)

tion, with the result that a number of young men received from him the inspiration that led them to join the ministry, among them being Dr. E. N. Merrington, Rev. W. G. Sharpe, Rev. Chas. Whyte, Rev. G. Logan, Rev. Donald M'Kay Barnett, Rev. J. A. Perkins, and Rev. J. Edwards. While at Glebe, Dr. Clouston's sincere evangelical preaching, gracious pastoral work, and faithfulness to every duty of a parish minister, endeared him to his congregation.

For many years Dr. Clouston has been a member of the State Council of the Alliance. During the recent illness of Archdeacon Boyce, he filled the position of acting president, doing splendid service. He was a vice-president at the time of his death.

Those who were present at the last State Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, will always remember his strong advocacy of keeping the No-License flag flying. He will be greatly missed from the Alliance.

His funeral was largely attended by all sections of the community. The Alliance was represented by Ven. Archdeacon Boyce, president, Rev. J. Buchan, T. Davies and Mr. A. Gow, vice-presidents, Mr. J. Marion, General Secretary, and others. The State Council sent a wreath in token of their respect for the late Professor.

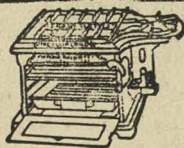
By his death the Presbyterian Church has sustained a heavy loss, whilst the whole moral and religious forces of Sydney are the poorer for the removal of one whose name will live in the hearts of the people.

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582-584 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY (Next Door Crystal Palace).



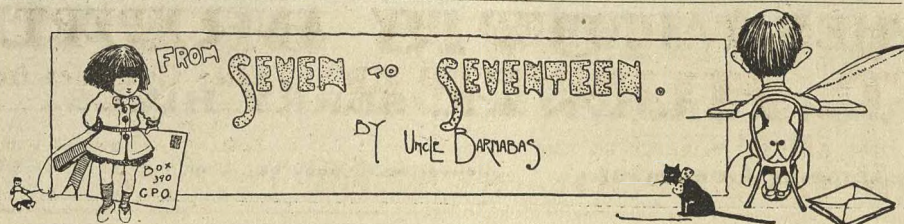
**Have You
A Fletcher-Russell Griller?**

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

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

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



SILENCE BELTS.

The Lighthouse Board has been trying to learn why it is that whistling buoys can sometimes be heard and at other times, under the seemingly same conditions and at the same places, cannot be heard at all.

There appear to exist what are called silence belts. If a ship is in one of these silence belts, it will not hear the whistling buoy, though it may be near enough to see the escaping steam when the whistle sounds.

Sometimes the warning will be audible on deck, but inaudible to the man up aloft fifty feet above the deck. Sometimes the man aloft will hear the sound distinctly, but it will be entirely audible on deck. Sometimes, while the sound is faintly heard, on a sudden will come a few sharp blasts as if the buoy were close at hand, and then the sound will fade away again. Sometimes as the experimenting vessel moved back and forth it would move into and out of the silence belt in a most unaccountable fashion.

There seem to be strata of air which bend the sound waves upward and again allow them to descend farther on, thus causing silence belts beneath the upward bend; though just why certain strata of air do this and others do not has not yet appeared.

The phenomenon troubles sailors, and doubtless causes an occasional shipwreck. It is one of the many perils of the deep. It is also a perilous phenomenon on the sea of life. Here also we move often into silence-belts, where warnings are heard but feebly, or not at all. In these regions that whistling buoy, our conscience, seems to go to sleep. If it is shouting to us at all, its cry passes over our heads. We move on unhearing, and so unheeding, until the first we know we are in the breakers and upon the rocks.

But there is one important difference: On the sea of life there is no mystery connected with the phenomeon. We know just what causes the deflection of the sound. Indeed, we ourselves have the making of those silence-belts.

If we stop real praying, we make a silence belt and warnings do not penetrate and disaster is ahead of us. Look out, ne's and ni's, when you don't hear and don't feel God, it is time to be anxious and seek Him with a whole heart.

UNCLE B.

FOR SUNDAY.

Will you make a Bible clock? That is, will you find the different times of the day in which God has spoken to men.

A NEW NE.

Stanley Murray, Dorrigo, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—This is the very first time

I have ever wrote to you. I hope you are quite well, and hope you will not mind me writing to you. I am sending you a photo of my sister Alice and myself; the dog's name is Rover; he was only a pup when the photo was taken. I would like very much to know if you have been to Dorrigo. Young people's day is just past, we had much singing; I, myself, said the first Psalm, some said poetry, and we had a very good time. I expect you will like to know my age. I am eleven years of age on May 24 last.—Your loving Ne.

(Dear Stanley,—I am very pleased you have begun to write to me, and hope you will do so again and tell me your favorite games and what lessons you like best at school. Thank you for the photo.—Uncle B.)

TURNING WHEELS.

Edith Davey, Gordon-road, Artarmon, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Mother gave me a fowl, and it is laying; it is grey with a dark neck. I gave a little girl a doll the other day, and the legs came off to-day when she took it to the practice for the great demonstration. I have a big doll and a baby doll. I am helping to turn one of the wheels in, "The Wheels of Time are Ever Turning."—I remain, your loving Ni.

(Dear Edith,—So you are helping to turn a wheel, and remember they could not very well do without you. I hope all my Ne's and Ni's are honestly helping to turn the No-License wheel. Every little push helps,



CLARICE CLOUT.

and every prayer, penny and copy of "Grit" is a push. Please push very hard for the next few weeks.—Uncle B.)

A WORD TO SCALLAWAGS.

Iola, Warkworth, New Zealand, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose I am privileged to address you thus, though I cannot say I have been received as a Ni, and I am too old now to become one. I am writing to let some of your scallawag Ne's know that, though their letters are rather scarce, they are much appreciated. Why does not Bonny Edwards, Emma, and Kathleen Rankin, Molly and Milcie write more often, do you know? I am sure if they knew how their letters are read and enjoyed they would



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The Editor, "Photography and Focus," London.

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make an effort. I enjoy all the letters on page 11, but particularly those mentioned. Emma and Kathleen Rankin's letters were the first to interest me in "Grit." Now I always read it and think it one of the best little Prohibition papers published. I see your Ni's and Ne's are always mentioning their favorite books. Might I venture to name some of mine, also advise some of the relations to read them when possible. "The Greatest Thing in the World," by Henry Drummond; "The Prince of the House of David," by Rev. Ingraham; "Peace and Happiness," by Lord Avebury; "Use of Life"; "Life of Henry Drummond"; "Thirty Years in the East End," by F. Aitken. I hope I have not taken up too much of your valuable time. Need I say I am a Prohibitionist. Best wishes for "Grit" and its relations.

(Dear Iola,—You are a welcome hon. Ni., and I am so pleased you have sent a message to some of my dear scallawags. I hope they will respond. Some day I hope to enlarge "Grit," and then letters won't be kept waiting as they are now.—Uncle B.)

HELPING A CHINAMAN.

Edna Stone, Briar Vale, Cootralantra, Cooma, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Thanks very much for not entering me on the forgotten list. June quarter I won in the examination. Twenty-one children go to our school, and our teacher has an honor list, and whoever beats for the week get their name on this list, and one called a dux list, and whoever beat for the quarter with good work get their name on this list. The Chinaman got tipped up in the creek and the shafts with the horse in went straight up in the air. My brother Raymond and another person helped him fix his loading. Not many things got wet. When they got the loading off he said we could have any fruit we liked, and there were pears, bananas, apples, mandarins and lemons (if we wanted them without sugar). We have had great floods, and a big hole was filled with sand and the wheels of the Chinaman's cart got bogged. The floods did a great lot of damage about this district lately. But we have had beautiful sunshiny days and frosty nights this last five or six days. Do you like ice about two or three inches thick? The little birds sing now just like they do in early spring. Would you please send me a collecting card for the Children's Special. Bonny has at last written her short and sweet letter. We watch for Bonny's letters. What has become of Mabel Muller, Uncle. Yes; all the afflicted bore their sadness bravely. I was painting a flag (A Union Jack). Well, Uncle, it's pretty well bed-time. I'll have to close with love to all my cousins and yourself.—I remain, your loving Ni.

(Dear Edna,—Good luck to you and all the

Ne's and Ni's who are helping by collecting. I am so pleased to hear how your brother helped the Chinaman; it is good of him to be so generous with his fruit. I just love the cold, and don't mind ice a bit, except when someone puts it down my back.—Uncle B.)

NEVER STOP FOR CRYING.

Winnifred Stone, Briar Vale, Cootralantra, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—By yesterday's "Grit" our letters came out in print. We may be pretty well sure that they would not be left out all together after such a long silence. We all sympathise with poor cousin Agnes McDowell for such a long illness of hers. I thought I was in bed a long time when I had the scarlet fever, but poor Agnes was in bed months more than I was. Mother is giving me a photograph of little Lawrence Tickner (our schoolteacher's son) in the snow on the 12. 12. 12. We were sorry we couldn't send it at the time. It was just like a real English Christmas in Australia, or at Cootralantra, rather. As we are the only Cootralantra cousins at present, we hope to do something in the line that cousin Dora Howell mentioned. Edna and I are trying to get some of our mates to write. We've been trying ever since we became your Ni's, but we must remember the old proverb: "If you've tried and have not won, never stop for crying, all that's great and good is done just by patient trying." Next time you come to Cooma, and I know you are there, I will give you a coo-ee, and you can take a drive round if you have time. I just love reading, I could read all day. Some of the books I have read I could read them over a dozen times and never get tired of them. Daddy started on his annual trip on the 6th instant, and won't be back till November. I think I am getting old, but I always say Daddy and Mum, and then I think I am only little. I'll be fourteen next December. Our wee cousin Leonard can write a lovely letter. I have a little brother aged five, and one two years old, and I think they love each other too hard sometimes. We have just had a big flood, the biggest about here for 23 years. It washed away a lot of fences, and washed great poles in the creeks. My sister Stella is going to sit for, and try to pass, an examination next March for a school teacher. She is still in Cooma, and she is pretty silent because I never see any of her letters in "Grit." Excuse me, please, Uncle B., but I forgot you had asked me a question and I haven't answered it. Well, the other two prizes I won on Empire Day were a pair of patty-tins and a handkerchief, both in foot-races. I would like to hear some of yours or Mr. Hammond's lectures. You ought to get some hair tonic to make your hair grow, so that the Ni's and Ne's wouldn't suspect

you when they see you. We are going to try and get our little receiving office transferred into a post-office, and then we could get postal-notes and P.O. orders. Mother belongs to the I.O.G.T., and we children are going to join the first chance we get. I can keep a secret when I care to do so. My schoolmate and Edna and I have kept a good many. I named one of my dolls after my best schoolmate, Irene. I will close now. Please excuse mistakes, as I am in a hurry, Uncle. So good-bye, with love from your loving Ni.

(Dear Winnifred,—What a splendid letter. Thank you for the snow picture, I will put it in "Grit" soon. I like your cheerful proverb, as you call it, and hope none of us will waste any time crying, but just keep smiling and keep moving. I have no faith in hair tonic, since a bald-headed barber tried to sell me some.—Uncle B.)

A HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

Bessie Nixon, "Monaro," Collins-street, Wagga Wagga, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Many thanks for kind birthday wishes. I will now tell you some of the presents I received: a dress, pair of gloves, handkerchiefs, fancy writing paper, and envelopes, an autograph book, a Royal Scout's delight, and blue, cream, red and brown hair-ribbons. My best doll, "Lady Rowena," also received a pretty cream smocked dress and a crochet bonnet to match. Mother said I am going to get my photo taken soon with "Lady Rowena." The infants' school had a "Mother's Day" yesterday, and some of the big girls served the tea. Isabel and I were the maids, and had aprons on, and we served out the cake and scones. Oh! have you been vaccinated yet, Uncle? I have not yet, but I suppose I will later on. I am going out to a farm for my Michaelmas holidays. Are you coming up for the show? I will coax Isabel, little by little, to write to you. The Rev. Mr. Menlove preached this morning, and Rev. Mr. Williams is going to preach to-night. At day-school on Wednesday, Mr. Williams nearly always teaches, and he is going to give two prizes to the girl or boy who comes out on top in an examination. I know one of your Ni's, Clarice Johnstone. She is one of my old schoolmates. Yesterday Isabel and I were on the one bike (double banker), and the next I knew, Isabel was sitting on top of me, and the bike on the top of her.—I remain, your loving Ni.

(Dear Bessie,—You did have a lovely birthday; some of your "cousins" will envy all those nice presents. Keep on coaxing your little friend, you will certainly get her to write. Yes; I have been vaccinated, and it did not take the first time, and did not take very much the second.—Uncle B.)

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THE GENUINE STAMP.

The diner became purple in the face, and spluttered with wrath.

"Waiter!" he managed to jerk out at last. "Yessir!"

"There's—confound it, waiter, there's a hair in the butter!"

He was a very good waiter, so he didn't lose his presence of mind. He just smiled and replied:

"Yessir—of course, sir. That's a cow's hair we always serve with our butter, sir, as a guarantee that it's not margarine!"

SHE SAW IT HERSELF.

"Farmers," said the fair city visitor, "are just as dishonest as the city milkmen."

"How d'ye make that out?" asked the farmer's wife.

"This morning," said the girl accusingly, "with my own eyes I saw your hired man water the cows just before he milked them."

WHY HE WAS SAFE IN SELLING.

While travelling in Scotland an American saw a very fine shepherd dog and tried to induce his owner to sell him.

"Wad ye be takin' him to America?" inquired the Scot.

"Yes, indeed!" replied the American.

"I thought as muckle," said the old man.

"I couldna pairt wi' Nero."

While they were talking an English tourist came along and the owner sold the dog to him for less than the American had offered.

"You told me you wouldn't sell that dog," said the latter after the purchaser had departed with the collie.

"Na, na," said the Scot; "I said I couldna pairt wi' him. Nero 'll be back in a day or two, but he couldna swim the Atlantic."

* * *

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"Why, Auntie," said an officer, "why don't you want me to take that sign down?"

"Well, sah," was the reply, "dey ain' be'n a bill collectah neah dis house sense dat sign went up. You-all let it alone."

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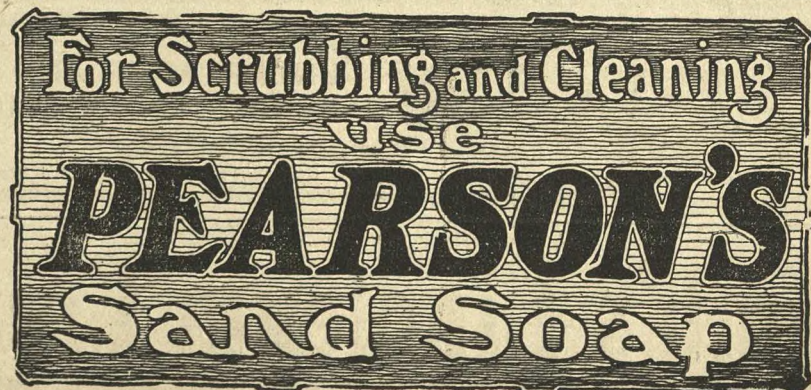
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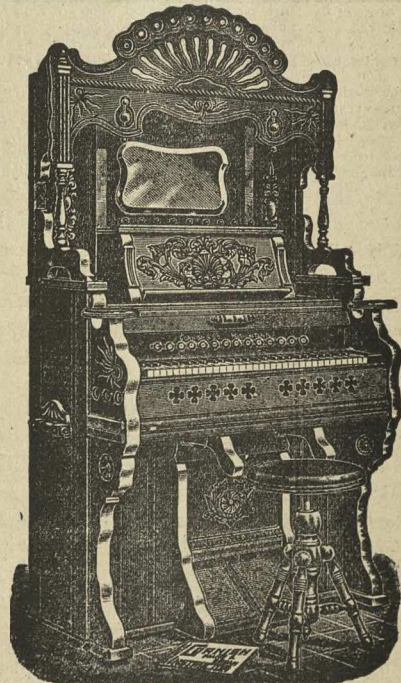
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(Continued.)

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66. Part of the Bible is not inspired.

That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

Heb. 4: 12.—For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any twoedged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

Rev. 22: 19.—And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book.

Rev. 22: 17, 18.—And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book. If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book.

67. What do you mean by believe? GOD'S ANSWER. Take a Lost Sinner's Place, and Claim a Lost Sinner's Saviour.

John 3: 16-19.—For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.

Isa. 53: 5, 6.—But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

68. Religion is all a sham.

James 1: 27.—Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this. To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

James 3: 17, 18.—But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.

69. I don't know whether these things are so or not.

Heb. 3: 7-19.—Wherefore (as the Holy Ghost saith, To day if ye will hear his voice, Harden not your hearts, as in the provocation, in the day of temptation in the wilderness:

When your father tempted me, proved me, and saw my works forty years.

Wherefore I was grieved with that generation, and said, They do always err in their heart; and they have not known my ways.

So I swear in my wrath, They shall not enter into my rest.)

Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God.

But exhort one another daily, while it is called To day; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.

For we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end;

While it is said, To day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts, as in the provocation.

For some, when they had heard, did provoke: howbeit not all that came out of Egypt by Moses. But with whom was he grieved forty years? was it not with them that had sinned, whose carcases fell in the wilderness?

And to whom swore he that they should not enter into his rest, but to them that believed not?

So we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief.

SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVES AND LIQUOR.

Referring to the practice of supplying liquor to the natives in South Africa, the "Standard" says:—"The law in the Transvaal is not tender to those who supply natives with liquor. The penalty is, indeed, six months' imprisonment with hard labor, and there are no fewer than 423 male Europeans undergoing sentence in the Pretoria Jail for this offence at the present time. Of these prisoners, 91 are returned as South African Dutch, 98 as South African but not Dutch, and 234 had their origin overseas. There are 23 female illicit liquor purveyors in jail as well. The profits of the trade are enormous, and the temptation to indulge in it is found irresistible, not only by foreign Jews of a low class, who engage in it in the vicinity of the mines, but by 'poor whites' of various nationalities, who carry it on in the country districts."

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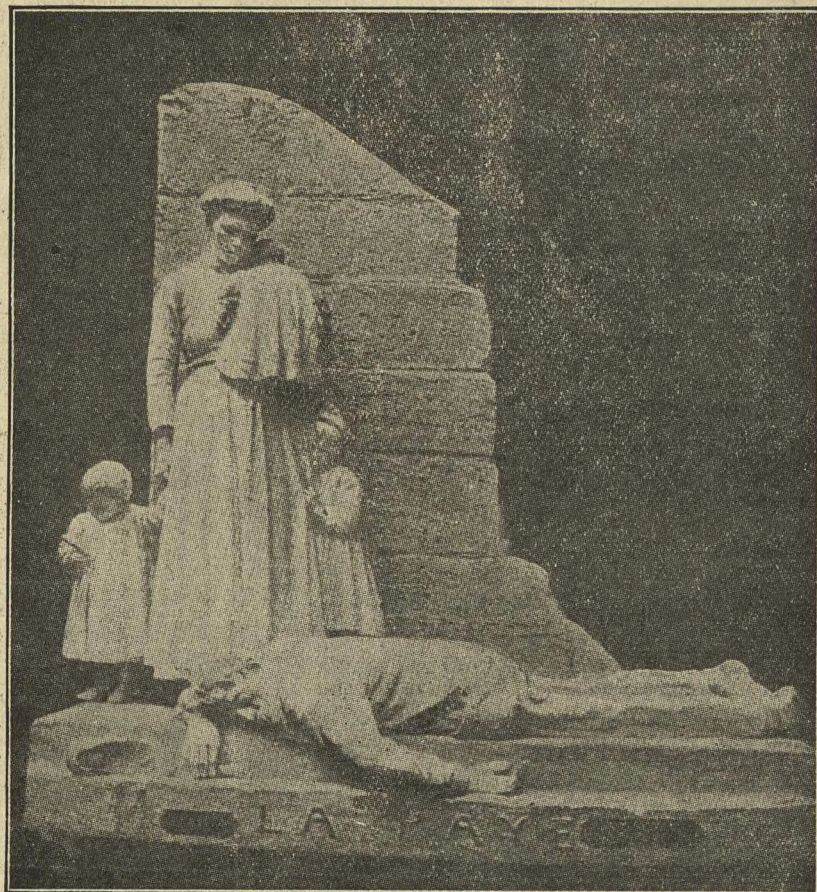
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