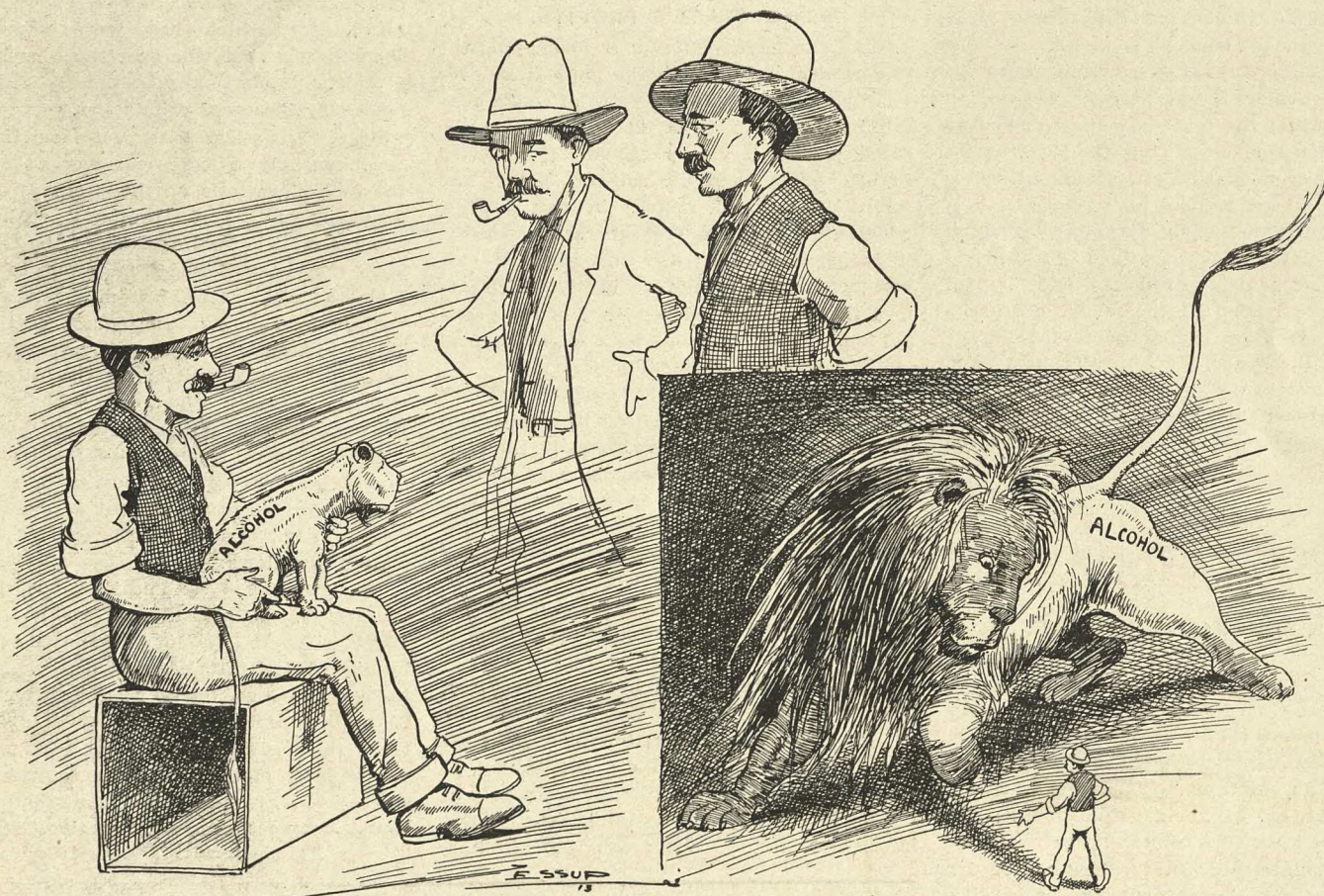


Grit.

A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VI. No. 21. Price One Penny. THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1913.

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The Drunken Budget.

STATISTICS OF STATE-MADE ALCOHOLISM.

(From "Darkest Russia," June 11th.)

The Russian Budget well deserves its nickname of the "Drunken Budget." In the estimates for 1913 the revenue from the liquor monopoly is put at over 800 million roubles, while the total revenue is given as 3179 million roubles. Thus the Government derives over a quarter of its annual income from the sale of alcohol to the people.

The spirits monopoly was introduced on January 14th, 1895. Confined at first to four governments, within a decade it had gradually extended to the whole of Russia, with the exception of Transcaucasia, Turkestan, and the Amur, Maritime, Transcaspien, and Semiretchensk provinces. At the time the Government declared that in introducing the monopoly it was less prompted by the hope of financial advantages than by moral and hygienic considerations; the private publicans, it was stated, were ruining the people, whereas the Government would employ the monopoly for the purpose of combating alcoholism.

AN ENORMOUS INCREASE.

In order to show that it meant what it said, the Government organized Boards of Temperance Guardians, composed of revenue officials, police officers, priests, etc. These Boards, however, have not done, and indeed could not do, anything to justify their name, because instead of being public bodies they were made mere Government bureaux, and as such were interested in the increase of the spirits revenue. Hence drunkenness has increased enormously during the 18 years of the monopoly regime, while the amount of alcohol sold by the Government has been steadily increasing. This may be seen from the following table, where the yearly sales are given in vedros (1 vedro being equal to 2.7 gallons):—

Year	Vedros.	Year.	Vedros.
1895....	2,950,000	1906....	85,467,000
1896....	8,796,000	1908....	86,004,000
1897....	16,497,000	1910....	89,542,000
1898....	31,113,000	1911....	91,641,000
1902....	62,977,000	1912....	89,000,000
1904....	70,312,000		

THE STATE'S PROFITS.

Since the introduction of the monopoly the Government has sold to the population over a milliard (1070 millions) vedro of vodka containing 40. per cent. of alcohol. During the same period it has received $8\frac{1}{2}$ milliard roubles gross from the sale of spirits, and some $6\frac{1}{4}$ milliard roubles in nett profits, which flow into the Treasury automatically. It is generally the case that absolute Governments prefer indirect taxes, which afford them greater independence of the people and public opinion, to a direct appeal to the pockets of their subjects.

The consumption of "Treasury spirits" per head of the population has increased from .54 vedro in 1904 to .61 vedro in 1911. This, however, does not denote any increase of material prosperity, because in Russia, more than anywhere else, alcoholism is a result of economic distress and the oppressive conditions under which the people live. To quote a popular song, the Russian peasant or laborer drinks in order to "drown his grief in the green draught."

The social, moral, and hygienic results of the systematic alcoholisation of the people by the Government are terrible. Medical Congresses have pointed out the spread of neurasthenia and mental diseases, not only in the towns, but also among the peasantry, and have shown it to be due, among other things,

to the growth of alcoholism, whose influence even little children cannot escape.

ALCOHOLISM IN THE SCHOOLS.

Recently an enquiry on the subject was made in the schools of Ekaterinodar. Out of 5721 pupils, it was found that 63 per cent. drank. Of these 3500, 25 per cent. had taken to drink at the age of eight, 20 per cent. at seven, and 11 per cent. at six, while many of them, it is terrible to state, had made the acquaintance of alcohol at the age of four.

Even the official "Journal of the Ministry of Justice" of February last admits that "the general connection of alcoholism and criminality among the masses is becoming quite evident." The figures given in the article from which these words are quoted show clearly that wherever the consumption of spirits is above the average it is accompanied by increased criminality.

But it is useless to expect from the Government any sincere endeavor to combat the evil, since it is on the proceeds of this drunkenness that the present regime is supported. The real attitude of the Government may be gathered from a fact to which I had occasion to refer from the tribune of the second Duma in the course of the debate on the Budget. The Government once appointed a "Committee on the Liberty of Conscience," at the head of which it placed the notorious Reactionary Count Ignatieff. The Mussulman communities petitioned the Committee to secure for them a Government subsidy for the establishment of Mussulman schools, and Count Ignatieff reported on the matter as follows:—

"Following the canonical prescription of the Koran, the Mussulmans use no spirits, which, of course, cannot be imputed to them by any Christian as a moral defect. Nevertheless, the Mussulmans thereby save some 70 million roubles annually. It is immaterial to the Treasury what are the motives on the part of the taxpayers to which the shortage in revenue is to be attributed. It would be most reckless for the Treasury,

(Continued on Page 10.)



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The Only Failure in the Family

WHAT LIFE TAUGHT THE BROTHER WHO STAYED BEHIND.

By ANNE WARNER,

Author of "Your Child and Mine," "When Woman Proposes," "Woman's Will," Etc.

Stallwert, the hereditary shepherd of the "Domaine," had five boys—Gottfried, Wilhelm, Karl, Johann, and then—twelve years younger than the next older brother—Friedrich, the lamb of the shepherd's family. No record tells how, for hundreds of years, the tending of the flock had passed from a Stallwert father to a Stallwert son. When there were extra sons they went into the army, or to the city, or did one thing or another; the flock could only provide for one, and that one was, naturally enough, in his father's eyes the best and dearest, the heir to his title. With the present generation it soon appeared which should become worthy the hereditary charge. Gottfried, the oldest, was the finest of them all—straight and handsome and a favorite with young and old alike. So already he worked by his father's side during the shearing, supplementing his father's work on stormy days or when the old man fell ill. The prettiest girl in the village was in love with him and shared his waiting. Life looked well mapped out before Gottfried's eyes. His younger brothers would have to go forth and fight in the ranks of life's battles, for him there would be no battle—only the honorable leading of the sheep. Like everything else in this world there were a pro and a con, but pro and con were masked in the tender haze of youth. The future was all clear to Gottfried; he was not conscious of that golden haze, nor did he see how it gilded the outlines of his simple prospects. The soul in us all sleeps cradled, long after our cradles are forgotten things of the garret. But some day every soul starts up, awakened.

The awakening came thus:

There arrived, one bright August day, a letter from a long-forgotten cousin in America, telling all about the wonders wrought there, and how, in the town where he lived, work was so plenty and so well paid that he would send passage money for two of the boys if they would come out to him.

It was a quick decision which two boys

should go. There really was no choice: it had to be Wilhelm and Karl. But the strange thing was that it was Gottfried—the one whose life was settled—who wanted to go, instead. His heart leaped up at once. Something hitherto quite unknown kindled his eyes to fire; he saw as they did not.

"One of the others can learn the care of the flock," he said, speaking earnestly as was his wont; "I am the oldest, I am the strongest. Pray, Father, send me," and his voice held special pleading—he, the heir, the heritor of all the family owning, begging to leave all and go forth alone.

His father was shocked at the very suggestion. He put it down at once with fierce, energetic words. The flock was the first claim, Gottfried had been raised to its tending. It were desertion to leave it—not to be considered; out of the question. He said much—enough. Gottfried sat quietly down upon his wooden stool by his mother's side. She stretched forth her hand to him, and he took it between his own. He did not go.

Wilhelm and Karl went. Two smiling, strapping, rosy-faced peasants. Off to Bremerhafen and thence on to Hoboken and the New World—the New World so full of possibilities. Johann kept on with his work in the fields; the "little fellow," Friedrich, picked up stones all day under the next summer's hot sun; Gottfried, of course, aided in the care of the sheep just as he had always done.

A year passed—two years. Then those who had gone to America sent for Johann, and he, too, left home. America was a land of marvel; it was all true about the opportunities and the pay; Karl was already married, and had a home of his own in the far-off land of milk and honey. As he walked back up the hill down which he had helped Johann to carry his wooden chest an hour before Gottfried spoke of all those glittering opportunities to Lenchen, who had also assisted at the departure and who was still waiting with him. She sighed. Her

waiting might be of the longest, and she knew that as well as Gottfried.

Two years passed. Then Wilhelm came home on a visit. That was a great time. The whole village either went to meet the train or rushed to door and window to look upon the mighty traveller. The family door was garlanded to receive him. His father sent Gottfried with the sheep that day and was himself at the station, foremost amidst the crowd. I was a moment of breathless excitement when the train stopped!

And then there appeared on the train platform such a fine gentleman in a gray suit, with a cigar in his mouth. At first many failed to recognise him, but he smiled and then his old father cried out, "Ach, Gott! it's Wilhelm!"

Some felt strange before his splendor and drew back; others pressed forward to assert old claims of familiarity; little Friedrich huzzahed loudly; the old father began to tremble. It was a great moment.

Then he was right among them, and they were all pressing close and shaking hands. Lenchen was there, her big eyes bigger than ever, her pink cheeks pinker than ever; Gottfried on the hillside was forgotten in her wonder at his brother's superb appearance.

They all shook hands; Wilhelm said over and over how glad he was to see every one. He had a hearty, noble manner with him—almost like the Herr Pastor's; and, just as some one remarked the fact, up came Herr Pastor himself, and even their simple intelligence saw that in some mysterious way Wilhelm had become the great man's equal. He grasped the Herr Pastor's hand without the least embarrassment, and answered his greeting with exactly the Herr Pastor's own words.

Then they all set off up the road to the village, the traveller walking between his father and the clergyman. Lenchen was just behind with little Friedrich—the latter proudly tugging his brother's fine valise.

The old mother was waiting at the door. When she saw Wilhelm she gave a great cry and could not stand up at all. He had to come and lean over her and put his arm around her and kiss her. "Always my dearest," she murmured, although no one had ever heard her say that before. They asked the Herr Pastor if he would not do

(Continued on Page 10.)



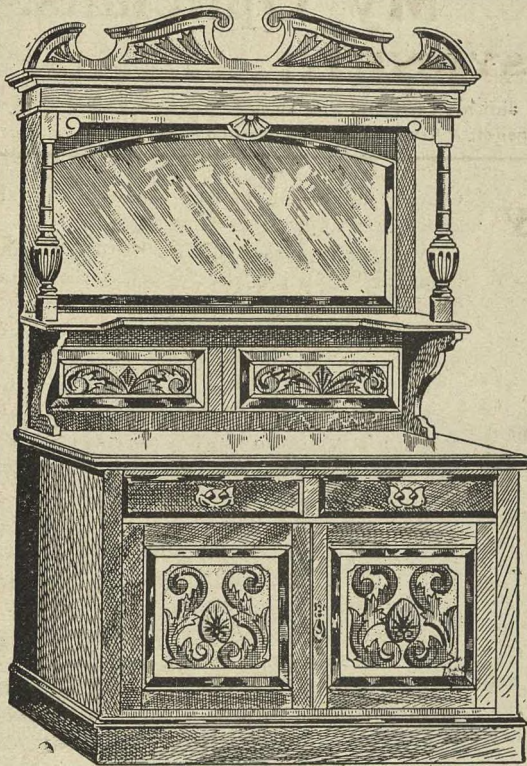
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NINETY DAYS TO GO.

Within three months the third great Local Option Poll in this State will have closed. Now, as never before, the forces that stand for decency, public health, commercial, moral, and industrial progress should wake up and make a fight worthy of so great an occasion. Is it too much to suggest that every No-License worker should try and win at least one vote a day for the coming campaign. This will be best done by bringing before the unconcerned and unconvinced the facts that are so evident, and which are available in support of this great reform.

No-License is now past the experimental stage. A friend of mine recently sent me the following clipping from the "Lyttelton Times," N.Z.:—"It was scarcely necessary to cite the case of Masterton to convince the people of Canterbury of the success of local No-License if it is to be judged by the results that have been obtained from the closing of the public bars. In Ashburton the province has within its own borders a district where drunkenness and crime have been substantially reduced by the restrictions placed upon the liquor traffic, and it is idle for anyone to contend at this time of the day that No-licese only aggravates the evil it is intended to cure." The facts available in the Alliance Leaflets, and in the "Case for No-License," should be made widely known.

ACTIVITY IN THE COUNTRY.

Mr. Herps, Western District organizer, is visiting Parkes, Molong, Forbes, Peak Hill, and Condobolin. He reports splendid open-air meetings. Mr. J. J. Franklyn will follow him, and seek to keep matters moving along. From Down South comes the news that the local folk are organizing at Corowa, whilst at Cootamundra arrangements are being made for Mrs. Lee-Cowie's meetings after her Goulburn campaign. At West Maitland, where Rev. Preston is conducting an evangelistic mission, a Temperance Demonstration will be held.

MARRICKVILLE MOVING.

A new league has been formed at Marrickville. The General Secretary addressed a meeting there on Tuesday night. Owing to "sore arms" the attendance was not large. Those present were keen for the work.

MRS. LEE-COWIE'S SPLENDID WORK.

Mrs. Lee-Cowie has had a splendid series of meetings in the Ryde electorate. Her Sydney meetings will have closed ere these

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ALLIANCE SECRETARY,

33 Park-st., Sydney.

notes appear, and she will be in Goulburn next week-end. Broken Hill has heartily invited our distinguished sister to visit the "Silver City," where she starts a ten days' crusade on August 22nd.

THE SPEAKERS' TEAM.

The Speakers' Team is developing, and in open-air meetings is attracting good audiences. Already thousands of people have been addressed by the Team in Sydney and Suburbs. The members are as keen as ever. They meet fortnightly for mutual improvement, exchange ideas, and to generally become more efficient for open-air work.

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When happy hearts unite as one,
And wedding bells they ring,
We feel inclined to kiss the bride
And all her praises sing.
Also, when coughs jar on the ear,
'Tis something I cannot endure,
For I know that the victim's not taken
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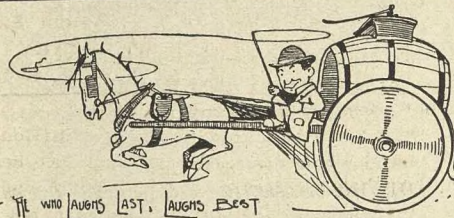
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**"COMMENTS BY
 THE MAN ON THE
 WATER WAGON."**

A WORD ABOUT UMPIRES.

In a recent article in the "Sun," headed as above, appear little pilules of advice that might be well digested by every one of us. True it is that at the moment we are not looking for advice nor platitudes of any description. Our left arms are too sore, our temperatures too high. The depression characteristic of a mild attack of "cowpox" is not a matter to joke about—in any case few of our readers who have suffered would be likely to join in the laugh. But as we have to think of something, pray, good reader, allow us to meditate upon and discuss some useful thought.

To return to Umpires, those self-denying creatures who spend whole Saturday afternoons running round a football arena—diving in and out, making enemies all the time, and feeling jolly pleased if they get home without a blow on the nose. Well, to all such the "Sun" in its general spirit of magnanimity offers the following little bit of advice, and makes no charge whatever for it. Harken, ye restless victims of vaccinating medicine men. Quoth the "Sun":—

"To be impartial may be the height of a football umpire's ambition; but he rarely, if ever, succeeds in making both sides believe that he is so. Our sense of justice is seldom so finely tempered that we can feel really happy when a decision is given against us. No one knows this better than the field umpire, especially at the conclusion of a strenuously contested Australian game. At such time he is apt to appreciate fully the truth of the saying, 'The umpire has not yet been born who can please everybody.' And he also dimly realises that the umpire who tries to please everybody will meet with nothing but failure."

And, again, for a peroration, and a by no means bad one either:—

"An umpire's best and surest road to success is to keep cool, regardless alike of the shouts of prejudiced barrackers or hot-headed players. Never put up the whistle to blow except to use it for the purpose of giving a decision. And, above all, keep

players firmly under control by giving decisions fearlessly and with determination. By so doing the "mix-up" will be kept right out of the game, and when it is all over there will be less fish to fry and everyone will be better satisfied—particularly with the umpire."

Now, it is not our intention to touch upon these remarks from an umpire's point of view. Few of us are likely to become one, though any one seeing our Editor chasing round the Town Hall basement of a tea-meeting night, with 80 stewards "in the pack," and his whistle going half the time, would pause and think twice of passing him over.

This bit of moralising on the part of the "Sun," however, is worthy of our attention, for in it lies a germ of truth that fits well into almost any corner of life's garden.

The MAN, as well as the umpire, has never been born who will please everybody, and no true man will attempt it. The general public have no time for the rail sitter.

A fearless course, readers—how it demands our admiration. We cannot but admire the fearless man—the one with convictions, but with no doubts—who cheerfully dogmatizes when he feels he is right. He may at times be a trifle narrow, but we admire him in spite of it. There is no hesitation on his part as to which side of the fence he will alight from. Not a moment are we kept waiting for his decision.

Friends and foes alike respect him—they feel he is a power. Keep cool we are next told. This hits some of us very hard. Capable we may be, but at times we go right off—our bearings run hot at once. It is pitiable to see the otherwise strong man cast away his strength and become a worrying irritable old woman.

Such a man is marked down fifty per cent. immediately by the world. He is weak—though he is strong. His irritability is his weakness, and it is a deplorable weakness, too.

Next, the fearless, determined decisions. How does that strike you, readers of "Grit?"

You have to give decisions daily, and some of them on matters where conscience

sits on the Government Benches and desire on the Opposition.

Are you going to dilly-dally—to think over putting Government by conscience out and Government by desire in its place.

Or will you quickly and fearlessly decide on the side of RIGHT, and that no matter how it hurts.

Yes—it will hurt your friends, or so-called friends, too, but what of it?

Aren't we told the umpire must make enemies—he cannot please everyone.

Let us, like the good umpire, be fearless and vigorous in our decisions—following the path labelled DUTY, and all men will respect us and our decisions, and we shall have above all that best of friends—a good and approving conscience.

BREWERIES AND EMPLOYMENT.

I notice that a sub-leader in "Fairplay," of July 25th, 1913, complains that "the No-License party in New South Wales is still busy spreading the statement abroad that the brewing industry in the State employs only 3200 persons." Surely, Sir, this is very reprehensible on the part of the members of the No-License party who make such statements. As "Fairplay" goes on to point out, "every No-License advocate knows perfectly well that the number of persons indirectly employed in connection with the brewing industry is infinitely greater than the number directly employed." Infinitely greater? Of course, it is! What are our No-License advocates doing to forget the number of extra policemen who owe their occupation to the activities of the brewing industry, not to mention the percentage of warders in our jails and lunatic asylums, who otherwise would not be needed? Are they unmindful of the stimulus which the brewing industry indirectly gives to philanthropic effort in the way of care for the deserted wives and children of drunkards? Surely, Sir, everyone zealous for the truth and every real friend of temperance reform will be grateful to "Fairplay" for pointing out this serious mistake on the part of our leaders.

That reputable journal concludes its article with the remark, "If No-License must be foisted on the public by lying, why not tell big, direct lies while they are about it?" I hardly like to think that our leaders are guilty of telling big, direct lies, but certainly they ought to take this advice seriously to heart, for "Fairplay" seems to be a paper which practices what it preaches.

They talked about "ads." in the paper,
 Which were the best and the worst;
 The canvasser pointed to that one,
 The editor thought this one was first.
 But finally they both agreed
 On one thing that was best, for sure,
 For it pointed out the merits of
 Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Burnet's 1d. Jellies

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

The Dubbo Licensing Case.

APPEAL UPHELD—LICENSE REFUSED.

As there were several interesting I we are giving an extensive report of th According to the Liquor Act, sect Sessions in a case of this character is

An interesting appeal was heard at the Dubbo Quarter Sessions last week. In April last the Dubbo Licensing Court, after a protracted hearing, granted a conditional license to Mrs. Annie Elizabeth Tuck for premises known as the Newtown Hotel, Dubbo. And against this decision the police (for whom Mr. J. N. Mason appeared) appealed. Mr. A. D. Booth appeared for the respondent, Mrs. Tuck.

Mr. Mason said Mrs. Tuck was the widow of one who at one time conducted an hotel in the electorate. That hotel was one that had gone out by the decision of the Special Court in 1908. In this electorate (Macquarie) reduction had been carried in 1907. There were then 51 hotels in the electorate, and the Special Court had reduced the number by 10. The last of these 10 would go out in January, 1914. Several applications had been made by Mrs. Tuck for a license for the Newtown Hotel, but all were withdrawn except the one made this year. In April last this application came before the Dubbo Court, and a conditional license was granted.

Mr. Booth argued at great length in opposition to the grounds for the appeal. Reviewing the case, he said reduction was carried in 1907. Prior to that there were 51 licenses in the electorate. In 1908, by virtue of reduction, the Special Licensing Court reduced the number by 10. Of these 10 nine had gone out, and one, Longobardi's (Dubbo) would go out in January next. But as continuance was carried in 1910, he (Mr. Booth) argued that the full complement of licenses in the electorate was 41. That was the number actually existing at present, but one (Longobardi's) was "dead" as far as the law was concerned. Therefore, he (Mr. Booth) contended that legally there were only 40 "live" licenses in the electorate, which was entitled to 41. Irrespective of Longobardi's, there would be 41 but for the fact that in October last the license of the Spicer's Creek Hotel, in the Wellington district, expired, as the hotel had been destroyed by fire, and no application for another license for that place had been made. The fact of no application for a renewal at Spicer's Creek was tantamount to an admission by the man who previously held the license that an hotel was not required at Spicer's Creek. Therefore he (Mr. Booth) contended, and wished to emphasise, that there were now only 40 "live" licenses, and the electorate was entitled to 41.

In furtherance of Mrs. Tuck's claim, and in opposing the appeal, Mr. Booth continued to argue at some length. He relied on sections 80, 83 and 85 of the Liquor Act, and quoted the cases ex parte Hey and ex parte Anderson.

Hey had an hotel at Leichhardt, where reduction was carried in 1907. Hey's was

egal contentions in connection with this case, e proceedings.

ion 108, the decision of a Court of General final and conclusive.

ordered to go out in 1908 by the Special Court, but the license had not expired when continuance was carried in 1910. Hey then held that continuance protected him, but the case was decided against him, and the decision confirmed by the High Court.

Since that, said Mr. Booth, they had the case of ex parte Anderson. In the Burrendong electorate continuance had been carried in 1907 and 1910. But between 1907 and 1910, or to be more precise, between the taking of the Local Option vote in 1907 and 1910, one of the licenses in the electorate had expired, and had not been renewed. The question then arose: Should the continuance vote in 1910 mean continuance of the number of licenses existing at the time the vote was taken in 1910, or should it mean continuance of the number entitled to exist when the first vote was taken in 1907. Unquestionably the number existing in 1907. Mr. Booth quoted ex parte Anderson in support of his deduction.

Concluding, Mr. Booth summarised as follows:—The full complement of "live" licenses for Macquarie was 41. There were only 40 "live" licenses. Therefore, the electorate was entitled to one more. Legally, therefore, Mrs. Tuck's application was good. Whether the necessity for another hotel existed in Dubbo would have to be decided on the evidence.

Mr. Mason argued that there was no analogy between the cases quoted by Mr. Booth and the case before the Court.

His Honor asked did not a vacancy exist, as Spicer's Creek license had gone out and Longobardi's was to go out?

Mr. Mason thought differently.

His Honor said that according to the decision of the Special Court in 1908, following on the vote for reduction in 1907, there should now be 41 licenses in the electorate. Last year one (at Spicer's Creek) went out voluntarily after a fire. Mr. Booth claimed the right to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Mason argued that the cases quoted by Mr. Booth were not on all fours with the present case.

His Honor said that this case was practically on all fours with the Anderson case in the Burrendong electorate. Licenses expiring, though not dead, and licenses that had ceased through the voluntary action of the license, must not count.

His Honor, therefore, held that on law the

appeal had failed. But whether the necessity for another license existed in Dubbo was another question, and that would have to be decided on the evidence.

His Honor: What he wanted to find out was: How many hotels there were in Dubbo Licensing District, independent of Longobardi's. The Special Licensing Court had said there would be 22, and there were 22.

Mr. Booth contended that his Honor should not consider how many hotels there were in Dubbo or Wellington Licensing Districts, but in the whole electorate.

His Honor said he would grant the points that they were right according to law in applying for a license; he would also grant that according to the evidence the requirements of the locality warranted the granting of such license; but on the face of the vote for reduction, and seeing that the Special Court had fixed the numbers at 22 for Dubbo and 19 for Wellington, he could not grant the license.

Mr. Booth held that the electors did not vote upon one district, but upon the whole electorate.

His Honor said that was where the Special Licensing Court came in. He could not take one hotel from one district, and give it to another. He would be stealing one hotel from one place and giving it to another. He could not do this.

Mr. Booth quoted sections 81 and 83 of the Liquor Act in support of his contention that a vacancy did exist for a license in Dubbo.

His Honor said he was not going to take a license from Wellington and give it to Dubbo. He had held (1) That on a point of law a license could be applied for; (2) that he could grant the license; (3) that according to the evidence the requirements of the locality necessitated a license being granted. But he would not grant a license in the face of the decision of the Special Court that there should be only 22 hotels in Dubbo district, and also, he did not think the house proposed suitable for the requirements of the place. His decision was—That it was in his mind that a Local Option vote had been taken affirming a reduction. The Special Licensing Court had sat, and decided that the hotels in the electorate should be 41—22 in Dubbo and 19 in Wellington. There was nothing to show him that 19 hotels were not required in Wellington. The evidence proved that there was necessity for another hotel at Newtown, Dubbo. He could not grant the license because of this, and the fact that the plans were utterly inadequate. He sustained the appeal. He could not allow costs.

Politeness is like an air-cushion; there may be nothing in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully.—George Eliot.

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Temperance: Then and Now.

(By the author of "Collections and Recollections," in "Manchester Guardian," May 31.)

The friend who bade me write about Coffee illustrated his favorite theme with an anecdote so remarkable that it must be produced in its entirety:—

One market-day, within 200 yards of the Exchange, I counted 2000 coffee-drinkers. I took with me a gentleman whom we will call Mr. Oldbuck, 89 years of age, who in his 70th year was "Rider-Out," or as we now say, "Traveller," for Sir Robert Peel, the calico-printer. He was amazed to see on 'Change 5000 sober business men, and said: "Seventy-two years ago I used on Market-day to mount my Galloway pony at Tottingham, call at Bury Printworks, get my patterns in a leather bag and pistols in my saddle-holster, then go through Prestwich to Manchester. At the Thatched House Inn I got off my pony; it was taken to Strutt's Street stables. Then my customers, all waiting the privilege of seeing Peel's patterns, came one at a time to the little parlor in the Inn. I had a glass of whisky with each, on concluding and booking orders, so after the seventh customer I was drunk, and the other customers wrote orders themselves in my book. At three o'clock I was lifted on to my pony and my legs strapped under my girths, and it took me home, when my mother gave me mustard and hot water and my sisters put vinegar cloths on my head. "Oh," said he, "what a change—everyone sober!"

Such was commercial life in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, and the life of the community in general was like unto it. I have before now quoted the Audit-dinner at which Samuel Wilberforce, when a young clergyman, assisted. "Twenty-three people drank 11 bottles of wine, 28 quarts of beer, 2½ of spirits, and 12 bowls of punch; and would have drunk twice as much if not restrained." Sydney Smith, looking back upon his early days, said: "Even in the best society one-third of the gentlemen at least were always drunk." In 1830 he wrote from his Parsonage in Somerset: "The cider is such an enormous crop that a human being may lose his reason for a penny." At the General Election of 1832 "everybody is drunk. Those who are not singing are sprawling; the Sovereign People are in a beastly state." The accession of Queen Victoria to the throne of a King who had "never allowed water to be drunk at his table," produced an instantaneous reformation in the manners of the higher classes. It was impossible to get drunk in the presence of a young lady of eighteen, and the improved example of the Court gradually pervaded society. Yet Sir Algernon West, who entered the Foreign Office in the 'fifties, has told us that, when the head of a department announced that he was going to dine out, it was quite understood that he would not be at the office next day...."

In the days of my youth I remember to have read the following definition of drunkenness, and even then it was, like some very good tunes, "traditional":—

He is not drunk, who on the floor
Can still sit up, and ask for more;
But he is drunk, who prostrate lies
Without the power to speak or rise.

If this definition be sound, I have never seen anyone drunk in society; though I have known a famous cricketer who always demanded two bottles of champagne for dinner and a Scottish peer who qualified his whisky only with ice which cooled it. But the atmosphere of the House of Commons has been known to produce very deleterious effects upon people who had to spend their days in its vitiated atmosphere; and I distinctly remember a time when men found a disgusting pleasure in encouraging boys to drink more than was good for them. The beautiful "Eton Boat-song," in its corrupted versions, contains allusion to this practice; and Harrovians of my standing will recall the annual visit of a famous cricket club, and the unpleasant scene outside the "King's Head." Long after "Society" had grown sober, and "as drunk as a lord" had become an anachronism, the populace retained the drinking habits which Dickens drew; and Liddon once said from the pulpit of St. Paul's—"If the Apostle could arise from the grave, and traverse the streets of London on the afternoon of a wet Bank Holiday, he would have occasion to reconsider his statement that 'they that be drunken are drunken in the night.'"

What were the causes of our national intemperance, for national we must admit it to have been? An orator at the Oxford Union in my day, now a Conservative Peer, announced that, after anxious study, he had arrived at the conclusion that those causes might be exhaustively divided under three heads—"First, the adulteration of liquor; second, the love of drink; and third, the desire for more." Without attempting to emulate this example of exact thinking, I would add a rigorous climate, bad food, and insanitary dwellings; and, though I love doctors, I think we must lay a good deal of responsibility on the medical profession. Brandy-and-water was prescribed for every emergency, and, if it did not succeed, the dose was increased. A glass of port at eleven was the regular remedy for what was vaguely called "lowness" or "debility." Mulled claret and strong ale (which is perhaps the most insidious of all drinks because it tastes so mild) were sleeping-draughts of deserved popularity. What this system did for women is too well-known to need statement. A great physician once said to me, "Where the public-house has slain its thousands, the grocer's license has slain its tens of thousands..."

The reaction against the alcoholic treatment of illness can be definitely dated from January 10, 1872, when the heads of the medical profession published their opinion that "alcohol, in whatever form, should be prescribed with as much care as any powerful drug, and the directions for its use should be so framed as not to be interpreted as a sanction for

excess." This change of attitude among the doctors has done much to promote the cause of Temperance, but we must never forget what, as a nation, we owe to the moral revolt which long preceded the scientific conversion. No need to tell my friends in Lancashire about Richard Turner, and the meeting at Preston in 1833, and his emphasis on "Te-te-total," which gave a new word to the language and a new strength to virtue. Cruickshank's terrible pictures of "The Bottle" and "The Worship of Bacchus" taught more powerfully than any words could teach it, the beastliness of our drinking habits. The lives and labors of such men as Sir Wilfred Lawson, and Sir Walter Trevelyan, and John Hilton and William Caine, and Archbishop Temple, and Basil Wilberforce have operated to an extent which we have no means of calculating. The "United Kingdom Alliance" brought what aforesaid had been only a moral ideal into the sphere of practical politics; and a word ought to be said for the "Church of England Temperance Society," in spite of its "double basis," and its uncomfortable tendency to support the publicans' candidate at election time. "I have taken the pledge," said a dignified Canon of Windsor, "because for thirty years I have been trying to cure drunkards by making them drink in moderation, but have never once succeeded." Whereupon the local journal reported the reverend gentleman as having said that he had taken the pledge because for thirty years he had been trying to drink in moderation, but had never once succeeded.

What has become of the "Blue Ribbon Army"? Thirty years ago a Mr. Richard Booth had persuaded a large number of total abstainers to wear a scrap of blue ribbon, in mystic allusion to the High Priest's breastplate (which had no obvious connection with the matter), and a Transatlantic enthusiast mistook Lord Granville's Blue Ribbon of the Garter for the Grand Cordon of Mr. Booth's legion. Churches and Alliances and societies and armies have co-operated with some unseen power—unseen but certainly not unfelt—to transform the drinking habits of the English people. What is true of the home is not less true of clubs, and regimental messes, and public dinners. Ginger-beer and barley water have ousted sherry and whisky; and the youngest men—young officers in particular—are the most abstemious. When King Edward proclaimed that the loyal toasts might be drunk in non-alcoholic liquors, he struck a powerful blow for Temperance; although a teetotal toast-list made Goldwin Smith, at the end of a public dinner, "feel like an aquarium,"....

This question of drink is one on which my counsel is sometimes sought by young men whose consciences are troubled. My answer

(Continued on Page 10.)

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A Personal Chat with my readers

YOURS SINCERELY.

When we are anxious to impress people with our kindly feeling towards them we write "Yours very sincerely." The word "sincere" is a beautiful word, but the inverse word "insincere" is a sad and hurtful word. Not a day goes by but we hear some public man described as insincere, and very frequently it is applied to clergymen. A man donates a thousand pounds, and because he gives his name to the world as the donor, he is dubbed by many "insincere," and said to be buying a title. But we ought to discern the difference between judgment or taste and the motive that prompts the gift. The doctors suggest vaccination, and a howl goes up that they are insincere and are only working in their own interest. The fact that their knowledge warrants them is not thought of immediately their motive, which no man can know, is questioned.

We mistake motive for judgment, taste, and action. A man's actions we have a right to question. We may not like what he does. We may think he ought to have done differently. We may be sure we would not have acted in the same way. We are within our rights in passing and holding an opinion on a person's actions or judgments. But a man's motive, what of that? And that is what we question when we say a man is "insincere." Can we see it, or feel it, or hear it? Can we understand it? Do we always understand our own motives? Do we not often wonder why we do things, that is, what our motives are? If we cannot understand our own motives, what chance have we of understanding the motives of others? The moment we question a person's sincerity we are presuming a knowledge of his motives, for sincerity is motive. Christ said, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," and He did not mean that we should be flabby and without the courage of our convictions, for He was not, and He wants men to be like Himself.

He passed opinions upon statement, and questioned actions, but nowhere do we find Him saying a word about motives. He never judged any one insincere. That belongs alone to God, the Father. If we would follow Christ, we must cut out this frequent and haphazard judgment upon motives of which we know nothing. The world will be a happier and better place when we learn to think well of every one, hope the best of them, and, while refusing to express an opinion on anyone's motives, yet hold ourselves free to pass judgment in a kindly way

on either words or actions. Refrain from the word "insincere," and quietly protest against its thoughtless use, and we will contribute to the world's happiness.

PERSONAL LIBERTY.

Speaking at a great Temperance meeting lately in the Auditorium Theatre, Chicago, the Hon. W. J. Bryan said:—"I hear them talk about 'personal liberty.' Did you ever hear anybody talk about personal liberty when you talk about the liquor question? It is an expression that ought to be defined. When a man tells me he wants personal liberty, I tell him to write it out and let me know what he means by personal liberty. I tell him that when a man enters society he surrenders some of his liberty in return for the blessing of society. Why, my friends, for instance, if a man lives out on a desert, and there is nobody within twenty-five miles of him, he can get on a horse and run races anywhere at any time. But if he goes into a settled community, he can't run horse races on a public highway. Why? Because you have to have a speed limit for the protection of society. Why, they even have speed limits sometimes for automobiles, sacred as they are. If you can put limits on a racehorse, if you can put speed limits on an automobile, why can't you attach speed limit to a rapid young man occasionally? 'Personal liberty!' What does a man mean by it? Does he mean that he has a right, or ought to have, to drink anywhere, at any time, in any quantity, without asking anybody, and regardless of the effect on everybody? Is that what he means by personal liberty? If so, I can't agree with him."

We do well to remember this, for in the next few months many slaves of habit will strut round and proclaim themselves apostles of liberty. They will quite overlook the fact that "personal liberty" is only fully enjoyed among savages. In our complex civilised and Christian society we enjoy the liberty of surrendering personal liberty for the larger and better "social liberty."

I have a few bound volumes of "Grit" for the last twelve months. They are both interesting and of great value on account of the controversy the coming No-License poll arouses. Will you write at once if you want a bound volume.

The Editor

A MODERN MIRACLE.

FEELINGS LIE BURIED THAT GRACE CAN RESTORE.

(BY THE PARSON.)

Many years ago I met a man who was "down and out." He had been that way a long time. "Hope told a flattering tale," but time after time alcohol upset all plans and dimmed my hope. I went into business with him. I was the sleeping partner in the "bottle oh" business. I found that empty bottles were safer than full ones, but a full one upset the business. The hand cart was sacrificed on the altar of appetite. A few years of struggle and failure led to my friend going into the country. He carried in his heart the seed of better things, and after a few more years of sin clouded life he came under the Power of the Cross.

HIS OWN STORY.

"It was sunrise, and I had been all night, as I say, wandering, etc. I was making for the river—it was the 'dead finish' for me then—it was black and utter despair. My life was a curse, my soul lost in a fog, or bound in chains; my disgust for myself and all things unspeakable.

"At a sudden bend in the road, as by the grace of God I may some day show you, the Cross comes into sight with a background of cocoanut trees. I was so weak I could hardly stand. I had a heavy swag of clothes, blankets, etc., to carry, and I could hardly bear it.

At the sight of the Cross I let it slip from my shoulders to the ground, and stood trembling. I entered the doors, which were 'open wide.' I often think what would have been the result had those doors been shut! I feel like crying shame every time I pass a church, and see it locked and barred. It is no wonder so many keep their religion for only one day in the week, when the sanctuary is unapproached for six days.

"Like a flash of lightning the truth, and the whole truth, revealed the whole thing, and from the church upon that morning the 'light of love' led me gently back over the sad years that are gone. Step by step, year by year, it showed me a vision of myself standing with my head raised on a lonely road cursing God for my fate and His indifference. It showed me going on after cursing Him, and being led by that same God straight to one of his own earthly angels to receive a blessing—a blessing I could not then see. It cast a light upon sorrows and losses that turned them into blessings. It showed me the signposts that had been along my track—signs I could not see. It showed me the almost countless earthly angels who had met me upon the path of life—at every crisis, at every danger. You among the rest—back and back it led until I was three-years old—back to my mother who was being wheeled in a bath chair on the Esplanade at Venturia. I saw again her golden hair, her blue eyes. I felt again weary. I again stretched out my arms and cried, 'Take me, mother dear, I'm tired.' And the nurse rebuked me

for my mother was near her end. I remembered my mother raise one little hand with a gesture of imperative command, the stopping of the bath chair, those loving arms stretched out to take me. In like manner my friends like the nurse were impatient, but Christ turned to notice me, and held out His hands to lift me. It was then I got on my knees and knew He was with me, and He has been with me ever since. He has blotted out my sin."

WITH OTHER EYES.

The Lord has indeed opened my friend's eyes, put a new song in his mouth, and "cords that were broken have vibrated once more." In his book of poems, called "Songs by the River," copies of which I shall be glad to supply at 1/-, he tells in poem many of his new and wonderful experiences. He says:—

I dreamt one night I felt a hand
That gently touched my eyes;
I seemed to hear a Voice that called,
"Look upward to the skies!
And see in all its splendour
'Midst the brilliant stars above,
A far-off Cross is shining
As an emblem of My Love!"

My dream is changed! On Calvary
I see three Crosses rise,
And the Saviour gazes on me
With sadness in His eyes!
And with a look of deep reproach
That I shall ever see,
He calls, "This have I done for thee:
What doest thou for Me?"

My dream has passed! Now let me plead
For Christ Who came to die;
O say! is it nothing to you,
All ye that pass Him by?
O trust the Christ! the Crucified!
Thou shalt not suffer loss,
For peace and rest await thee
In the shadow of the Cross!

THE GREAT SURPRISE.

(Revelation 21.7.)

Fast beat my heart, with surprise and delight
When there stole o'er my soul, in the stillness of night,
The knowledge of God—His tenderness, love—
That my footsteps were guarded, watched from above.

Fast beat my heart, with surprise and dismay
When I thought of my wanderings far, far away:

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Away from my God, and tempted and tried;
All alone with my sorrows, no Christ by my side.

Fast beat my heart, with surprise and dismay
fear,
When a gentle voice whispered, "My child,
I was near;
Near to thee always! And now at thy cry,
I am come. For I love thee. Thy Saviour
is nigh."

Fast beat my heart, with surprise and with
hope,
Nevermore in the dark need I tremble and
grope;
I know that the love, unseen in the past,
Will remain and protect and surround me
at last.

Fast beat my heart, with surprise once again,
As a gentle voice whispered, "In Death is no
pain;
Thy passing a joy—a sweetness shall be—
Like a bird from its cage, so thy soul shall
be free."

Fast beat my heart, with a sweet glad sur-
prise,
For a gentle voice whispers, "Thy soul shall
arise;
Free as the lark, in its flight to the skies
There awaits thee in Heaven a greater sur-
prise."

SERVING THE MASTER.

It is impossible to do more than just give a mere sketch of this "changed life," and to point out that it is nothing short of a miracle that one whose life was one of bondage for so very many years, when he read nothing and wrote nothing, and when he had never written any verse, that now seeing with "other eyes" he has written over 200 hymns and many poems that are windows through which one can see the inner workings of the mind now illuminated by the Grace and Love of the Christ. He writes the following tribute:—

(Continued on Page 10.)

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A MODERN MIRACLE

(Continued from Page 9.)

MY LOYAL FRIEND.(Suggested by the words in Personal Chat,
July 3rd.)

Shadows passing to and fro,
Shadows from the long ago;
One dear voice I seem to hear,
One loved form for ever dear—
My Loyal Friend.

Hopeless, futile, vain regret,
How and why did I forget
To keep thee ever near me:
To stay where I could hear thee—
My Loyal Friend.

And yet 'tis true thou livest,
And true that still thou givest
Of that friendship that is best
That can stand the hardest test—
My Loyal Friend.

And so in truth I call thee
Over land and over sea;
I'm coming back and sailing
To friendship never failing—
My Loyal Friend.

Welcome answer! Clear and strong.
"Come! And tarry not too long;
Time is passing—moments fly;
Come! As in the days gone by"—
O Loyal Friend.

Loyal Friend! So rich and rare,
Priceless friendship, thine to share;
Friend, I come, because I know
Never will I let thee go—
Dear Loyal Friend.

Shadows passing to and fro,
Shadows of the long ago;
Shadows of the Saviour's love:
Loyal Friend! In Heaven above—
The Loyal Friend.

Those critics who say that money will do
anything may well be suspected of doing
anything for money.—Edward Lauterbach.

THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

whose receipts from the Mussulman population fall short by tens of millions of roubles, to supply the needs of those Mussulmans out of the revenue derived from the Christian population."

A PREMIUM ON DRUNKENNESS.

Such is the statesmanship of Russian Absolutism. If a subject drinks vodka, thereby providing the Treasury with revenue, his children are entitled to be educated with the assistance of a Government grant; but if he declines to drink vodka, the school to which he is sending his children must do without such assistance!

Strange as such facts may seem to a European, they express the real spirit—the full wisdom and morality—of the present political regime in Russia.

The Government is not satisfied, however, with the 26,000 Treasury dram-shops it possesses in Russia proper. Its resentment is not confined to the Mussulman abstainers, but extends to the Finns, who have prohibited the importation of spirits into the Duchy. Indeed, one of the motives for the attacks made on the Finnish Constitution is to be found in the Government's desire to provide an additional market for the sale of "Treasury drink," and to adorn the rocks and woods of Finland with thousands of State dram-shops, as an embodiment of real Russian culture.

G. ALEXINSKY.

In the course of the Duma debate on the Estimates relating to the alcohol monopoly M. Levasheff (Right) stated that the profits derived from the monopoly were growing, and that this increase was closely connected with the ruin of the village, the decline of agriculture, and the pauperisation of the people.

"Was the audience carried away by his voice?"

"Not all of them—about six stayed to hear him finish."

**THE ONLY FAILURE IN
THE FAMILY**

(Continued from Page 3.)

them the honor to have something with them in that happy hour. Lenchen set to work at once to make a pot of coffee; the mother had baked a great golden cake the day before; they all drew up around the table and ate and drank.

It came on to rain and the Herr Pastor could not go home. It was only a shower—but a heavy one. How cozy and comfortable they were! And the conversation of Wilhelm and the Herr Pastor! Like poetry; like the Bible! Far better than a play.

"Yes, yes," the Herr Pastor said, smiling as he finally rose to go, "much water flows between America and the Fatherland."

"Right you are," exclaimed Wilhelm, leaping to hold the overcoat; "right you are!"

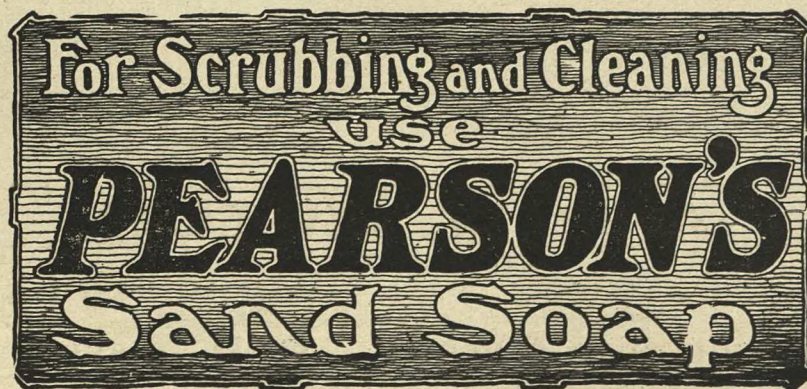
The Herr Pastor laughed and then he shook hands with Wilhelm in that same familiar way so new to the Stallwert family. Even when he turned to the old shepherd there was an unwonted warmth. Wilhelm seemed to have lifted the whole family into a superior social atmosphere.

(To be continued.)

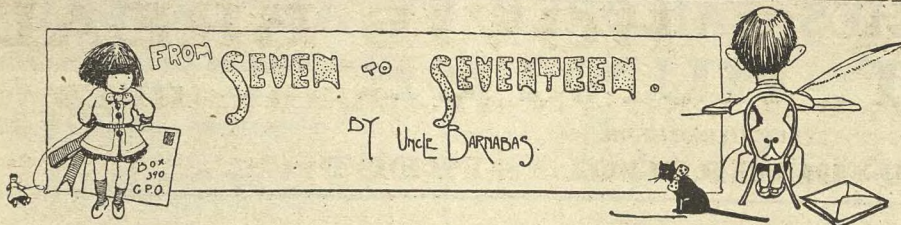
**TEMPERANCE: THEN AND
NOW**

(Continued from Page 7.)

generally follows some such line as this:—"Total abstinence is not a duty. No one has the right to enact an Eleventh Commandment. But it is a way of setting a fine example, and proving the reality of your convictions. If you are conscious of the slightest tendency to excess, it is the only way of salvation. If you decide against total abstinence, be 'a German teetotaller'—which means that you drink wine or beer, and that at meal-time. Swear off solitary drinking, drinking between meals, drinking to seal a bargain, or to welcome a friend, or to pay for a service. Learn, in respect of your appetite for drink as in every other impulse of the body, to practice that Self-mastery which the translators of the New Testament rendered 'Temperance,' and which alone distinguishes a man from a lunatic or a beast."



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A FOG CANNOT BE DISPELLED BY A FAN.

When steam comes from the water of a kettle, or other vessels, it is an easy matter to dispel it by wafting a fan to and fro. When a cloud envelopes a town, such a proceeding would be simply ridiculous. In other words, only what is small can be easily overcome. A child may stem a stream, but a man finds difficulty with the river. (1) Bad habits, when firmly rooted, cannot be shaken off by ordinary means. (2) Disease, when well established in the system, requires the most skilled physician. Even his efforts are useless in many cases. (3) A substantial building can stand the force of any storm that blows. (4) A person with a calm and amiable disposition is not ruffled by every current that blows. (5) The strong will is only subdued by special means.

St. James says in the first chapter of his epistle, "when sin is full grown it brings forth death." The trouble with most of us is that we are not afraid of Baby Sins. Like the man on the front page of this issue, we may be proud of a baby even if it is a baby tiger. Do you know any baby sins? Remember babies generally have pet names or nicknames, and perhaps your baby sins have a pet name or a nickname. Give all your habits their right name and don't wait until they are grown up; settle them while you can. Get someone to tie a piece of cotton round your two arms, and then throw your arms out and you can break it, but wind a whole reel of cotton round you and you may find it impossible to break it. Start at once, dear ne's and ni's, and with God's help kill your baby sins.—Uncle B.

FOR SUNDAY.

Do you know what the Bible says about an axe—a penknife—a bird's nest.

FOR MONDAY.

1.—A FORESTRY CONTEST.

A forestry contest is an attractive party for a limited number of people. It could be used for a large crowd if the questions were printed or even type-written so as to save the hostess so much work. A paper-weight of polished wood, or any articles of wood, could be used for prizes. A toy axe or hatchet in a block of wood for a consolation prize would cause merriment.

1. Which tree a kissing game could play?—Tulip.
2. And which its father's name could say?—Pawpaw.
3. Which shall we wear to keep us warm?—Fir.
4. And which do ships prefer in storm?—Bay.
5. Which shows what lovelorn maidens do?—Pine.

6. And in the hand which carry you?—Palm.
7. And which is it that the fruit men fear?—Locust.
8. And from their pipes men shake which tree?—Ash.
9. Which is it bad boys dislike to see?—Birch.
10. Which is a girl both young and sweet?—Peach.
11. Which like a man, bright, dapper, neat?—Spruce.
12. And on which do the children play?—Beech.
13. And now divide you one tree more, you've part of a dress and part of a door?—Hemlock.
14. Which tree is never seen alone?—Pear.
15. And which one is a bright, warm tone?—Cherry.
16. And which in church doth office hold?—Elder.
17. Which is a town in Ireland old?—Cork.
18. For this one do not look so far, which tells where charming people are?—Poplar.
19. The carpenter doth use which tree to make his wall straight as can be?—Plum.
20. Which tree on calendars find you?—Date.
21. Which is a joke, told times not few?—Chestnut.
22. And on our feet we'll wear which tree?—Sandal.
23. And which our hero's crown shall be?—Laurel.

A SUBDUED LETTER.

Bonny Edwards, Avalon, writes :—

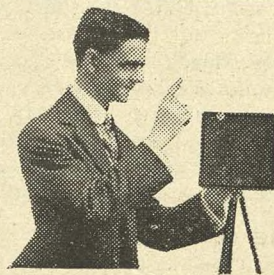
Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I hope you are enjoying this dreadful weather. We are. I'd love to take off my shoes and go and paddle. We are enjoying "beautiful, delightful, spiteful" colds, like Cousin Emma. How nice for her to meet Dulcie. Lucky Dulcie! I think Cousin Dot Moore—from her photo in last "Grit"—is very like a little girl I know, whose name is Dot, too. We are looking forward to the special issue. I am enclosing a postal-note—from Mervyn and I—towards it. It would be useless for me to try and collect, I am afraid. Escott came home on Sunday, and went back yesterday. He had a very nice ride. Cousin Mavis was in here last Wednesday night with her brother and sister. We enjoyed ourselves in our quiet little way, with singing (or pretending to) and the zonophone. I have just been reading a good book called "A Girl of the Limberlost," by Gene Stratton-Porter, and "A Bird of Passage," by B. M. Croker. What has become of Cousin Phyllis Sullivan. Is she "not dead, but sleeping"? I am patiently waiting for a letter—as I suppose you are, too? Did you get my last note and P.N. for "Grit"? Kindest regards.—Yours sincerely,

(Dear Bonny,—Why this thushness? Please send us an old-time letter and smile on all your cousins as of yore. Phil is like many another scallywag Ni, suffering from let-it-slideness. Many people will be glad if you don't collect, because they know they would have to shell out if you went for them.—Uncle B.)

A NI. WHO WILL TRY.

Dorothy Mitchell, King-street, Gloucester, writes :—

Dear Uncle B.,—While reading through your magazine, "Grit," I noticed several letters, so I thought I would contribute some literature. At the time of writing it is raining



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The Editor, "Photography and Focus," London.

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heavily, making a total for the year about 24 inches, and therefore, No-License ought to be carried, as it has been wet for about nine weeks. I am eleven years of age, and my birthday falls on August 8. Well, Uncle, we have a fine school up here in Gloucester with an attendance of 150 pupils and 3 teachers. I am up in fourth class now. I will try and get some more subscribers for your paper, "Grit." Well, good night, Uncle.—I remain.

(Dear Dorothy,—You are a very welcome Ni. I am delighted to hear you say you will try to get fresh subscribers to "Grit." I hope you may do so. I think Gloucester will be first to get rid of the bar, and all the world will turn its eyes on you and "Grit," and Uncle B. will be as proud of you as a dog is supposed to be of two tails.—Uncle B.)

GOING TO HELP.

C. Mansfield, Craigston, Thirroul, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you will excuse me for not writing for such a long time. It has been very wet down here lately. Has it been wet in Sydney? I have got a nice No. 5 football and a clockwork warship since I wrote last. I tried to get up a team, but nobody would pay in on account of the expense it meant to them. I lent the ball to a team and got sixpence for lending it. My brother is going out in a motor launch next Saturday fishing. I hope he has good luck. Will you give me a collecting card for the children's special issue. I will do what I can. Next Sunday is prize Sunday for our Sunday school. I do not think there is any more news.—Love from.

(Dear Helper,—I am sorry not to have sent your card sooner, but you will have it before this issue reaches you. I would like to have a kick at your football. I used to just love playing. I wonder what your warship is like? I am so pleased you are going to help.—Uncle B.)

OR WAS IT?

Jean Roddan, "Astolat," Cooma, 28/6/13, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose you've nearly forgotten that you have a niece Jean in Cooma, as it is such a long time since I wrote to you.

But I have not lost interest in "Grit" all the same.

We are having dreadfully rainy weather here, and it is also very cold.

I still go to school, and am in the same

class as your niece Stella. I want you to send me a collecting card, please Uncle, and I will get as much as I can for you.

I hope we will have a speaker up here before the election. When are you coming up our way again. I did not have the pleasure of hearing you, or was it Mr. Hammond, when you were up here, but mother did. Well, I will now conclude, with best wishes to yourself and all my cousins.—I remain, your loving niece.

(Dear Jean,—I hope you have long ere this received the card, and are finding people generous. You ask very innocently, "or was it Mr. Hammond?" Now, that is a very old question. A lady asked me to-day how Uncle B. was, and for a minute I was not sure who he was, or if he was me. Never mind, when we get our first No-License area you will get a fair, straightout photo of Uncle B.)

A NEW NE.

Cecil Maynard, South Gundagai, 30/6/13, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I should like to be one of your nephews. Will you accept me? I was ten last March 17th, and I am in third class at school.

We have a lot of fowls, ducks, and turkeys, and one night last week a fox came and took a lot of our fowls and turkeys.

My sister and I have seven pigeons between us. I have one sister four years old on the 15th of July and a brother 14 last May 6th. Jack Frost is out and about, and if you don't mind he will have your toes and fingers, as it is very cold. There is plenty of green grass about, better than last year. This is all the news this time, so good bye.—I remain, yours truly.

(Dear Cecil,—I am pleased to have you as a ne, and hope you will often write. Do you think your 14-year-old brother could catch a fox and send me his skin, and I will sell it for the children's special issue.—Uncle B.)

WISE MR. TOOMBS.

Mabel Muller, "Allendale," Gunning, 3/1/13, writes:—

My Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose you are beginning to wonder whether I had forgotten you and Page Eleven, but I have not, although I have not written. First of all, I must return thanks to all my cousins for their kind sympathy in our sorrow. It was very kind, indeed, of them.

We are having some glorious weather here. To-day was just like a spring day.

We had Bishop Barlow up about a fortnight ago for confirmation at Dalton. There were forty-three persons confirmed, including myself. I was away from home when there was confirmation in Gunning, so that is why I went to Dalton. We have a new pulpit in our church in Gunning now, and the Chancel is finished, so the church looks very nice. I think I owe Edna Stone a letter, but I'm not certain. I would very much like to correspond with the girl who wrote a story called "The Vision." I forget her name, but her photo was in "Grit" about a fortnight ago. I've written one or two stories myself. Oh! "Peggy," alias "Redwing," was speaking to Mr. Toombs (who was lecturing on No-License the other night), and she happened to say, "Do you know Mr. Hammond?" He said, "Yes;" and "Redwing," who is awfully cunning, said, "He is Uncle B., isn't he?" and Mr. Toombs said he didn't tell secrets.

It's quite a mystery to me who Uncle B. is. Mr. Toombs said that Mr. Hammond (not Uncle B.) might be coming up to Gunning soon. The prospect of such a visit is very pleasing to us, as we heard him before, so if I see him I'm going to ask him if he knows who this Uncle B. is. Well, I cannot think of anything more now, so will conclude my letter with much love.—From your loving niece.

(Dear Mabel,—What a long time you were silent. It is a pleasure to hear from you again. So "Redwing" is a bit cunning, is she? Anyhow she met her match in Mr. Toombs. I am glad he does not tell secrets. Never mind, I have promised to tell you all about myself when we get our first No-License area. So work hard. Tell "Redwing" it is time she wrote. I think it was Ivy Bradford you mean. Send a letter c/o of Uncle B.)

The Finnish Government has established a central bureau, the function of which will be to see that all laws concerning the sale of drink are strictly observed, to provide information on all phases of the alcohol problem, to propose changes and improvement in legislation on the subject, etc. Thirty thousand francs are granted to Finnish temperance societies for the promotion of their work.

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WILLIE'S QUESTION.

The aged lady next door had been quite ill, so one morning Willie's mother said to her small son:

"Willie, run over and see how old Mrs. Smith is this morning."

Willie departed, but in a few moments he came running back and said:

"She says it's none of your business."

"Why, Willie!" exclaimed his mother, "what did you ask her?"

"Just what you told me to," said Willie; "I said you wanted to know how old she was."

* * *

ADVICE TO A HUSBAND.

Don't kick because you have to button your wife's waist. Be glad your wife has a waist, and doubly glad you have a wife to button a waist for. Some men's wives have no waists to button. Some men's wives waists have no buttons on to button. Some men's wives' waists which have buttons on to button don't care a button whether they are buttoned or not. Some men don't have any wives with buttons on to button.

* * *

WHAT THE TROUBLE WAS.

A man was fixing his automobile.
"Trouble?" asked a bystander.
"Some," was the laconic answer.
"What power car is it?"
"Forty-horse," came the answer.
"What seems to be the matter with it?"
"Well, from the way she acts I should say that thirty-nine of the horses were dead."

HER AGE.

The maiden lady of uncertain age became very indignant when the census taker asked her age.

"Did you see the girls next door?" she asked; "the Hill twins?"

"Certainly," replied the census man.

"And did they tell you their age?"

"Yes."

"Well," she snapped as she shut the door in his face, "I'm just as old as they are!"

"Oh, very well," said the census man to himself, and he wrote down in his book:

"Jane Johnson—as old as the Hills."

* * *

HE TOOK CHANCES.

A judge in a western town had declared that he would stop the carrying of firearms on the street. Before him appeared for trial a tough youth charged with getting drunk and firing his revolver in a crowded street.

"Twenty dollars and costs," said the magistrate.

"But, your honor," interposed counsel for the prisoner, "my client did not hit anybody."

"Why you admit that he fired the gun?"

"Yes, but he fired it into the air," explained the lawyer.

"Twenty dollars and costs," repeated the judge. "He might have shot an angel."

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THEY DIDN'T MEET.

A minister in a small western town surprised his audience one Sunday by reading the following notice from the pulpit:—

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The club didn't meet that Sunday.

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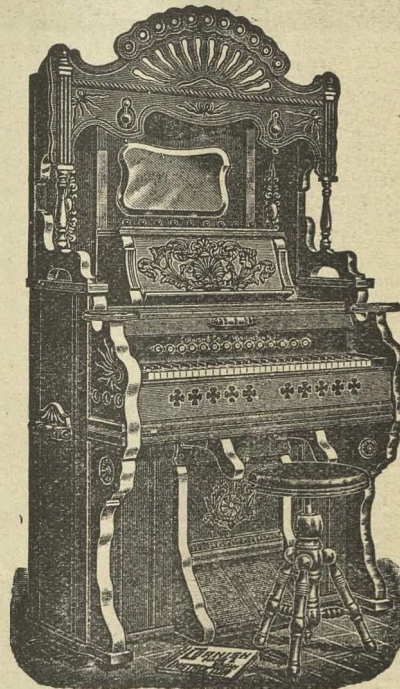
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(Continued.)

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22. Christians have treated me badly.

The Christian and those within.
Rom. 12: 9-16.—Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another; Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer;

Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

Bless them which persecute you: bless, and curse not.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits.

The Christian and those without.

Psa. 146: 5.—Happy is he whose hope is in the Lord.

Rom. 12: 17-21.—Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.

Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

23. I neither accept nor reject.

Matt. 12: 30.—He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad.

Josh. 24: 15.—And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.

24. Attend to your own business.

2 Cor. 5: 20-21.—Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.

For he hath made him to be sin by us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.

Lu. 2: 49.—And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

25. I don't believe the Bible.

Rom. 3: 3-4.—For what if some did not believe? shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect?

God forbid: yea, let God be true, but every man a liar; as it is written, That thou mightest be justified in thy sayings, and mightest overcome when thou art judged.

Lu. 16: 29-31.—Abraham saith unto him, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them.

And he said, Nay, father Abraham: but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent.

And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.

26. I am not one of the elect.

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

Matt. 11: 28-30.—Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

27. I don't believe Christ was divine.

1 John 2: 22-23.—Who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? He is antichrist, that denieth the Father and the Son.

Whoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father: [but] he that acknowledgeth the Son hath the Father also.

Mark 5: 7.—And cried with a loud voice and said, What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the most high God? I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not.

28. I want other evidence beside the Bible.

Psalms 66: 16.—Come and hear all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul.

29. I don't feel saved.

Acts 16: 31.—And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.

Psa. 119: 41-42.—Let thy mercies come also unto me, O Lord, even thy salvation, according to thy word.

So shalt I have wherewith to answer him that reproacheth me: for I trust in thy word.

30. The Bible is contradictory.

Titus 1: 9.—Holding fast the faithful word as he hath been taught, that he may be able by sound doctrine both to exhort and to convince the gainsayers.

Titus 1: 2.—In hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began.

Jude: 10.—But these speak evil of those things which they know not; but what they know naturally, as brute beasts, in those things they corrupt themselves.

31. I haven't the right kind of faith.

Rom. 10: 8-9.—But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith which we preach;

That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

Lu. 7: 50.—And he said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.

32. Too many hypocrites in Church.

Rom. 2: 1-2.—Therefore thou are inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things.

But we are sure that the judgment of God is according to truth against them which commit such things.

Rom. 8: 34.—Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

Matt. 23: 15.—Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves.

Job 20: 4-5.—Knowest thou not this of old, since man was placed upon earth.

That the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment?

33. I am too sceptical.

John 7: 17.—If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.

John 20: 31.—But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.

34. I am doing my best to be saved.

Rom. 4: 3-5.—For what saith the scripture? Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness.

Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt.

But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.

Eph. 2: 8.—Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.

35. God seems so far off.

Rev. 3: 20.—Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.

Psa. 145: 18-19.—The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them.

36. How can I be saved.

Isa. 45: 22.—Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else.

John 10: 9.—I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

37. I wouldn't have anyone know what I've done.

Pro. 28: 13.—He that covereth his sins shall not prosper but who so confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.

Gen. 16: 13.—And she called the name of the Lord that spake unto her, Thou God seest me: for she said, Have I also here looked after him that seeth me?

38. So many profess and turn out bad.

1 John 2: 19.—They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us: but they went out, that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us.

Rom. 9: 6-8.—Not as though the word of God hath taken none effect. For they are not all Israel, which are of Israel:

Neither, because they the seed of Abraham, are they all children: but, In Isaac shall thy seed be called.

That is, They which are the children of the flesh, these are not the children of God: but the children of the promise are counted for the seed.

39. I want to use my reason.

Rom. 12: 1-2.—I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God.

Isa. 1: 18.—Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

40. I don't understand the Bible as you do.

2 Peter 1: 20-21.—Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the scripture is of any private interpretation.

For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

Pro. 3: 5-6.—Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

41. God is not just to create and damn.

Ecc. 7: 29.—Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions.

Eze. 18: 25.—Yet ye say, The way of the Lord is not equal. Hear now, O house of Israel; Is not my way equal? are not your ways unequal?

42. I am so wretched.

Isa. 51: 12.—I, even I, am he that comforteth you: who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass.

Matt. 9: 12-13.—But when Jesus heard that, he said unto them, They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.

But go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice: for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

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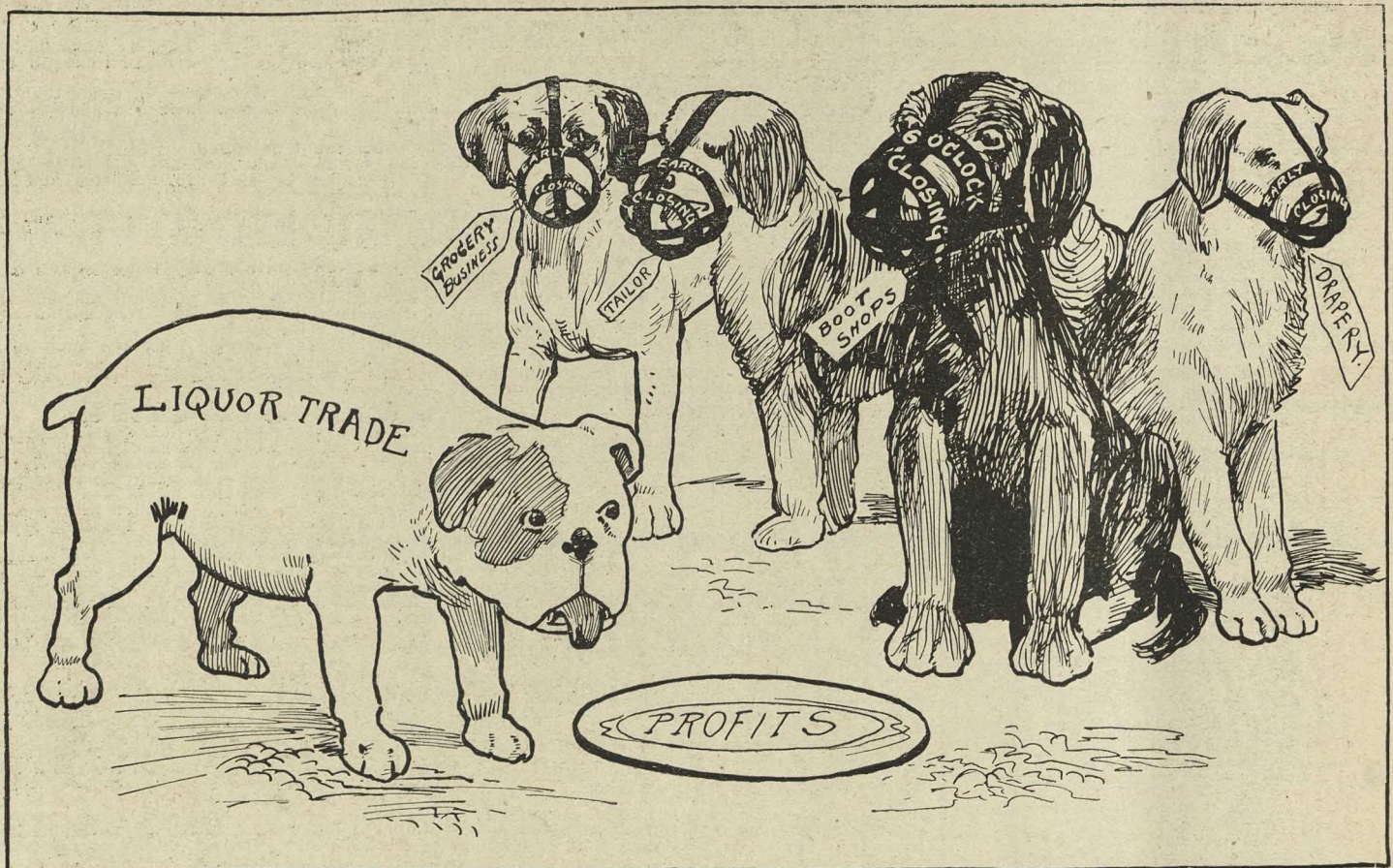
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