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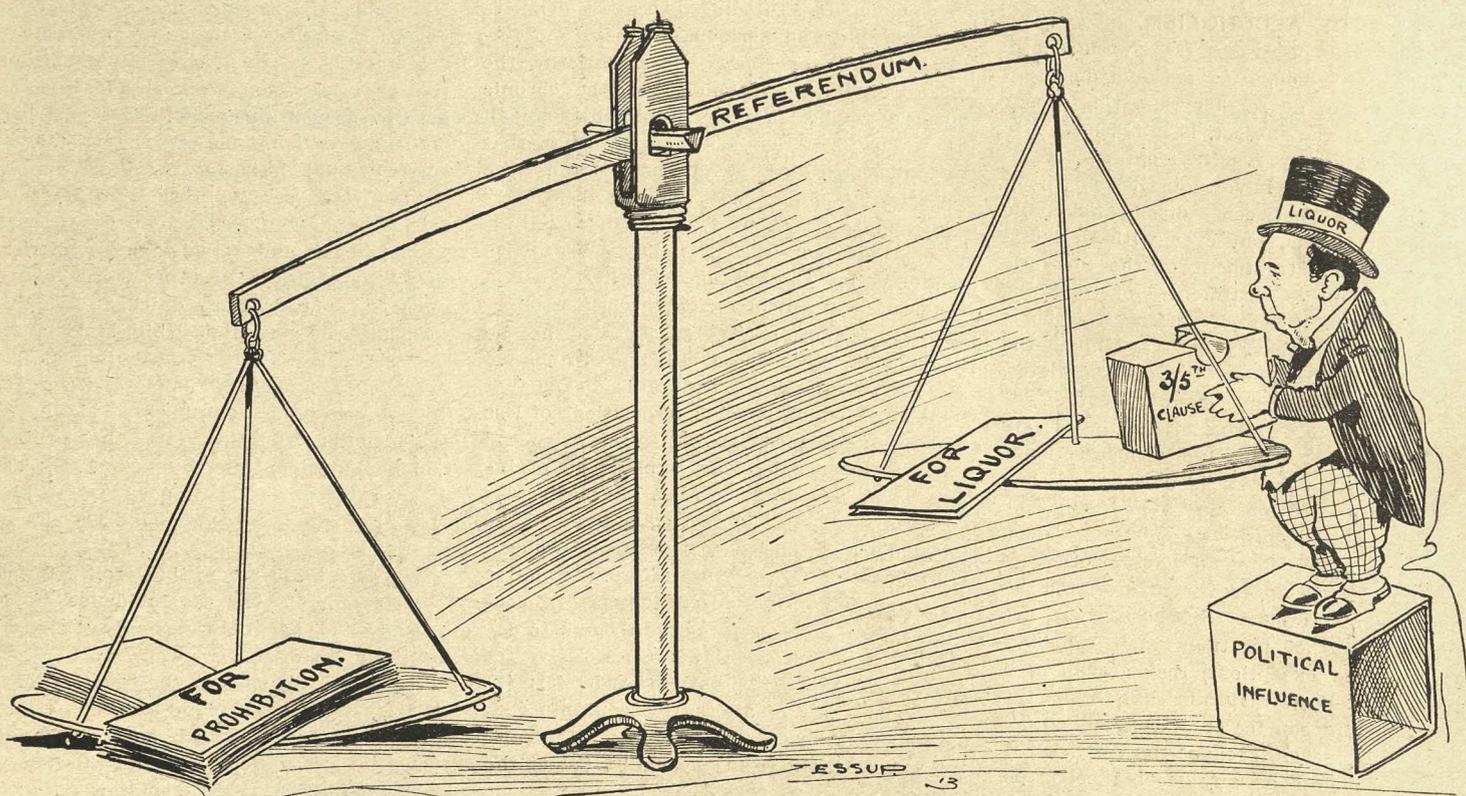
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THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1913.

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What We Are Up Against.

So long as those calling themselves democrats consent to the political make-weight of a three-fifths majority, so long will they be discredited and counted humbugs.

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Psychotherapy and the Inebriate.*

(By H. Crichton Miller, M.A., M.D., author of "Hypnotism and Disease.")

Let me begin by expressing the pleasure which it gives me to have the opportunity of opening this discussion. What I shall say will not be much, but I hope that I shall be able to impress on you the urgent necessity of analysing our cases and adjusting our treatment according to the psychic data of each individual case. And by way of explanation to to-day's discussion, allow me to explain that by "psychotherapy" I mean every therapeutic measure which is based on psychological considerations.

DISCRIMINATION IN THE TREATMENT OF ALCOHOLISM.

In this year of grace, 1913, we are still asking, "Is alcoholism a vice or a disease?" If we have got no farther than this in our knowledge of the subject, is it reasonable to expect satisfactory results from our treatment? True, we have got the length of differentiating between dipsomania and chronic alcoholism, but even with that differentiation our treatment of the inebriate remains a routine treatment—not the same routine in the hands of different authorities, but each authority has very much the same routine treatment for all inebriates. The Inebriates Act lays down a year of restraint; Norwood Sanatorium gives six weeks without restraint and with injections; the magistrate has his fixed scale of imprisonment and options; my hypnotising colleagues use hypnotic suggestion; some worthy clerics recommend one or other of the numerous drug treatments offered by charlatans and others. In short, there are plenty of lines of treatment, but I submit that, with few exceptions, they are all used indiscriminately. I maintain that this is the fundamental reason for our meagre results—not the only reason, because the condition is often as hopeless as any morbid condition could be, and therefore, with all the diagnosis, analysis, and discrimination in the world, we can never hope to annihilate this enemy as long as two molecules of carbon will unite with six of hydrogen and one of oxygen, or as long as mankind remains unregenerate. My main contention is this, that, given the present conditions and our present methods of treating alcoholism, a very considerable improvement could be attained in

our results if we did more—much more—to insure that the treatment suit the disease and "the punishment fit the crime." If all alcoholics are being treated here as criminals and there as demented, what can we expect? Forty per cent. results, and lucky if we touch them. But if every victim of alcoholism could have his case diagnosed by an unbiassed expert before any treatment—medical or penal—were begun, we should see results more like 80 per cent., or even more.

CLASSIFICATION OF INEBRIATES.

Let us, then, begin with the classification of alcoholism. Dividing excessive drinkers into chronic and periodic, we have (to follow Hare's excellent classification) the chronic inebriate alcoholic and the chronic sober alcoholic. For the latter class we all know how little can be done; the man that is cursed with a "steady head" and who "carries his liquor well" evades the physician and keeps clear of the magistrate. But the chronic inebriate alcoholic is dealt with sooner or later by one or the other. In him the craving for alcoholic euphoria is stronger than his inhibition. We say of him that he has begun to go down hill, and, translated into psychological language, this means that he is establishing psychic associations of less and less resistance between opportunity and gratification. Behaviour is made up of interminable selections between alternative associated ideas. The more frequently we have allowed our attention to pass from Concept C to Concept C1, the more effort of conative attention will be required to pass from C to C2. Now, the main factors that go to determine selection are these: (1) Relative resistance of alternative paths (i.e., habit); (2) emotional value of alternative concepts (i.e., hope or fear); (3) individual's conative control over attention—(a) normally, (b) at the moment.

As regards (1), we have already seen that the oftener an individual has passed from opportunity to gratification, the less easy is it for him to pass from opportunity to abstinence. Hence, all treatment of the chronic alcoholic must begin early. Of course we all agree about this as far as medical treatment goes, but what of the law? The law says two things: (1) Because this man has only wakened the street with his drunken song, because he has only held on to a lamp-post and not subsided in the ditch, because a friend found him in this state and kindly accompanied him home, because the window

he broke was his own and not his neighbor's, because he was not in charge of a motor car at the time, there he was, in the eyes of the law, sober; and to regard this convivial gentleman as amenable to measures of justice would be an undue interference with the liberties of the subject, which thing, in a free and democratic land, cannot, and shall not, be tolerated. Later on the convivial gentleman is found in the ditch, is summoned for being "drunk and incapable," and then the law makes its second pronouncement. "You have been drunk, and to be drunk is wrong, but as you have never been drunk before (which is firstly untrue, and secondly not ground for contention), you shall not be punished. You have suffered enough in the discredit you have brought on yourself. Next time we shall give you a fine, and if that doesn't cure you, you will ultimately be sent to jail without option."

The magistrate's attitude is that in the first place the prisoner's lapse was a pleasantry, in the second place it developed into naughtiness, and if it goes on much longer it will be downright bad of him. This, solemnly and seriously, is the official view of inebriety upon which is based the treatment of the condition in a community which has the reputation for being able to govern itself better than any other civilised community. Is it a matter for astonishment that the same community should have a reputation for drunkenness? It seems hardly necessary to point out all the mistakes involved in this method. In the first place, the individual's culpability diminishes with each lapse. The element of conation may well increase, and yet always be inferior to the factor of desire; in other words, his will-power cannot develop quickly enough to catch up the ever-diminishing resistance of the drink association. The individual begins by being a responsible miscreant; he ends up by being an irresponsible victim of a psychopathic condition. At the beginning we should punish him, but we laugh; as he deteriorates we lose patience, and about the time that we should be handing him over to the psychopathologist we begin to be cruel. I maintain, then, that from a psychological point of view the incidence of penal measures is not only wrongly timed, but fatuously inverted.

In the second place, the quality of the punishment is wrong, and this brings us to the second factor, which was the relative emotional value of the two alternative concepts. Each time that the individual chooses to drink, or to drink again, the attention selects to pass to the concept of drinking, which is imbued with the pleasant anticipation of euphoria, or to the concept of resistance, which is tinged with a variety of emotions—e.g., promises and pledges, affection for his family, social considerations, fear of financial loss, and, finally, fear of losing personal liberty. Now, these feelings lose their value more or less in the order in which I have named them, but they all do so before the most deep-seated emotion—the dread of physical pain. This is the most powerful in-

(Continued on Page 10.)

*A paper introductory to a discussion before the Society for the Study of Inebriety, at its Winter Meeting, Tuesday, January 8, 1913, held in the rooms of the Medical Society of London.

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The Shortcomings of Jimmy.

(Continued from last issue.)

But Jimmy, knowing himself, knew better. It was not nerves and it was not the climate. It was overwork and worry and a sore, hurt spirit. And it was the last much more than it was the first two. For he was being imposed upon. He knew it, and worse than all else, every man on the staff knew it. As they put it, he was "in bad with the city editor." For the first few months that potentate had apparently not noticed Jimmy, his work, nor his "peculiarities." Then he had suddenly fallen upon him, and to meet his chief's requirements Jimmy had come early and stayed late beyond all precedent even in newspaperdom. He had done more work than any three of the staff put together. Yet he seemed utterly unable to overcome the hostility of his chief. If there had been any need for such a condition of affairs, Leroy would have been the last person to have felt resentment. For he loved a struggle with circumstances; but the struggle must be a fair and square one.

His desk was by an open window. And now he folded his arms upon the sill, leaned far out into the night, and let the wonderful Gulf breeze blow upon his face. During the long, long summer in New Orleans, one is certain of this breeze only at night. But there is in it that quality that when it does come it fully compensates for the discomfort of the interval. And now it worked a miracle with Jimmy. It seemed to him in a little while that it had blown upon his seething mind and quieted it. Jimmy became himself again; he knew what he was going to do—knew exactly.

"You've nobody to blame but yourself, son—just little Jimmy Leroy," drawled a voice behind him.

He turned and faced Kelly Evans and the cigar, without which Kelly could not live nor move nor have his being, much less work. Kelly had drawn a chair up, and, with his feet on Jimmy's desk, was making himself at home.

Evidently the face that Leroy turned toward him did not wear the expression he had expected to see, for he looked surprised. Certainly it was not the expression he had seen when Jimmy had turned from the city desk.

"Jimmy," he said, "you'll have to drop it."

"Drop what?" Jimmy asked.

"Why, this white-ribbon, anti-tobacco, anti-profanity, anti-everything business. You can't do that down here. Even the boys look upon you as an outsider—not in the crowd, you see. Nobody expects you to act down here as you would anywhere else."

"Nobody anywhere expects me to act any particular way. I act as I expect myself to act," said Jimmy shortly.

"But, Leroy, you can be sociable, can't you? Don't you know that's what's the matter with the boss? You've got to do like the rest of us or he'll think you don't care whether he likes you or not."

"I am sociable," Jimmy replied, grimly. "There isn't on the face of this earth a more sociable person than I am."

"I know—I know!" Evans assured him, soothingly. "But you don't understand. Remember, New Orleans is different from any other place in the country. It is more Spanish and French than it is American, and its way of doing things is strictly its own. Now, as you may have observed, the rest of us manage to do what is expected of us without much effort. You've got to ask the boss out to dinner once in a while, and dinner means wines of course; you've got to 'treat' him; you've got to have a cigar handy. It's the custom. Several of the boys had to win him over in that way—not that they found it any hardship. O, we've all noticed what has been happening to you!"

"I came down here at 7 this morning—or yesterday morning, as it is now—and I'll not get away until 3 a.m.," Jimmy said.

"And you're going to have your hands full upstairs, I'm afraid," Evans went on; and it was evident that he was much worried, for his tone was troubled. "Take my advice and handle those men as the others do."

"No," Jimmy replied. "But I can give up my job—I'll probably be asked to do so tomorrow. I've been making the fight because I support my mother and she had to come to a warm climate. I'm going upstairs now."

Kelly Evans removed his cigar from his mouth and looked carefully at it.

"I reckon that inside myself I knew the boy wouldn't do it or I wouldn't have tried to persuade him," he said, with much satisfaction. "I reckon that I just wanted to prove to myself that there are boys like that left."

The first men and the last to arrive at the "Morning Call" the next day at noon found Jimmy Leroy in the city editor's "cage." The city editor was discoursing in very low but very emphatic tones; and Jimmy was listening and saying very little, but his face seemed to be growing whiter every minute. And presently the city editor arose and extended his hand to Jimmy. And Jimmy shook the hand quickly and then took himself and a white face and a pair of

dazed-looking eyes out of the door and disappeared. It was quite apparent that the expected had happened: Jimmy had been "fired."

A murmur that was evidently not one of approbation ran around the room; for Jimmy, although "different," was liked exceedingly well. The city editor heard it, listened a moment to its growing louder, and then arose.

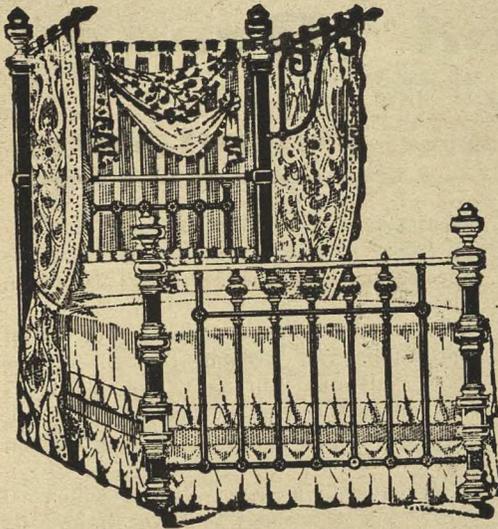
"Gentlemen," he said, with a whimsical smile, "you are about to have an unusual pleasure. I am about to make a speech. You will henceforth be relieved of the society of Mr. James Leroy. His shortcomings along some lines were so obvious that your agitation is a surprise to me. Beside, he seemed to be so much alone around here that he made me nervous. What's the matter, Evans. That's all true, isn't it?"

He stopped long enough to smile mischievously at Kelly Evans. A scowl appeared upon Evans' crimsoned face, but before he could reply his chief continued in a tone so different that absolute stillness settled upon the room:

"Two months ago a friend of mine, who hasn't seen me for years, started a paper in San Antonio. It is a paper with unlimited money behind it and a future before it. But San Anton' being, as we know, Texan to its backbone, and young and enthusiastic, is by no means a placid place. The paper will have to be a fair one, with all details open to inspection. And the man who manages it will have to be open to inspection, too; he will have to have clean principles and stand by his guns in spite of everything. He will have to be a man whom the whole community will respect because he's going to be in the public eye. He will have to be good to look at, too; for he must be a credit to his paper, must stand for it, in fact. But the salary and the opportunity will more than compensate him for everything. It is a chance in a lifetime.

"My friend offered me the job, and I wanted it; but I couldn't take it, boys, because he is my friend and I am what I am. And I couldn't give it to any of you for the same reason that I couldn't give it to myself. So I decided to offer it to the only different one among us, knowing that my friend would abide by my choice. And I tried Jimmy out. I found out what I wanted to know—that he can get out a paper from beginning to end; that he fights fair and stands by his guns and is always a gentleman, no matter what the pressure; and that he is to be relied upon always, because he's never 'incapacitated' as the rest of us are. When he thought that I had turned against him, he didn't try to disarm me with dinners, drinks, and cigars. (Evans, the Gulf breeze was blowing in my

(Continued on Page 10.)



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New South Wales Alliance.

STATE COUNCIL MEETING.

The first meeting of the newly-elected State Council was held on Monday, May 5, and was well attended. The principal business was the appointment of the executive and the fixing of the time of meeting.

It was resolved that the State Council meet on the third Monday of each month at 4 p.m.

The newly-elected executive will consist of Ven. Archdeacon Boyce (president), Rev. R. B. S. Hammond (treasurer), Revs. Professor Clouston, D.D., J. Buchan, M.A., T. Davies, Cranston, Paterson, M.A., Slade Mallen, Fisher-Webster, A. A. Yeates, M.A., Colonel Birkenshaw, Mesdames Blow, Laverty, and Masterman, and Messrs. Bruntnell, M.L.A., W. Winn, A. B. Purcell, H. M. Hawkins, F. E. Pulsford, G. House, and James Marion, general secretary.

Mr. Albert Bruntnell, M.L.A., headed a concert party that visited Gerrangong, and Kiama last week-end.

The party consisted of the following vocalists, elocutionists, and musicians, who gave their services free. Misses Helen Ray, N. Powter, Lucy Bruntnell, Edna Somerville, Maynes, and Camp, and Messrs. Leslie Riper, Simpson, and H. W. Lee.

Mr. Bruntnell received a great reception, and captivated the audience with his humor.

Every member of the party exceeded any apparent excessive "boost" in the advertising.

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TO READERS OF "GRIT."

Country Orders carefully packed and delivered
free to Rail or Wharf.

by the Mayor, Mr. Farleigh, M.L.C., and Mr. Taylor, M.L.A., were also present. Mrs. Lee-Cowie spoke with great freedom and made a splendid impression. In responding to a vote of thanks the Mayor said: "When I became Mayor I decided to have nothing to do with hotels. I want to say that I would not raise a little finger to save the liquor traffic." This pronouncement was loudly cheered.

GARDEN PARTY AT BEXLEY.

Mrs. Laverty is arranging a garden party to take place at her residence "Oaklands," Forrest Street, Bexley, on Saturday afternoon next, the proceeds going to help the Alliance Fighting Fund. Mrs. Lee-Cowie will deliver a short address. We trust that our friends will make their Saturday afternoon outing fit in with the garden party.

W.C.T.U. FAIR.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union has arranged for a three days' Fair, to be held in the Newtown Methodist School Hall on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, June 11, 12, and 13.

Mrs. Lee-Cowie is going to have a stall, the proceeds coming to the Alliance. The W.C.T.U. is most anxious to help in the great campaign, and is desirous of raising funds. The Methodist School Hall, Newtown, is right on King Street. All trams pass the door, and is only three minutes walk from the Newtown Railway Station.

PERSONAL.

Miss Southwell has completely recovered from her recent illness, and is back at her place in the office again.

Mr. G. E. Bodley has commenced organizing the Gordon electorate.

Mr. R. L. Herps wires to say that all arrangements are complete for the general secretary's western tour.

Amongst the new faces at the State Council were Mr. F. E. Pulsford (author of Co-operation and Co-partnership), and Mr. A. E. Bates, who is doing good service on the speakers' team.

Mr. W. E. Clegg and Mr. Jas. Hirst have both promised to give considerable time to addressing No-License meetings as Hon. Lecturers.

Mr. Arthur Toombes passed through Sydney on Tuesday on his way to Goulburn, where he commences organizing work. Mr. Toombes reports that his home has been brightened by the arrival of a bonny boy. Congratulations.

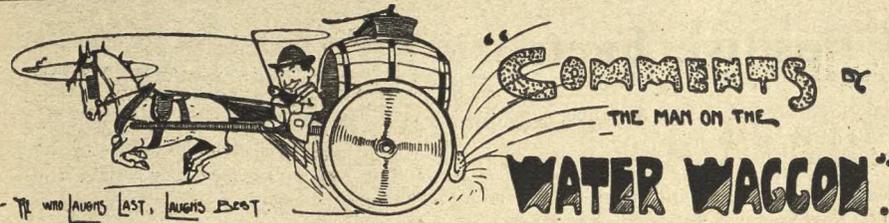
DEATH OF MRS. STEAD.

This well-known temperance worker, who took part in the last No-License campaign in New South Wales, died in Melbourne last week. She contemplated re-visiting this State for the coming campaign and amongst her last messages was one regretting her inability to come over and help us.

(Continued on Page 10.)

MRS. LEE-COWIE.

Mrs. Lee-Cowie continues to attract splendid audiences in the city and suburbs. At Rockdale 400 people attended a meeting in the Town Hall, which was presided over



A WITHDRAWAL ASKED FOR.

"Fairplay" has unfortunately fallen into the mistake, that is quite excusable, of thinking the reported interview with Mrs. Harrison Lee-Cowie that appeared in the "Sun" was a true record, and so the Liquor journal devotes a very strong and exultant leading article to the subject of the interview. On April 25, Mrs. Lee-Cowie's reply to the supposed interview was printed in the "Sun." She said:—

I clearly stated that I had never seen the surf bathing, so could not either commend or condemn. I should think surf bathing could be a healthful and cleanly recreation.

Picture plays can be a means of education to such a splendid degree that I must make it very plain that I can only protest against the really improper ones; but as I have not been to either surf bathing or picture plays my opinions are really valueless on these matters.

So please do me the justice to clear me on the points of surf bathing, picture-plays, and the good work, for I did not say we had to work 50 times harder to prevent us becoming a nation of lust and immorality.

Mrs. Lee-Cowie expressly and without any reservation states she not only made no remark about surf bathing and picture shows, but most emphatically refused to discuss them with the lady who interviewed her, who by the way, took no notes. Since "Fairplay" and the Liberty League find it difficult, nay impossible, to advance any arguments against No-License or in favor of the use of liquor, they naturally are glad if they can find such things as Mr. Lee-Cowie denies having said. The Editor of the "Sun," after an interview with Mrs. Lee-Cowie, wrote and printed in the "Sun" the following statement:—

Mrs. Lee-Cowie wishes it to be made clear that she is in Australia not to oppose any legitimate pleasures, but solely to fight the liquor traffic. As set out in her letter published in the "Sun," she has no desire to curtail the freedom of those who enjoy surf bathing or picture shows. The forthcoming campaign for temperance is to be carried on solely as a fight for temperance, and it is not intended that the issue should be confused with any other. The sole intention is to curtail the liberty of the subject to get drunk, not to enjoy himself in other ways."

In view of the following statement made a few weeks ago in "Fairplay":—

The man in the street would naturally think that the discovery of the falsehood of the stories would bring apologies from

those who gave them circulation, and that if injury to anyone had been done, reparation would be made with all possible speed. Unfortunately there is a class of individual who will use a story which he knows to have been refuted if thereby he can make party capital out of it.

We now ask "Fairplay" to accept Mrs. Lee-Cowie's definite and unqualified denial that she ever said anything at all on the subject of surf-bathing and picture shows, and withdraw the remarks in their leading article which they now know to be without foundation.

THE BREWERY MONOPOLY.

The daily paper in the financial column speaks thus of Tooth's Brewery:—

"During the two years £650,000 has been capitalised out of profits and the revaluation, and instead of £50,000 dividend the shareholders get £71,500. The issue of the preference shares means putting up the 10 per cent. dividend to 13 per cent. But, as the company last half-year earned more than enough to pay 27 per cent., that is easily done. Certainly the company is highly prosperous."

The profits for the half year amount to £178,000. This makes other monopolies look small. Why, oh why, don't the Labor Party go for this biggest and worst of all monopolies?

A THEORY.

"LIQUOR TO BE HAD ANYWHERE" IN MASTERTON.

A FACT.

In a Magistrate's Court not many miles from Masterton last month a man was brought before a J.P. charged with being drunk and disorderly. The following dialogue occurred:—

J.P.: Where is your home?

D.: At — station, above Masterton, your Honor.

J.P.: When did you leave it?

D.: Just a week ago.

J.P.: Why did you come to this town?

D.: Because I wanted a booze, and couldn't get it in Masterton.

J.P.: That's all nonsense. I hear on all sides that drink is obtainable there by anyone who wants it and has money—more plentiful, in fact, than in our licensed town.

D.: Well, your Honor, I hunted round the town with £26 in my pocket to buy some. I've been seven months out at the back, and had to have a spree, but I couldn't get it, and so came down here. I've been locked up since Saturday night, and hope yer Honor will let me off now, and I'll go straight back to work.

Police: He has only 1s. 6d. left, your worship.

J.P.: Well, I can't fine him and don't like locking him up, so I'll convict and discharge on your promise to return to work at once. But if you come here again disturbing our town you'll get the full penalty.

PLEDGE-SIGNING CRUSADE

How are the mighty fallen! Last week, among the pledge signers was one of the most noted athletes of a few years ago, down and out to Drink! He is now putting up the fight of his life with the pledge as the start and promise of better things.

WEEK'S RECORD.

	Men.	Women.	Pledge.
May 2	26	11	7
May 3	28	4	17
May 5	33	6	12
May 6	19	3	10
May 7	17	8	6
May 8	18	2	10
	141	34	62

Total pledges taken, 877. Seventeen weeks' work.

MANY THANKS.

We have to thank the following firms for boots, hats, etc.:—Winn's, Ltd., Lowe's, Ltd.; Palmer and Son, Callaghan's, David Jones, Ltd., and Mrs. Moffat. C. Hardy, jr., £1/1/-; Mr. Turner, 13/9; A. W. Miller, 6/10; Miss Curtis, 15/-; Mrs. Williams, £5; Miss Slack, 15/-.

A No-License Police Station.

Rev. G. H. Mann, ex-president of the New Zealand Methodist Conference, in an interesting article in "The Alliance News" on prohibition in the "land of experiments," New Zealand, gives the following interesting bit of history:—

"Just before this system (prohibition) came into operation, plans were passed for enlarging the police station of Geraldine, but on the eve of the election the work was delayed for a while. That police station has never been enlarged to this day. I was in the police station recently and found that one of the cells had been turned into a dark-room for photography, another was used for making picture blocks, another one was a lumber room, while another was used as a storeroom for the sergeant's gardening tools. I asked where the prisoners were kept, and was told there were none. For a straight run of 16 weeks after the passing of no-license there was no business whatever for the magistrate in that town."

Just before the battle, mother,
I was thinking most of you,
Wondering whether you were taking
What I told you for the "flu."
But I know that you will never
Fail to take that fine Renewer,
Which has put new life in thousands—
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Popular Fallacies and Positive Facts.

Address delivered by Mr. James Marion, General Secretary N.S.W. Alliance, at the Annual Meeting in the Protestant Hall, Sydney, on April 29, 1913.

I do not believe that all the people who vote against No-License are antagonistic to temperance principles, but many are not altogether with us because they are victims of Popular Fallacies and are not conversant with Positive Facts.

ACCOMMODATION.

It is a Popular Fallacy that No-License will mean the closing of all the hotels, and thereby deprive the community of necessary accommodation! The liquor interests have been most insidiously enforcing this fallacy. But it is a Positive Fact that No-License only affects the license to sell intoxicants and does not in any way touch the accommodation part of an hotel. It is notorious that in recent years liquor bars have become such a prolific source of profit to hotelkeepers that they have in many cases been utterly indifferent to the requirements of the public in regard to accommodation.

It is questionable if one-tenth of the people living outside of private homes in Sydney live on licensed premises. There are, in parts of this city, whole rows of boarding houses that carry on lucrative business without liquor bars. Positive proof that hotels can be run without licenses is forthcoming in the success of the Alliance Hotel and the great People's Palace of the Salvation Army, which will shortly accommodate 760 people nightly.

THE REVENUE.

It is a Popular Fallacy that No-License will adversely affect taxation. The brewers and publicans have professed to be so tremendously interested in the solvency of the State, that they have warned the country people that heavier land taxes will be imposed if the liquor traffic is swept out, and the city people, especially the workers, are warned against higher duties, which will increase the cost of living.

Not one line of evidence has ever been produced to support this fallacy, and yet at the last election scare advertisements completely nonplussed many electors.

WHAT ARE THE POSITIVE FACTS?

That the licensed liquor traffic enormously increases the cost of Government. It is significant that in proportion to the drink bills of the various Australian States, the cost of police and also the number of prisoners in the jails run in exactly the same order.

(Mr. Marion here displayed the diagram entitled, "How drink increases the cost of Government in Australia," which we publish in this issue.)

Not only that, but it must be borne in mind that no great political economist has ever held that the destruction of the liquor traffic would adversely affect the financial standing of a country. Gladstone, Chamberlain and others have made emphatic pro-

nouncements on this question. The Hon. Geo. E. Foster, who is visiting Australia as the Canadian representative on the Imperial Trade Commission, said, when Treasurer: "Personally, I have no doubt, and never had any, that if the waste and ruin entailed by drink were done away with, the country could well afford to pay three times the taxes in another way." Again, the taxable commodities which could be purchased in the place of drink would produce an equal if not a greater revenue.

EMPLOYMENT.

It is a Popular Fallacy that the closing of the liquor bar will throw men out of employment, and reduce wages, and produce industrial stagnation. Here again no evidence has ever been produced to support such a contention. But in order to bolster up a bad case, the liquor supporters quote all the people engaged in that part of the hotel which provides meals and beds. The Positive Fact is demonstrated beyond that the diverting of money now spent in liquor into other channels will give a greater volume of employment than the liquor traffic.

(The diagram re employment was here introduced, showing the relative amount of money going to labor from certain trades, and is published in this issue.)

LIBERTY?

The last Popular Fallacy I shall refer to is one that we are hearing a great deal about at the present time. I refer to the fallacy that the compulsory closing of liquor bars affects the rights and privileges of the people! It is, however, clear that rights and privileges cannot be monopolised, either by liquor sellers or liquor drinkers, and the Alliance, whilst quite desirous of conserving the freedom of every man in the community, is also concerned about the rights and liberties of women and children. Since the liquor traffic came directly in conflict with the welfare of those who were weak and often powerless to help themselves, modern civilisation called for the surrender of supposed rights in harmony with true British tradition.

The right of the child was supreme. As

Professor Hopkins has set out in his great work, "Profit and Loss in Man," "the child had a right to be born with pure blood in its veins—born in a sober home and with a sober environment outside the home."

The law of the sea was "Save the women and children first." This was asserted when the Titanic was sinking in the North Atlantic, and even a millionaire could not buy the "right" of a seat in a boat whilst women and children were to be rescued. When Captain Smith said, "Be British!" he meant that the law of the sea should be observed, and so it was, with two or three exceptions, where men, happily not of British blood, tried to rush the boats—going for their liberty—and they were shot down like dogs. Let the law of the sea become the law of the land.

DISPELLING THE FALLACIES.

I desire to contend that the most effective way to dispel Popular Fallacies is to assert Positive Facts. We must not only have a destructive, argumentative policy, but a bold, clear, true, constructive affirmation of the economic, physical, and moral advantages of No-License, as clearly revealed to us in the concrete illustrations from every country where it has been tried. To this end No-License supporters must study the facts, which were so strong, powerful and convincing that they would, with the dawning intelligence of an educated democracy, eventually overwhelm the Popular Fallacies and then we would have the incoming of the long-looked-for day when our great country would be liberated from the drink curse.

NATIONALISATION.

Official figures have recently been published which bear out my reference last week to the bad effect of the nationalisation of the liquor monopoly in Russia. In 1911 there was an increase of 5,796,419 gallons as compared with the preceding year. The Government realised a net profit of 600,000,000 roubles (£85,000,000).

Mr. Littlerest: "Doctor, what did you tell me was your special treatment for sleeplessness?" Medico: "We strike at the cause of the root of the trouble." Mr. Littlerest: "You don't say so! Well, you will find the baby in the other room. Only, don't strike at him too hard."

JAMES STEDMAN, LTD.

Manufacturing Confectioners,

and
IMPORTERS OF HIGH-CLASS ENGLISH,
AMERICAN AND CONTINENTAL SWEETS.



The Home of Pure Confectionery

Be sure and ask your Confectioner for our FAMOUS "LION" BRAND SWEETS
Every taste a Pleasant Thought. Every bite a Happy Memory.
None other like them.

131 to 139 CLARENCE ST., SYDNEY.

THE DRINK INCREASES.

Cost of Government in Australia.

STATE.	Drink Bill per Head of Population.			Cost of Police per Head		Prisoners in Gaol per 10,000
	£	s.	d.	s.	d.	
W.A.	8	8	11	8	11	11.5
Q'LD.	3	15	10	8	3	8.9
N.S.W.	3	10	6	6	2	7.6
VIC.	3	7	10	5	3	6.7
S.A.	3	15	0	4	10	6.7
TAS.	2	7	7	4	3	3.5

Figures for 1910 from the Commonwealth Year Book.

DRINK & EMPLOYMENT

In New South Wales.

For every £1 of added value in process of manufacture, the following Trades pay:—

Tanneries	10/4
Agricultural Imports	11/2
Railway Rolling Stock	17/2
Boots and Shoes	13/9
Woollen and Tweed Mills	12/-
BREWERIES	3/5

Figures from the 1910 Commonwealth Year Book.

GRIT SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

Mrs. Humphries, 3s., 30/6/13; W. McNeill, 6s., 28/2/14; Miss Neale, 3s., 23/10/13; N. Barnes, 3s., 23/10/13; E. Bowman, 5s., 31/10/13; Rev. G. Thompson, 6s., 31/12/13; W. E. Barnett, 10s., 31/10/13; Mrs. Huxley, 3s., 25/4/13; Mrs. J. A. Griffin, 6s., 7/4/14; Miss E. E. A. Harding, 9s. 1d., 14/2/14; A. A. McIntyre, 6s., 15/2/14; A. D. Clarke, 6s., 31/12/13; Rev. Allen, 11s., 31/1/14; N. Metcalf, 6s., 12/4/14; Mrs. Richards, 6s., 31/12/13; Miss Badgery, 6s., 1/2/14; H. McFarlane, 8s. 6d., 11/10/13; F. E. Foster, 6s., 31/1/14; Rev. John McDonald, 6s., 31/12/13; Miss Debenham, 5s., 28/2/13; Mrs. King, 3s., 12/10/13; Miss Stiles, 3s., 12/10/13; Miss Rennie, 3s., 12/10/13; Miss M. Brown, 15s., 31/10/13; Miss Cameron, 3s., 12/10/13; E. Longhurst, 6s., 14/4/14; E. McCleary, 10s., 11/7/14; Mrs. H. M. Butz, 7s. 9d., 4/4/13; C. W. White, 3s., 6/8/13; Mrs. Hannam, 6s., 15/4/14; Mrs. W. Barnett, N.Z., 13s. 6d., 31/12/13; Mrs. E. Ibbotson, 5s., 16/7/13; Miss A. Pearson, 7s. 6d., 26/11/13; Robert Clark, 6s., 31/12/13; Miss Moberley, 6s., 5/5/14; E. Joachim, 13s.,

30/11/13; David Howie, 6s., 16/4/14; W. Robbins, 6s., 31/12/13; W. G. Leask, 6s., 28/4/14; Mrs. M. Willard, 6s., 31/12/13; H. Clarke, 2s., 10/4/13; H. O. Foster, 6s., 31/12/13; H. M. Southam, 6s., 31/12/12; Miss Franklyn, 6s., 24/4/14; Miss Tray, 6s., 24/4/14; Rev. E. Howard, 6s., 24/4/14; J. Reid, 6s., 5/12/13; J. J. Rutledge, 3s., 31/7/13; Reg. Mitchell, £1 6s., 24/4/14; F. W. Dunkley, 6s., 13/4/13; A. M. Croft, 5s., 31/12/12; Mrs. B. H. Chapman, 7s. 10d., 31/12/13; Mrs. Batiste, 2s., 24/8/13; Rev. E. W. Walker, N.Z., 6s., 24/8/13; F. S. Martin, N.Z., 7s., 24/10/13; J. Hamilton, 7s., 31/12/13; C. E. Young, 7s., 9/11/13; E. Pidgeon, 5s., 21/7/13; K. Oliver, 6s., 15/12/13; H. Parsons, 6s., 21/9/14; Rev. H. G. J. Howe, 10s. 6d., 30/4/13; R. H. Andrews, 6s., 25/4/14; A. W. J. Butcher, 5s., 15/7/12; Geo. See, 10s., 28/4/13; Erwin Bros., 6s., 9/12/13; L. A. Tanner, 6s., 28/4/14; F. A. Wallis, 3s. 6d., 28/11/13; T. Lowrey, 6s., 11/12/13; E. L. Everingham, 6s., 28/4/14; G. Reeves, 6s., 28/4/14; G. Puff, 6s., 28/4/14; E. A. Carey, 6s., 28/4/14; F. Johnson, 3s., 28/10/13; S. Weller, 3s., 28/10/13; Nurse Nixon, 6s., 17/3/13; Mr. Chapman, 6s.,

28/4/14; C. Simcoe, 3s., 28/10/13; V. H. Collins, 3s., 28/10/13; J. K. McLaughlan, 3s., 28/10/13; L. T. Rudder, 3s., 28/10/13; H. Edward, 6s., 15/11/12; J. Anderson, 3s., 24/10/13; Mrs. R. Mackay, 6s., 24/10/13; A. Jaursen, 3s., 24/10/13; A. J. Whitford, 6s., 24/4/14; W. J. Nelson, 3s., 24/10/13; W. Muscio, 6s., 24/4/14; J. S. Sheppard, 5s., 24/2/14; S. Whitbread, 6s., 24/4/14; Miss M. Flett, 6s., 24/4/14; Mrs. Cleach, 3s., 24/10/13; Mrs. Scribner, 3s., 24/10/13; F. Malcolm, 6s., 24/4/14; Mrs. Pankhurst, 6s., 24/4/14; Robt. Malcolm, 6s., 24/4/14; Mrs. L. O. Martin, 6s., 24/4/14; P. MacKenzie, 3s., 24/10/13; W. Findley, 3s., 24/10/13; Mrs. Jamieson, 10s., 31/10/13; J. Avery, 6s., 24/4/14; S. T. Lean, 3s., 24/10/13; Hugh Symes, 3s., 24/10/13; A. M. Wynter, 3s., 24/10/13; W. Wrigley, 6s., 24/4/14; Mrs. Peter Aston, 3s., 28/10/13; Rev. Allnutt, 5s., 31/11/13; E. Woodleigh, 3s., 29/10/13; J. Pattison, 3s., 22/8/13; J. M. Short, N.Z., 7s. 9d., 31/12/13; Isaac Winn, 6s., 31/12/13; Miss Cook, 3s., 3/10/13; Mrs. Dunlop, 6s., 24/4/14; H. G. Howard, 7s., 7/1/14; Mrs. Bilton, 6s., 22/10/13; R. Cordiner, 1s. 6d., 17/7/13; Mrs. Stephenson, 4s. 6d., 31/12/13; G. Berg, 4s. 8d., 31/12/13; A. Rose, 6s., 31/12/13; A. Fletcher, 1s., 31/12/13; Geo. Schott, 6s., 2/4/13; W. J. Newman, 6s., 31/12/13; Mrs. W. A. Shepherd, 6s., 24/4/14; P. Priestley, 1s. 6d., 2/8/13; Mrs. Edwards, 6s., 2/8/13; Miss M. J. Taylor, 7s. 3d., 31/12/13; C. G. Good, 10s. 6d., 30/6/14; F. W. Platts, 7s., 31/12/13; H. S. Wallace, 6s., 31/12/13; J. W. Milner, 3s. 2d., 2/5/13; F. L. Hackett, 6s., 31/12/13; H. G. Rickerby, 10s., 24/6/12; E. C. Rickerby, 10s., 8/7/12; G. E. Smith, 6s., 31/12/13; B. J. Chapman, 6s., 31/12/13; A. Gray, 4s. 9d., 31/12/13; Rev. Dr. Clouston, D.D., 11s., 31/12/13; W. Brown, 3s., 29/10/13; E. B. White, N.Z., 8s. 1d., 31/12/13; A. Bruntnell, 4s. 9d., 31/12/13; F. Hilliker, 7s. 3d., 31/12/13; K. J. Jannum, 2s. 6d., 1/10/13; Jas. Stockman, 6s., 18/1/14; P. T. Hayne, 6s., 31/12/13; J. C. McLelland, 6s., 2/6/13; Percy S. Kingham, 8s., 24/12/13; Mrs. M. Jones, 1s. 10d., 24/12/13; M. Sutton, 2s. 6d., 31/10/14; J. F. Turner, 6s. 3d., 31/12/13; Mrs. Tinsley, 6s., 31/12/13.



WHITE HORSE HOTEL, GOULBURN.

Closed as result of reduction being carried in 1910, now occupied by City Bank and a dentist.

Phones: 7271 City. 403 Ashfield.

JOHN B. YOUNDALE,
METROPOLITAN AGENT
Australian Mutual Provident Society.
90 PITT STREET.
Call, Write, or 'Phone.

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.

Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

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.

THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1913.

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.

SHORTHAND SUCCESSES.

Individual teaching is absolutely essential, if quick progress is desired. Not only do our students progress quickly, but they are constantly carrying off first places in public competitive Shorthand Examinations, conducted in Sydney by the Incorporated Phonographic Society of Australia. Any arrangement may be made to suit the convenience of students—whole day, half-day, or one or two hours weekly in either day or evening classes.

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE,

Robson House,

338 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

Prospectus on application.

READ 'GRIT'

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Write at once if your Copy does not arrive on time.

A Personal Chat with my readers

LOYALTY BEFORE CHEAPNESS.

A few days ago I was in the company of three very strong and generous temperance men, two of whom as business men advertise quite a lot. They were discussing the purchase of an article, and I jokingly (there is many a true word spoken in jest) said, "I will contribute to the purchase on one condition." They, of course, asked what my condition was, and I said, "That you purchase the article from some one advertising in 'Grit.'" One of them said, "Oh, we can do better than that; we could get it cheaper wholesale." This seems to me to fairly represent the attitude of many hundred of the staunchest of No-License people. There are two big wrongs in this attitude. First, they could not get it cheaper. The article was to cost about £10; to have obtained it wholesale would mean 20 per cent. off the price—a saving of £2. To have purchased from an advertiser in "Grit," who has a twelve months' contract at 7s. 6d. a week, is to justify the advertiser and make possible the renewal of an advertisement worth £19 10s. to the Temperance cause. To buy cheaper is often penny wise and pound foolish. If 200 "Grit" subscribers would, without cost to themselves, order from those who advertise in "Grit," and mention why they did so, it would mean several hundred pounds' worth of advertising for the only weekly No-License paper in the Southern Hemisphere. Will you make one? On the other hand, suppose it was cheaper, is there nothing due in the way of loyalty to the paper that voices your convictions and seeks to carry out your wishes as regards the liquor traffic. The paper stands for you. Isn't it up to you to stand for the paper? Reciprocity and co-operation are sadly needed among Temperance folks, and when these virtues flourish among us the world is ours.

BOOPIS. Homer used as an epithet the word "boopis," which means "cow-eyed," and many scholars, like Max Muller and Dr. Henry Schliemann, have confessed to being puzzled as to what the poet really meant. Any observant farm boy could have told these scholars that to peer into the soul of a cow through her large, trustful eyes would be sufficient to convince you that the word means "gullible."

The cow eats grass with all her might and lets some one take her milk away from her without a murmur. The cow yields up her offspring for slaughter with no protest except a little moaning. The cow eats distillery slops till she can eat no more, and

does her best to make good milk out of it that her master may get rich and wear fine raiment. The cow will stand before her murderer in the shambles looking into his face with her large, trusting eyes while he prepares to crack her skull with a hammer. The cow eats pumpkins as fast as she can that she may get fat, ready for the butcher.

The big liquor advertisements were effective before the last poll because they were prepared for the "boopis," the "cow-eyed," of whom there are so many. When the liquor people solemnly assure the public that No-License means home drinking, that an hotel can't be run without a bar, that the State will go bankrupt without liquor revenue, it makes one wish Homer were here to cry out "boopis." The whole opposition to No-License is a sleight-of-hand presentation of facts that are not there, and conclusions that do not conclude. The worst enemy of the liquor traffic is the truth, and the worst enemy of the cause of No-License is ignorance. Don't be a "boopis." Ask questions, demand proof, test the proof advanced, and remember a man is only an authority on what he knows, hence a clever man's opinion is only of worth on the point on which he is clever. A clever doctor is not necessarily an authority on pigs, or a clever musician an authority upon architecture. May the Lord save us from the "boopis."

The Editor

The report of 'he whisky trade, which appears in the "Commercial Review" of 1912, is not very cheerful reading for those interested in that business. "It is disappointing," we are told, "to have to admit that the trade has not shared in any way in the wonderful boom enjoyed during the last twelve months by Great Britain and Ireland. During the present revenue year the quarterly returns show an actual decrease in the consumption of spirits, so that it is perfectly evident that the increased spending power of the people has not been utilised in any way to improve the very diminished prosperity of the whisky trade, which is by no means participating in the boom so industriously claimed in every industry by a prominent daily paper." It is pointed out, however, that "although the total consumption of Irish whisky and other spirits has not improved, it is more than likely that the quality of the article sold has materially improved." —Everybody's Monthly.

Liquor Consumption in New Zealand.

£1 PER HEAD LESS THAN N.S.W.

The following statement shows the "drink bill" for the Dominion for the year 1912, based upon the Customs returns of liquor cleared for home consumption and beer manufactured in the Dominion. The basis of valuation adopted by the Rev. E. Walker, who for many years up to 1910 prepared and published a similar annual statement, has been retained, although, as stated by him in his report for 1910, the cost to the actual consumer is probably more. The period covered is from January 1 to December 31.

DRINK BILL FOR 1912.

Spirits, 863,796 gals., at £2 per gal.	£
(increase 71,006 gals.)	1,727,592
Wines, 153,616 gals., at £2 per gal.	
(increase 10,464 gals.)	307,232
Imported beer, 296,380 gals. at 6/- per gal. (increase 22,730 gals.)..	88,914
Beer brewed in New Zealand, 9,787,120 gals., at 4/- per gal. (increase 260,180 gals.)	1,957,424
	<hr/>
	£4,081,162
Total for year 1911.....	£3,859,371
Increase	221,791
	<hr/>
	4,081,162

Estimated mean population for 1912	1,039,016
Maoris	49,844
	<hr/>
	1,088,860
Estimated increase—25,012.	

Cost of liquor per head for 1912	£3 14 11½
Cost of liquor per head for 1911	3 12 6½
	<hr/>
Increase	0 2 5

The quantities of different liquors consumed per head of population work out as under:—
 Spirits79 gallons
 Wines141 gallons
 Beer 9.26 gallons

An increase of 2/5 per head is shown for 1911. In New South Wales the increase for the same period was 3/8. It is of immense importance to note that if the basis of computation adopted in New South Wales were applied to New Zealand, the consumption per head would appear as £3/1/5 instead of £3/14/11½.

This is proof conclusive that the 12 No-License areas and the strong prohibition sentiment in New Zealand undoubtedly has made a difference of at least a million pounds, or one pound a head in the N.Z. drink expenditure.

The figures ought surely to give all thoughtful persons serious cause for reflection. The gross total of £4,081,182 spent on drink in one year in so small a country that has no big cities speaks eloquently of the urgent need of reform. This sum would pay the whole of the passenger fares and freight for goods carried on all the railways in the Dominion, and in addition pay interest on

the total cost of the whole railway system, and then leave a balance to credit. It would pay the whole cost of education three times over, and leave a balance sufficient to recoup to the treasury the whole liquor revenue.

If the money were distributed among the persons employed in their reproductive industries, it would increase their wages over 50 per cent.

Taking the average household of five persons, the average expenditure on drink per household (including children of all ages) works out at £18/14/9½. Now it is of course beyond question that in many homes all the inmates are practically abstainers, and the same remark applies to the inmates of asylums, hospitals, jails, and other public institutions. It follows therefore that the charge for drink upon the income of homes where the inmates use (or abuse) it, must attain a much higher average.

There is a great outcry about the cost of living and kindred subjects. What about cutting out the drink bill? That is assuredly worth trying in addition to other reforms?

Richard Cobden truly said: "The temperance reform lies at the root of all social reforms."

BEYOND A DOUBT.

The 12 No-License areas have been shown by figures provided by the Government statistician, and endorsed by the Parliament of New Zealand, to consume only about one fifth the liquor they used to. The per head consumption where there are no bars is about 16/-. This makes it very evident that while there is an increased expenditure everywhere the bar is open, there is a most emphatic decrease where the bar has been closed. There has unfortunately been an increase in every State in the Commonwealth, and two things will have contributed to it. First, the prosperity we enjoy undoubtedly has accounted for much prodigal wastefulness. This is the experience in every country. In addition the incoming of so many immigrants, most of whom are adults, would have an effect beyond that of a growth from within the State.

We are encouraged by the New Zealand experience, and urge our readers to contemplate the sadly increased number of convictions for drunkenness, a total of 11,000 in ten years, or a little more than a 1000 a year, and remember on a population basis New Zealand has 14,000 less convictions for drunkenness annually than we have in N.S.W. No-License will undoubtedly reduce the consumption of liquor, and also the convictions for drunkenness, therefore get behind the movement and help it for all you are worth in this year of our opportunity.

Farewell to Bro. Sims.

One of the largest gatherings recorded for very many years past of the members of "The International Order of Good Templars" took place on Thursday evening last at St. Paul's Church Schoolroom, Redfern, for the purpose of bidding farewell to Bro. J. Sims, P.G.C.T., who, for many years past, occupied executive office in the New South Wales Grand Lodge. Bro. G. Honey, G.C.T., presided over the assemblage.

After a pleasant musical programme had been rendered, Bro. Howse referred in most glowing terms of the valued services rendered to the "Order" by Bro. Sims and his family. The devotion to and zeal in the cause of abstinence by them was bearing good fruit. On behalf of the International Order of Good Templars, Mr. Howse presented Bro. Sims with a handsome writing cabinet in which was enclosed an illuminated address, bearing the signatures of the Grand Lodge officers.

Ven. Archdeacon Bro. Boyce, who was vociferously applauded, spoke in glowing terms of Bro. Sims. He (the speaker) was confident that New South Wales would be worthily represented by Bro. Sims at the "International Supreme Lodge." In fact, he knew of no man who had made himself so efficient in the routine of the work as their departing brother. His kindly, earnest, and above all genuineness of character were so well known as to help in a most marked degree, in the battle being fought for No-License throughout the State.

Bro. Gow also spoke of Mr. Sims' sterling value in endeavoring to successfully grapple with the liquor question, Mr. Stewart reiterating his remarks.

Occasion was also taken by Bro. G. Bennett, W.C.T., representing the Metropolitan District Lodge, to present Sister Miss O. Sims, P.D.C., with a travelling outfit, as an all but too small token of esteem, in the manner in which she had carried out her duties as an office bearer. Other speakers included Bro. A. Bruntnell, M.L.A., Bro. S. Hunter, G.C. (Balmain Lodges), Bro. J. Marion (representing N.S.W. Alliance), Bro. C. W. Mitchell, Bro. G. Eales, Bro. G. Northey (Redfern Lodge), and Sister Davidson, all of whom were warm in praise of the departing guests.

INTERNATIONAL ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS.

The Juvenile Temples in connection with the I.O.G.T. work in the bonds of Truth, Love, and Purity. The pledge is the four-fold one against Drinking, Swearing, Smoking and Gambling. If you are willing to give one hour per week to the children's work, would you send your name to

C. W. MITCHELL,
 Grand Super. Juvenile Work, ROCKDALE.

**In 1912 N.S.W. spent £7,096,624 on Liquor.
 There were 32,977 Convictions for Drunkenness.**

Psychotherapy and the Inebriate

(Continued from Page 2.)

hibitory force in any ordinary human being, and we do not use it. Let the inebriate be flogged, and let him be flogged early—that would be a kindness; to imprison him late is mere barbarity. Let us apply to the man in the street those tests of drunkenness which the law recognises in cases of motor drivers, and let us admit frankly that if the State can do anything to prevent chronic inebriety it must do it, for the individual's sake, at the beginning of his drinking career, and that it must be hampered by no short-sighted or superficially humanitarian views concerning personal freedom; it is a mockery to give a man freedom to wreck himself—body, soul and spirit—in the name of liberty. Civilisation has made us too squeamish and sentimental in our penal methods, and democracy, when it gets beyond a certain point, eliminates from legislation any bitter tonic that science may prescribe. We are too lily-livered to beat the man that beats his wife, so, in the name of humanity, the wives must go on being beaten.

My third factor in the determination of choice was conative attentive control. It needs no elaboration; if the State undertakes to educate the children of the nation, it should do so well. It need not teach them part-songs or French grammar unless it likes, but it should teach them to control their thoughts, which is the broadest and truest definition of all real education. The measure of self-control taught in our primary schools will to some extent be the measure of our national temperance—not in alcohol only, but in all things.

(To be continued.)

The Shortcomings of Jimmy

(Continued from Page 3.)

direction last night.) He fought me with his beast weapon—his ability and the courage of his convictions. And he stood by his guns upstairs last night—no drinks, no profanity from him. And the result was one of the best papers we've ever gotten out, and a request from the printers that the make-up job be permanently donated to Jimmy; I found this request on my desk this morning, so it must have been written as soon as the paper was out. That's the way that

San Anton' paper is going to be run. I was never before quite sure that it could be done.

"So, I'm sending Leroy to San Anton' after he's had a week's rest. I know you'll forgive me my choice, because the rest of us are all so congenial that we really couldn't spare each other. But Jimmy's shortcomings from our point of view were what first attracted my attention; and afterward I decided that, on the strength of those shortcomings, he could be spared from our midst. He was lonesome, anyhow. He will be back, of course, to tell us all good-bye; I think he was somewhat tired and wrought up this morning.

"As for me, in a couple of weeks I'm off to the Arizona desert to get out of my system the results of the insults I've been offering it for 25 years. And if I ever come back, I'm going to acquire shortcomings just like Jimmy Leroy's."—"Epworth Herald."

New South Wales Alliance

(Continued from Page 4.)

MRS. LEE-COWIE'S FIXTURES.

PETERSHAM ELECTORATE.

Saturday, May 17th, to Friday, 23rd.
Saturday, 17th, 8 p.m., open-air, Gordon-street and New Canterbury Road.
Sunday, 18th, 3 p.m., Petersham Park.
Monday, 19th, Stanmore Baptist Church.
Tuesday, 20th, Petersham Town Hall.
Wednesday, 21st, Petersham Congregational Church.
Thursday, 22nd, Stanmore Methodist Church.
Friday, 23rd, Petersham Baptist Church.

MARRICKVILLE-DULWICH HILL.

Saturday, 24th, to Thursday, 29th. Particulars next week.

WOLLONDILLY ELECTORATE.

Saturday, May 30th, to Thursday, June 5th.

Attitude of Presbyterian Assembly

OUT FOR NO-LICENSE.

Definite Declaration of Policy.

The New South Wales Presbyterian Assembly on Wednesday night had a discussion

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.

on the following recommendations from the temperance committee:—

"That, in view of another local option poll being taken this year, a pastoral letter be issued by the Moderator, to be read in all our pulpits immediately before the poll, urging our people to record their votes in favor of No-License.

"That the Assembly re-affirms its opinion that the whole liquor traffic should be entirely abolished from the State.

"That the Assembly views with alarm, and protests against, the introduction of the sale of intoxicants into certain drapery establishments in the city of Sydney.

"That the Church reprobates the practice of "shouting" as a great social evil.

"That the Assembly affirms its opinion that the liquor trade should be brought into line with the Early Closing Act.

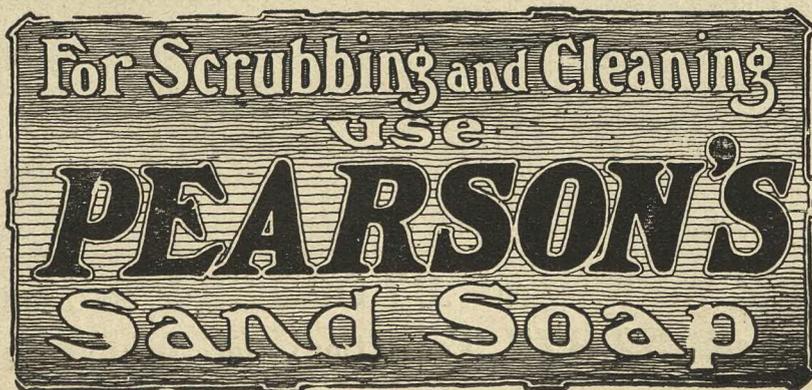
"That the aims and objects of the New South Wales Alliance be commended to our people, and that the Assembly wishes the Alliance God-speed in its work at the approaching No-License polls."

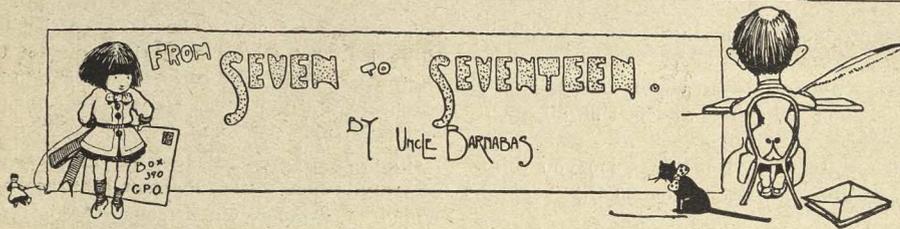
Prior to the general discussion on the committee's report, addresses on the liquor question were given by Rev. William Tassie (Manning River), Mr. J. Marion (secretary of the New South Wales Alliance), and Rev. George Cranston (Balmain).

Rev. C. E. James moved as an amendment the omission of the clause with reference to the pastoral letter, and the substituting "our people be earnestly recommended to record their votes against the liquor traffic."

Professor Clouston pointed out that the declared policy of the Assembly had been No-License, and moved a further amendment, which was carried with great enthusiasm, and reads as follows, "That in view of another local option poll being taken this year our people be earnestly requested to record their votes in favor of No-License."

The debate on the report was intensely interesting, and it must not be taken that those who voted against straightout declaration were in favor of the liquor traffic, but they desired to conserve the reduction voters. However, it is clearly evident that those who are more in touch with the temperance movement in this State realise the necessity of taking up an uncompromising attitude to the liquor traffic, and the pronouncement of the General Assembly clearly shows the liquor interests are not to be fathered in any way by the Presbyterian General Assembly of this State.





LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

So many of us are careless that we forget to "look before we leap," and then we are sorry when it is too late. Did you ever hear of the naughty little urchin who was trying to reach up and bang a door knocker and a dear old man came along and said: "My little man you are not tall enough—let me knock for you." The little boy said: "Give a big knock." The old man did so, and then the little scamp said: "Now run for all you are worth." The poor old chap couldn't run, so he was scolded by the man who came to the door and found that no one wanted him. Now, if the old man had asked a few questions it would have saved him from doing a stupid thing. In Burmah the children have a story telling how the tiger got the marks on his face. The tiger one day saw a hare sitting under a tree, and asked what he was doing. "Oh," answered the hare, "I am keeping watch over my grandfather's gong, to see that nobody runs off with it." "Where is the gong," said the tiger. "Up there," said the hare, pointing to a large round object hanging to one of the branches of the tree. "If you like you may strike it to see how well it sounds. But first of all let me go further away, for the sound of my grandfather's gong always brings tears to my eyes."

The tiger said he would like to sound the gong, and the hare at once scampered down the road. The tiger then raised his paw and gave the gong a great blow, which shattered it. But it was a wasp's nest and not a gong at all, and hundreds of wasps at once settled on the tiger's face and stung him till he scarcely knew whether he was living or dead. The stings made brown marks on his face, and to this day all tigers have marks. You see the tiger never asked any questions, and he was sorry too late. I wish my ne's and ni's would all ask me three questions or more. It would be great fun for me, and it might save you a lot of trouble if you only knew before instead of after.—Uncle B.

THE CHILDREN'S SPECIAL "GRIT."

I have had three fine pictures done for the children's special edition, and I will want as many photos of my ne's and ni's for this issue as possible—so hurry up! Are you going to save a little or collect a little? Please let me know if you would like a collecting card.—Uncle B.

FOR SUNDAY.

Can you find the story of Gehazi in the Second Book of Kings, and will you find outward what it was made him do the wrong he did.

FOR MONDAY.

For it the players are ranged as to size, the largest first. Each stands with his or her hands on the shoulders of the person ahead, the smallest player becoming the end of the ribbon. The largest player attempts to catch the smallest one. This the others endeavor to prevent by twisting and turning in such a way as to keep the end farthest from the pursuers, which causes great excitement and fun.

This is said to have been originally a Japanese game, called "The Snake's Tail," the Japanese children explaining the frolic as the efforts of the snake, who, by doubling and coiling, endeavors to catch its own tail.

A LONG LOOKED-FOR LETTER.

Bonny Edwards, "Beaucroft," Avalon, Wallamba River, 26/4/1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Is it quite useless for me to ask you to forgive me for my long silence? I'm afraid I am one of the "baddest" of your bad scallywags; and I can't really say I have even one good excuse, and so I'll not try to invent any, but just "throw myself on the mercy of the—er—court!" I hope you will forgive me, and I will be as good as I can be, as long as it is possible for any person to be so angelic as that! I couldn't possibly tell you how disappointed we were at not being able to go to your lecture at Nabiac on Tuesday. My mother and I were going, but could not get the car to take us down, and we had no other way. I had been looking forward so to going, too. I wonder if cousin Vera went to Gloucester to hear you.

I went to the Nabiac show again this year. It rained, per usual, but was better the second day than the first. The mud was awful.

I had nearly two weeks holiday in Wingham in the Xmas holidays. It would be wicked waste of paper and ink to tell you I enjoyed myself, wouldn't it. Of course you know it already. It's an old failing of mine, and one that does not lessen with years! I'm so painfully old! Thank you for your kind birthday greetings. I had two nice books given me on my birthday—"Little Woman" and "Good Wives," by L. M. Alcott. You know them, of course. I had never read them before, and enjoyed them very much. Mary Bailey sent me such a pretty card with birthday greetings. Wasn't it kind of her to remember me. Since I last wrote—that was in December, 1912—how dreadful!—I have had delightful letters from "Molly" (Wellington), Stella Stone, Vera Yates, Lily Harris, and Mabel Muller. We were so sorry to hear of the death of Mabel's brother some time ago, and all send loving sympathy. Taree is only about 23 miles from here. It's lovely to have the train



THELMA DEUTSCHER.

running to the Manning, isn't it? The nearest station is 20 miles from here. Some day—perhaps on my 50th birthday—I am going in the train to "Kimberley" and spend the day with Vera. That's a threat!

I was so pleased to see my friend (beg pardon Miss Mann!) Emily's photo in "Grit," also "Redwing's." We are waiting patiently for yours; also Morse code.

Don't you think it time Mavis wrote to "Grit" again? "Our" paper seems to be getting well known on the Manning. Everybody sees my silly letters. I met an old subscriber half way on my way to Wingham when I was going in at Xmas—Eccott's "pal's" father. Eccott is still going to school in Wingham.

Love to all from your loving niece—until February 18th, 1915!

N.B.—Who won the Xmas competition prize? I suppose it would be telling you old news to tell you I did not "go in" for it. I really intended to, but didn't get time. Perhaps I will next time!

(Dear Bonny,—We all feel about you as the little Chinese mother felt about her runaway boy who, when he was brought back all wet and hungry, she said:

"I think you are a naughty boy,
And ought to have a smack";

But instead she kissed him big and good:
She was so glad to get him back.

I don't propose to treat you in the same way, but will content myself by saying you are as welcome as the butter on the crusts. So you were going to Nabiac to see what you could see. What a pity, you might have made a discovery that would have been of great interest to all your cousins. Please take notice that another long silence will be almost unforgiveable.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NI.

Thelma Deutscher, "Grey Lynn," Ariah Park, April 20, 1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I do not see any letters in "Grit" coming from Ariah Park, so I will start the ball rolling by writing to ask if you

will enrol me as one of your nieces. I am 14, and have been taking "Grit" this year. This grand little paper was brought under our notice by one of your nieces from West Wyalong, named Rosa Jamieson. Her parents and mine are friends of very many years' standing.

My mother and father are strict teetotallers. I have four sisters and two brothers (the youngest are boys), so we are seven, and our parents often say they have pulled us through all the usual ailments and epidemics that naturally fall to the lot of a big family without ever keeping spirits of any kind in the home. Do you know Aria Park at all, Uncle? It is a growing township, about 20 miles from Temora, and not far from the famous Ardlethan tin fields. We have three general stores, a butcher and baker, several fruit shops, four churches—very nice buildings—and one hotel. I drive my three younger sisters to Aria Park to school. We are about five miles away, and on Sunday, if father does not come, I can also drive the sociable and pair of horses with all of us and grandpa as well.

I am very fond of horses. I am learning the piano, and my next sister, Stella, plays the violin with me, and another sister Emilie plays the organ, so we have plenty of music in our home. We are never lonely, as we are all fond of singing.

We have no pets, but our baby brother, Milton. He will be three on 22nd this month, and I will tell you a little secret. I do believe he is a wee bit spoiled, or else he is harder to control than we girls were, but I suppose one cannot expect boys to be real good.

Well, Uncle, I am afraid I am taking up too much space in "Grit" if you publish all this rigmarole, so I must cut it short and say good night. With best wishes to all your family of nephews and nieces (and Auntie, if there is one).—I remain, your loving niece.

P.S.—I have never had my photo taken alone. This one is taken with a cousin. Mine is marked X. My birthday is May 30.

(Dear Thelma,—I was very pleased to receive your photo, and your letter, and hope you will often write. I must thank Rosa for introducing you to me. It seems lovely to me to drive to school each day. I used to go in the train, but I would sooner have had a horse. I love horses. I hope you will settle that spoilt boy question, because it is a serious matter to spoil a boy. He will certainly make a spoilt man, and that is a calamity. A boy can be quite as good, and sometimes even better, than a girl. I am glad there are no girls here to see me write that, but it is true all the same.—Uncle B.)

A FIRST LETTER.

Alice Davey, Gordon Road, Artarmon, April 22, 1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you will have me as your niece. I was 13 on the first of February. We are having a concert at the Sunday school, and every class has to do something. All the girls are trying to keep what they are going to do secret. We are going to sing a song called "Caller Herrin." It is a Scotch song about fisher girls, and

we have to be dressed like them.—I remain your would-be niece.

(Dear Alice,—Glad to have you as a ni, and hope you will write and tell us all about the concert. I do not expect the girls were able to keep their secret long. Do you think girls can keep a secret?—Uncle B.)

HURRAH! FOR AUNTIE.

Edith Davey, Gordon Road, Artarmon, April 22, 1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I want to be your niece. I am ten years old, and I will be eleven on the 8th October. I go to Chatswood Sup. Public School. I'm in third class in the big school. And the way I came to write to you is this. I go up to my Auntie's every Sunday, and my Auntie Jenny reads "Grit" to us. I'm in a concert in the White Garland, and am going to say a recitation to-morrow night.—I remain your would-be niece.

(Dear Edith,—I am delighted to hear that Auntie Jenny reads "Grit" to you, and am very pleased to have you as a ni. I wonder what was the recitation you said at the concert. Will you tell me something about your favorite games when next you write.—Uncle B.)

NOT LONG, BUT OFTEN.

May Baines, Market Square, Wollongong, April 22, 1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you kindly accept me as your niece. My birthday is on the 21st June, and I will be thirteen. We are having wet weather lately. At Easter I had some girl friends and my Aunt Mary down from Bowral for a week. We went in surfing and gathered shells at the beach. It is too cold now to go bathing, isn't it? But all the same I can swim. Mother gets the "Grit," and I like it very much. I hope to write often, but I do not write long letters, so I might as well tell you now.—I remain, yours sincerely.

(Dear May,—I am very glad to hear from you, and hope you will do as you say, and write often. You are now a ni, and I hope will some day get some one else to write, and when you read or hear of anything that you think would do for "Grit," please send it to me.—Uncle B.)

* * *

Enid Blanch, Richmond Road, Rous, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Here I am writing to you again. We have had a great amount of rain this month. We have had over seven inches. I think we will get some more yet. I hope we don't, because we are going to have our Sunday school picnic next Saturday. I hope to have a good time. I got a nice letter from cousin Isabel at Nilma yesterday. I got two from her. In your last letter you asked me to tell you about our milking machines. Well, I can't tell you much. My father can tell you, he knows all about them. So I will

tell you what I can. The name of the machine is "The Gane," and the name of the engine is "Tangye." We have two milking machines. I can put the tit cups on the cows and take them off. This is all I can tell you I think. Very few of your nieces are writing to you now. We must not let it go back, Uncle. I wonder when cousin Bonny will wake up. We are getting quite lonely without her. I want one of your photos, please. I will send you one of mine. Uncle, why won't you put your photo in "Grit?" We all want you to. I think I know who you are. I can't remember you being on the Richmond. But I know you have been to Alstonville. I think this is all this time. Please excuse this "scrawl."—I remain, your loving niece.

(Dear Enid,—I find your letter very interesting. I have seen the milking machine at work, and put my finger in it. It did feel funny. You will be glad to see Bonny has at last wakened up. Send the photo please. I will appear in due time, but remember I have had about six of my photos in already. Did you not see them? So you think you know me. Well, that is all I do—I think I know myself, but am not quite sure sometimes, because some of you almost convince me that I am someone else.—Uncle B.)

SOCIAL DEMOCRACY AND THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

The Budapest correspondent of "The British Medical Journal" writes: "No propaganda has ever helped the cause of anti-alcoholism in Hungary in such a measure as the present political conditions. Nominally the General Votes Bill did not meet in its present form with the approval of the Social Democratic party. They therefore resolved to respond with a general strike, but the working class could not be easily driven into a strike, as their condition is at present terribly hard, owing to scarcity of money and general trade depression. The leaders, therefore, had to find out another way of embarrassing the Government. The word went round, 'Drink no alcohol. Let us weaken the Treasury, and through it the Government, by curtailing the income from spirits.' A litre of pure spirit is sold here for about two crowns, or 1/10, out of which one crown goes to the tax office. Against 16,597 grammar schools, only 12,336 of which are maintained by the State, there are 66,200 brandy shops in the country. The working class spends 18 per cent. of its earnings on spirits; but without doubt it has listened to its apostles and drinks considerably less than formerly. Thus, whatever may be the motives of the Social Democratic leaders, the result of their tactics will be beneficial to the people by moderating the consumption of alcohol."

DIABETES.

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The Largest and Poorest Women's Meeting in the World.

By MABEL BEDDOW, London.

A peep into Mrs. Rowntree Clifford's mission has been written specially for "Grit." Miss Beddow says:—

A few weeks ago I received a letter from Mrs. Harrison Lee-Cowie, requesting me to visit Mrs. Rowntree Clifford's mission in West Ham, East of London, so that I might be able to give a description of the whole proceedings just as I was privileged to see them, and send it to "Grit." Mrs. Cowie is very interested in this mission for the "East-enders," and sends large parcels of clothing and frozen sheep for its support, as she finds no poor in her no-license town.

Accordingly one blowy March afternoon my mother, sister, and I started out with the intention of visiting this place. We arrived just about 3 o'clock, and found a crowded mothers' meeting about to commence. The large hall, which had once upon a time been a prosperous Baptist chapel, was crammed to the doors. No vacant seat was to be seen either in the great area or in the wide galleries. There were close upon a thousand women present. Scanning the rows we saw eager, happy faces, which clearly indicated that they expected a good time. Babies and little children were conspicuous by their absence, and on inquiring the reason we learned that they were in a large creche underneath the building. We shall have a peep at the darlings a little later on.

On the platform, to our surprise and pleasure, we found Miss Slack, the secretary of the W.W.C.T.U., as the British women had taken the meeting in hand that day. Cordial greetings were exchanged, and my sister was asked to sing a solo, which she did. You should have heard the applause! These poor women, who live monotonous lives, toil and work themselves to the finger-bone, frequently being the bread-winners of the families, and often suffering from painful diseases, love to show in a very telling manner that they can enjoy themselves, and that they can appreciate what is done for their benefit. The singing was as hearty as the clapping.

I am sorry to say that Mrs. Rowntree Clifford was ill, so we could not see her, but Miss Clifford kindly took us over the premises, and answered our numerous questions.

"And what do you use this room for, Miss Clifford?"

"In this one I have a large Bible class of about 60 young girls every Sunday, and in the next room we have cooking, sewing, writing, composition, and many other classes on different days, and here is the kitchen where we cook invalid dinners. The women come every morning and receive these nice, well-cooked dishes for their sick ones from this little window, and so we are saved from having the kitchen crowded out with them,

and just beyond is the storeroom where we unpack all the splendid packages kind people send us." This last room was simply lined with large cupboards, which are always being replenished with useful articles of clothing, toys, etc., and yet at the same time these articles are always being distributed to those in want.

By this time we were getting impatient to see the offspring of the mothers in the hall above, and just then we heard joyous cries from many little lips. We soon reached the beautiful large room where these little ones were. Oh! such a pretty sight. Nurses, mothers and babies everywhere—tinies in their cradles fast asleep, many in the land of peaceful dreams lying on mattresses, placed upon chairs, others running about dragging engines and horses after them, some playing harmoniums and ringing bells. Such a clatter, and hardly one with any tears, for all were as merry as sand boys. Monday is a gala day with these underfed, uncared-for little flowers. The nurse told me that one little fellow on passing the chapel on a day that was not the enchanted Monday cried bitterly to go in and find the entrancing top and tasty biscuit. The story goes that he clung to the railing and would not be persuaded to continue the walk.

Three nice safe swings were in the middle of the room, surrounded by a little railing, so that the children should not get hurt. The boys were enjoying imaginary rides to London town on wonderful rocking horses and the little girls were acting as loving mothers to their dollies. One little thing with spinal complaint was lying in a carriage. Another was getting about on crutches, but nevertheless they wore bright, happy faces. One little blossom was sitting contentedly on the floor munching a piece of cake, while several others were bending over a tray of sand making plum puddings. Some were being nursed by kind women, who by rights ought to have been at the service, but had volunteered to go downstairs and keep the babies good.

We were told that as many as 200 children had been made happy on one afternoon.

It was with many regrets that we left this happy scene, but full of joy at seeing this Christ-like work.

May God bless these noble workers and give them many encouraging results from their labors of love, and oh! that the cruel drink, the cause of so much poverty and pain, may be lessened. If every voter in New South Wales will put the X in the bottom square this year it will help us in drink-cursed England as nothing else could do.

"Oh pray and vote and labor

For the world is full of need,
There are many feet that falter,

There are many hearts that bleed.

"There are wounds that all want binding,
There are lambs that go astray;
There are tears all hot and blinding
That your hand can wipe away."

Don't Forget the Bottom Square.

B. L. COWIE.

We all know Mark Twain's famous jingle on the tramcar slips—

"Punch, punch, punch with care,
Punch in the presence of the passenger."

I wish I could set a little rhyme ringing through the State this year, until every voter is obsessed by the idea—

Vote, vote, vote with care;
Vote, dear friend, in the bottom square.

Here is a slightly altered hymn—

"Take my vote and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my pencil, let me trace
Crosses in the proper place."

Again—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my vote, my all."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"Going a voting, sir," she said.

"Are you going to vote for the liquor trade?"

"Indeed and I'm not, kind sir," she said.

"Then let me join you, sweet," said he;
"The bottom square is for you and me."

Good wine needs no bush,
You cannot paint the lily,
Some folks think they can,
But they, of course, are silly.
This motto in the top line
Is apropos, I'm sure,
Of one cough remedy at least—
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

That Catalogue of Jewellery

that is brimful of good things to buy at "good-value" prices is awaiting your application. It will cost you nothing to get it, so you had better drop us a post card immediately.

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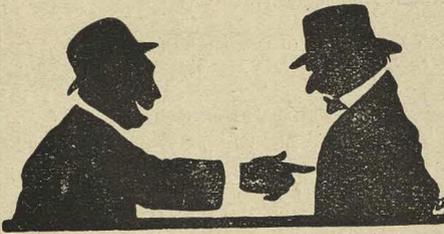
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This is Where You Laugh.

⊕ ⊕



WHERE THE CANNON BOOM.

"Bang!" went the rifles at the manoeuvres. "Oo-oo," screamed the pretty girl—a nice, decorous, surprised little scream. She stepped backward into the surprised arms of a young man.

"Oh," said she, blushing. "I was so frightened by the rifles. I beg your pardon." "Not at all," said the young man; "let's go over and watch the artillery."

* * *

EXAGGERATION OUTDONE.

An American had been bragging for some time in a public bar-room of various marvellous feats of swimming which he had witnessed or performed, when an Englishman who had listened in silent incredulity bethought himself that he would defeat, or try to defeat, the boastful "Colonel" with his own weapons. The old country, he considered, was able to beat the new at anything—even at fibs—if her sons tried; so he suddenly woke up. "Well, yes, Colonel," struck in the Britisher, "those were big swims, I admit, that you say you've seen; but I've known one that beats all yours hollow. Two years ago I started from Liverpool for New York in one of the Cunard boats. There was a little commotion and excitement on the wharf at leaving, and a man dived into the water, but we took no particular heed of it. Next morning we remembered it, though; for, sure enough, there was a man swimming abreast of us at the rate of 15 knots an hour. We called out to him, and heaved him a rope, but he refused all assistance. At night, of course, we lost sight of him, but when the sun rose there he was again, striking out as lively as possible. And so he stood by us all the way across, sometimes diving under our keel, and coming up on the other side; sometimes playing round us like a dolphin, now on his back and now on his side; now turning

head over heels, wheel fashion. But about two hours before we reached New York he began to forge ahead, and soon distanced us altogether; and when we got alongside we found him standing on the quay, dressed to receive us." The Yankee had eyed the speaker fixedly during his narration. "That's a true yarn, I s'pose, stranger?" he said interrogatively. "Oh, yes, quite true; I saw it myself," was the reply. "You saw that man swim across from Liverpool to New York alongside yer steamer all the way?" "Exactly." "Stranger, did yer know that man?" "Well, no!" answered the Englishman cautiously; "I didn't know him; but I saw him nevertheless." "Stranger, I was that man."

* * *

HOW SHE MANAGED.

"Ma," said little Ethel sleepily at 2 o'clock on a cold morning, "I want a drink."

"Hush, darling," said her mother, "turn over and go to sleep."

"But I want a drink."

"No, you are only restless. Turn over, dear, and go to sleep."

Silence for a few minutes. Then: "Ma, I want a drink."

"No you don't want a drink. You had one just before you went to bed."

"I want a drink."

"Lie still, Ethel, and go to sleep."

"But I want a drink."

"Don't let me speak to you again."

Two minutes of silence.

"Ma, I want a drink."

"If you say another word I'll get up and spank you."

"Ma, when you get up to spank me, will you get me a drink?"

She got the drink.

* * *

The lady of the house imagined her coal man was giving her anything but the correct weight. So as a gentle hint she asked him if he had any name on his scales.

"No, ma'am," replied the coal man, "I've never heard of scales having a name."

The lady of the house hesitated.

"W-well," she said at last, "I was thinking you should call yours 'ambush.'"

"Ambush, ma'am?"

"Yes; I certainly think they're lying in weight."

WILD OATS FOR HIM.

Little Walter was always carefully guarded against germs. The telephone was sprayed, the drinking utensils sterilised, and public conveyances and places were forbidden him.

"Father," he said, one night, in a tone of desperation, "do you know what I am going to do when I grow up?"

"What?" asked the father, preparing for the worst.

"I am going to eat a germ."

* * *

WHAT HER SPEECH WAS.

Beatrice Herford, the famous monologist, appeared in her specialty in London for a while. One afternoon she had just made her appearance on the stage when a cat walked in and sat down beside her.

"You get out!" said Miss Herford sternly. "This is a monologue, not a catalogue!"

* * *

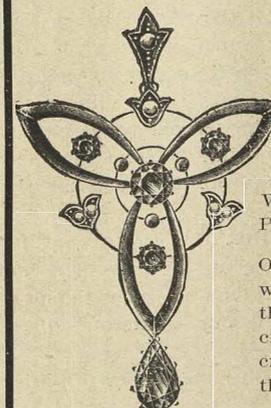
Jones: "Do you believe there is safety in numbers?"

Skorcher: "I'm certain. Whenever I'm exceeding the speed limit, I hang some other chap's number on the back of my motor."

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What the Parson Says.

SOMETHING FOR THE INNER MAN.

"I ought," the law of duty. If we rightly understand the significance of these words there will come to us a sense of responsibility. It is easy to praise what is right, that is what I ought to do, all the best and greatest of mankind have done so. The great Hooker said of the law of duty: "Her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power." Appreciation, however, is not sufficient. We must render obedience. To obey God's law—to obey it faithfully, lovingly, with all the heart, with no tincture of selfishness, with no secret reservation of transgression, and thus to take our place in the great army of those who have stood true to righteousness—that, indeed, requires a royal soul; but any fool can disobey it. It needs no sort of manliness, or courage, or grit, or any quality above that of the worst animal to be false to what I ought.

THE POWER OF THE WORD.

There is no word so heavy on the conscience and so effective in conduct as the word "ought." You can't say "ought" to an animal; this word is reserved for those who have the power of choice. God is in the word, and that alone accounts for its vitality. This is a word to reverence, and when we lose our reverence for it we are manifestly corrupt and paying the price of our former disobedience. I well remember the famous cricketer, Charlie Studd, now a world known missionary, once saying to a number of men who, like most of us, were always saying, "I know I ought to," and yet not doing the right. "Ought you men to do what you ought to do?" There is wonderful power in that question to bring us to our senses and stay us from indolent moral drifting. Every failure in life bears witness to a neglect, contempt, or evasion of the insistence of "I ought," as borne in upon them from without.

NO COMPULSION.

We are not compelled to do our duty. What we live under is a law, not a necessity; an influence, not a compulsion; a lofty motive, not a brute force. Duty is that which is due, it is a debt from man to God; and though at last the debt, somehow or other, will have to be paid to the uttermost farthing, to evade it for a time, ay! even for a lifetime, is miserably easy. To be good requires a voluntary effort; if we were made good we would cease to be good. You neither praise nor blame a wheelbarrow. It is something that has been made. I have no right to ask God to make me good. He can't do that without defacing His own image in me and taking from me freewill and responsibility. All I have a right to ask is an opportunity to be good. To be good will require a decision, an effort, the girded loin, and the burning lamp.

There is room for no compromise. All compromise is of the nature of that made by the darkie who, professing religion, knew he ought not to steal, but being greatly tempted decided that he ought not steal a pair of 5 dollar boots, so only took a pair of 2 dollar ones. Right is right, and wrong is wrong, and right is never wrong and wrong is never right, and there is no room for compromise in anything I ought to do. There is no excuse, for what I ought to do I can do; nothing impossible is demanded of me, because God is in the word "ought" and He is perfect in His fairness and justice. Blame others we may, but when all is said and done there comes a point where no one was responsible but myself, and I must finally take the blame, and no excuse will avail me anything.

HOW TO KNOW.

There is no difficulty in knowing what I ought to do. The Bible contains the Ten Words in which lie the germs of all religion and of all morality. These words are illustrated, enlarged upon, and so illuminated that all the world has felt their binding force. There is all history, with its story of virtuous nations dominant, and vicious nations mouldering to decay.

There is all Biography, with its lives of bad men to show us how curses dog the heels of wickedness; and its lives of good men to show you how we may make our lives sublime. If we are too careless or too ignorant for these, there are two voices to which we must listen: One is the voice of Conscience, that blushing, shamefaced spirit which mutinies in every sinning heart. The other is the voice of Experience—our own and that of others—to show us unmistakably that all acts and habits of sin tend sometimes to physical ruin, sometimes to mental imbecility, always to moral and spiritual death; while every good act and every good habit is health and joy and peace.

From all these voices we learn the unanimous and unmistakable lesson that whatever God forbids us is ruinous, and whatever He commands is right.

INSPIRATION.

Joseph yielded obedience to the eternal "ought" that echoed in his soul, and rose where millions have sunk. Moses recognised God in the "ought" that prompted him to forsake the court of Pharaoh, and became thereby the leader of all time.

Elijah, John, and Paul, among others, inspire us by their splendid courage and determination in doing what they ought to do.

Luther and many another reveal to us the glory of obedience to the inner monitor. John Howard, the prison reformer, and a great multitude who have done things unknown and unnoticed, and yet as great in essence and as dear in the sight of God, as those big doings which like flashes of lightning have from time to time illuminated the

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moral blackness of the day in which they were done all us inspire. If our life be guided by the "ought" that rings true in every heart, it is impossible that we should live in vain.

THE PARSON.

Not in the history of California has there been a Legislature of finer moral tone. The parliamentary explosion of a few days ago was a sheer incident and to be deeply regretted, but the fine spirit and high level of intelligence and goodwill must not be overlooked. The whole State is to be sincerely congratulated on the moral standards and ideals of both houses of the Legislature. Three great temperance bills have been introduced. One by Senator Kehoe shutting liquor out of the Fair grounds. One by Senator Butler which will close every saloon in the State. One by Assemblyman Wylie, which will prohibit saloons from a radius of four miles from an army or navy post. The interesting thing about these bills is that they have a chance to succeed. The Red Light bill introduced by Senator Grant and Assemblyman Bonnett is in a fair way to be enacted into law.—California "Christian Advocate."

In the thirty-one cities in Massachusetts voting in December, there is an increase in the total of ballots cast on the license question of 9334, or nearly five per cent. The gain for no license, in the aggregate, is 3009, which changes the majority for license in the State of 1603 to a no-license majority of 1406 — a fact which will be duly impressed upon the Legislature of 1913. Ten cities showed a gain for license, and twenty a gain for no-license, while Malden, with a majority against the saloon of 1842, stands exactly as it did last year, although the total vote of the city is larger.—Zion's "Herald."

"And so you are goin' to teach French at the school, sir?" said the grocer's wife to the teacher. "It's as well that some folk can teach people, for I often think it must be shockin' difficult for furriners who come here. For instance, take the word 'air. There's the 'air on our 'eads, the hair of the hatmosphere, the 'are they 'unts, and air you quite well? Yes, it must be awful confusin'."

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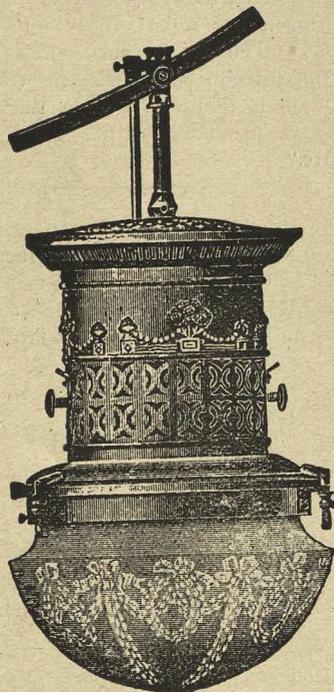
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