

# Grit.

A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VI. No. 20. Price One Penny.

THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1913.

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by Post as a Newspaper.



## SAVED A MILLION.

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## Alcohol Not a Food.

The 37th Annual Council of the National British Women's Temperance Association was held in London on May 25 to 30. The following address was delivered at the council meetings, and are taken from the "Alliance News":—

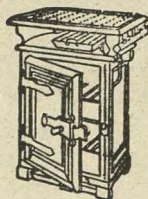
Dr. W. A. Chapple, M.P., said there was a time when the medical profession showed a sympathy for drink. That was the pathos of the past, but to-day the glory of their cause was that the medical profession were coming out and telling the truth about alcohol. (Cheers.) That was the glory of the present; the hope of the future. Medical men divided the causes of disease into two great classes, the pre-disposing cause and the exciting cause. Many diseases had these two causes. The pre-disposing cause was the cause which made the susceptibility of the individual to any particular disease. In the absence of that cause the disease was impossible. The exciting cause was the cause outside which, when it invaded and found a susceptible constitution, constituted the disease. The best example of that was in the familiar and grave disease consumption. The cause of alcoholism was also two-fold. There was a pre-disposing cause, and there was an exciting cause. The pre-disposing cause of alcoholism was ignorance; the exciting cause of alcoholism was alcohol. One could not be a victim of alcoholism unless he were ignorant; unless in the presence of alcoholism. The object of the resolution was to remove the first cause of alcoholism, ignorance—ignorance of what alcohol was. The time had gone by when breath was wasted denouncing drunkenness. Drunkenness was not the evil. Drunkenness was no more the evil than coughing was the evil of consumption. Drunkenness was a symptom, a by-product. But that was not the evil. The evil is drinking. (Cheers.) They were not out to reclaim the drunkard or to say, "Do not get drunk," but to stop drinking and say, "Do not drink." (Cheers.) He never condemned the drunkard, but the stuff he drank. The man was the victim of something which he had taken in ignorance. As to alcohol being a food, it was not the property of food

to create a craving for itself. This was the distinctive property of poisons. What article of food did one get so fond of that one had to have it in the morning, and a little while after breakfast more, and about midday some more, and at night a little to send you to sleep? The property of an article of diet was that it created a repulsion for itself. No one heard of people having partridge and getting so fond of partridge that they ate it all day long. He once heard of a man who was sick of eggs. If Sir Victor Horsley were examining a student in physiology and asked him what was an ideal food, if he had been trained by Sir Victor Horsley he would say that an ideal food was a hen's egg, because it contained all the properties of which the body was made up. And yet he heard a man say that he got sick of an ideal food. He never heard of a man who had eggs for breakfast, for lunch, for dinner, and for supper, and then thought he would have an egg in between times, and leave his office to go out and buy eggs—(laughter)—and sell his wife's jewellery and pawn his own clothes to buy eggs—(renewed laughter).—and when he met a man in the street clap him on the back and say, "Here, old fellow, come and have an egg." (Laughter.) Why? (Loud cheers.) Because it was the essential property of a food to create a repulsion for itself, and it was no wonder that the man got sick of eggs. Now therein laid all the story and all the tragedy of alcohol. It was a poison

which had the subtle power and property of creating a craving for itself, and therein it differs in no way from morphia and cocaine and chloroform, and a number of other of these poisonous drugs. If people realised that, they would realise not that they had to restrain themselves, not that there was something wrong with them, not that all they had to do was to take it in moderation. They would realise that in taking it at all they were taking into their mouths an enemy. That was one truth to teach the children. He liked to teach it, for he would rather have a nation of total abstainers in the presence of alcohol than a nation of total abstainers in the absence of alcohol, because they could not get it. Therefore he said it was their duty to teach, and if the truth about alcohol were told with its tragedy, they would abjure it as they would a curse. (Cheers.) If it was essential for the children to know this, if it would help and protect the race to know this, what higher function could the State perform, and who better able to perform that than the teachers in the public schools? Throughout all the United States the children themselves, although they were exposed to the same temptations, although the bars in many places were just as numerous as they were here, still they had been taught that alcohol was a dangerous thing; and, what was more, the State itself, while it taught children, was also endeavoring to lessen facilities for drink. It was the duty of the State to approach this subject more earnestly and more thoroughly than they were doing. In many cases the teachers had first to be taught, and that might be a large part of the programme before them, but having had their teachers taught, it should be their task to press home this great reform and see that the children themselves were taught also. (Cheers.)

"So Jones has a great invention?"

"Yes; an umbrella that retains the fingerprint."



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## When Lincoln Kissed Me.

THE STORY OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S RIDE.

(Continued from last issue.)

I got a good dinner here and lots of good cheer. As there were several parties in sight, and I was to resume the role of Southern sympathiser, I arranged with these people to fire a volley towards me as I "escaped" across the bridge. From there, in mid-afternoon, I passed Catlett's Station safely, and made my way, without noteworthy incident, to Manassas Junction.

At Manassas Junction I got caught at last. Here was a regularly organised Confederate cavalry camp; really an outpost to protect all the country from the Bull Run to the Rapidan, recently abandoned by our troops, from incursion by the forces about the capital. As I approached the place, so much vigilance was manifest that I abandoned the idea of creeping past, deeming it safer to walk boldly into the camp. I told my story, with the purpose of pressing right forward on my mission, but the major in command was absent, and the lieutenant, in temporary charge, did not feel justified in letting me go on.

Here I waited three or four hours, getting more impatient as the time went by, and more uneasy lest someone might come in from below with a description of a certain fugitive in whom I had a vital interest. At last dusk came on, and then I did a very ungentlemanly thing. Without any expression of thanks to these extremely attentive people, or any polite message for the gallant major, at whose headquarters I had been entertained with such steadfast and unscrupulous solicitude, I crawled out between the guards and broke away up the track for the Bull Run River, six miles distant. Reaching there, as I came across the trestle a Union piquet took me in and sent me to the post headquarters, at Union Mills, nearby. The officer in command, a kind, well-bred Frenchman, remembered me as having visited the post from Washington a few weeks previously.

And here, at last, safe within our lines, my story of adventures might end, except that here, at last, difficulties less exciting, but, if possible, more formidable and certainly much more annoying, were waiting me.

### AT ONE END OF A WIRE.

I found that I was the first newspaper-man—indeed, the only man from the front—to cross the Bull Run River. This made my news doubly valuable. The nearest public telegraph station was at Alexandria, twenty miles away. That office would close at midnight. To accomplish my "beat" on all the other papers I must make that twenty miles in three hours.

"A horse! a horse!" I offered all sorts of sums, up to a thousand dollars, for a horse and guide to Alexandria. Not anything that resembled a horse was to be had at any price. Five hundred dollars for a handcar and husky man to help me run it; but "the car belonged to the Government." That statement gave me an idea; the Government had a telegraph wire out there, with an operator. I would not confess what this "idea" was, except to make this narrative complete; and, furthermore, to illustrate that spirit of emulation in a reporter which may tempt him sometimes to adopt desperate measures in the interest of his paper. I knew that no messages, except those strictly on Government business and under military control, were ever permitted over one of these wires. Nevertheless, I was bent on "subsidising" that operator, at whatever cost, to send out just a few words to the "Tribune" Bureau at Washington. But before I reached the telegraph office this scheme was abandoned as impracticable. And I will give out this hint now to any who may contemplate such a transaction: It takes two operators to get a telegram through, and only one of them will be within your "sphere of personal approach."

Even as I discarded this plan another suggested itself. The Hon. Charles A. Dana was a personal friend of mine, and was Assistant Secretary of War. If I could get him on the wire, something might possibly be done, so I wrote a despatch as a "feeler," directed to him officially as follows:—

"I am just in from the front. Left Grant at four o'clock this morning." (This, by the way, was all that I had told anybody, lest any real news might "leak.") A response came immediately, but from Secretary Stanton:—

"Where did you leave General Grant?"

What! even the Government had no knowledge of events at the front! I had, stored away under that faded cloth hat, all the information there was of the momentous movements across the Rapidan. But I would be modest and generous; if Mr. Stanton would let me send one hundred words over the Government line, I would tell him all that I knew. On a repetition of the demand in more peremptory terms, I replied that my news belonged to the New York "Tribune," and that he would have to negotiate with them for its release. But I renewed my offer.

Five minutes afterward, at a call from the operator, the post commander came in. He looked at a telegram handed him; and he then informed me that Mr. Stanton had ordered my arrest as a spy, unless I would uncover

my news from the front. Of course, that settled it. I would not have told him one little word to save my life. But here I was, at the end of my resources. It had been my purpose, if he finally refused my offer, to start afoot for Alexandria, in a frantic effort to make the twenty miles by midnight; but now there was nothing to be done but to submit. This news, that the whole country was lying awake for, was tied up here, with a strip of dirty red tape. I lay down on a bench in the little station—hungry, tired, disgusted, and for the first time, utterly discouraged.

Then something occurred that I cannot explain. I knew nothing of the telegraph code; yet, as a message was being ticked off on the tape, some subtle current of influence touched my apprehension. I knew that it was for me. I sprang to my feet.

"What is it?"

"Mr. Lincoln wants to know if you will tell where Grant is."

I repeated my offer, to communicate whatever information I had for the use of the wire to transmit one hundred words. He accepted my terms without hesitation, only suggesting that my statement to my paper be so full as to disclose to the general public the situation.

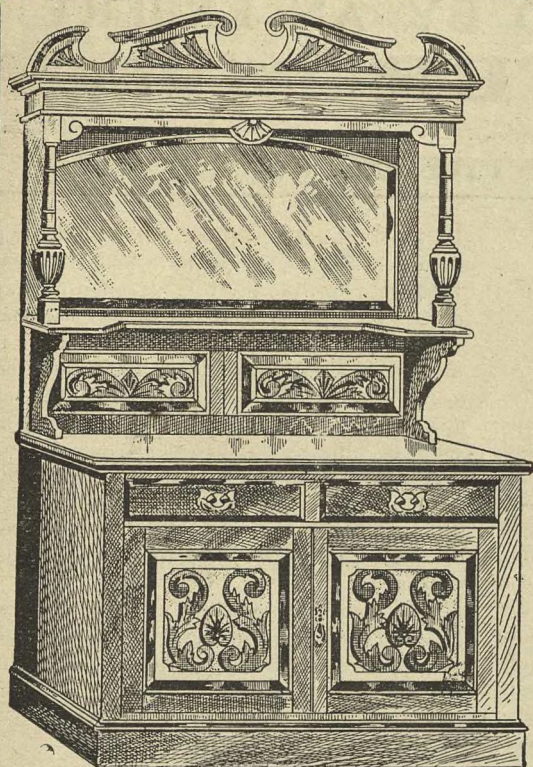
Nothing now was the matter with me. I was not tired, or hungry, or sleepy. Standing by the operator, I dictated the half-column despatch which appeared in the "Tribune" on the morning of Saturday, May 7, 1864. Mr. Lincoln, with his characteristic thoughtfulness for the public interests, arranged for the transfer to the Associated Press of a short summary of the news, and thus the anxiety of the whole country was set at ease.

I did not then comprehend, and probably cannot yet appreciate the tension of painful anxiety that had held the whole country in its grip. A great army of citizen soldiers, comprising representatives of hundreds of thousands of families, from every Northern community, had vanished without warning, leaving absolutely no sign of their destination or hint, even of the direction in which they had disappeared. There followed three or four days of such heart-breaking apprehension and bewilderment as the loyal nation had never before experienced, but which it became my good fortune to relieve with that telegram from Union Mills.

It may be noted that this slipping away of the army from all communication with the capital was intentional and deliberate. A study of previous "advances," under the surveillance of parties in authority inexperienced in military affairs, will disclose one motive for bringing Grant ease to take personal charge of this campaign. This will also furnish the key to the letter from the President

(Continued on Page 10.)





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## New South Wales Alliance

### MONTHLY MEETING OF STATE COUNCIL.

There was a large attendance of members at the last meeting of the State Council. The question of earlier closing of hotels was discussed. The inconsistency of giving to such a pernicious trade the long hours was dwelt upon. It was resolved to continue the agitation in favor of this much-needed reform.

### PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The General Secretary reported that No-License Leagues were springing up in various parts of the State. In the western district excellent open-air meetings had been held, and No-License Leagues formed, whilst splendid progress was being made in the metropolitan area.

Several newly-appointed members to the State Council were welcomed.

### NEW WINE LICENSES.

The Quarterly Licensing Court is inquiring into several applications for licenses, and these are being strenuously opposed. The affected parts are Mosman, Manly, Arncliffe, Coogee, and Paddington.

### ST. GEORGE'S ELECTORATE.

Mr. Herbert Fairfax, who is well known as a Temperance worker, having fought some splendid battles in Maitland, has been appointed as organizer to the St. George electorate, and starts work on August 1.

### MRS. LEE-COWIE IN GLOUCESTER.

Mrs. Cowie returned from the Gloucester

electorate last week, and reports a splendid series of meetings, held in ideal weather. She is most favorably impressed with the sane and earnest work being done by the local workers. Her lecture, "The Brides of Many Nations," drew large audiences at each place visited. Mrs. Cowie's final metropolitan meetings are advertised in this issue, and as they will be the last meetings to be held by her in Sydney it is to be hoped that they will be amongst the very best.

### SALE OF WORK AT ENMORE.

Mrs. Edwards, of 115 Enmore-road, Enmore, is having a sale of work on her extensive balconies on Saturday next, August 2, starting at 3 p.m. Mrs. Lee-Cowie will be present, and will be pleased to meet her many friends.

### "THE CASE FOR NO-LICENSE."

This splendid little booklet, by Archdeacon Boyce, has been brought right up to date, and a new edition is almost ready. It is neatly printed, has several fine diagrams in it, and facts and figures that everybody should know. No-License Leagues and Temperance Societies should avail themselves of the wholesale rates, namely, 4s. per dozen, freight added, the retail price being 6d. each.

### ACTIVITY AT YASS.

Rev. T. M. Taylor writes to say that he has been successful in forming two No-License Leagues in his district, and is in touch with other ministers in the southern district. Such practical interest is keenly

appreciated. As previously pointed out, the question of local organization would be tremendously increased if in each centre the friends of the movement would "get busy."

### "THE FINANCIAL PROBLEM."

A few—unfortunately, too few—ask the question, How do you finance the Alliance? Well, to such an inquiry we feel very much like the man who reared a family of ten children on 30s. a week. "He didn't know how he did it, but they all survived." Something more is demanded of the Alliance than a precarious existence. To make its work really effective the revenue of the Alliance needs to be doubled.

### AUSTRALASIAN TEMPERANCE CONFERENCE.

It has been decided to have a great Australasian Temperance Conference in Adelaide next March. The N.S.W. Alliance is heartily supporting the project, and will be worthily represented. Important matters bearing upon legislation and campaign methods will be discussed. Details will be published later on.

### MRS. LEE-COWIE'S FAREWELL TO SYDNEY.

Friday, Aug. 1—Open-air, corner Parramatta-road and Johnston-street, Annandale.

Saturday, 2nd—Open-air, Crystal-street, Leichhardt.

Sunday, 3rd—Methodist Mission, 3 and 7 p.m.

Monday, 4th—8 p.m., Leichhardt Town Hall.

Tuesday, 5th—8 p.m., Methodist School Hall, Bondi Junction.

Wednesday, 6th—Picton.

Thursday, 7th—Mittagong.

August 8 to 14—Goulburn electorate.

### THE SPEAKERS' TEAM.

The team had charge of the afternoon service at the Lyceum on Sunday, July 13. The Rev. R. J. Williams presided, and the Rev. E. L. Slade-Mallen read the lesson. Addresses were given by Mr. C. C. Wilson, J.P. (leader), on "Liquor and the State," Mr. J. W. Hethrington on "Liquor and Labor," and Mr. O. A. Piggott on "Liquor Bogies." There were 16 members of the team on the platform, and a solo was rendered by Mr. J. Armstrong. There was an attendance of 400. The team are holding meetings almost every night in the open air, and also at indoor gatherings:

### FOR THE FIGHTING FUND.

All readers of "Grit" please attend  
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Mrs. Lee-Cowie will be present.

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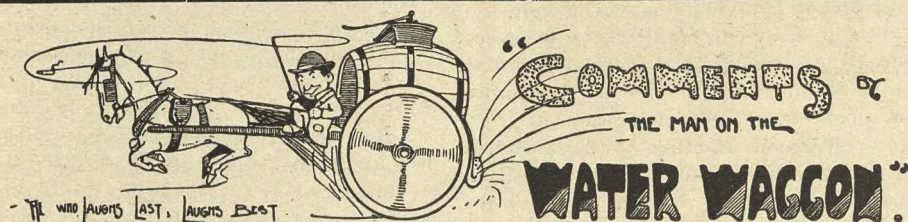
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### THE TRADITIONS OF THE BAR.

Readers who honor the "Water Waggoner" by a weekly perusal of his column will perhaps be surprised to find that we are not alluding at the moment to the hotel bar. That would require more original treatment than we are capable of. "Traditions" of the dram shop? What a task! What a record of heart-breaking failures and sorrowful sinners—of demoralised men folk and despairing women folk. No, my dear reader, we don't want to strike that chord again for a moment. Variety, we are told, is the essence of life. Let us bound together in spirit over the 15,000 miles of water between us and the "old country" and study a most amusing and perplexing denouement that is at the moment the talk of all political circles. We have all heard of Sir Edward Carson. He is at the moment making a name for himself in Ulster. Mr. F. S. Smith, another Opposition member in the Imperial Parliament, is doing likewise. They are very much "agin the Government." Not alone are they models of "righteous indignation" over the Home Rule Bill, they are also astounded and shocked at the recent disclosures over the Marconi matters in which two members of the Government were concerned. Whilst found "not guilty" of corruption in the above scandals these two Ministers were shown to have been "very indiscreet." A Cabinet Minister must be like a certain Roman Emperor's wife, "beyond the very breath of suspicion." Hence they cut very sorry figures in the House when these sentiments were freely expressed.

Now comes the amusing part of the whole proceedings.

Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, brother of one Cabinet Minister dragged into the inquiry, brings an action for libel against a certain journal attacking himself, his parliamentary brother, and Mr. Lloyd George.

He wins his case—largely through the powerful advocacy of his counsel. "Who were they?" you are asking. "Why, two of the most eminent K'sC. in England—Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. Smith."

"Not" (you may then be properly expected to ask) "the two fighting machines of His Majesty's Opposition?"

The very same two—who the very next week emphasise the attack made upon the unfortunate Cabinet Ministers in the House. Extraordinary, indeed. The "Herald's" correspondent says:—

"Of course the old plea is put forward that the barrister in court, at work on behalf of a client, is one person, and himself in his own life in the world another person. But that is always too subtle a distinction for the lay mind, and it is proving, now, much too subtle for the peace of mind of the Opposition. Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. Smith are two of the strongest men in the Unionist party. They are depended upon for a smashing indictment of the members of the Cabinet implicated in the Marconi business. But they have already won an action based on just that case of the Cabinet Ministers, and, obviously, they will be hard put to it to justify the necessary volte-face. However, they are both very clever men, and no doubt the traditions of the Bar will be played by them for all they are worth. But it is already clear that with Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Smith handicapped in the forthcoming attack on Ministers by their briefs of last week, the Opposition case will lose something in force."

If we, "Grit," are asked our opinion on such a peculiar position we should unhesitatingly give it as follows:—"In private life or in business circles a barrister is undoubtedly to be accorded 'full privileges.' He must cross-examine and fluster into self-contradiction, if he can, his best business or private friend should that friend be on the 'other side.' It is quite within the etiquette of the Bar."

But when it comes to a man's political opinions he should be very careful where he draws the line. Better by far to sacrifice a big, fat brief than his self-respect and the respect of his party.

There are already too many indications before us, more especially here in Australia, that politicians learn to play their parts as

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do barristers in court. A game of billiards together at 2 p.m., a run out to the football match at 3 p.m., dinner together at 7 p.m., and an engagement for the morrow, then into the "House," and a fierce and hypocritical denunciation of each other.

Let us not be mistaken. We do not mean that Opposition members should not have lunch together, etc., etc., but we are afraid they are learning to treat their "principles" as mere claptrap, to be recited at each other when occasion demands it and their position as one to be kept at all hazards. If such be the case, it is easy to understand that at times such bargaining takes place as should make us all blush for the honor of the community.

### PLEDGE-SIGNING CRUSADE

	Men.	Women.	Pledge.
July 18 .....	8	2	1
July 19 .....	17	7	5
July 21 .....	30	2	12
July 22 .....	14	6	5
July 23 .....	21	1	9
July 24 .....	22	5	4
	112	23	36

Total number taken up to date, 1419.

The following firms have given cast-off boots, hats, clothes, etc.:—

David Jones Ltd., Farmer's Ltd., Minahan's, Callaghan's, Peapes Ltd., Palmer and Son, Tabret's, Quinn's, Lowe's Ltd., Hordern Bros. Other firms have promised help.

Clothes, boots, etc., from others will be gratefully received. Mr. Gaul, Mosman, also sent a most useful parcel.

There is no doubt that the Police Courts show a very serious and wretched state of affairs. On one day (25/7/13) out of 34 prisoners no fewer than 12 were suffering from black eyes or more serious injuries.

The following donations we most gratefully acknowledge:—G. E. Smith, 20/-; Friend "X," 15/- (also several previous sums); Billy McCarthy, 10/-; Mrs. Trimble, 6/-; H. L. Towner, 2/-.

# Burnet's 1d. Jellies

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## "Corrupt Ballot Box."

PROHIBITION'S PROTEST.—THREE-FIFTHS MAJORITY, A 50 PER CENT. HANDICAP.

WELLINGTON, June 27. — The Prohibitionists are campaigning actively against the three-fifths majority, and in their propaganda on the subject have compiled some figures of interest.

Neither National Prohibition nor Local No-License can be carried unless it receives 60 per cent. of the total valid votes cast. That 60 per cent. constitutes the three-fifths majority. The Prohibitionists point out that as three-fifths is 50 per cent. more than two-fifths, Prohibition has to poll 50 per cent. more votes than continuance of licenses. While the Prohibitionists must secure 60 per cent. of the votes, the liquor party need only poll 40.

At the 1911 referendum continuance votes totalled 205,661. To carry National Prohibition 308,492 votes would have been needed; that is to say, a majority of 102,831. Instead of that, the Prohibition vote (259,831) showed a majority of 54,282. Not much over half the majority required.

Now the Prohibitionists are calling loudly for the absolute majority. Every time a man votes for continuance, they say, Parliament stretches out an invisible hand, and drops another half-vote (for liquor) in the ballot-box. Parliament must be prevented from corrupting the ballot-box!

To put it another way, at the 1911 referendum the three-fifths or 60 per cent. majority disfranchised 102,831 electors, because only after that number of votes were polled for Prohibition did the vote of a Prohibitionist count as of equal value with a continuance vote. In other words, the liquor voters were credited with 102,831 votes that they did not poll.

### THE ALMOST UNATTAINABLE 60 PER CENT.

Is the attainment of a 60 per cent. majority practicable? The Prohibitionist view appears to be that it is almost impossible. In support of this contention, it is submitted that the unconvertible factor on each side (Prohibition or pro-liquor) has been estimated at from 35 to 37 per cent., leaving a convertible or moderate factor of from 26 to 30 per cent. In support of this, it is pointed out that "the first vote for No-License in New Zealand was a little over 37 per cent.; in New South Wales it was about the same; and in Canada and the United States the average first vote has ranged from 35 to 37 per cent."

Assuming that the unconvertible factor in each case is 35 per cent., there remains 30 per cent. for Prohibition or liquor to capture. But to attain 60 per cent. Prohibition, with its own 35 per cent., must capture 25 per cent. out of the wavering 30 per cent. Liquor need only secure 5 per cent. to reach its safety limit of 40 per cent. The Prohibitionists complain that, "under this monstrous three-fifths provision," their party

has to do all the converting, and "is compelled to convert five-sixths of this convertible factor. . . . Think of it; in every hundred there are about 30 undecided voters, and the Temperance party has to capture 25 of them. Is it any wonder that, after 25 years of strenuous fighting, we have carried No-License in only 12 electorates, and have secured only half the required majority for National Prohibition?"

The propagandist publication from which this quotation is taken also states that "the unconvertible liquor vote is made up of those financially interested and their friends, those debauched by the trade, those who resent any restriction of privilege, and those timid conservative people who fear change of any kind." If this unconvertible vote reaches the proportions of 35 per cent., then the rest of the argument would appear to follow readily enough.

### THE 55 PER CENT.: POLITICIANS' SCRUPLES.

If the 60 per cent. majority is impracticable, is there any alternative to the bare majority? A reduction from 60 to 55 per cent. has been proposed. Indeed, it was once offered by the trade in return for other concessions, and as such found a place in a bill of the Ward Government; but the liquor-prohibition compact broken down, and the 55 per cent. did not get on the statute-book. This was lucky, indeed, for the trade, because at the 1911 referendum the 259,943 Prohibition votes were equal to 55.83 per cent. of the total valid votes, and the 205,661 continuance votes were only equal to 44.17 per cent.

A Government follower, Mr. Malcolm, acting as a private member, brought before Parliament last session a bill establishing a 55 per cent. majority for both National Prohibition and Local No-License. In the House of Representatives there was a majority of members pledged during their election campaign (some six months before) to 55 per cent. At the first blush one would regard the passage of the bill through the Lower House as certain. But the politicians had rung the changes too cleverly for the Prohibitionists. Some of the 55 per centers. were pledged to that majority on National Prohibition only. Others of them had endorsed it for No-License only. Each party therefore had an excuse for voting against a bill that applied the 55 per cent. to both issues. The result was an extraordinary devotion to the form, if not the spirit, of the platform pledges. No Shylock was ever so keen to examine the letter of his bond. Never before in New Zealand had political consciences developed such exact terminological scruples.

The result was that the 55 per cent. majority bill, treated as non-party by the Government, was lost on the second reading by

ten votes. Prohibition leaders considered that they had been sold. They maintained that even if a member approved the 55 per cent. majority for one issue, but not the other, he should have voted for the distinction in committee. In other words, a bill curable by amendment in detail should not have been rejected at the principle-affirming stage. But the analytical consciences of the politicians did not carry them up to that point.

Lately the Presbyterian General Assembly has asked the Prime Minister, Mr. Massey, to introduce a 55 per cent. bill, and the Prohibitionists have asked him for a bare majority measure. Mr. Massey showed a tendency to shelter behind the rejection of last session's bill. He inferred strongly that the Government had too many important policy measures to be able to allow time for a highly-contentious non-party bill in a middle session, especially as the actual polling was unlikely to take place until after the third session. But he left some sort of a loophole by saying he would consult Cabinet.

### PLEDGE THE POLITICIANS.

Evidently it is unlikely that the Government will introduce a bill. It is suggested, however, that the Prohibitionists may suggest in last year's 55 per cent. measure in the form of two bills, one dealing with the National Prohibition issue, the other with No-License. Avowedly the object of these separate bills would be to checkmate the "subterfuge" of last session.

Disgusted with the fact that a majority of 54,282 votes throughout New Zealand did not close a single public-house, and irritated with parliamentary "subterfuges," the Prohibitionists now seek to draw the net closer about the politicians. One of their brainiest leaders, Mr. H. D. Bedford, advises them: "Turn your quarter of a million voters on to Parliament, and you will bring the trade down. Fight the enemy at the point where your vote is as strong as his. Fight him in in this way—and we win at the next poll." Mr. Bedford adds that, as a party, the Prohibitionists do not wish to enter politics, but they wish to constitute themselves a political force. Their weapon will be a pledge "with no political color," but closer-meshed than past pledges. Here is the declaration for voters:—

"I hereby give my pledge that, regardless of party, I will not at the next election vote for any candidate for Parliament who will not undertake, if elected, to do his utmost to remove, or at least very substantially reduce, the present unfair handicap on both the issues of No-License and National Prohibition."

This binds the voter to bind the politician on both issues, in order to avoid last session's tactics. The pledge is also wide enough to admit either bare majority men or 55 per centers.

How many people have signed this pledge is not stated. Even if it were, the figures would not be conclusive. There are many

(Continued on Page 7.)



# What Scripture Says.

BIBLE WARNINGS APPLICABLE TO THE LIQUOR EVIL.

## WHAT CHRISTIANITY DEMANDS.

The able and successful secretary of the Temperance Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church has selected for use as a responsive reading lesson, the subjoined series of important passages of Scripture, some of which beam directly upon the temperance question, while others embody principles that are the fundamentals of the temperance reform. We cordially commend this compilation to our readers.

### What Does the Bible Say About Drink ?

Wine is a mocker, strong drink a brawler; and whosoever erreth thereby is not wise.

### What About Drinking ?

Be not among winebibbers; among gluttonous eaters of flesh.

For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

### What About Drinking by Public Officers ?

It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes to say, Where is strong drink ?

Lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the justice due to any that is afflicted.

### What About Drunkards ?

Who hath woe ? Who hath sorrow ? Who hath contentions ? Who hath complaining ? Who hath wounds without cause ? Who hath redness of eyes ?

They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek out mixed wine.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it sparkleth in the cup, when it goeth down smoothly.

At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

Thine eyes shall behold strange things and thine heart shall utter perverse things.

Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast.

They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not hurt; they have beaten me, and I felt it not. When shall I awake ? I will seek it yet again.

### About "Eye openers" and "Night Caps."

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that tarry late into the night till wine inflame them.

### About "Chronic Boozers" and "Tanks."

Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink; that justify the wicked for a bribe, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him.

### About "Jolly Good Fellows" and "Treating."

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and makest him drunken (which means voting it to him as well as handing it.)

### What About Prosperity Founded on Wrong ?

Woe unto the crown of pride of the drunk-

ards of Ephraim, and to the fading flower of his glorious beauty, which is on the head of the fat valley of them that are overcome with wine.

Behold the Lord hath a mighty and a strong one; as a tempest of hail, as a destroying storm, as a tempest of mighty waters overflowing, will he cast down to the earth with his hand. The crown of pride of the drunkards of Ephraim shall be trodden underfoot.

### What About Rum's Influence ?

And even these reel with wine and stagger with strong drink; the priest and the prophet reel with strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they err in vision and they stumble in their judgment.

### What About Rum Rule Panbad Laws ?

Wherefore hear the word of Jehovah, ye scoffers that rule the people that is in Jerusalem, your covenant with death shall be annulled and your agreement with hell shall not stand. When the overflowing scourge shall pass through, ye shall be trodden down by it.

### What Does it Say About Raising Revenue From the License of Wrong ?

Woe unto him that buildeth a town with blood and establisheth a city by iniquity.

### What Does it Say About Our Internal Revenue System ?

Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and to the writers that write perverseness; to turn aside the needy from justice and to rob the poor of My people of their right, that widows may be their spoil and that they may make the fatherless their prey.

### What Does it Say About Electing Saloon Advocates to Office ?

The wicked walk on every side when the vilest men are exalted. Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.

### What Does it Say About Legalising Wrong ?

Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee, which frameth mischief by a law ?

### What Does it Say About License Money ?

It is not lawful to put it into the treasury, for it is the price of blood.

### What Does it Say About "Tainted Money" ?

Woe to him that getteth an evil gain for his house, that he may set his nest on high, that he may be delivered from the hand of evil ? Thou hast devised shame to thy house by cutting off many peoples, and hast sinned against thy soul. For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it.

### What Does it Say About Ruining Others ?

Because thou hast plundered many nations, all the remnant of the peoples shall plunder thee, because of men's blood and for the violence done to the land, to the city, and to all that dwell therein.

### What Does it Say About Being Our Brother's Keeper ?

And he said, What hast thou done ? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.

We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the distress of his soul, when he besought us; and we would not hear, therefore is this distress come upon us.

### What is the Christian Law of Brotherhood ?

It is good not to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor to do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is weak.

### What Bible Battle Cry Should We Adopt ?

I looked and rose up; and said unto the nobles and to the rulers, and to the rest of the people, Be not ye afraid of them; remember the Lord, who is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons, and your daughters, your wives and your houses.

### What is the New Testament Attitude Towards Evil ?

To this end was the Son of God manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil.

And behold now the axe also lieth at the root of the trees. Every tree, therefore, that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

By their fruit ye shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles ?

(This refers to brewery plants, distillery plants, saloon plants, gambling plants, and every other vice established that produces bad fruit. And if "cutting them down," "rooting them up," and "casting them into the fire," is not prohibition, what would be ?)

## CORRUPT BALLOT BOX.

(Continued from Page 6.)

thousands of voters for Prohibition who do not take either guidance or pledges from the organized body. Will they, besides voting for Prohibition, also restrict their support to politicians pledged to reduce the 60 per cent ?

To all such people the Prohibitionist leaders offer the argument that a man who votes for Prohibition, and also votes for a candidate who supports the 60 per cent. majority (this being a 50 per cent. handicap on every Prohibition vote), is throwing stones at his own house. "A vote thus cast is one for Prohibition and one hundred thousand against."—"Daily Telegraph."

What is it staves off coughs and colds,

And fills our hearts with glee ?

What is it cures our many ills

In this land of the free ?

It's just this, Sir. I thought you knew,

Though I'm only an amateur—

The thing that always does the trick

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and No-License.

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THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1913.

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## The Case for No-License

IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

By ARCHDEACON F. B. BOYCE.

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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 boogies put forth by License advocates in the last campaign here are exposed.

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

# A Personal Chat with my readers

## THE DOCTORS AND ALCOHOL.

There is a very deep-rooted belief that alcohol is absolutely necessary in sickness. Like many another belief, it dies hard. Professor John B. Hellier, M.A., M.R.C.S., Leeds, England, says, of the Leeds General Infirmary, that the expenditure on alcohol as a medicine has fallen from 6s. 6d. per patient to twopence, adding this does not differ from the trend in other large centres of medical and surgical work. Note the progress, and then promptly leave the doctor who brands himself as a back number by prescribing alcohol.

Year.	No. of patients.	Total expenditure.	Average expenditure per head on alcohol.
		£ s. d.	s. d.
1869 .....	1828 ..	593 8 6	6 6
1872 .....	3250 ..	638 10 9	3 11
1877 .....	3228 ..	287 3 6	1 9½
1882 .....	3595 ..	221 3 9	1 2¾
1887 .....	4871 ..	177 0 6	0 8¾
1892 .....	5819 ..	272 8 2	0 11¼
1897 .....	5883 ..	283 0 9	0 11½
1902 .....	6509 ..	330 5 7	1 0¼
1907 .....	7172 ..	88 17 6	0 3
1910 .....	7935 ..	75 16 2	0 2¼
1911 .....	7524 ..	50 15 1	0 1½
1912 .....	8346 ..	69 4 8	0 2

You will think I am running very much to verse, but the following lines by Robert W. Service, a Canadian poet, helped me to smile and go to "go on going on," and so I pass them on.

"You're sick of the game! Well, now, that's a shame.

You're young and you're brave and you're bright.

You've had a raw deal! I know—but don't squeal,

Buck up, do your damndest, and fight. It's the plugging away that will win you the day,

So don't be a piker, old pard! Just draw on your grit; it's so easy to quit: It's the keeping-your-chin-up that's hard.

It's easy to cry that you're beaten—and die; It's easy to crawl and crawl; But to fight and to fight when hope's out of sight—

Why, that's the best game of them all! And though you come out of each gruelling bout,

All broken and beaten and scarred, Just have one more try—it's dead easy to die, It's the keeping-your-chin-up that's hard.

## OPIUM GONE, WHY NOT ALCOHOL.

A thrilling announcement was made in the House of Commons on May 7 by the Hon. E. S. Montague, Under-Secretary for India, concerning the much-discussed Chinese opium trade. The matter is thus summarised in the "Lyttelton Times": "After referring to the fact that the Chinese Government and a large number of Chinese people were obviously anxious to get rid of the trade, Mr. Montague explained that under the treaty modifications, Great Britain had the right to send 16,580 chests of the drug to their country this year, 11,461 next year, 10,200 in 1915, and 5100 in 1916. Then the trade, which had existed for over 400 years, would absolutely cease. Mr. Montague went on to say that he was in the proud position of being able to inform the House that Britain was not sending a single ounce of the drug to China, and that it was cheerfully abandoning the eleven millions sterling it was entitled by its treaty rights to obtain from the trade. The only condition attaching to this policy was that China should be steadfast in her efforts to get rid of the local trade, and to exterminate the indigenous poppy. The announcement was received with great enthusiasm on the Liberal side of the House, and the 'Daily News,' commenting upon the 'momentous declaration,' said it was a triumph of ideals which would stir the world."

DO YOU SAY  
THANKS? We resent ingratitude, deplore the want of manners in those who lack

the courtesy to say thank you, yet—do we ever halt a minute when we are about to begin a meal, to bow the head and say a word of thanks, silent or audible? It seems such a little act, and such a proper act that one can but marvel in how few homes it is a custom. Many a "grace" is devoid of thankfulness. The familiar words, "For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful," seem to me to come far short of what is adequate. I much prefer the words, "Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for Thy love and these Thy gifts; be pleased to provide for the want of others for Christ's sake." The meal is withheld from so many, and might so easily have been withheld from us. Because "we have meat, and even can eat," should not the Giver of it have just a "thank you"?

The Editor



# A Message to the Irish Race.

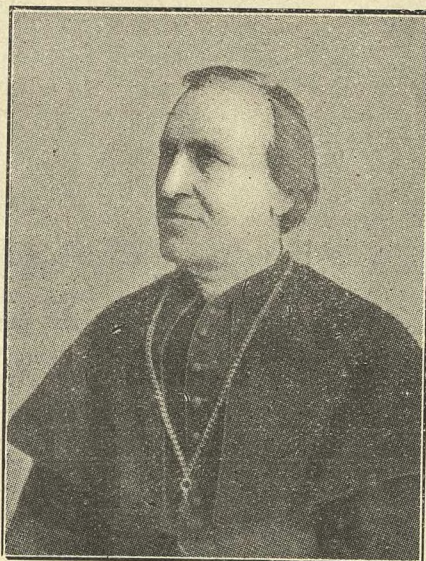
AN ARCHBISHOP'S GREAT SPEECH.

The Most Rev. John Ireland, D.D., Archbishop of St. Paul, U.S.A., gave a powerful address in the Opera House in the city of Cork, Ireland, on July 20, 1899. The Mayor of Cork, the two sitting members for Cork and the High Sheriff were all present and were announced as total abstainers. We reprint in part this convincing address:—

## IRELAND'S "VESTIBULES OF HELL."

What the Irish people have been and are at home you know better than I do. But yet I know something, for I follow with the deepest interest the whole social life of Ireland. I know that there are to-day in Ireland 19,000 public-houses—that is, one public-house for every 236 souls, men, woman and children included. Subtract from these 236 the children who cannot drink, and a large number of men and women who, thank God! don't drink, or drink with the greatest sobriety, just fancy how few they are to support each one of those public-houses, and how consistently those few must spend the fruits of their labor to support these vestibules of hell! (Applause.) With that number of public-houses in Ireland, so exorbitantly large for the population, there must be among their patrons, as the simplest mathematical calculation tells, intemperate use of liquor, and all the dire results of such intemperate use. Nor must we fail here to advert to the fact that the drink usually consumed in Ireland is no weak kind of alcoholic concoction. I know that in your city of Cork—and I take Cork to be no worse than any other city of Ireland—there are 576 licensed houses; that is, one licensed house for every 126 souls in your population. Again deduct from 126 the children and those who don't drink, and you have a very small number of slaves to work by the sweat of their brow to maintain each one of these accused public-houses. Of these 576 licensed houses, 417 are what you call tied houses—set up by the wholesale trade. I know that last year in Ireland, not including the amount of foreign spirits and foreign wines, there were consumed in Ireland, not merely made in Ireland but retained for home consumption, spirits to the value of £11,826,888 sterling. In a population little over four millions there are spent for beer and spirits nearly £12,000,000; and what is fearful, these figures show an increase of £167,000 over the previous years, and yet we talk of the poverty and misery to which so many of the Irish people are doomed! (Hear, hear.) Let us first keep in our pockets this twelve millions of pounds, and then, if there is occasion, let us take to bewailing poverty. There were committed to the prisons of Ireland during 1896, 23,090 males and 11,113 females. If I were to give without explanation, these figures throughout Europe, and they are so given, people would hold up their hands in horror at the crime committed in Ireland. We are ready to explain and say: "Oh, all

the crime was drunkenness; otherwise our people are as good as any and better than any." Of course they are as good as any, and perhaps better than any. In God's name, then, why do you not take the matter in hand and blot out from the fair face of Erin that stigma which attaches to it before the nations of the world. (Applause). I am certain that if you examine closely the causes that led to this number of committals you will find that, directly or indirectly, ninety per cent. are brought home to intemperance. Forty-five per cent. of all arrests are directly for drunkenness. Nearly twenty per cent. are for assaults and batteries. Well, we know these assaults and batteries happen, because the demon of drink took possession.



MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, D.D.,  
Archbishop of St. Paul, U.S.A.

of the soul of miserable people who engage in broils. Then go over the crimes against morals, go over the crimes of dishonesty, and you will find that a large percentage of these crimes were committed because the man had taken liquor, so that ninety per cent. of all crimes are to be attributed to liquor. (Hear, hear.)

## THE FRUITS OF INTEMPERANCE.

His Grace (continuing) said: Men elected through the influence of the traffic are afraid to lift their arm against it, and it reigns fearless and supreme over the land. And now what happens from all this consumption of alcoholic drinks? The fruits of in-

temperance. What are they? Poverty, ignorance, sin, ill-health of body, destruction of very soul. Poverty! What is the use of providing work for the multitude, if when a few shillings or a few pounds are earned they are brought to fill the till of the public-house. (Hear, hear.) We talk of liberty—and oh! it deserves well that we speak of it—but what servitude is that which the public-house imposes! Never surely was negro servitude in America equal to the servitude of the laborer, man or woman, who works, and then carries his or her earnings to the public-house. The keeper of the public-house is the despot; the man who drinks, the woman who drinks, is the slave. (Applause.)

If the voters of the land are the victims of the saloon, are they capable of honest, intelligent citizenship? If they are the slaves of the saloon, will they not vote for the interests of the saloon? And with such a constituency, good God! what of the nation? None but sober men are worthy to be, or can be, free men. None but sober men, independent of the public-house, know how to vote intelligently, and know how to govern themselves and to govern their country. (Applause.)

## WHERE THE BAR IS CLOSED.

I could bring you to large Irish settlements in my own State of Minnesota throughout which you would not find one public-house, and not one man who would taint his lips with intoxicating liquor. (Applause.) I visited a settlement some time ago, and some men gathering around me said in gleeful play: "Archbishop, you had some trouble some years ago to get us to take the pledge." "Nothing," I replied, "is done without trouble." "Well," they said, "you would have much more trouble now to get us back to where the devil had us." (Laughter and applause.) I could tell you city after city in America where rarely would you find over a whisky-shop a Celtic name. Celtic names, they say, are made for better things. (Applause.)

We have secured laws in most of the States of America which help us immensely. We have laws prohibiting the opening of saloons within very long distances from churches or schools. We say to the traffic: "You cannot come near the school-house; your breath tells of hell, and it must not taint the youth of the land." We say: "You must get away from the churches; the devil cannot walk side by side with Almighty God." And then, in many places, we don't allow saloons amongst the residential portions of the city. We keep them down in the business districts, and when the laborer or mechanic goes home after his day's work, if he wants to pay tribute to the devil he has to walk a mile or two miles to do so.

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**Canadian Conquests.**

"Our Lady of the Snows" is hot foot in the chase, she is giving to the liquor traffic. The Province of Ontario leads the way, and the report of the recent local Option returns are decidedly encouraging. There is a gain of at least twenty-six municipalities for No-License, and seventy bar-rooms will be closed on May 1. The showing then will be, that out of a total of 835 municipalities in the province, no less than 488 will be without licenses. But the showing really will be much better than that. The "Pioneer" of January 17, is aglow with reports from 99 places in the firing line, and the joy of victory is very much in evidence. But something else is also in evidence—a something with which in New Zealand we can deeply sympathise. This is how the indignant editor boils over:—

"Local Option by-laws submitted .. 77  
Voted for by majority ..... 63  
Defeated by majority ..... 14

"The figures look like a big victory for the Temperance cause. It was a big victory for the Temperance cause. That cause is betrayed, defrauded, assassinated, by legislation which compels it to surrender its hard-won success to the liquor party to the following extent:—

"By-laws counted carried ..... 26  
By-laws counted defeated ..... 51

"To the greedy and heartless business that seeks its own aggrandisement, regardless of the ruin it causes, are given thirty-seven of the victories won by those who work unselfishly and hard for the benefit of others,

the protection of the home and the uplift of the nation.

"In defiance of the votes of loyal, high-purposed electors, the traffic is bonused unjustly by the unearned special favor that is shown in the following table:—

"Majorities polled for the bar-room 14  
Victories conceded to the bar-room 51

"One hundred and thirty-six bar-rooms are forced upon thirty-seven municipalities in which the people voted to be rid of them. The debauchery of character and the ruin of happy homes is authorised and approved by a system which gives to the vote of every friend of the universally-denounced bar-room more value, more law-making powers, than it permits to any elector who will not fall into the racks of the supporters of our country's greatest curse."

This is strong language, but is there not a cause? It was from New Zealand that Canadian legislators got the idea of this iniquitous three-fifths handicap, and it is up to New Zealand to set the example of getting rid of it. That handicap is really a premium upon vice, and every heart broken, every life wrecked by liquor in districts where the traffic is carried on by a minority vote, is an impeachment of the criminal apathy which delays its removal. This bitter cry from those who feel the sting of this injustice in Canada should do something to shame out of their indifference the Temperance people in this country who are content that the cruel wrong should still endure.

**WHY LINCOLN KISSED ME**

(Continued from Page 3.)

to him, written a short week before the movement was made, in which he says:—

"The particulars of your plans I neither know nor seek to know."

**ALONE WITH LINCOLN.**

A locomotive was sent down for me, and about two o'clock in the morning, I reached the White House, where the President had gathered his official family to meet me. As I stepped into the room where they were seated, my glance caught a quick gleam of surprise and apprehension in Mr. Lincoln's eyes, and I was awakened to a sense of my

disreputable appearance. My hair was dishevelled, my shabby old coat was dusty and wrinkled, my pantaloons, much too long, were folded back at the bottom and gathered about my ankles with pieces of cotton twine, and my coarse shoes were coated three or four layers thick with "sacred soil." I had met, perhaps, every one of this company at public functions or in private interviews, but not one of them recognised me in this garb. As my glance swept around the group it rested on the genial countenance of a particular friend, Mr. Welles, the Hon. Secretary of the Navy. As I advanced and accosted him he identified me by my voice. He then presented me, with much embarrassing formality, to the others.

A half hour or more was spent in description of the movements of the troops and in explanation, from a large map on the wall, of the situation at the time when I left. Then, as the company was dispersing, I turned to Mr. Lincoln, and said:—

**A MESSAGE FOR THE PRESIDENT.**

"Mr. President, I have a personal word for you."

The others withdrew, and he closed the door, and advanced toward me. As he stood there I realised, as never before, how tall he was. I looked up into his impassive face and delivered Grant's message. He took a short, quick step toward me, and stooping to bring his eyes level with mine, whispered in tones of intense, impatient interest:—

"What is that?"

I was so moved that I could hardly stammer: "General Grant told me to tell you, from him, that whatever happens, there is to be no turning back."

The vision that opened through those wonderful eyes, from a great soul, glowing with a newly kindled hope, is the likeness of Mr. Lincoln that I still hold in my memory, and ever shall. And that hope was never to be extinguished. Others had "turned back." Every other one had. But there had come an end of that fatal folly.

Mr. Lincoln put his great, strong arms about me and, carried away in the exuberance of his gladness, imprinted a kiss upon my forehead. We sat down again, and then I disclosed to him, as I could not do, except in the light of that pledge of the great commander, all the disheartening details of that dreadful day in the Wilderness. But I could assure him that the Army of the Potomac, in all its history, was never in such hopeful spirit as when it discovered at the close of a day of disappointment, that it was not to "turn back."

As I at last sought my bed, I had filled out a full day of twenty-four hours since I first mounted my good horse beyond the Rapidan to enter into untried and almost unparalleled adventures. I had "won out," through the repeated intervention of the most surprising good fortune; but my chief satisfaction was in having been admitted into the friendship of the great-hearted, true-hearted, tender-hearted Lincoln. He never forgot me. From that time forward, while he lived, I was favored with many tokens of his affectionate interest.—"Life."

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"It's something good," said the teacher;

"It is known all over the Earth.

Can any of you youngsters guess it?

Your mothers all know its great worth."

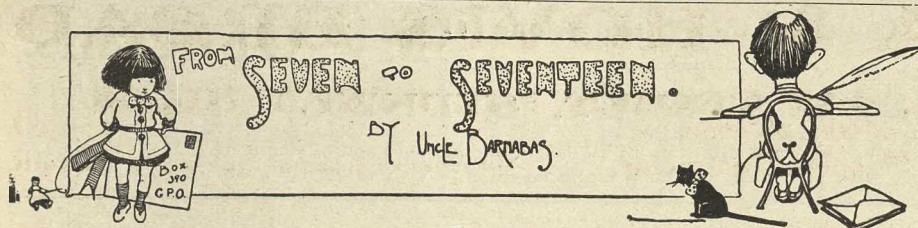
Then the brightest boy in the class

Replied, "Please, Sir, I'm sure

That mother mends all our colds and coughs

With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."





## AS TRUE FOR GIRLS AS BOYS.

I saw a poem the other day without the author's name, and felt it was too good to be lost. I am sure most of my Ne's and Ni's are good fighters against temptation, and some of them deserve a pat on the back for being real heroes and heroines. It is always harder to be morally brave than physically brave, and if the world does not make a fuss over the morally brave people they will yet be acclaimed by God before vast millions in that day when not even a cup of cold water given in the name of the Lord will be forgotten or go unrewarded. Ask God to make you brave. We all hate Pilate most of all because he was a coward. Most bad things we do are the children of our cowardice, so learn to be brave, and remembering the Lord Jesus will help you more than anything else.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage

To do what he knows to be right;  
When he falls in the way of temptation,  
He has a hard battle to fight,  
Who strives against self and his comrades  
Will find a most powerful foe;  
All honor to him if he conquers,  
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily  
The world knows nothing about;  
There's many a brave little soldier  
Whose strength puts a legion to rout;  
And he who fights sin single-handed  
Is more of a hero, I say,  
Than he who leads soldiers to battle  
And conquers by arms in the fray.  
Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,  
And do what you know to be right;  
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,  
And you will overcome in the fight.  
"The Right!" be your battle-cry ever,  
In waging the warfare of life;  
And God, who knows who are the heroes,  
Will give you the strength for the strife.

## FOR SUNDAY.

Can any of my Ne's and Ni's make a sentence of five words describing what faith is, each word to begin with a letter in the word faith. Do it just as some of you did it about the name Jesus.

## FOR MONDAY.

"Four and Twenty Blackbirds."

You all know the rhyme, but have you

ever heard what it really means? The four and twenty blackbirds represent the four and twenty hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the crust is the sky that overarches it. The opening of the pie is the day-dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king.

The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts them are the golden sunbeams. The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey on which she feasts is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before the king, the sun, has risen, is daytime, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds. The birds, who so tragically end the song by "nipping off her nose," the sunset. So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie.

## A NI WANTS TO BE A "TOFF."

Olive Newman, Rous, Richmond River, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Here is another scallawag for you. I expect you are used to them by now. I have been trying to get some more subscribers to "Grit," but I could not get any. I went down to grand-ma Blanch's for a week, and what do you think was here when I came home. Well, I will tell you. Another dear little sister. She is just six weeks old to-day. We have named her Edith. She will be another niece for you when she is old enough. Do you like Edith for a name, uncle? Her birthday is the 4th of May. We have had the measles since I wrote last, and we did not much care for them. I went over to Enid's for a night in the Easter holidays, and we went down to the creek in our place and had a good time, as you may guess. Most girls do have good times, don't you think so, uncle? We had our day school picnic on the 23rd of May, instead of the 24th, and we all enjoyed ourselves. I got a nice prize book, the name of it is "A New Graft on the Family Tree." I did not read it yet, but father did, and he said it was a nice one. We had races after lunch, but I think we ought to have them before lunch, and we might be able to run faster. We can see the big Brisbane boats go past every Sunday, and the big English mail boats every second Sunday, that is if

we are looking out to sea when they are passing. I am sending a shilling's worth of stamps for you to send me a copy of "Grit" every week till it runs out, and I will try and sell them, and if I can't I will give them away. I am also sending you a postal note for 5/- towards the children's issue, and if you will please send me a collecting card I will try and collect a few shillings. Have you had any rain down in Sydney lately. We have had a lot, and it has been very cold. Grand-ma has been for a trip to Queensland, and had a good time, only while she was up there it was very wet, and the roads were so bad she could not get out very much. Well, uncle, I think I will have to leave off now, or I will be taking up too much space in "Grit," and I will try and turn over a new leaf and write oftener, because I don't want to be a scallaway, but want to be like Joan Lemm, "a toff," so will say good night with love to all cousins and yourself.

(Dear Olive,—Now that you have written and done so much to help you are a "toff," and can keep Joan company. I hope I am spared to look after "Grit" until Edith is able to write. I agree with you. I think most girls have a good time, and I also think a good time depends very much on ourselves, don't you?—Uncle B.)

## A C.E. NE.

Allan Parker, Police Station, Deniliquin, N.S.W. writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I must be one of your scallawags because I have not written for a long time, but I hope to do better after this. We read "Grit" every week; and like it very much, because it is full of good things, and knocks holes in the drink that makes lots of little boys and girls so poor and ragged. Osby and I are members of the Junior Christian Endeavor Society. We go every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and then remain for church. We also go to church at night with mother. I was eight years old on the 8th May. I will close now with best love to Uncle B. and all my ne's and ni's, wishing "Grit" every success.—I remain your loving nephew.

(Dear Allan,—I do not expect many letters from a boy of eight, but am content to know he will get better as he gets older. I am so pleased to hear you and Osby are in the C.E. It will help you, so be sure and stick to it.—Uncle B.)

## A GROWN UP NE.

Albert writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I expect this should go in the general correspondence column, for to be honest I must admit even to myself more than 17 winters. As a matter of fact I have suggested to the younger generation in my home that they should enrol as nephews, but

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Note.—The production is accomplished with one hand only. The trick is by far the best billiard ball trick in existence.

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children seem to be as busy as their elders now-a-days: what with music, school, coaching classes, mission, collecting, and other odds and ends life is too short—sa not being able to pass the job on I am tackling it myself.

Having attempted to write, I can appreciate Page Eleven more than ever. To me Page 11 is best, and the next to please me, and I suppose many others, is Page 3. Your Editor, uncle B., is to be complimented on such splendid stories. They are highly appreciated, and the moral is driven home just as effectively on Page 3 as Pages 2-15.

I am looking eagerly for the Children's Issue, and for a special article promised (I suppose it is in course of preparation) on the cigarette habit. I suppose it deals with smoking generally.

One of the pleasures of Page 11 is the range of country the letters cover, and incidentally the reports from different parts of the State. To keep in the fashion is permissible, and if you consider the news sufficiently interesting leave it in. The use of your blue pencil will not annoy me if you find it necessary to use it.

At Malvern Hill we are trying to get ready for the next No-License campaign, and have formed a committee to help in every way the carrying of No-License in the Burwood electorate.

The Methodists have gone further, and have arranged a mission to not only cure the drink evil, but to get beyond and cure the cause of the drink and other evils. Mr. Raymond Preston has been here drawing people to the church to hear the way of salvation. He is to give us a lecture on the evils of intemperance, and will show how it particularly affects all those who desire to excel, and what boy does not, in athletics, I guess if it spoils a boy for running and football it will spoil a girl for tennis and hockey. What do you think? Mr. Preston does not think people may accept all he says, and consider him prejudiced, so he gets assistance from those who can speak without being called fanatics, and Mr. Victor Trumper, the champion batsman of the world," will be the chairman.

Mr. Preston is a keen Yorkshire cricketer himself, and that's the title he gives Victor, and scolds us because we are not half proud enough of him.

To keep him company, and to appeal perhaps to another class and remove some ill-conceived ideas of bowlers from our minds, he has Mr. John Yeo, an interstate and in-

ternational bowler, also to back him up. Have I passed your space limit, or your patience? Even if I have I will still wish you all that is best, and hope that your wishes in connection with the forthcoming election will be realised.—Yours sincerely,

(Dear Albert,—Your letter is interesting to me, and I am sure will encourage your "cousins" to find how a "grewed up Ne" likes their letters. I am delighted to hear of Victor Trumper taking a hand in temperance work.—Uncle B.)

Frances Kathleen May Brown, "Elim," Ebenezer, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you have me for your niece? I was 14 years old on May 1 this year. I have been going to write to you ever since we started getting "Grit," five weeks ago, but I did not seem to get time. I go to the Ebenezer Public School, and I have home lessons every night; on Friday an extra lot. However, Monday will be a holiday on account of the Prince of Wales' birthday, so I have found time at last. I enjoy reading "Grit" every week, especially page 11. I saw that some of the Ni's have sent you their text names. This is mine—

F or it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell.—Colossians, 1.19.

R ejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep.—Romans, 12.15.

A nd be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another.—Ephesians, 4.32.

N ot slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.—Romans, 12.11.

C ome unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.—Matthew, 11.28.

E very word of God is pure.—Proverbs, 30.5.

S o then every one of us shall give account of himself to God.—Romans, 14.12.

B lessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.—Matthew, 5.8.

R ecompense to no man evil for evil.—Romans, 12.17.

O ne is your Master even Christ.—Matthew, 23.10.

W alk as children of light.—Ephesians, 5.8.

N ow abideth, faith, hope, love.—1st Corinthians, 13.13.

I must close now, with love to you and all my "Grit" cousins.—I remain, your affectionate Niece-to-be.

(Dear Frances,—You are very welcome as

a Ni', and I hope you will often write. Your texts are fine. I wonder how many of your "Grit" cousins know where Ebenezer is and where the name comes from. Perhaps you had better tell them in your next letter.—Uncle B.)

### OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES.

Edward R. Butler, Dindierna, Mungindi, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I hope this letter will find you quite well. We have had some beautiful rains up here, and now the country about here looks nice and green, so we are able to have a vegetable garden. I have just finished reaping my small crop of sunflowers. The heads of some of them were very large; the largest measured 14in. in diameter and 9ft. high. I am going to grow strawberries this year. Our river, the Boomi, has been fairly high. Our show was on June 5 and 6. The only way we could cross the Boomi river to go to the show was to go down to one of our neighbors, who has a boat, and take our buggy across through the water and then next day we all went down and were put across the river in the boat, and then we went to the show. The show was a little one. I had some handwriting in the show, but it didn't get the prize, and at night we went to a play. My sister and I go to school now, and our teacher's name is Miss Pearse. We caught a fox about three weeks ago, and we skinned him. There are very few foxes up here, but plenty of scrub wallabies. I will now give you two riddles and answers:—

If I bought a fender, a shovel, and a pair of tongs, weight 56lb., and cost £5 18s. 6d., what would a ton of coal come to? Answer: It would come to ashes.

Why is the letter "d" like a squalling child? Answer: Because it makes ma mad.

I will now close this letter.—With love from your loving Nephew.

(Dear Edward,—I like your letter because it tells me you come of a family that knows how to overcome difficulties. Sydney folk can't get across a gutter to go to church, and all you got over a river to go to a show; that's fine. Write again soon.—Uncle B.)

"Doesn't your soul go out to this great, tumultuous area of ocean?" asked the gushing young bride.

"No," admitted the seasick young husband, "but I guess that'll come next!"



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• •



### ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.

Notwithstanding the efforts made to procure Bibles for witnesses in police courts that they may kiss without risk of infection, it is probable that many of them, as regards taking the oath, are of the disposition of the easy-going Chinaman, who appeared in a Johannesburg court. He was asked what form of oath he preferred, and replied, "Allee samee, break-um-platee, kill-um-cockee, or smell-um-bookie, all samee."—London "Standard."

\* \* \*

### FOR SAFETY.

A traveller passing through a small country town noticed a post on which was marked the height to which the river had risen during a recent flood.

"Do you mean to say," he asked a native, "that the river rose as high as that in 19—?"

"Oh, no," replied the native; "but the village children used to rub off the original mark, so the mayor ordered it to be put higher up, so as to be out of their reach."—"Tit-Bits."

\* \* \*

"Mike, if you meet Pat, tell him to make haste." "Sure an' I will," said Mike; "but what shall I tell him if I don't mate him?"

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### SYNONYMOUS?

A young teacher was striving earnestly to increase the vocabulary of her charges. She had placed a list of words upon the blackboard to be used in sentences. Billy, a notably lazy child, was called upon first.

"Billy, you may give a sentence in which the word dogma is correctly used," said the teacher.

Billy hesitated. Finally, in a burst of confidence, he replied, "Our old dog-ma has seven pups."

\* \* \*

It's a wise ghost that knows its own tombstone—by the epitaph.

\* \* \*

"Is Maude taking a day off to celebrate her birthday?" "No; she's taking a year off."—Boston "Transcript."

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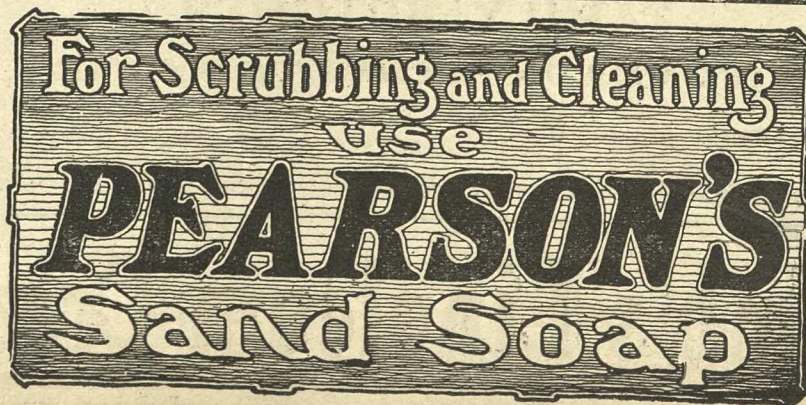
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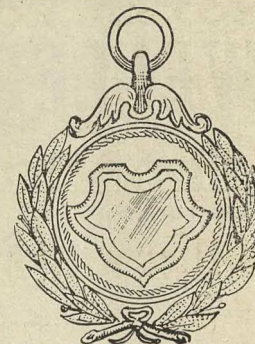
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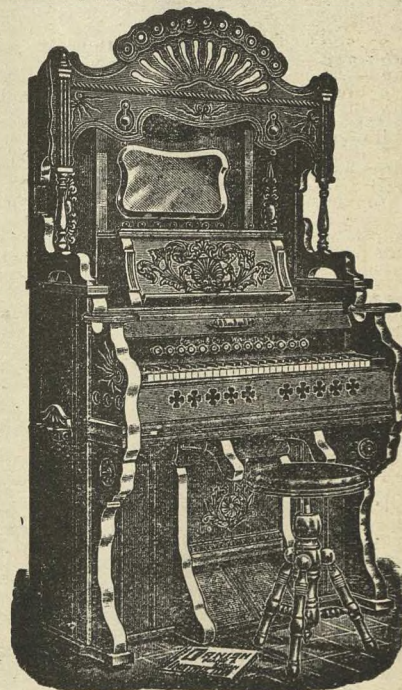
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1. I never did anything bad.  
Rom. 3: 12.—They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.  
Psa. 51: 5.—Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.
2. I am good enough.  
Isa. 53: 6.—All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.  
Rom. 3: 23.—For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.  
1 John, 1: 8-10.—If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.  
If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.  
If we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us.  
Isa. 64: 6.—But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away.  
1 Kings 8: 46.—If they sin against thee (for there is no man that sinneth not).  
Job 15: 14-16.—What is man, that he should be clean? and he which is born of a woman, that he should be righteous?  
Behold, he putteth no trust in his saints; yea, the heavens are not clean in his sight.  
How much more abominable and filthy is man, which drinketh iniquity like water?
3. I am better than others.  
Lu. 18: 11.—The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican.  
James 2: 10.—For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.
4. I am too great a sinner.  
1 Tim. 1: 15.—This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.  
1 Peter 3: 18.—For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit.
5. I can't believe.  
John 8: 24.—I said therefore unto you, that ye shall die in your sins: for if ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins.  
Mark 16: 16.—He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.  
Mark 9: 24.—Lord, I believe help thou my unbelief.
6. I can't hold out.  
1 Peter 1: 5.—Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.  
John 10: 28-29.—And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.  
My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand.
7. I tried once and failed.  
2 Kings 5: 10.—And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean.  
Prov. 24: 16.—A righteous man falleth seven times and riseth up again.
8. Christians seem unhappy.  
Pro. 4: 18.—The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.  
Psalm 37: 35.—I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.  
John 7: 24.—Judge not according to the appearance.
9. Some other time will do.  
2 Cor. 6: 2.—For he saith, I have heard thee in a time accepted, and in the day of salvation have I succoured thee: behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.  
Deut. 11: 26-28.—Behold, I set before you this day a blessing and a curse:  
A blessing, if ye obey the commandments of the Lord your God, which I command you this day;  
And a curse, if ye will not obey the commandments of the Lord your God, but turn aside out of the way which I command you this day, to go after other gods, which ye have not known.
10. I've refused so often I can't come.  
Matt. 18: 21-22.—Lord, how oft shall my brother sin and I forgive him?  
Until seven times, Jesus said unto him, I say not unto thee, until seven times, but unto seven times seven.  
Isa. 1: 18.—Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.  
Heb. 3: 7.—Wherefore (as the Holy Ghost saith) to-day if ye will hear his voice.
11. It would ruin my business.  
Mark 8: 36-37.—For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?  
Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?  
Phil. 4: 19.—But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.
12. After I get settled in life I will.  
Lu. 12: 20.—But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?  
Matt. 6: 23.—But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.
13. I don't believe there is a hell.  
Lu. 16: 23.—And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.  
Mat. 4: 1.—For, behold the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch.
14. I don't care to think of this matter.  
Prov. 29: 1.—He that being often reproveth hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.
15. I've backslidden.  
Jer. 6: 16.—Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, We will not walk therein.  
Hosea 14: 4.—I will heal their backsliding.
16. I've sinned away my day of grace.  
2 Peter 3: 9.—The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.  
Isa. 46: 12-13.—Hearken unto me, ye stout-hearted, that are far from righteousness.  
I bring near my righteousness; it shall not be far off, and my salvation shall not tarry: and I will place salvation in Zion for Israel my glory.
17. I must have a good time.  
Lu. 16: 25.—But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.  
Eccl. 11: 9-10.—Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.  
Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh: for children and youth are vanity.
18. I don't think as you do.  
Prov. 3: 1-4.—My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments:  
For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.  
Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart;  
So shalt thou find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man.  
Isa. 55: 7.—Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.  
Isa. 55: 8-11.—For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.  
For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.  
For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:  
So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.
19. Christians are inconsistent.  
Rom. 2: 1-2.—Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things.  
But we are sure that the judgment of God is according to truth against them which commit such things.
20. I'll turn over a new leaf.  
John 3: 3-7.—Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.  
Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?  
Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.  
That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.  
Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.  
John 10: 1-3.—Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheep-fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.  
But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.  
To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.
21. I believe I am right.  
John 14: 6.—Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.  
Prov. 16: 25.—There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.

(To be continued.)

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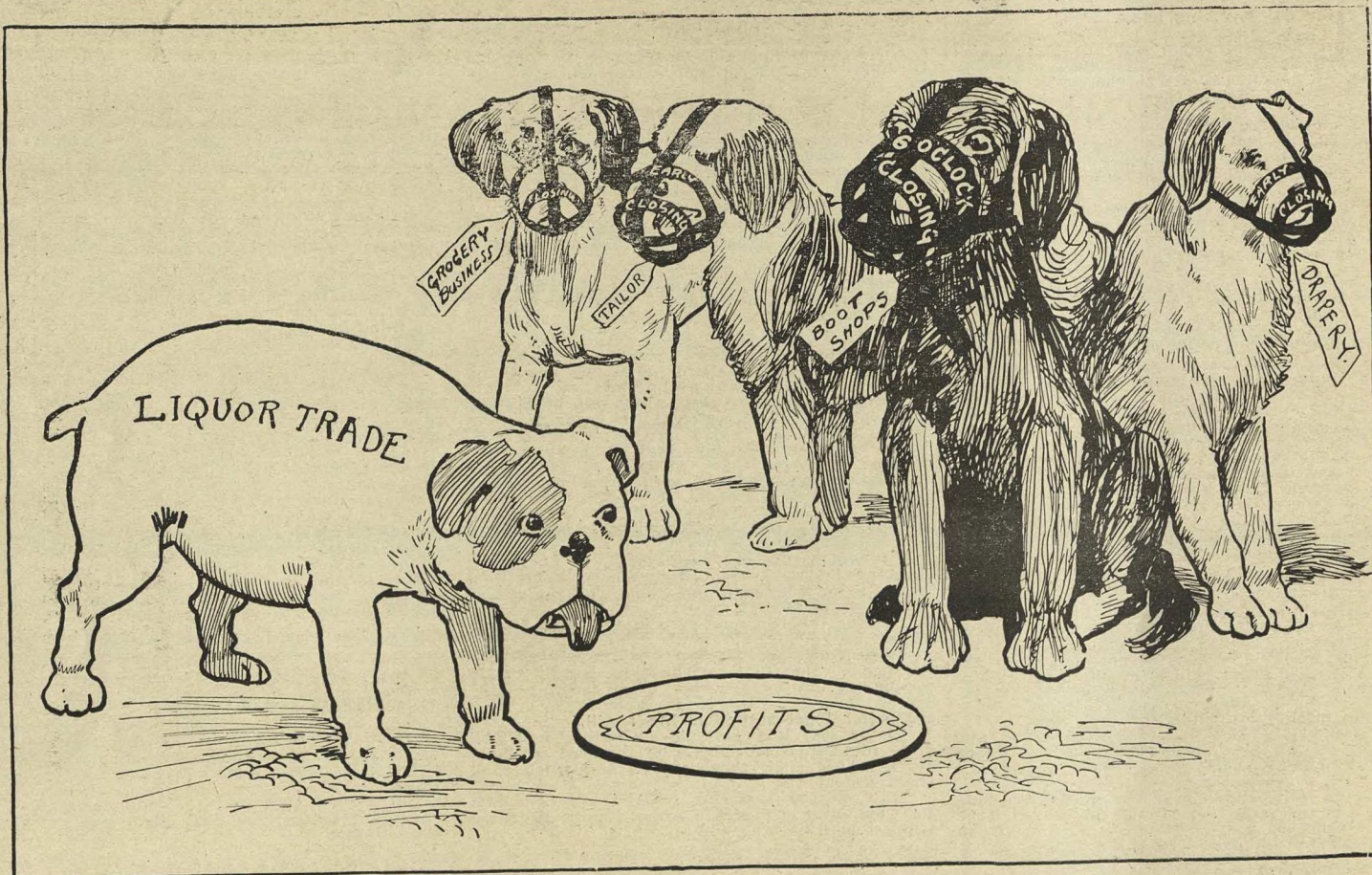
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