

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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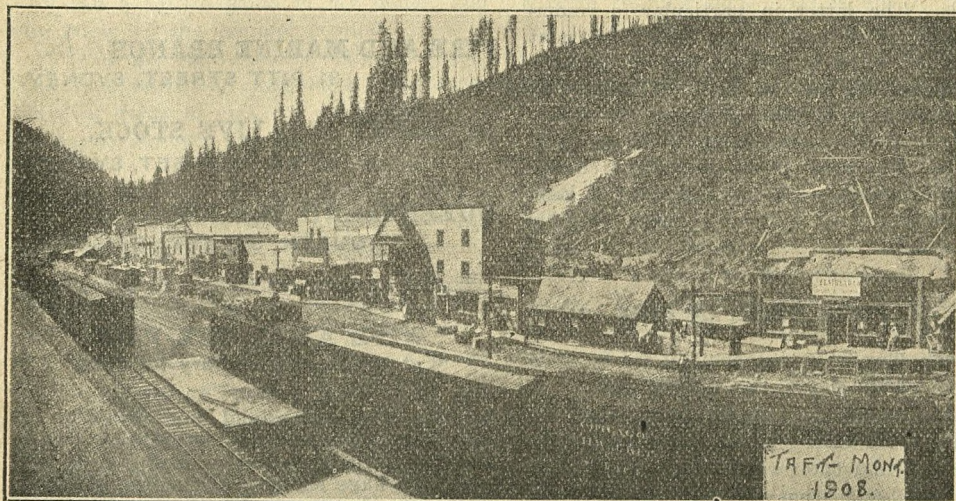
SYDNEY, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1909

Price One Penny

Reconstruction in a Construction Camp

The picture in this issue was taken on the scene of one of the most remarkable battles ever waged by the Y.M.C.A. The town of Taft, Montana—if one can call it a town—consists of one long street, along

for months after it had become the largest town on the branch of the road, it still did not appear on the time tables. With the men came all those vicious institutions which prey upon them—saloons, houses of



THE MAIN, AND ONLY, STREET OF TAFT, WHERE THE TWENTY-EIGHT SALOONS LINED UP AGAINST THE ONE STORE LONG KEPT BUSINESS THRIVING IN THE LITTLE UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT AT EXTREME END OF THE FRONTAGE.

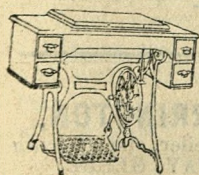
one side of which are ranged the commercial houses of the community. Standing at the head and looking down, one may get a fair idea of what the interests of its citizens are. There are twenty-eight buildings—a store, twenty-six saloons and an undertaking establishment. Two years ago there was no settlement whatever on the site. Then suddenly work commenced on the great tunnel which the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad was to drive through at that spot, and almost in a night there sprang up a community of a thousand men. So rapid was its rise that

ill-fame and gambling dens. The town won the reputation of the "toughest place in the world."

The Y.M.C.A. has attacked similar problems in other places with success, but even those who knew its work discouraged any attempt at Taft. The town, they said, was too rough. In the face of this well-meant advice Mr. Morrison, a secretary of the Association, went onto the ground, and with the help of the company established a pleasant and attractive Y.M.C.A. room. Up to this time the men had been cashing their pay cheques in saloons, there being

no other place to cash them. Mr. Morrison arranged with a banker in a nearby town to undertake this business. On the next day, the money was shipped into Taft, and Mr. Morrison, armed with a revolver, rode with it from the train to the camp. There he cashed the cheques, encouraging the men to leave over all surplus funds with him for deposit in the bank. The result was that over 2000 dollars was left with him, all of which, in the regular course of events, would have gone over the bars. Opposition grew hot against him, of course, and on two occasions the saloonkeepers caused his arrest on the charge of carrying concealed weapons. At other times they threatened his life, and a threat is no idle thing in Taft, where the melting of the snow each spring discloses the skeletons of men killed during the winter. None of these things deterred him, however; he continued to fight the liquor element and urge the strict enforcement of the laws. With the aid of the sheriff, who stood at his side with drawn revolver, he gathered a company and held meetings before the most notorious resort. In spite of the piano inside and the jeering crowds in the windows, the Gospel finally conquered; men and women were drawn out of the houses to gather about the cart which served as a pulpit, and more than one found eternal life.

The great test came on Christmas of last year, when the camp was given its first birthday. So certain was the foreman that the majority of his workmen would be incapacitated for labour through drink, that he took the precaution of ordering 200 extra men to start work on the twenty-sixth. Gamblers, prostitutes, and bootleggers flocked into town in anticipation of the day. But Mr. Morrison was ready for them. On the night before Christmas he held a meeting in the camp, and talked the matter over with the boys. There, after prayer and a brief speech, they pledged



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WILLIAM WHITE ————— **Redfern and Newtown**

themselves to fool the whole crowd of devils by boycotting the town on Christmas. A tree was arranged in the camp, a phonograph played during the day and Mr. Morrison showed pictures in the afternoon and evening. The result—wonderful to everyone from the superintendent down—was that only two men out of the whole number were unable to report for work next day, and the gamblers in disgust declared that "there was not enough money spent in Taft to pay for calling a quorum."

It would be of thrilling interest to tell the stories of notable conversions which took place in Taft, testifying to the power of the Gospel to win even the most sin-soiled souls. The whole experience is like a passage from the Gospels. There are probably not a dozen men of experience in construction work who would have said that religious work could be effective in a town like Taft.

Those who approved the experiment said, "Don't preach religion; just make yourself useful to the men." But it was preaching which the men wanted. They said to Mr. Morrison time and again, "Don't close your meeting, pardner, until you pray for us." It was the distinctly religious element in the work which made its success possible. Taft has proved again what needed no proof, that there is "no other name under heaven by which men can be saved."

The success of the work at Taft and in other construction camps has encouraged the international committee of the Y.M.C.A. to extend this work as rapidly as possible to all the camps in the country. Contractors and the railroads are contributing generously to this end, recognising that no sum is too large to pay in return for sobriety and steadiness in the men.

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NOVEL SUGGESTIONS FOR PRINTING.

The use of black lettering on a white surface, which has been handed down to us since the invention of printing, is far from commendable, say some of our modern scientists and oculists. While, however, they are generally agreed on this point, considerable difference of opinion seems to exist as to what is really the best method of printing to take the place of that now in universal use.

It was boldly proposed by one expert a short time ago that it would be far better if newspapers and books were printed in white on black backgrounds. This novel suggestion, however, was decried by others, not only on the score of expense, but also because white symbols on dead black would be injurious to the eyes on account of the greatness of the contrast.

It is suggested instead that some form of light-tinted symbols on dark backgrounds would be far more preferable than the use of black and white. Green ink on a yellow paper, or amber ink on a dark green background, seem to be the most popular proposals. The latter in particular is recommended, on account of the fact that, next to green, yellow is perhaps one of the most restful colours to the eye. Whether any such change will take place in the future printing of our newspapers it is impossible to say. The great objection to any change is the expense, which in these days of keen competition must always be most carefully considered.

A POOR DEAL IN PIGS.

Mark Twain is responsible for a good story, which shows the fallacy of the argument or the assumption that liquor tax money is all gain. A man bought a pig for 3dol., fed him 6dol. worth of corn, sold him for 5dol., and went around bragging that he had made a profit of 2dol. on the deal. It is the "feed of the pig," in the cost of crime, poverty, and insanity, caused by the saloon that more than offsets the liquor tax. The ratio is about "sixteen to one." The taxpayer pays out 16dol. to take care of the havoc wrought by the saloon for the sake of getting 1dol. back from the saloon. That is fine business management, isn't it? No wonder a well-known lecturer has made a hit with his lecture on "The Fool Taxpayer," in which he exposes and ridicules the argument that the liquor tax is a source of financial gain.

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Higgins "The Pilot"

A GREAT TRUE STORY OF A REMARKABLE PREACHER OF THE BACKWOODS.

By NORMAN DUNCAN, in "Harper's Magazine."

(Continued from last week.)

Jack Worth—that notorious gambler and saloon-keeper of Bemidji—quietly approached Higgins.

"Frank," said he, "you win; but I've no hard feelings."

"That's all right, Jack," said Higgins.

The Pilot remembered that he had sat close to the death-bed of the young motherless son of this same Jack Worth in the room above the saloon. They had been good friends—the big Pilot and the boy. And Jack Worth had loved the boy in a way that only Higgins knew. "Papa," said the boy, at this time, death being then very near, "I want you to promise me something." Jack Worth listened. "I want you to promise me, papa," the boy went on, "that you'll never drink another drop in your life." Jack Worth promised, and kept his promise; and Jack Worth and the preacher had preserved a queer friendship since that night.

"Jack," said the Pilot, now, "what are you going to do?"

"I don't know, Frank."

"Aren't you going to quit this dirty business?"

"I ran a square game in my house, and you know it," the gambler replied.

"That's all right, Jack," Higgins said; "but look here, old man! isn't little Johnnie ever going to pull you out of this?"

"Maybe, Frank," was the reply. "I don't know."

At any rate—to return—all these men are the parishioners of the Rev. Francis Edmund Higgins, of the Presbyterian Church: all the loggers and lumber-jacks and road-monkeys and cookees and punk-hunters and wood butchers and swampmen and teamsters and bull-cooks and the what-not of the woods, and the gamblers and saloon-keepers and panderers and bartenders (and a host of filthy little runners and pullers-in and small thieves) of the towns. He has no abode near by, no church; he preaches in bunk-houses and sleeps above saloons and in the little back-rooms of hotels and wherever a blanket may be had in the woods. He ministers to nobody else: just to men like these. To women, too: not to many, perhaps, but still to those whom the pale men of the towns find necessary to their gain. To women like Nellie, tired girl, and in swiftly failing health, who could not escape (she said) because she had lost the knack of dressing in any other way. She beckoned him, aboard train, well aware of his profession; and when Higgins had listened to her ordinary little story, her threadbare, pathetic little plea to be helped, he carried her off to some saving Refuge for such as she. To women like little Liz, too, whose consumptive hand Higgins held while she lay dying alone in her tumbled bed in the shuttered Fifth Red House.

"Am I dyin', Pilot?" she asked.

"Yes, my girl," he answered.

"Dyin'—now?"

Higgins said again that she was dying; and little Liz was dreadfully frightened, then—and began to sob for her mother with all her heart.

I conceive with what tenderness the big, kind, clean Higgins comforted her—how that his big hand was soft and warm enough to serve in that extremity. It is not known

to me, of course; but I fancy that little Liz of Fifth Red House died more easily—more hopefully—because of the proximity of the Pilot's clear, uplifted soul.

To confuse Higgins with the cranks and freaks of the country would be most injuriously to wrong him. He is not an eccentric; his hair is cropped, his finger nails are clean, there is a commanding achievement behind him, he has manners, a mind variously interested, as the polite world demands. Nor is he a fanatic; he would spit cant forth from his mouth in disgust if ever it chanced within. He is a reasonable and highly efficient worker—a man dealing with active problems in an intelligent and thoroughly practical way; and he is self-respecting and respected in his peculiar field as any pulpit parson of the cities—and as sane as an engineer. He is a big, jovial, rotund, rosy-cheeked Irish-Canadian (pugnacious upon occasion), with a boy's smile and eyes and laugh, with a hearty voice and way, with a head held high, with a man's clean, confident soul gazing frankly from unwavering eyes: five foot nine and two hundred pounds to him (which allows for a little rippling fat). He is big of body and heart and faith and outlook and charity and inspiration and belief in the work of his hands; and his life is lived joyously—notwithstanding the dirty work of it—though deprived of the common delights of life. He has no church; he straps a pack on his back and tramps the logging roads from camp to camp, whatever the weather—12 miles in a blizzard at 40 below—and preaches every day—and twice and three times a day—in the bunk-houses; and he buries the boys—and marries them to the kind of women they know—and scolds and beseeches and thrashes them, and banks for them.

It used sometimes to be difficult for Higgins to get a hearing in the camps; this was before he had fought and preached his way into the trust of the lumber-jacks. There was always a warm welcome for him in the bunk-houses, to be sure, and for the most part a large eagerness for the distraction of his discourses after supper; but here and there in the beginning he encountered an obstreperous fellow (and does to this day) who interrupted him for the fun of the thing. It is related that upon one occasion a big Frenchman began to grind his axe of a Sunday evening precisely as Higgins began to preach. "Some of the boys here," Higgins drawled, "want to hear me preach; and if the boys would just grind their axes some other time I'd be much obliged." The grinding continued. "I say," Higgins proceeded, his voice rising a little, "that a good many of the boys have asked me to preach a little sermon to them; but I can't preach while one of the boys grinds his axe." No impression was made. "Now, boys," Higgins went on, "most of you want to hear me preach, and I'm going to preach, all right; but I can't preach if anybody grinds an axe."

The Frenchman whistled a tune.

"Friend, back there!" Higgins called, "can't you oblige the boys by grinding that axe some other time?"

There was some tittering in the bunk-house—and the grinding went on—and the tune came saucily up from the door where

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the Frenchman stood. Higgins walked slowly back; having come near, he paused—then put his hand on the Frenchman's shoulder, in a way not easily misunderstood.

"Friend," he began, softly, "if you——"

The Frenchman struck at him.

"Keep back, boys!" an old Irishman yelled, catching up a heavy pole. "Give the Pilot a show! Keep out o' this or I'll brain ye!"

The Sky Pilot caught the Frenchman about the waist—flung him against a door—caught him again on the rebound—put him head foremost in a barrel of water—and absent-mindedly held him there until the old Irishman asked softly, "Say, Pilot, ye ain't goin' t' drown him, are ye?" It was all over in a flash; Higgins is wisely no man for half-measures in an emergency; in a moment the Frenchman lay cast dripping and gasping on the floor, and the bunk-house was in a tumult of jeering. Then Higgins proceeded with the sermon; and—strangely—he is of an earnestness and frankly mild and loving disposition so impressive that this passionate incident had doubtless no destructive effect upon the solemn service following. It is easy to fancy him passing unruffled to the upturned cask which served him for a pulpit, readjusting the blanket which was his altar-cloth, raising his dog-eared little hymn-book to the smoky light of the lantern overhead, and beginning, feelingly: "Boys, let's sing Number Fifty-six. 'Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly.' You know the tune, boys; everybody sing. 'While the nearer waters roll and the tempest still is high.' All ready, now!" A fight in a church would be seriously disturbing commotion; but a fight in a bunk-house—well, that is commonplace. There is more interest in singing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," than in dwelling upon the affair afterward. And the boys sang heartily, I am sure, as they always do, the Frenchman quite forgotten.

To be Continued.

HAD NOT TIME.

"How nicely you have ironed these things, Jane!" said the mistress admiringly to her maid. Then, glancing at the glossy linen, she continued in a tone of surprise: "Oh, but I see they are all your own!"

"Yes'm," replied Jane; "and I'd do all yours just like that if I had time."

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A Sydney Publican's Plan to Defeat No-License

The question is: What are the most effective means of combating our opponents, and at the same time awakening the general public to the fact that their rights and privileges are sought to be restricted, if not altogether destroyed, by the prohibitionists?

It is a superfluous and ridiculous effort to convince the Trade of the designs of the anti-liquor party; yet, this for the most part has been, and still is, the method of campaign.

The thing to do is to shake up the careless and easy-going public with votes to cast. There is one way of doing it thoroughly, and that is through the press. The four daily papers of Sydney practically reach the vast majority of the electors; if not the "Herald," the "Telegraph," if not the "News," the "Star." Here then is an organisation nearly perfect.

On the liquor question these journals are not unfair, but, owing to the energy and enthusiasm of advocates of prohibition, the case against the Trade is persistently and powerfully stated in articles, letters, and reports. The case is seldom answered, statement is seldom analysed, argument is seldom met. What is the result? The electors are impressed, and judgment goes by default.

I am aware that the officers and leaders of our association have done their best to disprove assertions and correct errors. But the columns of the press have not been open to them. The soul of the press is no less commercial than the soul of the liquor business. Newspaper space is valuable to the proprietaries, and must be paid for. In this, I have had actual experience in humble efforts to place before the public the honest ideas and conclusions of a city hotel-keeper. In thereby endeavouring to remove false impressions and absurd notions, I had to pay the usual advertising scale. One contribution alone out of many, covering three columns cost me £30, but I had, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that effective publicity opened the eyes of tens of thousands of the public. In the crowded city electorates the votes were for "Continuance," and I have reason to believe that the enormous vote so cast was due to the fair and candid statement of the case, not only for the Trade, but for the moderate drinking public. It was necessary to correct, through the press, wrong impressions, and it was still more

necessary to open people's eyes to the sinister intentions of the fanatically enthusiastic so-called Reformers.

The eyes of the public cannot be opened too widely, or too often. I suggest that a column, weekly, alternately in the "Herald" and "Star" and in the "Telegraph" and "News" be secured by the Trade and paid for at advertising rates. This advertising space should be filled with articles, paragraphs, facts, figures, and arguments, smartly, vigorously, and effectively penned by journalists quick to grasp a point, idea or argument, and willing to interview and obtain the frequent opinions and actual experiences of members of the Trade. Ponderous essays and wearying stuff are valueless. What is wanted is fresh and appetising, keen and incisive, up-to-date journalism, that the public will read. Such columns, well done, would attract the attention and stir the intelligence of every elector, and nothing more is wanted for a sound and convincing cause to win handsomely at the polls.

The fight must be open, frank, and intellectually sustained, and it must be through publicity first, publicity last, and publicity all the time.

This letter from Mr. B. W. Mayman was published in the "Star" and reprinted in "Fairplay." The liquor journal resents the impertinence of the writer in ignoring the Liquor Defence League, and there is evidently a serious split in the liquor ranks. In Queensland the liquor folk are evidently using the local press. An article from the pen of Mr. Lessina, M.P., occupied nearly two pages in each of three Brisbane papers, and purported to show how No-License was a failure. This cost £180, which the "Worker" says was paid by the Licensed Victuallers' Association. This method of warfare has advantages for the side with money. They can reach print when the other side can't, and it is also a protection from criticism. Verily liquor reformers are handicapped; but, in spite of the unevenness of the contest, liquor is everywhere being defeated.

AT DINNER TIME.

Mrs. Brown. "Jane, has Mr. Brown come home yet? I thought I heard him just now."

Jane: "No, mum, that was the dog growling."

THE MILLIONAIRE'S CLERGY-MAN.

Speaking in England last month, the well-known Dr. Aked, whose church is composed of some of the wealthiest people in America, said:—"In America they deplored the failure of the British Government to carry through their Licensing Bill. He believed that abolition of drink would come in America. "Fifteen months ago," he continued, "I said in my pulpit in New York that the blood of the murdered Cormack cried aloud for judgment. Ex-Senator Cormack was shot down with cold, deliberate malice by the liquor men in the streets of Memphis, Tennessee, because he advocated the Abolition Bill for the State. This morning the leading counsel for the prosecution at the trial was in this chapel, and he tells me that now, where fifteen months ago the blood of Cormack cried for judgment, the agitation for abolition of the drink is spreading like a prairie fire through the land. It is spreading all through the United States up to within twenty miles of New York, and I believe that many alive now will not taste of death before they see the saloon closed in every corner of the United States."

LEFT UNOPENED.

An amusing—and true—story is told concerning a clergyman who recently received the offer of a Crown-living with a comfortable income. When the letter conveying the offer arrived, enclosed in an official envelope, the recipient concluded that it referred to some troublesome matter concerned with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, or some other similar body. He therefore put it on one side, with the remark, "Oh, that will wait for a week!"

As the Crown officers did not receive a reply, inquiries were made, and the clergyman stated that he had never received such a letter.

A copy was then forwarded to him, and he had no difficulty in agreeing to exchange his poor living for a Crown appointment worth several hundreds a year. In the meantime, however, he discovered that the official communication he had treated so cavalierly was the original letter from the Crown.

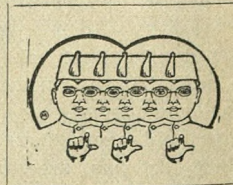
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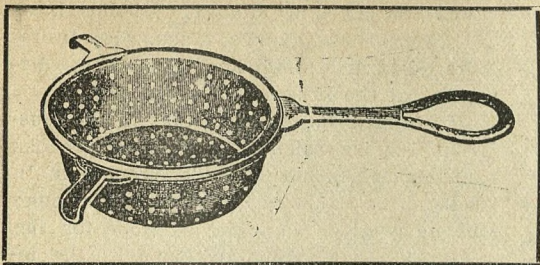
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Talk about People

Magnificent Distances.

Archdeacon Lloyd sends the following interesting communication from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, Canada. He says:—

"You have been hearing a good deal lately in England about expansion of Church and Empire. Here is a little illustration in the way of expansion and magnificent distances. These are not things we look at on the map, but journeys we have to cover and territory to administer. One day recently I was sitting at my table in Prince Albert, and opened two letters in one mail of thirty or forty letters. Both were from C.C.C.S. catechists serving in the diocese of Saskatchewan, and both were building churches and wanted some advice.

"But one was at the little saw-mill town of Barrows, in the territory of Keewatin, in the East, and the other was in a little agricultural village in the Province of Alberta, in the West. Both are in the diocese, but they are 450 miles apart, in a straight line as the crow flies; and had I gone to see what they were doing, I should have journeyed 1600 miles out and back, for by the railway they are 800 miles apart. And this vast area is covered all over with settlers, and this is the work given to one Bishop. Do you wonder that we want more churches, and more men, and more, and still more? We cry more, more, to-day; but what will this country be like in a few years' time? One magnificent stretch of Christianised humanity."

Mother Does No Work.

Mrs. Runciman, the wife of Mr. Runciman, the British Minister of Education, speaking at a prize-giving recently, gave some excellent points, and carried her audience with her in no uncertain way. The best test, she said, when girls left school, was not that they were encyclopaedias of knowledge, or albums of accomplishments, but good citizens and wise women, who had cultivated a sense of proportion. The chairman (Prebendary the Hon. J. Stafford Northcote) had urged them to be rather useful than pretty or pleasant, but she thought they would be far more useful if they were pretty and pleasant as well. She was glad that he had called marriage a profession. Some people were apt to think that if a woman lived at home she did no work.

To illustrate how fallacious such reasoning was, Mrs. Runciman told a little story. A young lad had got a small job for the first time, and was boasting of all the work he did.

"I gets up at half-past five and has me breakfast," he said.

"Anyone else get up, too?" asked a listening stranger.

"Oh, yes—mother; she calls me and gets

me breakfast, and then she gets dad's at half-past six."

"And your dinner?"

"Oh, mother gets that, too, and then she gets father's."

"Has the afternoon to herself?"

"Why no; she cleans up and looks after the children, and gets the tea ready for dad and me when we come home. We has our pipe, and then we goes to bed."

"And your mother?"

"Well, she has time to do a bit of sewing then when she has cleaned up after the tea."

"What wages do you get?" continued the inquisitive stranger.

"Oh, I get ten bob; and dad gets thirty-five."

"And your mother?"

"Mother! Why, she don't get wages; she don't do no work!"

King of Jesters.

In his own particular line there is no one quite like this "King of Jesters, and Jester of Kings," as someone has called Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian.

English folk delight in Harry Lauder, and although half the time they may not quite understand what he is saying in his quaint Scotch dialect, his kilt and his stick and his bonnet, and the mere fact that he is Harry Lauder, seem to convulse his audience, and send it off into roars of delighted laughter.

It is the same, too, on the other side of the "herring pond," and again and again wily American managers entice this comical Scotsman to come and make them laugh "overyonder."

Everyone has to run the gauntlet of criticism at some time or other, and sometimes the home critic is not thought a great deal of. But "My wife," Harry Lauder is credited with saying, "is the very best critic I ever had. She has been a tremendous help to me in my career, and everything I have done for the stage has been first of all submitted to her. If she is satisfied I know that the public will be satisfied too, and then I dinna care what the newspapers say."

Mrs. Lauder also hails from the "land o' cakes," and, like her husband, she is as Scotch as Scotch can be. She is a bright little woman with mirthful eyes and merry ways.

"It is very nice of my husband to call me his best critic," she said the other day. "Critics should, of course, know something of the subject they are criticising, and nobody, I think, understands my husband better than I do. Of course, he doesn't know it, but I'm studying him all the time, and I keep my eyes and ears open at all times for any amusing incident or story that can be turned by him into 'patter.'"

POST-MORTEM BLISS.

An American tells of a conversation he overheard between his cook and a maid, both negroes, with reference to a recent funeral of a member of their race, at which funeral there had been a profusion of floral tributes. Said the cook:

"Dat's all very well, Mandy; but when I dies, I don't want no flowers on my grave. Jes' plant a good old water-melon vine, an' when she gets ripe, you come dar, an' don't you eat it, but jes' bus' it on de grave, an' let de good old juice dribble down t'rough de ground!"

Kangaroo Coupons Given.

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Doctors everywhere are recommending Olive Oil in place of the old chemicals that were so nauseating.

We invite you to send us a trial order for these lines. They are pure and reliable.

ASHWOOD'S SOUTH AUSTRALIAN PURE OLIVE OIL, is guaranteed true to label, is our own bottling, and has a rich nutty flavour. Is strongly recommended for frying fish, salads, and other kitchen uses.
½pt. size, 1/- per bottle, 11/6 per doz.
1pt. size, 1/6 per bottle, 17/6 per doz.
1qt. size, 2/9 per bottle, 32/- per doz.

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1qt. size, 2/9 per bottle, 32/- per doz.
Lewis and Whitty's South Australian Oil, 5oz. size, 6d per bottle, 5/9
Morton's Pure Olive Oil, 5oz. size, 5½d per bottle, 5/3 per doz.

Crosse and Blackwell's Pure Lucca Oil, ½pt. size, 1/- per bottle, 11/6 per doz.; 1pt. size, 1/6 per bottle, 17/6 per doz.; 1qt. size, 2/9 per bottle, 32/- per doz.

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Morton's Castor Oil, 5oz. size, 5½d per bottle, 5/3 per doz.

Hope's Castor Oil, 5oz. size, 4d per bottle, 3/6 per doz.

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3/- to 7/6, equal to new.

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775 GEORGE STREET**

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1909.

LIQUOR PROHIBITION MAKES FOR PEACE.

We are constantly getting news by cable from various parts of the world that reveals the growing antagonism towards alcohol and its legalised sale. A few weeks ago England's greatest authority on divorce said that the prohibition of the liquor traffic would close the doors of the divorce court. Then came the news of the great conference of scientists from all parts of the world on the alcohol question, and they have spoken in the plainest possible manner. The following is taken from the "Daily Telegraph":—

"London, August 23.—The few number of cases taken before the magistrates formed one of the features of the strikes in Sweden. The closing of the drinking places largely helped in the maintenance of order.

"A large meeting of strikers at Stockholm has urged that prohibition against alcohol be maintained for a month after the resumption of work."

If the closing of the drinking places was followed by so great an improvement that it suggests a further extension of time, the question arises—Why re-open them? Let the responsibility be thrown on the liquor advocates to show why they should be allowed to open. The bar does not live to meet a domestic necessity, but to create a private appetite, a public thirst, to serve a political end. By it the Drink Habit—say, if you please, the Drink Disease—is fostered in public places, amid conditions destructive of private morals, individual health, family comfort, and public welfare. If the bar thrives the home suffers; where the brewery shadows are cast the home is blighted. "What is it that makes the rich man richer and the poor man poorer?" shouted a Socialist orator. The proper answer should have been "Monopoly!" in the orator's way of thinking; but before he could supply the answer, it came unexpectedly and tersely from a new member of his organisation who had not been properly instructed, and disgusted the orator by calling out "Beer!" Less beer and more peace is the testimony from Sweden, and it is backed by hard facts.

HABIT.

"Use doth breed a habit in a man," according to Shakespeare; and "habit is ten times nature," according to Wellington; and "habit soon becomes a necessity," according to Augustine. How soon? Professor William James, the psychologist, answers, "in six weeks." These suggestive words are an encouragement as well as a warning. While the power of an evil habit is to be dreaded, and is daily exemplified even in the smallest circle of human beings, yet it is a wonderful encouragement to know that even in six weeks a habit for good may be formed that will tinge the whole life for the whole of one's life. Sustained effort for six weeks will have a great reward. "Tapering off," is a common, but mistaken, way of trying to break habit. Many who drink dread serious consequences if they give up at once the drink habit. Yet of the 12,000 who went to prison last year in New South Wales, most of whom were heavy drinkers, none were allowed to "taper off," and that none suffered in their health is proved by the fact that the death rate in the gaols of New South Wales last year was only 8 per thousand; while that of the population was about 12 per 1000; and of the 8 who died in gaol two died within 24 hours of their admission. This health record among the unhealthy ones of the State was maintained on a total expenditure of £3 9s. 9d. on alcohol for the year. Habit must and can be broken at once, and only at once. Some one has said to do it bit by bit is impossible, for if you take away the "h" of "habit" you still have "a bit," take away the "a" and you have a "bit" left, take away the "b" and you have "it" still, and take away the "i" and you have it to a "T."

THE INTERNATIONAL TEMPERANCE CONGRESS.

According to English files friends of temperance from all parts of the world met last month in London for the twelfth International Congress on Alcoholism. Lord Weardale was the acting-president of the conference, and he was supported by the Crown Prince of Sweden, Lord and Lady Carlisle, the Dean of Herford, Field-Marshal Sir George White, Sir John Kennaway, Dr. Clifford, Professor Sims Woodhead, and many other eminent temperance workers. The attendance of the general public, it is reported, was encouraging. The papers and discussions were followed with great interest. At the Imperial Institute a temperance exhibition was opened under the auspices of the congress. No fewer than twenty-three British national organisations were represented. Almost every country in Europe had its department. Although the temperance campaign on the Continent is chiefly carried on by Protes-

tants, the German Roman Catholics have a powerful temperance union. Its literature, diagrams, and apparatus were displayed at the Imperial Institute.

It is gratifying to learn that in the Austrian Empire scientific temperance books and magazines have a wide circulation. In Holland the Bands of Hope are very strong; the name given to them is "Hope for the Future." Even Argentina has felt the influence of the movement. A book was shown at the exhibition, entitled "El Alcoholismo." Three thousand copies of this book were purchased by the Argentine Government for the use of teachers and scholars in the elementary schools. Among the most curious exhibits were the diagrams from Russia. The German department of literature alone contained nearly 500 modern books. The German Federation against alcoholism includes no fewer than thirty-four societies, nineteen of whom contribute. On one stall the words were conspicuously displayed in German: "Union of teetotal German-speaking philologists."

THIRTY CHURCHES, NO SALOONS.

THE NEWEST STYLE OF ADVERTISING SHOWN BY BIG OHIO CITY.

The liquor traffic shouts, "Prohibition will kill a town!" but business men are rapidly coming to think otherwise. Prohibition came to Zanesville, O., the other day, and the saloons of that city of 25,000 people were closed up tight.

Now comes the Chamber of Commerce, and is scattering broadcast throughout that section this live boast of Zanesville prosperity:—

If You Contemplate a Change of Residence or Business Location, Consider

ZANESVILLE.

THE BEST CITY

IN THE UNITED STATES,

Beautiful, Healthful, Prosperous.

Shipping Facilities and Fuel Supply Unsurpassed.

Thirty Churches. No Saloons.

IF You Want to Know More,

Address,

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, ZANESVILLE, OHIO.

"By the way," notes the American Issue, "did you ever hear of business men or the Chamber of Commerce of any city or town advertising the number of saloons as an attraction for men or money?"

BUSINESS MEN'S MEETING.

EVERY FRIDAY, 1.25 to 1.50.

THE CHAPTER HOUSE, Beside St. Andrew's Cathedral.

Address by Rev. R. B. S. HAMMOND.

WOMEN TYPISTES WANTED.

FULL particulars of the approaching examination for Lady Typistes in the Commonwealth Service may be obtained from T. STANLEY SUMMERHAYES, of the METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, 122 Pitt-street. Mr. Summerhayes' students secured nearly half the passes and Top Place (with appointment) in the recent examination for Lady Typiste in the State Public Service.

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A Great Temperance Reformer

DEATH OF DR. DAWSON BURNS.

A STRENUOUS AND EXEMPLARY CAREER.

The passing away of Dr. Dawson Burns, at the ripe age of 81, on August 24, as briefly announced by cable last week, will doubtless cause universal regret and sympathy amongst all classes of Temperance folk throughout the world.

He will be long remembered as one of the most prolific of writers on every phase of the Temperance question, and future generations will be educated by the noble works he has left behind. "He being dead yet speaketh," and will continue to speak.

Dr. Dawson Burns was the only surviving son of Dr. Jabez Burns, one of the early pioneers, and indefatigable workers of the great Temperance Reformation in England. He was pastor of Church-street Baptist Chapel, Paddington, for 45 years, and in later years his son, Dr. Dawson Burns, became his co-pastor, and ultimately succeeded him.

Dr. Dawson Burns lived to be eleven years older than his illustrious father, and followed closely in his footsteps. Indeed, it is difficult to write of the one without referring to the other, so closely related were they in philanthropic work. The father cheerfully gave the palm to his son, as being the better man of the two; but their talents showed somewhat along different lines. In one sense they were as alike as twins, that is in their allegiance to the Temperance cause. On the Temperance question neither diverged from the straight issue. Both were able, zealous champions, but in their policy they never differed in opinion with any organisation. They welcomed and endorsed every effort to promote the Temperance cause. They were untiring advocates, and laboured strenuously to promote every philanthropic movement.

Dr. Dawson Burns was not a brilliant man, but he was a clever, careful, and capable writer, a forceful speaker and a most able debater—clear-headed, keen, incisive, logical. He always made sure of his facts, always understated his case, and for that reason lived to be recognised as one of the first authorities on the Temperance question. His father excelled him as a preacher and speaker, and was not surpassed by any man of his day as a platform orator. He could arouse any audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm inside five minutes.

Dr. Jabez Burns was the first preacher in England to inaugurate the preaching of an annual temperance sermon, and, with his son, the late Dawson Burns, lived to put up a unique record. Dr. Jabez Burns preached his first temperance sermon in the Church-street Chapel, Paddington, on December 16, 1839, and he continued the sermons for 35 years without a break. Dr. Dawson Burns

took up this work and continued to preach the sermon every year in the same building until this year of his death.

In a letter to the writer, dated March 12 last, Dr. Dawson Burns wrote, "If all is well, I hope to preach the sixty-ninth annual temperance sermon on April 25. Of these sermons my father preached thirty-five, and I have added thirty-three to that number." Surely that is a record to be proud of. If space permitted it would be interesting and instructive to quote the texts of those sixty-nine sermons.

Dr. Dawson Burns' father was the first minister in England (probably in the world) to adopt the unfermented wine for the Communion Table. At the outset he made his own wine.

In 1853 the United Kingdom Alliance was inaugurated in Manchester. Dr. Dawson Burns was at that time minister at Salford. He assisted in the formation of the Alliance, and was closely connected with it for the rest of his days. For many years he was the superintendent of the London district. His father preached the inaugural sermon for the Alliance. The weekly "London Letter" to the "Alliance News" was contributed by Dr. Dawson Burns from the first to the latest issue.

Dr. Dawson Burns was the hon. secretary of the London Temperance Hospital from its foundation until his death. He succeeded William Hoyle in the work of compiling the annual statistics relating to the Drink Bill of the United Kingdom, and it was published in "The Times" regularly for many years. He was a prolific writer on various questions. His chief books were:—"The Basis of the Temperance Reformation," "Temperance in the Victorian Age," "Temperance History" (2 vols.), "Temperance Bible Commentary" (in conjunction with Dr. F. R. Lees), "The Drinking System," "Bible Light on Scripture Wines," "Rays of Sacred Song," "Memorial Leaves of Mrs. Cecil Burns," "Oliver Cromwell," etc.

Dr. Dawson Burns was married to Miss Cecil Balfour, daughter of Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour, a notable lecturer and authoress, who wrote among other things a number of prize essays on the Temperance question. She also gained much popularity through her "Morning Dewdrops," a copy of which volume was presented to her Majesty Queen Victoria.

It may be interesting to quote one of many hymns on the Temperance question written by Dr. Jabez Burns, who, like his son Dawson, was no mean poet:—

Pledged in a noble cause,
We here each other greet,
And bound by Temperance laws,
As friends and brethren meet,

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL — PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

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Head Office: 87 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

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General Manager and Actuary: Richard Teece, F.I.A., F.F.A., F.S.S. Secretary: Robert B. Cameron. Manager Industrial Department: C. A. Elliott, F.I.A.
Sydney, 14th May, 1909.

To make a full determined stand
Against the foe that rules our land.

Our Leader is the Lord,
Who reigns from pole to pole,
And swiftly at His word
The mighty thunders roll;
Forth led by Him our faithful band
Shall chase intemperance from the land.

Then let us onward press,
Our cause is good and great,
Cheered by our past success,
We'll make the foe retreat;
Nor for a moment quarter give,
Resolved for truth to work and live.

A PROUD KING'S PALACE.

No other country has yielded such rich rewards to the archaeological excavators as Egypt. Professor Flinders Petrie, the noted explorer of Bible lands, says that the great find of the year has been made at Memphis, where the diggers have uncovered the palace of Pharaoh Hophra, the seventh ruler of the 26th dynasty, and a contemporary of the prophet Jeremiah, about 600 B.C. This is the second palace unearthed in Egypt. It is a magnificent building, 400 feet long, with spacious courts, stone-lined walls 15ft. thick, and huge 40 foot columns. This Pharaoh, who was also called Raahprah, Vaprah, and Apries, was a valiant soldier. He captured Gaza and Sidon, defeated the King of Tyre in a sea fight, and also defeated the Cyprians. He befriended Zedekiah, King of Judah, and succoured Jerusalem when the Chaldeans were besieging it. But his successes spoiled him, for, like many other great men, he became proud, and self-sufficient, and boasted that "not even a god could overthrow him." Jeremiah foretold the downfall and death of the vain king (see Jer. 44: 30). He was captured and strangled by Amosis, a rebel, who took his crown and sceptre, occupied his fine palace, and ruled in his stead. It is probable that we soon may learn more about this wonderful warlord of ancient days, whose pride and arrogance were the cause of his tragical downfall.

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No-License in New Zealand

HOW IT REDUCES DRUNKENNESS AND CRIME.

By G. B. NICHOLLS, Dunedin, N.Z.

A flood of oratory is being poured out by certain persons who have visited New Zealand, and who claim to have impartially inquired into the working of No-License in this country. These persons usually quote partial statistics or no statistics at all, and assume from the street talk they heard, and from the prejudiced reports of drinking men or persons engaged in the business that local No-License does very little, if any, good.

Much is also made of the fact that the drink bill for New Zealand, and the total arrests for drunkenness in the Dominion have not gone down. It is surely too much to expect of local No-License in any given place that it should make the people more sober in other places hundreds of miles away.

That it does make the people both more sober and more law-abiding in the places where it is in force the following table amply proves. Those who attack No-License always quote partial statistics. Any person can prove anything by selecting statistics to suit the argument. The following table shows the total arrests and the arrests for drunkenness only at all the centres that have so far tried No-License in New Zealand. The time shown is both before and since No-License. Thus the Balclutha comparison covers 20 years. It

is not an accident that every place shows a substantial reduction:—

Place and Period.	All	Drunken-
Before and Since N.-L.	Offences.	ness only.
	B. Since.	B'fore. S.
Balclutha, 10 years..	292.. 122..	133.. 27
Clinton, 7 years ...	157.. 41..	— —
Gore, 5 years	507.. 244..	279.. 114
Ashburton, 2 years..	323.. 155..	175.. 43
Invercargill, 1 year..	315.. 290..	145.. 86
Chalmers, 2 years ..	545.. 189..	323.. 128
Oamaru, 1½ years ..	440.. 142..	285.. 34
Milton, 11 months ..	50.. 15..	22.. 4
Kaitangata, 11 m'ths	83.. 12..	7.. 4

Totals2,712 1,210 1,601 509

This shows a reduction in all crime of 55 per cent. and a reduction in arrests for drunkenness of 69 per cent.

I am sorry that I have not complete figures for the whole of the No-License period in every case. I hope shortly to be able to publish this as compared to a similar period of license immediately preceding the adoption of No-License.

By law offences are omitted in every case. In the case of Invercargill 145 out of 149 drunkenness cases inquired into by the police had got their drink in license areas, the same applies to 30 out of 34 of the Oamaru cases. Thus it is license that is still mainly responsible for both crime and drunkenness.

A HUMOROUS VIEW OF SERMONS.

The decay in the art of preaching is one of the reasons put forward by the indifferent layman for not going to church of a Sunday. He can, no doubt, make a fairly good case for himself.

Sermons are poor as a rule. Whether the grumbler would be better pleased if he found himself sitting through one of the great masterpieces of pulpit oratory on a fine Sunday morning is another question (says Mr. George A. Birmingham, in "The Pall Mall Gazette").

There are sermons of Bishop Andrewes', for instance, which would take a round hour to deliver at a moderate pace. I am not sure whether a modern congregation would feel that the wealth of Hebrew learning and patristic reference altogether compensated for a fresh start made at the end of forty-five minutes.

The experiment might be worth trying if only an audience of habitual grumblers could be got together to listen.

And modern sermons are not always dull. Now and then there is a flash from the pulpit which ought to more than make up to the intelligent listener for many acres of the common-place. It is worth while, for instance, listening to a good many stupid sermons for the sake of arriving at length at the one which commenced as follows:

"This text, my friends, may be said to occupy an intermediate position between the verse which precedes it, and that which immediately follows."

This profound truth was announced by a dapper gentleman in what we, on the Irish side of St. George's Channel, are accustomed to call an "Oxford accent." I regret to say that I didn't myself hear it, but the friend who reported it to me is a good

mimic. He has always felt glad that he didn't go playing golf on that Sunday.

Another preacher, this time the occupant of a cathedral pulpit, got himself involved about the middle of his discourse in one of the doctrinal difficulties over which even metaphysicians puzzle themselves in vain. He was charmingly frank and straightforward.

"This is a matter," he said, "which I have

Saves Time, Saves Trouble, Saves Health.
Saves Money

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST FOOD—

— GRANOIA.

As a Breakfast Food it has no equal, because:—

1st. Being pre-digested it requires no cooking, but is ready for immediate use.

2nd. It goes twice as far as any other Porridge Food.

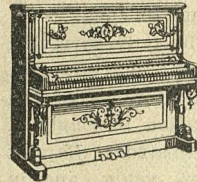
It also makes Delicious Puddings, Entrees, and Gruels. Recipes supplied with each bag.

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Opposite G.P.O.

" 403, Ashfield.

never been able to understand, or even to explain."

How many men in any profession would have owned up in public that they find it easier to explain than to understand what they are talking about? There are orators less honest than this canon, who explain what they do not certainly understand. Have we not all heard or read the speeches of politicians on fiscal questions? Might not they, if they had been, as they perhaps should have been, in church that Sunday, have taken the example by the preacher, and resolved to refrain from "even explaining" what they do not understand?

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Total Membership 485,000.

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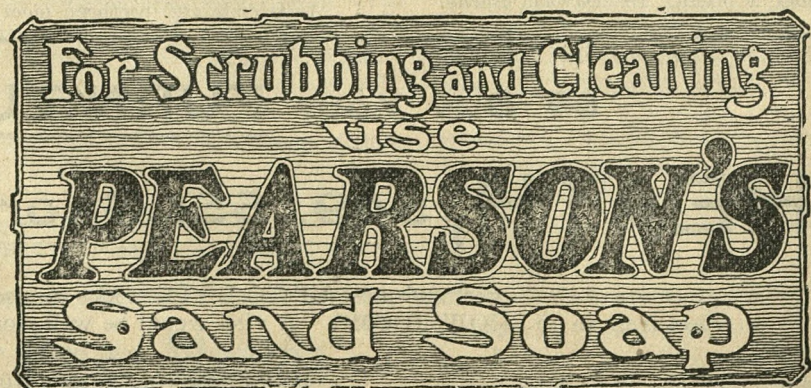
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Sick Benefit (after 12 months' membership), £1 1s per week for 52 weeks, and 10s per week thereafter.

Funeral Benefit (after 12 months' membership), £20; after 7 years, £25, or insurance to £100 if preferred.

Contributions are according to age at joining, and cease at age 65.

Write for information as to joining a Branch, or the opening of New Branches, to
I. GREENSTREET, D.S., 121 Bathurst-street, Sydney.



From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(By UNCLE BARNABAS.)

NO-LICENSE ANNIVERSARY.

On September 10 it will be two years since the first vote was taken for No-License. Next year, we shall be at it again. But, oh, what a lot of work must be done between now and September, 1910! I want you to give, beg, earn, or find something on No-License Anniversary Day for our Baby's Thousand Shillings Fund. Don't forget that one thousand shillings will send 20,000 copies of "Grit" to 20,000 homes, to be read by over 100,000 people. We should like to have a special Seven to Seventeeners' Page Nine Baby's Counterpane Thousand Shilling Fund Issue about next June!

Do you like the idea?

Can we do it?

Will you help?

If so

Do

IT

NOW!

FOR SUNDAY.

PAUL'S SECOND MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

(Acts 15 to 18.)

1. Whom did Paul part from at Antioch?
2. Who were his companions when he entered Philippi?
3. What happened at night at Philippi?
4. What happened at night in Thessalonica?
5. Where did Paul quote poetry?
6. Where was the minister of the church converted? Who was he?
7. What minister got a beating at the same place?

FOR MONDAY.

A NO-LICENSE CHORUS IN CYPHER.

Can you translate it?

8.15.12.4; 20.8.5; 6.15.18.20; 5.12.5.3.20.9.15.
14.19.3.15.13.9.14.7!
19.1.22.5; 1.21.19.20.18.1 12.9.1; 6.1.9.18.
61.20.8.5.18.19! 13.15.20.8.5.18.19! 16.21.20;
25.15.21.18; 3.18.15.19.19; 4.15.23.14;
9.14; 20.8.5; 2.15.20.20.15.13; 19.17.21.1.18.5.

NOUNS FOR PRONOUNS.

Can you put a noun for every pronoun, so as to make good sense?

He saw her walking through it, and they were in her hand. But she dropped one, and it was at once eaten by them. When she saw it fall, he jumped over it and kicked them, but they ate it and tore them too.

SANTA CLAUS' LETTER TO THE S.S.S.S.

Girls, have you ever tried shadow photography? It is easy and simple. Tack a piece of paper to a wall (blank paper that can be easily obtained from a newspaper office); one large sheet will fold into four; tack these up on the wall about 20 at once, and make the subject sit still on a chair close to the paper. Have a strong lamp a good distance off. A side face shadow will be cast; trace the shadow quickly with a pencil, face first, and back of head last; then let the subject free and carefully cut out the centre, following the pencil line carefully—the centre is no use, but the sheet with the hole cut is the photo. Pin this on to a dark window blind, and you will have a perfect shadow. Experiment in your own home; photos for 1d, and when you are expert charge 3d. I am sure you will be allowed a small corner in socials—cutained off—

where shadow photos may be taken for 3d, in aid of slum children's Xmas stockings. As you take your photos, pin them up on the dark curtain outside, and you will need no further advertisement. Kia Ora, Ehoa.
SANTA CLAUS.

XIV.—SERMON ILLUSTRATION.

(Sent by Vera Musgrave. Speaker: Rev. W. E. Godson. Text: Luke 9: 25.)

Jesus led the three disciples up the mountain. Perhaps they had often gone there before, but this time Jesus was with them. When they reached the top they entered into a cloud, and afterwards saw Jesus at the top of the cloud, glorified.

So Jesus leads us up the hill. We are not carried up the hill in a carriage, but we must walk, and, as Jesus is with us, He points out many beauties we should not have seen had we been alone. Then we enter a cloud, perhaps sorrow or disappointment, but often through that cloud we catch a glimpse of Jesus, more as He is, so we can always think of this vision, and so are strengthened, and able to turn our thoughts to others.

THE MAN "ON THE FRINGE."

Sent by G. N. from "The Aus. Churchman."

At a recent conference held at the London County Hall, under the presidency of Lord Monckswell, Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, the Labour M.P., dealt boldly with the relation which drinking customs bear to unemployment:—"The social and economic position of the sober man is infinitely superior to that of the man who drinks. The result is that when a cycle of bad trade comes round, the man to be discharged is invariably selected from the ranks of the drinkers; thus there seems to be a distinct relation between drink and unemployment. If he does not actually swell the ranks of the unemployed, the drunkard is always on the fringe." Mr. Macdonald is by no means the only member of the Labour Party who holds these views, and he has the courage to express them. They KNOW.

LETTER BOX.

"NOT YOUR PHOTO AT ALL."

Albert E. Stokes, "La Mascotte," Thomas-street, Bondi, writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—I have been waiting for the promised photo for a very long time, with the intention of nephews. Your long-promised photo has appeared to-day, but we all declare here it is not your photograph at all. I saw you one night, and heard you preach at our church in Bondi, and I, for one, declare it is not in the least like you. Now, when may we expect a real photograph of you? I would like to know your baby's name. I am twelve years old, and go to St. Mark's Crescent Grammar School, Bondi.—Your nephew in anticipation."

(Dear "Nephew," for so you are from to-day! I am glad you have written, and hope to get many letters from you. The photo really is meant for me, but I doubt if my own grandmother (who never saw me) would recognise it! Our Baby has two names, that begin with P.N. Can you guess.—Uncle B.)

"I HAVE JOINED THE P.T.L."

"Niece" Edna, "Braemar," Gordon, writes:—"My dear Uncle B.,—I am ashamed of not



writing to you for such a long time. One reason why I forgot is because one of my little friends is very ill with pneumonia, and I go in every day to see her. My favourite hymns in Mr. Alexander's Hymn Book are 'Don't Stop Praying' (No. 39), and 'He Lifted Me' (No. 13). I have joined the Pocket Testament League, and I know that you have. Good-bye, dear Uncle B."

(Dear little Edna, I hope your dear friend is better. Is she? Where do you carry your Testament?—Uncle B.)

"JUST LIKE THAT FOREHEAD."

"Dear Uncle B.,—Did you go to the Junior Rally on Saturday? I did. I know you (Mr. Hammond, I mean), went on Tuesday. I was sitting right in front of him with Rita (D.A.S.), and he was reading 'Grit.' So that tells a tale, doesn't it? Was not the choir lovely? Mr. Hammond looked down our way often. I am sure he must have noticed two anxious faces, watching him, with the Redfern Union. So you see, we took a lot of notice of him. It was just like that forehead in 'Grit.' It was a real shame of you, to get taken like that, and, besides, you said it was going to be a proper photo. Did you receive my small parcel? I have no more news. Lots of love to my cousins and Uncle B."

(Dear Emily, I am sorry I was too far away to speak to you that Tuesday. Yes, whenever you see me you will always find me with the same noble forehead.—Uncle B.)

THE SUNBEAMERS' HYMN.

Mabel Muller, Gunning, writes:—"My dear Uncle B.,—I think that hymn, No. 17, was composed especially for us Sunbeamers. I am learning to play it on the piano; I think it is very easy. I have heard many of the 'nieces' giving their favourite hymns. Mine are Nos. 92 and 138. I like yours, too. I liked the story about the Brown Dog. I think the stars stay in the same place, only, when the light comes, we cannot see them. This is but a short letter, but I cannot think of anything else to-night. So, wishing every success to 'Grit' and No-License, I will remain, your fond niece."

(Dear M., I think I know why you like 138. It is because your heart sings it. Is that right?—Uncle B.)

"SNOW! OH, SUCH FUN!"

Lucy M. Miles, Lithgow, writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—Thanks for that text. Is it not a pity Orpah was not 'steadfast' enough to go with Naomi and Ruth, instead of going back to worship her gods? Yes, we had some lovely snow here, and with it, ah, such fun; why, I nearly forgot to go to

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work one morning. Of course I was on my way there, and enjoying it immensely. I wished you or some of my cousins were with me, and shared my fun. I hope all Seven to Seventeeners become members of the Pocket Testament League; I always have mine with me. Thank you for saying I may write to 'Page 9' after I'm seventeen. Well, dear Uncle B., there is no news to write about. My answer to 'Where are the stars in the daytime?' is this: They are still in the sky, but the sun's rays are too strong for them, and their tiny reflections are hidden by them. If we were down in a very dark pit, and looked towards the sky, I think we would see them, would we not? (the stars, I mean). Trusting I shall see your 'proper' photo soon.—Your affectionate niece."

(Dear "Niece," you are right about the stars. They are always there, like the promises in the Bible, but we need to get into the dark before we can see how bright they are. Can you think, Lucy, of four good

adjectives, beginning with S.N.O.W., to describe snow? I can. Will all "cousins" try? Wasn't the photo a work of art—I mean, very artful.—Uncle B.)

1000 PENNIES.

Alma Atkins writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—Just a few lines to ask if you received my letter in which was enclosed 1s. in stamps, I would like to help you more, but I have another card to try and fill up—our new Sunday school (St. John's, Balmain). I hope to get 1000 pennies; if you know of any good friend willing to help, please send them along. In answer to the question—Which is the heaviest, 1 pound of feathers or a pound of gold—feathers are the heaviest, 16 ounces against 12 of gold. With best wishes to "Grit" and yourself.—Your loving niece."

(Dear Alma,—Thank you for your 1s. Please tell everybody that Uncle B. wants them to give you a penny for your card. Answer to puzzle correct.—Uncle B.)

BIRTHDAY GREETING.

Heather A. L. Loveday was 13 on August 27.

(All send good wishes for the New Year. I Sam. 3: 10).

N.B.—Send everything for Page 9 to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

Sir Joseph likes a good story, and he can also tell an amusing one. Here is a favourite. A certain Maori "witch-doctor" was held in great awe and reverence by the superstitious natives. This man claimed that he was enabled by his magic to walk upon the water, and one day his disciples went with him to the sea-shore, expecting to see him perform the miracle. When they reached the water's edge the man turned to his followers. "Do you all really believe that I can walk on the sea?" he asked, in solemn tones. "Yes, yes," they replied, reverently, "we do." "Then," said the witch-doctor, as he walked coolly away, "there is no need for me to do it."

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DID YOU READ THIS LAST WEEK?

On the way home from church, two ladies severely criticised the sermon; it was too long, too dull, the preacher's voice was too awful, and the theme too like last Sunday's. At this point the small child said, "Mother, but what can you expect for threepence?" Some hundreds of those who read "Grit" are worse than the two ladies; as they expect an up-to-date paper for nothing! At least, it would appear so since they have not paid anything yet. We will be so glad to hear from you that you were not one of the ladies.

CLOTHING.

It is wonderful what we can find if we have a good hunt, and just now the need of many of our poor for clothing is very great, and so we ask our friends to hunt up a few things, it does not matter about their being old, and send them to Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, "Chester," Clarendon-road, Stanmore.

Parcels received from:—Rev. A. Rook, Mrs. Jarrett, Mrs. Kenwood, Rev. H. Jobson, Mr. Ewart, Mr. Newell, Mrs. Ashworth, six anonymous.

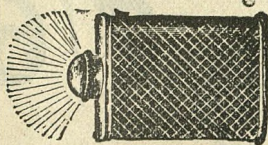
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In Arabia is a plant which has the properties of laughing gas. The plant is known locally as "the laughing plant."

The latest American invention is a cradle which rocks by clockwork mechanism, and at the same time plays baby tunes. The cost is £30.

A giant mushroom, which weighed 3lb. 4oz., stood 17½ in. high, and was 26½ in. in circumference, has been discovered in a garden at Bonneville, in France.

Among the illuminations on the occasion of the visit of the King and Queen to Birmingham in July was a tramcar bearing 5000 coloured lights in various devices. The car was driven round the city and the suburbs for two evenings.

Messrs. Elder, Dempster, and Co., of Liverpool, have adopted a successful method of exterminating rats on their ships and in their warehouses. A reward of twopence per head is paid for rats caught or killed on the ships or properties of the firm. In twelve months some 10,000 rats have been destroyed.

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A portrait of Dr. Dawson Burns, painted by his son, Mr. Cecil Lawrence Burns, has been presented to the London Temperance Hospital. Dr. Dawson Burns was the hon. secretary of the Provisional Committee in 1871-3, and has been the hon. secretary of the institution from 1873 to the present time.

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