

# GRIT.

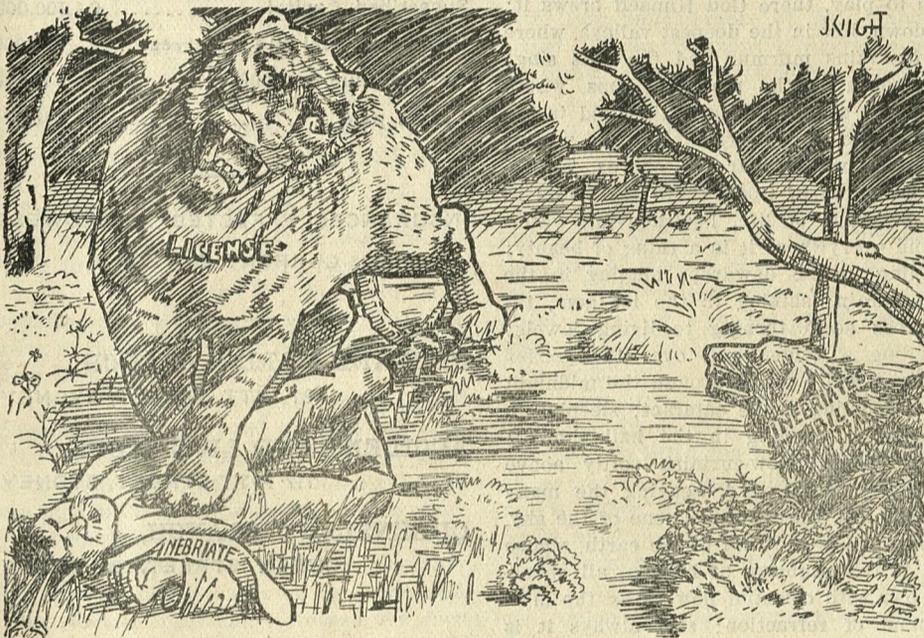
## A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Registered at the General Post Office for transmission by Post as a Newspaper.

Vol. III.—No. 22

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1909

Price One Penny



THE INEBRIATE BILL DOES NOT PROPOSE TO DEAL WITH CAUSES.

Tiger: "Hello! Do you want to take my customer?"

Wolf: "Oh, no—I will wait till you have quite finished with him, if it is only a bone that is left."

## INEBRIATES BILL

In the Parliamentary debate on the Inebriate Amendment Bill, Mr. Parkes quoted a report from 2017 gaolers in the United States on the question of the connection between drink and crime. Of this number 257 gaolers said that 90 per cent. of the criminals were so in consequence of drink, 525 put down the percentage at 75, 73, and down to 50 per cent., while only 186 placed the number at 25 per cent.

Mr. McGowen said in Great Britain, the voluntary phase of the retreats had perhaps been to some extent a failure, but an average of 500 persons had submitted themselves

to treatment, each year during the last 20 years, and something like a third of all persons who had submitted to this treatment had been reformed. The mere fact that one out of three had been made into useful citizens justified all the money that had been expended upon these institutions.

This estimate is not quite correct, it should have been one-fifth of all persons treated.

The point we emphasise is that the evil of drink is beyond all question, the remedy at its best is far from encouraging, and yet, marvel of marvels, not one word was

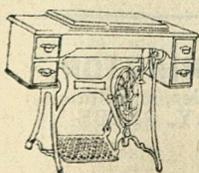
said about decreasing the "drunkard factories."

The Premier said there remained a large class of inebriates entitled to help now outside the protection of the law. If an individual became an habitual drunkard he might be a menace to others, a nuisance to himself and a danger to society. If such a man, unable or unwilling to pay the fees of a private institution, kept away from the court, there was no method of dealing with him. The State institution proposed was one to which people might be remanded, though not guilty of any criminal offence, and without the means to pay for private treatment.

We respectfully draw attention to the fact that locking up "drunks" has been conclusively proved a failure. Locking up the bars has proved as conclusively a success. While the old drunks will drink in a limited way, where there is no open bar a generation grows up free from the attraction of the legalised trade, and without any inducements to drink never knows the taste of liquor. The attention of all far-seeing people ought to be concentrated on the inebriate maker, not merely on the inebriate. You help the inebriate best, when you close the place he was manufactured in.

## 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.



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## THE QUIET HOUR

### LIFE.

ADAPTED FROM THE SWEDISH.

One day, when the birds had sung themselves quite weary, a long pause ensued, broken at last by a philosophical chaffinch in these words:

"What is life?"

They were rather startled at this interruption, but a little warbler answered at once:

"Life is a song."

"No, it is a struggle in darkness," said a mole, who had just succeeded in getting his head above the ground.

"I think it is a development," said a wild rosebud, as she unfolded her petals one by one, to the delight of a butterfly who came to kiss her and who exclaimed:

"Life is all enjoyment!"

"Call it rather a short summer's day," hummed a little fly as it passed by.

"I cannot see in it anything but hard work," was the lamentation of a small ant, as she struggled on with a straw ever so much too big for her.

The magpie only laughed to cover his own poverty of thought. The general indignation at such levity might easily have produced a quarrel, had not at that moment the rain began to fall, whispering sadly:

"Life is made up of tears."

"You are all mistaken," called out the eagle, as he sailed through the air on his majestic wings. "Life is freedom and strength."

Meanwhile it had grown dark, and a practical-minded bullfinch proposed that they should go to rest. And the night wind rustled softly through the leaves: "Life is a dream."

Silence lay over town and country, and the dawn was near, when the scholar in his lonely room extinguished his lamp and said: "Life is but a school."

While the youth, returning from a night of revelry, moaned in his heart: "It is one long desire, ever unfulfilled."

"It is an eternal mystery," whispered fitfully the new-born morning breeze.

Then suddenly a rosy light spread over the horizon and tinged with its glow the tips of the forest trees as it rose into the sky. And as the morning kissed the awakening earth, a mighty harmony rang through the world: "Life is a beginning."

### PAUL DENTON'S ORATION ON WATER.

DELIVERED AT A BARBECUE IN TEXAS, SEPTEMBER, 1836.

"There," pointing to the double spring, "is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for all His children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odours and rank corruption, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life—pure, cold, water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play, there God Himself brews it; and down, low in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high upon the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun; where the hurricane howls music; where big waves roar the chorus, 'sweeping the march of God'—there He brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water.

"And everywhere it is a thing of beauty; gleaming in the dewdrop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice gem, till the trees seem turning to living jewels; veiling a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail shower; folding bright snow-curtains softly above the wintry world, and weaving the many coloured iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain of the earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered o'er with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction; still always it is beautiful, that blessed, cold water. No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its clear depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of despair. Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol?"

An expert workman in one of the great needle factories, in a test of skill, performed one of the most delicate feats imaginable. He took a common sewing needle of medium size, an inch and five-eighths in length, and drilled a hole through its entire length from eye to point, the opening being just large enough to permit of the passage of a very fine hair.

## A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS

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An extraordinary illustration of the carelessness of the public is furnished by the British Postmaster-General. He states that over 11,000,000 letters, 3,500,000 postcards, 15,000,000 halfpenny packets, and 244,000 parcels were amongst the undelivered postal packets last year. There were also 393,000 registered letters, containing £19,378 in cash and notes, and £636,680 in bills, cheques, money orders, etc.

A startling experience recently befell a London workman named Kirkbride. He was at work on the flooring of a bank in Vauxhall Bridge-road, and about ten o'clock in the morning had occasion to enter the strong-room to get some materials. While he was inside, the door swung to, locking automatically, and he found himself a prisoner. No one on the premises had the key, and it was not until six o'clock in the evening that the architect arrived, in response to an urgent summons, and released him. There was little chance of Kirkbride getting out in any other manner, for the strong-room was fitted with the Patent Channel Bolt System of lock, which has recently been brought out by a well-known Birmingham firm of safe engineers, and has never yet been successfully broken open. It is an ingenious system which overcomes the ordinary faulty methods of using a series of small bolts.

# "No Man Cared for my Soul"

THE STORY OF A GREAT CONFLICT.

By H. J. STANLEY.

A nod was the only answer; Chris could not have spoken just then, and somehow she understood, for laying her head caressingly against his arm, she said:

"Never mind, Chris, try again; do try again."

"I will!" he said, new courage returning, "only I wish there was someone to help me." Then, to her surprise he added huskily, "I wonder if God could help me; you go to church, Lassie; tell me, could He save me from the drink?"

For a moment she stood silent, wondering if He could. That God could forgive sin she did not doubt, that He could help she knew well enough, but could He break the chains of sin?

At last she stammered, "I don't know, Chris, I suppose He could."

"I'll find out," said Chris. "Of course, I can go to Parade Service to-morrow and hear what they have to say!"

No man ever waited more eagerly for Sunday morning; no man more willingly dressed for parade than Chris that morning!

The band played beautifully, the choir sang in finished style, but it was all nothing to Chris. He waited to hear something! Did he hear it? Alas, no! The preacher was a young man who knew nothing of the saving power of the Lord Jesus. How, then, could he tell others?

It was an eloquent sermon, holding up the example of the great and glorious life once lived on earth, bidding men live like that, to continue their efforts to do right, and one day, if they continued struggling, they would succeed!

There was not a man in church but knew the absolute hopelessness of any such self-effort, and a bitter smile crossed the face of Chris Halsall. After all, there was no hope! Had he not tried and failed—failed until he could try no more!

He went straight to the barrack-room; the Devil had got him in his power, surely, now, for instead of eager longing there was hardness and bitterness in his heart.

He was to meet Lassie in the afternoon, but reckless despair was upon him, and when he did meet her his steps were uneven, his speech thickened with the spirits he had taken. One frightened glance she gave him, then turned and fled, and Chris was sobered! In that moment he realised that he had lost her, and oh, God, he loved her so!

Lost not only Lassie, but all the beautiful new life that had seemed to be opening out before him. Some fleeting glimpse had been given of a life filled with love, and goodness, and simplicity. Now it seemed as if the gates of paradise had closed upon him for ever. It was only a dream after all, and this the awakening!

Well, he must hear it from her own lips—plead with her to forgive once more. So with steps greatly steadied now he went on to Lassie's home.

The door of the cottage stood ajar, and at first sight it seemed to have no occupant, but as he peered into the gloom of the little kitchen Chris saw Lassie's white dress, and in a moment strode in. She was kneeling beside a chair, her face hidden in her hands, while great sobs shook her whole frame.

"Lassie, don't cry like that. I didn't mean to do it. You'll break my heart," cried Chris.

"You've broken my heart," she answered. "Go away—leave me, and never come back again!"

"You don't mean it, Lassie; you couldn't send me away like that!"

"I do mean it. What is the use of going on? You keep saying you will give up the drink, but you don't do so. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I don't believe you can. And how could I marry a drunkard!"

For a moment Chris stood silent and ashamed, then, with one last look at Lassie kneeling there in her white dress, he went out of the cottage.

The sunshine mocked him as he strode along; the scent of the lilac smote him with fresh remembrance of their walks together. Scarcely knowing where he went, he turned blindly towards the moorland, and flung himself down on the heather.

Up in the blue sky, a lark was singing, pouring out its soul in praise of God as it winged its flight nearer and nearer to the gates of gold; but the man lying motionless there never heard its song, did not see the glory of the sky above him; all the reminder of God's love was shut out by an awful agony of soul too great even for tears.

"A drunkard!" Yes! Lassie had said it, and it was true; held with chains of steel which he could never break!

At last he lifted his head and looked up at the sky above him. Perhaps it was the beauty there that suggested the thought, for he suddenly muttered:

"Perhaps the man didn't preach what God meant him to say! But, if God cared for me, couldn't he send someone to help me now?"

Just at that moment, round the bend of trees that fringed the moorland, the chaplain walked on to the heather; he trod it with delight, for this Sunday walk was always a rest and refreshment.

He had walked some distance when right in front of him lay Chris, his head again buried in the heather, not hearing anyone approach.

Was the man ill or unhappy, or was it possible that he could be drunk?

The chaplain was a good man, one who did seek to win the soldiers for Christ, and now he stood there wondering who this was, and what was the matter.

Just then Chris moved, and a whiff of his spirit-laden breath floated up to the chaplain's nostrils.

"Drunk!" he said to himself, "on a day like this!" He was turning silently away when a thought flashed through his mind and arrested his steps.

"If the man has been drinking, God cares for this poor sinner. Why not tell him of the love of the great Father?"

It was God's Holy Spirit who prompted the thought. God had sent His servant that way to save a soul from utter despair, and maybe his own destiny, as well as Chris Halsall's, hung in the balance while he stood there hesitating.

Alas! how few of God's servants are ready to obey His Holy Spirit.

For a moment the chaplain stood there, then he turned and went on his way, say-

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ing to himself: "It is no use speaking to a drunken man; he would not understand, and probably would only abuse me."

The sun sank lower in the west; the lark's song was hushed to silence. Then the chill of coming evening roused Chris, and he slowly got up, looking white and miserable, and with a hard expression again marring his face.

"It's no use," he said. "No one cares for me—not even Lassie; but, oh, Lassie! Lassie! if you would have cared for me perhaps I could have been saved even yet; but you don't care—no one does!" The cry was almost wrung from his lips!

Little did he know how nearly the same words had been said of the Man of Sorrows Himself: "I looked for some to take pity, but there was none; and for comforters, but I found none."

A few days passed away.

Sodden with drink each night, ill and unhappy all day, Chris Halsall longed for death!

Then delirium tremens set in, and all night in the barrack-room the other men watched over him as he fought with devils, wrestled with unseen foes that threatened to molest him. Towards morning he grew quieter and seemed to sleep, and their watch was relaxed.

Reveille was just sounding across the square when, with the cleverness of madness, Chris slipped out of the barrack gates on to the moorland.

In his pocket there was a bottle of whisky, which evidently some man had taken into the room the night before.

Yes! he would stop these evil things molesting him. He would put an end to the awful conflict.

With a mad laugh he turned on to the heather, and there, where the bracken was dry as tinder, Chris lay down. Pouring the greater part of the whisky over his clothing, he drank the rest, and, lighting a match, set fire to the bracken all around him. There should be a living bonfire that day!

It was nightfall when the search party sent out to look for him found the poor, charred body lying with arms outstretched, and face turned upwards to the starlit sky.

They picked him up, and, covering him with their coats, carried him back to barracks—nay, rather all that was left of him! for the soul had gone to God, to be judged by Him who has more pity than His ser-

(Continued on page 10.)

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## The New South Wales Alliance

Splendid meetings have been held during the past fortnight in various parts of the city and suburbs. The General Secretary addressed meetings at Flemington, Leichhardt, Croydon, and Erskineville. The meeting at the latter place was largely attended, and was arranged by our old friend and fellow-worker, Mr. H. G. Payne, of the Church of Christ. There was a splendid enthusiasm present.

### DON'T FORGET TO ORDER THE ANNUAL REPORT.

Our organiser, Miss Schardt, has been very busy in the Burwood and Mortlake district. She has held several good meetings for women and children, which have been very successful. As a result of her efforts, a special meeting has been arranged at Mortlake to be addressed by Mr. Bruntnell. Our good friend the Rev. E. Claydon has shown great kindness to Miss Schardt and the cause, and has kindly consented to preside at the meeting referred to.

### THE ANNUAL REPORT CONTAINS A BUDGET OF FACTS.

At the last meeting of the State Council, it was decided that a small deputation from the Alliance wait on the Temperance com-

mittees of the various Churches, put before them the platform of the Council for the present campaign, and crave their earnest and hearty co-operation. Already the Methodist Temperance and Morals Committee have indicated their intention of pursuing an aggressive policy, and both the Church of England and Presbyterian Church Committees or Societies have agreed to meet our representatives.

### THE TRUTH ABOUT NO-LICENSE IN NEW ZEALAND IN ANNUAL REPORT.

One of the greatest needs of the Campaign is a plentiful supply of suitable literature, and the State Council has relegated to a capable sub-committee the responsibility of this work. Meetings have been held, and with the aid of the experience of England, America, and New Zealand before them, the result will be literature of a clear, convincing character. As we shall order tens of thousands of copies, you can get what you want more cheaply from us than elsewhere. Bear this in mind, and give us your order.

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now in preparation for submission to the State Council. It will embrace every electorate in the State, and will mean the engaging of several first-class lecturers and organisers. As soon as approved, it will be outlined in "Grit," and should be digested by all our friends. All machinery must be called into play, and every worker must put his and her shoulder to the wheel. Get ready.

### THE BEST GUIDE FOR WORKERS IS THE ANNUAL REPORT.

The annual report of some 46 pages will soon be ready. Anyone can get a copy by order from the N.S.W. Alliance Office, Park and Castlereagh streets, Sydney. Order early as the demand is great.

### NEEDED THE PRAYERS.

The late Lord Sackville got into the black books of the Government while he was Ambassador to Washington through expressing an opinion on the political situation.

"It was through a mean trick that Lord Sackville was led into this expression of opinion," said a London journalist the other day. "Once, in describing the trick to me, he compared himself to a country clergyman.

"This clergyman," he explained, was waited on one Sunday morning by a young man.

"Will you kindly ask the congregation's prayers this morning," said the young man, "for poor William Smith?"

"Willingly," said the clergyman.

"And at the proper moment in the service he besought all those present to pray earnestly for the unfortunate William Smith in the great trouble and peril that encompassed him.

"The request, he was pleased to note, made a deep impression on the congregation.

"After the service, meeting the young man who had asked for intercession in Smith's behalf, the clergyman said:—

"What is the matter with your friend? Do you think it would do any good if I were to call on him?"

"I'm afraid not," was the sorrowful reply.

"Is it so bad as that?" said the clergyman. "What is the trouble, then?"

"Bill," said the other, "is going to be married."

To quarrel with one person to please another is to meet what we merit—the displeasure of both.

## A Long Dry Spell in Prospect

Nineteen counties in Michigan voted No-license on April 5. Ten breweries and 500 saloons will go out of business May 1.

Boyd County, Ky., which has a population of 40,000, which includes the cities of Ashland and Gatlettsburg, voted No-License April 5. Ninety-six of the 119 counties in Kentucky are now dry under the county unit law.

Four more Indiana counties voted dry—if we have not overlooked any. Henry County, previously dry by remonstrance, held an election March 31, and gave the largest dry majority thus far in the State, 2816. Those who have tried prohibition seem to like it. On March 30 Bartholomew, Vermilion, and Jennings, voted dry, closing 75 saloons in all. During the month of March, 276 saloons have been voted out by county option elections. Forty-one of the 92 counties in the State have now voted dry, and 21 are dry by remonstrance. Only one county has voted wet.

Mrs. Lora S. LaMance writes: "Bollinger County, Mo., already dry, had a resubmis-

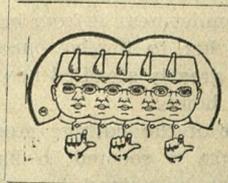
sion of the local option question, March 18. Prohibition carried before by less than 80 majority. The wets had strong hopes of carrying it this time. They sprang the election when no one was expecting it, and rushed it right through. The county, however, went dry by about 250 majority, a gain of 300 per cent. over four years ago."

An Adrian correspondent sends the following interesting campaign incident from another Michigan town: "Vassar, Tuscola County, is working for local prohibition, and a night or two ago the liquor men of Detroit sent down two speakers to teach the citizens the benefits of 'regulating the traffic' with a special invitation to the ladies to attend the meeting. The women of Vassar turned out en masse and listened respectfully to the first speaker. Then they arose and sang in the tenderest manner, 'Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night.' Handkerchiefs were at a premium, and the second speaker left the platform for home, and the meeting closed. He couldn't face the audience after that song. Better than argument, wasn't it?"—"Union Signal."

## LET'S TALK IT OVER

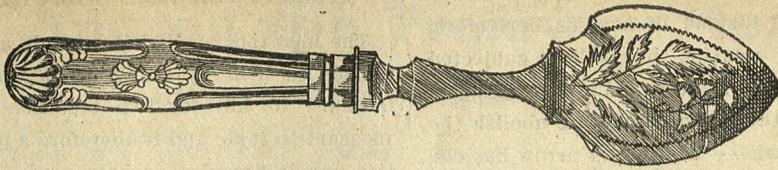
Do you QUITE realise what your sight is worth to you?  
Do you ACTUALLY understand how much depends on it in your daily work, social life, now and in the future? If you have the slightest suspicion that your sight is not QUITE what it ought to be, don't try FORCE, when a little persuasion will answer—i.e., Glasses from a skilled Optician.

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## Talk about People

### Porridge and Hobbies.

The Bishop of Carlisle, who is regarded as a specially sane man on life affairs, has recommended "porridge and hobbies" as preventives to intemperance. There is more and deeper philosophy here than to most will appear on the surface. Bad food, and idle, unoccupied hours that hang heavy on men are two of the most potent feeders of the public-house. Porridge is a synonym for health food. It is a "non-such." There is no well-regulated home and hardly a first-class hotel in the English-speaking world in which is not within the reach of every man with which to begin the day. Wooden-headed men and women often speak of a hobby as marking eccentricity and weakness. It is just the reverse. A man without a hobby that really grips him is a man at the mercy of circumstances. A wise man has said, "The man with a hobby will never die of senile decay." It is equally true that a man with a hobby will seldom, if ever become a drunkard.

### "The Play's the Thing."

Baron Henri de Rothschild was once involved in an amusing incident, in which a well-known Parisian theatrical manager took part. The Baron offered him a play, which he practically accepted without looking at. "Yes, my dear Baron," he said, "of course I'll produce it, and I am very flattered you should have brought it to me first." "Yes, but you must read it," insisted the Baron, "for it may not suit you. I am not at all sure that it will. I will come again to-morrow, when you will have had time to look over it." "All right, do," answered the manager.

Next day, when the Baron presented himself, he was received with enthusiasm. "It's a masterpiece, my dear Baron—a masterpiece. I shall be delighted to produce it, and as soon as possible. We'll have it next season." On the manager's desk lay a roll of paper Baron de Rothschild had brought the previous day. He picked it up, unrolled it, and showed it to the manager. All the pages were blank. The Baron can now reflect on the power of lucre versus that of talent.

### Monument to Potatoes.

It is not generally known that in some places there are statues erected to potatoes. Offenbergh was the first city to erect a monument of this kind. The upper part consists of a statue of Sir Francis Drake, who introduced the plant into Europe. This, as well as the pedestal, is draped with garlands of the potato vine, with full-grown

tubers. On the pedestal on one side is Sir Francis Drake's name, the second side explains what a blessing the potato has been to mankind, the third records that the statue is the gift of a certain Andrew Frederick, of Strasburg, and the fourth contains the names of the erectors. A statue similar to this is placed in the town of Murz, and it is said that there are other copies in many small towns.

### Calling a Man Names.

The new Principal of New College, Edinburgh, Dr. Alexander Whyte, was asked on one occasion by a Highland minister for some financial assistance for work in the North. Dr. Whyte regretted that he could not afford to assist the Highlander, but advised him to visit a wealthy layman in the city. The latter was not only disinclined to give, but ungracious in manner. Nettled at his reception, the Highlander answered brusquely. Resenting the tone the rich man asked, "And whom do you take me for?" "A hell-deserving sinner, like myself," came the quick retort. Returning to Dr. Whyte, he explained the circumstances. "You did not say that?" eagerly asked the doctor. "Aye, I did!" replied the other. "Well, well, I've been wanting to say that to him for the last fifteen years! Here's a five-pound note for your fund."

### Lord Beresford on Irishmen.

The Emerald Isle is proud of "Charlie" Beresford, and "Charlie" is proud of his native land and countrymen. "Irishmen may have their faults," he says, "but give me an Irishman—the best fellow that ever was. Could anybody tell more stories than the Irish?" One of the best stories he ever heard was about a fellow who was very fond of shooting. He said, "The first bird I ever shot was a squirrel, and the first time I hit him I missed him altogether, and the next time I hit him I hit him in the same place, and after that I took a stone and dropped him from the tree, and he fell into the water and was shot, and that was the first bird I ever shot." And Lord Charles is never tired of quoting the story of the Irish member of the House of Commons who compared a certain whisky to a "torchlight procession trickling down his throat."

### Began Life as a Clerk.

"If Meath had his way he would pull down the whole of London to make a garden of it for its inhabitants." It was in these words that Lord Rosebery once re-

ferred to the invaluable work which Lord Meath, founder of Empire Day, had done in the way of giving London new open spaces and recreation grounds. He was also the founder of the Hospital Saturday Fund, and the organiser of many other schemes for the well-being of the masses. Lord Meath began life as a clerk in the Foreign Office, and had five years of diplomatic service.

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 1pt. size, 1/6 per bottle, 17/6 per doz.  
 1qt. size, 2/9 per bottle, 32/- per doz.

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FAULDING'S SOUTH AUSTRALIAN OIL.  
 6½oz. size, 9½d per bottle, 9/3 per doz.  
 1pt. size, 1/6 per bottle, 17/6 per doz.  
 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 Ackwell's Pure Lucca Oil, ½pt. size, 1/- per bottle, 11/6 per doz.; 1pt. size, 1/6 per bottle, 17/6 per dozen; 1qt. size, 2/9 per bottle, 32/- per dozen.  
 Finest Italian Olive Oil, direct from Italy, and bottled by us.

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.  
 Mor ton'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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# 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, AUGUST 19, 1909.

## THE BROAD ARROW.

Capt. Neitenstein, the Comptroller-General of Prisons in New South Wales, continues his humanitarian work on behalf of the unfortunates who occupy our gaols. It was reported some time since that Captain Neitenstein would shortly retire from the position which he has occupied with such distinction. The State has been fortunate in the possession of such a capable and Christian-spirited officer, to whose wise methods of treatment the fact of the gradual diminution of crime and criminals in the State may be largely attributed. No prison department in the world is conducted on such praiseworthy, humanitarian lines as the one presided over by Captain Neitenstein, and no system yields better remedial results. Captain Neitenstein is a man of lofty principles, and he has applied these to his department with the most gratifying results. He holds that the first duty of the State is to try and reform criminals, rather than punish them, and his methods of treatment have been framed to that end.

Among the innovations just made is an alteration in the period during which prisoners are compelled to submit to separate confinement. At one time, sentences of two years and upwards carried the punishment of nine months in separate confinement. Upon Captain Neitenstein's recommendation, a considerable reduction was made. Now, this term of separate treatment has been further reduced. The regulations provide for discrimination to be made. First offenders will in future have to serve two weeks, second offenders four weeks, and others up to eight weeks. For misconduct, these terms may be lengthened. In the first grade, A division, where prisoners have experienced certain disadvantages, alterations have been made on the side of leniency. Instead of being compelled to serve six months on this division, first offenders will serve only two months in it, and other prisoners three and four and more months, according to their terms of imprisonment. The period in the B division used to be one-third of the remainder. In the case of those doing long sentences, this meant a long term. The maximum period in this division has been limited to two years. When prisoners pass into the C

stage they will now have two periods of exercise daily instead of one, as heretofore, and on each occasion they will be subjected to physical and military drill.

It has further been decided to abolish the old time marks. The broad arrow has disappeared, also the name of the gaol in which the prisoners are confined. The only distinguishing mark on the clothing will be a neat badge on the left arm, showing the division and number of the confinee, this being necessary for the proper redistribution of the clothing after being in the wash. Prisoners, when being transferred from one gaol to another, will in future wear private clothing. The Comptroller-General points out that the whole effect of these regulations is to encourage prisoners to pass from one stage to another by their own good conduct and industry. Practically speaking, they can now regulate their own treatment. Right through, the aim is reformation. It is provided that prisoners shall pass not less than the last month of their services in non-association as regards other prisoners. This period of seclusion will, as far as possible, be spent in a gaol near the place at which the prisoner may expect to obtain employment, or where relatives or friends reside. Every facility will be allowed for writing to reputable persons regarding employment, and relatives and friends in respectable circumstances will be allowed to visit once daily during ordinary hours, subject to the approval of the officer in charge of the gaol. When bona-fide employment is found for a prisoner, or where his future welfare may benefit, the Comptroller-General is allowed to discharge the prisoner at any time within seven days of his being due for discharge.

It is gratifying to hear that at the present time there is not an idle person in our gaols, and for the benefit of the prisoners, remunerative employment is found for them. They do not compete with outside labour, and for that reason the product of their labour is limited to the Government departments. The money earned in gaol is paid to the person on the expiration of his or her sentence. If any special work is done, there is a provision under which he is empowered to make special payment for it. So that the earnings of the prisoner shall not be taken to the public-house, it is paid through the Prisoners' Aid Society, and generally the recipients elect to take it in instalments. The whole object of the regulations is better treatment of prisoners, less exacting conditions, and more useful employment, and every true citizen will experience the wish that these humane experiments shall be attended by the happiest results.

Instruction in the use of railway guides and time-tables has been added to the curriculum of the communal schools in Kiel.

## HOSPITALS AND ALCOHOL.

The idea that alcohol is a handy and sure remedy is held by many people, and will be hard to kill for two reasons. It is pleasant to take, and is therefore a prescription people are glad to have made up. It makes one feel different, and it is therefore easy to conclude that it has done one good. While an idea based on taste and feeling is hard to kill, yet facts will surely kill it. Twenty-five years ago our Prince Alfred Hospital, with fewer patients than at present, in the ten months from September, 1882, to 1883, spent £141 17s 7d on alcoholic liquor for the inmates; last year the expenditure was only £45 13s 4d. This is the experience of every hospital in every part of the world. Alcohol has been over-rated as a cure, and is slowly finding its place among the dangerous drugs. While it has food properties, the quantity necessary to give the body nourishment is so great as to cause inebriety, and the remedy is worse than the disease, which is also true of it as a medicine. The Hospital use is a most convincing argument, since it arises, not from a man's opinion, but from the practices of many men over many years.

## INCREASED BEER DUTY AT INVERCARGILL.

In the licensed day of Invercargill 12 of the 16 pubs were tied houses, mostly to Dunedin brewers. Now the tie is broken, and the beer legally consumed by the people does not come from Dunedin, but from the local breweries. Messrs. Speight and Co., the biggest brewers in Dunedin, gave figures to Mr. Lesina, M.P., of Queensland, showing that they are now sending less than 3000 gallons of beer a year to Invercargill, a place of 13,000 inhabitants, without a license, while they send to the Bluff, a licensed town of 1500 people, 31,000 gallons per annum. In 1905 the Bluff was a much smaller place, and Invercargill had 16 licensed places, and yet 22,308 gallons of beer went to the Bluff. The amount of beer sent from Dunedin to Invercargill in licensed days was about 120,000 gallons a year; this has now fallen to about 3000 gallons per year, and the small increase quoted in the papers means that it is obtained locally, and not imported, as of old, and even then we have no evidence that it was consumed in the No-License area, since the duty paid in Invercargill covers three licensed areas.

## 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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# Among the Tramway Men

THE HARVEST OF A GREAT REVIVAL.

The papers have given lively reading lately concerning what is styled the "after-math" of the tramway men's strike. There have been many recriminations, but the latest emanate entirely from the home of the political or professional unionist, and not from the tramway men.

There was much bitterness in the hearts of the men who went on strike and failed, betrayed, as many of them believed, by comrades, and it looked as though the wound was never going to be healed. At the depot, on the cars, in the union meeting, feeling and language ran high, and there was much bad blood.

Having followed the unhappy episode with interest and sympathy, we were anxious to learn how the trouble stood. Some few days ago, happening to meet one of the leaders on the strike committee, we interrogated him.

"Trouble?" said he, in effect, if not in just so many words. "There isn't any trouble. It's gone. The men are at peace with one another. The Chapman-Alexander Mission did it. A lot of the chaps attended the meeting for tramway men at the Y.M.C.A. Hall, and professed conversion. Many more joined the Pocket Testament League, and, somehow or other, the effect of all this has been to put an end to the bad feeling that prevailed, even among those who have not been near the Mission."

This was good news indeed, and one could not help reflecting that the great Mission was worth while, if it had only induced 300 tramway men to join the Pocket Testament League, and promise to read the Bible every day. But here, in addition, was the cheering fact that the Mission had sweetened up the whole service, and taken all the sting out of the late trouble.

No wonder that, on the eve of their departure, Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander elected to conduct a farewell meeting for tramway men. There was not a crowded attendance—some 200 men of all ranks. The hour appointed, 9 a.m., was a bad one. One-half were on duty, and the other half were in bed save the 200 who sacrificed their usual sleep to be present.

It was a happy gathering. It did one's heart good to hear those men sing, and to see how Mr. Alexander enjoyed coaxing the best he could out of them.

Dr. Chapman expressed his sense of the compliment paid to Mr. Alexander and himself by the men, in being present at such an inconvenient hour. He followed on by giving the men a few practical suggestions for living the Christian life. **Begin every day with prayer**—get alone for a few minutes, and when you are still before God, speak to Him and ask Him to keep you

through the day, and He'll help you a step at a time."

"I know there will be difficulties," said Dr. Chapman, "but you have difficulties all day with your cars—automobiles, cabs, and vehicles of all descriptions are in the way ahead of you, but when you come right up to them they get out of the way. It will be so with your personal difficulties if you ask God to help you."

That was the first suggestion. "Get one verse of Scripture a day at least," was the second. "God's Word gives light. It is a hammer; it breaks the will. It is food. It is everything." "Reckon on Christ to keep His Word," was the third suggestion. The fourth was—"Make a quick confession of sin—if you've injured anybody else, ask his forgiveness." The last suggestion was—"Get after somebody else, and lead him to Christ." Dr. Chapman said he had never known a man to become a backslider who interested himself in bringing others to Christ.

There was some more singing during the brief interval, and then Dr. Chapman suggested that the men should give short testimonies. A man who said he was an "out-and-outer" started the evidence. He had never known happiness till he came to Christ. He had found an additional friend in the Pocket Testament, and since his conversion he had averaged three to four chapters a day. To add to his joy his wife had just presented him with a bouncing girl, and altogether he "felt like a rooster with two tails."

A very young man testified to Christ's keeping power, and to the truth of what Dr. Chapman had said regarding the beginning of each day with prayer. Another had been a Christian for 18 months. His great help had come through Mr. Alexander's text; 2 Timothy 2: 15. Another made the joyful confession that his wife had been converted. Another, that he had been brought to Christ through his mother's prayer. "There has not been a night since I was born that my name has not been wafted to heaven from my mother's lips."

A big fellow, instead of giving a testimony, quoted the passage in which Paul exhorts to "always abound in the work of the Lord," by way of encouragement to his fellow tramway men. "I had a man in my church," interjected Dr. Chapman, "who always used to quote that text as 'always bounding into' the work of the Lord."

"Since the Mission, my name has been changed from Sammy Porter to 'Dr. Chapman,' observed one earnest, whole-hearted conductor. I wish I was as good a man as Dr. Chapman. My desire is to do the best I can each day, and to do better to-day than I did yesterday. Yester-

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Sydney, 14th May, 1909.

day I went without my tea to get to the meeting and hear the message." That morning, probably, he had gone without his breakfast.

And so the testimonies went forward. Before the gathering broke up a direct appeal by Dr. Chapman was answered by about 20 men coming to the front and confessing Christ.

"Mr. Alexander and I will never forget you," said Dr. Chapman at parting. "We are going on a long journey. You, men, are going to pray for us, aren't you? And we certainly will pray for you."

"God bless these men!" was Dr. Chapman's closing prayer; "bless them in their work; bless them in their homes; bless them with their children; and one day may we meet above, where we shall talk over these days together."

### THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE.

People have been very interested of late in the proceedings which have been taking place in Rome in connection with the sanctification of Joan of Arc. Though, perhaps, the majority have very little sympathy with events of the kind, the novelty and unusual ceremonial of the case have aroused their interest because a similar event has never come to their knowledge before.

The feature which stands out as most striking, however, is the pleading of the Devil's Advocate. One of the high authorities at Rome is chosen to contest the goodness and the virtues of the one to be exalted by the title of saint. Objection after objection he brings forward, only, of course, to be over-argued and defeated at the end.

One of the most remarkable applications of wireless telegraphy is an ingenious arrangement by which the message received works the keyboard of a typewriter. This invention has further been applied to the type-setting machine, so that wireless messages can now be made to print themselves by means of the linotype machine.

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## Raw Material Versus the Finished Article

At the present time there are some people who look at things in a very superficial way, and never study the results of what they are advocating. Some of these are discussing and advocating the taxation of raw materials, others, again, advocate the taxation of finished articles only. These people do not, in my opinion, seem to realise that many articles may be both raw materials and finished articles at one and the same time.

Take, for instance, a case like this. A farmer buys grain for seed purposes. That is his raw material. When the grain has grown and is saleable it is the farmer's finished article, and it becomes, if wheat, the raw material for the baker and the grain merchant; if barley, the raw material for the brewer and the distiller; other farmers' crops of finished articles, says beets, would be the raw material for the sugar-maker and refiner; others would be raw materials for horse and stock-rearers and raisers, as well as for dairymen.

The finished article of the brewer and distiller is the raw material for the publican liquor-seller, the publican grocer, and the licensed hotel-keeper. The finished article of the publicans and liquor-sellers is raw material for the Temperance society, and should be for the Church. The finished article of the Temperance Society is raw material for the Rechabite Order. That is where we come in!

But what about the finished article of the Rechabite Order? Well, he is a good son, a good father a good husband, and a good citizen. He is more; he is one who acts honestly in every way to his fellows. He arranges with the other members to contribute to support one another in seasons of

sickness and distress, in cases of injury by accident, and also at the period of death, and thus saves himself by becoming dependent upon the cold charity of the world when he could not otherwise help himself.

Then, why in the name of all that is wonderful do you not join the Rechabite Order? We want raw material, and we won't wait. We ask you to join now. Abstainers and those who are willing to become abstainers are what we want. Come and help us to turn out the finished articles for the benefit of humanity everywhere.

We are trying to train up the children in the way they should go. If you have any, send them to us as our raw material, and we will endeavour to train and turn them out finished articles, of which you should with us be proud. The finished articles of the publicans make poor husbands and relations. They drag all down with them. Come, therefore, and help us to raise humanity to a higher level by working for the absolute prohibition of the importation, sale, and manufacture of all liquors, and to rid the world of this fearful curse.

The finished article of the Rechabite Order does his best to insure himself, and to save the pockets of the ratepayers. The finished article of the liquor-sellers does nothing in that direction, and State insurance is being called on to compel him to do something in that important direction.

The Rechabite Order has proved that abstinence from alcoholic liquors makes

Life More Vigorous,  
Growth More Perfect,  
Decay Less Rapid,  
and  
Death More Remote.

### THE SHORTEST EPITAPH ON RECORD.

If you enter the cemetery at Wolverhampton, and walk on until you reach the chapel, and then take the narrow path under the fir-trees, you will presently reach a group of large yews. Underneath one of these is a solitary stone. The stone bears no name or date. There is nothing to intimate whether it marks the resting-place of a man, or a woman, or a child. Cut in relief on the stone is one word of only four letters—the word "Alas!" Is it the cry of a sorrowing heart that is left desolate, or is it the expression of regret that all opportunities have ceased? We cannot tell.

### THE BOY'S SACRIFICE.

He was a good little boy, and very thoughtful. It was during a long spell of dry weather, and he had heard of the great scarcity of water throughout the country.

He came to his mother and slipped his hand into hers.

"Mamma," he said, "is it true that in some places the little boys and girls have scarcely enough water to drink?"

"That is what the papers say, my dear."

"Mamma," he presently said, "I'd like to give up somethin' for those poor little boys and girls."

His mother gave him a fond look,

"Yes, dear. And what would you like to give up?"

"Mamma," he said in his earnest way, "as long as the water is so very, very scarce, I think I ought to give up bein' washed!"

### ABOUT PICTURES.

A recent satirical writer gives the following five signs whereby pictures may be classified:—

(1) If the artist paints the sky grey and the grass black, he belongs to the good old classical school.

(2) If he paints the sky blue and the grass green, he is a realist.

(3) If he paints the sky green and the grass blue, he is an impressionist.

(4) If he paints the sky yellow and the

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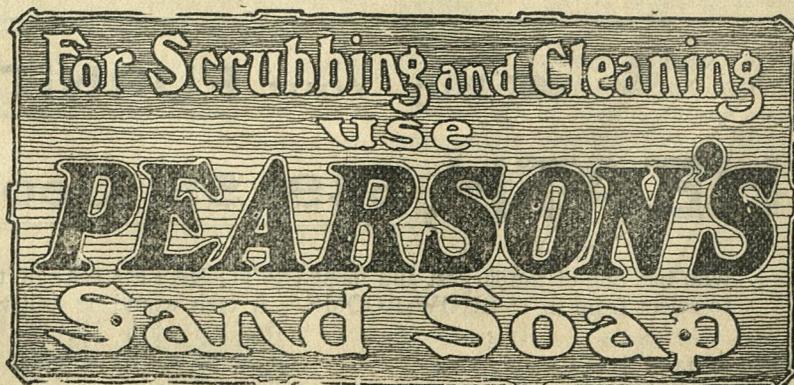
C. A. S. HANDFIELD,  
Norwich Chambers,  
HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY. . .

grass purple, he is a colourist.

(5) If he paints the sky black and the grass red, he shows possession of great decorative talent.

The great thing which counts in this world is not talent, but faithfulness.

We can only give what we have. Happiness, grief, gaiety, sadness, are by nature contagious. Bring your health and your strength to the weak and sickly, and so you will be of use to them.



# From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(By UNCLE BARNABAS.)

## SANTA CLAUS AND OUR S.S.S.S.

DEAR AUSTRALIAN SUNBEAMS.

1. Emily Warren. 2. Mabel Mullen. 3. Dora Howell. 4. Gladys Noble. 5. Vera Musgrave. My love to you. I have been scanning "Grit" so anxiously, to see if Australia had any Sunbeams. We have in New Zealand already 20, all of whom are hard at work. A prize of a small autograph album, containing three paintings, will be given to the boy or girl who organises a proper Sunbeam Band, and has the most members by Christmas.

### HINTS.

1. How to Procure Members.—Write to the heads of every Protestant Sunday school, and Band of Hope in your neighbourhood, explain the conditions; ask them to speak to their classes; names to be sent in to you. Speak to your school teachers, and get their help.

2. Whom to Ask.—Every one from seven weeks to seventeen years. Enlist all the babies.

3. Obligation of Members.—Babies need only have a tin, and be taught to drop in one sweet from every bag of sweets they receive. Every Sunbeam do the same. At Christmas these are put into a muslin stocking, and marked with Sunbeam's name, for slums. Every manager will receive a painted badge.

To-day I sent a little dress and pinafore, with pattern of yoke and sleeve of dress. The dress is made out of a very old gown, first washed and pressed; the pinafore could be made from old coloured print dresses. More next week.

KIA ORA EHOA. SANTA CLAUS.

### FOR SUNDAY.

#### OUR POET PUZZLER.

"Ne" Arthur Wheen (aged 12), who is our Bathurst agent for "Grit," sends me this, made out of his own head! Will you tell me the names of all the people he refers to in his poem?—Uncle B.

### A BIBLE HERO.

(Whose name begins with No.)

I to my earthly monarch spoke,  
These words for my dear city's sake:  
"My home and city lieth waste,  
The gates by flames have been embraced."

He asked for what I made request,  
I prayed to God for counsel best:  
My Heavenly Father gave me grace,  
I asked, to build my native place.

My king then granted my great prayer,  
I now set out my way to dare.  
There were two rulers who were grieved,  
But the King's letters they received.

(Well done, Arthur. Try again.—Uncle B.)

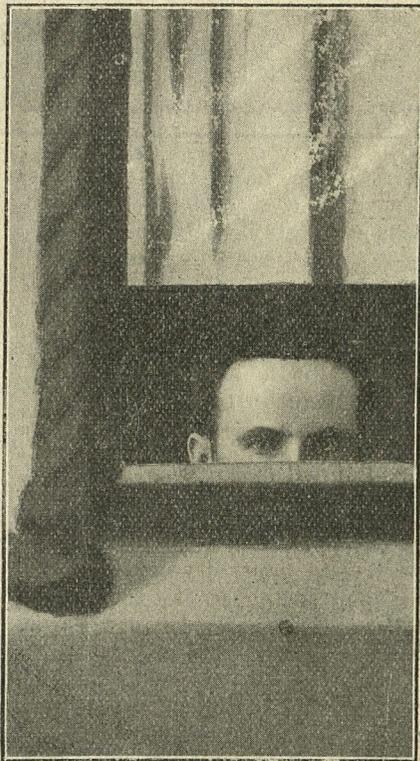
### FOR MONDAY.

"Which is the heavier," asked Herbert,  
"an ounce of gold or an ounce of feathers?"  
"An ounce of gold, of course," replied his sister Maud. Was she right?

### CAN YOU READ THIS?

Deeeeyare Eellesseyeeeee, Doubleyouee  
aitchaydee essyouseaaitch effyouen ohvee-  
eeare teaathee elleeteateaeere wyohyou  
esseentea. Jayayseakay teaatcheyeen-  
kayess wyohyouare seaeyepaaitcheeare  
eyess veeeearewy geeohohdee. Eye ayem

jayyouesstea geeohyeengee ohyoutea ohen  
emwy peahenwy, essoh geeohohdee bewyee.  
Doubleyoueyeteaaitch ellohveeee effareoh-  
hem Eeveeay.



UNCLE B. PLAYING AT PEEP-OH!

### WITH THE BABY.

The Editor and all the Staff of "Grit" present their compliments to all the Seven to Seventeeners, and desire to state that the reason the window was not wider open, was because of the very keen weather we have lately been experiencing. If only it had been summer the window would have been thrown right up, and then—but, perhaps, Uncle B. wouldn't have been there! So it's no use saying, "If only this," or "If only that." The real trouble, boys and girls, with Uncle B., is this, he is TOO BASHFUL!

### SERMON ILLUSTRATION COMPETITION.

#### XII.—THE WRECK OF THE "MAITLAND."

(Sent by Lucy M. Miles, used by the Rev. D. H. Dillon, at the United Mission Service, 16/7/09.)

Texts: St. Matthew, 22nd chap., part 5th verse; Hebrews, 2nd chap., part 3rd verse.

The following story was told by the only survivor of the wreck of the "Maitland":—"Not a ship save the 'Maitland' would venture out to sea, because all the danger signals were against them. "I entreated the captain not to go out, but it was useless, and he would have his own way. 'If there were fifty danger signals facing me, I would go out," said the captain, so he disregarded the danger signals, and went out. At sunset that night the 'Maitland' was a battered wreck upon the rocks, just because he took no notice of the danger signals, and made light of the mate's entreaties; and so it will be just the same in our lives, if we yield to our own wish, and not that of God, and the consequence will be, through our careless neglect, and not listening to those who try to teach us, we will



be drifted upon the rocks, and when it is 'too late,' we will be sorry for what we have done. The great lesson in this illustration is 'Warning.'"

### COUNTERPANE SHILLING FUND.

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- Agnes, 1/.
- Monie, 1/.
- "Pudding," 1/.
- Mr. Muller, 1/.
- Mrs. Muller, 1/.
- Muller Bros., 2/.
- Lucy Bruntnell, 1/.
- Bernice Bruntnell, 1/.

### THE COMPETITIONS.

The "Ishmael" and "Jerusalem" Competitions close on August 31. Is your list in yet?

Send your Sermon Illustrations along. (Send everything for Page 9, to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.)

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES (22/7/09). (By D. H.)

#### I.—ABOUT MARY.

1. Luke 5: 2-27.—When Jesus was brought to be circumcised.
2. John 6: 19.—At the Crucifixion.
3. John 1: 2.—At the marriage of Cana, of Galilee.
4. Matt. 2: 2-24.—Joseph took Jesus and Mary to Egypt.
5. Acts 3: 1-14.—Mary and all the women and the brethren continued in prayer and supplication.
6. Mark 4: 15.—At the Crucifixion.

#### II.—CHANGED HEADS.

1. Bear—animal.
  2. Pear—fruit.
  3. Near—close.
  4. Dear—beloved.
  5. Year—Period of time.
  6. Tear—to rend.
  7. Hear—to perceive sound.
  8. Fear—dread.
  9. Rear—behind.
- (Well done, good little worker.—Uncle B.)

### OUR OWN LETTERS.

#### OUR OWN LITTLE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN.

Ivy A. Sizer, Wirrabara, S.A., sends me a pretty postcard for my album, and says:—"Dear Uncle B.,—Glad to see my last letter in print. This picture is the Wirrabara Institute. My two elder brothers are in Adelaide for a fortnight, to hear the Missioners. I would like to hear Mr. Alexander's choir. I love singing and music. Will send an-

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other essay yet. Glad about your S.S.S.S. I lost the paper with it in.—Your 'niece.'"

(Dear Ivy,—Don't forget the essay. I like the picture. Whose monument is that? The choir is lovely. Tell me what your brothers thought. We, in N.S.W., are so sorry about the death of your grand, good man, Sir F. Holder.—Uncle B.)

### "HONOURS!" AND "MY SHILLING!"

Lucy Bruntnell writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—Just a short note to tell you that I have not forgotten you. I still read Page 9, and am very pleased to see some more 'cousins' writing. I managed to get honours in my music exam. I think it is a splendid idea to have that Shilling Fund, and will send along my shilling. We are now preparing for our church bazaar. With love to all my 'cousins' and yourself.—Your loving 'Niece.'"

(Dear Lucy,—The "Baby" has missed your happy face. Where have you been? That music exam. explains it, I suppose. "The Baby" claps his hands with glee because of the honours, and the shilling! He would like to hear you play one of your exam. pieces, say, "Nelly Bly," or something by Beethoven.—Uncle B.)

### NOTHING TO WRITE ABOUT.

Dora Howell, 11 Ben Eden-street, Waverley, writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—Dr. Payne gave us a very interesting lecture all about Old Cairo and Cairo. There were several beautiful views of the Nile, mosques, and minarets. I am sending in another illustration. There is nothing to write about, so I'll close, as I am sleepy. Hoping Aunts T. and P., Uncle A., and all are well, I remain, your affectionate 'Niece.'"

(Dear Dora,—Nothing to write about! What about poor Dr. Payne? Will you write me a short article about "The Girls' First Aid Brigade?" Do you know any of those girls in the "Daily Telegraph" picture, August 9? When I saw it, I began to sing, "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the girls are marching!"—Uncle B.)

### "I SHALL SEND MY SHILLING."

Bernice Bruntnell, 93 Hill-street, Leichhardt, writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—You will think that I have quite forgotten you, and my cousins, but I have not. I read 'Grit' every week, and like it very much. I think this 'Shilling Fund' is a very good idea. I will send my shilling along soon, and shall try and collect some from my friends for it. I am longing for another Exhibition. I had such a grand time. Father is at home now for a little while. Lucy and I are studying for our Scripture exam., so are very busy. With love to all my 'cousins' and yourself.—Your loving 'niece.' P.S.—Next time you get your photo taken, have it done properly, please."

(Dear little B.,—Is my photo done properly? Or are you "done properly?" How nice

to have your dear father home from the wars again. Baby Page 9, Uncle B., and all of us, hope he will drive Napoleon Bung-party off the field. "Grit" salutes General Bruntnell, and his aide-de-camp, Lady Bernice.—Uncle B.)

### OUR GARDENER AND THE HEN TROUBLE.

Gladys Noble says:—"A hen will lay 4 eggs in 6 days, for 1 hen lays 1 1/2 eggs in 1 1/2 days, therefore 1 hen lays 2/3rds of an egg in 1 day, therefore 1 hen lays 4 eggs in 6 days. (Answer to July 1 puzzle.) Please tell us what temperature it was passing the Blue Mountains, and if you saw snow. P.S. Mr. Mullens told us about some new Parramatta 'cousins' shortly to join us."

(Dear G.,—Thanks for putting an end to that eggstraordinary question about the hen and a half. But did that one hen really lay only two-thirds of an egg in one day? Which third was omitted—the yoke, the white, or the shell? I suppose it was what the farmers' wives call a "soft egg," i.e., without a shell. A double-yolked egg would be an egg and a third, wouldn't it? When I crossed the Blue Mountains the gas was out in our compartment, and there was one other snorer in his rug, so it would be two in the shade. I saw snow a few days ago.—Uncle B.)

### "MR. WHEEN MAY PREACH." "BUT HE DIDN'T!"

Lucy M. Miles, Lithgow, writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—It is over a week since I wrote that other letter to you, and neglected to post it. I said in my other letter that Mr. Whéen may preach at the Mission last week, but, much to my disappointment, he didn't. I only went one night last week, because I had the influenza. We are having terrible weather here just now. I think we will have some snow here before long. I am going to join the Christian Endeavour to-morrow night. Well, dear Uncle Barnabas, I think I will close now, trusting I will not neglect to post this letter.—I remain, your loving 'niece.'"

(Dear L.,—So glad to hear that you are to join the C.E. It is the very thing for you. Write me a description (short) of one of your meetings. My kind remembrances to my old C.E. friend, Mr. Dillon. My love to you.—Uncle B.)

### TOMMY'S ADVICE.

"Now, s'pose'n you was to be turned into an animal," said Jem, "what would you like to be, Bill?"

"Oh, I'd like to be a lion," replied Bill, "because he's so—"

"Oh, no, don't be a lion, Bill," interrupted little Tommy, who has had some recent painful experience at school. "Be a wasp, and then you can sting the schoolmaster!"

### "NO MAN CARED FOR MY SOUL."

(Continued from Page 3.)

vants have; who loved lost sinners so that He gave His only Son to die for them! In-to Thy hands, O God! But for those who, while calling themselves by His name, never seek to rescue perishing souls around, what shall God's judgment be?

"If thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thine hand." (Ezek. 33: 8.)

### NOT GREEDY.

Visitor: "Here, Tommy, is an apple, share it politely with your sister."

Tommy: "How shall I share it politely, sir?"

Visitor: "By giving the other person the larger portion."

Tommy (turning to his siser): "Here, Susie, you share it yourself."

### TOO SMART.

He was one of the wisest and kindest of teachers, but now and then his watchfulness made him suspicious. In the class the other day his eye fell upon a boy who seemed to be eating something.

"John," said he sternly, "take that piece of toffee out of your mouth at once."

To his astonishment a giggle went round the room, and the next instant poor John answered: "I can't, sir; it's a gumboll."

### WIPE AWAY THE PAST.

"Let the dead past bury its dead,"

Has often been quoted, unfortunately, by persons who understand not correctly its meaning. It would not be amiss if we, at this juncture, gave our version. If, in the past, you have shopped elsewhere, and have been caused remorse by not receiving full value for your money, then repent of your folly, turn over a new leaf, and wipe away the past with one of our

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T. Jessep, 10s; Mrs. Brown, 2s 6d, 15/10/09; A. J. Harvey, 2s 6d, 15/10/09; Miss Turner, 5s, 17/10/10; Miss Garnsey, 2s 6d, 15/1/10; Miss Miles, 2s 6d, 9/1/10; D. Bell, 2s 6d, 1/1/10; Miss Sefton, 5s, 12/7/10; W. J. McLean, 2s 6d, 5/5/09; J. J. Gay, 5s, 12/8/10; Rev. Reeve, 5s, 10/3/10; Mr. Humphries, 2s 6d, 11/10/08; Mrs. Craig, 2s 6d, 2/6/09; Mrs. McGuffie, 2s 6d, 27/4/09; Mrs. Baxter, 1s 3d, 8/1/09; A. E. Pollard, 2s 6d, 15/1/10; S. W. Horner, 2s 6d, 12/2/10; Miss Skelton, 2s 6d, 12/2/10; E. Horner, 2s 6d, 12/2/10; Mrs. F. Hutson, 2s 6d, 12/2/10; Mrs. Pickup, 2s 6d, 12/2/10; A. Sweet, 2s 6d, 12/2/10; Mr. Dwyer, 1s 6d, 12/11/09; Miss Little, 2s 6d, 12/2/10.

**CLOTHING.**

**HAVE A GOOD HUNT.**

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 Mrs. S. Allen, N. R. Barrengarry, Mr. E. C. Burne, Rev. H. Jobson, "Belmore," "Don," and six anonymous.

**NEW SUBSCRIBERS.**

Mrs. A. Voisey, Miss McKay, E. Horner, Mrs. T. Hutson, G. B. Willick, Mrs. H. Fenwick, A. Sweet, R. R. Killen, Mrs. Field, Mrs. Bernauer, Mrs. Cracknell, Mrs. Pickup, Mrs. Little, T. Sutton, Mrs. Charters, Miss Meaken, Miss Sefton, J. J. Gay, S. W. Horner, Mrs. A. Gee, Mrs. Marshall, A. R. Burgess, Miss Skelton, J. Grahame, J. Edmiston, J. Wall, Mr. Dwyer.

**HOW THE WORLD MOVES.**

Plans have been prepared in New York for an hotel 376ft. high. It will be the tallest in the world, containing 31 storeys, and costing £400,000.

Allen Batchelor, of Guildford, who was reputed to be England's oldest barber, has died at the age of 88. He claimed to have been patronised by kings, dukes, bishops, judges, policemen, politicians, publicans, "and sinners no end."

The heaviest locomotive engine in the world has just been built at the Baldwin Works, in the United States. The weight including the tender, is 266 tons, and without the tender 190 tons. The heaviest British locomotive weighs 143 tons.

Solway herring, once so plentiful, are now as scarce as they are toothsome. The only catches made this season were at Maryport last month—two on one day and two on another. The fortunate fisherman sold the four small fishes locally at 5s each.

One of the most unique tasks electricity is to be compelled to accomplish is the picking of chickens. An electric fan for this purpose has been devised for wholesale poultry-picking. The fan is placed in a receptacle, through which it drives a blast of air claimed to be sufficient to remove all the feathers and down from a fowl in a few seconds.

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Ladies' Coloured Moreen Underskirts, with pleated flounce: Sale Price, 1/11.

Ladies' Natural Wool Combinations, heavy-weight, long or short sleeves; usual price, 10/6; Sale Price, 7/9. Also 5/9 quality for 4/11; 7/9 quality for 6/9.

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Bradford Cashmeres, double width; Sale Price, 3½d.

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Wool-Cashmere Blouse Flannels, 1/6 quality for 1/-.

20in. Japanese Silks, in Black, White, and all Colours. Sale Price, 6/9 per dozen.

20in. Merveilleux All-Silk, in Black only. Worth 1/6; Sale Price, 1/2½.

Pink or Floral Flannelette. Sale Price, 1/11 a dozen.

32in. Striped Flannelette; worth 4d yard; Sale Price, 2/6 per dozen.

Cream Australian-made Flannel, worth 10½d; Sale Price, 8½d.

34in. Pure Medium White Calico. Sale Price, 3/3 per dozen.

Heavy White Turkish Towels, size 22 x 49, worth 1/-; Sale Price, 9d.

Brown Turkish Towels, size 24 x 53, worth 1/-; Sale Price, 8½d.

Glace Ribbon, 4in. to 5in. wide; Light blue, Heliotrope, Nil, Copenhagen, Fawn, Reseda; usual price, 5½d to 7½d; Sale Price, 2½d.

Glace Ribbon, 4in. to 6in. wide, all Colours. Usual price, 7½d to 1/-; Sale Price, 3½d yard.

Pretty Floral Ribbon, Light and Dark Ground, 6in wide; usual price, 1/4 to 2/6 yard; Sale Price, 6½d. 5in. wide, usual price, 7½d; Sale Price, 3½d.

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 Also in stock the **Animated Teddy Bears** made of wool or fur at 1/6 each post free, or better ones for 2/6 each post free.  
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