

Special Issue 17,000

# GRIT.

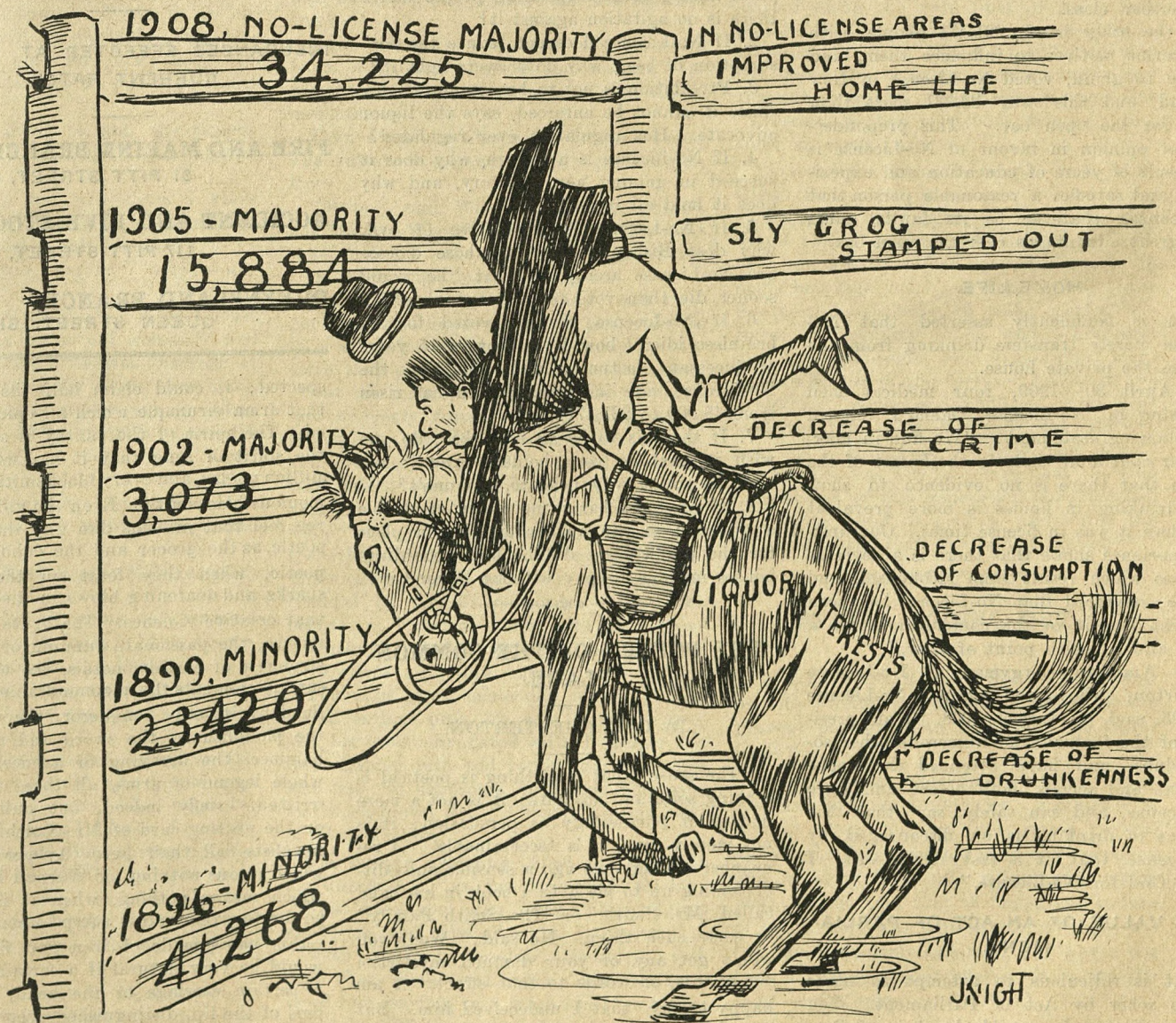
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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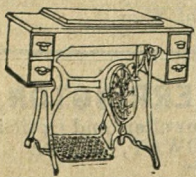
Vol. III.—No. 39

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16 1909

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## Statements we Answer, and Questions we Ask

### A REASONABLE SUCCESS.

1. There are so many conflicting opinions, and some people and some papers declare that No-License is a failure.

There is no question about which good and clever people do not differ. One has only to instance religion, socialism, free-trade, etc. We therefore need not look for a unanimous opinion on No-License; we must be satisfied with a preponderating opinion. Among the opponents of No-License are two classes, whose opinions carry very little weight, viz., those who are financially interested, and those who are in the grip of custom and appetite. It is unreasonable to expect an unbiassed opinion from either class.

On the other hand, 221,471 people, with no ulterior motives to influence them, and no axe to grind, voted No-License in New Zealand, and this was 33,331 more than voted for the open bar. This preponderance of opinion in favour of No-License is the result of years of education and experiment, and satisfies a reasonable person that No-License, whatever be its faults, must have great advantages over the open bar.

### HOME LIFE.

2. It is confidently asserted that No-License merely transfers drinking from the pub. to the private house.

On April 30, 1909, four medical men practising in No-License Oamaru, signed the following statement:—"We find in making our continual visits to the homes of the people that there is no evidence to show that drinking in homes is more prevalent now than it was in license times. Our united experience shows that there is a decrease in cases which result from alcoholism, and we are convinced that No-License has been of great benefit to the community from a moral and a health point of view."

The Anglican clergyman at No-License Ashburton, who voted against No-License in 1905, said, on July 3, 1908, "I am president of the football and numerous other social clubs, and have attended the smoke concerts and socials, both before and since No-License, and can safely say that the practice of drinking is so discouraged by No-License that it is fast dying out. I thank God for No-License."

### THE VALUE OF AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

3. It is ridiculous to attempt to make people sober by Act of Parliament. You can't make people sensible by Acts of Parliament, yet we approve of compulsory education. We cannot make people healthy by Act of Parliament, yet we enforce sanitary laws. A No-License law will leave some people untouched, as does the educational and health laws; yet, like them, it is effective for the general good in a most emphatic way.

In the four No-License places, Oamaru, Ashburton, Maitaia, and Invercargill, the convictions for drunkenness in the last year of the open bar were 516, and in the first year of No-License they fell to 111. "Grit" stakes its reputation on this assertion that in every place where the open bar has been closed an improvement from 40 to 60 per cent. has taken place as regards drunkenness.

### SOME QUESTIONS.

1. If the open bar is good and harmless, why can't the liquor people point to one place among English-speaking people where there is no agitation against it?

2. If No-License does not reduce the consumption of beer, why do brewers fight it?

3. Prohibition is not to be attempted, because it cannot be enforced, says the liquor advocate. Has regulation ever regulated?

4. If No-License is a failure, why does it succeed in gaining new territory, and why does it hold all it gains?

5. If No-License is productive of evil, why does Bishop Julius, in whose diocese are No-License areas, say that "he would sooner die than vote for the open bar?"

6. If No-License is only voted for by brainless idiots, how is it that in 15 years of incessant lecturing and education the No-License vote in New Zealand has risen from 48,000 to 221,471?

7. If there is to be an open bar, do you wish it next to your home? And if not next to yours, why next to any one's?

8. If an open bar is necessary to enable a publican to run an accommodation place for the public, how do the large boarding-houses manage to pay without liquor

## THE POETRY OF THE COMMON-PLACE.

By C. K. CHESTERTON.

"The sense that everything is poetical is a thing solid and absolute; it is not a mere matter of phraseology or persuasion; it is not merely true, it is ascertainable. I remember a long time ago a sensible sub-editor coming up to me with a book in his hand called 'Mr. Smith,' or 'The Smith Family,' or some such thing. He said: 'Well, you won't get any of your damned mysticism out of this,' or words to that effect. I am happy to say that I undeceived him. But the victory was too obvious and easy. In most cases a name is unpoetical although the fact is poetical. In the case of Mr. Smith, the name is so poetical that it must be an arduous and heroic matter for the man to live up to it. The name of Smith is the name of the one trade that even kings re-

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spected; it could claim half the glory of that arma virumque which all epics acclaimed. The spirit of the smithy is so close to the spirit of song that it has mixed in a million poems, and every blacksmith is a harmonious blacksmith. Even the village children feel that in some dim way the smith is poetic, as the grocer and the cobbler are not poetic, when they feast on the dancing sparks and deafening blows in the cavern of that creative violence. The brute repose of nature, the passionate cunning of man, the strongest of earthly metals, the weirdest of earthly elements the unconquerable iron subdued by its only conqueror, the wheel and the ploughshare, the sword and the steam-hammer, the arraying of armies, and the whole legend of arms, all these things are written, briefly indeed, but quite legibly, on the visiting card of Mr. Smith. Yet our novelists call their hero 'Aylmer Valence,' which means nothing, or 'Vernon Raymond,' which means nothing, when it is in their power to give him this sacred name of Smith—this name made of iron and flame. It would be very natural if a certain hauteur, a certain carriage of the head, a certain curl of the lip, distinguished everyone whose name is Smith. Perhaps it does; I trust so. Whoever else are parvenus, the Smiths are not parvenus. From the darkest dawn of history this clan has gone forth to battle; its trophies are on every hand; its name is everywhere, it is older than the nations, and its sign is the Hammer of Thor."

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## Licensed to Sell

By MARGARET I. HOLLIDAY,

As they steamed on to the bustling Sydney station, there seemed every variety of the genus Smithson, from twelve-year-old George to that inchoate citizen, the baby, who loaded its mother with heterogeneous duties. Yet the family quorum was still incomplete, father being the missing complement.

All their faces, even that of the girl-mother, wore the light of happiness. Eyes danced with laughter, childish figures glowed with vitality, as, with staccato flurry, and in a very ferment of thought, they made a bee-line for the indicator.

There was no noticeable concealment of the fact that resources had to be economised at the Smithsons'. Dresses were without frills or fashion, while suits—Yet no frock-coat ever exerted such a spell as the ungarnished jerkins worn by the wee laddies.

"To National Park: 1.30!" read George in high triumphant tones. "How much longer should father be now, mum?"

"He ought to be here now. He had to get his dinner in town." Then, in an undertone which held a pathetic ring, she murmured, "I'm glad we didn't keep him waiting. And I do hope he had a good dinner."

"Aren't you going to get the tickets, mother?" This from Nellie with aggressive eagerness.

"Oh, no, dear; dad will draw a whole fortnight's pay, and, as it is my birthday, he is going to treat us all himself."

"How old are you, mother?" asked young Willie.

"How old? Let me think. Why, I must be thirty-one! Quite an old woman!" and she laughed merrily. "I was married at eighteen." Dropping her voice once more, she said, "Eighteen is far too young. I had no girlhood. My Nellie mustn't marry till she's ever so old. I hope she'll never marry!"

Then she passionately kissed the little girl, who looked at her mother in puzzled interrogation.

"There's Mrs. Hanton and Alf!" excitedly broke in Willie.

"Hullo, Alf! We're going to National Park! It's mother's birthday! She's thirty-one. Are you going to the Park?"

But Alf Hanton's eyes were full of envy. The lump in his throat was a bar to speech. He hurried sadly on.

Then Mrs. Smithson seated herself on the hamper, and there, amid the bustle and hum, the jangle and burr, she began to think of bygone days, and flashes of memory pulsed the scenes till they sprang to life, with a hundred little details, and her voice took on a tender ring that was like the lilting of music. She spoke mostly to her firstborn, who was more like a daughter than a son.

"The last time I went to National Park was"—here she blushed shyly, and the love-light sparkled in her eyes—"the day your father asked me to marry—him."

"Did father drink then?" anxiously asked George.

"Only a little," said the woman, with loyal evasion. "He looked so handsome. He had blue eyes, and dark brown hair. I remember how careful he was with me that day. I had on a white frock with three flounces, and a sailor hat trimmed with ospreys, and I wore a pair of kid gloves your father gave me."

She wore a rusty black frock now, and

though in point of age the sailor hat might have been the same, it had no ospreys, and her rough, red hands were gloveless.

"To-day we'll look for the tree where we sat. But maybe it is gone. Time changes most things. But how late father is!" And the anxiety which crept into her tones betrayed inward misgivings.

"Oh, dad will be here soon. Do go on, mum," pleaded her interested little listener.

"Well, we were married, and we were so happy, and when you were born poor father was so pleased he—" Here she stopped abruptly.

"He started drinking hard," said George, with the intuition of a man. "Mother," and his voice rang with conviction, "I hate the drink. I'll never touch it—never!"

"It would break my heart if you did, dear. I couldn't bear that. Well," she went on more quietly, "we had a run of hard luck, and things went from bad to worse. But, thank God, father signed the pledge for you, George, and he's kept it for two months, so we'll soon pull up. The boss said this job would last six months, and—"

"And mother, you must buy a white frock, and a pair of gloves for yourself," interrupted George, with a love that defied measurement.

Then a curious silence fell between them. The future was gemmed with possibilities, if—

"Mum," said Willie, jubilantly, "here's our train. Where's dad?" while "Me want some birthday cake now," came plaintively from Alice, impatience fretting her.

Then "Hurrah! Here's dad!" and hunger and impatience were both forgotten, as in a whirlwind of hurry they rushed to welcome that personage of prime importance.

But the smile of greeting on the woman's face suddenly froze, careworn lines wrote themselves pathetically round her mouth, and ever-deepening pallor spread over her face, which became suddenly old and anguished. And George gripped his hands, while with hunted, shrinking movements the other children crept to mother's side. Their childish souls had been only too well branded by terrible memories. And the horizon of National Park, with its halo of sentiment, and the magic land of childhood were swept away into infinity.

The man came unsteadily along, puffing at an extinct pipe, his eyes signalled danger, his brow corrugated with ill-temper, his face shaping into odd contortions—the man who was "so handsome, with kind blue eyes and dark-brown hair." Verily he was hard of identification.

The woman evidently filled the focus of his displeasure, as he demanded thickly, "What have you been telling the children about me, eh? I'm all right, I tell you."

With squared, resolute shoulders, and eyes that shone accusingly, his first-born faced him, saying, in a voice which rose passionately, "Mother was telling us about the time you said you—loved—her—and—" the words died away in a sob, and the boyish head drooped with a burning shame as Alf Hanton repassed and said curiously, "Thought you were going to National Park; thought it was your mother's birthday," and Willie, with the hypersensitiveness of a drunkard's child, quivered to the quick, and, in a gust of humiliation, cried, "Oh, mother, mother, mother!"

"Come, dears," said the woman, and her voice had a hopeless inflection now; "Father isn't well. We'll go another day—perhaps—"

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if—" But her tongue wouldn't frame her thoughts.

And as the bell clanged, and the iron horse, with its crowds of pleasure seekers started along the twin lines of steel, they passed out of the station, the man muttering stupidly, the wife belted by suffering that cut deep, the children experiencing a sorrow out of season, while hell's palaces, with "Licensed to sell spirituous liquors," met them at every turn.

Liquors, that make the temple of the Holy Ghost the corps de reserve for passion elements to riot ragingly, and sins that would shame Sodom. "Licensed to sell" one and a-half million pounds' worth of hell's beverage yearly, in this capital of the Southern hemisphere, to make spotted histories and running sores, and scars that mar our confession, and demoralise manhood, while from the tortured hearts of the drunkards' wives and children, and—dear God—the pity of it—husbands, too, the cry goes up: "How long, oh Lord, how long?" ere the heavens will be telling that the men and women of this generation have reached the higher level of politics, and voted the "righteousness that exalteth a nation?"

### STATES "GOING DRY."

"We have heard about States 'going dry' on the Prohibition question. What is the present position with regard to the liquor trade?"

"There is an exceedingly strong swing just now towards Prohibition. I talked with men of all parties, and there was a general agreement that Prohibition is a wise policy and is very materially reducing drunkenness. I was told that the apparent failure of Prohibition was only in States where the law has been laxly enforced, but where the law is strongly administered there are the most encouraging results."

Interview with Rev. J. H. Jowett in the "Christian World," England.

The Bishop of Gloucester, preaching in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in support of the C.E.T.S. forward movement, said that the Temperance crusade had outlived its early days of obloquy and contempt, and compelled the attention of politicians. But there were signs that the force of the movement had somewhat spent itself, and the time for a rally had arrived.

# The Problem of Sly Grog Selling

By A. BRUNTNEILL.

In their feverish anxiety to disparage the effectiveness of the No-License policy, the liquor partisans are ever fond of declaring that No-License means a large increase in sly grog-selling, and this they affect to deplore. Those who use such an argument quite forget that the worst sly grog offender has always been the publican who, under the old Act, constantly violated its provisions in the direction of illicit selling on Sunday, and during prohibited hours. The police records and evidence in this State reveal the fact that this offence was very common before the Liquor Amendment Act came into force with its strengthened provisions, and even now it is generally known that much liquor is illicitly sold, despite the new Amending Act. This is surely one of the most glaring methods of sly grog-selling, and on the basis that it ill becomes self-confessed law breakers to deplore law breaking in others, it is passing strange to find liquor sellers so deeply concerned about the alleged increase of this offence under No-License. The general public, however, are not likely to be affected in their judgment by the inconsistency of liquor dealers. They are concerned to know whether such an allegation is true in fact. To this question I most emphatically say, "No. It is not true," and I will proceed to show my reasons for denying it.

## THE SPECIALLY FITTED SLY GROGGER.

The very nature of the licensing system is prohibitive; first, as to the number of persons who shall be licensed to sell, and, second, as to the times and conditions of sale. In effect, the licensing laws of the State say to the vast majority of its people, "You shall not sell intoxicating liquor," and so reserve the privilege for a small minority. Then it dictates prohibitive terms to the privileged minority as to times and conditions. This system of granting a monopoly in drink selling has been provocative of law breaking by those who resent the creation of monopolies and privileges, and the history of any country in liquor legislation will reveal a crop of lawlessness in the sale of liquor under a license regime. License given to a few can never remedy this evil, indeed it only intensifies the appeal to the lawless to violate the law. The police court records also show that even among the "privileged minority" there is a great deal of trading during prohibited hours, and to persons to whom it is unlawful to sell. The person who sells liquor during prohibited hours, and to prohibited persons, is in fact a worse culprit than the person who sells liquor without holding a license at all. Both are selling without license, but one would expect the privileged person to observe the conditions attached to his permit with strictness, as the law assumes him to be "specially fitted" to hold the privilege.

## SLY GROG IN LICENSED AND NO-LICENSED AREAS.

In New Zealand, according to a Parliamentary return, dated July 9, 1908, there were for a period of three years 70 convictions obtained in six No-License electorates for selling liquor without a license, while in six license electorates for the same period there were 84 convictions for this offence. This says nothing of the amount of sly selling that was carried on in licensed houses, and with which the police failed to cope. It was well known by the people that sly sell-

ing was carried on in the present No-license electorates, when they were under license, but the difficulty of detecting it and bringing the offenders to book is made easier by the removal of all licenses. A man seen under the influence of liquor in a license electorate causes no special surprise, but such a person seen in a No-license electorate arouses the suspicion of police and people, and a more keen observation is maintained, with the result that the offenders are more likely to be prosecuted. If license is the remedy for sly grog-selling, why is it that for the year 1907 there were fines for this offence in the following license areas:—Christchurch, £420; Dunedin, £290; Wanganui, £125? There are plenty of places where the drinker could legally obtain liquor in these places, and yet we find the violations of the law so conspicuous. The only city that comes anywhere near these in amount of fines is Invercargill, under No-License, and the fines amounted to £45. Why should Christchurch have fines amounting to nearly ten times the amount in Invercargill, if license remedies sly grog-selling?

To the unbiassed mind there is no satisfactory answer to this question, and the experience of all countries will show that No-License does not increase sly grog-selling, but, on the other hand, it frees the hands of the authorities for the detection and punishment of the offence.

## EDUCATION BY LAW.

There are solid reasons why the offence should not be so prevalent under No-License. In the first place, laws have an educative tendency, and will ever be respected by the bulk of the people. How much more is this so when the people are given a direct responsibility in making the law? Under the old law, a minority bench could inflict licenses upon a majority of the people against their will, and the people had to put up with it until they succeeded in getting a parliament elected who gave them the powers to veto. Now the licenses are continued, reduced, or abolished, as the result of the will of a majority of the people, with the exception of the No-License issue, which requires a three-fifths majority to carry it. This means, of course, that nothing can be done ahead of public opinion, and to assert that there will be a violent outbreak of lawlessness simply because the people, by majority vote and in constitutional usage, have decided to veto the public sale of a dangerous luxury, is to admit a misjudgment of a democratic people and the facts of history. Whilst we readily admit that there will be a certain amount of lawbreaking in this particular, as there is in every other, we do most emphatically declare that this crime is not increased under No-License, and we ask our opponents to give their facts for such a charge. No mere assumption is proof, and as the facts, as brought to light in the No-License areas of the world, where that reform has been achieved as a result of an appeal to the judgment of the people, conclusively show the opposite to be true, it is absurd to continue to make the charge.

## TWO WEIGHTY STATEMENTS.

While people who have never been in a No-License area, or having been there, and visited no other place than a disreputable sly-grogger, may talk about sly grog, their utterances carry no weight. We feel that finality on this subject is reached when In-



"One fine day, then, we start at early dawn by motor car, motor cycle, skiff, or steamboat—it is immaterial to the event that is preparing—but to make the picture more definite, let us take by preference, a motor car. Suddenly for no reason, at the turn of the road, at the top of a descent, on the right or on the left, seizing the brake, the wheel, the steering handle, unexpectedly barring all space, assuming the deceptive appearance of a tree, a wall, a rock, an obstacle of one sort or another, stands death, face to face, towering, huge, immediate, inevitable, irrevocable, and with a click shuts off the horizon of life." So says Master-link, but a certain consolation is available at 12 Bridge Street, Sydney, in an accident policy with the South British Insurance Co., Ltd.

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spector Mitchell, of No-License Invercargill, says: "I have no evidence that sly grog-selling is being carried on." Inspector O'Brien, of the Clutha No-License area, says: "I have conclusive evidence that sly grog-selling has been stamped out in this district."

At the Brewers' Exhibition in London 335 samples of beer were exhibited. There was an increase in the entries of light drinks, such as cider and perry, and 140 samples of non-alcoholic beverages indicated the growth of Temperance. As a result of recent legislation, which prohibits children from fetching beer, the beer-jug is giving place to the beer-bottle, and appliances for bottling beer and washing bottles and barrels are features of the exhibition. At the inaugural luncheon the chairman, Mr. Reginald Mortimer, said that last year the trade contributed £37,404,000 out of a revenue of £125,550,000. The whisky duty had been raised to 3s 9d per gallon, and in the first six months of this year the yield had fallen £1,637,000 below the sum realised in the second half of last year under the old duty. It was impossible to tax a trade out of existence, and at the same time derive revenue from it. Directors of breweries could not embark on schemes of development in view of the present legislation.

The Premier of South Australia states that the High Court will be asked to declare what are the rights of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, regarding the Murray.

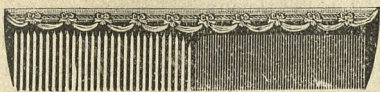
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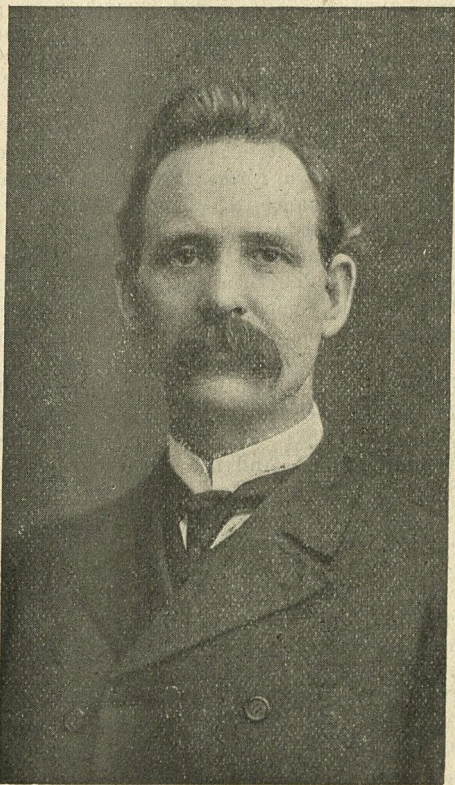
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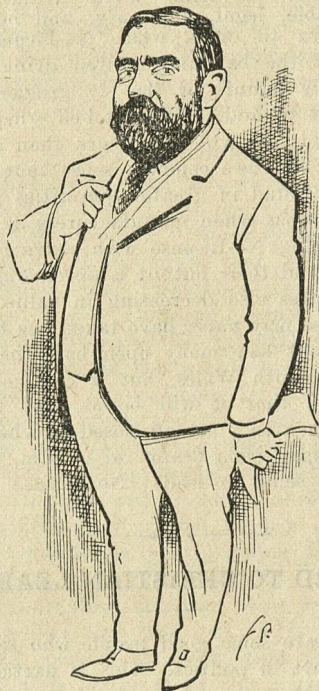
## Talk about People

Mr. John Complin is the one man in New South Wales who has been allowed the privilege of debating the liquor problem with an accredited representative of the



MR. JOHN COMPLIN.

"trade." He scored a great success by simply letting the truth out, knowing that no lie or exaggeration is half so damaging to the liquor trade as the truth. He calmly, soberly, and in the most gentlemanly way plucked the sting from every sophistry uttered by his opponent. The proof of his success is the fact that it is impossible to arrange any further debate.



MR. WILL CROOKS, M.P.

There was a case in Ireland when Tim, who was a little fresh, went home to his wife, and she said, "It's tired you are, Tim; sure an' it's a long road you have come." Tim answered, "It didn't matter so much about its length, it was its breadth." If you can pass an hotel without a desire to go inside and treat yourself, if God has given you the moral courage to resist the temptation of drink, He has placed on you the obligation of removing temptation from your weaker brothers. But it is not much use merely praying, "Lead us not into temptation," when outside of almost every factory in which men might be over-worked and under-paid, and women and girls are being sweated, there are places where they can temporarily drown their sorrows in ob-

livion. When I hear people talk of vested interests, and equity, and justice, my reply is, "What compensation can there be for the loss of a man's soul anywhere?"

A passenger crossing the Atlantic for the first time timidly approached the pompous purser. "Is it true, sir," he said, "that this whole ship is divided into air-tight compartments?" "Quite true," replied the purser in surprise. "Then," remarked the passenger gloomily, "I shall have to put up with the one I'm occupying if I can't better it!"

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During the same four years majorities were polled against bar-rooms in 221 Municipalities in which there were 596 licenses.

Against BAR-ROOMS in 221 places Majority of 30,178.

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Bar-Rooms means want, disorder, unrest. No-License means prosperity, peace, content.  
JOIN IN THE MARCH OF PROGRESS. EDUCATE FOR NO-LICENSE.

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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, DECEMBER 16, 1909.

## THE OPPONENTS OF NO-LICENSE.

It is always valuable to know who are the opponents of a cause, and why they oppose it. We are anxious to be perfectly fair to our opponents, and if we judge them harshly, or misrepresent them, we are quite willing to insert a correction or an explanation. While individuals may oppose No-License in absolute sincerity, their ignorance may be as unquestionable as their sincerity. We are quite convinced ignorance is an opponent to No-License. The No-License party hold 25 public meetings to every one held by the Liquor advocates, questions are always invited, the columns of its paper are open to articles from opponents, and every effort is made to get at the truth, and educate on the subject. It is a plank of the No-License party that it courts publicity and investigation. Selfishness is an opponent of No-License. The people who wish to have what they like, and "be hanged to the other fellow," are not prepared to make any sacrifice in the interest of the general good. To designate the many thousands of drink victims as "an insignificant number," and to despise them, is callousness that shocks the kindly, and outrages the altruistic spirit of the age in which we live. It may be said that it is only natural for those who are financially interested to feel strongly on the question that threatens their dividends, and while allowing that it is what one may reasonably expect, it is equally natural and reasonable, if we refuse to accept the financial opponents of No-License as the best judges of No-License. The ungodly, the irreligious, and the non-religious, who estimate material things of greater worth than spiritual, and who are prepared to argue that property is of more value than human life, money is more than character, and this life is one in which one must "eat, drink, and be merry, since you will be a long time dead." are naturally opponents of No-License. If such be the opponents of No-License, and surely this, while not describing them all, describes them en masse, then we find in them an incentive to go and work for No-License.

## COMMON SENSE.

The temperance question, like all other questions must finally be settled by the common sense of the majority. The office of the enthusiast and the reformer is to stir the mass of the people to face facts, and find a basis for their convictions. While a few are influenced by special pleading, the majority are influenced by the common-

sense aspect of the subject. Thousands vote who never go to meetings, and never read enough to give them an all-round grasp of the question on which they vote. A famous lawyer once advised a gentleman who had no knowledge of law, and yet was to be called upon to give judgment on certain questions, to "judge according to his common sense, and he would most likely be right, and not to give any reasons for his judgment, as they would most likely be wrong." To arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, it is not absolutely necessary to know the history of the liquor question in America and New Zealand, or yet be able to judge who made the most of his case in a debate on No-License, but it is necessary to use your common sense. Common sense wants no statistics to prove that to remove temptation is to save the tempted, and No-License removes the temptation of the open bar. It does not require any special facts to convince common sense that thousands will learn to drink when drinking is respectable, legal, and easy, and not tens will learn to drink when No-License has banished the bar and limited drinking to the shady haunts of the sly grogger that are hard to find, and wretched when they are found. It will take more than a telegram to convince common sense that liquor is to be found in greater quantities in No-License areas when manufacturers of liquor are fighting No-License with extraordinary energy, and their output is decreasing, and their shares also decreasing in value. Common sense may never have taken the trouble to find out how many open bars there are in New South Wales, but it can never be convinced that it will be as easy to get liquor when they are all closed as when they are all open from 6 a.m. to 11 p.m. When common sense prevails No-License must come.

## A WORD TO CHRISTIAN LEADERS.

There are some good people who take no active part in politics. This is particularly true in the case of many clergymen and Christian people. They seek to keep themselves apart from the strife of political tongues and the din of political warfare. They do not deem it to be their duty to associate themselves either with political parties or political questions, and in many cases do not even vote at political elections. However wise or otherwise such an attitude may be, judged from the standpoint of the common weal, their motives cannot be questioned. There is, however, a great difference between mere party politics and politics as they relate to great questions of social and moral reform; and the No-License question is certainly one in which the distinction should be made. It is not a party but a national question, inasmuch as it is the political side of temperance, beside which most other social reforms fade into insignificance.

The liquor traffic threatens the prosperity of the nation at every point. It is, as Mr. Gladstone declared, a greater scourge than war, pestilence, and famine combined. It is sapping the vital, moral, and industrial energies of the nation, and is seriously impeding the efforts of all good men to promote righteousness of the Kingdom of God in our land. It is a more insuperable barrier to the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the hearts of thousands than the Great Wall of China ever was to the entrance of Christian missionaries. It is on that ground the urgent need of legislation should come to the aid of those who have so long advocated and worked for temperance, by making it

easier for the people to throw off the drink evil by restricting the temptation—that we appeal to Christian leaders and Christian people generally to rally to the cause of No-License at the present juncture.

The victory of the past should give heart for future battles, and if the Christian people represented by the Church can be persuaded to throw themselves into the present campaign with an enthusiasm worthy of the cause, the desperate plans of the liquor interests to defeat No-License will come to nought, and a great victory to temperance reform will be assured. Indifference is the surest way to defeat, and the fact cannot be too strongly impressed on all who have the best interests of this State at heart. If every clergyman will make himself a missionary to his people during the present campaign, incalculable good will result to the cause.

## THE ANGLICAN SYNOD AND NO-LICENSE.

It is a matter for hearty congratulation that the Anglican Synod, on Friday last, December 10, passed the following resolution:—

"That in view of the many and serious evils connected with the sale of intoxicating liquor, this Synod recommends members of the Church of England to vote at the approaching local option poll for No-License."

The Synod has always been unanimous and hearty in its condemnation of intemperance, but in former Synods there has been a reluctance to adopt No-License as the best available method for dealing with the liquor traffic. This reluctance has been undoubtedly due to a few influential members of the Synod who were very conservative and not very well informed about No-License. The desire on the part of a large majority of both the clergy and laity for better social conditions has created an enthusiasm that demands that something should be done, and the put-it-off-till-next-Synod party have been completely outnumbered. The moment the debate commenced in the Synod it was evident that the members were both keen and determined, and well informed on the question. It is significant that only one member, and that a layman, recorded his vote against the motion, and he was so profoundly ignorant of the Dominion of New Zealand that he thought the whole of its million people lived under No-License, when, in fact, until last June not more than 60,000 of them did so. This remarkable vote of the Synod is the most encouraging incident in the history of No-License since the 178,000 electors of New South Wales voted for it at the last election.

## COMMONWEALTH TYPISTES' EXAMINATION.

1st, 3rd, 6th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 24th, 26th, 29th, 34th, 35th, 39th, 42nd, 43rd, 46th, 47th, 49th, 55th, 61st, 63rd, 64th, and 66th places in the Commonwealth Typistes' Examination, held on the 23rd October last, were won by students trained and presented by

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METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE,  
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This is the Seventh Top Place won by Students of the M.B.C. in Public Examinations this year, and the Eleventh since January, 1908. The success of M.B.C. students is truly remarkable, and compels the attention of all who are interested in the Business Training of our young people.

## Why No-License has a Majority in NEW ZEALAND

### THE INCENTIVE.

In New Zealand the first offenders before the court are so registered that it is a simple thing to gauge the effect of alcohol on those other than the confirmed drunkards and habitués of the police court. Nothing could be more startling for the thoughtful New Zealander than to find that in seven years 35,964 people were convicted for the first time in their Dominion. It means that if they were all alive at the end of the seven years, then 1 in 27 of the population, or 1 in 17 of the adult population had been convicted for drunkenness. To put it in another way. Each year produces a fresh crop of drunkards numbering well over 5000. These facts are behind the burning indignation, the magnificent enthusiasm which have produced a majority of over 33,000 against the open bar for the whole Dominion.

The facts for New South Wales are perhaps a shade more appalling than these in New Zealand. While we have only one-third more population, we have exactly three times as many convictions for drunkenness. In New Zealand 1 in 95 was convicted for drunkenness in 1907, but in Clutha, under No-License, only 1 in 2000 was convicted. We find in this a reason for No-License.

### THE BASIS.

The people have a right to control the liquor traffic in the interest of public safety and well being, and the people have a right to refuse the sanction of law to any trade or business that cannot carry on its operations without damage to its customers and offence to the community. If in addition to the business doing harm to a large proportion of its customers it is proved to shorten the lives of those engaged in it, then there is no option for the people, they clearly must forbid the business and proclaim it both undesirable and unnecessary. No one can dispute the results of drinking, —the police and criminal courts bear eloquent testimony to the fruit of the open bar, the police are unanimous in stating that the only menace to good order comes from drinking, the doctors declaim against the drinking that creates accident, and predisposes to sickness and complicates their work enormously.

Drinking, or anything that encourages or give facilities to it, is undesirable; and it has been proved in millions of lives and many communities, it has no claim on the ground of necessity. On this two-fold basis, which is quite beyond all argument, and is as forcible here as in New Zealand, the great cause of No-License rests.

### EXPERIENCE.

No electorate in New Zealand that has enjoyed No-License has restored the open bar by the vote of the people. Clutha was the first to obtain No-License, and the ex-

periment was watched in the keenest possible way, both sides being anxious to bring to light every point bearing on the question. The result has been very satisfactory to No-License.

In Balclutha, the principle town, the vote showed a majority of two against No-License, but the country vote forced the open bar out, and now there is a two-to-one vote in Balclutha to retain No-License, and in 1908 the vote for the whole electorate showed No-License, 1839; restoration to open bar, 981.

The two adjoining electorates, Bruce on the north, and Mataura on the south, were the next encouraged by Clutha to go No-License. After 11 months Bruce was robbed of its victory on a technical point, but in spite of an alteration of the electoral boundary, by which Lawrence, with 14 open bars, was included, they have again obtained No-License. The experience that has convinced New Zealand is equally valuable to us, and warrants our voting No-License.

### FEARS DISPELLED.

Many who were favourable to temperance reform could not but feel the force of some of the prophetic utterances of the liquor people. It was urged that it would cripple business, but there has never been any proof that it hurt any business but that of the courts and the undertakers. In No-License areas the people have £2 10s per head per annum more to spend than in open bar areas, and the result is that business is brisk and payments prompt. Depositors in the banks at No-License Ashburton increased by 246 in three years, and the deposits increased by over £50,000.

It was feared that drinking would be carried on in the homes of the people, and very dreadful pictures were drawn of demoralised home life, but clergy and doctors alike combine to assert that it is not so, and that no proof of this prophetic utterance is yet forthcoming.

It was feared the place would be overrun with sly grog-sellers. While certain people profess great knowledge of such places, and look as if their knowledge was first hand, yet two facts stand out beyond dispute: first, that sly grog convictions are very numerous in the places where the open bars are, and that the police authorities are emphatic in stating that it is almost unknown in No-License areas.

### THE ONLY REMEDY.

The popular and gifted Anglican Bishop of Christchurch said, on September 4, 1908, "Well, for me there are just two words, and they are, 'No-License.' I am not at all blind to the partial injuries that may arise from it, or to a certain confusion that may spring from it, or to certain objections that may be taken to it, or to the fact that it won't carry out all that I desire and wish from it. But I am quite clear

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General Manager and Actuary; Richard Robert B. Cameron, Manager. Indus-  
Eecee, F.I.A., F.F.A., F.S.S. Secretary:  
trial Department: C. A. Elliott, F.I.A.  
Sydney, 14th May, 1909.

about this, that it is the only remedy we have in our hands that will break the power of an evil trade, and that will bring about a better state of things."

### THE PROPERTY ARGUMENT.

"And then I hear a great deal, especially at Home, about property, and I granted that there may be an injury to property—although I have heard a great many people lamenting who, I think, have come off pretty comfortably. But one property I don't hear enough about. I think of the souls of men, and ask, 'Whose property are they?' And I believe that I am called to be a steward of certain property that belongs to God, and that every man, woman, and child in this country is that property. And I ask, what about the ruin of that property? When you come to considerations such as this—and, friends, there is no cant about it—that there are human lives wrecked every day by this trade, and numbers of them—then, I say that I must, God helping me, do what I can to save His property—and that of all property there is none about which I must be so jealous as this: that property which is God's, because He made it, because He redeemed it; that property which is His because He has put His Spirit within it; and I say that, God helping me, I must do my best to save that property."

### THE ONLY CONCLUSION.

Reason it out, and you will find the No License issue is right, urgent, and reasonable, and more successful than any other method yet tried. Take at least some part in educating others that we may soon enjoy freedom from liquor temptation and liquor burdens, and see the answer to our prayer, "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

—♦♦—

Pat got a present of a piece of blue serge from his employer for a pair of trousers. He went to the tailor, who asked Pat how he wanted them made.

"Faith, sorr, it doesn't matter at all, at all," replied Pat, "so long as you make them like the master's; turned up at the bottom."

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## To the Electors of New South Wales

Fellow Countrymen,—We are rapidly approaching the day of the great battle when the people of our land will give their votes for or against the liquor bars in the second Local Option Poll. I ask you to be actively on the war-path, and move forward. The cause is greater than words can express, in view of the ills and sorrow by the deadly drink.

An open bar is an ever-present and dangerous temptation, to the strong as well as to the weak. The seductive influences of the wine cup, the subtle effects of alcohol—merely a medicine—the fascination of the pretty barmaid's smile, all help to make the bar a menace to the public good. Have not thousands perished and filled drunkards' graves? Have not thousands of homes been wrecked and ruined? Are not the tears of women and little children an unwritten record that should appeal to all with kindly hearts?

The open bar makes easy the pernicious custom of "shouting." Many men trace their ruin to this common practice. With no bars to "shout" at the custom dies. Other evils incidental to the traffic would also wholly or nearly disappear. Other lands are inspiring examples. Look at Canada, with 2,000,000 of its people living happily and prosperously under No-License. She lives under the same glorious flag, the

Union Jack, as ourselves. Look at the United States, with 40,000,000, or nearly half its population, under the same beneficent conditions. Does not New Zealand bravely inspire us with its hard fight? Are not its handful of No-License electorates object-lessons to all Australasia? Certainly Sir Robert Stout, its Chief Justice, has spoken in most eulogistic terms of their all-round success. Who should know better than he? These examples are all eloquent with meaning.

Now let us prepare for this poll, which will be memorable. The eyes of, not only Australia, but of the Empire, will be upon us. May we rise to the importance of the occasion. Now we can educate and show the manifold advantages through having no liquor bars. The people are inquiring. This is the seed time: may we sow well, and as true citizens and high-minded patriots. May you and I work with all our might. And right is might. God is with us.

I alter a famous sentence to suit the case against the liquor traffic. "You shall not press down upon the brow of the innocent the crown of thorns. You shall not crucify mothers and children upon a cross of brewers' gold." Let us show our faith in this by our votes in this coming poll.—I am, dear fellow countrymen, ever yours truly,

*L B Boyce.*

## General Grant a Prohibitionist

"I am an out-and-out prohibitionist."

"Because I have seen that strong drink has been the source of untold misery to individuals, to families, and to communities. I believe that prohibition would be an inestimable benefit to this country and to the world."

"I have favoured the cause of prohibition all my life."

"I am convinced that its honest enforcement would solve many of the social problems of the land."

"I have not always been a total abstainer, although I am one now."

"As my belief was strengthened by my own observations, I decided that the cause demanded more than passive acknowledgment of its truth."

"Where prohibition has been honestly enforced, the cause of law and order has advanced."

"In Nashville conditions have improved wonderfully since prohibition has been enforced there."

"I think I am not too radical in my belief in the value of prohibition, when I consider the length and breadth of experience which has determined my position on this point."

In these frank words, Major-General Frederick Dent Grant declared his sympathy with the prohibition cause in an interview in the daily press, in which he replied to liquor leaders who attacked him for his action in leading the great temperance and law and order demonstration in Chicago, September 25th.

It was natural that apologists for the liquor trade should be nettled at the part taken by General Grant in the great demonstration in Chicago, but their criticism developed a situation full of unexpected humour when W. R. Michaelis, the leader of the beer makers' "United Societies for

Local Self-Government" forwarded an open letter to Secretary for War Dickinson, charging General Grant with impropriety in marching in the law enforcement parade in full uniform.

The laboured air of injured dignity and pretended indignation of Mr. Michaelis' letter was completely upset, and the absurdity of the whole accusation exposed in the apt retort of the Secretary for War.

The "United Societies" have always loy-

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ally proclaimed their championship of "Personal Liberty." "I understand these societies which Mr. Michaelis represents, stand for liberty," Secretary Dickinson is reported to have said. "If that is the case, why do they criticise General Grant for exercising his free will in the matter of attending the parade?" In a later detailed reply to the critics of General Grant, Secretary Dickinson declared that General Grant participated in the parade as an individual, and had violated no rule of the military service by wearing his uniform on that occasion.

Never did a liquor champion launch a more self-extinguishing boomerang than that set in motion by W. R. Michaelis.

In another interview, General Grant declared: "Personally I am a teetotaler, and if I could reduce drunkenness by one half, I should feel I had done my share of good in the world. No one need have any doubts as to my personal feelings upon this subject. I am willing to get out of the Army, or make any other personal sacrifice if thereby I shall be able to advance the cause of temperance."

\*\*\*

"I dunno ez the prodigal son was so very bad, after all" said Mrs. Carnlossal.

"He wa'n't no good to his family," her husband rejoined.

"That's a fact; but when he got home he didn't hev no more ter say. Ef he'd been like most o' the men folks nowadays, the fust thing he'd of done would've been to find fault with the way the fatted calf was cooked!"

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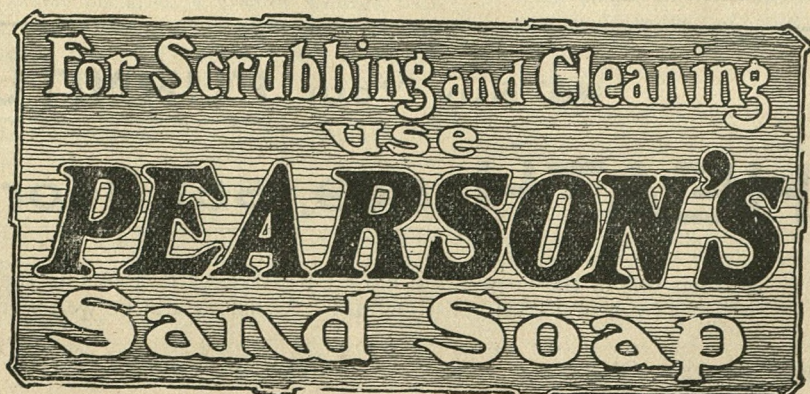
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# From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(By UNCLE BARNABAS.)

## OLD WILLIAM: A TRUE STORY OF THE EARLY MINING DAYS.

(Written for the Special Issue by Uncle B.)

Under the shade of a little wooden church in a place noted all over New South Wales for its honey, I stood the other day by an old man's grave. For many years William Cliff, as we will call him, worshipped in the church close by. There is a nail in the wooden wall yet that they say William drove 'n himself to hang his hat on. But it is 27 years since old William's hat hung on that nail, and since his voice was heard in the hymns he loved. Everybody knew William, and everybody knew that he was one of the holiest men that lived "on the field," as they called it, for it is an old goldfield, and among its gullies the bush-rangers used to hide, and, down on the old river Turon, about which you can read, if you like, in the 32nd and 33rd chapters of "Robbery Under Arms," some of the very roughest and quaintest old diggers may be found to this day. Old William was the superintendent of the little Sunday School, with a young Manxman to help him, who himself had been robbed of £400 worth of gold by the bushrangers, and whom we will call John. This younger man is now as old as William was when he died in 1882, and he is the superintendent of the Sunday School, and the leading singer in the church. I heard him sing "O, Day of Rest and Gladness" one Sunday, and felt thankful for such men as he and William, who keep a bright light burning for righteousness in these lonely out-of-the-way places in our land. Old John—for he is old John now—is the leading No-License fighter in the place, and when the meetings were being held during last campaign, it was his great big draught horse that dragged the two reverend lecturers down the side of the mountain (in a little sulky), to another little mining township, with two pubs. and 200 voters in it. I think everybody thought the pubs. were safe to win a good big majority on election day at that place, but it turned out that 79 voted for continuance, 13 for reduction, and 107 for No-License. Bravo! I wonder how much old John and the two reverends, and the big plough-horse had to do with that vote? But it is about old William I am telling you.

As a young man, he was a wild, rough, godless fellow, with no thought of God or his soul. To him all days were alike. He worked at his "claim" on Sundays, just the same as any other day, and, indeed, he was so far away from the world of clocks and almanacs, that he did not know when it was Sunday and when it was Wednesday. One day he was sluicing away for gold, when a woman walked down to him. She was just going down to a little meeting among the Methodists at a place on the Turon River. "Oh!" she said, "You wicked man! Why are you working on God's Holy Day like this? God is angry with you for your wicked ways." And then she went on her way, but she had spoken a word that went like an arrow to the Sabbath-breaker's heart. He did not know it was Sunday! But what the woman had said troubled him, and he quietly put his tools away, left his work, went to his camp, and never again went gold-seeking on the Lord's Day. He began, however, to seek for that gold that does not perish, and soon he found that the God against whom he had sinned so long

"is a God ready to pardon" (Neh. 9: 17). And now what peace filled his soul! How he sorrowed over the sins of the past, and how hard he tried to make up for the long years of neglect! For many years he lived a faithful, godly life. He used to reprove people when he heard them wrong-speaking or saw them wrong-doing, and in every way he tried to build up the City of God, that before he threw down. As I stood by his little headstone,

"Sacred to the Memory  
of  
William Cliff,"

I thought of that woman who spoke a few words for Christ's sake as she went along her way, and I thought how much good we all might do, what altar-fires we might kindle, what arrows of truth we might shoot, if we learned how to speak a good word for Jesus Christ.

"Speak just a word for Jesus,  
Do not for others wait;  
Gladly proclaim the message  
Ere it shall be too late!

Speak just a word for Jesus,  
Why should you doubt or fear?  
Surely His love will bless it,  
Someone will gladly hear!"

N.B.—Send all letters, answers, and everything for this page (Page 9) to Uncle Barnabas, Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

### FOR SUNDAY.

#### HOW THEY WRITE LETTERS "DOWN IN JUDEE."

(Can you find these Bible names in the Bible?)

Jerusalem,  
December 5th, 1909.

Dear Maher-Shalal-hash-baz,—I hope you and cousin Jochebed are quite well. Ahitub, Bunni, and I are going to Pi-hahiroth to spend our Christmas holidays with Uncle Hermogenes. Could you two, and your friends Nebuchadnezzar and Shuppim run over on your camels for a few days? You could spend a night in Mesopotamia with your old Uncle Joshbekashah. I am sure old Aunt Kerenhappuch would make you a shakedown on the housetop. We are expecting Bildad and little Bakbuk from Hor-hagidgah, so we shall be a merry party. Zelophehad joins me in love to all at Bene-jaakan.

Yours sincerely,  
ABED-NEGO SMITH.

P.S.—How is Peleg?

P.P.S.—Bring the Special Issue of "Grit" with you.

To Master Maher-Shalal-hash-baz Jones, son of Bukki Jones, U.R.

### FOR MONDAY.

#### ADDITION BY MAGIC.

7	4	5	6	3	2	6	4
2	5	4	3	6	7	3	5
8	9	1	2	7	5	6	3
1	0	8	7	2	4	3	6
6	5	2	3	7	0	9	9
3	4	7	6	2	9	0	0
6	2	3	1	5	7	2	4

3 6 2 3 1 5 7 2 1

1. Get someone to write a line of figures.
2. You write a line making every figure



of the first line, when added to yours, come to 9.

3. You can finish the sum by writing the last line and at once the answer, taking 3 from the last figure and putting it in front of the first.

### BUY "GRIT"

Because this page—Page 9—is always full of jolly things for the boys and girls between 7 and 17.

Because there are interesting competitions. Because there is always something to interest the young folks on Sundays.

Because there are Monday games and puzzles.

Because the boys and girls may get their own articles and letters into print here.

Because Band of Hope workers find this page helps them.

Because hundreds of inquisitive juniors are trying to find out who Uncle B. is, and they can't!

Because for 5/- "Grit" will come to your door every week for a year.

### PLANTATION SONG.

#### GET YOU READY!

Written for the N.S.W. Alliance campaign by the Rev. H. Wheen, and never before printed.

(Tune: Jubilee Singers, "There's a meeting here to-night.")

#### Chorus:

Get you ready! For the great No-License Fight!

Come along! You've a Vote to cast for Right!

I know you've a care  
For the Bottom Square  
And the Great No-License Fight!

1. My mother says it is the best  
For the Great No-License Fight—  
To be a Prohibitionist—  
You've a Vote to cast for Right!  
Chorus: Get you Ready, etc.

2. I'm Teetotal bred and Teetotal born!  
For the Great No-License Fight!  
And when I'm dead a Teetotal's gone!  
You've a Vote to cast for Right!  
Chorus: Get you Ready, etc.

3. Election is down in the place you live—  
For the Great No-License Fight!  
I guess a blow at old Drink you'll give!  
You've a Vote to cast for Right!  
Chorus: Get you Ready, etc.

### CHILDREN'S SPECIAL ISSUE OF "GRIT."

Next June there is to be a children's "Grit" issued, with pictures and stories and

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT

—DRINK—

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MENTION "GRIT" WHEN ORDERING.

puzzles, and—I can't tell you what else. It is hoped that it will be a mighty appeal to the electors to vote for the Children.

The children are going to help to pay for sending the June Special Issue free to tens of thousands of homes.

Collecting Cards will be sent to all who will collect 20/- or 10/-.

Prizes: A bound annual volume of "Grit" will be given to all who collect 20/-.

A beautiful knife or article for the dressing-table to all who collect 10/-.

SEND FOR A CARD to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

## XXI. SERMON ILLUSTRATION COMPETITION.

(Sent by Arthur S. Winton. Preacher: Rev. Mr. Rook.)

A British regiment was stationed below a hill, which was occupied by the enemy. The general knew that if he gained possession of the hill he would obtain an easy victory. So he called in his captain, saying: "Captain, see yonder hill; I want you to storm and take it for me." "Oh, sir," said the captain, "that is impossible." "No," replied the general, "that hill has to be taken, and I believe you are the man to do it." Thus encouraged, the captain gathered his company together, and marched on the hill, many a brave fellow being shot down by the enemy on top. At last, with only a few men left, the captain reached the top of the hill, and drove the enemy back.

The general hastened forward to congratulate his captain, but on reaching the hill he saw the captain leaning on the knee of one of his soldiers. As the general came nearer the captain looked up, and with fire in his eyes said: "I did it, general; I did it."

Oh! what a happy day it will be when we can stand before the throne of glory and say to Jesus Christ: "I did it! Master; I did it!"

(There will be a nice prize for the best Sermon Illustration sent by any boy or girl from 7 to 17. The prize will be awarded when 30 illustrations are in. Will you try? Send your name and the preacher's name to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.)

## LETTER-BOX.

## A NICE NEW "NIECE."

Emma Rankin, Dalburrabin, Casino, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Although I have always read your page, I have never before written, or in any way contributed anything to it. If you have room for me in your large circle of "ni's" and "ne's" I should like to be a "ni." I will be thirteen years old on the 29th of this month. I have heard that you are soon to visit our town. We are all looking forward to your coming with eager delight. The Alliance, of which my father is a member, is very busy at present. It is opposing the grant of a publi-

can's booth, which some of our citizens are wanting on the grounds where the cadet sports are to be held on the 15th of next month. My step-mother says she is sending the four subscriptions to "Grit" which she has collected very soon now. She has been very busy of late, working with and for the Alliance and I.O.G.T., and consequently has had very little time for anything else. Will you send me a Collecting Card? I hope you will find room on your page for my letter. Love and best wishes to the "Baby," from your Will-be-if-I-May niece.

(Dear "Niece,"—For you may be a "niece." I am very glad to have you. Your letter and your little sister's gave me much pleasure. I want to know if they kept the horrid old beer-barrel off the cadets' ground. Be sure and let me know. Three cheers for your father! Shall be very thankful to have you for a collector. Love to Kathleen. Uncle B.)

ALL BOYS AND GIRLS SHOULD SEND A LINE TO SAY IF THEY LIKE 7 TO 17—PAGE NINE!

## A NICE OLD "NEPHEW."

Arthur S. Winton, 17 Annandale Street, Annandale, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—At last! At last I have—as you see—written to you. Well, the first thing that I want to remind you about is, that I would like one of your famous collecting cards for our "Grit." The next is that you will find herewith a sermon illustration, preached by Mr. Rook. Wouldn't it be jolly if every "ne" or "ni" that collected for the "Seven to Seventeen Grit" was to get a bound copy of "Grit." I know for one, that I would like it.

I don't suppose you have struck my name off your list, as being "dead," have you? I wouldn't wonder if you had. You are a fortunate "uncle" to have so many "ne's" and "ni's" that you have to write their names down so as not to forget which is which. Well, now, I must close, with kindest regards.

(Dear Old Arthur,—Where have you been? So glad you've turned up again. It is real good of you to take the card. The 7 to 17 Special Issue will be all right, won't it? No names get struck off my list. Once on, there they stay, and yours is the third name on the list. Will you send another illustration, and write me a nice little article for the Christmas or New Year issue.—Uncle B.)

## ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S ALPHABET PUZZLE.

What letters spell comfort? E's.  
What letter does the donkey like? A.  
What letters fly around in trees? J's.  
What letters are busy? B's.  
What letters are for measuring? L's.  
What letters are for fishes? C's.

What letters know most? Y's.

What letters see most? I's.

What letters do we put on our handkerchiefs? M's.

What letters cackle? N's.

What letters do Chinamen wear? Q's.

What letters are made for service? U's.

What letters are good to eat? P's.

What letters do tom-boys like and tom-cats don't like? T's.

What letter doesn't the donkey like? G.

What letter do we sneeze with? H.

What letters prevented some from seeing the American Fleet? A's.

## BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

To Romola Taylor (N.Z.), for December 12th (15).

To Harold F. Wheen, Bathurst, for December 12th (14).

"Grace unto you, and peace be multiplied" 1 Peter 1: 2.

To BABY PAGE NINE—December 5th (2 years old!)

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, Baker's man,  
Bake me a cake as fast as you can!  
Stick it! and prick it! and mark it with B!  
And throw it in the oven for Baby and me!

## THE PROPRIETORS OF THE METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

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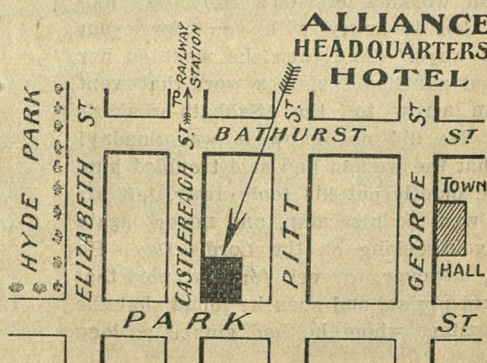
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## Nameless and Homeless Children

About 2800 children are born out of wedlock each year in New South Wales, and about 200 of these have mothers under 16 years of age, and 20 of them are no more than 14 years, or younger. Surely these must be counted as "undesirable and unwelcome immigrants;" add to these the 7000 children, which may include some of these nameless ones, who are dealt with by the Boarding-out department of our Government Charities, and we have a vast number of children whose handicap in life might well be lessened by those who follow the Christ who "took little children up in His arms and blessed them." The Government is to be commended for its humane and sensible plan of sending the worst of the truant children to the cottage homes at Mittagong, and adding a carpenter's course for those who weary of theoretical education, and yet have energy for practical things. It is a good thing to get these homeless children in a place as near homelike as possible, it is a better thing to get the homeless child in a childless home, but it is best of all to keep the child with its natural parents in its natural home. The cry of the child is first of all for justice, and this may mean justice for its parents, and it is our business to remove causes of injustice, and compensate the child for our past neglect. Just in proportion as we do justice to and improve the condition of the workers, just to that extent do we decrease the opportunities for child dependency. When women, the home makers, are forced to become the bread winners, then the child sufferers, and the more we discuss the child problem the more clearly we see how it involves many of the problems of democracy. There is no greater enemy to the child than alcohol, which has been proved to be "the mother of want and the father of crime," and while many of our readers feel that there is not much that they can do in the interest of the nameless and homeless children, surely they can decrease the facilities for the sale of alcohol by their help to the No-License cause, and they can remember the child problem is to be solved, not in school or

Parliament, but in the home. When parents educate their children in piety and total abstinence, and in earliest days form a bond of union with their child by the sacred confidences between child and parent, then indeed have they made a noble contribution to the happiness of children.

The picture on this page suggests forcibly that the trade that can only live by claiming boys and girls, and mangling them beyond recognition, must be shut out.

### NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Miss Abbott, Miss Bambury, Miss Blake, Miss Forrest, G. D. Gaul, Mrs. Higgins, Miss Hutchings, J. T. Hammond, C. Ingall, A. J. Johnston, Miss Kelman, A. Monypenny, Mrs. G. H. Newman, G. S. Neish, Mrs. Stanley, Miss Solomons, W. H. Smith, D. Vernon, T. Wickerson, Miss Wyndham, Mrs. Wilson, Rev. Walker, Mrs. S. Patton, Rev. D. Rees, Mrs. W. B. Walters, Mrs. Williamson, Miss Mead, S. E. Bradford.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Rev. Kelly, 6d, 13/1/10; S. Strong, 7s; Mrs. Moore, 1s 3d, 9/3/10; Mrs. Skerington, 2s 6d, 6/5/10; Mrs. W. Moore, 2s 6d 15/4/10; Mrs. Leeder, 5s, 21/2/10; A. Maloney, 5s, 11/12/08; M. Scobie, 6s, 20/10/09; Miss Hooper, 7s 6d, 2/2/10; A. Dash, jun., 5s, 30/4/10; Miss Opie, 6s 6d, 5/11/10; Mrs. Jones, 2s 6d, 18/3/10; Dr. Upham, 6s 6d; E. Bartlett, 2s 6d, 28/4/10; Miss Evans, 5s, 16/11/10; Mrs. Barnett, 5s, 1/2/10; Mr. Latcham, 5s, 31/1/10; Miss Bambury, 2s 6d, 9/6/10; C. Ingall, 2s 6d, 9/6/10; W. H. Smith, 2s 6d, 9/6/10; G. D. Gaul, 2s 6d, 9/6/10; Miss Forrest, 2s 6d, 9/6/10; S. Wickerson, 2s 6d, 9/6/10; A. J. Johnston, 5s, 9/12/10; J. Edmiston, 2s, 12/1/10.

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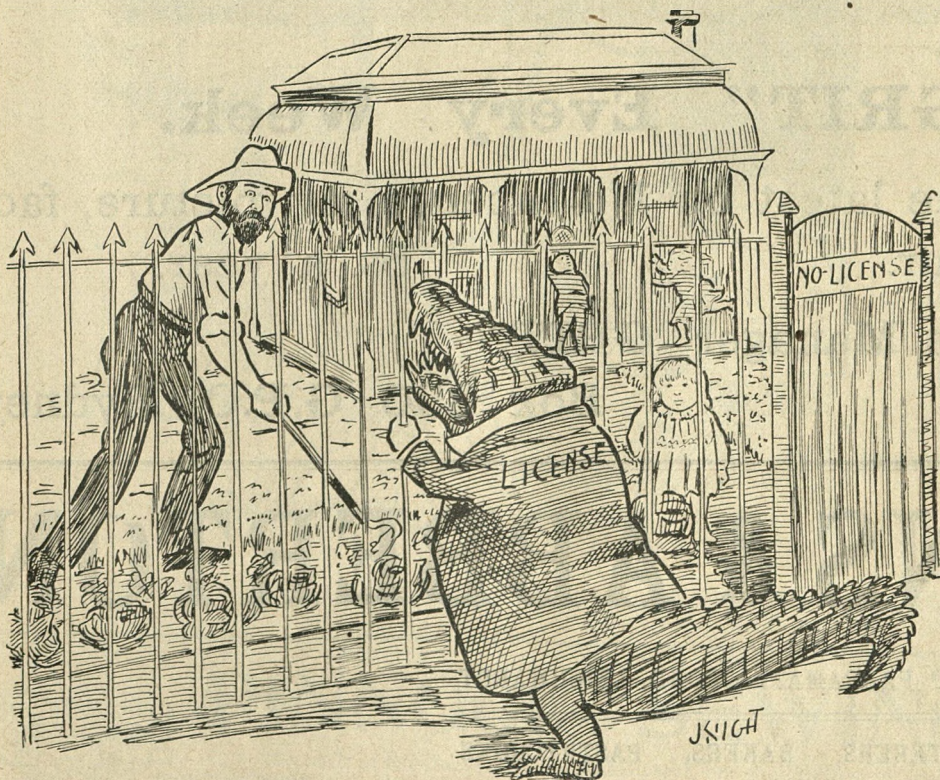
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