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GRIFF.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

Vol. III.—No. 32

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28 1909

Price One Penny

To those who would Shoot Straight

Sir Frederick Treves, the King's surgeon, and the greatest surgeon in our Empire, left his valuable practice for a time during the South African war, so that he might help to cure the wounded soldiers. After he went back to London, he said:—

"I was, as you know, with the chief column that moved on Ladysmith, and, of course, it was an extremely trying time by reason of the hot weather. In that enormous column of 30,000, the first who dropped out were not the tall men—or the short

men, or the big men, or the little men—they were the drinkers, and they dropped out as clearly as if they had been labelled with a big letter on their backs."

Donald McDonald, who wrote "How We Kept the Flag Flying," was shut up in Ladysmith with the soldiers, and he told us another side of the story. The supply of strong drink in the town soon became exhausted, and he wrote in the Melbourne "Argus":—

"Temperance advocates can get a text out

of Ladysmith that cannot be excelled in any place in the world—the total absence of crime because of the absence of drink."

One of our Federal members of Parliament, the Hon. J. Page, M.H.R., from Queensland, was able to tell the House of Representatives something on this point. He said:—

"When I was with the troops in South Africa, we were kept seven months without grog, and during that time not one man was sent up for punishment. But when we got to Dundee, the men were able to get liquor, and the first night there were 37 in the guard-room for drunkenness." While the grog was locked up the men were free, but as soon as the grog was put in their way the men were locked up.

The great Duke of Wellington said:—

"I am convinced that if a system of temperance could be generally established in the army, it would be greatly for the advantage of the discipline and efficiency of the troops."

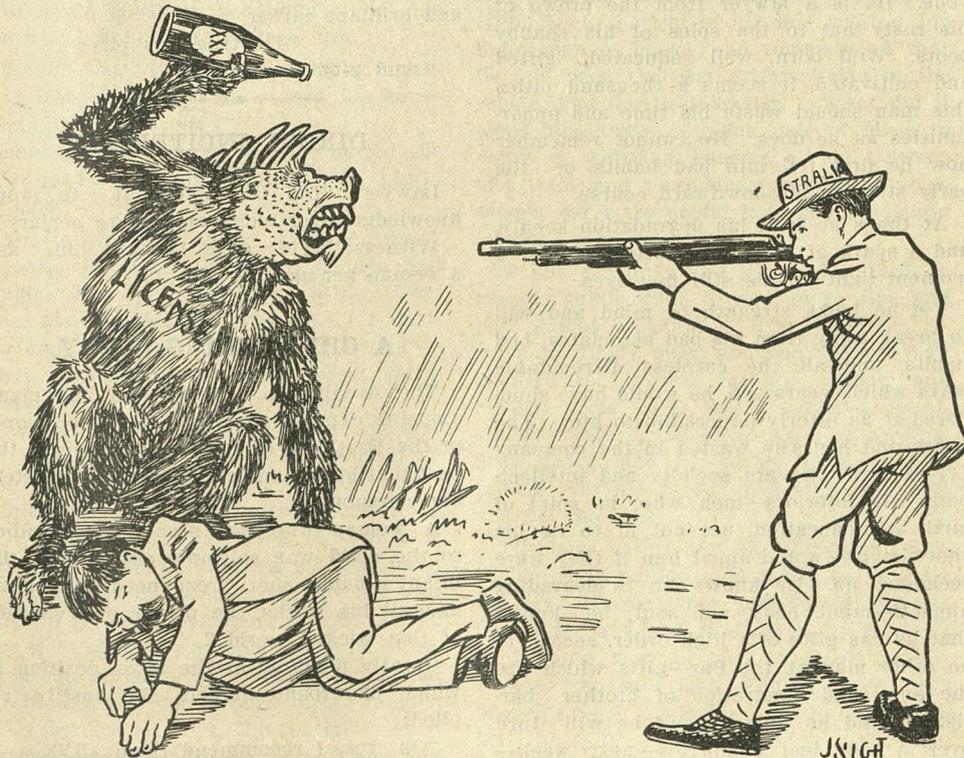
Viscount Wolseley said:—

"Our men enjoyed splendid health in the Soudan, and this is due to the fact that from the time they entered the Soudan until they quitted it, they were not supplied with spirits."

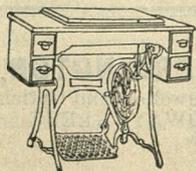
Sir C. Napier, at Calcutta, reviewing the British troops, said to his men:—

"Let me give you a bit of advice—that is, don't drink! I know young men do not think much about advice from old men. They put their tongue in their cheek, and think they know a great deal better than the 'old cove' who is giving them advice. But if you drink you are done for."

In the story of the Civil War in America, we are told that General Stonewall Jackson was remarkable for his strict abstinence. On one occasion, when much exhausted, he was asked by a brother officer to join in a glass of brandy and water. "No," said he, "I never use it; I am more afraid of it than of the Yankee bullets."



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WILLIAM WHITE — Redfern and Newtown

The Broken-down Barrister

The following is extracted from one of the articles on "Loafers in Chancery Lane," by E. Taylor, which are appearing in the "English Illustrated Magazine":—

Perhaps there is not in the whole of London another spot which offers so wide a field of observation to the student of human nature as that crowded and curious thoroughfare leading from Holborn to the Strand and Fleet Street, called Chancery Lane. The numbers of people of all kinds, classes, and conditions who traverse it, rich, poor, well clothed, shabby, genteel, and ragged, each with a history, if not a romance, of his or her own, would furnish material for any number of books.

If only we could see into their minds, read their thoughts, hopes, and fears, how much we should learn! Our professional duties take us almost daily down Chancery Lane to the Strand, and we have, therefore, numerous opportunities of studying not only the casual passers by, but the habitués of the Lane—people who seem to spend the greater part of their existence in, or near it, and are almost as familiar to us by sight as the Temple Bar Memorial itself.

One of these people, whom we have chosen for the subject of our first sketch, is the broken-down barrister—a figure which may be seen any day, and all the year round, up to a late hour of the night, hanging about Chancery Lane and its environs.

He is a tall, willowy, Don Quixote-like sort of man, with large features and iron-grey hair.

He is a barrister; and a few years ago was a man of good reputation and large practice, with handsome chambers in the Temple, and a pretty house out of town.

But slowly and surely our friend has come down, step by step, and each day finds him still deeper in the mire of degradation, till he shudders to think what he will become at no great distance of time.

Being now without chambers in which to see the few clients still remaining to him, he holds consultations and transacts legal business in public-houses. It is amusing to follow the movements of a client who has a case for him. Brief in hand, he runs from tavern to tavern, peeping into bar after bar, until the truant barrister is found, glass in hand, sneering strongly of "special Scotch," and probably discoursing at the top of his voice to an admiring circle of his acquaintances—seedy individuals like himself, mostly pettifogging lawyers, fourth-rate actors, brokers, architects, clerks, and occasionally the reporter or sub-editor of an atheistic journal. He is not at all particular with whom he associates.

Still, there is no denying that our friend is a remarkably clever man and capable lawyer. When he really gives his mind to a case, no matter how difficult and in-

tricate it may be, he will carry it through with skill and ability.

He is always sure of a fair hearing, for he is a favourite with the judges from his clear, brief manner of stating a case, his well-chosen and ready speech, quick wit, and unfailing courtesy and deference to their lordships. It is this which has retained him some of his old clients still, in spite of his weakness—drink. Knowing the man, they take care to secure him bodily, early in the day in which the case comes on for hearing, and keep him safely under lock and key until the time for going into Court, when he is robed in gown and wig and conducted to his seat. Should this precaution not be taken, and his foolishly trusting client accept his promise to appear in Court at a stated time, there will be a grievous disappointment for him. Either the gentleman will not turn up at all, or else, suddenly remembering the appointment long after the time, rush breathless to the scene of action (or actions), full of remorse and whisky, and overwhelm his unfortunate client with apologies and offers of liquid refreshment; or probably he will swear hard and fast that the appointment was made for some other rendezvous (generally a neighbouring wine bar), at which he will unblushingly affirm he has been waiting patiently for hours. But first—such is his williness!—he will ascertain that his client has not been near the said rendezvous. He is a lawyer from the crown of his rusty hat to the soles of his shabby boots. Well born, well educated, gifted and cultivated, it seems a thousand pities this man should waste his time and opportunities as he does. He cannot remember how he first fell into bad habits, or the early steps in his downward course.

At times he feels his degradation keenly, and a spark of the old ambition will for a moment light up his still fine eyes.

Yet he lacks strength of mind and will to break away from his bad associates, bad habits, and all the careless disreputable ways which, years ago, he would have shuddered at as utterly impossible to him. The hours and hours he wasted in the company (?) of men who are socially and intellectually his inferiors—men who, in point of birth and education, are not fit to tie his shoe-strings—would appal him if they were reckoned up. He knows he is degrading himself—mind, body, and soul; he knows that he has gifts of a high order, second to no other man at the Bar—gifts which are the envy and admiration of brother barristers—and he tells himself he will turn over a new leaf to-morrow—next week—next term. But the effort is too much for him, it will never be made. He has gone too far to redeem the past now. Drink has been his ruin, has wrecked what might

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Subscribed Capital	£1,500,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserves...	735,000
Net Revenue for 1908	647,300
Losses paid	7,098,471

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QUEENSLAND BRANCH,
QUEEN STREET, BRISBANE.

have been a noble life, warped a naturally fine character, and spoiled an honourable and brilliant career.

"Tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true."

DIRECT INCITEMENT.

Lawyer: "Did the defendant, to your knowledge, ever incite another to perjury?"
Witness: "Yes; once I heard him ask a woman her age."

A CHRISTENING STORY.

The Archbishop of York has had many amusing experiences among the poor people of the East End of London, and one of the best that he remembers concerns a christening ceremony.

A woman who was standing godmother to the child was solemnly asked if in the infant's name she "renounced the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world?"

Greatly flustered at the novel position in which she found herself, she hastily replied:

"Oh, yes, I recommend them all!"

And it took the officiating clergyman a good couple of minutes before he could sufficiently command his face in order to go on with the ceremony.

DRUNK **WATCHES**
And Disorderly

which are an annoyance to the wearers, can be put in THOROUGH REPAIR by sending them to the temperance Watchmaker, or leave them at N.S.W. Alliance Office.

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Richard Wyndham's Career

By ANASTASIA CALL in the "Australasian."

The boy stood at the last turn of the crooked brown road. As long as he could remember it had been cows—cows—cows. As soon as he could toddle he had to bring the cows home when his fingers were strong enough he had to take his share of the milking. Well, he was full up at last, and deep down in his boyish heart he registered a vow that he would never milk a cow again—not if he starved.

A wild feeling of lawless liberty was surging in him. In his pocket was five and ninepence, the greatest sum he had ever possessed. It seemed a small fortune; surely a fellow could live for a long time on five and ninepence.

Clarence was the joy and pride of his mother's heart; he knew that he was not, and how mad she would be. Clarence was his step-brother, or rather his step-mother's eldest son, because she was a widow when Dick's father married her. Ever since she came he had been ill-treated, and the boy clenched his small fists, while his eyes had a murderous light as he remembered what he had suffered from mother and son.

He must part with Rory—faithful, warm-hearted Rory, whose eyes were looking up at him with a world of affection in their sober brown depths. He stooped down, and caught the dog's head between his hands, and looked into his beautiful honest eyes.

"Good old Rory!" he murmured, brokenly, "Good old dog!"

Rory whined in sympathy. His sensitive spirit felt that something was amiss.

Just then a girl came riding along the road. Dick recognised her. Her father was a grazier, and well-off. Fenella Gordon, in her blue habit and little blue velvet cap, with her clear skin and long golden hair, always looked a kind of angel. He never dared speak to her before, but his need was urgent, and her face kind.

"Would you," he said, sheepishly, blushing to the ear-tips, as he raised his cap—"would you like a dog?"

She slipped off the pony, and patted the dog's head. "Do you want to sell him?" she said.

"No; to give him away. You see, miss," he continued, haltingly, getting redder, and dropping his eyes, "I—I ran away from home, and the dog followed me. I can't take him with me. You look kind, and"—with a gulp—"Rory is the tenderest, faithfulest animal in the whole world!"

The girl cuddled the dog's head against her. "I'll take him," she said, "and I'll be good to him, so you needn't worry."

Melbourne! Dick had often pictured it, but never imagined anything like what it was. The noise of the traffic bewildered him, and then the loneliness! In his own township he knew everybody; here, all the faces were strange and cold and forbidding.

A group of boys were playing pitch and toss in a lane. They were dirty, ragged, mostly barefooted boys, thieves and street-rats most of them. He was very lonely and very tired.

An impudent, self-conscious urchin looked up at him, with a gleam of mischief in his small, deep-set eyes. "Halloa, Chummy," he said pertly, "when did you arrive?"

"I'm a stranger in town," answered Dick, with a confidence he did not feel.

"Yes. You're from the bush." Dick wondered how on earth he guessed. "You

want board and lodging, and you can't afford Menzies'. That's it, ain't it?"

"Yes. I want to get a billet, but I'd like to know where to stay. I've money to pay," he said, and jingled the remaining shillings and pennies with the air of a millionaire.

A glance of understanding passed round. "Come and have a toss," said one boy, smiling invitingly.

But "Ginger," the first speaker, stood up. "No, you don't, Tiger," he said, authoritatively. "Don't you make no bloomer. He's my look-out. He's a stranger, and my pal. Come up to the diggings, Chummy, and have a wash and a tuck-in. So long, you fellows."

The Home, open to boys who had no home, stood in a quiet street. The superintendent welcomed Dick, and asked no questions. He had a wash, and a meal with "Ginger"; then he dropped into one of the little beds in the big dormitory, and slept the sleep of utterly worn-out boyhood.

He woke early next morning, but nearly all the occupants had disappeared, being mostly paper boys. He told his story to the superintendent, who was interested, but boys were a plentiful commodity, and he knew of no vacancy.

Dick was a clever boy, and had learnt all the State school master could teach him, and he had hoped for a billet in an office or shop. He applied to advertisers in the newspapers; but dozens of other boys applied, too—spick and span, white-collared boys. He grew more hopeless every day, and every day his pennies grew fewer. His pal, "Ginger," tried to cheer him up, and ventually enabled him to stave off starvation by showing him how to sell papers, and teaching him the tricks of the streets. Often Dick thought of his fine writing, his knowledge of books, and remembered that he had been the best arithmetician in the school, and the best speller. What did it avail him now? A quick pair of heels to dodge a whizzing hansom or the sweep of a tram, and a raucous, ear-splitting voice seemed far more useful than any scholastic talents.

In the evenings the boys assembled in the big public-room, to read or to sing and play games or skylark. The door was always invitingly open, and one night a man shuffled in. It was raining outside, and bitterly cold. He was a battered, out-at-elbows creature, with bleary eyes, straggling, grey beard, and a shaggy mane of hair falling over his collar; unkempt and dirty and not too sober.

The boys hailed him as "Whiskery Bill"; but he only smiled, and made his way to the fire. He sat down, and stared into the flames for a while, then, as if by force of habit, drew a small book from his pocket. A boy who was also reading came and peeped over his shoulder. "It's Greek, my lad," he said. "You wouldn't understand it."

He read on, and gradually the alcoholic fumes cleared from his brain. Some of the boys gathered round the platform, and one was reciting, "How We Beat the Favourite." The man turned, and looked up curiously. It was the same boy that he had spoken to.

He looked and listened attentively. The boy used none of the stiff, mechanical ges-

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FIRE INSURANCE AT LOWEST RATES.

tures common to the juvenile reciter. He stood easily, every motion full of grace and vigour; his voice clear and properly modulated; sweet and ringing as a silver bell. He evidently felt every word, and the stirring scene was brought vividly before his hearers' imagination; the wild rush and swing of the race, the closing-in sweep, the final dash in the straight. All felt the power and fascination of the flashing eyes and the thrilling voice. His audience knew little of oratory, yet even ignorant boys acknowledged his gift.

"Well done, Chummy," they called out. "Blest if you oughtn't go to Bland 'Olt, and he'd give you a billet at the Royal. Strike me pink if he ain't a wonder!"

As for the man, a new light was shining in his eyes, and his face had regained some of its lost humanity.

"The boy's a genius!" he gasped. "Where did he pick up that marvellous gift?"

He got the boy to talk, and Dick told him all his dreams and aspirations. Book-loving was the bond between them. The man had a little room close by, and still coached a few University students. It was small, but there was room for a boy's stretcher in the corner, and the queerly-assorted pair took up their quarters together.

(To be concluded.)

WHEN IN DOUBT SEND HALF A CROWN.

One-third of those who receive "Grit" every week owe at least 5/-. This places us in a serious position. We must pay our way; how can we unless our subscribers pay us?

A large number do not know when their sub. is due, they know they must owe something, but hesitate because they are not sure of the amount. Will you send a postal note for 2/6, and then see by next issue the date that pays you to?

When people do not pay for what they get they are —!

A postal note, please, to Box 390, G.P.O.

"Och, Dennis, darlint, what is it you're doing?" "Whist, Biddy; I'se tryin' an experiment." "Murther! What is it?" "Why, it's giving hot wather to the chickens I am, so that they'll be affther laying boiled eggs!"

Where they Drink in New Zealand

RETURN SHOWING AGGREGATE AMOUNT OF DUTY PAID ON SPIRITS AND BEER AT THE SEVERAL PORTS OF NEW ZEALAND DURING THE YEARS 1904-5-6, AND THE YEARS 1907-8-9.

Port.	Years 1904-5-6.	Years 1907-8-9.	Increase,	Decrease,
Auckland	363,208	422,996	59,788	
Tauranga	943	815		128
Poverty Bay	38,238	56,373	18,135	
Kaipara	21			
New Plymouth	17,440	23,418	5,978	
Patea	2,180	3,477	1,297	
Wanganui	87,049	97,393	10,344	
Wellington	403,584	481,137	77,553	
Napier	78,956	102,096	23,140	
Wairau	15,659	17,825	2,166	
Pictou	22	54	32	
Nelson	35,242	35,868	626	
Westport	15,859	18,649	2,790	
Greymouth	28,420	28,788	368	
Hokitika	22,504	19,872		2,632
Littleton and Christchurch	317,607	378,354	60,747	
Timaru	27,943	36,322	8,379	
Oamaru	20,306	2,521		17,785
Dunedin	333,817	361,990	28,173	
Invercargill	354,123	364,511	10,388	
	81,589	82,258	669	

TOTALS OF CUSTOMS RETURNS FROM THE CUSTOM HOUSES AT OAMARU, DUNEDIN, AND INVERCARGILL.

Port	July 1, 1903, to June, 30, 1906.	July 1, 1906, to June, 30, 1909.	Increase.	Decrease.
Oamaru	20,582	284		20,296
Dunedin	334,281	363,881	29,600	
Invercargill	83,419	81,459		1,960
			29,600	
			22,258	
Net increase for 3 Ports			7,342	

In order to get a reliable basis for comparison, the returns from Dunedin, Invercargill, and Oamaru, are here grouped for the two respective periods from July 1, 1903, the two respective periods from July 1, 1903, to June 30, 1909.

In the former period there was a bond at Oamaru which was closed during the latter period, also in the former period there were larger importations into Invercargill than in the latter period. These facts so affect the returns at each of the three places as to render it impossible to get reliable comparative data from any one of the three places without being grouped with the others. These facts also reveal the returns from the three centres which operate upon the 15 Southern electorates (including Dunedin), in which are to be found four of the No-License dis-

tricts, that we have not only no increase in the No-License districts themselves, but a reflex influence upon the licensed districts contiguous to them. This is seen by the fact that in the 11 licensed electorates the increase in the amount of duty paid during the three years shows an increase of £8379: Wanganui, £10,344; Poverty Bay, £18,135 (which must be chiefly for one electorate); then coming to the large centres which in the ordinary course of things should compare with Dunedin, £29,600. We find that Auckland's increase is £59,788; Lyttelton and Christchurch, £60,747; and Wellington £77,553.

These figures speak for themselves and answer the libellous statement that there is more drinking in No-License districts than where licenses are granted.

NOT TO BE TRICKED.

An old couple who had passed their lives in the quiet of a Derbyshire village, resolved to make a journey to London.

The resolution was communicated to their neighbours, who gave them long instructions as to the best methods of taking care of themselves and avoiding city sharpers.

The villagers gathered at the station to see the departure, and all went well until the train reached Bedford.

There the old man, in an evil moment, allowed himself to leave the compartment, with the result that the train went off without him.

Fortunately, an express was due in a few minutes, and the stationmaster, taking pity on the old countryman's distress, permitted him to enter it, so that he was enabled to reach London fully twenty minutes before the arrival of his wife. He was waiting eagerly at the station when the

train came in, and seeing his wife, he rushed joyously up, crying out.

"Hi, Betty, I'm glad to see you again! I thought we wor parted for ever!"

The old woman looked at him suspiciously, and remembering all the advice that had been showered upon her, said indignantly:

"Away wi' ye, man! Don't be comin' yer Lunnon tricks wi' me. I left my owd man at t'other station. Be off at once, or I'll call a bobby and hae ye locked up!"

NOT GIVEN AWAY.

"Pa," said Johnny, who is a persistent knowledge-seeker, "what is a law-giver?"

"There isn't any such thing, Johnny," replied the old gentleman, who had been involved in considerable litigation in his time.

"But this book says that somebody was a great law-giver," persisted the youngster.

"Then it's a mistake," rejoined his father.



"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, se zung 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 Maeterlinck, but a certain consolation is available at 12 Bridge Street, Sydney, in an accident policy with the South British Insurance Co., Ltd.

South British Insurance Co.,
Ltd.,
Head Office for N.S.W.—
12 BRIDGE STREET, SYDNEY
GEORGE H. MOORE, Manager

"Law is never given. It's retailed in very small quantities at very high figures."

MANY THANKS.

Parcels of clothing received from:—Mrs. Monk, Mr. Silvester, Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Holroyd, and six anonymous, are gratefully acknowledged.

SHILLING FUND DONATIONS.

Mr. T. Holt, 12/-; Mr. David Payne, 10/-; Mrs. C. E. Daintree, 10/-; Mr. Watson, 5/-; Mrs. Clark, 2/-; Mrs. Berkinhead, 1/-; Mr. Forsythe, 1/-; Mrs. Jeshaw, 2/-; Mrs. McKearne, 1/-; Miss Simpson, 1/-; Mrs. Walton, 5/-; Mrs. Clarke, 1/-; Miss Moore, 2/6; Mrs. W. White, sen., 6/-; Mr. C. E. Daintree, 10/-; Messrs. Thomson and Sons, 1/-; Miss Welsh, 1/-; Rev. Oglibi, 2/6; Mrs. Falkner, 2/6; Mrs. Herring, 2/-; Mrs. Moore, 1/-; Mrs. Williams, 2/6; Miss Simpson, 1/-; Mrs. White, 1/-; Mrs. Smith, 1/-; Friends, 3/.

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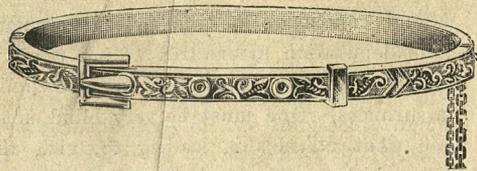
Rev. A. H. Jones, Miss Stephenson, Mrs. Stewart, Miss F. White, Mrs. Woolard, Miss Williams, G. Webb.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Mrs. Blaxland, 2s 6d, 21/10/09; Mrs. Craig, 5s, 2/12/10; Miss Williams, 5s, 24/6/10; G. W. Lee, 5s, 28/7/09; J. Grahame, 1s; L. Lambert, 10s, 30/4/11; H. Banks, 2s 6d, 1/5/08; Miss G. Brindley, 10s, 15/8/10; Mr. Bartram, 10s, 11/3/11; Rev. Willis, 5s, 12/3/10; W. Lloyd, 5s, 25/12/10; Mr. Flower, 5s, 17/12/09; Mrs. Thomson, 1s 6d, 16/12/09; Miss Scoles, 2s 6d, 6/8/10; Miss Wells, 5s, 27/5/10; Mr. Gyte, 10s, 30/5/11; Miss Murray, 5s, 7/10/09; Mrs. Hayne, 2s 6d, 30/3/10; Miss Sheridan, 2s 6d, 25/3/10; H. White, 5s, 18/5/10; D. Dwyer, 1s 6d, 28/5/10; Miss Williams, 3s, 2/12/09; Rev. Hurd, 5s, 14/12/09; Mr. Stenning, 5s, 1/1/11; Rev. Bellhouse, 5s, 25/6/10.

Two prisoners fined for drunkenness at Highgate (London) appealed for time to pay their fines. The Magistrate refused, saying, "If you can find money to get drunk with, you can find it to pay the fine. It's only part of the entertainment."

This Pretty Buckle Bangle



Solid Gold—27/6

For gift-giving purposes it would be hard to beat this pretty Buckle Bangle, as it is a style which presents an exceptionally fine appearance, and one moreover, which is increasing in popularity every day.

For 27/6 we are offering this Bangle in solid 9-ct. gold, hand engraved with a strong joint and snap and complete with Safety Chain. It is a pretty departure from the ordinary style of Band Bangle and is guaranteed to give complete satisfaction. The same style of Bangle without buckle can be supplied for 22/6

Write to-day for illustrated Jewellery and Plate Catalogue.

Angus & Coote

The Store
where
Quality Counts

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George Street
Sydney

Opp. Barometer, Q.V. Markets

Talk about People

A Daniel at the Court of Bacchus.

Hundreds of people were present at the funeral of Dr. Dawson Burns in Paddington Cemetery (London) on Thursday, August 26. Many Temperance societies and "orders" were represented, the London Temperance Hospital being represented by Sir T. Vezey Strong, the chairman, and the secretary. Sir William Collins, M.P., Sir John Thomas, and Colonel Ballard, R.E., were also amongst those present. Previous to the burial service at the grave, which was read by Dr. Clifford, addresses were given in the chapel by Sir, T. V. Strong, Dr. Clifford, Dr. Adam Eccles, and Mr. John Kempster. Dr. Burns, said Dr. Clifford, stood in the front of the regenerative movement of the Victorian era. He "dared to be a Daniel" in the court of King Bacchus, and as a brave pioneer in the cause of truth and light he had left behind him a name that they could not let die.

"Who's Kipling?"

Here is the latest Kipling story. A short time ago a bronzed gentleman, with drooping black moustaches, walked into the outer office of the American publishers of Mr. Kipling's books. "That's Rudyard Kipling," one man whispered to another. The rumour went all over the building that Rudyard Kipling was downstairs. Several people went in to have a look at him, but there was one man who knew, and he said, "Kipling, the dickens! That is Mr. —'s tailor." The next time the tailor came in, the same wise employee said to him, "You created quite a sensation here the other day. A lot of people took you for Kipling." The man's face was a blank. "Kipling, Kipling—who's Kipling?" he asked.

Foiled the Assassin.

Prince George of Greece, who has been made an Honorary Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order by the King, is noted for his fine physique, being well over six feet in height, proportionately broad, and exceedingly muscular. When, on one occasion he was travelling in Japan with the Czar (then the Czarevitch) his great strength and alertness were the means of saving his cousin from a blow aimed at him by a fanatic with an immense club. After diverting the blow, which would probably have proved fatal had it met its mark, Prince George felled the assailant

with a staff, which is one of the most cherished possessions of the Winter Palace.

Lieutenant Shackleton and Alcohol.

The question whether or not alcohol keeps out the cold when exploring in Arctic regions has many times been answered in the negative by famous travellers, and many of them only carry it for the purpose of burning it in spirit lamps. It will be remembered that Dr. Nansen, when on his remarkable expedition, would not allow any alcohol to be taken by any of his party, and the following letter from Lieutenant Shackleton, who, as our readers are aware, quite recently almost succeeded in reaching the South Pole, once more denounces the theory that alcohol is useful as a means of keeping out the cold. Writing to an Eastbourne lady, Mr. Shackleton says:—"Dear Madam,—In reply to your letter I beg to say that alcohol in any form in the Arctic or Antarctic regions is most injurious, and is never used. The less alcohol is used in any part of the world the better it is for the community.—Yours truly, E. H. SHACKLETON."

Mr. Arthur Toombs.

Mr. Arthur Toombs, the organiser and lecturer of the I.O.G.T. of Queensland, has completed a three months' tour of the north in connection with the formation of Good Templar Lodges, the arousing of temperance sentiment, and addressing the people on the no-license question. During that time Mr. Toombs has conducted campaigns in all the principal centres, having travelled over 2500 miles and conducted 117 meetings. The necessity of placing an organiser permanently in the north is recognised by the Grand Lodge Executive, as the large territory would give sufficient scope for the continuous work of the organiser. Mr. Toombs thinks the results of this tour should show the benefits that would result from such an appointment. On arrival in the north he found three lodges, with a total membership of 80, but these three lodges now have over 150 members. Six new lodges have also been opened, with which additions the membership in the north now stands at about 325. Mr. Toombs will, after conducting a campaign at Mackay, pay a flying visit to the new lodges recently opened by him on the Central line.

Making 'em Pay.

Territorial Officer: "But, my good woman, it's all nonsense to expect us to pay; we're not ordinary civilians; we're on his Majesty's service don't you know?"

Tollkeeper: "I don't know nothink about that. If you comes over the bridge it's a ha'penny each pusson, an' a ha'penny each bicycle."

Territorial Officer: "But—er—suppose the Germans came and wanted to get across, what would you do?"

Tollkeeper: "Make 'em pay!"

The consumption of alcohol in the Protectorate or Gambia averages a little over one pint per head per annum.

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We've brought our £2 Freight Paid Grocery Parcels for country residents to great perfection. Only the best is included, and we are always improving the contents and altering for the better.

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- 1lb. Mixed Candied Peel, Lemon, Orange, Citron.
- 1 doz. 2lb. Tins Ashwood's Pure Fruit Jam.
- 6lb. Bag Finest Table Rice.
- 6lb. Bag Singapore Sago.
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- 3 Tins Morton's Fresh Herrings.
- 3 Bottles Best Quality Pickles.
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- 1lb. Box Best Assorted Biscuits.
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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, OCTOBER 28, 1909.

MARRIAGE-SHOPS.

Following the example of other religious bodies, the Congregational Union has pronounced against marriage-shops and the loose system tolerated by the State in regard to the performance of marriages. We say performance advisedly, for the methods of many of these derelict parsons who appear to make a living by either running matrimonial agencies or by hiring their services to such agencies, under the pretence of lending them a certain air of respectability, partake much more of the nature of a "performance" than a solemnisation. It is a sorry thing to find professed ministers of religion thus playing into the hands of people who make a business of degrading the sacred ordinance of matrimony into a medium of convenience for hasty, ill-advised, and often unworthy marriages. Even marriages which are said to have been made in heaven do not always turn out happily, but we have never heard of any good flowing from marriages contracted at these wedding-factories, and never expect to. The Churches do well to protest, for they have an undoubted right to demand that ministers of religion at least shall respect the sacred ordinance, and not become parties to its debasement, for the sake of making a living.

CARDS AND COMMERCIALS.

It is not surprising that there should be periodical outcries from the public against the practice of card-playing commercial travellers monopolising first-class railway carriages to the inconvenience, if not annoyance, of everybody but themselves. The complaint has been reiterated this week in the daily press by a correspondent who asserts that these "men of the road," while getting their tickets at reduced rates, practically take possession of the carriages, and the ordinary passenger finds himself in a small gambling saloon, in which he has to use his travelling rug as a cushion. He states that a lady friend of his travelled from Maitland recently in a first-class carriage in which four men used the cushions for card-playing, and gambled all the way to Sydney. Reasonable complaint is also made of the practice of some commercial travellers securing carriages for themselves prior to the departure of the train from Sydney by scattering their luggage over the seats. It is contended that there

seems to be an arrangement between them and the railway officials, as the latter have been known to endorse the statements of the commercials to the effect that the carriage is full. A system of registering seats is suggested, to prevent any couple of men monopolising a carriage. We have every sympathy with this complaint, for the nuisance is widespread and continuous. A distinction must be made between commercial travellers, of course, for they are not all of a kind; but it does seem as if these gentlemen hold an unfair monopoly for which the railway authorities are a good deal to blame. If card-playing is necessary to a commercial traveller's or any other class of traveller's existence, they should be confined to special apartments where ordinary travellers would not be inconvenienced or their tastes offended. We believe there is a railway by-law dealing with this very nuisance, but, like many another good rule, it is openly ignored alike by passengers and railway officials.

HE WHO RUNS MAY READ.

Of course, the liquor people will fight, and in the heat of controversy will misrepresent things, and progress may be retarded, but daily facts are coming to light that prove it is only a matter of time when the open bar will be as hard to find as a bunyip. In England, the bar is being suppressed in a remarkable way. In 1905, the bars closed numbered 194; the following year 892 were closed; in 1907, no less than 1735 were closed, and last year 1235 shut their doors for good. In four years, more bars were closed in the Conservative little Island than we have in the whole of New South Wales. While the Lords are keeping back reform in Parliament, the trend of public opinion is making itself felt in the closing of the bar. The evolution of temperance in London is fully demonstrated by the Board of Guardians of Lambeth, who in the year 1874 spent no less than £872 9s 2d in intoxicating liquors for the use of inmates and officials. Last year the expenditure was confined to 18s, this being for medicinal purposes only. In New Zealand, out of about 900 pubs., all of them are now closed at 10 p.m., but 151, which keep open till 11, and Palmerston is the only electorate where each hotel has 11 o'clock license. Everywhere there is a determination to futher restrict the sale of liquor, and since only good can come of such restrictions, it follows that they will become the foundations for further preventing the sale and even the use of alcohol. As an evidence of this, we note that a deputation of the Council of the National Temperance Society, headed by the Deputy M. Kvarnelius, the president, was received in private audience by the King of Sweden lately. The deputation asked his Majesty that the restrictions on the sale of alcohol, which were being provisionally enforced throughout the country in consequence of the strike, should be maintained as long as possible. The King, who expressed his appreciation of the work done by the

friends of temperance, promised that the Government would do all in its power to secure the continued enforcement of the restrictive measures for some time after the actual conclusion of the present struggle. The deputation afterwards waited upon the Minister of the Interior, who gave similar assurances. One must be very blind not to see what all this is leading to, viz., that for which we contend—the absolute prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcohol.

MONEY'S POWER.

A London newspaper offered a prize for the best definition of money, and it was awarded to a young man whose definition was, An article which may be used as a universal passport to everywhere except heaven, and as a universal provider of everything except happiness."

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS.

REV. W. WOOLLS-RUTLEDGE

Will

ADDRESS A MEETING

Of

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS

In the

Conference Hall, Lyceum Building,
Castlereagh Street, Sydney,

ON FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, at 7.45 p.m.

SUBJECT:

"How to Observe Temperance Sunday in our Sunday Schools."

The President of the Methodist Conference will take the chair.

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1909.

Congress of the Church, November 28th and 29th, in the Centenary Hall, York St.

NEW ADDRESS

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Metropolitan Business College

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Recently two floors were added to the old premises; but no more space being available there, and the business still rapidly increasing, spacious new premises have been taken at the above address. The new premises are in a new building, and are fitted with every convenience, including a ROOF GARDEN for Students.

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

Proprietors:

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J. A. TURNER, A.C.P.A.

From a Slumland Window

Strange and never-to-be-forgotten Mike! I shall always remember him. He is just twenty-five years of age. He sits, as I write, on the doorstep over the way. Mike believes in and practises the simple life. He sits meditating on the immensity of being, and listens to the whistling of the wind as it beats round and round the narrow courtway. Never has any person made such a deep and lasting impression upon me—not as a god in human shape, but as a human being possessing all the qualities of good and evil, purity and impurity. It is impossible to forget his face. I have never seen such a smile, such a finely-moulded, cruel mouth, such leering, contemptuous eyes; a face the whole picture of villainy and vice. Twenty-five years old! Seven years already spent doing "time"! Born in the very court in which he now sits, bred in the very atmosphere of vice and crime in which he now revels—a creature of environment, a victim of circumstances. A while ago he married. She was a lass in the same station of life, but a kindly Providence had blessed her with a face fair to behold, and a smile ever ready on her lips. To-day she lies in a hospital ward, with her pretty face battered beyond description. And her incessant wail is, "No, no, he didn't, he didn't. I fell downstairs and hurt myself." Still, he sits there, dreaming, sleeping, waking, cursing, and when night falls he will lounge off with his bosom chums—boys of the same brigade!—and ere morning dawns some felonious deed will have been perpetrated; somebody, probably, maltreated beyond description.

She was called the grand "lidy" of the court. In the years of long ago she had owned a home of her own. It was on the banks of the Severn, near to Tewkesbury. A large garden surrounded the villa, and the scent of beautiful flowers greeted the travellers who chanced to pass that way. But now! The only garden she possessed was a solitary box, placed on the tiny window-ledge of the one room, for which she paid half-a-crown a week. True, the sunlight never pierced the court; but there was sufficient light to enable the few fuschias and geraniums to raise their drooping forms when summer-time came. Poor old dame! The faded flowers were the only joy in her gloom encircled life. Daily she watered them, and crooned over them, as in days past she had sprinkled her faltering hopes with exuberant optimism and sung of days that were to be. But alas! Hope is often times a fearful perverter of the truth. The cottage had one, the husband who had striven time after time to stem the rising forces of adversity, he, too, had gone, and now alone in this dismal and forbidding court, she ekes out a living by chopping sticks. Yet she still remains the "grand lidy." The hoarse voice still bears a remembrance of sweetness, as over the sticks

she chants an old-time refrain. The neighbours have long since ceased tormenting her because of her reticence, and the only occasions for speech are when something requires borrowing. On Sunday she toddles off to the little "Bethel" down the street, and heeds not the taunting jeers of her fellow court-dwellers, as they note the faded shawl and patched gloves, through which the finger-tips suspiciously peep. Serenely she goes her way. Sunday was, and always will, come what may, be her Day of Rest. Though she chop from early morn till late at night, Sunday must be kept clear. And so she goes on from day to day, week after week.

The court is No. 4, but the name of the street is one for moralists to moralise over. A friend naively asks me whether the man who named our street, "Christian Street," was a born humorist? But, oh, the irony of it! Last Sunday night we had a fight right opposite the room in which I write. A ring was formed. The combatants stripped to the waist. The wife of one of the fighters ran for a policeman. The fight waxed furious for a short time, and then the cry arose, "He's a knife; mind the knife, Pat." Too late! The policeman arrived, but the damage was done, and a melancholy procession of three policemen dragging along the "victor," and two others carrying a stretcher conveying the "vanquished," soon wended its way out of the street—Christian Street! Never a night passes but what a scene occurs that is a blasphemy to the sacred name of our street. Never a day passes but what some poor, ill-conditioned child moans as the cruel kick of a drunken father sends it sprawling across the room. Never an hour passes but what the devil gets the upper hand, and some poor scamp is marched away to "mark time" for some indefinite period. Christian Street! How long, O Lord, how long?

Sanday Mackay was a Scotchman and a sandwichman. When his memory took wings it reminded him that he had once been headmaster of — School. But Sanday seldom allowed his memory to take such lapses. The present concerned him more than the past or future. He had a gaunt, haggard appearance, and his grey, once sandy, locks hung unkempt upon his shoulders. All day long he was walking the gutters, carrying the boards that told of the fact that Maypole Margarine was better than Dewdrop Butter. One shilling a day, and a lump of bread and cheese! On his tramps along the gutter highways, Sanday often met with many precious finds. One of the best was when he one day picked up a pouch full of tobacco. Oh! the joys of that find! For a week he lived in the highest heaven of man's delight. But the best find of all was when he picked up a golden locket. Sanday prized this as one of his most precious belongings—and all he possessed was wrapped up in a red pocket

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Assurances can be Effected for Sums ranging from £5 to £10,000

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

handkerchief. How Sanday treasured his golden locket! In it was the photograph of a sweet-faced child. A blue-eyed maiden, with rosy cheeks and fair hair. Sanday would gaze long at this fair vision, and his mind would go back over the years to the sister who loved him, and watched over him in the early days of school. Then the years at college, when the long, loving letters came with their bright, encouraging words. The motherly interest when he took his first appointment, and then the pleading sadness of her eyes as he began to take the cursed drink, and fell from his high estate. Oh! the bitter thoughts of long ago. And then she joined the "choir invisible," and he sank deeper and deeper in the mire. Yet the locket to him was a talisman. Never a taste of the hated stuff had he had since he found the locket. But a day came when the locket was lost a second time. High and low Sanday hunted for his treasure, but with no success. Darkness fell ere he gave up his search, and then to the nearest dramshop he fled and the night was spent in a prison cell. Only "drunk and disorderly!" That's all.—G. T. Watchword.

THE SPECIAL ISSUES OF "GRIT."

The great need of education and of reaching those who do not go to meetings has compelled us to offer to issue 25,000 copies of a special extra copy of "Grit," with several cartoons and authoritative articles, calculated to disarm prejudice, and win votes for no-license. See what your money can do. For £2/10/- this special issue will be posted to 1000 homes; for 25/- it will be posted to 500; for 12/6 it will go to 250; for 5/- we will post to 100 families for you. Who will offer to address wrappers for this special issue? Write to Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

A series of Temperance concerts has been arranged by the Leeds branch of the National Commercial Temperance League as a counter-attraction to the public-house.

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The Story of an Alcohol Slave

(Concluded.)

Respectable moderate drinkers cannot verify my estimate that fifty per cent. of saloon drinkers are minors, at the onyx bars where they drink. Nor can my statement be verified at various metropolitan buffets, where sober bartenders, sober cashiers, sober managers, sober porters, and sober waiters refuse to serve drinks to ill-dressed, down-and-out appearing persons, or to well-dressed persons showing the influence of liquor in looks, speech, or action. In the alleged respectable saloons no drunkards, minors, sleepers, loungers, or panhandlers are allowed. The gaols, bride-wells, workhouses, pens, asylums, and reformatories hold alcoholic liquor slaves who at one time drank among the well-dressed and well-groomed at "swell" places. To get my percentages one must go all the way down the line, from the Pompeian Pool Room of the Chicago Auditorium Annex to the village bar-room with its pool-table. All saloons do not sell to the minor trade. The saloonkeeper decides his minor trade. Certain city saloons are so situated that they attract only business and professional men. To clarify my point, I know of a large saloon in Chicago, on La Salle-street, near the Board of Trade Building, that does not sell one per cent. of its entire trade over the bar to minors; but on West Van Buren-street—a mile from the Loop district—I know of a saloon that one year ago sold to twelve minors whom I knew personally, and sixty per cent. of its entire trade was to minors. Another saloon on West Madison-street sold ninety per cent. to minors; it was known as a "kid joint," and shunned by adult drinkers.

I AM IMPRISONED FOR DRUNKENNESS.

The first time and every time I was arrested for drunkenness and put behind the bars like a caged animal, I lost self-respect, and became temporarily disheartened as to the prospect of ultimately freeing myself from alcoholic liquor slavery. The police court system of arrest and fining drunkards is perfectly logical on the assumption that a slave should not be allowed his physical liberty when he becomes a public nuisance. My own experience of being gaoled for drunkenness in 1890, 1896, 1898, 1904, 1905 (twice), and 1907, leads me to believe that gaoing for drunkenness either disheartens or makes desperate the liquor slave. Six of the seven times I was gaoled I was discharged without being fined by the police judge. Six of the seven times that I was gaoled, I was working. I lost my job each time, not so much because of the notoriety as owing to the fact that I was temporarily too disheartened to do anything but continue drinking, without going near my place of business. I would go to saloons that I knew were sanctuaries for drunkards. I like my masters the saloonkeepers and bartenders, for they have afforded me succour, protection, and uplift to my self-respect after the most humiliating moments of my life, when I have had to say, "Yes, sir," like a whipped slave, to the police judge's inquiry, "Were you drunk?"

Chief of Police Kohler, of Cleveland, Ohio, has the right idea of chaperoning drunken men to their homes, instead of putting them under arrest at station-houses. I repeat, after being gaoled for drunkenness, a drinker is never the same again. It brings either disheartenment or desperation.

60,000 DOLLARS THE COST OF MY SLAVERY.

In 1889, at twenty-six years of age, I held an official railroad position scheduled on the pay-roll at two hundred dollars a month, good during good health and good behaviour till the occupant was sixty years of age, and for a pension later. My public drunk lost me that position. The total of my wages received during the subsequent period of twenty years, according to my private personal ledgers, is 18,060 dollars. Subtracting this sum from the amount I would have received in the twenty years, had I kept my two-hundred-dollar job, I find that my loss in wages alone amounts to 29,940 dollars. The interest on this loss, and on my "saloon account," reckoned at four per cent., would be 14,686 dollars 28 cents. Thus my total loss in money for the thirty years between January, 1878, and April, 1908, is 61,990 dollars 88 cents. With this 61,990 dollars 88 cents in bank at four per cent., I should be in possession of an annual income of 2,479 dollars 63 cents. It gives me pain to put down the figures.

The inexperienced and impressionable young man in a saloon village, town, or city, does not get a square deal. My definition of a square deal is no saloons. If there are to be saloons, teaching the evils of alcoholic drink at school, home, and church, ought to be discontinued. The youngster detects the inconsistency between preaching and practice. In my high-school days I drank beer, while studying the effects of alcohol on the human body. I did not believe the text-books, for it seemed inconceivable, to my ignorance, that such poison as it was alleged to be should be licensed to be sold to one group of human beings by another group of human beings.

Saloons must have fresh drinking boys every day, or they must go out of business for lack of patronage. The saloonkeeper cares nothing for the ultimate effect on his customer of the goods purchased. A fresh

Saves Time, Saves Trouble, Saves Health.
Saves Money

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST FOOD—

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As a Breakfast Food it has no equal, be cause:—

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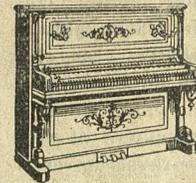
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drinking boy every day is necessary to make the saloon cash register ring musically in the saloon proprietor's ears. A saloonkeeper getting a fresh drinking boy every day is willing to let old liquor slaves fill graves, gaols, pens, and asylums.

Every day that the saloons are open in saloon-licensing States, some saloonkeeper or bartender shoves across the bar a glass of cool, refreshing beer to a young man, and says, "You're big enough to drink beer now." Then there is started a fresh minor drinker, who can outdrink a relay of old-timers. If the fresh minor drinker is a boy leader, twenty more minors are started, and half the twenty become alcoholic slaves.

Personally, as an alcoholic liquor slave, from whom eighteen hundred and sixty saloon keepers took twenty-four good paying jobs during twenty years of my drinking life, I should like to see all saloons legislated out of existence, for the purpose of protecting the growing youth of our nation. Old slaves like myself soon pass out of the material world.

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Total Funds £1,850,000.

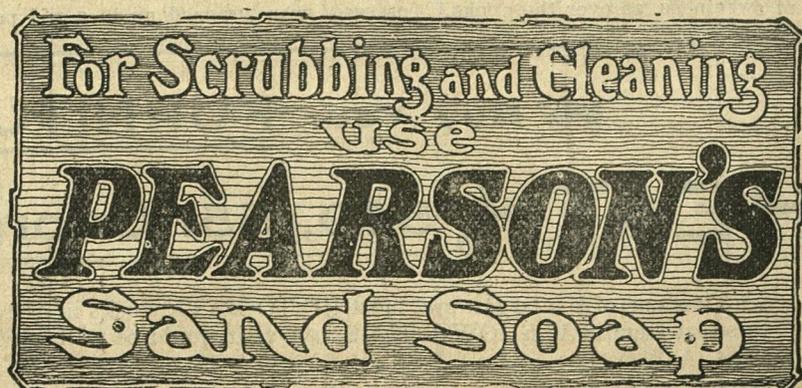
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Write for information as to joining a Branch, or the opening of New Branches, to
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From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(By UNCLE BARNABAS.)

THE THREE R's.

Not the old Three R's! They were Reading, 'Ritng, and 'Rithmetic.

My Three R's are ROCKS, ROOTS, and RAILINGS.

I have just spent a few hours among the cliffs and canyons of the Blue Mountains, and these are the three things I liked best.

First—ROCKS. I liked the colour of the rocks—the sober greys, the rich browns, the dull greens. I kept wondering how Mother Nature had done it, and how long it took her to do it, and where she mixed her colours, and whether she liked the sunbeams best or the snowflakes for her brushes. I am glad she didn't paint the rocks with waratahs or with buttercups. Scarlet and yellow look all right in little splashes, but wouldn't the rocks look queer if they swapped colours with the waratahs or the buttercups?

Grey, brown dull green! They are very homely colours, but they wear well, and they suit the rocks, too. I have a book called "The Homely Virtues." They are all grey and brown virtues, such as Kindness, Gratitude, Thoroughness, Reverence, Courtesy. But don't they look "all right" on the people who wear them? They don't dazzle, but they wear well. The boys and girls who wear them may not be as gay as a butterfly, but they are as true as a ROCK. I must tell you about the ROOTS and RAILINGS next week.

But girls, will you try a nice soft brown shade of kindness when next you dress in character? And, boys, will you choose that old-fashioned grey called Courtesy for your next suit?

Talking about colours reminds me of Wallace, a funny little chap I met the other day. He was four (about), and he said, "Mr. —, come and look at my blue daffodils!" So I went, and found they were yellow daffodils, of course. "Wallace," I said, "I shall have to teach you the difference between yellow and blue." Pointing to his red jersey, I said, "What colour is that?" He said, "Blue." Then I said, "What colour is that grass, Wallace?" He said, "Blue!" "My!" I thought, "you do live in a blue world!" Then I taught him the difference between blue, yellow, red, and green. And, to finish the lesson, I got two red things, and two things of other colours, and two blue things, and I showed him one and said, "Look! that's red. Now, what colour is your jersey?" He said, "Red." Then I said, "Look at that leaf. That's green. Now, what colour is my eye?" And he said, "Green!" What heaps of fun we can get out of these little men with their short pants and long thoughts, and those little maidens with their hair done up in roley-poley curling rags. Do you need "Comic Cuts" to make you laugh? I'm sorry for you. I never need to buy trash to make me laugh. I get a few minutes with Wallace or Sallie. Just try it!

FOR SUNDAY.

BIBLE A.B.C.—Q to Z.

Q—is a word that describes deadly fear. (Matt. 28).

R—sat with the Master and the gleaners quite near. (Ruth 2).

S—we all know, has a very strong taste. (Matt. 5).

In T—lived the Syrians, who were afterwards chased. (2 Kings 7).

U—was the one who Saul's business would know. (1 Sam. 10).

V—contained oil, on the King's head to flow. (1 Sam. 10).

W—in the morning, to the sepulchre came. (Mark 16).

X—is found more than once in a Persian King's name. (Nehem. 2).

Y—stands for service. (See Christ's "Come unto Me"). Matt. 11).

Z—mixed with knowledge most useful will be. (Rom. 10).

FOR MONDAY.

HOW LONG WERE THE CANDLES.

I had two candles, one of them an inch longer than the other. I lit the longer at 4.30 and the shorter at 6. At 8.30 they were both the same length. The first burnt out at 10.30 o'clock, and the second at 10 o'clock. How long were they before I lit them?

THE CATCH QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Can you tell me why
A hypocrite's eye
Can better discern than you or I
On how many toes
A pussy cat goes?
Because a man of deceit
Can best count-er-feit (count her feet)
And so I suppose
He can best count her toes.

STOCKING LAND.

Dear Sunbeams,—My very warmest love to you all. What a mighty army you are all becoming. The names are now:—34 Vera Musgrave, 35 G. Smith, 36 E. Smith, 37 M. Smith, 38 S. Amand, 39 N. Amand, 40 B. Chambers, 41 Belle Chambers, 42 J. Cook, 43 G. Cook, 44 G. Lindsay, 45 B. Dillon, 46 D. Brooker, 47 C. Rood, 48 B. Rood, 49 D. Hopkirk, 50 Mary Fox, 51 Mrs. Logan, 52 C. Logan, 53 M. Nelson, 54 M. Stewart, 55 A. Brooker, 56 Jessie Fox, 57 Lionel Twain (Hamilton, N.S.W.), 58 Phyllis Noble, 59 Nancy Grosvenor, 60 Lewis Wells, 61 Olive Lowe, 62 Mabel Mildon, 63 Evelyn Turner, 64 Clara Mildon, 65 Beryl Hines, 66 Edna May, 67 Esther Howse, 68 Mavis Page, 69 Ruby Harris, 70 Harry Limbrick, 71 Rita D.A.S., 72 Jenny Gurney, 73, May Root, 74 Gordon Morehouse, 75 Jack Gurney, 76 Willie Lyord, 77 Willie Clon, 78 Sydney Riley, 79 Lizzie Dunn, 80 Leonard W. Best, 81 Harry W. Gilbert.

There, now. I set my target at 100, and we are quite near to it. Well done, little Emily, you are a real warrior. The little Autograph Album is waiting for a painting, when I intend to send it to Uncle B., to give to the organiser for the best and largest Sunbeam band. At present the competition stands—Emily Warren, 7; Gladys Noble, 1.

I am sending by this mail 4 articles, 2 petticoats for a little girl. They are made from the bottom portions of a man's thick singlet. These became shrunk and unfit for men, but make nice little petticoats, if finished with a little wool work round the hem, first using a steel and secondly a bone crotchet hook. A body added to them makes a comfortable and warm present to a little child in the cold winter.—SANTA CLAUS.

XVI.—SERMON ILLUSTRATION COMPETITION.

(Sent by Vera Musgrave; Speaker, Rev. W. E. Godson.)

A man was helping to build a sky-scraper



er in New York. He was walking across a narrow plank about one hundred feet up in the air. He had probably done this many times before, but on this day a very strong wind was blowing, causing the man to lean over at a very large angle. Suddenly the wind dropped, and the man fell. He fell because he did not understand the nature of the wind.

So many a man says, "I can walk along the plank of life without religion. My religion consists in living a straight, honest life." But if this man thinks he can live a straight, honest life in his own strength he is mistaken. For soon temptations will crowd around him, and because he does not understand the nature of the opposing evils, and has not the Holy Spirit to help him overcome them, he will fall.

LETTERS.

(Many letters, etc., held over this week.)

▲ BRIGHT SUNBEAM.

Emily W— writes:—"Dear Uncle B.—I am sending you a small parcel which I think may be of some use to you. I have one sunbeam, but she is a long way over seventeen. I go to work now at Henderson's, book-binding and folding. Fancy, I folded 'Grit' last week; I hope you are well and all my would-be cousins. With love,—From your niece, Emily W—."

"P.S.—More goods later on."

Dear Emily,—Am sorry your nice letter and parcel have not been dealt with earlier. But you know page 9 is only a baby, and he can't wear everything all at once. The silk booties are lovely. I hope you will be very happy at business. Give 'Grit' an extra pat and a prayer when you wrap it.—Uncle B.)

"BOBS" TRIES TO FIND OUT.

Cooreei, Dungog.

"My Dear Mr. Hammond,—Ever since 'Grit' came last Friday I have been wanting to write and tell you how much I liked the children's page and the stories in it. Who is Uncle Barnabas? I do not like to write to him, because I don't know him. Bing and Jack went away to Barker College. We feel very lonely without them. When are you coming up again? It was a pity you had such a wet time. We have had no mushrooms since. As soon as they come up I will send you some. You must come and stay with us soon again. My pony has the same name as your house. I know another boy who wants to take your paper. Mother will send his address with the money when she gets it. With heaps of love,—Your loving little friend, Bobs."

(Dear "Bobs,"—Your letter got somehow or other to Uncle Barnabas, and here it is on Page Nine. I can't quite answer your

(Concluded on page 10.)

An Exceptionally Fine Blended Tea
with a most DELICIOUS FLAVOUR and RICH COLOUR

GRIFFITHS BROS. Signal Brand

Sample on Application

AT 1/9 PER LB.

534 GEORGE ST. SYDNEY

A Congress of the Churches on the Temperance Question

Notwithstanding the efforts of Temperance Societies, and the advocacy of the principles of personal abstinence, it is an outstanding fact that the consumption of intoxicating drinks in New South Wales last year reached the enormous total (in money value) of £5,363,579. That such a sum should be spent in strong drink by a community numbering only a million and a half persons of all ages, from the newly-born infant upwards, is sufficiently startling to arouse those to whom the welfare of the people is a matter of some concern. Surely it is time that something should be done, when it is remembered that New South Wales has spent in strong drink during the past ten years more money than it has expended in the construction of all its railways and tramways during the half-century since the first sod was turned at Redfern, and that that sum of £46,741,838, not only represents an enormous waste, but has entailed untold misery, crime, and death.

Lord Rosebery, some years ago, declared that "The Liquor Traffic is becoming too great a power in the State. I go so far as to say this—that if the State does not soon control the liquor traffic, the liquor traffic will control the State. The Temperance movement has my most enthusiastic support, because it will put an end to a political ring which threatens to throttle and control the Commonwealth itself." How far Lord Rosebery correctly gauged the situation may be gathered from the fact that, notwithstanding the overwhelming vote in favour of the Licensing Bill in the House of Commons by the representatives of the people, and the enthusiastic support by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and other prelates in the House of Lords, that Chamber, in which the liquor interests are strongly entrenched, ignominiously rejected the Bill.

In this State, notwithstanding the fact that our legislation is in advance of that of the Mother Country, we are threatened with an organisation which is a menace to the best interests of the people. We do not wish to depreciate the good work done

by Temperance societies, but we believe that the Most Reverend Dr. Temple, then Archbishop of Canterbury, was right when he said: "The contest with intemperance is, in one way, the work of the present-day of the Church of Christ, for unless it is done, very little else can be lastingly done." It has been well said that "The saloon (i.e., the liquor bar), would destroy the Churches if it could, and the Churches could destroy the saloon if they would."

We believe that, in order to successfully grapple with the evils of the liquor traffic in this State, it is absolutely necessary that the Churches should come together, and utter their united voice and determine upon united action in this matter. The recent Chapman-Alexander mission affords an illustration of the advantage to the community of united effort.

On the initiative of the New South Wales Alliance, a "Congress of the Churches on the Temperance Question" will be held in the Centenary Hall, York Street, Sydney, on November 29th and 30th, when papers by representative men will be read and conferences will ensue. Ministers of religion will be asked to observe Sunday, November 28th (World's Temperance Sunday), or as near that date as possible, by either preaching on the subject, or in some other way, as they may see fit, drawing the attention of their congregations to the matter.

TO THOSE WHO OWE FIVE SHILLINGS.

Nearly 1000 people owe "Grit" 5/-, and the expense of collecting this, or writing for it, has made it necessary to increase the cost of the paper to those who delay their payments. From this date we will charge 5/- per annum post free in advance, or 6/6 per annum post free to those who do not pay within three months of ordering. We will be glad of a response to the accounts now going out. Address Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

SEVEN TO SEVENTEEN.

(Continued from Page 9.)

question, "Who is Uncle B?" But you will see his likeness in "Grit" one of these days. He's a very queer person. Sometimes he comes into "Grit" office; then he is heard of up the country, or a policeman catches sight of him now and then in Surry Hills. And if you won't tell everybody else, I will tell you this much—he and I are both, Yours truly, Uncle B.)

"FATHER VERY ILL."

Beryl Hines, Telegraph Residence, Bathurst writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—I would have written to you before, only father has been very ill, and is not able to get out of bed yet, and we have been very busy. I will write you that paper on the 'Wonders of the Wires' as soon as father is better. I am not quite sure what my duties as a manager are. I think you did send me those papers, but they have got mislaid, as the house has been upset owing to father's illness. If you would tell me what to do I should be very pleased, for I know some friends of mine would like to become Sunbeams.—I remain, your fond niece, Beryl Hines."

(Dear B.,—Will try to find the Sunbeam copies for you again. I hope your dear father will soon be quite well. Don't forget the article.—Uncle B.)

ANOTHER COLLECTOR.

I like to receive postcards, and especially like this:

"Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I should like to see the Children's Special Issue of 'Grit.' I think it would help the No-License vote next year. I am willing to be a collector if you will send me a card.—Lucy M. Miles, Inch Street, Lithgow."

THE COLLECTING CARD WILL SOON BE READY. WHO ELSE WANTS ONE? WRITE NOW!

Send letters, etc., for Page 9 to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

The consumption of cigarettes in Canada has decreased by nearly a quarter during the year, since the law against selling cigarettes to boys came into force.

HAWKINS & ABBERTON

342 PARRAMATTA ROAD, LEICHHARDT

CATERERS, BAKERS, PASTRYCOOKS

'Phone 160, Petersham

Caterers at the Mission Zone Tea in Sydney Town Hall

FATHER CASSIDY ON THE DRINK TRADE.

Father Cassidy delivered a sermon to 1400 young men at the Fall River Cathedral, Mass. A part of Father Cassidy's address follows:—

"Give us a chance to breathe; we are stifling. Give us a chance to swim; the torrent of rum is sinking us!

"The saloon, in furthering its vile purpose, knows no good, God, nor Gospel. A saloon-keeper visited a priest who spoke against intemperance, and threatened to drive him from the parish, from the city, and from society if he did not desist. The same man is in business here to-day. I gave him an invitation to come and tell me the same thing, and I guarantee that if he does, there will be need to call an ambulance or the hurry-up waggon. The saloon undermines every decent principle in this city. You know that where it exists there is assembled the very scum of humanity. Where the saloon gets a foothold, it furthers the plans and schemes of Satan. It is an unmitigated curse. It is a pestilential sewer of sin, corruption, pollution, and misery, and threatens the very throne of God Himself. If you think it be not a great curse, you would listen to the ravings of the dying drunkard as he goes before God. Like a great serpent, the saloon winds its coils around men, women, and children, sucking their lifeblood. I am attacking an enemy that is destroying my people.

There are many men engaged in this evil who are clean, upright, honest men. How their conscience reconciles them to a continuance in it is more than I can say; I pray God to open their minds to a realisation of the evil in which they are engaged, and turn them to nobler and better ends. There are many men engaged in this nefarious occupation who are the lowest of the low, and vilest of the vile, whose motto and god is gold. They have their fingers on the throats of decent men; they debauch the people's tribunes; they control the representatives of the people, and they undermine the Government. Their power must be destroyed. Cardinal Gibbons must have been misquoted when he is represented as saying that the greatest evil threatening society is divorce. Drink is the supreme evil. Show me one home disrupted by divorce, and I will show hundreds destroyed by drink. Show me one life blasted, one soul damned to the depths of hell, by divorce, and I will show hundreds made demons by drink. The divorce evil is insignificant compared with the supreme destroyer of body and soul. Do you as American citizens realise the common danger? Do you recognise that you have a share in the common responsibility? Let us show that we are not bound to the rock by the brewers' bonds; let us break those bonds, and stand up as free men for God, for honour, and for country."

EXPLORERS, PLEASE NOTE.

"What honour will there be for the man who discovers the South Pole?"
 "He will be a great life-saver?"
 "A life-saver?"
 "Yes; explorers will cease going there."

"The Empire" Hairdressing Saloon.
 NEW "SPEEDWELL" BUILDING,
 Corner Pitt and Bathurst Streets,
 Near Cathedral and Town Hall.
 First-class Antiseptic Arrangements.
 Saloon open daily till 7.30 p.m.; Fridays, 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 1 p.m. OPEN ALL DAY WEDNESDAY.
R. G. PLANT, TOBACCONIST.

HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

In parts of Siberia it is so cold that milk is offered for sale in cakes or bricks.

An up-to-date Carlisle theatre announces for the benefit of patrons living at a distance that aeroplanes will be stored free of charge.

The Victorian water-lily in the tank in the Victoria House at the Royal Botanic Gardens in Regent's Park, London, is now in flower. The plant this year is larger than for some years past, the leaves measuring nearly 8ft. in diameter.

Dr. Promber, of Berlin, warns needle-women that copper thimbles are frequently a source of blood-poisoning. Even silver thimbles, he says, may prove fatal if worn on a finger that has sustained the slightest scratch or pinprick.

Not the least important part of a recent cargo of the Cunarder "Campania" was a record consignment of ostrich feathers. These were packed in 300 cases, weighing in the aggregate over 20 tons, and valued at some £120,000. The feathers were shipped in the first instance from South Africa, Egypt, and Australia, to London, where they found a ready market, and were disposed of at periodical sales, thence to America.

To tell the time at night, a novel device has been invented for use in hotels. A small telephone receiver is connected to the head of the bed in each room, and may be placed under the pillow if desired, and it is connected to a master clock. When the visitor wishes to know the time, he places the 'phone to his ear and presses a button. a set of gongs will then strike the hour, the quarter, and the number of minutes past the quarter.

BIG REDUCTIONS on several Lines at WINN'S,

BECAUSE STOCK IS TOO HEAVY.

WINN'S THE PLACE for BARGAINS.

- Ladies' good Stockings, all 1/6 ones, 1/3; 1/9 for 1/6; 2/3 for 1/11; Lace, Lisle, Embroidered, Plain, or Ribbed Cashmere.
- Girls' Good Stockings, 1/3 for 1/; 1/6 for 1/3.
- Ladies' good Embroidered Handkerchiefs, 10d for 8d; 1/ for 10d; 1/3 for 1/; 1/6 for 1/3.
- Ladies' good quality Lisle Gloves, 1/3 for 1/; 1/6 for 1/3; 1/11 for 1/8.
- Ladies' Kid Gloves, 2/11 for 2/6; 3/11 for 3/6.
- Ladies' Suede Gloves, 4/3 for 3/11; 4/11 for 4/6.
- Our best Silk Ribbons, 5 to 6 inches wide, 10d for 5½d; 1/ for 6½d.
- Satin and Velvet Ribbon, 1½in., Usual 7½d, for 4d.
- 36in. White Japanese Silk, 2/3 quality for 1/11; 1/11 for 1/8.
- 27in. White Japanese Silk, 1/6 for 1/4; 2/ for 1/9.
- Potter's Best Cambrics, light colours, 7½d for 6½d.
- Good qualities White Turkish Towels, 1/6 for 1/3, 1/2 for 1/; 2/3 for 1/11.
- White Lace Curtains, 2/11 for 2/6; 3/11 for 3/6.
- Fine White Madapolam, 42in., 7½d for 6d.
- 80in. Plain White Sheeting, 1/1 for 11d.
- Camisole and Flouncing Embroideries—The talk of Sydney—
- 15in. wide, worth 11d, for 8d.
- 17in. wide, worth 1/, for 9½d.
- 24in. wide, worth 1/4, for 1/.
- 26 in. wide, worth 1/11, for 1/6.
- 16in., with Beading at waist and top, worth 1/, for 9½d; 1/2, for 10½d; 1/3, for 1/.
- 7in. wide Edging, worth 6d, for 4¾d.
- Also, some Marvellous Lines in Insertions and Edgings, at 1d, 2d, etc.

WINN AND CO.,

FOR THE BIGGEST DRAPERY BARGAINS IN SYDNEY.

Botany-road, Alexandria, and Henderson-road trams (via Elizabeth-street), also 'Bus from Sydney Town Hall, stop at our door.

THE

Colonial Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Ltd.

CAPITAL, £250,000

DEPARTMENTS:

- Fire
- Plate Glass
- Marine
- Accident
- Fidelity
- Employers
- Guarantee
- Liability
- Public Risk

Insurances accepted in all departments at Lowest Rates of premium.

New South Wales Branch—

78 Pitt Street SYDNEY

S. HAGUE SMITH, Secretary

HEADACHE CURE.

There may be a dozen things that CAUSE you to suffer from Headache or Neuralgia.

HALF HOUR HEADACHE EALERS

Give almost immediate relief, and cure the worst of these complaints in half-an-hour. They are of great value for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Influenza, Sleeplessness, Brain Fag, and all Nerve Troubles. They contain nothing that is harmful.

PRICE 1s. PER BOX.

E. FARIS-INGS

City Pharmacy,

Burwood. SYDNEY.

The Place Where You Only Pay For What You Get.—

An Hotel Without Alcoholic Liquor. In the Heart of the City. Trams Stop at the Door.

YOU DON'T LIKE LIQUOR,

Then stop somewhere where it is not sold.

ALLIANCE HEADQUARTERS HOTEL, Corner Park and Castlereagh-st., Sydney.

H. BETHEL & CO.
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 STTS
 PLAIN AND COLOURED PRINTING.
 MODERATE CHARGES.
 PUNCTUALITY. QUICK DISPATCH.
PRINTERS.

One of the most interesting fixtures at next year's international exhibition in Belgium will be King Leopold's Restaurant. The building is in the form of a Chinese pagoda, and has cost his Majesty £120,000, all the decorations and wood-carving having been executed by natives of China.

NORTH COAST SUBDIVISION

2623 ACRES OF RICH ALLUVIAL FARM, AND HEAVILY GRASSED, WELL-WATERED DAIRY AND FATTENING COUNTRY, DIVIDED INTO 18 FARMS AND DAIRY PROPERTIES OF FROM 39 $\frac{1}{4}$ TO 524 ACRES. TORRENS TITLE.

THIS AREA IS KNOWN AS

THE KINCHELA ESTATE

and is situated partly in the Parish of Arakoon and partly in Kinchela, County of Macquarie, in the

MCLEAY DISTRICT

There are about 10 acres which are admirably adapted for the production of Lucerne, Millet, Maize, or Potatoes. The other properties are admirably adapted for Dairy, Fattening, or Stock-raising.

Abundant supply of fresh water is obtainable on almost every block by shallow sinking, while on the entire eastern border pure springs of the best water provide an inexhaustible flow.

One great peculiarity of this Estate is the mildness of the winter, and extreme earliness of the Spring. Clover, Prairie, and Couch appear earlier by three weeks in the Kinchela pastures than anything about or above Kempsey. The proximity of the Ocean (the beach can be reached in a mile from some parts of the property) will no doubt account for this valuable characteristic.

OF THE ALLUVIAL LAND, its extreme richness and freedom from nut grass, make it of great value. Throughout Australia there is only a limited area of alluvial, and the increase

in value is as certain as the rising of the sun. Of the Clover and Grass Paddocks it is enough to state that only personal inspection can convey an idea of their present value and certainty of prospective increase therein.

AN INSPECTION (especially by persons who have not been on the land for four or five years), is earnestly invited. Messrs. Sydenham and Perry are residing on the land, and will afford information, supply lithographs, etc. Attention is drawn to the 70 cows being milked by the former tenant.

The Estate is within 20 chains of school, and navigable water on Kinchela Creek, and a mile and a half from Kinchela Village, where are to be found Stores, Post and Telegraph Office (Daily Mail), Churches, Hall, Trades, etc. Daily passenger steamer to Kempsey, Ocean Steamers, Wharf, etc., etc. North Coast steamer "Yulgilbar" conveys passengers to the Estate in 20 hours from SYDNEY. Butter Factories collect cream from suppliers. A Cheese Factory is projected.

THIS VALUABLE ESTATE IS TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, KEMPSEY, NOVEMBER 13th, at 2 p.m.

Under instructions from the Proprietor, R. A. H. Kemp, Esq., J.P.

Every facility will be given by the Auctioneers to enable purchasers to secure two or more farms at the one bidding. THE TERMS HAVE BEEN MADE REMARKABLY EASY, viz., One-tenth on fall of hammer; 15 per cent. on obtaining possession, July 1st, 1910; and the balance in five equal yearly payments, with 5 per cent. interest, also paid yearly. Buyers wishing to pay all cash next July will be allowed a liberal discount off the 75 per cent. then due.

LITHOGRAPHS are being sent to all Storekeepers and Auctioneers from BEGA to the TWEED, or will be sent, post paid, to any part of the State.

On Application to

O. O. DANGAR, FRED. KING, or A. A. KEMP,
Auctioneers in Conjunction, KEMPSEY