

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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Price One Penny

They Began to be Merry

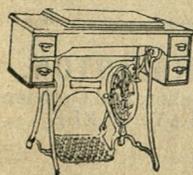
The home that suffers most at this bright time of the year is the one under the drink cloud. No gift of money can provide the spirit of cheerfulness, no fulness of the cupboard can compensate for dad's empty chair. Total abstinence is the beginning of the merriment for hundreds of homes, and those who talk of alcohol as being necessary to jollity are merely confessing their igno-

rance of the ordinary home and themselves as being without the natural buoyancy and hopefulness of human nature. One might as well argue that a wild beast was necessary at a party to keep things lively and exciting. It would do so, no doubt, but it can be done, and will be done, in millions of instances, without any wild beast. Can any home be merry when dad has left the

best part of his wages at the pub before he reached home? Can any home be merry when dad has lost self-restraint, and, in unreasonable temper makes unreasonable demands? We make this plea that every home should banish from the items of Christmas cheer the one great treacherous beverage that can neither produce true merriment nor cement friendship, and also lend a hand in protecting homes from that which hinders their beginning to be merry.



WHY THEY HAD NO CHRISTMAS DINNER.



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are built of the finest case-hardened steel, are the Highest Grade Sewing Machines which money can buy. They contain modern improvements not existing in any other machine, and carry a 10-years' guarantee. Quality considered, they are the lowest-priced machines on earth. Buyers study your best interests and your pockets, by calling.

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If you would like to try the Bread, ring up No. 192 Redfern, or 367 Newtown, and ask us to send a Cart. YOU WILL CERTAINLY LIKE IT.

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

Liquor Advocacy at Broken Hill

The letter written by Mr. W. A. Lloyd, the official lecturer of the Liquor Defence League, while at Broken Hill, is of more than local interest, so we print it and Mr. A. Bruntnell's reply, which appears on page 11.

Sir,—Your issue of yesterday contains a short letter from the Rev. Schafer, in which that gentleman generously offers me an opportunity to reply to the allegation that I was at one time on his side of this liquor fight. Now, sir, I have choice of two evils. I am compelled to engage in public controversy with one who was guilty of unpardonable rudeness and conduct unbecoming a Christian clergyman on the only occasion when I met him, or else remain silent, when my motives for so doing might be misconstrued. I choose the latter as being the lesser evil of the two. The first point that strikes me about your correspondent's letter is that he has evidently changed his mind about treating my presence in Broken Hill with contemptuous indifference. I am worthy powder and shot after all. It is highly amusing, and I must really thank your correspondent for the delicate compliment to myself implied in his change of front. My one regret is that the reverend gentleman did not alter his mind about my importance before I met him on Saturday last, and when I extended him that courteous invitation to come to my meeting and make any comment and ask any questions. Had he accepted that invitation in the spirit in which it was given, instead of churlishly refusing to meet me, he would have heard me explain thoroughly my connection with the temperance forces in Tasmania. I have nothing to hide and nothing to regret. I have been connected with this liquor fight in various countries for about 12 years. I have never been an extremist, have always given my opponents credit for honesty, have openly proclaimed my sympathy for many of the professed aims of the Temperance party, even when considering it to be my duty to publicly oppose their methods. One thing especially I agree with my temperance friends in—that is the right of the public to manage its own business. The underlying principle of a local option law is merely a recognition of this public right. Therefore, I have always been, if not exactly a local optionist, at least a firm believer in the principle involved. After my return from America I was officially connected with the liquor fight on the side of the trade in West Australia and New South Wales. I went from Sydney to Tasmania with the idea at first of enjoying short rest after fighting a very arduous campaign in this State. I found that a great liquor fight was in progress in Tasmania. One of the Labour members had introduced

into Parliament a local option Bill. The liquor trade was foolishly, I thought, fighting that measure, while the temperance people were fighting for it. I advised the trade not to fight against the Bill, but concentrate its efforts in getting a fair compensation clause included in it. My advice was not accepted. The trade decided to fight the measure, and offered me control of the fight on its behalf. Naturally I was offered a salary commensurate with the importance of the work I was asked to do. I point blank refused to accept the position if I was expected to fight against the people's right to control their own affairs. Further, I told the trade I would fight publicly against it, and in favour of the Bill, but with the inclusion of a compensation clause. Many members of the Labour party, besides myself, and in addition to the Temperance Alliance, were fighting for this Bill. I did fight the trade. I was associated with the Alliance in fighting for a local option measure, not for no-license, which is something quite different. I did tell the Alliance in Sydney that I would do the same thing again here under the same circumstances. My fight against the trade in Tasmania lasted for eight weeks—eight weeks out of 12 years' connection with the trade! At the end of that time the liquor trade in Tasmania withdrew opposition to the Bill, and again offered me control of the election. This time I accepted. Never mind what I have to say, the fact that the trade itself gave me control on its behalf after fighting it more than justified my action. The trade evidently doesn't think I have anything to be ashamed of, otherwise I should not be holding my present position. I must really apologise, sir, for the length of my letter. Still, the matter is one of public interest. This letter is in no sense to be taken as a reply to Mr. Schafer, but merely as a duty to the public. I am exceedingly sorry that Mr. Schafer should have so far forgotten what is due to his position as a Christian minister as to treat me with studied discourtesy, going so far even as to put his hands behind his back when I went to shake hands with him. It is always a regrettable matter to take a clergyman to task, especially in an age when the moral sanctions are weakening, and when the desire of every earnest man must be to strengthen and not weaken, the influence of our moral teachers. I am beginning to understand, sir, the reason why the highest placed official of the New South Wales Temperance Alliance hastened to inform me, before I left Sydney for Broken Hill, that I was not to hold the Alliance responsible for anything Mr. Schafer might do, that that gentleman was playing a lone hand, and that the Alliance repudiated all responsibility

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for his actions. They evidently know Mr. Schafer, even at the Alliance headquarters. —I am, etc.,

W. A. GREGORY LLOYD.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

E. J. Waters, 5s, 23/7/10; Mrs. Walters, 2s 6d, 9/6/10; A. J. Symonds, 5s, 11/3/09; Mrs. Thompson, 5s, 25/6/10; A. W. Roberts, 5s, 9/7/10; K. Birkmyre, 5s, 26/11/10; Mrs. Shoppee, 5s, 18/9/10; J. Moody, 2s 6d, 1/7/10; A. W. Lane, 5s, 13/2/10; Mrs. Sheldon, 2s 6d, 11/5/10; Miss Kelman, 5s, 9/12/10; F. G. Alexander, 5s, 28/10/10; Miss Spencer, 5s, 17/12/10; T. H. Dalton, 6s 6d; B. H. Barnett, 2s 6d, 15/4/10; Miss F. White, 1s 3d, 21/1/10; Miss Cooke, 1s 3d, 6/12/09; Rev. Robjohns, 5s; Mrs. Day, 6s; F. Dumble, 2s 6d, 16/6/10; I. Greenstreet, 7s 6d, 6/12/10; Miss Gough, 5s, 11/11/10; W. R. Crittendon, 5s, 16/8/10; C. E. Burne, 5s, 31/10/10; Mrs. Waugh, 2s 6d, 6/5/10; Miss Sampson, 5s, 20/2/10.

"The regular tax collector takes from the people and turns over nearly all to the Government. The saloon-keeper in that role takes from the people and turns over nearly all to himself."—"The People."

Out of 2950 persons in the French prison of Ste-Pelagie, 2124 were alcoholics.

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.

A. M. MERRINGTON,
 Watchmaker, Jeweller, and Optician
 29 BROADWAY, GLEBE
 Telephone 291, Glebe

Christian Sydney! Christmas '09

MARGARET I. HOLLIDAY
(Author of "Australian Methodist Idylls").

From Sydney's semicircle of jetties and commercial buildings, with its bustle of trams and motors, to the imposing railway station, where the iron horses panted on the eve of departure, the people moved along with staccato flurry. And the invading babel of sound swept up and down the medley of streets, while "The Season's Greetings," from every point of vantage, smiled down on the spectators.

Though little Dorothy's world was limited to seven years' experience, it was radiant with delight. She was almost deliriously happy, as, with father and mother, she peered into the fascinating shop windows, then, with restless eagerness, and in a very ferment of thought, she moved on to the next scene of enchantment, and changed her mind a dozen times as to how she should best spend her money.

Mother-love was written on every detail of the dainty dress she wore, while the inflection of his voice, and the caressing touch of his hand, told only too plainly what Dorothy was to father.

But at length the little feet began to weary, and the teddy bear and the peggy bag began to feel unaccountably heavy, so the trio boarded a homeward-bound tram, into which Dorothy was carefully lifted. Such a happy little lassie she looked, seated between father and mother, chattering gaily, and always evoking smiling responses from those precious faces, which grew young again in the reflected love. Yes! Dorothy's universe was bathed in joy, even though her parents were just ordinary work-a-day people.

At the next stopping-place, just after she had proudly handed the conductor the fares, a man and a woman lurched stumblingly into the compartment. They were followed by a little girl about Dorothy's age, who struggled painfully and unaided into the car.

One of her arms was in splints, but the bandage had quite lost its original colour. In the other arm she held a parcel which neither of her parents would trust the other to carry. She was such a shabbily-clad little girl, and had such a forlorn air of neglect. Stark hunger and gaunt want were written unmistakably on the thin, pallid face, so old in its emphatic contour. Her eyes seemed full of shame and apprehension, as her mother began to mutter stupidly, covertly eyeing the parcel, while her father solemnly bade her be seated.

Soon her gaze was focussed on the dainty vision opposite. And as she watched the picture her own face softened, and for a time lost its strange, careworn lines. Her eyes took it all in—the father's hand clasping the little white fingers so lovingly, the pink dress, in all its pretty draperies, the smartly-trimmed hat, the new shoes, the hair so deftly arranged, the face so softly flushed with joy, the rippling laughter. Yes, it was a lovely picture from the magic land of happy childhood.

No wonder Nellie's eyes dwelt on it long and wistfully. No wonder strange thoughts began to flit through her brain, and feelings new and incomprehensible began to stir her very being, as she saw the mother suddenly kiss the upturned face, while the tender light of love shone in her eyes.

And the strange thoughts began to register themselves on the wan features, giving them

a wistful expression, pathetic in its longing. The enigma of it all was beyond solution to the drunkard's neglected child.

Presently the teddy bear slipped off Dorothy's lap, and, with a laughing remark, her father picked it up, and tossed it back to his little girl.

So absorbed had Nellie become in watching the byplay, that her hold of her parcel relaxed, and it rolled down on to the seat, while the paper quickly unwound itself, disclosing a whisky bottle!

In an instant the child was back again in her sordid land of reality. Her perception was on another plane at once. She gave a quick, startled glance at her father. A wave of fear surged through her childish heart. Her whole body twitched with sudden dread.

For there was no loving hand to pick up the parcel, and, with merry badinage, hand it back to Nellie. There was no mother to lovingly kiss away the apprehensive look spreading so quickly over the tiny, pallid face.

The lowering passion cloud deepened on her father's brow, his lips writhed and twisted in a way horrible to see, as he said, in tones that stung with shame, "Curse you, you careless brat! I'll kill you if you spill a drop!"

Then he roughly pushed his child, and the cruel shadow of fear deepened in her eyes, as she uttered a half-suppressed scream, and said, in an agony of terror, "Oh, please don't hurt me, father! I'll hold it so tight—see—"

And the little fingers clutched the bottle of liquid fire, as though it were some precious gift. Then the baby tones took on a softer note, and vibrated with pleading, as, tremblingly holding out her maimed arm, she said appealingly, "I never told the doctor it was you as broke it, father! I said just what you told me. And I didn't cry much when he fixed it—did I, father? He said I was a brave little—"

But at the sight of his work, done in a carnival of crime, when the gates of hell were let loose, the devil in the man leaped up, and, in his drunken fury—Oh God of the helpless little ones—he raised his hand—that hand which should have wrought unceasingly to protect that young life—and he deliberately struck the poor, maimed arm, while oaths and curses belched forth.

There was a despairing cry, the little shoulders quivered convulsively, the head drooped on to the chest, the crippled arm fell from the sling, and dangled helplessly, but the hold on the whisky bottle never relaxed. Then the child shrank nearer to her mother, hoping vainly for just one heart-throb, one touch of pity. The mute agony in her eyes was pathetic in its appeal.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she gasped with white lips, and in tones that must have reached the very Throne of God. But they fell on unheeding ears, for the drink-besotted mother looked round vacantly, smiled stupidly, and muttered unintelligibly.

And, with a strange gesture of painful hopelessness, the sobs were bravely checked, the thin shoulders gradually ceased to quiver, but a few of the imprisoned tear-drops overflowed, and ran protestingly down the soiled baby cheeks, for there was no hand to wipe away the tears of the drunkard's child.

INSURE WITH THE

NORTHERN ASSURANCE CO. LIMITED.

It is 73 years old.

It has been established in Australia for over 50 years.

Its Accumulated Funds amount to £7,089,000.

It has Large Investments in the Commonwealth.

It transacts Fire and Life Insurance.

NEW SOUTH WALES OFFICE:
80 PITT ST., SYDNEY
FIRE INSURANCE AT LOWEST RATES.

And the tram continued its way down the streets of Christian Sydney, past the licensed liquor shops, where the awful traffic in infamy is legalised—the mother of want and the nurse of crime—where love is outraged, conscience crippled, manhood debauched, womanhood desecrated, and the child's conception of motherhood and fatherhood is fatally paralysed.

Yet the doors of our public houses swing ever open by Act of Parliament, giving the city a propulsion hellwards, while the garish categories of crime swell alarmingly, and the devil in every bottle of distilled damnation says tauntingly: "You may open your reformatories, and subscribe to your rescue homes, and build your doors of hope, and try your Pollard system, but I laugh your puny efforts to scorn!"

"For, by statute allowed, like a modern Avernus, I blast the child-life of your city, I corrupt its young manhood, I corrode its promising womanhood, I make as flotsam the crowning work of the Creator, and I people hell with its suicides.

"Constitutionally armed, I overleap geographical barriers, and belt your island continent, and shake the very foundations of your Empire.

"And so long as 'licensed to sell' vaunts itself on the portals of the rum shops of the commercial capital of the Commonwealth—**Sydney is mine—mine—mine!!**"

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Take a spirit of resolution, fourteen ounces; syrup of good advice, twelve ounces; spices of employment, thirteen ounces; spirit of indifference, one ounce; oil of absence, two ounces; powder of disdain, two ounces. Put these ingredients into a saucepan of sound reason, with a good quantity of best heart's ease. Stir it up with a large proportion of time, and strain carefully through a bag of patience. A small portion of this mixture to be taken every few hours. Should this recipe ever fail, the patient may be considered incurable.

(From one who has tried it.)

After fifty years of unostentatious endeavour, the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain Association of London reports the present establishment in London streets of 762 drinking fountains, and 1242 cattle troughs.

New South Wales Alliance ECHOES

By REVEILLE

SPECIAL NOTICE.

It has been found necessary to postpone the time when the Gold Medal Prize Competition Vote Song may be received to February 1. Send, therefore, your song to the secretary on or before February 1.

£3500!
£3500?
£3500.

Surprise. Query. Fact. There it is. The State Council of the Alliance has agreed to a great State campaign in the interest of No-License, which will involve an expenditure of £3500. The plan has been made in humble dependence upon Almighty God. The Alliance has no end in view but the keeping of the great Second Commandment: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." No dividends are in prospect, simply the welfare of the nation. Admittedly the drink iniquity is the worst stumbling block in the pathway of national righteousness and progress, and in asking a donation towards the Campaign Fund we hope that every patriot and every Christian will send along some little Christmas donation to help the £3500 total.

Petersham No-License League, of which Mr. Levy is president, and Mr. Morris secretary, has decided to hold the supplementary sale in aid of Alliance funds the first week in February, 1910. The sale is to take place in the Empire Hall, near Addison-road tramway. Mrs. Miller, who had charge of the Petersham Stall at the Alliance Exhibition, is, we are glad to say, actively interesting herself in the undertaking. The League meets on the first Friday in each month, in the Baptist School-room, Boulevard, Petersham.

His personal appearance was that of a finished product of "the trade." His clothing was old and ventilated, his face was his misfortune. Someone called him into the Alliance Headquarters Office. A glass of foaming ale had just been poured out. He was offered the glass. He "consumed" it, after the fashion of a man who has long since completed his apprenticeship.

"Do you like it?"

Looking at the rev. gentleman who was acting as bartender for the moment, he grinned, and replied, "It's all right."

"Do you know what you've been drinking?"

"No."

"That was Jon's Ale. Teetotal stuff."

At first he seemed incredulous, then he said: "I thought it was ———'s. I want nothing better than that, and it will do for me just as good as the other."

To help displace the brain-bewildering alcoholic drinks, we have stocked a quantity of this great prize ale, and we can supply it at 7/- a dozen. Write the secretary, or call at Headquarters office, corner of Park and Castlereagh streets.

We have received a consignment of the popular "No-License Handbook," published authority of the New Zealand Alliance. The price is reduced to 2/-. All No-License workers should have a copy of the book. Order from the secretary of the Alliance promptly, as the supply is limited.

The Northern Division (with base at New-

castle) is willing to take over the responsibility of working the State northwards to the Queensland border. The matter is to be brought up at the State Council.

"The Cumberland Argus" gave excellent reports of the United Sunday School meetings at Granville and Auburn. In these days, when the financial bludgeon of the liquor interest threatens the independence of the press, No-License workers will appreciate the papers which dare.

"That's the sort of letter," said the secretary, and he held aloft a postal note for 20/-. The note was accompanied by a very brief communication expressing goodwill towards the Alliance. The General Superintendent responded: "There's a story hanging to that. Some time ago I was lecturing in that gentleman's district. He stood by my side and loyally supported me through the campaign, and met with considerable persecution as a result; he even was dismissed from a good position he held. For a time his sky was clouded, but afterwards the way was opened for him to his present position, in which he is vastly better off than he could have been in the former place."

The South Sydney branch of the Alliance meets in St. Paul's School-hall, Cleveland-street, the first Friday in every month, at 7.45. Rev. J. Tarn is president, and Mr. Charles T. Ryan secretary.

PERSONAL PARS.

Mr. J. J. Franklyn, evangelist of the Church of Christ, has come to the City Temple. He is a first-class fighting man in the cause of No-License, well informed, exceedingly capable on the platform, and effective as a conversationalist. Rev. John Dawson, the honoured secretary of the New Zealand Alliance, speaks of him thus:—"I commend him to your complete confidence, and trust without any reservation. Trust him, love him, use him. God has given him gifts and graces, and he desires to serve our common Master, and help to save poor fallen men." We welcome Brother Franklyn to our midst.

"I feel that I am doing good if I can only visit the sick ones, and shake up the pillows." So remarked our splendid Alliance worker at Petersham, Mrs. Miller. "Hear, hear," we responded. "Let us have a multiplication of the fact everywhere. Let us shake up the pillow of some sick one, or give at least the benediction of a smile to the weary toiler whom we meet bearing the burden of the day."

Mr. Yates has been in Blayney and district for five days, during which he preached the Home Mission sermons for the Methodist Church at Blayney, and lectured in the Town Hall, illustrating his remarks with chemical apparatus. At Neville he preached one sermon, and gave two lectures. In the district he preached and lectured 11 times; held one open-air meeting, and formed a branch of the New South Wales Alliance.

Miss Anderson Hughes is having a magnificent time in England. She writes:—"Am just beginning to be known as a speaker, and



"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 Masterlinck, 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

it is utterly impossible to fill the engagements. Requests for Missions pour in daily, and I have not one free day from now until 9th April. I was speaking last week at the annual meetings of the U.K. Alliance, and the week before at the annual Scottish Permissive Bill meeting in the large Glasgow Hall. I am also to speak in the Birmingham Town Hall for the Alliance at one of its great meetings next month. I regret that I shall not be able to return to New South Wales next year for the great fight. I shall not be able to stand the expense of a trip out so soon, but by another election year I hope to be able to give good help."

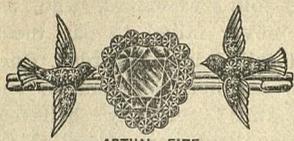
Mr. Albert Rickard, President of the Leicestershire Band of Hope, called at Headquarters recently. He is on a world tour, and was much interested in learning of the present position of the anti-drink fight here. He speaks enthusiastically of the National Commercial Temperance League in Britain, an organisation which has succeeded in linking up many of the professional and commercial men of Great Britain. When the commercial men realise the facts there is no question what will happen to the bar and brewery trade.

Mr. Arthur Toombs, Queensland I.O.G.T. lecturer, will take a wise step on December 22. He has been engaged for some time to an excellent young lady in Newcastle, and on that date they are to be made one, "according to God's holy ordinance." The New South Wales Alliance congratulates the happy couple.

Mr. Toombs, during his Queensland campaign, has opened thirteen new lodges, and four juvenile temples, besides doing abundant preaching, lecturing, interviewing, and other incidental work. The Grand Lodge Executive of Queensland have passed a resolution expressing appreciation of our brother's work.

Rev. Thos. Davies, of the Alliance State Council, has published a sermon anent our regrettable industrial struggle. The sermon is well worthy of perusal, and shows that in this trouble, as in all others, our

(Concluded on page 10.)



ACTUAL SIZE
No. G144—to meet the demand for an inexpensive Brooch for the young folks. Solid silver, with fine amethyst centre, 2/6

Seasonable Presents



Solid Gold Curb Bangle, with safety chain, 16/6 Stamped on each link



9-st. Gold Band any initial engraved, 10/6

The above are merely examples of our Christmas stock of which a large number are illustrated in our Christmas Catalogue.

In case you are not coming to Sydney at Christmas all you need do is write us your order when it will receive our personal attention and should you not be satisfied with the value sent, on receipt of the return goods we will refund your money

Angus & Coote

The Store where quality counts

492-4 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY

Talk about People

The Antagonisms of the Gospel.

"The Gospel, therefore, is in vehement antagonism to every tyranny and to every custom, and to every ordinance, and to every practice which harasses or injures man, which hinders self-development, through the exercise of that freedom whereby he has the opportunity of approving himself as a Son of God. It opposes its full strength to ignorance and vice; it counts him an enemy to God and to his kind who consciously encourages, in knowledge of its

contributory causes; from a system of trading which encourages the vilest greed and sweeps into prison, asylum, and cemetery a bigger wreckage of woe and ruin than any other destructive force known to us. Thank God the gospel is for man, and against everything that hurts him."

From an address at the opening of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Australia, Melbourne, September 22, 1909, by the Rev. John Ferguson, Moderator.

An Amazing Wardrobe.

Gabrielle D'Annunzio, the Italian poet, who has gone into ecstasies regarding an aeroplane flight, is a man of fashion, judging by the following inventory of his wardrobe recently published by a Neapolitan newspaper. It included the following: Shirts, 72; socks of all kinds, 12 dozen; socks of quiet-tinted silk, 2 dozen; gloves for walking, 48 pairs; gloves for evening, 24 pairs; umbrellas, of violet hue, 8; parasols, green, 10; handkerchiefs, 20 dozen; cravats, resplendent and varied, 150; waistcoats, 10; shoes for walking, 14 pairs; slippers, "soft, silent, and tremulous," two pairs.

Another Sermon by President Taft.

President Taft is acquiring considerable experience as a preacher. A fortnight after his appearance in the pulpit of the Mormon Tabernacle, he delivered an address at an open-air service in the court-house square, at Fresno, California. The meeting was arranged by the local ministerial association, and nearly all the churches of the city were represented. The President took as his text, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." His main application of the passage was that popular government must always be a failure unless it is based upon sound common sense and the self-restraint that goes to make a good loser.

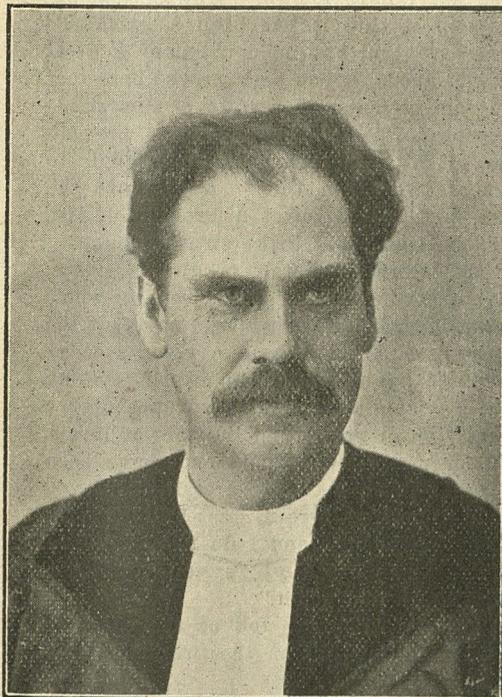
The Cannibal Bishop.

The Queen of Denmark once paid a visit to the Danish colony of Iceland, where the good old bishop exerted himself to the utmost to show her everything that was worth seeing. The Queen paid many compliments to her host, and, having learned that he was a family man, graciously inquired how many children he had. It happens that

the Danish word for "children" is almost identical in sound with the Icelandic word for "sheep," and the worthy bishop promptly answered, "Two hundred." "Two hundred children!" cried the Queen. "How can you possibly maintain such a number?" "Easily enough, please your Majesty," replied the prelate, with a cheerful smile. "In the summer I turn them out upon the hill to grass, and when the winter comes I kill and eat them."

"Sure an' what the divvil is a chafin'-dish?" asked Pat.

"Whist, man," answered Nora, "it's a fryin'-pan that's got into society."



Rev. John Ferguson.

Kindly lent by "Presbyterian Messenger."

baleful effects, anything which weakens or destroys the distinctive capacities of man. With the decisiveness of its essential meaning, it is against the octopus of the liquor traffic, whose debasing and death-dealing influences are a scandal to conscience and to common-sense, as well as a cruel burden to the human heart. We who love the gospel, and recreate our lives in the strength and refreshment of its truth, are under the most solemn and imperious obligation to use every honourable and instant means in order to deliver our fellow-beings from the curse of drunkenness and from the

ANOTHER SCOOP BY ASHWOOD'S.

NEW SOUTH WALES' BEST CHEESE AT SPECIALLY CUT PRICES.

KANGAROO COUPONS GIVEN. We've bought an enormous quantity of Cheese for Xmas, and the discount we got for cash enables us to quote prices that no grocers ever thought possible before.

Just note these prices—they are real Xmas Money-savers:—

PINE HILL BRAND, weight about 16lb., by the cheese, 6½d per lb.

HARBOUR VIEW BRAND, weight about 11lb., by the cheese, 6½d per lb.

MUMBULIA BRAND, weight about 15lb., by the cheese, 6½d per lb.

CHEESE, our own maturing; By 12lb. piece, 8½d per lb.; less quantity, 9½d per lb.

Up-country Residents ordering by post will be supplied by return train or boat. Only half-rates for cheese charged by N.S.W. Railways. Buy now from Ashwood's and save money on Good Cheese.

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GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

"Grit, clear Grit."—A pure Americanism, standing for Luck, 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 23, 1909.

A TRUCE OF GOD.

The Dean of Newcastle, in his message to the strike leaders, used the expression, "A truce of God," and it is suggestive far beyond the limits of the strike. In this season of goodwill and kindly remembrance we plead that everyone should recognise "a truce of God." It is not enough to be kind to those who are kind to us, as the Lord Christ so emphatically taught, for the worst may be that, but to be kind to the ungenerous and the ungrateful, to "do to the other fellow as you would like him to do to you, only to do it first," is the spirit of Christmas time. We fear there is very much behind this deplorable strike that is un-Christian, and that the remedy will not be class-consciousness but brotherliness; it will not be by the strong arm of the law, but by the sweet spirit of reasonableness; it will not be by proving the other fellow all wrong, but by recognising his good points, and your own bad ones, that a spirit of mutual forbearance will arise that will place matters on the basis of reason and common humanity, and then will come the end of strife. What is true of this great industrial fight is equally true of those petty quarrels and personal estrangements that go so far to sadden life, and defeat the purposes of Him who came to earth nearly 2000 years ago. We wish our readers all the benefits of "A truce of God."

THE NEW DRINK FOR AMERICANS.

Three years ago, when Uncle Sam said to the "patent-medicine manufacturers in America, "You must put on each bottle the amount of alcohol in your medicine," there was strong resentment. But the law was inexorable, and the line "25 per cent. alcohol" appeared on various bottles. Every care was, however, taken to have the line appear in as small type as possible. Then a curious change took place. The line "25 per cent. alcohol" suddenly appeared in large type, and stuck out prominently on the wrapper. Because the law demanded it? The law was the same. According to a highly reputable American paper, the change came, curiously enough, at the same time with the great wave of prohibition throughout the country. To the average mind there would seem to be no special connection here until this significant fact now comes out—that in nearly all the States that have by law recently gone "dry," the

sales of "patent medicines" having the largest quantity of alcohol in them have increased. In three "dry" States, for example, the sales of one "patent medicine" with "50 per cent. alcohol" prominently printed on the bottle, have increased more than tenfold in six months. To use the words of one "patent-medicine" manufacturer whose nostrum has a generous amount of alcohol in it: "These States going 'dry' are all right." And then he laughed comfortably! But the laugh meant no good to the public.

Before long, no doubt, this fact will be quoted by liquor champions as an argument against prohibition. Any argument serves a champion when he is in desperate straits, and the liquor champion often finds himself in that position. All that the incident quoted does prove is that the best of laws and the best intentions of legislators are often circumvented by unscrupulous persons. There are people in the world with no moral side to their character, and such people are not above robbing innocent sick people by taking their money for spurious medicine, any more than they are above contracting with inhuman parents to destroy their offspring under the secrecy of the baby farm. People, too, who are in the habit of pinning their faith to patent medicines should have their eyes opened by this experience. Evidently proprietors who advertise "50 per cent. alcohol" to evade the prohibition laws are more concerned about making money than effecting cures, and wise people will ask themselves what value there can possibly be in the other 50 per cent. when there is such a counteracting influence in the bottle as 50 per cent. of alcohol? Unfortunately, in most patent medicines the percentage of alcohol is high, which largely accounts for their popularity.

POVERTY AND DRINK.

There are still to be found a few people who are under the impression that poverty drives people to drink. How it does so they do not explain. In this connection the following statement in the "Evening News" of December 16 is interesting:—

"The evidence of the 40 hotelkeepers in Balmain is in contradiction to the optimistic class, and would rather support the opinion of those who state that a great number of workmen are idle. The leading hotelkeeper in the municipality declared that last Saturday less money was taken in his hostelry than his books showed since the '90 strike. 'Balmain has a reputation for its loyalty to hotels that are properly conducted,' said the host of this particular house, 'but I never saw a greater falling off in custom than has occurred in the last month. Someone must be feeling the pinch pretty badly.'

"Another hotelkeeper, with a 20 years' local reputation, said: 'They may talk as they like, but there are many hundreds of workmen idle in Balmain. Why,' he ex-

claimed, 'I could give you the names of fifty of my very old customers, who, as wharf labourers, never failed to pay their little 'score,' and failed last Saturday. One man earned 11s, another 15s, and so on. They told me, and I perfectly believed them. The fact is, there are so few ships working, and so many tied up in the stream that the poor fellows cannot get work.'

The argument to be drawn from this is that in bad times men do not drink so much as when money is plentiful, and we may also infer that when liquor is difficult to get and to be obtained only in disreputable places, very little will be consumed. No wonder that the common-sense person votes and helps No-License.

PROHIBITION IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

STRIKING TESTIMONY BY THE PRIME MINISTER.

The Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick appointed a commission to inquire into the working of Prohibition in the island. The Commission invited the Hon. Arthur Peters (Premier Prince Edward Island) to describe the working of Prohibition in his province. He declared, "So far as Prohibition is concerned there is no doubt as to its being far away ahead of any other law that I have known. The general impression is that it has been a great success here and has no doubt done a great deal of good. It has been proved here that the sale of liquor in a town of this size—Charlottetown—can and has been prevented. I think the principle would apply to larger towns than this. As we are the first province to enact a Prohibition law, our evidence ought to be strong.

"As Attorney-General of the Province, having conducted and supervised the whole proceedings in the Province, I say that the Prohibition Act has been a great success. Although not a teetotaler myself, I think the law is a great step in advance, and a great step in preventing the sale of liquor. On our roads there would once have been a public-house at every crossing, but you could drive from here to East Point—a good bit of the Island,—and I do not think you can find one house where you could ask for a drink and get it."

Question: "Can you tell us the effect of the Prohibition Act on the Criminal Court business?"

Answer: "Crime is decreasing; in fact, we have no crime here at all. As Attorney-General, I can tell you that our gaols are empty, and we have very few prosecutions in the Supreme Court at all. There may be a few cases in the Magistrates' Court, but we have practically no crime. In Queen's County Gaol we have only three prisoners, in Prince County only four, and in King's County there is none at all."

—Extracted from the Report of Commission, 1908.

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Prison Life and Afterwards

Ordinary Churches and ordinary Christians do not come in contact with the criminal and the prisoner. We distinguish between these two, as not every prisoner is a criminal. Many of them are the children of misfortune, and many are more fool than knave. Every year a couple of thousand men go to the prisons of New South Wales, and chaplains preach to them, and the Prisons Aid Society, or the Prison Gate Brigade, do something for them on their release, and there the matter ends, as far as the Christian public are concerned. We plead for a larger sympathy and interest in these men, most of whom deeply long to "turn over a new leaf," and with whom it has been proved again and again that "it is never too late to mend."

THE DANGERS OF KINDNESS.

Good people tell us that such men only presume and impose on good nature, and so they virtuously become vindictive, and try and make a man feel the enormity of his fault, and forget that there are dangers to society through hardening and embittering men that are greater than those that come from being kind to the ungrateful. Kindness and commonsense will never do harm, and if the man so treated does not respond the loss is his, and likewise the responsibility. It is surely a Christian thing to be prepared rather to be imposed on than to lose the chance of helping a man back to where he has slipped from.

THE WORLD AGAINST HIM.

It is not that I lack determination
Or motive power to keep me on the go;
It's not for the want of proper inspiration
That I am at the bottom of the row.
Nor do I think my courage wants inflation,
Nor can you say that I'm a stupid clown.
Still, somehow, things are in a combination
To keep a poor, deserving mortal down.

They say true merit's sure to make a killing
And perseverance gets there good and hard.

I've read how fortune loves the worker willing,
How honesty's the best bet on the card.

Of course, I'm not complaining or repining,
But certainly it seems an awful shame—
That luck is all against me in life's game.

Still, I'm a kind o' sociable and chummy;
In fact, the boys all like me at "Jim's place."

You know you can't afford to be a mummy
And so you've simply got to keep the pace.

Say, on the level, ain't it mighty funny
I can't stay long on any job I get?
Although I try to keep my temper sunny,
I always find the world's against me yet.

Such men need, above all things, the
friendship that only true Christians can give.

DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES.

A lady who had in great kindness given a poor-looking man a good dinner, said:—"Poor man! Are you married?" "No'm," answered the derelict, "I got dis hunted look

from bein' chased from place to place by der perlice." The man's self-consciousness was responsible for his misinterpreting the question, but, as a matter of fact, questioning is bad on principle, and unsatisfactory in practice. If the man does not want to answer he will lie; if he wishes to confide he will do so without questions, being moved by sympathy rather than inquiries. It is wonderful what a close observer will discover without asking questions, and sympathetic observation, coupled with a firm belief that there is something good in the worst of us, plays a large part in helping those who have slipped to get a further foothold.

A FORMER PRISONER'S LETTER.

"I fear I did not create a very good impression when I was with you; but you can hardly be expected to divine the feelings of one who has, for nearly thirteen months, been at the beck and call of officialdom. I am naturally of a nervous temperament, and, on my release, my feeling was one of extreme helplessness; you cannot cast off in a few days what seemed to be a life-long oppression. I was confused, I was lost, I wanted someone to lead me by the hand, I had neither courage nor confidence sufficient to enable me to act alone. I think I would have been happier, if, instead of your own kind self, there had been a warder handy to have ordered me about. You see I missed the "come here" and "go there" existence of Bathurst.

"For the first day or so the humblest people with whom I was brought in contact appeared to me as 'big' men, for, my dear sir, prison strips a man of confidence, stamps out independence, yes, and crushes the soul. I fairly believe another year of it would have left me mighty close to being an imbecile. I mention this, Mr. —, so that, after perusal, you will make allowances for many shortcomings in my manner that you cannot fail to have observed, as I myself even at the time felt them to be painfully evident.

"Another thing I must mention to you. While you were away from the office, Mr. B—— sent me out to cash some postal notes and orders, and I honestly believe that there was no happier man traversing the city than myself. For although the amounts were trivial, it gratified me to know that someone had reposed a certain amount of confidence in me. It was a slight matter, you may think, but it appealed strongly to me, as did the fact of your handing me the cash to purchase my own ticket."

THE WEAK MAN'S NEED.

It is strange that so few people realise that it is essential to all who would make the most of life to have work, friendship, and religion. Those who have fallen have lacked one or more of these three essentials, and those who have made a good re-

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

covery have done so by the combination of these three things. It is not necessary for money to play any part in the recovery of those to whom it has invariably been a curse, for all men who are down have had at one time or other more money than any Christian worker could give them, and so it will not be by money that they will win back to manhood, but by the things money cannot buy, the things which we Christians must make it our business to bring within the reach of all who in their weakness have been wicked.

FRIENDSHIP WITH A SMILE.

What thousands of men want is to be made to feel at home in good company; they are supersensitive to looks, to an unfriendly atmosphere that makes them conscious of their wrong, and places them at a disadvantage, and makes them shrink back to where they will be asked no questions, and will not be made to feel uncomfortable.

Let us not be afraid of laughter. The thing that does the most to make life worth while, at the least cost, is just a pleasant smile.

The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves one's fellow men,

Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again.

It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent—

It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

BLESSED HOPEFULNESS.

We can never do our best work without the spirit of optimism. Discontent, depression, doubt, fear, take the nerve out of a man's arm, and rob the heart of its hope and life of its victory. It is only when gladness has left our hearts that our hands grow weary in well-doing. The man who can face life with unflinching good humour is strongly armed against foolish endeavours and painful defeats. And all helpful influence over others is impossible, unless our lives inspire them with something of our own invincible faith in God and goodness, in the sweetness of fireside affections, and the loyalty of friends, and in the reality of true love and sacrifice.

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Citizenship and the Law

By REV. G. W. YOUNG, D.D.

A Democracy is a self-governing community as distinguished from a Monarchy either absolute or limited.

The unit of power in a Democracy is the individual citizens. The qualifications for citizenship is intelligence and conscience.

The increase and conservation of intelligence is the duty of the state. The education and the quickening of the conscience is the work of the Church.

Law is the expression in words of the people's highest conception of what ought to be. "The heart of the law is the common conscience beaten into words." In the evolutions of civilisation conditions constantly change. Laws that would be useless to-day may become indispensable to-morrow. They are implements in the hands of the people by which they accomplish their will. When they have served their purpose, they may be discarded as were the early implements of husbandry, and they may be succeeded by others of different character capable of accomplishing the people's larger desires.

Government by the people must be so organised as to leave the making, the construction, and the execution of law, while resident in the people, kept as far as possible independent of each other. Hence, our fathers divided our government, State and National, into three independent yet co-ordinate departments; the Legislative, the Judicial, and Executive or Administrative. These were created and are continued by the people.

Only one of these departments can ever be properly political. That is, the Legislative. The Legislature is supposed to formulate the convictions of the people into law. The teachings of various schools of political policy find expression in the election of the legislative body, but a law, once enacted, should be regarded as sacred. "Vox populi, Vox dei."

It is to negative every doctrine of the American Democracy to elect a partisan judiciary or executive. It is the province of the judiciary to construe the meaning of the acts of the Legislature. And while we must suppose them to have had partisan leanings prior to their elevation to the bench, yet, the measure of their fitness for the office of judge is the measure of their ability to rise above these and construe the law as the people desire it to be construed. Always being careful to give the benefit of the doubt to good morals rather than bad as the object of all government is to promote the peace and good order of society. A partisan judiciary is subversive of the intent of the Legislature in the enactment of law. In so far as it gives a false construction, it substitutes its own dictum for the will of the people.

What is true of the judiciary is equally true of the executive or administrative branch of the government. It is a menace to public government when the executive enters upon the administration of his office as the tool of a party or the mouthpiece of a faction, or the representative of a special interest. The strength of a Republic is the faith of the people in the incorrupt ability of its courts and the fidelity and efficiency of its executives, meaning by executives, all who have to do with the enforcement of its laws. It is a shame when one is charged with an infraction of law for the people in forecasting the result,

to inquire into the personal leanings of the judge in construing, and the court officers in enforcing the statute. The same must be said of the chief executive. What good that the people enact their will into law if the ingenuity of the officers invent causes of delay and the Governor stands by with a pardon for the offender, to use his position to discourage the prosecution because he or his party does not happen to be in sympathy with the law?

The supreme test of good citizenship is not only personal obedience to law, but upholding its authority in every possible way. An unwarranted construction, a cowardly evasion, or a lax execution of law, is a worse crime than open nullification or rebellion. For while the rebel throws off his obligations to the Nation, pulls down its flag, and defiantly tramples it in the dust, the other traitorously discounts its authority, and insidiously brings the institutions over which it flows into contempt while too cowardly to step out into the open and fight for his convictions and take chances of dying as a result.

The test of good citizenship is in standing for the sacredness of authority and the supremacy of the law. Good or bad, it is the law, and it is a monstrous doctrine that a defeated minority has the right to inveigh against the law and secretly defy its authority. The doctrine that an objectionable statute may be violated with impunity as a means to its repeal would soon destroy our civilisation. I admit that it is a mistake when a statute has accomplished its purpose or has proved ineffective, to allow it to remain on the statute books merely as a water mark showing the rise of civilisation. It were better, when a statute has accomplished its end, to repeal it and leave on our statute books only such laws as are of present use. But the baneful doctrine that a law should be repealed because of the difficulty of enforcing it, or because it does not absolutely prevent the crime or

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misdemeanor against which it is aimed, would repeal every penal statute and ordinance in the Republic. The reason for the enactment of a prohibitory law was the fact that the people were doing a forbidden thing, and thus injuring society. Therefore, the law forbade it. Now, just as long as people continue to do that thing, it would be unsafe for the Legislature to repeal the law. If our liquor friends are so anxious to get rid of prohibitory and regulatory legislation now on the statute books of Indiana, their wisest and most direct means of accomplishing that end would be to implicitly obey the law. When they cease to do the wrong of selling strong drink for beverage purposes to the people of this State, then the people of the State can safely repeal these laws. But until they do, they may rest assured that every patriot in Indiana, from the Governor in his chair to the humblest citizen in his sphere, will unite in upholding the law, and seeking out and punishing severely those who violate it.

Let it be understood that the man, or the faction, or the party in this country that lends itself to the breaking down of a law for selfish or partisan reasons deserves the odium of all true patriots.

The capacity of a people for self-government is measured, not by the character of its laws, or the eloquence of its statesmen, but by its power to enforce law. Fail in this and failure as a nation is only a question of time.—"The American Issue."

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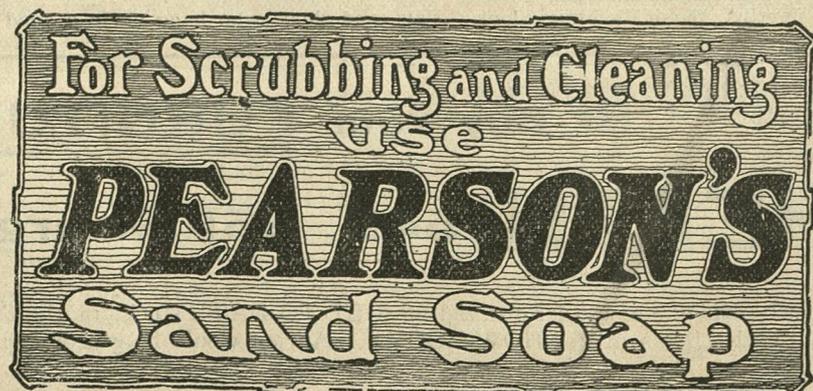
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From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(By UNCLE BARNABAS.)

LARKS.

A boy one day tied a tin to a dog's tail "for a lark," but it was no lark for the dog.

The Philistines put Samson's eyes out, and they brought him up into Dagon's Temple that he might dance a bit for them, but it was "all for a lark." However, it was no lark for Samson.

Two urchins tied a string across a road, so that somebody would stumble over it. It was "just for a lark." An old lady tumbled over it and hurt herself considerably. It was no lark for her.

Another boy got up early and cleaned up the yard, and got the kettle boiling for mother. It was "just for a lark!" And mother thought it was a good lark, too!

One or two girls made a Christmas cake and, "just for a lark," left it on the doorstep of a house where there were three hungry small boys who only tasted plum cake about once a year—at the Sunday-school picnic. The three small boys agreed that it was a great lark.

Are you going to have larks these holidays? If so, which sort?

FOR SUNDAY. MISSING WORDS.

Arrange the missing words into a Christmas text.

1. "It is for me to draw near to God" (Psalm 73).
2. "I was afraid, and hid thy talent in the" (Matt. 25).
3. "But he delivered Jesus to their" (Luke 23).
4. "The winds blew, and beat that house" (Matt. 7).
5. "Behold the tabernacle of God is with" (Rev. 21).
6. "The Prince of" (Isaiah 9).
7. "I will look thy holy temple" (Jonah 2).

PHARAOH (Exodus).

1. Who said to him, "This is the finger of God?"
2. Pharaoh's magicians could bring up frogs, but what could they not do?
3. When did Pharaoh send in a hurry for a good man?
4. Where is his horse mentioned?

FOR MONDAY.

THE GAME OF FIZZ-BUZZ.

If you want to test your mental arithmetic, and, at the same time, get a good laugh, just try it. This is how:—

Players take it in turns to count up to 100 but whenever you come to a 5, or a multiple of 5, you say "Fizz!" And when you come to a 7, or a multiple of 7, you say, "Buzz!" Thus: "Fizz! 11, 12, 13, Buzz! Fizz! 16, Buzz! 18, 19, Fizz! Buzz!" When you come to a number like 35, that is both a multiple of 5 and 7, you say, "Fizz-Buzz!" And 52 would be "Fizz-2." A player who makes a mistake drops out, and pays a forfeit.

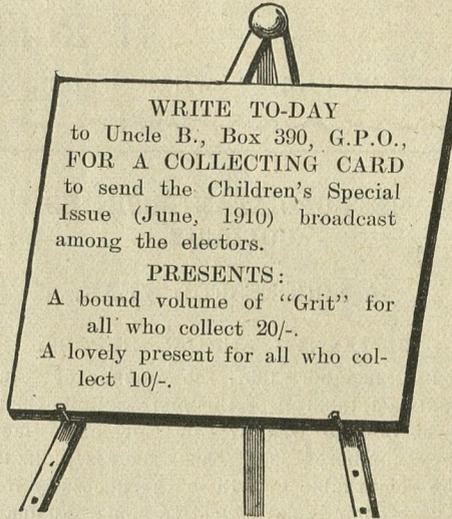
OUR NAVY AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BOTTLE

(For the Band of Hope Meeting.)

Draw on the blackboard a big glass, or barrel, or bottle, to represent the Drink Bill for New South Wales for one year—£5,000,000. At the bottom and sinking to the bottom sketch three Dreadnoughts. The price of three Dreadnoughts is swallowed in New South Wales alone by the drinkers every year.

Draw another glass (three times the size of the first), to represent the Common-

wealth Drink Bill—about £15,000,000. This represents ten Dreadnoughts. Get someone to give a short address on "How Australia may have her own Navy."



WHAT GRIT STANDS FOR.

G et	G et
R eady	R umpsellers
I n	I nto
T ime!	T rouble!

UNCLE B.'s LETTER BOX.

A LOST "NI" FOUND AT LAWSON.

Lucy Bruntnell, "Arncliffe," Broad-street, Lawson, writes:—"Dear Uncle B., Father told me you wondered what Bernice and myself were doing, not to have written you, and you wondered if you had done anything to prevent us; but you have done nothing. We both have been reading 'our page' with great pleasure, but we have been unsettled about going away, and one thing and another, that the weeks have gone by so very quickly. I hope you will forgive us and our cousins, anyway.

"We are now up at Lawson, as you must know. I have met you at the Alliance, and you know you have met me. I think you ought to own up who you are. Fancy Gladys Noble thinking mother was Aunt Prissy! We are all having a glorious time up here. My word, you are getting a lot of nephews and nieces! Next week I will send you some pretty pressed flowers, which come from the Junction Falls, where we spent a very happy day. I must send you my shilling along.

"I am hoping and praying that No-License may be carried at the next poll. Won't Sydney then be a glorious city? I don't think we would need so many prisons, if the hotels were closed, do you? Bernice has gone to spend a day with a friend at Blackheath. Well I think this is all this time, with much love to everyone,—I remain, your loving Niece."

(Dear Lucy,—I am glad you have appeared again, well and smiling, as usual. It would have been a great expense for "Grit" to have sent out a search-party to scour Dante's Glen and Adelina's Gorge, and all the rocky ravines and curious canyons of Lawson. Please don't give us any more frights. Ah, yes! that day at the Alliance! You wearing that nice new hat, weren't you? What did you think of the cave downstairs where the "Baby" lives and laughs and where Uncle B. puts in the time that he doesn't spend somewhere else? Is it anything like that sly-grog cave Bernice went to see? Gladys has some strange fancies. Her guesses are very clever. Thank



you (and Bernice, too) for your interest in the "Baby."—Uncle B.)

WHERE BUSHRANGERS MADE BEER.

Bernice Bruntnell, "Arncliffe," Broad-st., Lawson, writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—You must nearly have forgotten me, but I have not forgotten you. Last Monday I went for a picnic with some other girls, who I am going to (D.V.) ask to become 'nieces.' We went to the Junction Falls, and had a great time. In the afternoon we went to see the 'Still,' where the bushrangers used to make their beer; it was in a small cave, and the smoke came out of the side, instead of the top, so it could not be seen. To get there the bushrangers had to be let over the cliffs in baskets. This was before Lawson was found. It is lovely up here! I am longing for another exhibition. There are thirteen beautiful falls up here, and plenty of wild flowers. The flannel daisies are just coming out. With love to all my cousins and yourself,—I remain, your loving Niece. P.S.—I will not let it be so long before I write again."

(Dear Bernice,—"The Baby" has missed you, and is all smiles now you have thought of him again. When No-License is carried the Sly-Grog people will want that cave again. It will be so interesting to see the Tooheys in a basket going over the cliff, and the slim former president of the U.L.V.A. at the top, with the ropes. May you and I be there to see.—Uncle B.)

LETTER RECEIVED FROM SANTA CLAUS.

Emily W., Belmont-street, Alexandria:—"Dear Uncle B.,—It seems a long time since I wrote to you, but you won't mind—will you? It was our Sunday School Anniversary on the 23rd and 30th of October. We had a lovely time. The first Sunday was fine, but the next was wet, and on the Saturday following (November 6) was our picnic at Athol Gardens. We had a fine day, and a very pleasant time. I received a very nice letter from Santa Claus, but you tell him to write plain, because I took a long while to read it, although it was real nice, and I say, 'Thanks, very much.' I have had two of my sisters sick with measles. I would not mind a collecting card; if you will send me one I will try and do my best."

(Dear Emily,—Please write on one side only, when you don't forget! I hope you will have much success with your collecting card. You are a real helper! Poor old Santa Claus is a shocking writer. I agree with you, so does our printer, but of course he is always in such a hurry. Did you catch the measles? It is not wise to be too attractive.—Uncle B.)

(Send all letters, answers, requests for collecting cards, etc., to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.)

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT

—DRINK—

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MENTION "GRIT" WHEN ORDERING.

THE NEW DEGREE PLEDGE.

Tune: "Lancashire Lass."

Up in the North, in bonnie Carlisle,
A bishop had his say,
About the Temperance fray,
To victory paved the way,
By introducing in business style
A pledge both new and true;
He said:
"There's only one course for you"—
Don't you offer your friend a "beer,"
Rum, or whisky, or cider clear,
Gin, or brandy, which some hold dear.
Oh, so dear!
You may give him a piece of cake,
Lemonade, or a pound of steak,
If he wants treating, or greeting, or meet-
ing,
But don't you offer beer!

"Outside" pledge is the next on the list,
Don't set a step inside,
Or woe will you betide,
Give bars a berth so wide.
Drink at home, if on drink you insist,
But keep the end in view.
He said:

"There's only one course for you"—
Don't go into the bar to drink,
Drink where you will have time to think,
What will happen to loved ones dear?
Oh, so dear!
If you do not keep within bound,
Son will follow your footsteps round,
Daughter and wife fair look also for their
share,
And then you'll stop in fear.

Should you, then, find your head is not
clear,
And thinking makes it ache,
The least noise makes you quake,
Ston, for your stomach's sake.
Drink at meal times your wine or your
beer,
Now, mind you take this cue.

He said:
"There's only one course for you"—
Alcohol hurts both the head and the heart,
Liver, and kidneys, and every part,
You will find that it costs you dear,
Oh, so dear!
Pledge yourself to drink with a meal,
Substitute fruit when the craving you feel,
Cherry or orange, your loose cash will soon
change,
And keep your head quite clear.

Brain and body thus getting in trim,
The craving at an end—
A helping hand extend
To one—maybe your friend—
Few as your drinks are, they influence him.
So quit your favourite brew;

He said:
"There's only one course for you"—
If this causes your brother to fall,
Turns the weak one against the wall,
Sure I am that it costs too dear,
Oh, too dear!
Cheerily, then, the "full" pledge take,
It's worth the while, just for his sake,
Let this good feeling result in square
dealing,
Thus make his pathway clear.

—Mary L. Moppett.

Sylvania, N.S.W.

Gent. (to cabby): "How do you manage
to keep yourself dry in this wet weather?
Don't you wear a waterproof?" Cabby:
"Na, na, sir; I just tak' a salt herrin' in the
mornin' afore I come oot, and it keeps me
dry a' day."

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS
COLLEGE.

A SUCCESSFUL YEAR.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

In December, 1907, the number of students on the roll of the Metropolitan Business College was 87; in November last they numbered 527. These figures indicate the remarkable growth in the necessity for higher commercial education, and the equally striking advance of a great educational institution. Last week the breaking-up ceremony of the college was held at the Y.M.C.A. Hall, which was thronged with students and their friends.

The 15th annual report of the college told of a series of successes in all branches of education. The enrolments showed steady increase, amounting to 1250, as against 800 during the previous year. This increased business had been spread fairly over the whole of the subjects taught.

In May, 1908, two new floors were added to the premises then occupied by the college in Pitt-stret, but during the months of June and July of this year the pressure of new business, and the fact that no more room was available in the old location, compelled a search for new premises. "Holt House," 56-58 York-street, was selected, a building in the heart of the city, midway between King and Market streets, and next to George-street. These premises were away from all the noise of tram traffic, enabling students to study under suitable conditions. The whole of one large floor—75ft. by 60ft.—had been subdivided into model classrooms and administrative offices. No expense has been spared in equipment.

In addition to other advantages of an up-to-date building, the students had a fine roof garden on which to take the air during the lunch hour and between classes.

Among the many successes of the college students during the year were those in the Sir Isaac Pitman and Son's medal competition. This competition is held annually, and is open to all New South Wales shorthand writers. Only two medals were awarded, both of which were won by college students, the winners being:—Silver medal, William O. C. Day; bronze medal, Peter Gallagher. The test piece was given at 150 words per minute for seven minutes. Candidates prepared by the college had also scored successes in the public service entrance and regrading examinations (State and Commonwealth), University, teachers' examinations, Bankers' Institute, accountancy preliminary, etc., obtaining 51 passes during 1909, including top place in preliminary accountancy, and full scholarship in Teachers' Training College.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

F. Dumble, Mr. Leighton.

THE NEW SOUTH WALES ALLIANCE.

(Continued from Page 4.)

Lord Jesus Christ is the Key to the solution of the problem.

* * *
The Rev. Fisher-Webster reports a very encouraging visit to Tamworth.

* * *
Mr. W. Rumble and Mr. Jacobs, of Newcastle, have been elected as representatives of the Northern Division on the Alliance State Council.

* * *
A curious error crept into a paragraph referring to Mr. W. J. Walker, in our notes of December 9. The reference should have read: "His many friends, in and out of the Alliance, will be pleased to know that so stalwart a champion of No-License principles has been elected, etc."

* * *
Fighting a municipal election is no small matter physically. Our hon. secretary, Mr. W. J. Walker, lost 42lb. weight in the ordeal.

* * *
Miss Anderson Hughes writes:—"I think 'Grit' a splendid little paper."

* * *
Mr. Albert Bruntnell returned from his southern campaign brimming with his usual good wits and good humour.

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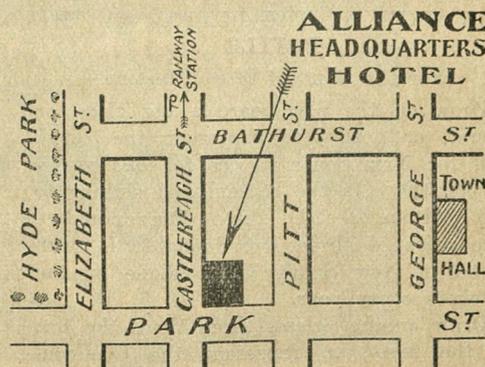
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Reply to Mr. W. A. Lloyd

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. W. A. Gregory Lloyd, sets out in your issue of December 8 to "thoroughly explain" his connection with the Temperance forces in Tasmania. After declaring that he had nothing to hide and nothing to regret, one would have expected that at least he would have given a full and accurate statement of his movements in Tasmania. But he has not, as I shall show.

To quote Mr. Lloyd: "My fight against 'the trade' in Tasmania lasted for eight weeks—eight weeks out of twelve years' connection with 'the trade.'"

By perusing newspaper reports I find that Mr. Lloyd delivered an address as the special lecturer of the Tasmanian Temperance Alliance on the 26th July, 1905. Another address was given by Mr. Lloyd under the auspices of the Tasmanian Temperance Alliance on the 12th of November, 1905, so your readers will perceive that over fifteen weeks elapsed between these addresses, and not eight weeks as Mr. Lloyd has declared. Either his memory is "thoroughly unreliable" or he has not given a "thorough explanation."

Further, Mr. Lloyd is reported as having said at Franklin, Tasmania, on September 22, 1905, that he had been employed for several years by the brewers and spirit merchants of Western Australia and New South Wales in organising work in their interests, but as a Christian man he had been led to see the inconsistency of his position, and that Temperance work was right, and had determined to do all in his power to help in that direction. These sound like the words of a permanently converted man, and not those of one who fought "the trade" for a few weeks only.

Again he says: "I told 'the trade' that I would fight against it, and in favour of the Bill, but with the inclusion of a Compensation Clause." Strangely enough, on the 22nd September, 1905, in the Town Hall, Franklin, Tasmania, Mr. Lloyd is reported as saying, "there was no law either on legal or moral grounds relating to compensation to publicans. The issue of a license had increased the value of the property, practically a large gift to the hotelkeeper, but the same power that gives can withhold a privilege without violating any principle of justice."

I ask Mr. Lloyd to produce proofs from any of his published utterances in Tasmania that he advocated money compensation on the platform when there.

Mr. Lloyd's explanation of his offer to take up a position under the auspices of the New South Wales Alliance is nothing more than a wriggle. The facts are these: Mr. Lloyd applied to us for a position, and offered to take our platform and advocate it all over the State, and the New South Wales Alliance platform has never included compensation. The platform of the Alliance at that time, as shown in the annual report for 1906, was "to obtain No-License in each electorate and all over the State by the popular vote of the people, and the effective enforcement of all anti-liquor legislation." The minor planks include the non-employment of barmains, early closing on week days, and elective licensing committees.

This platform was shown to Mr. Lloyd by myself, and he expressed his willingness to advocate it. But his application was refused by the State Council after re-

ceiving a report from a sub-committee appointed to deal with such cases, and which included Rev. Canon Boyce, Rev. W. W. Rutledge, Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, Mr. W. Winn, Mr. A. B. Pursell, and myself as the general secretary.

Mr. Lloyd's history, according to his own statements made in Tasmania, and reported in the press, is that he was first a liquor lecturer and organiser in this country, that he went to America, and was constrained to give up his advocacy of "the trade," and after his return he went to Tasmania, where he lectured in favour of Prohibition. He then applied to the New South Wales Alliance for a position, which was refused, when he again became the lecturer and organiser for the liquor trade. A marvelous metamorphosis surely!

Mr. Lloyd has used a portion of a personal conversation with myself in a most unfair and unwarrantable manner. I am "the highest placed official" referred to, and I absolutely deny the statement that I "hastened to inform" Mr. Lloyd of anything.

The facts are that I travelled from the South Coast to Sydney on Wednesday, December 1 last, with Mr. Lloyd. He left his first-class compartment in which he was travelling and came and spoke with me, as I was riding in a second-class compartment. In the conversation he mentioned his contemplated visit to Broken Hill, and said, "You have an extremist there named Schafer." Knowing the capital Mr. Lloyd so cleverly made of a statement by the Rev. Payne Lewis at Maclean some months ago, I replied that the Alliance was in no way responsible for what any person said outside its own officials. It would be as unreasonable to expect Mr. Lloyd to accept the responsibility of the utterances of Henry Watterson, as published in "Fairplay" of December 2, 1909, namely: "A riffraff of moral idiots and red-nosed angels who propose to change the laws both of political economy and nature," as to expect the Alliance to be responsible for any individual statement.

I deny that anything was said about "repudiating Mr. Schafer," and can only regret that Mr. Lloyd's sense of common fairness did not prevent him from misapplying a portion of a general conversation.—Yours, etc.,

ALBERT BRUNTNELL.

WANTED MUZZLING.

For two hours the talkative idiot had bored his fellow travellers with accounts of his wonderful dog Billy. Billy could stand on his hind legs. You should just see him. Billy ate ices. Think of it! Ices! Billy was a champion ratter, too! And, oh, Billy was very fond of cats. Strange thing for a dog, wasn't it, now? But it was a fact. Billy was fond of cats.

"Sir," said an old gent in the corner who had been trying in vain to snatch forty winks, "suppose you took Billy into a shop for a muzzle and you asked the assistant to put it on the dog, and the assistant refused, what would you do?"

"Well," said the talkative idiot, "I'd put it on myself."

"Quite so," said the old gent. "And I think all here will agree with me that you'd look well in it, too!"

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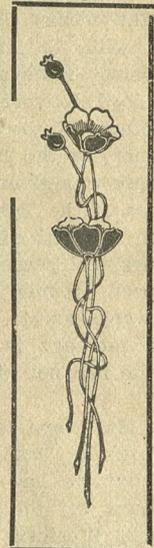
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