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A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER, 30 1909

Price One Penny

Why?

To an outsider it would seem that the publican had no responsibilities except paying his license, closing his front door at 11 o'clock, and keeping a man to watch the movements of the police. Is it that they are above the law or below the law? They do not close when other businesses are compelled to. Why? They do not pay compensation when, through their negligence in not perceiving a man or woman to be intoxicated, they continue to serve them, and

an assault or accident results. Why? If a milkman's milk causes typhoid, he is fined, and put to any expense to safeguard his customers; if a butcher offers for sale meat likely to spread disease he is heavily punished. Yet the publican's goods produce a more frequent, deadly, and painful disease than the milk or meat of the other tradesmen, and he is not stopped. Why? Suppose your fox terrier, whose canine soul is stirred by the sight of the moon, or the

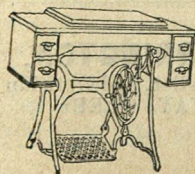
beauties of a cat, to such a pitch that he just cannot restrain his voice. You find that you are maintaining a nuisance, and you are responsible, and you must abate the nuisance. But the maudlin shouts, filthy language, and disgusting doings of the intoxicated are a much more serious nuisance, and yet the man behind the license smiles and goes scot free. Why?

Some day a neighbour's child torments your terrier until it nips him with his teeth. Then a fat policeman calls upon you to shoot the dog, and the tongue-twisted lawyers serve notice that you are guilty of trespass, although you had always supposed that trespass was invading someone else's land. And yet the same night the publican may let loose a wildly-drunken maniac with a revolver to make night hideous, and, incidentally, to put a bullet through the shoulder of a passerby. Is the publican responsible? Why, he isn't even mentioned in the case.

Perhaps you left a small wooden box out in front of your store. Someone stumbled over it, and you were responsible for neglect. But do you know what kind of pictures they have in public-houses, what sort of games they play in the back rooms, what kind of places they keep above them? If stumbling blocks are actionable, why not these?

You have read of drunken assaults, drunken fights, and drunken murders. Your morning paper tells you of the trials of the drunkards. What do you hear of the responsibilities of the drunkard maker?

You know the criminal is photographed, and his tools, etc., destroyed; does not your soul feel stirred to indignant remonstrance when you find how often the criminal maker escapes, and his tool or dupe is put in the rogues' gallery? Why don't you fight for No-License for criminal makers. Why don't you give largely to right this wrong?



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"The Joyous Champion"

STATUE TO SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

PRIME MINISTER'S ELOQUENT TRIBUTE.

"NO MORE GENIAL SOUL THAN THIS DRINKER OF WATER."

On July 20 the British Prime Minister (Mr. Asquith) unveiled a statue of the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, which has been placed in the Victoria Embankment Gardens by admirers of the great reformer.

The statue—a more-than-life-size effigy in bronze—stands on a high plinth almost opposite Cleopatra's Needle, and a little to the west of the Robert Raikes Memorial.

Sir Wilfrid is represented in a very characteristic attitude, standing (as though addressing an audience) with a small volume in his right hand and his left hand thrust negligently into the pocket of a short, loosely-fitting coat.

Allegorical figures, also of bronze, representing peace, temperance, charity, and fortitude, stand in niches at the four corners of the plinth, the eastern side of which bears the words,

"A true patriot, a wise and witty orator, a valiant and far-seeing reformer, he spent his long life as the joyous champion of righteousness, peace, freedom, temperance."

The main inscription records the fact that Sir Wilfrid was president of the United Kingdom Alliance from the year 1879 until his death in 1906; and upon the western side it is stated that the statue was "Erected by his friends and followers in loving and grateful remembrance of his splendid leadership and unworldly life."

The sculptor was Mr. Wand McGill.

Before the ceremony of unveiling a large gathering was addressed by the Prime Minister in the Grand Committee room, Westminster Hall.

Archdeacon Wilberforce, of Westminster, sat at the Premier's right hand, and on the left hand of Mr. Leif Jones, M.P., the chairman, was Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P. Lord Carlisle, Lord Courtney of Penwith, Lord Kinnair, Viscount Selby, and Lord Wear-dale occupied prominent seats.

Over forty members of Parliament were present, besides many members of the London County Council, and representatives of most of the great temperance societies.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

Speaking as President of the United Kingdom Alliance, Mr. Leif Jones paid an eloquent tribute to Sir Wilfrid's memory. He recalled the fact that for forty-five years Sir Wilfrid had been the political leader of the temperance forces in this country, and had turned what had at first looked like a forlorn hope into a triumphal march.

In 1863 the permissive resolution which he moved in the House received only twenty-one votes. Twenty years later a majority of the House of Commons voted for a similar resolution, and he lived to see what he himself described as "the miracle of 1906."

Mr. Asquith referred to Sir Wilfrid Lawson at the opening of his address as "one of the most remarkable and certainly one of the most attractive figures of our time."

"There was," he went on, "much in Sir Wilfrid Lawson's character and career that is unusual, and indeed unique. There was also much that made him a typical product of English character and of English public life. He was born to what he himself would have described as the squirearchy."

"The nephew of one of the most eminent and distinguished statesmen of the Victorian era, Sir James Graham, he was in his youth, and indeed long after, a mighty sportsman, and I believe not only a popular but a highly efficient Master of Hounds. And yet from the moment he first gave his serious attention to politics he was a man for whom, to use his own expression, 'minorities had an irresistible fascination.'"

He need not tell them that from a legislative point of view Sir Wilfrid's ideas were still far from complete realisation, but no one who measured the state of opinion 45 years ago and its condition to-day could doubt that the ripening seen over the whole field was in large measure due to his exertions. At the same time it would be a mistake to suppose that Sir Wilfrid Lawson was a man of one idea, one enthusiasm, or one cause. Wherever the first gleams of freedom could be seen there was he—a Cobdenite of the Cobdenites, a man of peace, a hater of aggression, ready to draw his sword.

A GREAT APOSTLE.

"A man like Sir Wilfrid is the apostle not of lost, but of gaining causes," the Prime Minister declared. "Content for most of his life to be in a minority, he watched year by year the proportions of the rival forces change, the minority of to-day slowly developing into the majority of the future. A man who undertakes that role with conscientious conviction and a fearless contempt of popular applause is always apt to be labelled a fanatic. Yet never was there man since the creation of the world with less of the traditional lineaments of the fanatic than had Sir Wilfrid Lawson."

"Among all the votaries of Bacchus could be found no more genial soul, no merrier

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temper, no wittier tongue, than was to be found in this drinker of water. I doubt whether we shall ever see again in our time a combination in one and the same man of such fearlessness, such a devoted love of freedom, such a single-minded independence and self-devotion, such an untiring and strenuous assiduity in the pursuit of a cause once taken up, and at the same time such sweetness of temper, generosity, and chivalry."

In conclusion, Mr. Asquith quoted Sir Wilfrid Lawson's own words, spoken some 50 years ago:

"In this country the Crown is the fountain of honour. There is one honour the Crown cannot bestow—the esteem and respect of our fellow-countrymen are theirs alone to give. I shall endeavour so to act that my supporters may think of me as one who broke no promise, served no private end, who gained no title, and who lost no friend."

"Never," observed the Prime Minister, "was a young man's aspirations more abundantly and honourably fulfilled."

After the unveiling at the Embankment Gardens, Canon Hicks, on behalf of the subscribers, handed over the statue to the London County Council, who have presented the site. The chairman, Sir A. Melvill Beachcroft, represented the Council at the ceremony.

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A Dead Memory

From "East End Idylls," by A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

In plain English, Mrs. Weech was drunk. She was reeling homeward, through the slop-py lamplit streets, in her slatternly torn dress and leaky shoes, with her dirty bonnet crushed on to the back of her head, and her unkempt hair fluttering untidily. None of the respectable citizens who stepped aside to make way for her and looked contemptuously into the bleared heavy eyes and flushed, sodden face, could have seen any lingering traces there of the shy, sweet-faced dainty bride, who had brought such a glamour of romance and happiness into poor Tom Weech's life fourteen years ago.

Fourteen years ago Tom was a warehouseman in the city, drawing the munificent salary of thirty-five shillings a week. But you may have wonderful dreams on less than that. Tom had enjoyed such visions as could not been bought by the biggest income that was ever earned, and when he took his fair young bride home he fondly imagined that all his visions were about to materialise themselves, and be enjoyed in reality.

There had been pleasant winter evenings by the humble hearth that was theirs, when the lamp was lighted and the fire blazed cheerily, and the world and the weather were shut outside; there had been golden summer evenings when she had set out through the noisy streets and met him on his way home, and, after tea, they had gone out again together and walked in breezy, green parks, among the murmurous trees, going back, at length, in the restful twilight, a little tired perhaps, but very happy; there had been, also, rarer evenings when they had luxuriously treated themselves to seats in the gallery at a theatre; there were those Saturday nights, too, when he went marketing with her, and loitered outside the garish shops whilst she tripped in with her basket on her arm, the dearest, daintiest little housekeeper that ever was! and drove the most marvellous bargains with an anxious, business-like look on her face that would have been only amusing if it hadn't been so pretty.

She was reeling home now, forgetful of all such tender sentimentalities as these, forgetful even of that more sacred time when there was a third presence in their small household, forgetful of the little face that smiled up at them, growing familiar with their looks, the tiny hands that touched them so helplessly, and yet had such strength to draw them nearer to each other, the poor little baby life that was soon to be nothing but a piteous remembrance.

These things had not been dreams, though now to Tom Weech they almost seemed never to have been anything else. Nobody knew how it had wrung his heart to gaze down on the small, wan face in the coffin and know the closed eyes would never laugh back to him any more. Possibly there was something foolish and weak in a man who had his bread to earn, his life to live, making the loss of that mere mite of humanity such a burden and bearing it so long. Some men can shake off a trouble of that kind sooner than others; he could not shake it off. It was a weakness he was somewhat ashamed of, and being a reticent, self-conscious man, he tried to hide it. To some extent, he hid it even from his wife. She had her own sorrow to bear, and out of tenderness for her he kept his misery as much as possible to himself.

Just about that same time, for Misfortune has a cowardly knack of hitting a man after she has knocked him down, Tom Weech lost his situation. His firm went into bankrupt-

cy, and it was only after some months of dreary stagnation that he managed to find temporary employment, which brought him in so much less than he had been earning before that they were compelled to sell off part of their furniture to get out of debt, and moved into cheap and comfortless lodgings.

And in the midst of this sordid wretchedness came the worst blow of all.

When his wife first began to find consolation in drink, Tom Weech did not know; he found her out by accident at last, then there was a terrible scene. She confessed she had been deceiving him for months past, and promised amendment, and he forgave her. But the few friends who knew of her lapse shook their heads hopelessly, and said her father had gone the same way, and his father before him, and the thirst that had slept within her until not, once awakened, would not sleep again.

After he had found her out two or three times, she grew reckless, and abandoned all disguise.

"What do I care what people think?" she laughed, when he remonstrated with her. "There's plenty of women worse than I am, only they haven't been found out yet. I don't care!"

He thought of the earlier days that seemed to have been buried under the little green mound in the churchyard, but he shrank from reminding her any more of these; he had done so once, and she answered him harshly with sneering words that hurt and humiliated him. By degrees he gave up trying to reclaim her, and reconciled himself to what he was persuaded was inevitable; he was not goaded into following her example, but became disheartened and broken-spirited and simply let himself drift, having no more hope of rising in the world, and almost no more self-respect or care for appearances than she had.

Even his love for her died a gradual death; nothing but his inherent lack of determination restrained him from deserting her, and leaving her alone in her degradation. She was his wife, bound to him by a chain he had not strength or courage to snap. She went with him from place to place till, at length, a further change of employment had driven him to the squalid alley and the one wretched back room in which they had been living now these many months; and it was towards that home Mrs. Weech was unsteadily making her way.

When she had succeeded in climbing up to the second floor, she found their room in darkness. Tom had evidently not come home yet. She groped clumsily about for the matches, lit the smoky, dismal lamp, and sat down to wait for him.

"Wish I knew where he keeps that money-box," she muttered, staring dazedly about her. "I've looked everywhere. Don't see where he can hide it myself."

It was a small room, so bare of furniture that any place of concealment seemed out of the question. There was an old iron bedstead, scantily enough supplied with bedding, a crazy chest of drawers, a plain deal table, and a couple of rickety chairs; there was no fender before the fire grate, no smaller furniture or ornaments of any description; probably nobody knew what had become of most of them better than herself.

"I've looked in the drawers, under the mattress, up the chimney even," she continued, with a harsh chuckle, "an' can't find it. Didn't he looked dropped on when I caught him looking into it the other day! He can be as artful as anyone when he likes.

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He stuffed it in his pocket an' seemed frightened, an' wouldn't put it away again while I was here. I'll have it one o' these days, though, see if I don't!"

She was still musing heavily when a sound of footsteps on the stairs aroused her, and presently the door was pushed open, and the man she was waiting for entered.

He was a pallid, sickly-looking man, rather below the middle height, shabbily dressed, hesitating in his speech, and irresolute of expression.

"Well, Tom," she said, thickly, but with an effort at distinctness; "I've been waiting for you."

"Tea not ready?" he returned sullenly. "And no fire."

"How can I get tea, or coals either, without money?"

"But I left you half-a-crown when I went out this morning."

"What's half-a-crown? Think I don't want any dinner?"

"I left you all I'd got, anyway," he grumbled.

"You needn't tell any lies about it," she interrupted sharply. "You've got plenty put away; I know that well enough."

"Plenty put away!"

"Yes. Oh, you needn't look so innocent! What about that money-box I caught you with? Bring it out, and let's have a bit o' fire an' something to eat. We shall want it to-morrow. Lord knows! There's nothing in the place; an' Christmas Day, too! Where have you hid it?"

A strange pained look struggled up into his white face.

"I've got no money put away," he faltered.

"It's a lie!" she cried angrily. "What's in that box, and what do you want to hide it for then?"

He glanced away from her, and was silent. "You wouldn't care to know," he said. "It isn't money. Don't say any more about it, Bess. Don't let us fall out to-night. Do let's try and—make things a bit comfortable for to-morrow. Our last Christmas was bad enough—"

"Oh, yes! Throw that in my teeth!" she burst forth furiously. "You hoard an' save on the sly, an' you'd starve me to do it, if I'd let you, I know! Give me some money, come on!"

"No, no," he said imploringly. "Don't you go out again to-night. You stay here. I'll go and see about getting some coal, and a few things for to-morrow, and we'll try and—make ourselves comfortable."

He hurried out before she could detain him, and closed the door.

"I don't care what he says," she mumbled,

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listening dully to the sound of his receding footsteps. "He's got coin in that money-box, and he's afraid if I get hold of it I'll drink it. I'll have it though," she added, with a cunning grin. "It's here somewhere, an' I'll find it."

Her gaze wandered slowly over the room again, and around the grimy walls and across the floor; then she started up with a sudden energy, as a fresh thought flashed across her hazy consciousness.

"Never struck me before!" she ejaculated. "What a fool I am! That's where it is, I'll be bound!"

She dropped on her hands and knees and crawled along on the uncarpeted floor, carefully feeling and testing every board before she passed over it. Then she took a knife from the mantel-piece and commenced again, striving to prise the boards up one after the other, till she came upon a short one that was loose; it yielded to the knife, and shot up at one end.

She seized it, shaking with excitement, and wrenched it from its place, and thrusting an eager hand down into the narrow aperture brought up the object of her search, a small, shabby, wooden money-box that had belonged to Tom ever since he was a boy.

It was locked. She was straining at it in the vain hope that the lock would give way, when the sound of his step on the stairs again alarmed her. She pushed the loose board and the chair back into their places, and, rising hastily, crammed the money-box into the capacious pocket of her dress, and made for the door.

Outside, on the dark landing, she met Tom.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I'll be back in a minute. I want to speak to Mrs. Farr, next door," she replied, pushing past him.

"Not to-night," he urged, "You mustn't go out—you shan't go out to-night!"

"Shan't!" she indignantly retorted. "I'll go if I like, an' I'd like to see anyone stop me, that's all!"

"Bess!" he pleaded miserably. "For God's sake come back. Do try, just this once—"

"You get the fire alight," she carelessly interrupted, "an' I'll be back before the kettle boils. Don't make so much fuss about nothing!"

She had passed him, and was going on down the unlighted staircase. He stared after her into the darkness and made a movement to follow her, but checked himself despairingly, and let her go, not dreaming that she was going on into a darkness from which she should never come back again.

The night air chilled her, and hesitating a moment outside in the rusty old iron gate-

way, she pulled her shawl more closely about her shoulders; then instead of returning towards the busy crowded thoroughfares she had already trodden that evening, she turned off, chuckling at her success, and made for the darker, quieter roads that led to the neighbouring Heath.

She wanted to open the box in some seclusion where there was no danger of her being spied upon by those whose gossip might, sooner or later, reach her husband's ears; not that she feared his wrath, but she was moved by an instinctive desire to keep the knowledge of her crime from him.

Near the middle of a solitary street that was weirdly overshadowed by leafless trees, she paused beside a stone fountain and looked round. She could see nobody, nor hear any echo of footsteps; before her, at the end of the road, lay the vast blackness of the Heath, behind her was the faint hum of distant life and a flare of light from the main road glimmering mistily upon the housetops. She stooped by the fountain, and taking the box firmly in her hand, beat it against the sharp edge of the basin. There was no chink of coin, but the money was probably wrapped in something to prevent that. The clap of the wood on the stone rang out clearly again and again, until the lid suddenly cracked and yawned; a final jerk with her fingers sufficed to open the box, and holding it so that the yellow rays from an adjacent

lamp fell full upon it, she peered anxiously

And so she remained, motionless; and as she stared mutely at the treasure she had stolen, a dreadful look of agony and horror dawned in her bloodshot eyes. Her limbs trembled as with an ague, a deadly faintness came upon her, and she sank down there by the stone fountain, clasping the broken casket convulsively to her breast, and covered her face with her hand.

How long she sat there, heedless of the bleak wind, swaying herself backwards and forwards in a dumb and tearless misery, she never knew, but in those minutes the long years rolled back again, and she lived through the sweet, pure days of her early married life as in a delirious dream. To what immeasurable distance had she wandered from that sacred time; how faithless she had been to herself, to him, the man who had loved her, and to that one other who had lain upon her breast, so near upon this heart of hers in which it had kindled a light of heaven, this heart which she had profaned with the blasting fires of hell! It was the baby-hand that reached out from the little forgotten grave through all the unhallowed years, and touched her, and she shrank from that touch shuddering.

He—the man who had loved her, whose life she had ruined—he had been truer to that lost happiness than ever she had been, he had never forgotten as she had; even if all that had been could come back and be again, how could she live it now, changed as she was? He had not changed, he could take the same heart into it again as he had brought out of it, whilst she—

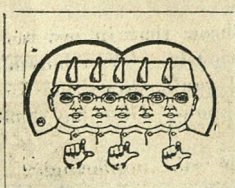
Only to think of it was maddening, terrifying. She sprang up as if some wild impulse had suddenly aroused her, a sense of suffocation was about her heart, a strained, throbbing frenzy burnt like a fever in her brain. The road was all deserted, and out at the end there the wide Heath stretched far into the impenetrable night. The gaunt trees tossed their skeleton arms in the cold air above her, the blighting wind wailed after her across the lonely waste, and she sped on with eager, tremulous steps, one dreadful thought lighting and leading her forward through the blind gloom. She dare not look back; all the phantoms of the past were behind her, she could hear their goading whispers and their ghostly footfalls following through the dark, and fled on and on, anywhere rather than they should overtake her and she have to face them again.

What grim, steely gleam lurks shining down in the hollow yonder? There is no moon nor star in heaven, no other beacon breaking the darkness but this. She runs towards it panting, sobbing, raving, and the steely gleam darkens and brightens, and draws her onward, spreading and rising and rushing out to meet her, till she is dazzled and blinded, and bewildered, struggling frantically in the midst of it. There is a splashing and squelching of water, and an awful voice of fear down in the unseen depths of the night, till the relentless silence stifles it; then the bare trees murmur of a new secret, and the wind moans of it till dawn.

The day was well advanced when a dead body was carried into the district mortuary: the body of a woman found drowned in one of the ponds on the Heath. She was poorly dressed, and the features were marred with traces of dissipation; it looked like a case of ordinary suicide. Yet there was one rather unusual circumstance that affected the rough fellows who brought her in more than the sight of death itself. A paltry, splintered money-box was clutched in the dead hand, and when they took it from her to see if it held anything by which the woman might be identified, they found there was nothing inside it but a worn pair of tiny shoes.

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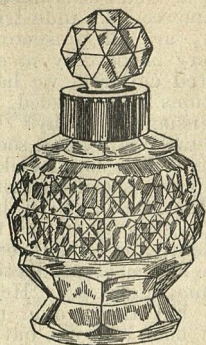
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During the outbreak of the great Belfast whisky fire not long ago, when half a million gallons of the liquor were destroyed, Fireman William Hardy was carried out of the burning building in an unconscious state, and when he recovered consciousness was offered spirits as a restorative, but refused to accept them stating that he would not break the Temperance pledge. The story reached Canada, and so impressed the superintendent of the fire brigade at Lethbridge, Alberta, that he resolved to appoint Hardy one of his subordinate officers, at 50 dollars a month, rising to 80 dollars. Hardy, after careful consideration, decided to accept the offer, and will sail for his new home at the middle of the month.

Orator and Humorist.

"Leave the doors wide open; let everybody come in, financiers, legislators, etc., but the labourer first." That was the first order of Mr. Chauncey Depew, America's famous orator—who is director of close upon 40 railways—when he first became president of the New York central Railway, a position which is said to bring him in an income of £20,000 a year. The order was characteristic of the man, for Mr. Depew never puts on "side," even to the humblest, and cultivates the friendship of men of all classes. His wit and fund of stories are inexhaustible.

The Richest Man in the World.

Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt who has been called "the richest young man in the world," is an enthusiastic horse lover. It is greatly owing to his efforts and tremendous energy that the great International Horse Show recently held at Olympia (says a London contemporary), turned out so brilliant a success.

Imagine a tall, slender, well-built young man, who at first sight appears not unlike a British officer in mufti. Then look a little and you will see that he is not an Englishman; he has the keen, straight glance which is so typically American, and his dress is just a thought more dandified than that of an Englishman—even that of an English dandy—would be. He wears his hair very short, and yet it is parted in the middle—also a Transatlantic peculiarity; and what gives a touch of special character to the face is the fact that, whereas one dark eyebrow is arched, the other is quite straight.

Alfred Vanderbilt, to use a significant Americanism, is not one of those millionaires who "travel on their money." His limitless

fortune—he is said to have been left by his father ten million pounds—is only interesting to him because it enables him to satisfy his various outdoor hobbies, and especially the passionate interest in the equine race. He is absolutely uninterested in Wall-street, and it would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than is this young man to the famous founder of his house, who was first and foremost a financier, with heart, soul, and body immersed in the business of adding to his store of wealth.

Among British sportsmen Mr. Vanderbilt first aroused interest by bringing over to England his celebrated coach, the Venture, which on one occasion, drove six miles in 27 minutes, 10 people being on the coach at the time. It was rather foolishly thought at one time that the young millionaire desired to make his coaching pay. As an actual fact, he spent over three thousand pounds in reviving the glories of the Brighton-road for seven brief weeks. He himself has described coach-driving as "the best wearing sport in the world," and it was well said at the time he first made his experiment that Alfred Vanderbilt, driving his splendid four-in-hand, realised to the very life one of those delightful old coaching prints which are to be found hanging in the smoking-rooms of most of the stately homes of England, and which show what sort of a time our horse-loving ancestors enjoyed in the good old days before motors were thought of. Mr. Vanderbilt has shown his practical sympathy with London hansom cabmen in a thoroughly sensible way.

Careful Sandy.

In Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," there are many tales illustrating the caution of the Caledonian. Certainly (says the author) this cautious spirit pervaded the opinions of the Scottish architect who was called upon to erect a building in England upon the long-lease system, so common with Anglican proprietors, but quite new to our friend. When he found the proposal was to build up the tenure of 999 years, he quietly suggested: "Cud ye no' make it a thousand? Nine hundred and ninety-nine years 'll be slippin' awa'."

But of all the cautious and careful answers we ever heard was pre-eminently once given by a carpenter to an old lady in Glasgow for whom he was working. She had offered him a dram, and asked him whether he would have it then or wait till his work was done.

"Indeed, mem," he said, "there's been sic

a power o' sudden deaths lately that I'll just tak' it noo."

A THOUSAND POUND PRIZE.

A large prize, such as £1000, always attracts keen competition and is a guarantee that the winner has unusual merit. Jons beverages won the £1000 prize in England a few years ago, and we now have an opportunity of sampling this remarkable drink, since it is being made at Balmain. The drink has just attracted some public attention, being provided at the Lord Mayor's reception to the members of the Chamber of Commerce the other day. You may order 3 or 6 dozen cases of pint bottles, with patent corks, for 3/6 a dozen, with an allowance of 2/6 and 5/- for returned bottles. Write to Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

JUST THE TEA FOR— THE COUNTRY RESIDENT!

ASHWOOD'S TEA, 1/3 LB. is so good, because so little of it goes so far.

It has all that rich, nutty taste that denotes the purest Ceylon blends, and is an excellent Tea for Farm and Station residents.

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And Remember, we give
KANGAROO COUPONS
On Tea purchased also.

Country Residents—Write for our
Complete Up-to-Date List of Cut-
rate Grocery Prices. Free on re-
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(opposite Central Station);
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Clean or Dye Ladies' Dresses from
3/- to 7/6, equal to new.
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775 GEORGE STREET

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1909.

POLITICIANS OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

The Rechabite Body have been celebrating their Silver Jubilee, and are to be heartily congratulated on their progress. At several of their meetings members of Parliament have been making statements that are significant. Mr. C. W. Oakes, Honorary Minister, confesses to being impressed with the enormous expenditure on liquor—he has discovered that the amount annually spent in drink would in one year buy up the trams of the State, and that, if such a sum were diverted from the liquor trade, it would allow £5 a week to every old age pensioner, in lieu of the present 10/- per week. We would much prefer to hear Mr. Oakes talking like this in Parliament, where they evidently do not know these things, than hear him make known his discoveries to a body who knew all he told them years ago. We hear, in the same connection, Mr. J. S. T. McGowen, Leader of the Opposition, expressing his personal belief that total abstinence not only did much to prevent sickness, but to increase longevity. This, of course, is an undoubted fact, and we would like to encourage Mr. McGowen to tell the House so, and go on to argue that what is good for the individual must be good for the community, and that, as a good democrat, he will insist on a bare majority deciding that liquor be banished, in the interest of health and longevity. It is beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals how such men, feeling as they do, and representing the opposite sides of the House, do not unite to give the people the immediate right to abolish liquor. There is no reform that would have so good and speedy effect on wages, the home, health, and happiness of the people, and nothing is more reasonable than to expect the politician to make good his platform remarks on the floor of the Legislative Assembly.

CLOSING THE OPEN BAR.

The first important practical result of the local option provisions of the Liquor Act passed by the Carruthers Government are in evidence this month, for no fewer than 62 hotels were shut up as the result of orders made by the Court upon the result of the local option vote taken at the general election of 1907. That election was held on September 10, 1907 and it was ordered by the special local option courts, in case of 62 hotels, the licenses should expire on September 10 of this year, with the result that, on that date, threescore of public-houses, some of which had been established for many years, closed their doors. The number which had been ordered to be closed prior

to this month was 18. None are to be shut up now until the year 1911, when there will be a big clearance of 152 more. Five are to be closed in 1912, and 56 in 1913, the total number of closures ordered by the Court being 293. In regard to colonial wine licenses, only one of these was terminated last year, four more were closed this year, and 38 more will close in 1911, and three more end their career in 1913, making a total of 46. Of course it is slow work, but we are encouraged by the victories in America, where 11,000 saloons were closed last year, to believe that the process of closing the bars increases in rapidity by virtue of the undoubted benefits that follow. We find both an argument for our cause, and an incentive to our labours, in the statement quoted by the "Daily Telegraph" as having appeared in the Liquor paper, "Bar and Buffet":—"Statistics from Washington prove beyond doubt that sentiment against the saloon is gaining ground with wonderful rapidity. The local option idea is perhaps the most important development in the temperance movement. The right given to the voters of a given county, city, or township, as the case may be, to vote for and against saloons, is the most deadly blow the liquor business ever received, because it has generally proven, so far, that wherever local option's ramifications spread the saloon has ceased to live. Of course, now and then 'the wet' wins, but it is an exception, and not the rule."

THE RECHABITE JUBILEE.

The immense gathering in the Sydney Town Hall on Friday evening was a splendid tribute to the growth and vitality of the Rechabite Order in New South Wales. Only a large and influential organisation can command a sufficient following to fill that spacious building. Yet every seat was occupied at an early hour, and before the proceedings commenced the doors had to be closed against any further invasion. The interesting information conveyed by the State Chief Ruler (Mr. C. W. Marr) served to explain the meaning of this enthusiastic and imposing demonstration. Since the first tent was formed, and appropriately named the Captain Cook, in 1878, the Order has developed to such an extent that its aggregate membership in the State (8063) would fill the Town Hall twice over. It is quite true, as one speaker affirmed, that instead of 8000 members there should be 28,000, but he himself largely explained the difference, when he remarked later in his speech, that for the most part "people knew so little about Rechabism as a friend of his who had said 'The Rechabites. Let's see, are they the fellows who wear broad-brimmed hats and long hair?'" That should be an indication to the authorities that there is much advertising and propaganda work to be done if the ideal is to be reached. Nevertheless, the progress has been sure and solid, and the compensation for not having increased faster in membership additions is found in the Chief Ruler's proud claim, that in the matter of benefits the Order stands "at the top of the tree."

The Hon. S. Mauger, M.P., an old and ardent Rechabite in Victoria, made a forceful and practical plea for the Rechabites, and in the figures he quoted showed that the world-membership of the Order (500,000) is something to be proud of. "I am a Rechabite," said he, because I want to solve the problems of poverty and unemployment. We are producing per head nearly as much as

any people in the face of God's earth. Our manufactures, our commerce, our industries, primary and secondary, are all prosperous, and yet we have the cry of poverty in our ears. We have neglected children, we have our benevolent institutions over-crowded, we have 50,000 old-age pensioners. Why? At the root of every social evil there lies a social wrong, and at the root of this social evil of unemployment there lies a social canker." Mr. Fisher, Leader of the Labour party, had been asked the previous week what was the remedy for unemployment, and he answered "Nationalisation of the means of production and distribution." One might say "Hear, hear" in the abstract, but that would not be much solatium for a man who was out of employment. One had to be more practical. He would solve the problem to-morrow if they would give him half the £14,000,000 that Australia spent last year in intoxicating liquor, and put it into any other channel. "Get your ranks of unemployed. Put them in this hall, and ask them, man by man, how they came into their terrible position, and 75 per cent. will tell you they are down through drink." He was a Rechabite because he wanted to remove poverty and help the unemployed. Last month it took 13,916 employees in the Commonwealth to make boots and shoes to the value of £2,769,222. They had received in wages for this £849,057. In other words, 13,000 employees got 30 per cent. of the total value of the wealth they created. In woollens, 2509 employees made £410,000 worth of goods, and they received £127,221 in wages, or 30 per cent. of the value they had created. In contrast to that it took only 3241 employees to make ale and stout in Australia last year to the value of £2,596,858, and the wages were only 16 per cent. of that amount. It took only 182 men to make £149,101 worth of distilled spirits, whisky, and brandy, and only 19,844, or 13 per cent., went in wages. The Labour party claimed that the working people were not getting a fair share of the wealth they produced, and he said so, too; but ought they not to see to it that they spent their money on what gave them the best return? He was a Rechabite because he wanted the people of the community to be healthier and stronger. Out of every hundred patients in the London Hospital, according to Dr. Andrew Clarke, 75 owed their ill-health directly to alcohol. 60,000 lives were sacrificed to alcohol every year; 3000 children were slain every year by alcohol. Figures like those should make the working man think, and directly he begins to think closely along such lines there will be a phenomenal increase in the membership of the Rechabite Order.

A SERIOUS AND REASONABLE APPEAL.

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?

Your thoughtlessness or procrastination hurts us more than type can express.

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

WOMEN TYPISTES WANTED.

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

The School of Intelligent Piano Playing

PERSONAL AND POSTAL TUITION.

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200 Q. V. MARKETS

Beyond Dispute

The Anti-Saloon League Year Book for 1908-9 contains 250 pages, and is of greatest interest to us, as providing facts upon which we may come to a decision on the many questions arising from the liquor traffic. Someone has said there are lies, devilish lies, in statistics, and in the liquor controversy we have often felt the untruth of what might be called "manipulated statistics." In this book we have transparently honest, disinterested, intellectual, responsible men setting forth not the case for or against liquor, but simply setting forth the "cold-blooded" facts. We quote from page 117.

"WET" AND "DRY" TENNESSEE.

In the years 1905-6 there were 1350 prisoners sent to the State prison. The 12 wet counties, with a population of 601,623, furnished 851 of this number, or one prisoner for every 707 of their population. The other 84 counties with a population of 1,418,993, furnished 499, or one for every 2844 of their population, which is little more than four to one from the wet counties.

The Chicago "Tribune" says: "The 8000 saloons of Chicago contribute 75 per cent. of the criminals, and cost the city 5,125,000 dollars for the care of the saloon product."

A CONVINCING EXPERIMENT.

From 1897 to 1898, Brockton tried Prohibition. The next year they returned to License, and followed this with another year of Prohibition. We have sandwiched these years together in their order. A more striking argument for the No-License principle could not well be made than is here derived from two particulars only:—

ARRESTS FOR DRUNKENNESS.

Under No-License, 1897-98	453
Under License, 1898-99	1627
Under No-License, 1899-1900	455

INCREASED VALUATION.

	Dollars.
Under No-License, 1897-98	968,811
Under License, 1898-99	444,481
Under No-license, 1899-1900	1,241,884

LIQUOR TRAFFIC AND PAUPERISM.

In Michigan, a licensed State, there are 76 poor houses, with 3096 paupers in 84 counties, or 309 paupers for each 100,000 population. In Maine there are 163 paupers to each 100,000 population. In Kansas, 44 out of 106 counties do not have a single pauper in the poor houses.

From the 27th annual report of the Massachusetts State Board of Charity, we gather the following statistics for the 33 cities of Massachusetts in 1906. Cost per 1000 population in licensed cities, 675 dollars; cost per 1000 population in No-License cities, 378 dollars.

In the State of Ohio, six counties with a population of 253,496, and with 531 open bars, have to maintain 2965 paupers; in six other counties in the same State, with a population of 136,574, and only two open bars they only have 414 State paupers. This

is from the reports of Ohio Secretary of State and Ohio Auditor of 1907.

LABOUR WAGES AND NO-LICENSE.

The average yearly wage for each labourer in the No-License cities of Massachusetts, is 542.75 dollars. The average in License cities is 468.66 dollars. The total wages paid to labour in all the No-License cities of Massachusetts is 27,706,941.75 dollars, which is 4,534,085.73 dollars more than the same number of labourers would receive if they were employed in the License cities of the State.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

These figures are compiled from the reports of these two cities for 1901:—

	Topeka, Kansas.	Lincoln, Nebraska.
For the year 1901.	No saloons	High l'nse.
Population	36,000	451,000
Licensed saloons	None.	42
Property value	33,500,000	30,000,000
Debt to State	632,000	2,032,000
Bonded Debt	66,378	1,169,000
Spent on permanent improvements	211,202	47,408
Saloon revenue	None.	42,000
Total tax rate	56 c. per 100dol.	66 c. per 100dol.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC AND EDUCATION.

It is impossible to shut one's eyes to the inference to be drawn from the following facts:—The average membership in the schools in ten No-License cities in Massachusetts is 88.3/5; the average membership in ten licensed cities in the same State is only 73. This shows that 15 children out of every 88, equalling 17 out of every 100, are deprived of an education in licensed cities. The saloon keeper gets the money instead of the children. It is still worse in the High Schools—47 out of every 100 lose higher education. The average attendance in 8 No-License cities, on basis 50,000 population, 429 scholars; average attendance on the same basis in license cities, 228. This statement was given with much detail in "The Alabama Citizen."

The same fact may be reached by another method. The official records of the year 1906 show the State of Maine, with a population of only 694,466, had 175 High Schools, while the State of Connecticut, with the greater population of 908,420 had only 77 High Schools.

WHAT THE ENEMY SAY.

"Truth," the Michigan Liquor organ, says:—"It is a significant fact that not a single favourable liquor bill was passed anywhere in the country, during the past winter, and yet 2500 liquor bills were considered by about thirty Legislatures." "Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular" is evidently a high-class journal, since it refrains from such abusive terms as "Wowsers," "Wassamuckers," and other such inappropriate terms. It says:—"It would be foolish to

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL — PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

Founded 1849.

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Head Office: 87 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

Accumulated Funds . . £24,600,000
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Policies effected in this office prove an excellent investment. Most Economical Management. Unequalled Bonuses

CASH BONUS DIVIDED FOR ONE YEAR
1908, £740,385.

Every participating Policyholder shares in the distribution of the profits each year. Assurances can be Effected for Sums ranging from £5 to £10,000.

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

Sydney, 14th May, 1909.

refuse credit to men who are directing this movement against us, for great ability, directness of purpose, and generalship. That the Anti-Saloon League is gaining, and that our trade is losing ground, is simply beyond question." The "Philadelphia Liquor Dealers' Journal, Feb. 15, 1908, says:—"The fanatics which we for years have scorned have received new dignities by alert, intelligent activity in the political field."

GOVERNORS OF STATES.

No less than 22 Governors have spoken on the question of No-License, and their utterances cannot be explained away, and must always carry weight with the unbiassed. The Governor of Utah says:—"It is a foregone conclusion that the morals of a community are improved by a decreased sale of strong drink. The revenues of the State are increased, because temperance leads to frugality and thrift, which lead to property accumulation by the citizen."

The Governor of Louisiana says:—"Prohibition has worked well in those sections of the State where popular sentiment is behind the law, and some of the most prosperous towns and parishes are those where prohibition has prevailed for a period long enough to afford fair tests of its merits."

The Governor of South Dakota says:—"No one can successfully defend the open saloon."

We will be glad to order this invaluable book if orders are accompanied with postal note for 2/6. Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

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THE MISSION ZONE CENTRE,
CAMPBELL STREET, SYDNEY,
(Near Paddy's Markets).

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1909.

YOUR GIFTS AND YOUR ATTENDANCE
WILL BE A GREAT HELP.

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Buy Your **FURNITURE** from

J. HEATH, 549, 551 George Street, Sydney

who has one of the largest and most UP-TO-DATE stocks in the Commonwealth. A great variety to select from in 15 SHOW-ROOMS. A visit would be well worth your while.

CLOSE WEDNESDAYS 1 O'CLOCK.

OPEN SATURDAYS TILL 10 P.M.

Telephone Central 3812

The Story of an Alcohol Slave

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF, in "McClure's Magazine."

Note.—Evidence gathered in a careful investigation of the career of the author of this article shows that he has been just what he says he has been. It is obviously impossible to corroborate his testimony as to the money he has spent for drink, but we can say in his behalf that in the course of our inquiry none of his acquaintances has charged him with untruthfulness. If one credits the story of his career, his figures do not seem at all improbable. Out of respect for his family the author asks that his name be withheld.—Editor.

It was at New Orleans that Lincoln, brought face to face with a black slave market, is said to have remarked to a companion, "If I ever get a chance to hit this damnable business, I'll hit it good and hard."

In my humble way, nowise comparable to the immortal Lincoln's, I hope to jolt the alcoholic liquor slave business.

At fourteen years of age I developed a love of statistics, accounts, and bookkeeping. Since I was fifteen, I have kept an accurate account of my expenditures in saloons, covering a period from January 1, 1878, to April 27, 1908. The total debit balance of my personal "saloon account" for thirty years is 17,364 dols. 60 cents. This amount covers alcoholic beverages, mixed or straight purchased by me in saloons, drug stores, blind pigs, bars, buffets, cafes, restaurants, hotels, dining-cars, steamers, and theatres. It also covers slight losses at playing saloon slot-machines; losses at dice-shaking in saloons for drinks; losses at card-playing in saloons for drinks; one gun hold-up in a saloon; three gun hold-ups in saloon districts; and two chloral-hydrate robberies at saloon bars.

THE TIME I HAVE SPENT IN BAR ROOMS.

I estimate that my drink-mates bought fully as much alcoholic liquor for me as I for them. I estimate that saloonkeepers and bartenders have given me enough alcoholic drinks to offset my losses by the robberies I have mentioned. Therefore, my average daily saloon expense was 1 dollar 57 cents for every calendar day of the thirty-year period named. Reduced to drinks, this is an average of more than ten separate drinks of fifteen cents a drink per calendar day. The reader will comprehend that I must have spent considerable time in saloons to have acquired this drinking average.

My records show that the total time spent in buying drinks in eighteen hundred and sixty saloons in fifty-eight cities of nineteen States was 32,874 hours—1369 days—nearly four years.

My experience and observation for a period of twenty-nine years in the United States leads me to believe that saloon drinkers over forty years of age are five per cent. of the total number; that drinkers between thirty and forty years of age are ten per cent. of the total number; that drinkers between twenty-one and thirty years of age are thirty-five per cent. of the total number; and that fifty per cent. of the total number of drinkers in saloons are minors.

I believe the so-called "best" people of our saloon-licensing States are not aware of the fact that drinkers and drunkards are originally made by illegal liquor-selling to minors. I know the perpetuation of the

saloon business is based on minors forming the habit of liquor-drinking at the earliest possible age. I know that certain saloonkeepers and bartenders sell intoxicating liquors over their bars to minors at the earliest moment they can do so without risking legal prosecution.

I wish to emphasise the fact that I have had the inclination, money, time, and opportunity to observe saloon patronage, from outside the bar, for thirty years. Ordinary saloonkeepers and bartenders consider that a person who pays an average of forty cents a day across the bar is a "good customer." Consequently, I have been much praised many times, for many years, by my masters. "There's a boy that always buys when he has the price with him"; "Jack's a live wire"; "You're a jim-dandy drinker, and always with the coin"; "I wish I had a hundred like you"—these were some of the commendatory expressions that they used concerning me.

LEARNING SALOON LIFE AS A NEWS-BOY.

At nine years of age I lived in a middle Western city that licensed one hundred and eight saloons. Outside of school hours I sold daily papers in the business district. At first I felt a horror of saloons, pity and fear for drunkards, due to home and church teaching. Darting in and out of saloons selling papers, I began to feel a curiosity as to what peculiar quality lurked in the liquids consumed by saloon customers. I soon comprehended that saloon patrons lived mentally in a make-believe world. It tickled my sense of humour to see grown-ups playing pool, billiards, and cards with youthful zest, animation, and noise. It was fun for me to loiter a minute and watch saloon life. Pool fascinated me, and I longed for the time to come when I should be big enough to play.

(To be continued.)

Saves Time, Saves Trouble, Saves Health.
Saves Money

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST FOOD—

—GRANOLA.

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

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

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

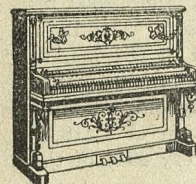
It also makes Delicious Puddings, Entrees, and Gruels. Recipes supplied with each bag.

Manufacturer:

The SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD CAFE,
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METROPOLITAN AGENT,

Australian Mutual Provident Society,
108 PITT-STREET.

'Phone 2179, Central. Opposite G.P.O.
" 403, Ashfield.

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.

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THE ABSTAINERS' INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD.

Total Membership 485,000.

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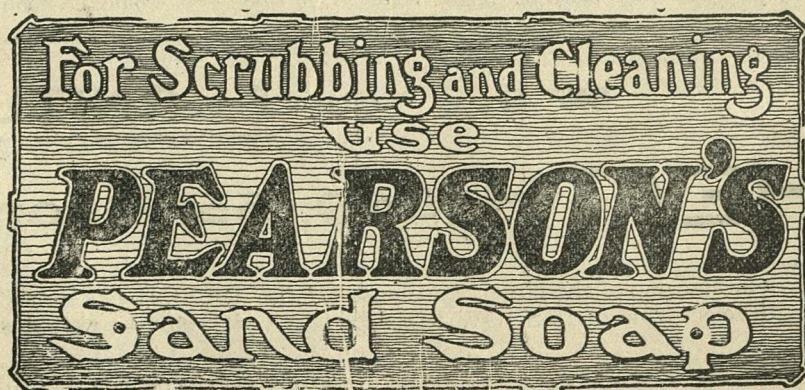
The Benefits are:—Medical Attendance and Medicines for Member, Wife, and Family from date of joining.

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

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

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

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



From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(By UNCLE BARNABAS.)

FOR SUNDAY.

A GIRL'S NAME HIDDEN.

My first is in Reuben, but not in Haman,
My next is in Reuben, but not in Naaman,
My third is in Seth, but not in Abel,
My fourth is in Seth, put not in Babel.
My whole is a girl's name that you may find

On the first page of Matthew, if you have a mind.

BOYS' BIBLE NAMES JUMBLED.

Sojahi, Uneber, Addvi, Ottyhim, Mulesa, Almihes.

FOR MONDAY.

I can make a pen for 100 Shropshire sheep with 50 hurdles. But I want to pen up another 100 merinos and give them as much room as the Shropshires, but alas! I have only 26 hurdles left. Can I do it? If so, show me how. All the hurdles are the same size.

S—N—O—W.

Lucy Mills says: Will these adjectives do?

Separable
Noiseless
Opaque
White

Gladys Noble says:

Shimmering
Nipping
Out of doors
Wintry.

What do you say? Can you improve on these?

S.S.S.S.

Leonard W. Best, "Berrington," Dural (manager).

Harrie W. Gilbert, "Hillcrest," Fawcett-street, Waratah.

Do You Want A COLLECTING CARD for the

SEVEN TO SEVENTEENERS' SPECIAL ISSUE of "GRIT"?

Send everything for this page to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

GIRL AIDS.

By DORA HOWELL.

The Australian League of Girl Aids is intended to promote the patriotism of girls, and to teach them to be of real use to their country in a time of need; besides this it will benefit them physically.

Their motto is, "Be Ready."

They are to be ready and always watching for a chance to help in some way. If the officers are thoroughly capable of training the girls, and keeping them well disciplined and obedient, the league will be a success.

They are to be taught:—First Aid, Camp Cooking, Life Saving (in water and otherwise), Field Sports, Miniature Rifle Shooting, Personal Hygiene.

The Aids are to be prompt, obedient, brave, but always ladylike in their actions.

They are all friendly, and there must be no priggishness amongst any of them. They must respect the aged, be kind and helpful and always "Be Ready."

They are in companies; their officers are called captains and lieutenants, with group leaders also.

They will be well drilled. Each company takes a name, and has some distinguishing badge, either a certain colour, or a flower.

The uniform is simple, and looks well. Their badge is the words, "Be Ready" on a small map of Australia.

OUR MAIL.

ONE MORE SHILLING.

Harry Wilfred Gibbert, Hillcrest, Fawcett-street, Waratah, writes:—Dear Uncle B.,—I am sending you one shilling for your Baby's Fund, and I hope you will get 20,000 shillings. I would like to be a sunbeam. I can sing a lot of Alexander's hymns; I like Nos. 2 and 17. I go to the Mayfield Methodist Sunday school. I am eight years old. I will write again soon.

(Dear Harrie,—Both you and your shilling are very welcome. Page Nine sends you lots of love. You are enrolled as a Sunbeamer. When you write again tell me about your Sunday school, and where you go for picnics.—Uncle B.)

ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS.

Gladys Noble, The Rectory, Liverpool, writes:—Dear Uncle B.,—The No-License chorus is:—

"Hold the fort, election's coming!

Save Australia fair;

Fathers, mothers, put your cross down
In the bottom square."

NOUNS FOR PRONOUNS.

A man saw a little girl walking through a field and some cakes were in her hand. But she dropped one, and the cake was at once eaten by two dogs. When the girl saw the cake fall, the man jumped over the fence, and kicked the dogs, but they ate the cake, and tore his trousers, too.

PAUL'S SECOND MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

1. Paul parted from Barnabas at Antioch (15: 39).

2. Paul's companions were Silas (Acts 15: 40), Timotheus (16: 3), and Luke (16: 10).

3. Paul and Silas having been imprisoned at Philippi were released by an earthquake, and the gaoler was converted (16: 25-34).

4. Paul and Silas were sent away from Thessalonica to Berea, by night.

5. Acts 17: 28.

Crispus the ruler of the synagogue, was converted at Corinth.

7. Sosthenes was beaten at Corinth.

What lovely rain we have been having lately. The country looks greener already. Our garden is bare; I hope yours is not.

(Dear G.,—Your answers are, as usual, excellent.—Uncle B.)

TO SANTA CLAUS.

Leonard W. Best, "Berrington," Dural, writes:—Dear Santa Claus, care of Uncle B.,—I received your very nice card, for which I thank you. I feel ashamed that I have not answered it before now. Yes, Santa Claus, I will be a Sunbeamer, but I would like you to tell me my duties, as we did not take "Grit" in June, and I see by last week's paper that the 10th June gave a full account of what a Sunbeam has to do.

(Dear Leonard,—To please old S.C., I am answering your letter. Did you get "Grit" for June 10? You are made a manager of



S.S.S.S. Write me an account of "How Oranges grow"—about 200 words—for Page Nine. Will you?—Uncle B.)

A SMALL "NT" AND A SMALL CHURCH.

Maysie Newell, "Toongabbie," Livingstone-road, Marrickville, writes:—Dear Uncle B.,—My father gets "Grit" every week and I am getting interested in the page for "Seven to Seventeen." I was eight years old last February, and have not written to you before, so hope you will have me as your niece. I saw an account in "Grit" a short time ago about the oldest church west of the mountains. Now, I would like to give you a short description of the smallest church on the Blue Mountains. In fact, the Rev. Luke Parr said in St. Clement's one Sunday, that the church at Linden, of which I speak, is the smallest in the Sydney diocese; it is a weatherboard building, 12ft. by 14ft., and was originally used as a railway office. My little cousin was the first baby to be baptised in it, the clergyman being the Rev. Mr. Robinson, of Springwood. I go to St. Clement's Sunday school, where I have such a good teacher, and love to learn about Jesus, Who died for me.—Your loving "niece."

(Dear Maysie,—Your letter is just like you, I think, little, bright, and good. What a change for the railway office to become a Church! It is like Saturday changing places with Sunday, isn't it? Write again.—Uncle B.)

"PHOTO A GREAT WORK OF ART."

Lucy Miles, Lithgow, writes: Dear Uncle B.,—Yes, your photo. was a great work of art. In one sense I was not very disappointed, because I did not expect a "proper" one, having been previously disappointed. Anyhow, perhaps the next one will convey satisfaction to patient people. There is a mission being held here this week by Mr. Hugh Paton, and Mr. Marsh Little singing. I was up at Medlow Bath on Monday, and spent a most enjoyable day; but during the afternoon it rained, and we had to wait on Mount Victoria station for four hours before we could return. Have you ever been over the Majestic Hydro? It is beautiful.

P.S.—I am enclosing a couple of Medlow Bath violets for Aunt Tabitha's autograph album.

Dear Lucy,—I hope you heard Mr. Paton. I think him a fine evangelist. I have not been over the Hydro. I have spent some delightful days at Mount Victoria. Thank you for the violets. The answers to Scripture questions very good.—Uncle B.)

The Swedish authorities have forbidden the sale of alcoholic liquors in shops and restaurants during a general strike, which affects some 80,000 men.

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—CUP OF TEA, GRATIS—

N.S.W. Alliance State Council

The Council has arranged for a meeting at the Y.M.C.A. Lecture Hall, Pitt-street, on Thursday, the 14th October, at 8 p.m., of the representatives of the Churches and Temperance Societies in the City electorates of King, Darlinghurst, Belmore, Surry Hills, Darling Harbour, Pyrmont, and Phillip, to form an auxiliary of the Alliance, to specially advance the cause of No-License in these electorates, in the present campaign.

About the end of November, also, a Congress of the Churches of New South Wales is to be held on the Temperance question

in Sydney, under the auspices of the Alliance. A member of the State House of Assembly has been asked to place on the business paper of the House a notice of motion to the following effect:—"That, in the opinion of this House, the Liquor Act of 1905 should be so amended as to include State option."

The Revs. T. Holliday and Dixon Hudson have taken seats on the Council, as representatives of the Church of England Temperance Society, and were welcomed by Canon Boyce.

CLOTHING.

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

Parcels received from Mrs. Hayward, Mrs. B. C. King, Mrs. Kenwood, Mrs. Gray, and eight anonymous. Thankful B.B., 15/-.

LANTERN SLIDES.

For both open air and indoor meetings the lantern is an attractive and forcible way of teaching people the value of total abstinence, and the advantages of No-License. "Grit" has prepared two sets of 40 slides each, containing cartoons setting forth the economic, medical, revenue, liberty of the subject, and three-fifths aspects of the liquor problem, in addition to a few pathetic and humorous slides on the same subject. We are prepared to sell a set of 40 slides for £2 10s. (carriage extra), with a typed explanation for each slide. We are also prepared to hire them for 4/- per night on which they are shown (carriage extra). We have a very good lantern, in first-class order, for £4 10s. Write to Manager "Grit," Box 390 G.P.O., Sydney.

PAPER TOWELS.

Paper handkerchiefs have long been in use in Japan, but it seems that the use of paper towels in place of linen or cotton was the idea of a schoolmaster in the United States. The Board of Education of Toledo decided to provide washing appliances for the children attending the public school, but the question of towels was a difficulty. The school towel was found not to be conducive to the best hygienic conditions, and some of the pupils brought their own towels, others used handkerchiefs, and others did not wash at school at all, preferring to go with dirty hands and faces to using the common towel.

Experiments were made with paper towels and sheets of specially prepared absorbent tissue paper, 15 by 20 inches, were found to answer the purpose admirably, absorbing the moisture, and thoroughly drying the hands and face. Cases to contain 1000 sheets are used, and the sheets may readily be removed one at a time. After using the paper towels are thrown into a proper receptacle, and sold to the paper mills, to be re-manufactured into coarser kinds of paper. The plan is said to be working well.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

The mother of three little boys who had gone to the country to spend a holiday had said she would send a shilling to the one who wrote to her first. She received the following postcard from the eldest:—

"Dear Mother,—I wanted to be the first to write to you, so wrote this before I left home, and will post it when we reach Elmford. We are all well. Excuse the writing, because you keep coming into the room.—Your loving son, Herbert."

EASILY ANSWERED.

He was one of those inquiring minds who wanted to know the reason for everything, and when he walked into the village of Puddleton, he stopped the first small boy, and demanded: "Why is that bell tolling, my boy?" as he pointed to the church steeple with an inquiring finger.

The small boy answered with the rapidity and decision of one who is sure of his facts: "Because somebody's pulling the rope, stoopid!"

ONLY A HOSPITAL.

John Snobbins, the cobbler, recently christened his establishment "The Boot Hospital." A customer brought to him a pair of boots which would have disgraced a gouty tramp.

"Shouldn't 'ave these mended if I was you," said Snobbins severely. "I would present 'em to the deservin' poor."

"But I want them mended," was the reply. "This is supposed to be a hospital for boots, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's a 'ospital right enough, but it ain't a mortuary."

HE WAS WILLING TO HELP.

She weighed close on twenty-stone, but she insisted on entering the crowded tram-car, and as she stood and swayed with the movement of the car, she waxed sarcastic.

"If there were any gentlemen in the car,"

she said, "they would not allow a lady to stand, but would offer me a seat."

And then little Dobbins got up with a sigh:

"Don't be cross, ma'am," he said. "I will make one towards it."

WHAT HE MISSED.

Whilst staying at the seaside a little boy wrote the following letter to his father:—

"Dear Daddy,—Mamma and me are having a fine time here, but I miss the donkey. When are you coming down?—Your loving son, Tommy."

WHAT THE DISH WAS FOR.

A lady who had some friends call unexpectedly at lunch-time (and was rather afraid she would not have sufficient food), told Bridget to take in all she had, and she would make an apology at the table.

Upon taking the cover from one dish she found the dish empty, and afterwards asked Bridget why she took in an empty dish.

"Shure, ma'am," exclaimed Bridget, "an' wasn't it yerself as said ye'd make an apology at the table, an' shouldn't ye want a dish to put it in!"

WHY HE LOOKED DIFFERENT.

A Scottish tradesman stepped into a barber's shop the other day, and whilst he was being shaved, the barber was wondering if this was a new customer.

"Have you ever been here for a shave before?" asked the barber.

"Yes, once," was the reply.

"But I do not remember your face, sir."

"Weel, I dare say ye don't, said the customer. "Ye see, it's a' healed up noo."

SHILLING FUND.

Miss Thorne, 1/-; Friend, 1/-; Mr. Geo. Morrison, 1/-; Mrs. W. Arnold, 1/-; Mr. J. Crossman, 1/-; Friend, 5/-; Mr. Nicholls, 1/-; Friend, 1/-; Mr. F. King, 6/-; Mr. J. Evans, 1/-; Friend, 20/-.

WHAT THEY'LL REAP.

A countryman, whilst sowing his ground, was addressed by a young fellow, who, putting on an insolent air, said:

"Well, honest fellow, it is your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour."

"Quite true," replied the countryman; "very likely you may; for I am sowing hemp."

A FINE FAMILY.

A gentleman travelling through the North of England was overtaken by a severe storm, and took shelter in a farmhouse. At dinner he found himself seated beside his host, and one by one a seemingly endless file of daughters entered the room. Turning to the farmer, he observed:

"You have a fine family of daughters."

"Well," said the old man mournfully, "I've bin rather unfort'nit wi' my darters. The chimley fell in and killed all but nine on 'em."

TOOK THEM ALL.

A certain cricket club have a fast bowler who is a terror to all his opponents. One Saturday they were playing a team a few miles distant. On returning home in the evening a member of the party was accosted with:

"Weel, Thomas, an' 'ow have you gone on?"

"Won easily," said Thomas.

"How many wickets has our fast bowler taken?"

"All th' ten of 'em," answered Thomas.

"Goodness! All clean-bowled?"

"Weel, no; 'e didn't clean-bowl 'em all; 'e bowled four, lamed' three, and t'other three wouldn't go in."

FOND OF FISHING.

A young lady, who had returned from a tour through Italy with her father, remarked that her father had liked all the Italian cities, but especially he liked Venice.

"Ah, Venice, to be sure!" said the friend to whom she was relating some of the adventures of their trip. "I can readily understand your father would prefer Venice, with its gondolas and St. Mark's and Michael Angelos—"

"Oh, no," said the young lady, "it wasn't that! But he could sit in the hotel, you know, and fish out of the window."

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Miss Roston, 2s, 23/2/10; R. Wallis, 2s 6d, 23/3/10; Mrs. Craigie, 2s 6d, 9/3/10; Miss Golding, 1s 3d, 29/9/09; P. C. Chapman, 5s, 3/9/10; Miss Earngey, 2s 6d, 20/11/09; Mrs. Hubbard, 5s, 6/5/10; H. J. Fairfax, 5s, 11/1/10; B. Cocks, 7d; W. J. Laud, 5s, 16/9/10; Miss Short, 1s; J. Lambert, 5s, 6/3/10; Miss Roberts, 5s, 17/6/10.

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R. G. PLANT, TOBACCONIST.

HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

Two thousand members of the Arctic Club and other public bodies, aboard an excursion steamer, met Dr. Cook on arrival in New York. Thousands welcomed him on landing.

Commander Peary has arrived at Sydney, C.B. He was met by his wife, and received a most enthusiastic welcome from the people.

Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener has inspected the fortifications and strategical points at Singapore, and sailed thence for China.

A declaration in favour of the probation system inaugurated by Judge Pollard in his court at St. Louis, U.S.A., was signed by 300 delegates. Archdeacon Wuerforce preached to the delegates at St. John's, Westminster, on a Sunday, recently, and said that in his opinion the hope of the future from the point of view of legislation lay with the slowly growing power of the democracy. The next Congress will be held at The Hague, in 1911.

Sir Thomas Whittaker, M.P., at a conference, referred to the national expenditure on alcoholic liquors as wicked and foolish. For the Government to get a revenue of £38,000,000 the people had to spend £165,000,000. Working-men spent on an average £15 a year on alcohol. Dr. R. W. Branthwaite, H.M. Inspector under the Inebriate Acts, advocated an extension of existing powers for dealing with inebriates. Failure to keep an officially witnessed pledge should be followed by the offender being placed under the care of a guardian or in a licensed retreat.

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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.

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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.

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"You lazy fellow," said a squire, reprovingly, to a villager. "Do you think it's right to leave your wife at the wash-tub while you pass your time fishing?" "It's all right, sir! My wife doesn't need watching. She'll work just as well as if I was near her."



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